

Old Bordenian Association



Website Digest 2011

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Old GCE papers

December 30, 2010

We haven't posted any old exam papers for a while, so to test the grey matter over the New Year period, here are a couple of Summer 1973 GCE 'O' level papers for your enjoyment! [Website Digest editor's note – the full paper is not suitable for publication here, but I am reproducing the first page as a taster of what is available on the website]

Add Maths 2
370

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
General Certificate of Education Examination

JUNE 1973

ORDINARY LEVEL

Additional Mathematics 2

PURE MATHEMATICS 2

Two hours

Answer SIX questions. All questions carry equal marks.

All necessary working must be shown.

Candidates are reminded of the necessity for good English and orderly presentation in their answers.

Mathematical formulae and tables are provided.

-
1. (i) Write down the coefficients of x^2 , x and the constant term in the expression

$$6x^2 + 9x + 1 + \lambda(x^2 + x + 1).$$

Hence, or otherwise, find the values of λ so that the expression is a perfect square for all real values of x .

- (ii) Find the range, or ranges, of values of x for which

$$2x^2 + 3x - 20$$

is positive.

- (iii) Show that the function $x^3 + 3x - 7$ is always increasing as x increases.

-
2. (i) Show that, if 1 , $\cos^2 x$ and $\sin x$ are three consecutive terms in an arithmetic progression, then

$$2 \sin^2 x + \sin x = 1.$$

Solve this equation for x in the range $0 < x < \pi$ and find the next term in the arithmetic progression.

- (ii) If 1 , $\sin y$ and $\cos^2 y$ are three consecutive positive terms in a geometric progression, find the value of the common ratio.

TSE 72/242 10/3/3/3/3/100/13450
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Turn over

Frank Horlock – PE in 1947

January 14, 2011

These pictures and the accompanying article were spotted by Ken Sears in the Sheerness Times-Guardian several years ago. Such a tableau would probably not be permitted these days under Health and Safety Regulations, so it is a period piece in every way. Next to John Barber in the second row is Don Pritchard, but we should be both interested and grateful if any of the other participants would come forward and identify themselves.

+ 12 Thursday, December 21, 2006 Sheerness Times Guardian (ST) www.kentonline.co.uk To advertise: 01795 580300

MEMORY LANE

Compiled by Bel Austin. Contact her on Fridays on 01795 580300



Can they still form a human pyramid?



THE year is 1947. The venue, Borden Grammar School, Sittingbourne.

The gymnasts are prepared to "put their backs into it" to stage a display for sports day.

It was two years after war ended – no sweets, fast food outlets and not a pick of spare flesh on 'em. And no fancy haircuts, designer vests, shorts or plimsolls either. But as they're all smiling.

Just look at them – a human pyramid, each dependent on the other for a show of stamina.

They practised during and after school time and, for most, had a train journey back to Sheppey

loaded down with homework, so even the weight of their satchels helped to develop muscles.

We wonder how they look today. Have the years been kind? Still athletic? We'd like

to hear from you. John Barber, the blond-haired lad in the second row, sent us these photographs from Cornwall, where he's lived for the past 30 years.

■ Back in 1947, these fit lads formed a human pyramid, left, – but where are they now?

One who can't do so, alas, is Mr PT himself – the redoubtable Old Salt, Frank Horlock – in the centre. Ken remembers him as a prime example of a generation which would probably have achieved much more if only they'd had better educational opportunities. Frank Horlock had very considerable intelligence and intellect, and he read extensively books which he borrowed from the School Library. He liked nothing more than sitting on the steps outside the Old Hall at lunchtime, talking to some of the boys as he ate his sandwiches. Ken recalls that one day he mentioned to Horlock a saying by Confucius which he had just read:

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool – beware him!

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is asleep – wake him!

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is a leader – follow him!

He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a king – crown him!"

Horlock commented, "That's very good. Let me repeat it" – which he did, word perfectly. Nearly 30 years later, not long before he died, he came to the Annual Dinner for the first time – an absence which, sadly, he explained by saying that he wasn't sure he would be welcome! (We've yet to meet anyone who did not speak anything but highly of Frank Horlock.) Sitting opposite Ken, he said "You know, Sears, I've never forgotten your Confucius saying", and proceeded to recite it, again word perfectly. What a marvellous character he was!

Graham Barnes

Times Educational Supplement – John Macrae

January 14, 2011

The Times Educational Supplement published an obituary for John Macrae last week (7 January 2011). This is available online at <http://www.tes.co.uk/article.aspx?storycode=6067029>.

Football report for 25 January 2011

January 25, 2011

For the first time in many years Old Bordenians and a current crop of Borden Grammar School pupils played each other in competitive games of football.

Boys from the School were given the chance to join the Sittingbourne 5 a side league following the resignation of Thamesford FC part way through the season. Purely by chance the boys, playing as BGS FC, were unfortunate enough in their first two games to be pitted against the vastly experienced (and, in some instances, vastly girthed) Old Bordenians team.

Regular readers may know that the Old Bordenians have tried unsuccessfully to recruit players from the School but as we climbed the ever steepening stairs to the viewing gallery the reason for that lack of success was clear to see. Eight fresh faced 17 and 18 year olds wearing shirts that were not even bulging at the seams were enthusing at the prospect of playing the 5 wheezy old men currently resting at the top of those aforementioned stairs.

However, looks can be deceptive and it's quite possible that they did not fully appreciate the significance of Phil Griffiths, lured at last from OB football retirement by the promise of free liniment and a fag at half time. Before Phil caught sight of the opposition we had his signature on the signing on form and had extracted his subs for the rest of the season.

Our normal keeper Dave Palmer had injured his leg some weeks earlier in a wheeled Zimmer Frame related incident and so we decided that the last one down the steep stairs to the playing arena would go in goal. A photo finish less than 10 minutes later showed that all five of us were separated by less than the width of a 400g bar of Cadbury's Dairy Milk, which we then shared walking along the corridor leading to the playing arena.

With Keith Shea in goal the rest of the team lined up using the "total football" concept beloved by the Dutch during the Cruyff era of the 70's, albeit we did it fairly close to the door to save time at the end of the match.

The game proved to be very competitive but with Peter Thompson, Gary Johnson, Simon Thompson and Phil working wonders on the pitch and restricting BGS FC to long shots, Old Bordenians ran out 2-1 winners with Phil scoring both goals.

We had a one game rest before we played each other again and almost made it to the top of the steep stairs before it was time to come back down again. Fearing that the BGS may have unlocked the secret of our success we changed to a diamond formation, but rather cleverly, maintained our proximity to the door.

The second game also proved to be a very close match, however a doughnut suspended from the oppositions goal proved to be the difference between the two teams as it enticed Peter Thompson far enough up the pitch to score the only goal of the game as Old Bordenians ran out 1-0 winners.

Two wins moved us up towards the middle of the table but BGS FC are a strong and skilful side lacking 5 a side experience, but that will come after a few games and I'm sure that they will soon start to climb the table too.

Sittingbourne Indoor 5-a-side League

DIVISION 1 POSITIONS Up to and including 20th January 2011

Division 1 - Season 2010/2011									
pos	team	pld	win	drw	lst	for	agt	gdf	pts
1	Kestrels	14	13	0	1	51	15	36	39
2	Stat Shop	14	12	2	0	65	20	45	38
3	Faversham Athletic	14	10	1	3	43	26	17	31
4	The Old Kings	12	5	1	6	27	23	4	16
5	Swale Gunners	12	5	2	5	31	34	-3	16
6	Kestrels 2	14	4	1	9	33	44	-11	13
7	Old Bordenians	14	4	1	9	17	48	-31	13
8	Wasfield United	14	3	3	8	23	33	-10	12
9	Milton and Fulston	14	3	1	10	25	49	-24	10
10	BGS	14	2	2	10	16	39	-23	8

home team		away team
Wasfield United	3 - 3	Faversham Athletic
Swale Gunners	2 - 3	Kestrels
Milton and Fulston	0 - 4	The Old Kings
Wasfield United	2 - 4	Faversham Athletic
Swale Gunners	2 - 6	Kestrels
Milton and Fulston	0 - 4	The Old Kings
Kestrels 2	2 - 6	Stat Shop
BGS	0 - 1	Old Bordenians
Kestrels 2	0 - 3	Stat Shop
BGS	1 - 2	Old Bordenians

It is hoped that the School can maintain the pupil's interest in 5 a side by continuing to run a team in coming seasons and the Old Bordenians will do all it can to continue that interest once they leave the School.

Keith Shea.

Website Digest 2010

February 19, 2011

We have again produced an easily accessible and printable copy of all the articles posted on the website over the past year, similar to the now discontinued annual publication – the Maroon. This website digest, located on the internet at <http://www.oldbordenians.co.uk/wp-content/uploads/2011/02/Website-Digest-2010-v3.pdf> can be printed or downloaded and covers the annual cycle that would have been used for the Maroon. It includes all material suitable for printed format from November 2009 to December 2010, but obviously excludes the long school photographs and old GCE examination papers.

David Palmer, OBA Website Management

War Memorial Appeal

March 31, 2011

The Association is launching an appeal to finance new memorials to the former pupils who made the ultimate sacrifice in defence of their country and its freedom during two world wars and other conflicts.

Old Bordenian Marc Stewart has undertaken extensive research that reveals many more old boys died in these conflicts than had previously been thought.

We now know that the existing school memorial to victims of the second world war is incomplete. Four sets of brothers were killed, plus a father and his son – all Old Bordenians. There are now 99 names (37 from WW1, 59 for WW2, and single casualties for the Boer war, Korean war and Northern Ireland) compared to the 50 or so names we started out with.

This appeal is to finance a new set of memorial boards for the school vestibule where all of the names will be recorded in perpetuity.

Please give generously to help offset the cost. Our target is £3,000 and any excess will be used by the school to fund a bursary to enable current pupils to visit the battlefields.

Please make cheques payable to the Old Bordenian Association and send them to the Hon. Treasurer, Neil Hancock, at 20 Uplands Way, Halfway, Sheerness, Kent, ME12 3EH.

We plan to dedicate the new boards at the annual OBA Service of Remembrance, taking place at the school on Saturday 12 November, 2011, at 11.00 am.

The results of Marc's research will be available on a new Remembrance microsite, linked to this site, to be launched shortly.

Staff v Prefects Cricket 1977

May 1, 2011

Geoff Rousell has posted a couple of pictures from the Staff v Prefects Cricket match 1977 in his account area. I have reproduced these pictures below for the benefit of Website Digest readers!

The Prefects Cricket Team – 1977



The Staff Cricket Team – 1977



A Police Odyssey – Part 4: 1970-1980

May 9, 2011

This continues Barry Gilbert's story of life in the Police Force. For the first part, see <http://www.oldbordenians.co.uk/download-memory-lane/a-police-odyssey-january-1957-august-1992/>.

I returned from Anguilla in December 1970 and the 'winter of discontent' of the Heath government was in full swing. There were three day working weeks for some and we suffered numerous power cuts. Keeping warm was a problem and having spent three months in the balmy climate of the West Indies it took a while to get accustomed to the cold of the English winter.

After a few days leave it was back to work at Bow Garage and a more normal working routine. Everyone I met who had served in Anguilla agreed that it was some time before we made that adjustment.

At the beginning of 1971 the Met Establishment were concerned about the rise in motor vehicle accidents and decided to form an Accident Prevention Unit. The unit would consist of eight teams, each with a Sergeant and six PCs., equipped with a van and six motorcycles to cover the whole of the Met Police Area. Sites with high accident rates were identified and each team spent two weeks of high visibility police presence at each site. I joined the team operating from Bow Garage. The aim was to influence driver behaviour mainly through verbal warnings, with the more serious offenders being reported for prosecution. It was a fact that statistics showed when the Unit was in operation the personal injury accident figures were reduced.

In 1974 I sat and passed the Sergeant's Exam and this began another chapter in my police service. In the summer of that year I spent four weeks at Hendon Training School brushing up on the latest legislation and station procedure. This was invaluable to me because during my years in Traffic, the front office and charge room procedure had changed. 'Books' had evolved into proformas and it was all very different being on the other side of the desk in the charge room.

On 11th November 1974 I was transferred to Woolwich Police Station as a sergeant. I was back at the station that had been my 'home' as a cadet. It was quite a tense time, because four days before I arrived at the station the IRA had thrown a bomb through the window of The King's Arms public house opposite the Royal Artillery barracks. Two people were killed and a number were injured. In the following weeks we answered many emergency calls to 'suspect packages' but fortunately they were all false alarms.

The station gradually returned to normal and I was back to the three shift system – early, late and nights. The Inspector and other Sergeants were a great help on the relief and I settled down to the new routine of the front office, charge room and allocating beat patrols and general supervision. The 'Panda' cars were introduced at this time and a system of mixed foot and motorised patrols was set up. The introduction of more vehicles to the station meant that my traffic patrol experience was put to good use.

The IRA had not given up their terror campaign and the central divisions were augmented by men from the outer divisions. On several occasions I found myself with constables from Woolwich patrolling the West End again. My previous experience of working in the central area was valuable and we didn't get lost. We did have one bomb incident in Smith Street, Westminster while we were patrolling but fortunately the device was defused safely by a Bomb Disposal Unit who were a great asset at the time doing a very dangerous job.

I had been at Woolwich about a year when I had a recurrence of a cartilage injury to my knee which required surgery and I spent the next two months on sick leave. I returned to duty and after about two weeks I had a call from the Chief Inspector in charge of the Accident Prevention Unit. He asked me if I would be interested in rejoining the unit in charge of one of the teams. I replied that I would, but being a relatively new sergeant on Division was not sure how my Chief Superintendent would view it. Luckily he did agree to my transfer and once again I was back in Traffic Division.



With my BMW and the APU van in Dulwich

The APU team that I joined was based at Lewisham in South London and I spent a happy eighteen months there. We occupied premises at the back of Lewisham police station and I managed to keep up my sporting activities playing for the sub-division cricket team and in the winter played mid-week hockey with the 4 Area team. The hockey team at this time entered a police competition in Sheffield with teams from County Constabularies and Ulster whom we beat in the final.

In 1977 I had another move, this time into the administration office of the APU which was situated at Walton Street behind the Harrods store in Chelsea.

My remit was to do the site research for the Unit and decide where each of the eight teams would be posted on a fortnightly schedule and collate the reports from the team Sergeants. I visited all the sites and so gained a

fair knowledge of the Met area which covers 900 square miles.

The recent demolition of Chelsea Barracks brought to mind that my Superintendent at Walton Street was an ex member of the Scots Guards. One day he told me bring in my swimming gear. The next day, at lunch time off we went to the Barracks and being an ex guardsman he was able to use the pool there and we did this regularly. I was sorry to see the Barracks go as it was an impressive historic building and watching the Guards training on the Square was a great sight and privilege.

All good things come to an end and in 1980 the Met had another reshuffle of resources and the admin staff at APU were reassigned to other duties.

I was offered a post at the Traffic Management branch at Scotland Yard which will be the last part of my journey.

Annual Reunion Dinner 2011 – pictures

May 15, 2011

Here are a number of pictures taken at last night's Annual Dinner (14 May 2011). If any other old boys have pictures from the dinner that they would like published, please send them to us via the 'Contact us' link above. I don't have many names of those featured, but feel free to add names in the comments at the bottom of the posting and I shall update. A report will be posted in the near future.



Before the event



Foreground (l/r) Keith Tummon; Stewart Jarrett; Paul Fletcher



Foreground: Keith Tummon



centre of picture: Bryan Short



Harold Vafeas



Harold Vafeas; Ken Sears to his left



Left side of table from front: Andy Bushell (just); Rob Kemsley; Stewart Jarrett; Lee Harding; Keith Shea



Happy with the dinner?

Right side of table from front: Bob Field; Steve Crick; Dave Spicer; Phil Bryant





Harold Vafeas, introducing the guest speaker



Graham Barnes, the guest speaker



Graham Barnes



Graham Barnes, mid-flow



Harold Vafeas, closing the speeches



Presentation to Graham Barnes





L/R: Steve Crick; Paul Fletcher; Lee Harding;
Bob Field; Davy Spicer

OBA Tie Challenge – new entry

May 18, 2011



Last year, we issued a “Tie Challenge” similar to the Extreme Ironing phenomenon (if you haven’t heard of this, try Googling it!), where members were asked to send in photos of themselves wearing the OBA tie in unusual or far flung places. We started with a photo taken in the Fruiterers Arms, Rodmersham!! We have now received a new entry, taken in the Long Bar in Raffles Hotel, Singapore with the wearer (Alan Snelling) preparing to sink an original Raffles Singapore Sling. More entries welcome. Original story can be found at <http://www.oldbordenians.co.uk/events/old-bordenian-tie-challenge/>

Annual Reunion Dinner 2011 – report

May 22, 2011

OBA DINNER 2011

Those of you who thought it was photos only this year will be disappointed!

After Mike Pack had received a flurry of very late bookings making it 74 for the night, Saturday May 14th saw us enjoying the usual convivial atmosphere helped along by the traditional meal and bar. We may adopt the Ryanair method of fluid pricing in future – early bookings at bargain basement prices, last minute decisions the sky is the limit! We will of course adopt as well the client care charter – never mind it’s only a customer!

The new Memorial Boards depicting those Old Bordenians who died during the two world wars and other conflicts were on display in the hall, and around £800 was raised during the evening as a contribution towards the cost of these.

Our guest speaker this year was Graham Barnes. A stalwart of both the school and the Association over many years, he has been both a School Governor and the OBA Vice President. As always, Graham kept us thoroughly entertained and amused during his speech. Typically, in the past I have scribbled notes on the nearest clean napkin during the speeches so that,

provided I can subsequently read them without the alcoholic haze, there is a semblance of accuracy when I summarise them in the annual report. This year Graham has kindly given me his written speech to make my life easier. However, who am I to decide what should be left in or removed from such an excellent speech? It seems only fair that those who were absent can read it in its entirety, and those who were present can be reminded how much they laughed. So, at the risk of embarrassing Graham, the whole speech is shown after the list of attendees.

In response to Graham's toast to the School and the Association, Harold Vafeas, our President, said how good it was to see OBA and school supporters together again, and thanked the Association for their financial contributions to such things as the stage lighting, the multi sports area and the library. Details of the school's academic successes could be found on the Old Boys website in his Prize Giving Day's speech, so he intended concentrating on sporting and cultural matters. Last summer the under 13 cricket team won the Kent Cup Final when chasing over 180 runs in 20 overs. The BGS squash team entered the National Schools Championship and reached the last 32 by winning their group which included beating Coopers and Coborn, and Kings. In the knockout rounds they then defeated Charterhouse but lost 2-3 to Eton. The annual musical – Jesus Christ Superstar – had been revived and was very successful. Whilst the school is not perfect it, and its 800 pupils, continue to thrive.

Finally, thanks are due to Mike Pack (the other half of the Dinner team) for all his sterling work, Barry Gilbert for helping set up on Saturday morning, Dave Palmer for being chief photographer, Cliff Cork for again arranging the bar, Tracey in the school office for doing all our printing, and Tim, the school caretaker, for all his help and support.

Peter Lusted

At the Dinner were:-

1940's – Denis Jarrett, Ray Hill, Graham Barnes, Bill Usher, Ken Sears, Jim Cox, Bob Doucy, Brian Tyler, Ken Heaven, Stanley Evans, Frank Cassell, Richard Dowding, Peter Bedelle,

1950's – Andrew Edney, John Godfrey, Alan Hill, Tony Akehurst, Sean Caveney, John Faulkner, Ian Hazell, Terry Saunders, Ivor Jones, Roy Brunnsden, Alan Eyles, Neil Hancock

1960's – Rick Harris, Tom Frewen, Clive Eglinton, Steve Goodhew, Greg Pope, Mike Pack, Peter Lusted, Ian Baron

1970's – David Webster, Mike Dixon, John Dowding, Terry Roberts, Lee Harding, Keith Shea, Andy Bushell, Dave Palmer, Dave Spicer, Bob Field, Steve Crick, Robert Kemsley, Jonathan Brownridge, Phil Bryant, Stewart Jarrett, Paul Fletcher, Tim Ford, Paul Bedelle, Rob Dammers, Greg Barry, Nick Lee, Keith Tummon, Peter Vujacovic, Terry Whitehead, Andrew Newman, Giles Ford

1980's – Philip White, Douglas Greenwell, Greg Illsley

1990's – Stuart Williams, Adrian Rose, Matthew Nelson, Stephen Baron, James Love

2000's – Marc Stewart, Christian Collins

Governors/Staff -Harold Vafeas, Phil Bromwich, Bryan Short, Marion Minhall, Ruth Minhall

Graham Barnes' speech

At this Dinner last year, a number of you, banished out there to the outback, complained that you sometimes had difficulty in hearing the speaker. This year, I promise you it will be different. There will be an avalanche of complaints because you **can** hear the speaker. So please shout out if you are having a problem – I'll try to lower my voice to the point of inaudibility. A couple of weeks ago, in vacant and in pensive mood, I was lying in the bath – reflecting on how I missed jail, actually. Because I'd missed it by a hair's breadth. Several times in my career. But I also began wondering what on earth I could talk to you about tonight. Pete Lusted had already warned me that it would be considered very bad form if I were to re-use old material, so that eliminated my special subject – the Life and Times of Carlos V of Spain. And also my other public speaking standby for these occasions, a recital of the first 33,000 decimal places of pi, which tends to become somewhat repetitive, especially when I get to .333 recurring. That left me with only one option : nostalgia. So that's what you're in for – an orgy of nostalgia.

Funny word, nostalgia. It comes from the Greek nostos = a return, and algos = pain. A return of pain. We were never taught Greek at Borden, which is a pity – because basically it's a very easy language. Nearly all the words ends in 'os', and it is possible to guess the meaning of most of them – as all you seasoned travellers in the Greek Islands will know. There's

Asbestos – rather unhealthy – and Thermos – rather hot ; Pichantos – which entails a somewhat hazardous boat trip to get there ; Hyglos – much favoured by painters ; Albatros – much favoured by golfers ; Mossbros – a bit too dressy for my liking ; Schlos – full of German tourists ; Candyflos – which is really rather sweet ; Pathos and Bathos – sad and disappointing ; and Deadlos – which you should avoid at all costs.

Anyway, back to nostas and algos – a return of pain. If I start with Sheerness, then nostalgia is definitely the right word. The brainchild of Samuel Pepys, the naval dockyard was protected in due course by a fort at Garrison Point and by a defensive canal against land invasion from the East, built mainly by French prisoners-of-war, which stretches from Bartons Point all the way to Westminster. This shows that idiocy is by no means a new phenomenon in the Procurement Department of the Ministry of Defence. Those wonderful folks, who nowadays build aircraft carriers which don't have aeroplanes, spent a fortune on a deterrent which would never be needed – because, as anybody who has been there will tell you, an invader landing at Leysdown would want to evacuate the Island as quickly as possible – not to conquer more of it.

I mustn't be too hard on Sheppey. It has many redeeming features – for instance, er, er, er.....I know one : they had a very good football team. Not in my time they didn't, but they did once. No less a luminary than Herbert Chapman, the great Arsenal Manager, played for Sheppey United. By the time my father used to take me to watch them at the Botany Road ground on Saturdays, their skill levels had declined somewhat. You were allowed to watch the team practise on Wednesday evenings without charge. It was very entertaining. One of their routines was to dribble the ball round a line of dustbins. On one occasion, I remember the dustbins winning 9-nil. The lack of playing success was reflected in declining gates, so to augment the Club's funds, they used to hold a weekly 'Spot-the-crowd' competition. You had to put an X where you thought he was standing.

One of Sheerness's more famous sons was Dr Beeching. If he used to travel each day on the 8.23 from Sheerness to Sittingbourne as I did, that would explain why he developed a lifelong hatred of railways and why the Beeching Report proposed the abolition of most of them of them. Belching smoke and smuts the size of conkers, the train used to grind its way over several thousand points to Queenborough, and then past the Sheppey Glue Works sufficiently slowly for the carriages to absorb its unspeakable odours. It was possible to dispel most of these by using the sophisticated manual air conditioning system. This consisted of a blind, which, if held out like a sail from an open window, acted as an air deflector. The trouble was that, if everyone did this simultaneously, the train was brought almost to a halt by the increased coefficient of drag. That's not true, of course, but I thought a scientifically-erudite phrase such as 'coefficient of drag' would add an element of plausibility to the story. .

We had another science lesson when we arrived at Sittingbourne, and at the same time the sensuous thrill of seeing the Dover Express come through the Station at full pelt. After rounding the bend a mile to the west, Arundel or Sir Gallahad gathered speed, increasing in size exponentially, and roared towards us breathing fire and brimstone. The platform shook with seismic violence as several hundred tons of steel thundered through, and the sustained shriek of the whistle gave us a vivid demonstration of the Doppler Effect which, of course, was the only reason why we stayed to watch. It shows how hungry we were for knowledge. By the way, we had carriage prefects for the journey – to supervise the bullying and make sure it was done efficiently. Minimum scarring, maximum pain. Some of them could have taught the guards at Guantanamo Bay a thing or two.

My schooling at Borden was neatly segmented. I had 2 years of peacetime education from 1937 to 1939, followed by five years of war, in the middle of which I was whisked off to South Wales for two years. You might think this segmentation was disruptive, but it didn't particularly seem so at the time. Most boys are astonishingly adaptable. And any changes later were as nothing compared with the original culture shock of my first day at Borden. The School was totally different from anything I anticipated. My expectations of "big school" were based on what I read – avidly – about Greyfriars in The Magnet comic, and the exploits of Billy Bunter, the so-called "Fat Owl of the Remove". I had already learned the necessary vocabulary : midnight feasts in the dorm, impots, phrases like "I say, you fellows", expressions of pain such as "Yaroooh" (inexplicably "Hooray" spelled backwards), and so on. The reality proved to be very different.

For one thing, the Sixth Formers were all 8 feet tall, the staff 10 feet and the redoubtable Head, William Claydon, 12 feet. That was because he invariably strode through the corridors wearing his mortar board. At least that phenomenon was something I recognised from Greyfriars, together with the convention of calling each other only by our surnames. Claydon introduced several public school features during his headship, including the Harrow School song "Forty Years On". We never had

anything like that at the Broadway School in Sheerness. The lyrics of “Forty Years on” contained one memorable but slightly baffling line – “the tramp of the 22 men”, which we sang with more gusto than comprehension. The same song was adopted by Napier High School in New Zealand, but they changed it to “the tramp of the 30 true men” in recognition of Rugby Union, and at Melbourne High School in Australia it became “the tramp of the 36 men” in honour of Australian Rules Football. I always thought “the tramp of the 22 men” referred to one of my classmates, who often turned up on the cricket field wearing grey flannel trousers instead of whites.

Probably the biggest change from primary school was what we were taught and how we were taught it. I still have several of my School notebooks, and when I look at them, I am absolutely amazed at what I learned and what I have forgotten. A history notebook, for example, tells me that in AD 593 Ethelfrith became King of Northumbria. Not a lot of people know that. To achieve anything in life, let alone kingship, with a name like that is no mean achievement. Fancy calling your child Ethelfrith! Ethelfred, perhaps – particularly if you were in some doubt about the child’s sex. It would be quite useful to be able to call somebody ‘Ethel’ or ‘Fred’, depending on how things shaped up. But *Ethelfrith*? With a name like that, you couldn’t possibly become the eponymous hero of a novel or play. Shakespeare simply could not have written “Ethelfrith and Juliet”, could he? – nor could Juliet have asked “Ethelfrith, Ethelfrith, wherefore art thou Ethelfrith?” Especially if her dentures were ill-fitting.

Another pearl of knowledge. Did you know that if you add sodium chloride to silver nitrate, thanks to a process known as ‘double decomposition’, you end up with sodium nitrate and silver chloride? Now there’s a thing. It’s a good job this kind of anarchic behaviour takes place only in the surreal world of the chemistry lab, and not in real life. Otherwise, if you were anticipating a meal of fish and chips, for instance, and rhubarb and custard, you could end up with fish and custard, followed by rhubarb and chips.

In addition to erudite and arcane subjects like Chemistry, we were also taught grammar and spelling – not just in English Language lessons, but in almost everything we wrote and spoke. Some people dismiss these as unimportant, but I certainly don’t – and I make no apologies for that, because I think they are essential for clear, unequivocal communication. An example of what otherwise can happen was provided by Spike Milligan, who received a letter from a fan asking for a ‘singed photograph’. True to form, Spike signed one of his photographs but before sending it and set fire to the perimeter. His covering letter said “As requested, I am enclosing a singed photograph”. The fan replied, thanking him profusely for his kindness, but added “Unfortunately, the photograph appears to have been signed all round the edges”.

At the heart of this transfer of knowledge were the teachers themselves – for the most part highly dedicated and very good at their jobs. Nowadays, OFSTED inspectors tend to give Brownie points to those teachers who vary their techniques – class or group discussions, for example, or role playing or learning-by-teaching, which is widely employed in Germany. At Borden, the teachers used to get up in front of the class, tell us things we didn’t know and explain things we didn’t understand. I don’t see a lot wrong with that. In that Pantheon of fabled names – Alan Highton, Roy Hill, Jimmy Howard, Sniffer Snelling, Reg Goff, Cliff Beer, Stan Ashby and Greville Tempany, to which one can add the names in later years of people like John Weekes, Terry Veal, John Macrae, Bob Sutton, Marion Minhall and many others – I suppose the archetypal exponent of orthodox didactic teaching was George Dawkins, the father figure of the Old Bordenian Association. He used a method known to educationalists as ‘discovery teaching’. If you didn’t do your homework properly, you soon discovered you’d get a detention, and if you misbehaved in class, you discovered you were on the painful receiving-end of a well-aimed piece of chalk. Nowadays such methods might be frowned upon, but he taught Sir Stanley Hooker who ended up as Technical Director of Rolls Royce. He also taught John Macrae, and inspired John’s lifelong passion for physics. So perhaps there was something in the old ways, after all?

And it’s on that note that I want to end my nostalgic rambling. Deep down, I suspect that the main reason why many of us are here tonight is our affection and respect for, and gratitude towards, those who taught us – not just academically ; not just in extramural activities like drama, amateur radio, astronomy, debating, and so on ; but by the values which motivated them and by the example which they set. I know I shall always be profoundly grateful for what Borden did for me, and I doubt whether I am alone in this room feeling that way. May I invite you, therefore, to rise and join me in the toast of The School and the Association.

Graham Barnes

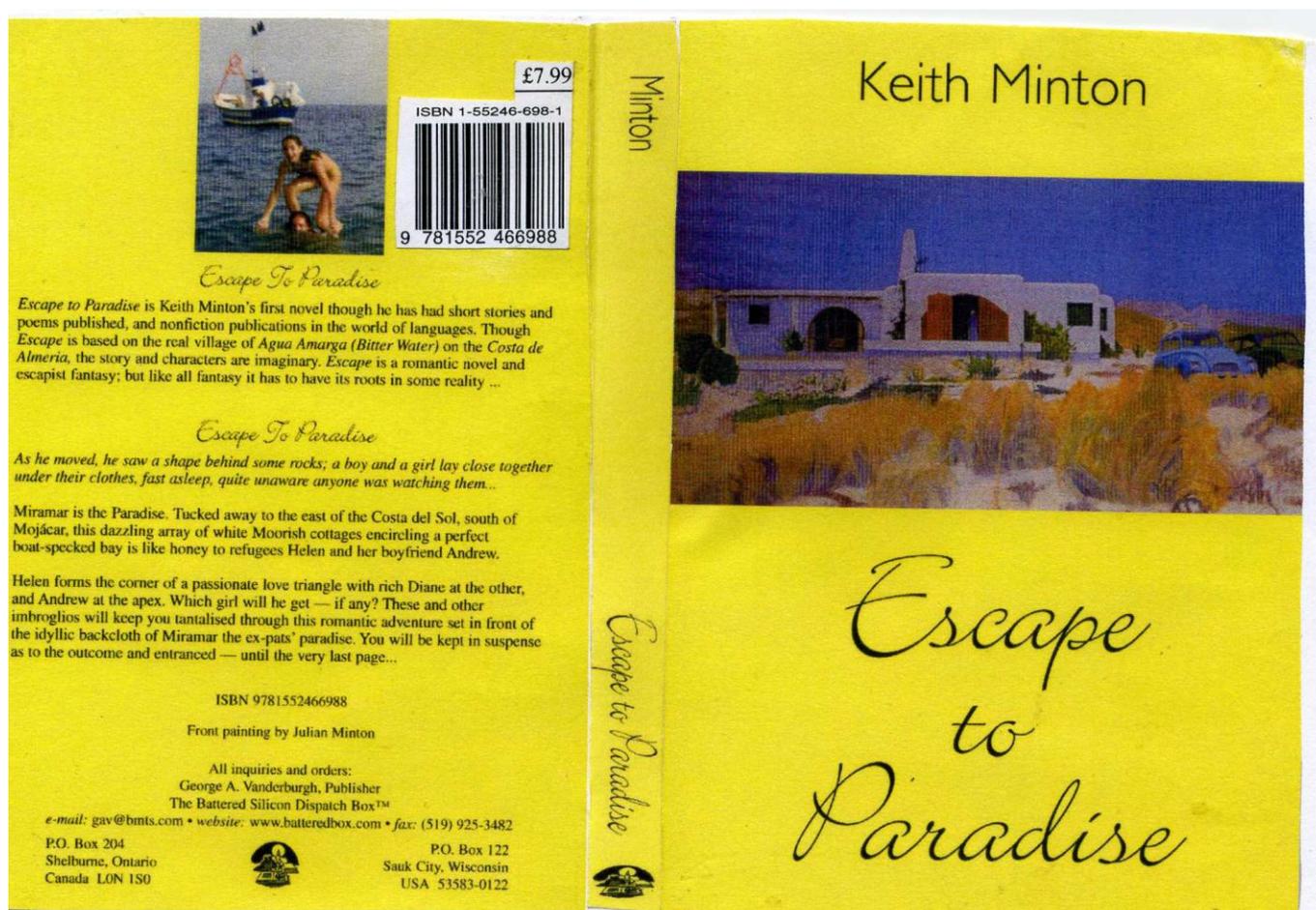
Book review: "Escape to Paradise" by Keith Minton

May 27, 2011

Keith Minton who taught languages at Borden from 1970 to 1973 has written a highly entertaining and extremely well written first novel. "Escape to Paradise" draws on Keith's personal experience both as a school teacher, although the institution involved is far removed from Borden, and from his observations of the British abroad from stays at his parents' villa in a remote Southern Spain coastal village (his mother was Spanish). It takes a wry and occasionally hilarious look at British school life, the British dream of a place in the sun and at love and sex.

Surrey bred and Oxminster educated Andrew Makepeace sets out to discover how the other nine tenths live by choosing as his first teaching post an inner Manchester community school. He soon lives to regret his decision as he suffers the non acceptance of his privileged background in the staffroom, the hounding of an unsupportive and hypocritical headmaster and the horrors of 4H. He is however rescued by fellow teacher Diana who is also running from the right as she is a millionaire industrialist's daughter. At the same time he has been quartered in a run-down area of the city where he encounters Helen, an underprivileged girl from a council estate whose father has died young. He is torn between the two – the raw and sensuous Helen and Diana who saves him from dismissal and starts to run his life. Eventually becoming increasingly politicised by Helen's brother Tom, he rejects all and opts to throw in his lot with Helen. The two of them just suddenly disappear.

The second part of the novel shifts to Spain where Andrew and Helen find themselves almost literally washed ashore. Fortune favours the bold and through the intervention of retiree Don they set themselves up as successful restaurateurs and enter into the intricate lives and jealousies of the village's expatriate community. Meanwhile however, Diana the huntress as her name implies tracks Andrew down, enters the 'Periquillo Verde' restaurant and.....



To say that this is a page turner is a cliché, I know, but there is no other word to describe it. Despite a hectic work schedule I had it read cover to cover in just three days flat. How does he achieve this feat? Firstly the scenes in the novel do not follow a straight timeline. Key and dramatic events are described first and then the reader has to follow the pages to find out how the characters arrived at the stage. Added to this 'who dunnit' factor is the "who gets 'im" element. Will it be Helen? Will it be Diana? Will they both ditch the two timer or will Andrew philanderer on until the final page. The more salacious among us are

also urged on to reach the next raunchy sex scene. One of these, in which Helen unsuccessfully tries to get herself raped, is used to great comic effect.

Keith also has a Dickensian gift of neatly drawing characters so that you sympathise with them and are anxious to follow their progress whether they are essentially good or essentially evil. Even the minor characters are memorable – Andrew's prying sister Deborah, Helen's kindly caring and past caring widowed Mum and her socialist worker Citizen Smith type brother Tom are all memorable examples of Keith's creative genius. There is a lot of realistic dialogue in this novel which would lend it to easy adaptation to the theatre or cinema. However Keith is also skilled at descriptive narrative. For example describing what, on one level Andrew is escaping from, "The town was dominated by vast council estates snaking over the hills looking for a distance like black stripes of licorice with crimson borders" and to where he is escaping "The sea was completely still that morning and Andrew was certain he was as near to Paradise as was possible".

This is the one that missed the scrutiny of "The Booker Prize Committee". Those of you who need to have a good book at hand should make sure that, whether they are off to the very location of Costa del Sol or if it is just for an opportune weekend in Brighton, they add 'Escape to Paradise' to their packing list for this summer hols.

'Escape To Paradise' by Keith Minton 2006 is published in Canada by George A Vanderburgh 'The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box' publishing house. It is available in The UK at £7.99 through leading book stores and at Amazon.com. The author informs that even though it may say 'not available' copies are available, so please persist.

Reviewer: Philip Spencer Drury May 27 2011

Further 'belles-lettres' – more from our man in Pointis Inard

June 16, 2011

Further extracts from emails sent by Edwin Westacott (1940-47). Editor's note: the years refer to the time Edwin was at school, not when he sent the emails!!

On a visit to his son in the USA in the autumn of 2010

"Our trip to the States is now well and truly over and we have been trying to catch up with the demands of Christmas here in France. The Americans do it so much better. Christmas, it seemed, was well under way when we arrived at the beginning of November : Salvation Army posts outside the mall, with handbells ringing and cauldrons standing by to receive donations, and everybody walking steadfastly past. "White Christmas", "Rudolph", "Here comes Santa Claus", and all of those other tried and true hymns from Hollywood, guaranteed to drive underground the Scrooges of this world by their sheer persistency if nothing else. Sales everywhere. Nodding Santas. Christmas trees. A good two months still to go, and Thanksgiving still to come.

Thanksgiving at our son's house would have had Norman Rockwell scrambling to get his brushes and palette to commit the scene to canvas. At the table were seated an expat English couple, living in France, five Koreans, one Englishman now a naturalised American and two native-born Americans (I almost said native Americans, but that means Red Indians now, doesn't it? "Lookee yonder, captain, there must be durn near a thousand native Americans on the ridge there! What we gonna do?"). Our son does the celebratory cooking for the household and had announced that turkey was out this year, and that roast beef ribs were in . Pumpkin pie? No, that's out too. We were to have chocolate cloud cake. The news set up a low whining from our two grandsons. "Everybody at school is having turkey and pumpkin pie". "Except you, and that will give you something different to talk about it, won't it?" Quiet approval from the adults. Continued keening from the kids, but that soon stopped when the ribs appeared.

When we've done the mall, there's not a lot left to see, apart from the Amish, so we set off to visit the oddly named main town of the area, Intercourse. You can get a lot of mileage out of a name like this when you're writing postcards. The neighbouring town is Blue Ball and the one after that is Bird in Hand. It's like going back to the America that I think once existed : little grocery stores with mounds of pumpkins displayed outside, sparkling white farms with tall washing lines, covered in sheets and shirts and pillow cases all done by hand because they are not allowed to have electricity ; fields being ploughed by teams of mules ; and, of course, the Amish themselves. The men seem to be confined to the area, but the women in long dresses, clumpy boots and lace bonnets work in the shops outside the area, often at the cash desk. They all seem very contented, despite what must be a very constricting regime, and they spin along the roads in their closed-in, horse-drawn buggies.

The first time we went there, we had a meal in the main restaurant in town and I chose pork belly and grits with a Coke, alcohol being forbidden. Along came a huge platter, heaped high with food and accompanied by a gallon of Coke. Jan, who eats like a bird on a diet, had ordered the same and looked with horror at our meal, but tucked in gamely. It soon beat her, but I fought on and emptied the plate. Up came the smiling waitress and asked if I had enjoyed it ; then, without waiting for an answer, swept the plate away and returned a couple of minutes later with another helping of pork belly and another bucket of Coke. I fought my way through this one as well somehow, and up she came again and was all set to bring me a third, but I managed to persuade her I could eat no more. This could have been followed by Shoo Fly Pie, but we had both reached our limit. Pity, because :

“Shoo Fly Pie

And Apple Pan Dowdy

Make your teeth say “Hi”

And your stomach say “Howdy!”

(From a film at the Argosy Cinema, Sheerness, circa 1940)

and it had long been my ambition to sample this delicacy.

We admired the quilts on display and reeled in astonishment at the quality of the workmanship and the astronomical nature of the price. We first went there about seven years ago, and found all sorts of little things in the shops that we could take home, all made in the area – apples, pears, slices of melon made of painted wood, for example. The Chinese influence seems to have moved in and the the ancient craft of plastic moulding has taken over from the wood carver.”

On further visits to the Dentist

“I’ve been to the dentist again – twice, in fact. The first visit was as usual – my gazing spellbound in to the limpid black eyes of the dentist, letting her get on without any protest from me. “I’m going to drill down through the top of your head, Mr Westacott.” “That’s fine. Yes, go ahead.” The second was to demonstrate the fact that my mouth was a plague area and needed instant treatment if my teeth were not going to fall like ripe plums. A different dentist this time whisked some dental floss in and out of my teeth, prepared a slide which was thrust under a microscope, the like of which Mr Letouf could never have imagined, and a ghastly image appeared on a computer screen of wiggling creatures being pursued by blobs. “The blobs are white blood cells devouring the bacteria,” she explained. My side, unfortunately, seemed to be losing. “What will happen?”, I dared to ask. “All of your teeth will melt.” I’m putting this in layman’s terms, you understand. “Here,” she said, “take this booklet home with you, read it carefully, and have some nightmares. Then come back and see the expert on this sort of thing.”

Some weeks later, I went back and met another merry little creature who sat me down and went through another booklet with me, one full of even more hideous pictures. And it had my name on it! “You’ll have to come back once a month when the dentist will clean each tooth individually, you will go home and brush and floss three times daily, and, after each procedure, use a special, super-strength mouthwash to kill off those things you saw wiggling unchecked through your mouth.” The name of one of them began with a ‘Z’, so I knew that was bad. “How much?” I asked, thinking it might be a couple of hundred Euros or so. The figure that she quoted was well above that, running into thousands. “Go to the office where the young lady will prepare a devis for you, and you can try sending it off to your insurance. Here’s a toothbrush for you. Oh, yes – and here’s an even worse booklet for you to study with a personal diagnosis.” It took me over a month to pluck up sufficient courage to go back and explain that, while I should very much like to have the treatment, it would mean selling the house. “That’s all right,” said the young woman, flashing me an impeccably-dentured smile, and, when I offered her the toothbrush and the booklet, she very graciously said that I could keep them.”

On the mysteries of wine and the English language

“During a meal with neighbours at a local restaurant recently, a lady sitting next to me sniffed her wine and announced quietly that, in her opinion, it was corked. I thought of doing a John Cleese on her. “Corked? How can it be corked? You’ve just seen me pouring it out of the bottle!”, but good sense mercifully prevailed. I admitted that I simply wouldn’t know if a wine was corked : if it was red and moved, I drank it. A little committee was quickly formed and the wine was judged to be all right. Timidly, I

asked how they could tell and I was given a kindly lesson on smell and the causes of corking – it simply wasn't a case of just 'touching the cork', as they put it in French. They also explained 'ni cole ni filtre' which was also why I had a generous layer of sediment at the bottom of my glass. They went on to say that, because of this, I should have a baby daughter by the end of the year. My wife muttered something about magi and a star, but I chose not to pass this on.

We have a friend whose daughter has just done her Bac and who has been coming to us to discuss some of the mysteries of the English language. Her mother had advertised her son's bike on E-Bay, something of a Rolls Royce of bikes, and had received an offer from an Englishman, but was puzzled by his salutation, which she said was "Hello, sailor". I instantly went into ill-suppressed hysterics, and sat there wheezing and weeping while the lady watched me in alarm. Then, when I had regained control, I launched into this delicate explanation of innocent sailors, in a naval town, in search of a place where they could sip a quiet lemonade, who would be approached from darkened doorways by some of the friendlier ladies of the town, seeking to relieve the monotony of these young men by offering to spend a few minutes with them. The lady looked very surprised at all this and then said, when she looked it up in the dictionary, the alternative word offered was 'vendor', and she only wanted to know if this was the normal response."

Kindly provided by Graham Barnes

OBA War Memorial Appeal – UPDATE

July 15, 2011



Good news – the OBA War Memorial Appeal is now well on its way to raising the £3,000 required for the new memorial boards. This is due entirely to the generosity of OBA members, many of whom were able to see the newly-finished boards at the reunion dinner on 14 May. The boards look superb, as you can see from the attached photograph, and will be a fitting tribute to those old boys who made the ultimate sacrifice for this country.

It's not too late to make a contribution to the appeal, which still hopes to provide a travel

bursary for those pupils who visit the battlefields of France and Flanders as part of their studies. Please make cheques payable to "Old Bordenian Association", and send them to:

Neil Hancock,

Hon. Treasurer, Old Bordenian Association

20 Uplands Way, Halfway,

Sheerness, Kent, ME12 3EH

Thank you.

Obituary – Allan Sayer

August 11, 2011

It is with great sorrow that we have to report the death on 21st July 2011 of Allan Sayer, aged 84, former schoolmaster at Borden Grammar School.

The funeral will take place at the Medway Crematorium East Chapel, Robin Hood Lane, Bluebell Hill ME9 5QU on Saturday August 13th at 10:00.

Allan's son, Mark, says it would be lovely to meet any Old Boys who remember him and to hear old memories.

Instead of flowers, Allan was a supporter of the RNLI, so any contributions to the RNLI would be gratefully received by John Weir, Funeral Director, 130-132 High Street, Rainham, Kent ME8 8AR.

OLD BOYS TIE CHALLENGE – ST ANGEAU BOULES CHAMPIONS

August 20, 2011



Old Boys will be pleased to hear that the sporting prowess engrained in us at Borden is spreading throughout Europe. Heinie (Wally) Costen and Peter Lusted put their skills to the test and entered a local boules contest at St Angeau in the Charente.

Plan A – Having played cricket together for 20 plus years with Belnor Cricket Club and also the Old Boys in the Sittingbourne Evening League, the original plan was for an over of off spin (with the odd leg break thrown in) from Lusted and a few stumpings from Costen. The absence of a bat or any wickets soon put us on guard and we quickly learnt that these methods had been outlawed in the first draft of the Code Napoleon. Whether the similarity in height

between Napoleon and a stump had any bearing on these laws is unclear.

Plan B – it is important to give an impression of knowledge and talent, so we noted (and quickly copied) how the throwing line is marked in the dust with a swirl of the right foot and the cochonnet is studiously thrown in position up the court. Four people, three boules each, nearest the cochonnet – easy! But then you discover that a stone the size of pea can make a boule weighing nearly 2 pounds divert at right angles. How does that happen? Did we cover it in Physics? If not it is a serious omission in the school syllabus. Whose boule is nearest? In the absence of a laser measure a length of string is used, but even this is disputed by the occasional over enthusiastic player.

Nitere Porro – the school motto which loosely translated means – “when playing Simon Langton, win at all costs” or “when lacking talent – guile and bluff are perfectly acceptable”. Simon Langton being absent we applied the second. Amongst our opponents was a young 12 year old who spoke French, English and Spanish fluently – why do we not put so much importance on languages? We beat his pair thirteen/eleven, ou treize/onze, o trece/once!

So to the final, where we actually won quite comfortably. If you believe that.....you will believe any old boules!

Peter Lusted

BGS Prize Evening – Headteacher’s report

September 19, 2011

Prize Evening 15 September 2011

Mr Mayor, Madame Mayoress, Mr Henderson, Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of School

This evening we congratulate our students on their progress and achievement and also recognise the contributions many have made to the life of the school and the wider community.

I will begin by reporting on the summer examination results

Borden’s ‘Class of 2011’ achieved the school’s best ever A level results. Among them were fifteen students who gained three or more A or A* grades. These were: Charlie Bowling, Thomas Cantor, Daniel Catlin, Jimmy Collins, Thomas Crosswell, Kyle Dawney, Robert Elgar, Thomas Gray, Oliver Hyde, Jack Ithell, Prajesh Jadejah, Oliver McKean, James Philo, George Tretyakov and Joseph White.

Thomas Crosswell, Mark Cryer, Jack Ithell and Joseph White included 2 A* grades among their results. Top marks went to Thomas Cantor who attained 3 A* grades together with 2 A grades.

We are delighted that these students used their talents so well and can now take up their places on very competitive courses in prestigious universities.

In addition to these outstanding results there were many students with very pleasing outcomes and excellent progress. Several of these students are also here this evening to receive prizes and our congratulations.

The successful efforts of students and their teachers resulted in 52% A* - B grades across the board. Students throughout the year group are to be congratulated on their results and thanked for their contributions to the school community. We wish them well as they begin a first university term or start a career.

Last September one of the points I made to the ‘class of 2011’ in a start of the year assembly was that part of growing up is learning how to deal with situations when they go wrong. This followed disappointing AS results from students who were, at that time, the best qualified year group to begin A levels at Borden. During the next 10 months they matured in outlook, raised their work rate and reaped the reward for hard work. The current Year 13 students need to do likewise. Those here this evening to receive Year 12 prizes did of course work hard and achieve well. Some students did underperform. They, like those in the ‘class of 2011’, have the talent to achieve outstanding results and now need to be ambitious and disciplined in seeking to achieve this.

Last month Borden’s Year 11 students celebrated the outcomes of two years hard work. There were many outstanding results and also solid achievement from students who worked hard, attained good grades and had a just reward for their positive attitude.

At the top end of achievement 17 boys attained 8 or more A/A* grades among their results. They included Connor Baulf, Jamie Blackbrow, Robert Cooper, Jack Gleeson, Jack Hales, Jonathan Hendry, Casey Murphy, Samuel O’Sullivan, David Robertson and Matthew Woodhill.

Many other boys met their targets and made good progress. 99/103 students (96%) attained 5 or more A* – C grades including English Language and Maths. What we need now is real success in making the transition from GCSE to A level in Year 12.

I will now turn to student achievements in other spheres of school life

At the end of March, many here this evening were amazed and delighted by the artistic and emotional brilliance of Borden’s production of Jesus Christ Super Star. The production involved a total of 70 people on stage, in the band and backstage. Students were drawn from throughout the school, and adults throughout the staff. It was a resounding success.

Group work and project work have become increasingly important in the curriculum as vehicles for intellectual and social development within school. This reflects the demands within careers that many students will follow. Whether in an office or a laboratory, an engineering site or a design studio or in the work of a committee in the House of Commons, the ability to communicate and work constructively as part of a group has become increasingly important.

Two examples in school are Citizenship projects in Year 9 and Business of Enterprise projects in Year 10. The Citizenship projects this year were focused on charities. The links, awareness raising and overall outcomes demonstrated the outward-

looking capacity and resourcefulness of our students. It has been a good year generally for students making lots of individual and group contributions to charity fundraising. In Year 10, the school's representative group in the Business of Enterprise regional final, held at Barclay's Headquarters in Canary Wharf, won the prize for best presentation.

Borden was the only school to be invited to send 2 teams to the Kent Alcohol and Drug Awareness competition. The boys concerned used drama as their chosen medium and won 2nd and 3rd prizes at the final in Sevenoaks.

In the area of Design Technology Matthew Woodhill and Robert Cooper were both successful in their application for an Arkwright Scholarship, a most prestigious award in the field of Design and in partnership with industry.

Student initiative was key in organising Borden's Got Talent – the first year when student acts predominated- and Battle of the Bands, two enjoyable occasions where individuals and groups could showcase their talents to appreciative audiences.

The school squash team performed tremendously well in their first entry to the National Schools Squash Championship. After winning their group they beat Charterhouse School in the last 16 before losing 3 matches to 2 in the quarter finals to Eton College. Several of our other sports teams reached the quarter final stage of Kent Cup competitions; the Year 7 Football team and Year 8 and 9 Cricket Teams. The Year 9 Rugby team lost narrowly in the semi finals of the Kent Shield.

At Borden we emphasise the importance of developing and maintaining good quality relationships in school life. In this context I was very pleased to hear that those boys who took part in the Y8 peer mentoring course in the summer term were commended hugely for the way they embraced the training. This term, as Year 9 students they will be mentoring new boys in Year 7.

In July we thanked a number of staff for their work at the school.

Miss Asiedu is embarking on further studies at the University of Kent. Her contribution to Science and role as a Year 7 Tutor have been very much appreciated.

Mr Carter leaves after 3 years at the school as a Social Sciences teacher. He did much to develop further Y9 citizenship GCSE and has now moved to Sussex.

Miss Reiner established herself as a most versatile and effective member of staff, teaching English, Geography and Science and co leading World Challenge. We wish her well in her new post at Fulston

Mr K Carter leaves to carry out a mix of further study and teaching and we wish him success in this new path.

Mr Barratt takes up a Head of Department post in a school in West Kent. We wish him success with his new responsibilities

Mr Bonney, a former school captain, who acted as our PE Technician takes up a place at Portsmouth University to study Sports and Exercise Science.

Mr Farr completed his Graduate Trainee year in Physical Education with an outstanding final assessment.

A special word for Mrs Taylor who retired in March and gave a great deal to students over many years not only in terms of teaching but also in terms of care for the individual, and encouraging an enquiring and cultured outlook on life.

We wish all the staff who are leaving every success as they set out on their new paths, and we thank them all for the contributions they have made to so many aspects of school life.

Before concluding, some final words of thanks and congratulations.

Firstly to Mr Jenkins and Mr Robbins who have each completed 30 years service at the school and still convey energy of purpose and keen interest in their students and subjects.

Secondly I wish to register my thanks to all staff and to governors for their dedication throughout the past year. Teachers and support staff have worked together to provide an interesting learning environment, support for students and parents, and, as ever, an exciting programme of educational visits at home and abroad. Governors give unstintingly of their time to advise, support, monitor and provide strategic direction. My thanks to you all.

It is now time for our students to be centre stage and so, Mr. Chairman, I turn to the Honourable Mr Henderson to present the awards.

Harold Vafeas

David Rigden (1939 – 2011) – Obituary

September 25, 2011

David was at Borden from 1950-1956 where he enjoyed sports, particularly cricket and hockey.

On leaving he joined BEA as a management trainee. He was posted to Moscow in 1961 and returned to this country in 1963 to work in London. He entered a team in the inaugural Milstead Sixes cricket tournament in 1964. The side was called "The Dregs" – David Rigden's English Gentlemen's six and we won! Although David worked abroad for much of his younger life the team competed every year for over forty years until the annual fixture ceased. On a BEA cricket tour in Corfu in 1965 he met Diana and they married the following year.

From 1966 until 1973 he worked in Libya and Barcelona and then returned to London and was instrumental in setting up the Shuttle service for BEA between Heathrow and Glasgow, Edinburgh and Belfast. On the merger of BEA and BOAC he joined British Airways and was posted to Miami in 1977 as Manager of the 13 Southern States of America. From there he moved to Australia and then on to Kuala Lumpur before returning to London and he retired from BA in 1989.

He was too energetic and dynamic to rest in retirement and spent the next twenty years with Edel Grass – he arranged the all-weather hockey pitches at the Westland School and Gore Court and the Borden Grammar School pitch. They moved to Somerset where he played golf until two or three years ago following the diagnosis of cancer. After a long illness he died at home on 31 July 2011 and his funeral took place in Evercreech, Somerset on 17 August.

Old Bordenian awarded MBE

October 16, 2011

Parents so proud of major to be honoured as MBE

by Emma Grove
egrove@themgroup.co.uk

THE parents of an Army officer who is to be made an MBE have spoken of their pride.

Major Crispin Humm, of 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment, is to be honoured for his leadership in taking on insurgents in Afghanistan.

The former Borden Grammar School pupil commanded a 150-strong company of soldiers in the central area of Nar-e Saraj where they endured some of the most vicious fighting of the battle group's six-month tour.

He led his soldiers against insurgent attacks to disrupt their command and control network in Kunjak – a network believed responsible for waging an 18-month bombing campaign.

Maj Humm led numerous fighting patrols against hardened enemy groups and their success made violence a rarity in previous enemy strongholds, allowing schools and other projects to flourish.

He is now at the UK military's main headquarters in Northwood in north west London.

His parents Helen and George, who live in Denemowe Drive, Kemsley, were planning a double celebration with their son last weekend as it was also his 30th birthday.

It was during his time at Borden that an Army careers officer recognised his potential.

Mr Humm said: "He rang me up one evening and said 'he's the sort of young man we want' and told me there were scholarships to Sandhurst. I discussed it with Crispin and he went in for it and won – he got one of only 22 scholarships in the country."

After finishing his schooling, Maj Humm took a gap year and then started at Sandhurst just before his 20th birthday. He was commissioned into the Parachute Regiment.

Mrs Humm said: "He called up and said 'I'm just phoning to tell you I've been awarded an MBE'. We are feeling very proud."

George said it was a worrying time when their son was serving in Afghanistan and very hard when he lost one of his men.

The former Sittingbourne Rugby Club player said: "It is an honour to be an MBE.

"It was a huge team effort and always in my mind are those killed and injured, and the friends and families that they leave behind."

SO PROUD: George and Helen Humm with a picture of their son, Major Crispin Humm, left, who is to be made an MBE

Lynsted & Norton

OPEN MORNING

A traditional village school

Come and join us and see for yourself Lynsted & Norton School

DON'T MISS YOUR SITTINGBOURNE MESSENGER

Major Crispin Humm, a former pupil of Borden Grammar School has been awarded an MBE in the recent Operational Honours List. A copy of an article from the latest edition of the Sittingbourne Extra is reproduced here.

A Police Odyssey – 5th and final chapter

October 30, 2011

This is the final chapter of Barry Gilbert's story of his life in the Police Force. For the first part, see <http://www.oldbordenians.co.uk/down-memory-lane/a-police-odyssey-january-1957-august-1992/>.

In September 1980 I was transferred to the Traffic Management Branch of Scotland Yard which was based at Tintagel House on the Albert Embankment on the South side of the Thames in Lambeth. I had returned the area where I had first walked the beat as a constable.

This Branch of the Yard dealt with all matters concerning the circulation of traffic on all the roads in the Metropolitan Police area. It supervised road works, traffic signal installations and major building projects in conjunction with the Greater London Council and the local borough councils.

The Branch consisted of four teams each comprising one Chief Inspector, two Inspectors and two Sergeants. Each team was responsible for a quarter of the Met Police area which meant that an Inspector and Sergeant working together supervised three London Boroughs.

We liaised very closely with the GLC and Borough engineers and with engineers from the Utilities – gas, water, electricity etc. Often these works required road closure orders and traffic diversions. Closure orders for planned work were issued by the Borough engineers and there were regular monthly meetings with interested parties as these orders took about three weeks to be authorised. In the case of emergencies however Police had the power to close roads under the Road Traffic Act.

These powers were used very often especially at night when either the Inspector or myself was called out in the early hours to attend the scene of a major fire or burst water main etc. In these instances we had a very useful facility in the Met in the form of our sign making branch at Merton. We were able to call on them at any hour of the day and night and they would arrive with a pantechicon full of all manner of signs to implement a traffic diversion. In London this can become very complicated when bus routes are involved.

We had a good working relationship with the managers and inspectors of London Transport who obviously had to be consulted about any major traffic diversions on their bus routes. They attended all the borough traffic meetings. As a spin-off from this, when I was attached to the team working the North-East covering Havering Borough the manager of the London Transport garage at Romford invited us to their driver training school at North Weald aerodrome in Essex. We all had a great day driving the LT Routemaster buses round the obstacle courses and the skid pan.

This period of my service was a very interesting time. I was working with traffic engineers and engineers from the Utilities and learnt a great deal not directly connected with normal policing.



In 1984 the confrontation between the Miners Union and the Government brought about another change in our daily routine. All Police Forces were supplying officers to the coalfields to back up the local Constabularies. Our branch became the administration centre for collating the numbers of officers employed at each coalfield. We also took turns with other Met traffic units to supply officers for admin duties at various centres where the men policing the coalfields were based.

That was how I found myself with another Sergeant and Inspector driving up the M1 to Nottingham. I can remember thinking back to geography lessons in Room 4 where 'Geoger' Hill taught us about the 'York/Derby/Notts' coalfields. We eventually arrived at our base which was at an Army tank repair depot at Chilwell, near Nottingham. Our job for the week was to see that the men were up at the crack of dawn, breakfasted and off to their particular pit head and when they returned that they had a meal waiting (cooked by the Army staff not us!!). During the day we did the paper work and we had the easier day as the lads often came back shattered.



The next time that I was due to make the trip I was told on the day before I was due to leave that there had been a change of plan. The Conservative Party Conference was to take place at Brighton and we were diverted there instead. Our base was to be Butlin's Holiday Camp at Bognor with police officers from Sussex, Essex, Hampshire and Surrey. The Sussex Chief Inspector in charge was quite amused when the Inspector and I arrived at the camp and introduced ourselves as Gilbert and Sullivan. He wanted to know if we were the entertainment.

We had quite an uneventful week until at 2.45am on Saturday 12th of October the Provisional IRA detonated the bomb in The Grand Hotel in Brighton. The duty officer received the call soon after and we had to rouse the whole camp and send them off to the scene of the bombing. What happened there is well documented.

At the camp we had a problem, as the whole police contingent were due to leave that morning and allow Butlin's to carry on their normal business. This meant that all the chalets had to be cleared by the admin staff remaining at the camp – plus one constable who had gone AWOL the night before to visit relatives in Bognor and returned to find that his group had left him stranded. His punishment was to help us empty the camp. Some officers had packed their cases the night before but in most chalets we had to gather up belongings and put those into what we thought were right bags and cases. They were then loaded onto transport to take them back to the appropriate county – we never did know whether the luggage found its rightful owner. It was a couple of very tired officers that drove back to London that eventful day – not quite the ending we had anticipated.

1985 saw the end of the Miner's Strike and also another change in my career. The Traffic Management Branch was reorganised and the teams were dispersed to the area of the Met for which they were responsible. At the time I was attached to the 4 Area Team which covered the South Eastern corner of the Met area. Our team was to be based at a new traffic garage that had been built on the old Robertson jam factory site at Catford.



The remainder of my service was spent at Catford and the last project in which I was involved was the building of the A2 road link between Falconwood and the Blackwall Tunnel approach which serves as a permanent reminder of my years with Traffic Branch.

The 35 years that I served seemed to pass so quickly but there is one aspect of my service that I have not mentined and that is the Metropolitan Police Male Voice Choir. I had sung in Murston church choir since I was 8 years old and continued at Borden encouraged by Peter Jackson. Memories of the Arts Festivals and the mixed choirs with the girls at the County School spring to mind.

When I was stationed at Kennington one of my colleagues was Dave Perks, a Welshman from Llanelly, who was a natural Welsh tenor. One day in 1959 he suggested that we join the Police Choir. It was the start of a long relationship as we both sang with the Choir for the rest of our service and into our retirement.

With the Choir I have sung in all the main concert halls and cathedrals and churches in London. When I first joined our main concert of the year was at The Festival Hall. That continued until the Hall was refurbished under new management in about 1967 and we lost our permanent slot. We then used The Central Hall Westminster and The Queen Elizabeth Hall until finally settling at The Barbican.

Our Christmas Carol Service was held at venues like St. Paul's, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the BBC church St. Giles and the Temple Church. We have also sung in Westminster Abbey and Catholic Cathedral Westminster. It was a great experience and privilege to sing in all those wonderful buildings.

We had exchange visits with German Police Choirs from Lubeck, Bamberg and Duisburg and had some memorable times in those cities. I made many friends there and still keep in touch.

I left the Choir in 1999 when Anne and I moved back to our roots in Sittingbourne but still retain all the memories and play the various tapes and CD's that we made over the years. I am still singing with the Sittingbourne Orpheus and Community Choirs.

I retired from the Police in 1992 and did not regret any of those thirty five years. I met some fine people and made some lasting friendships on that journey.

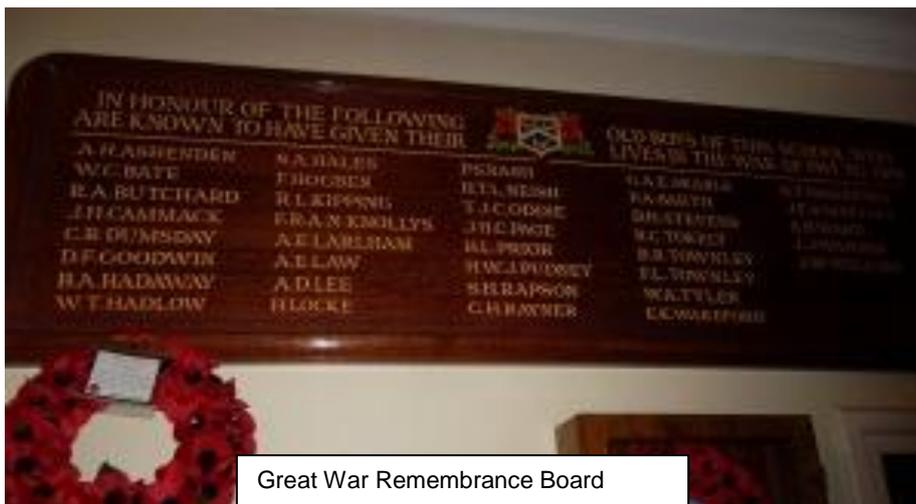
Barry

Memorial boards re-dedicated

November 20, 2011

A service of remembrance took place at the school on Saturday 12 November 2011 during which the refurbished war memorial boards were re-dedicated by former Headmaster Bryan Short.

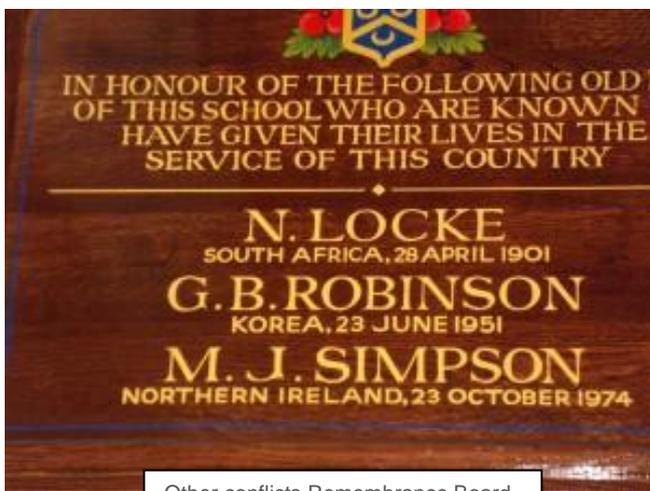
The boards, the subject of a recent highly successful appeal by the OBA for the £3,000 cost of refurbishment, were the centrepiece of this year's remembrance service, now being run by the OBA committee. The OBA veterans, who were the originators of the annual event, were represented this year by Denis Jarrett (RAF) and Geoff Hattie (Army).



Great War Remembrance Board



Second World War Remembrance Board



Other conflicts Remembrance Board



Relatives of Lt Barry, who lost his life at Cassino, Italy, in a particularly important strategic battle



Representatives of the school at the re-dedication service



Barry Gilbert, Ken Sears and Marc Stewart - OBA committee members. Marc Stewart carried out the extensive research noted above

More than 40 people were present to honour the school's war casualties, many more of whose names now appear on the boards than originally, following research undertaken by old boy Marc Stewart that revealed many more old boys had perished in the two world wars and other conflicts than had been thought.

By Chris Laming

Obituary – Frank Cassell (21 Aug 1930 – 14 Oct 2011)

December 6, 2011

We are sorry to report the death on 14 October of one of our highest flying old boys ever, Frank Cassell, who attended the school between 1942-48.

A graduate of the L.S.E., Frank Cassell spent some time as a journalist on *The New Statesman* and *The Banker*. He then joined the Civil Service in the Treasury, where his career went from Economics Adviser, Senior Economics Adviser, Under Secretary to Deputy Secretary. He served as Economics Minister in Washington and became the UK Executive Director of the I.M.F. and the World Bank. He was appointed Companion of the Order of the Bath (CB). Frank maintained strong links with the school and was the guest speaker at a recent annual prizegiving. The Association extends its deepest sympathy to his family. The following obituary was published in *The Times* on 1 December and it is reproduced here, with their kind permission.

Obituary – Frank Cassell

Economist who, as a senior figure at the Treasury for more than 20 years, helped to steer British fiscal policy during turbulent times.

Frank Cassell was close to the centre of macroeconomic policy making at the Treasury for more than 20 years. He had an excellent knowledge of the financial and monetary systems and used this to good effect as economic management in the Treasury evolved, fitfully and at times painfully, from the Keynesian approach dominant in the mid-1960s to one that put emphasis on the control of inflation and financial stability.

While generally in sympathy with this evolution, which coincided in its later stage with liberalisation of the financial system, his natural caution meant that at times he favoured slower and more careful change and he was never ideological. His background in financial journalism gave him a different perspective to that of most macro-economic experts in the Treasury and made him one of the best drafters of internal papers and published policy statements.

An avid cricket fan, he could give the impression of being more concerned about a collapse in the England or Kent batting than of adverse financial developments, but this concealed a deep seriousness about economic policy. His genial manner helped to reduce the temperature both in internal Treasury disputes and those with the Bank of England and other government departments. He had an ability to advise ministers frankly and in ways that they did not find threatening. These qualities made him an outstanding Treasury adviser and then director at the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and World Bank and later the Crown Agents.

Frank Cassell was born in 1930. He was educated at Borden Grammar School in Kent and after National Service in the REME studied economics at the LSE. His early career was in financial journalism, first at the News Chronicle and from 1958 as deputy editor of *The Banker*. His book: *Gold or Credit – The Economics and Politics of International Money*, was published in 1965. He joined the Treasury in that same year after an interview with the head of the Government Economic Service, Sir Alec Cairncross, who had liked an anonymous article he had published about controlling credit.

In his first decade in the Treasury came Harold Wilson's devaluation, the subsequent fiscal squeeze and IMF programme, and later the rise in inflation and oil price hike on 1973. Through this period, Cassell progressed steadily up the Treasury economists' hierarchy, specialising in monetary policy, the finance of industry, and balance of payments and exchange rate issues. By the mid-1970s, he was the under-secretary in charge of the Finance Economic Unit at the time when another IMF programme looked likely. He played a role in the opening discussions with the IMF in 1976, often recalling a secret meeting between Treasury officials and IMF staff in a Paris hotel before official negotiations began. He accompanied the Cabinet minister Harold Lever on a trip to the US in the hope of persuading the Administration to support less severe terms, a mission that Cassell privately considered to have had, if anything, the opposite effect.

During 1976, and before the agreement with the IMF, he was transferred from his specialism on monetary and financial policy to be head of the medium-term and policy analysis group of economists. If it was less to Cassell's taste than his previous role, he concealed this with his usual good humour. Until that point the medium-term assessment of the economy, for which he was now responsible, was the formal background to the Treasury's proposals for future public expenditure growth. The analysis was in volume terms, with inflation assumed to be kept in check by incomes policy. After assessing the potential growth of the economy towards full employment and the demands of private consumption and net exports, to keep the balance of payments secure, what was left could be allocated to public spending.

But, as the Treasury Permanent Secretary Sir Douglas Wass's meticulous account of the 1976 crisis shows, the external financial pressures on the UK had made such an approach impossible. Nevertheless, the medium term assessments continued until 1979 with Treasury ministers increasingly reluctant to share the results with spending departments. As well as organising this assessment, Cassell drafted the economic policy introduction to the annual public expenditure White Papers that set out the Government's view of the probable growth of the economy and public expenditure. This text was fought over, with some officials regarding the growth assumptions as too optimistic and ministers invariably regarding them as disappointingly low.

In the late 1970s the practice of interrogating Treasury macroeconomists before parliamentary committees began, and following the publication of the expenditure White Papers, Cassell appeared before the House of Commons Expenditure Sub-Committee. He was not an enthusiastic proponent of the Treasury publishing more information or of officials being interrogated about it, but fulfilled the role with some skill. He was regularly asked by MPs of all parties about the prospects for growth and unemployment and with difficulty managed to get by without going beyond the little that ministers had authorised him to say.

The arrival of Conservative ministers in 1979 greatly intensified the changes that the 1976 crisis had set in motion. Cassell's main task was, under the direction of Geoffrey Howe and Nigel Lawson, to take the lead in drafting the Medium Term Financial Strategy (MTFS) which was unveiled for the first time in the 1980 Budget and restated annually. The emphasis was on reducing inflation through monetary and fiscal discipline as a means of producing the conditions for stable growth. Drafting the annual MTFS in the early 1980s involved a number of difficult debates: the unfamiliar strength of sterling had devastating effects on certain industries, the targets for monetary growth were regularly exceeded (partly as a result of financial liberalisation) and the

previously assumed relationships between monetary growth and inflation broke down. The fiscal plans were not achieved in the early years as public expenditure proved more difficult to constrain than expected. Cassell was at the centre of all these debates and organised drafts of the MTFS each year. While he was a strong proponent of anti-inflationary policies, he looked back on these years with a certain ruefulness.

In 1983 he was promoted to deputy secretary public finance, supervising the Treasury's monetary and tax policy teams. This role drew on all his previous experience, and for five years he was to be a key figure in the Treasury hierarchy. He had a central role in the preparation of annual Budgets and was closely involved in discussions on a number of possible policy changes such as the amalgamation of national insurance contributions and income tax, which was rejected, and independent taxation for women, which went ahead after his departure for Washington, in the 1988 Budget. His responsibilities involved daily contact on monetary, exchange rate and banking issues with Bank of England officials, mainly Eddie George, with whom he had a remarkably friendly relationship given the institutional tensions. He and other senior Treasury and Bank of England officials knew the City and many of its senior figures in a way that contrasted with the position in 2007 and 2008 with the onset of the current financial crisis, a change that baffled him. His dealings with the Bank of England and the problems of the City ended in his final weeks in the job with his pivotal role in confronting the wish of the BP share sale underwriters to be released from their obligations following the 1987 stock market crash. During this time he began to have more pronounced concerns about the effects of financial deregulation on the growth of private sector credit and spending.

The most controversial monetary policy problem with which he was involved was whether the UK should join the European Exchange Rate Mechanism (ERM). Experience with the UK's financial crises since the 1960s made him extremely cautious about such a commitment, and he retained this sceptical attitude towards the ERM and subsequently EMU for the rest of his life. He had co-authored a paper for Nigel Lawson in the 1980s warning about the difficulties of defending the sterling exchange rate if it came under pressure in the ERM. However, having had his say and the political decision having been made in the Treasury to propose ERM membership, he became an integral part of the team that engaged with No 10 on the issue.

In Washington from 1988 he had the triple role of economic minister at the British Embassy and executive director at both the IMF and World Bank. He had long wanted this move and it occurred at an historic moment. The Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe was disintegrating and countries were turning to the IMF as they began the transition to market economies. Cassell's personality was ideally suited to influence the Washington debate and keep London in touch with developments at the IMF. His telegram to London on the agreement at the IMF board of the first Polish programme was a masterpiece. While in Washington he was assisted by a starry team of future Civil Service leaders including Gus O'Donnell, Suma Chakrabarti, and Jeremy Heywood.

His spell in Washington ended with retirement in 1990. He was on the board of the Crown Agents from 1991 to 1997 and chair of the Crown Agents pension trustees from 1997 to 2006. He maintained a keen interest in macroeconomic and financial affairs until his death. Recently he watched the evolving crises in the banking sector and the eurozone with incredulity but his customary realism.

He married Jean Seabrook in 1957, and she survives him, with their two sons and daughter.

Frank Cassell, CB, economist at the Treasury, was born on August 21, 1930. He died on October 14, 2011, aged 81

End of Digest

The next digest will include all articles posted on the Old Bordenians Website that are suitable for a printed format during 2012.

David Palmer, OBA Website Committee

February 2012