

# Old Raineians' Association NEWSLETTER



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## MARCH 1998

Well, here it is, finally, the latest edition of the Old Raineians' Association Newsletter. I must apologise for the lengthy delay in printing the present issue which was due to be published in early September 1997. Unfortunately, at that time, my father died and for obvious reasons I was unable to be too involved with the Association.

This did not stop the news coming in and for this reason the March Newsletter is larger than normal. There are some excellent articles to read and in fact the article from Colin Biggs I have had to split in to two parts, with the second to follow in the next Newsletter.

Also in this publication are some photographs of Old Raineians' functions from over 40 years ago. The names have been supplied by Wallie Spooner, but if any one can add any more names and put them to faces in the photographs please do write. If you would like copies of the photographs do not hesitate to contact me.

Please keep writing and keep searching for Old Raineians' to become members of the Association. The Committee look forward to seeing you at the old school building in Raine Street on Saturday 23rd May 1998. (*Any free drinks accepted in the spirit — or beer! — of the occasion — ed.*)

### NEW MEMBERS

**M**ichael Cole (54-60) who kindly sent £50 with his application and had written an excellent article in the previous Newsletter.

"Before a thousand people write to you pointing out a lapse of memory in my article in the last Newsletter, I would like

to thank David Arter who unknowingly jogged my memory. I referred to Mr Curtis being one of our geography masters when I should have said Mr Whittaker. Whilst I 'visualised' Bill Whittaker, for some reason 'Curtis' came to mind — I think he was another maths master. On the subject of David Arter's article I have got an idea that the recipient of Bill Whittaker's 'flying' blackboard rubber was none other than Frank Batters - does he still have the scar to prove it?

I noticed your editorial comment in my article asking for comments from the

### *"The smoke bomb went off a little prematurely...."*

year above us — which I am sure you may get! My unwritten references to that year was briefly touched on by David Arter and concerns the last day of school for most of that fifth form in 1958. The events of that day had been thoroughly planned over the preceding week or so; primarily by two boys in the fifth year, who by friendly persuasion, threats of secrecy etc., collected one penny (less than 1/2p now) from every boy in the school. The proceeds purchased the ingredients for the smoke bomb and a large quantity of potassium permanganate, which was introduced into the outbuildings main water tank on the roof. This tank feeds the whole building including the canteen and the girls schools. (The actual colour of the water, I suppose, is not particularly relevant, but I think you will find that potassium turned it more red

than blue.) The smoke bomb went off a little prematurely — I think it was intended to detonate during the Head Masters address to the assembly.

By this time we were in the fourth form, which meant that we were assembled on the gallery overlooking the hall, with the unfortunate first formers in their customary position, sitting cross legged, in front of the stage. They were totally enveloped in acrid smoke as masters came from all directions to open windows and rip apart the stage to get at the offending item! I must say that, in all my days at Raine's, I did not see the masters quite so furious as they were that day. As David says the whole school was in detention and remained assembled for hours on end whilst the witch hunt and interrogation continued. We knew who they were, of course, and I am sure the masters had a pretty good idea too, but from memory, I think the culprits finally 'owned up'. Not only did they not receive their end of school testimonials, but one boy had intended to go on to the sixth form the following year (was it not intended that he would have been a prefect — if not Head Boy?). He was instantly expelled by J. L. Goode in front of the whole assembled school! I'm not going to mention names since most of the people who were in the third form and upwards at the time will no doubt remember. If a clue is required, however, I notice that I actually mentioned one of the chaps names in the last Newsletter!

All-in-all I suppose it was considered a 'black spot' that day. However I wonder if any masters secretly admired the ingenuity."

*If other members remember that day*

*or if the 'culprits' would like to come forward, please do write — ed.*

• **Richard Bates (54-59)**, a contemporary of Mike Cole, also joined and sent the following:

"After reading the 'novel' by my old mate Mick Cole in the last edition of the Newsletter I have been moved to recall events as they really happened!

Like Mick I was astounded to hear of the ORA after all these years. I was in the 1953-59 group and to catch up with lives of old friends (including masters of course) appears to be a daunting task but one which I greatly look forward to.

For about 20 years after leaving school my life was spent in a mixture of studying and travel — with some work here and there — and invariably somewhere along the way old school friends featured regularly.

Mick has already mentioned that a group of about ten old school friends had been in constant touch and in 1964, aged 20, four of us, namely Terry Devaney, Graham Whaley, Roger Lane and myself set off in my old Ford Popular to see what

returned home in the autumn and Graham Whaley and I decided to complete our Grand Tour by attempting, the following spring, to cycle up to Hammerfest which, according to Wallie Spooner, I think, was the most northerly town in the world. We completed that trip in just over three months and then calmed down a bit.

I spent the next five years studying to be a design engineer and as soon as I qualified I drove overland to Australia on the old 'hippy' trail — through Europe, the Middle East, India and Malaya with a dose of dysentery helping me to keep my lithe figure! Long distance cycling was now in my blood and after working in Sydney — where I regularly kept in touch with my old form mate Vic Lowry — I cycled up to Darwin, in the Northern Territory of Australia, where I met up with Geoff Prouse. He was in his element up there running his own taxi business in what was almost a frontier town and he was well known there. I believe he was the Northern Territory chess champion which wasn't too bad considering there must have been at least three other players up there!

I returned to England by cycling

Darwin with disastrous results. There was great loss of life and 95% of the homes were destroyed. In the aftermath Geoff managed to evacuate his wife and young son down to Alice Springs while I stayed in Darwin and joined the Red Cross emergency services. Once the town finally got back on its feet Geoff and I managed to open Geoff's old store and were the first shop to open selling hot food and cold drinks to the populace and had a riotous time in the bargain.

Geoff eventually went to live in California and I returned to England and opened a squash club with Terry Devaney who, by then, owned a hotel in Farnham, Surrey. I then got married and we had the biggest reunion of Old Raineians since leaving school — it must have been the lure of free food and drink.

Terry Devaney and I built a further squash club at Datchet, near Windsor and since then I have built a sports centre which is within a school's grounds and have now gone full circle, i.e., have returned to school! I'm currently negotiating with County Councils to extend the idea of sports facilities in schools around the country. So, I think, it's fair to say that without having attended Raine's and being fortunate enough to have met such a cracking bunch of blokes my life would have been very different — I might have been rich and famous by now!

Mick Cole and I have recently spoken and have agreed that any reunions planned by the ORA will be attended by us two at least — particularly as it's Mick's round. Regards to all old friends from school particularly recent contributors Ron Streibig, David Arter and Frank Battes who I sat next to in form 5B and from whom I still bear the scars!"

• **Christopher Harris (79-82)** who, although not at Raine's for the full 'term', was keen to join:

"I left the UK for New Zealand in 1982, where my secondary and tertiary education were completed. Since then I've lived in New Zealand with short stints in Papua New Guinea.

I'm an airline pilot for Easyjet Airlines based in Luton.

Teachers I can remember include: Mr Everton; Mr Rae; Ms Robinson; Ms Fuller; Mr Harris; Mr Walsh; Mr Reffold; Prof Ciocci; Mr Johnson."

Chris would love to hear from any of his contemporaries.



**OLD RAINEIANS' ASSOCIATION FESTIVAL - 24TH APRIL 1954**

Among the those present: Gerald and Edna Shutt; Don and Joyce Lyons; Stanley and John Matthews; Alec and Peggy Aldridge; Jim Shivas; Nelson McNahon.

Europe was all about. For over three months we criss-crossed the Continent and saw a Europe unpolluted by the hordes of tourists which were to follow in subsequent years. We survived on £100 each for those three months and eventually all worked in the same large hotel in Geneva for a further three months where our schoolboy French didn't help much! We

across Canada and met up with another old school friend in Toronto — these Old Raineians get everywhere — namely Roger Coe. Back in England I worked for several months alongside Charlie Day, another contemporary, until returning to Darwin. Geoff Prouse, his family and I became very good friends there and then on Christmas Eve 1974 cyclone Tracy hit

- **Stephen McDuell (76-83).** More details and news please.

- **Gemma McGill (O'Connor, 77-82).** More details and news please.

- **Bob Newman (37-41)** 'found' Raine's had moved sites!

"Early in 1997, reporting to the London Chest Hospital for a triple by-pass, I unexpectedly passed Raine's Foundation School in Approach Road — I had left it in Arbour Square!!

Following are a few details of my past Raine's wanderings which I hope you find of interest.

I was evacuated to Brighton with Raine's at the outbreak of World War II. While there in 1940 I boxed in the Schoolboy Boxing Championships at the Dome, and won the title.

When France capitulated we were moved to Camberley.

I left Raine's aged fifteen, bumped up my age three years and joined the RAF as a trainee pilot. I was flying aeroplanes in

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***"I was flying aeroplanes in England when I was fifteen...."***

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England when I was fifteen, and Canada when I was sixteen, but was later grounded, and finished up on the ground staff of a Spitfire squadron in Burma.

When the war ended I was sent to French Indochina (now Vietnam), to take over from the Japanese, and found the native Annamites (now Vietnamese) rather hostile.

Returning to the UK I found it rather hard to settle and began wandering. I spent a year in Canada, came back and joined the Army (REME) spending two years in Germany. After the Army I gave New Zealand a try and that lasted four and a half years. Australia came next. Three times, but for a shorter period each time (loved the women, but found the chaps hard to take). Finally, having turned forty, I decided to come back home and settle down. I, therefore, planned a bit of a Cook's tour on the way. Two weeks Tokyo, two weeks Moscow, two weeks Berlin then home. That was before I experienced Tokyo.

I loved Tokyo so much that I stayed nearly three years. During my previous

wanderings I mainly earned my living as a freelance sales rep., but that would not work in Japan. I worked for one of the language schools teaching English. Met my wife, Yasuko, there. She is Okinawan, but was at University in Tokyo.

I have been back in England some years now, and I am gradually becoming a couch potato."

- **Reg Simmonds (48-55).** "I can hardly believe it but I received a letter from you over a year ago but because of extreme pressure of work, I have only just found the time to make my reply. I must say I was delighted to hear from you and very interested to read the Newsletter.

I am regularly in touch with many Old Raineians. I now live in a riverside apartment quite near to the old school in Arbour Square. I work each day on the Isle of Dogs and usually have lunch in the café in the Docklands Business Centre run by Old Raineian, Alan Grenard.

Please also note that my close friend and neighbour is Steven Berkoff, the playwright and actor who is the same age as me and who was in my class for three years from 48-51 before moving to Manor House and going to Hackney Downs Grammar School.

I also noticed with interest in your newsletter that someone is seeking out Keith Lardner. I don't know whether you tracked him down in the intervening year and although I have never met or spoken with him since leaving school, I know that he lives in Luton. I know this because my son and his son shared the same guitar teacher. Keith apparently brought his son down to Loughton in Essex for the guitar lessons. I believe the guitar teacher moved, but it might be possible to track him down and perhaps find out Keith's address through him if you have had no success in finding him through the Newsletter.

For my own part, I am the Managing

Director of an international metal trading company. I have in my possession a large naive style painting of the school by the famous East London artist John Allin which the Association is welcome to borrow at any time. When I first commissioned the painting, it was on show at the school in Arbour Square for a year but they gave it back when they moved.

I close with my best personal regards to you and thank you for what you are doing for the Association."

**OTHER NEWS - 1**

*From Gwynneth Jackson*

**G**avin Adlington wrote recently from Arnhem where he and his wife Peggy (Sayers) were busy spending their holiday decorating the outside of their house, having first sent their three daughters to stay with Gavins niece in Nice (daughter of which of the other Adlingtons?) and son on an adventure holiday. He would love to get in touch with Ray Gregory again.

- Strange how the 'next generations' meet up. The son of Tina Graham is at the same school as Gemma McGill's (O'Connor) eldest son.

- Alan Liddiard wrote from Devon on reading about the Headmaster's death. He had never met him, but had had some correspondence with him when Alan first became aware of the Old Raineians Association. He had heard nothing but good of him and hopes that Raine's continues to be fortunate in its Headmasters. He has met a Chaplain at Exeter Cathedral who had been a Curate in the Ramsgate Parish 30 years ago where Reverend George ('Fluffy' or 'Dog-Collar') Loughborough was rector.

- Father John Burrows, now working in

**NEXT REUNION**

**The next reunion will be at the old school building in Raine Street, in Wapping (off Wapping Lane), on Saturday 23rd May 1998 starting at 7.00 p.m. As usual this will begin with the AGM but I can promise you that this will very short, so that we can get into the business of the evening — i.e., socialising and talking about the 'old days'.**

**OTHER NEWS - 2**

the Parish of St Bartholomew in Ipswich, would like to be remembered to those who attended Raine's from 1965 to 1973. When he arrived, the boys' and girls' schools had just amalgamated and for a while "we had to live with both traditions, the girls having a strong advocate in Mrs Weingarten. Gradually a new identity was formed and it became a very happy co-educational school. Another doyen was Father Peter Clinic who held court from his place in the staff room. He had a reputation for keeping order even when asleep, for he was once seen nodding off in front of a class who kept quiet lest they should wake him!"

- Christine Smith (Hoe, 53-60) was delighted to read news of Marjorie Robins, with whom she corresponds and of friends of her husband John, his brother Roger (MBE) and neighbour Arbar Arman who was in Bill Collins class. She was very sad to relate the death of Mrs Irene Wagener-Koen, the former biology teacher, with whom she had kept in touch — as had her sixth form mistress and English teacher Miss Yeomans. The husband of Mrs Wagener-Koen, a Dutchman and engineer at the London Hospital,

died while they were living at Cheadle Hulme. She then returned to her birthplace, Plymouth and after her retirement became a National Trust guide, sang in choirs and did lots of handicrafts.

Christine says: "She was like a breath of fresh air in the school, an imaginative and exciting teacher with 100% A level pass rate for her pupils. I was her only A level student, studied Pure and Applied Maths with Miss Mansfield and Miss Gibson and I had to attend Coburn for Physics. The Biology lab was open house — pupils used it as a refuge and to discuss personal and school problems with Miss Wagener-Koen who always had time to

listen with a friendly, sympathetic, constructive and positive ear. We always felt she was our friend. I have an image of her with long flowing hair, a flowing orange caftan and a twinkle in her eye."

- In July I attended the function at Raine's for the retirement of Mrs Angela Pearce (successor to Father Clynic as School Chaplain) and the early retirement of Bob Hudson and Ken Crump. Mr Lewis was greatly missed, but it was lovely to see so many other former members of staff. The history department en masse - Ray Hart, Barry Jones, Bob Philpott; Zippy Auerbach (her daughter attends the school where Steve Johnson is Deputy Head); Christine Crump (Geography); Ray Ref-fold (Deputy Head and Head of French);



**OLD BOYS' SUPPER - 1932**

Cecil Nay (back table) and Bertie Lambert (front) are among the guests.

Martin Payne (Languages); Ann Lowes (PE); Madge Darch (Lewis - English); John Blundell (Art); Janis Fuller (Home Economics), Graham Willett (Physics and IT) and to meet up with Jackie Ross (George/Lugg) now teaching at Raine's.

- People who have found their way to rural Yorkshire recently have been the Blundells and David Spencer and his wife.
- We wish happiness in their new homes to Angela Pearce and her husband who have moved to Bury St Edmunds after their retirement and Jackie and Robert Connolly in Loughton.

*From Bill Richards*

Before I start on the news I would like to take this opportunity to thank Peter Thake in arranging for the Association to use the Baltic Exchange for the November Reunion last year.

A number of people have said how enjoyable the evening was, especially as in some cases they met people they had not seen for a number of years — one of the main aims of the Association.

- Way back in the middle of June 1997 Roy Casey (67-72) sent me the following:

"I have just read the Newsletter and thought it was time to contact the Association again after a long period of silence. Having produced the newsletter for about 18 months in the early 1980s I know the difficulties of staring at a blank piece of paper, publication date looming and waiting for a letter or three to land on the doormat — so here is one to help you out.

When I served on the committee with the likes of Gwynneth, Ray Reffold and Clive Baugh they were troubled times for the Association. The lack of interest, low membership numbers and recent parting with Arbour Square all seemed to point in a negative direction for us. We were the Committee who I recall reading about in a recent Newsletter (I think an article by Gwynneth?) who were faced with whether or not to close the Association and transfer all funds to the School or give it another last attempt. I must confess to being one of the minority 'close' votes but others had stronger resolve than I and determined to give it that other go. That I am writing to you now and still receiving the Newsletter proves I was wrong and Reff, Gwynneth and others were correct, for which I thank

**BEFORE RAINE'S**

**Geoff Gillon (59-64)** has been in regular contact over the past few months.

"I have recently renewed contact (after nearly 40 years!) with a lady with whom I spent my infant and junior schooling. This was before I was 'shipped off' at 11+ stage from Ilford to Stepney (for reasons that were never made clear to me). Only two other boys and one girl passed from junior school to Raine's - that girl was Patricia Dixon (59-\*\*)".

My former classmate and I are attempting to put names to a junior school photograph of 1957-58 vintage. We've recalled over 20 so far and it occurred to me that we might make contact with Patricia (or Pat as she was known to us) in the hope that she may remember some other names. She may also have news of our former classmates.

Another reason for contacting Pat is that, as part of the 50th Anniversary celebrations of my primary/junior school, there is to be a garden party in June of this year and I have undertaken to assist in tracing former pupils. In addition to Pat I'm looking for Raymond House and Richard Holt from my years at Raine's. We all went to the William Torbitt School at Newbury Park, Ilford. If any of you know of any one who attended this school please contact me via the Old Raineians' Association so they can be invited to these Jubilee celebrations.

I visited Irene Holman at her home in Loughton in January. She lived for most of her life in Bow and in Burdett Road and was at Raine's in the 1930s.

She gave me a press clipping regarding the Old Raineians' Association which read as follows:-

**FIRST DANCE SINCE BEFORE WAR**

**OLD RAINEIANS' ASSOCIATION REVIVING**

*Finding its feet bit by bit is the Old Raineians' Association - old boys and girls of Raine's School, Arbour Square. They held their first dance since before the war on Saturday evening at Toynbee Hall.*

*On door duty was Mr Penny, the secretary. "Most of our records went in the blitz," he said. "Many members have moved without telling us their new addresses."*

*"There must be many who left the school between 1900 and now whom we don't know anything about."*

*Inside the hall a good number of Old Raineians were dancing to Howard Biggs' band. MC Fred Collins was an old boy.*

*"This is the first time we have really got cracking since the war," said Mr Lyons, treasurer of the Old Raineians and a master at the school. "Until now we had only revived the annual supper and the festival. In the summer we are going to run some rambles and visits to various places."*

*"Membership is going up, but I will not be satisfied until we number three or four hundred," said Mr Lyons hopefully. The present membership is 160. "We had quite a flourishing Association before the war."*

*"We had the advantage of using the school, too." put in Mr Penny.*

*"We look forward to building up the old Raineians as each generation leaves school," went on Mr Lyons - adding as he returned to the dance. "It's most humiliating to see some of my pupils dancing better than I can."*

*A gleam appeared in his eye. "I shall have to see some of them on Monday morning..."*

The 'War' referred to is, of course, the Second World War and it was in March but in what year I'm not sure. A clue may be in the fact that on the reverse of the page was a report of cases at the magistrates' court following riots at (one of?) Sir Oswald Mosley's marches.

I've tried to persuade her to write her memoirs for a Newsletter. I gather she worked at Highgrove during the War on some secret war work and that she sang to the troops at various locations. She has been a teacher and a local councillor. I came into contact with her quite by chance. She had met my parents on holiday about 18 months ago and mentioned that she and her son had been educated at Raine's.

Just as I was leaving she asked if I had far to travel. When I mentioned Tilbury she remarked that she used to know someone in Tilbury - a former Raineian (but of a later generation) - who she had known at teacher training college). I offered the name Freda Tarling who lives in the next road to me and I was right on target. I'm pleased to say I have been able to put them back in touch with each other."

them. So, why am I mentioning this? — because there may be a despondent air about the opening editorial of the May 1997 Newsletter that I felt I could identify with but also feel I should try to help you defeat.

On to better things then — my recollections. Best of luck with editing them into a couple of paragraphs!

I joined Raine's in September 1967, entering into Form 1W under the glaring eye of Mr John Williams as form master and a member of Winterton House which was presided over by Basil Dowling as House Master. Mr Stanney was Headmaster, Mrs Randall, Deputy Head and Biffo Broughton the Senior Master. Wal-

lie Spooner was of course in there somewhere and I know will remember me when he reads this. Whenever we have met post my time at Raine's he has ascribed to me the dubious character of a troublesome boy, when others and I had me down for a boring goody.

What I would like to know is what attracted so many Welsh teachers to the school? It's not as if it was surrounded by sheep or green hills is it? I can only suppose that child brutality was outlawed in Wales whereas it was order of the day at Raine's (only joking). This would explain John Williams' evil sideburn lift punishment; Mr Parrys' rather painful slipping; Biffo's standard slipper routine and

others. Out of interest, has Wallie got Welsh blood? I know from bitter experience that he had similar habits!

Of my contemporary classmates in 1W I can remember the following:

Mark Blamire; Allison Cousins; Paul Bowker; Joyce Cribb; Brian Trimm; Kim Levy; Paul Cobbet; Lorraine Tovey; Terry Hofland; Lorraine Anderson; Stephen Wilkinson; Sharon Scarsbrook; Robin Rudwick; Linda Winn; David Roast; Jean Maynard; Alexander Gifford; Christopher Petherbridge; Paul Sees; Adrian Gurr.

There were of course others but I cannot recall without climbing into the loft to jog my memory with the 1969 (?) school photo. Victor Hills was also a friend so



please give him my regards if he is still attending functions.

Teachers who still trouble my memory are:

Ray ("How dare you fail your French 'O' level?") Reffold; Humphrey Long; Mrs Johnson; Trevor Emes (to whom I owe my living thanks to his guidance in TD); Stan Emes (Trev's Dad); Miss Van Meeteren (who accompanied Reff to my wedding); John Williams (my sideburns still hurt!); Basil Dowling; Mr Ray; Miss Raine's (the science teacher, not the beauty Queen); Mr Ciocci (who was nearly in tears after our Physics 'O' level as he had almost totally mislead us as to what questions were likely to be on it. I got a grade E instead of the A I had worked so hard for); Gerry Calvert (another Form Teacher and my Maths Teacher); Christine Crump; Father Clinic; Father Alexander (who troubled over my soul because my mother, who served as a PTA member, talked to Jehovah's Witnesses and Paul Bowkers Jehovah's Witness parents had already had him withdrawn from Father Alexander's classes); Tony Groves.

Others for whom I have mental images of faces or incidents but no clear recollection of their names. Unfortunately the old school report is with the school photo.

I cannot say that I fondly recall too many incidents at Arbour Square or on school trips. Like I said, I thought I was one of the boring ones. Playing rugby and shot putt for the school were enjoyable. Do you remember those awful football matches that we occasionally had to play against other local schools? My wife was at Morpeth with the boys there who regularly thrashed us at 'footy'. I also had a great time sailing at Cheshunt instead of doing athletics on Wednesday afternoons, as I am not built for athletics! Probably some of my better recollections are queuing outside Biff's office with the Saturday rugby team list to get the train tickets (I don't know why, it just felt responsible). Or getting home from Fairlop to Mile End without having lost my yellow ribbon trimmed cap or tie out of a train window. Conversely, I did not enjoy lining up in the school hall to buy a new tie or cap from the school tailor (Messrs. Henry Taylor of Walthamstow as

I recall — *correct and still connected with the school — ed.*) There was something I recall fondly at Raine's - using the English language which neither my children or computer do!

Two cousins of mine also attended Raine's before me (sorry but my letter can't even find its way into chronological order!). They were brother and sister from Poplar. Brenda Benson (about 1960-1966) who now lives in Dagenham with her daughter and is a legal secretary in a City of London office. Raymond Benson (about 1958 - 1964) who now lives in East Anglia with his wife and two sons, who is a Partner in a legal practice. I have never been able to interest them in the Association.

I had a letter from Reff who is still enjoying his alternative life in Thailand. Barbara and I were regular visitors to Ray's Commercial Road flat for dinner and lots of booze. This normally ended in a drunken roll home to her mother's home in Bethnal Green in the cold early hours of the morning. He also made several alcoholic visits to our home in return. I miss his dry wit and company, which was often partaken in the Brewery Tap.

I left form 5S at Arbour Square, in the summer of 1972, in tears and written all over (unfortunately I lost my shirt and tie during a house move in later years). I joined an engineering contractors in Holborn on a four year apprenticeship (member being able to leave school at 16 with only 'O' levels and get a good job?). I fell into my choice of industry by pure accident — not through any personal choice or careers counselling — but

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***"This normally ended in a drunken roll home..."***

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due to my inane desire to be a draughtsman as I had enjoyed Trev Emes' Technical Drawing so much and got myself an A grade 'O' level. I wrote to about 30 companies of all sorts and got interviews with about six who had coincident job opportunities and drawing offices. So it was done, a drawing job in an engineering company doing something called building services engineering.

A few years into my apprenticeship it transpired that the heating, ventilation and air conditioning design that I was doing was more interesting and challenging than the draughting which I had sought. When

my employer moved to Croydon I decided it was time to follow a colleague out of contracting and into Consulting Engineering (you know, where you say a lot and make out you know better than others around you!). Thus I joined a company named Troup Bywaters & Anders in their City Of London office in Shoreditch. I fitted in and did very nicely thank you — company car at 23, a mortgage for our home in Rainham and a good salary. Then the heavens seemed to be crashing in as they announced the closure of the office and relocation to Tonbridge — I took the chance and relocated with them although I remained living in Essex. It proved to be the correct move and at 25 I was a senior engineer running my own large projects. This included the new London prison at Woolwich (HMP Belmarsh) which ran from 1983 to April 1991 when the first inmates arrived. In January 1988 I was promoted to Associate Partner and the Kent office was set to become mine in due course with a Partnership.

The future plan was not to be, as the recession caught us out badly at the end of the major project at HMP Belmarsh and we had no work for our 30+ office team. The office never recovered and in 1993 the Partner announced early retirement (only 55) which started the end of my 18 year career with the company. After relocating to the London head office in 1994 I found that my interests and the company's were beginning to diverge seriously, even though I was now a Group Manager and the second most senior Associate Partner. I left in April 1995, leaving a certain Partnership behind me, and joined my current employer, Roberts & Partners, in a lower capacity to work on a very special project.

From our St. Katherines Dock office I am now a Technical Director, running the office with colleagues, and running the engineering services design for the largest construction project in Britain. I hope fate does not repeat itself as the Director who ran the office resigned last month to set up his own company, just as I was to become his No. 2 and things look a little uncertain at the moment. Meanwhile I have another two years of construction ongoing on the Bluewater Shopping Centre at Dartford — which at £370M and over 1.8M square foot of retail and leisure space is Europe's largest shopping centre and the UK's most expensive project currently under construction — so I am quite busy.

So much for work. Family wise, I married Barbara in 1978 some 8 years after meeting her so we are in our 27th year together with our 19th wedding anniversary next week. Her mother still lives on an estate close to the school in Bethnal Green. I have two children, Alan (12) and Terri (11). He plays rugby for Upminster and she ice skates for Romford.

That's me in a large nutshell. I don't see any of my contemporaries any more and have not managed to get to a reunion for many years. When I joined Troup Bywaters & Anders at Shoreditch there was an Old Raineian secretary who I believe was Barbara Page, but I could be wrong about the name.

I think that's probably enough for now. Best wishes to you and all Old Raineians'."

• Once again I was pleased to receive memories from **Tom Bennett (30-35)**:

I've been trying to discover the name of the pub that used to be alongside the 'rabble's' entrance to the school in Arbour Square. I contacted Ron Onions (both he and elder brother Eddie attended Raine's — Eddie was a contemporary of mine, albeit in another form). Their parents ran 'The Richard Cobden' at the end of Salmon Lane, approached by the road which led along the arches of Stepney East Station. Ron could not recall the name of the Arbour Square pub but did volunteer that Mr Gee was a regular lunch time patron of the premises and quite a rapport developed between Mr Gee and Ron's father.

What I do recall is that the school purchased some forty yards of the garden of that pub and an admirable three-net cricket practice area was developed on the site and, inevitably, thereby hangs a tale!

My form were spending a PT period (the last of the day) in the nets, under the supervision of Jimmy Bence, a very keen and enthusiastic cricketer. Despite his club foot, Jimmy could hurl down a truly fast ball with the best of them! I was batting in net no 1 and stepped forward to hammer a somewhat loose delivery. The ball managed to find one of the loops in the top of the netting and sailed majestically off towards the school. Practice came to a standstill as the whole form watched its path until it crashed into the far lower pane of a classroom on the first floor. "Well struck, Bennett!" boomed Jimmy "But you'd best go off and apologise to whoever

is using the room at the moment." I sauntered off and located the room, to find Mr Pascoe in charge of a quite excited class. I knocked and entered and said "I am very sorry about that, sir, but I struck a ball in the nets and it sailed through a hole in the netting and unfortunately finished up smashing that pane of glass", Mr Pascoe looked at me for a moment and said "Oh, I should have guessed that you'd figure somewhere in the incident, Bennett! Thank you. Run along!"

However, the twin Birds were members of that form and they told me afterwards that the form had been doing French private study whilst Mr Pascoe was busy marking papers. The usual total silence was shattered when the ball struck the pane and glass showered at the front of the classroom. Instinctively, Mr Pascoe leapt to his feet and shouted "COME OUT THE BOY WHO DID THAT!" Happy days!

I was pleased to see that Arthur Smith had joined the Association and had contributed so well to the Newsletter. He referred to his brush with the young

she keeps it secret!), reads it as eagerly as I do!

Keep up the excellent work."

*Sadly Tom has recently informed me that Arthur Smith died in December "after a battle against cancer which he bore with great fortitude." More of Tom's memories of Arthur and Raine's will be in the next Newsletter — ed.*

• **Richard Tillbrook ((61-68)** sent a letter giving us some bad news. Jim Ware, father of Peter Ware (59-66) died Easter 1997.

"Jim was, for many years, a loyal and hardworking assistant to Bill Everett ('Wic') who ran our School Scout Troop. I was proud member of the troop and many of us will have fond memories summer camps at Southwold as well as in Belgium and Holland, and at the scout hut at Broxbourne.

Jim was a great man and worked so hard to all that background work so essential to the smooth running of a camp.



**OLD RAINEIANS' ASSOCIATION FESTIVAL - 1936**

'Joogy' Andrews. I visited the evacuated school in Esher(?) in early 1943 and Slogger Luton told me that young Joogy had been a Bomber pilot (on Hampdens, I believe) in 1942. He came home on 14 days leave and found himself at such a loose end that he returned to his squadron early, was put on a Battle Order a couple of nights later and was posted missing, later confirmed by the Red Cross as having been killed.

It's always a pleasure to get the Newsletter, especially when contemporaries are mentioned or contribute. My wife, and 'ex-George Greenite' (although

Like 'Wic', he taught me so much that I, in my turn, have tried to pass on to generations of scouts in Epping Forest where I am the District Commissioner. A scout leaves nothing but his thanks ... Our thanks is due to Jim Ware.

May he rest in peace."

• Again **Wallie Spooner** has come forward with some of his memories of Raine's — some of which may come as a surprise to most of you:

"Dr. Shutt encouraged me to get out and get a Headship. I went for a number of posts and was short listed nearly every

time. Davenant when it started as a new school, and Wanstead among them. London Nautical was another one I applied for, but a Navy man got the job (I had been in the Army).

I then found that I had been selected for the Universities Examining team in geography. I was an examiner for 25 years with London University and between 1960 to 1966 I was Chief Examiner and set all the papers for the world — 60,000 candidates. During that time I stayed at Raine's, obviously it was well worth my while to, and before my period was up I was also offered the post of Chief Examiner for the Institute of Bankers, which I knew nothing about. They just heard that I was in the business and highly reliable. I was in fact the first non-banking person and first non-university person to take over their chief job, and stayed with them for 16 years, while still at Raine's. I had a team of 60 on the 'O' level exam at University, and took 16 of them over as part of my marking team for the Institute of Bankers.

I felt that this was my outlet, and was quite happy to stay as Senior Master, (which I was for 10 years at Raine's). For 8 months of the year, I did a full day at Raine's and then worked from 7 - 11 p.m. each evening and then from 4 - 7 a.m. the next morning at home and then went up to town to school. I was at full stretch, but felt that it was worth it. I made many friends all over the country. People at Raine's didn't know about this side of my life, except the strange coincidence of some of the questions! Raine's had to have a separate set of papers and we had some very good results! I stayed on as an examiner until 1980 and set 'A' level papers as well — even Oxford and Cambridge for

My partner, Molly Long, was senior lecturer at the Institute of Education, training teachers. Unfortunately she died last year. We had been great friends, especially when my first wife died. We set exam papers for the whole world, the Middle East, West Indies and so on. Not many people knew that! (*How did Michael Caine get into this?! — ed.*) It was a hectic time, Molly and I had a team of 64 examiners and assistant markers. We had to get samples in, check the quality of the marking (in case they were marking too high or too low), all within a few weeks. All examiners were Heads of Geography in various parts of the country, important people in their own right! Reports were published each year and sent around to the

schools, again, nobody knew that I had played such a big part!

My first link with Raine's was in 1934 when I was at the London School of Economics where I met several Raineians. One was Eric Sharpe, who was a good violinist. He used to play table tennis with me. It was therefore a surprise to learn that he was responsible for telecommunications in Hong Kong and became Lord Sharpe. (*Lord Sharpe was chairman and chief executive of Cable and Wireless in the 1980s. See the Newsletter of summer 1995 for more details — ed.*)

I was in the Army from October 1940 - April 1946. I was in Italy and Greece, as a Gunner for three years. Then Bombardier, then Sergeant, and was then taken out just before North Africa. I was left behind by my regiment and when I caught up they had been transferred to another antitank regiment and eventually caught up with them in Italy and stayed with them for the next three years.

I played rugby and cricket in the Army and at college. My only 'war wounds', strangely enough, were a broken nose from a Welsh guard boot, and a split chin, because in Israel they insisted on building a concrete cricket pitch in a melon field. They were going to have their cricket whatever happened. I always kept wicket and got the ball along with a chunk of the melon field that came up in my face. I have a scar to remind me! Back in Raine's I went down on a ball coaching the kids at Fairlop. They had just converted the fields, flints were coming up through the surface and I fell straight onto one of them.

When I came back the first job I applied for was at Raine's and Dagger appointed me on the spot. I lived at Gravesend, and it was an easy journey to get to the school every day. I was engaged then to Barbara, who was a Major's daughter and we married in 1947. Unfortunately she later developed cancer. We were married for thirteen years, six and a half of which she had cancer. I was left with Jill, my daughter, four years old at the time. It was then Jane came into my life, she was a nurse and we married after a couple of years and have been married for about 35 years. Jill is 41 now and lives in Hull. She went to Hull University to take American studies and stayed up there.

**Special Memories of Raine's**

St. Pauls on the 250th anniversary. I will never ever forget the choir singing on that occasion. They were marvelous. You wouldn't have thought they were ours! They had the BBC orchestra with them and they really were the tops. The whole school went to St. Pauls. It was packed and there were Raineians from all over the world there. I think that was very, very special.

I remembered coming up on Saturdays from Aldershot to referee games and I was always happiest when the 'away games' were on the west side of London. It was less far to drive on a Saturday! The idea of teachers not taking the boys to games never occurred to them. They had a full turn out all the time.

I enjoyed the whole of my time at Raine's, every bit of it. I never had any discipline problems. Having heard about teachers suffering from stress, I would never have stayed in teaching had I found it stressful. There were some rough times but, when I got to the top, if there were any problems I would just send a kid home and say, "you come back when your parents have seen me!" The parents would come in ready to fight for the first ten minutes, but immediately they knew the story, they would agree.

The school always had a very strong sports team in East London. We won the North London Grammar schools every year we competed at the White City.

Among other people we had the first Englishman to throw the javelin 200ft — Dennis Tucker, now it's nearer 400ft. He went on to Oxford.

There were various rugby Internationals and so on. Raine's was always a very strong sports school and in my first year, I played rugby with the old boys out at Becontree. Raine's shared a ground with Coopers and several of the staff played. I was still playing rugby until I was 53 at the school. Raine's was always very strong and this was thanks to Biff especially, who had had a trial for Wales at rugby way back. The boys used to fear old Biff. As a fullback he could kick the ball from one end of the field to the other. The main object was to keep him away from it.

I was always very keen on sport and school house were always strong in the

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***"The parents would come in ready to fight..."***

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boys' school, they never gave up. Everybody had to do something, even if they weren't very good, they still reckoned on doing something!

Raine's were so good at so many things. At one time we had 40 trophies for various things, drama and so on. I would have kids lining up at break time to clean them, although I knew it was just an excuse to stay in. I would have them in the boardroom next to my study and they would happily polish the cups for me. I feel sad that nobody takes care of them now as they are something to be proud of. They would have the house ribbons on them, which was all part of the fun for the kids, and it kept them interested.

I saw many changes in the school: the amalgamation; the varied threats of the school being turned into a 14 stream comprehensive with St. Saviours, when there was a general panic; a combined grammar school and then a comprehensive. The school changed its status completely and now it is a maintained school, so it has some sort of independence.

I remembered back to the days when the governing body had people of influence, e.g., Earl Winterton, Sir Hugh Lucas, various other MPs and what-have-you.

People like old Gibson who was a local Councilor of the old London County Council and used to walk around Stepney with his gym shoes on. Quite a character and in his 80s! When he died, the East End turned out for the funeral with black horses, plumes, the lot. He apparently really loved the school. There were also four or five parsons, some of whom were useful, while others were not. (One of whom got himself charged up for beating other gentlemen up at pubs in the East End!).

One of the really proudest moments for me was when I got some Raine's 'kids' to the tops of mountains on field trips. Over the years they reached the tops of Ska Fell, Snowdon, Ben Nevis to name some. I

recall the joy of getting to the top of Ben Nevis and knowing I'd helped get these East London kids to the top of the highest mountains in England, Scotland and Wales. It was really something, and the kids would just stand and look — "cor, it's just like them pictures in the books, ain't it!", and they meant it. They were amazed how it had all come to life like that. It really was one of my greatest pleasures when I look back. I would warn, "no grub until we get to the top", and they went and they enjoyed it, and when they stood on top of the mountains there was real joy.

I was touched by how people regarded the school, even some who had been thrown out. One particular boy came back to see me having been thrown out by Shutt. He had had an unfortunate upbringing and I remembered the day he came to school

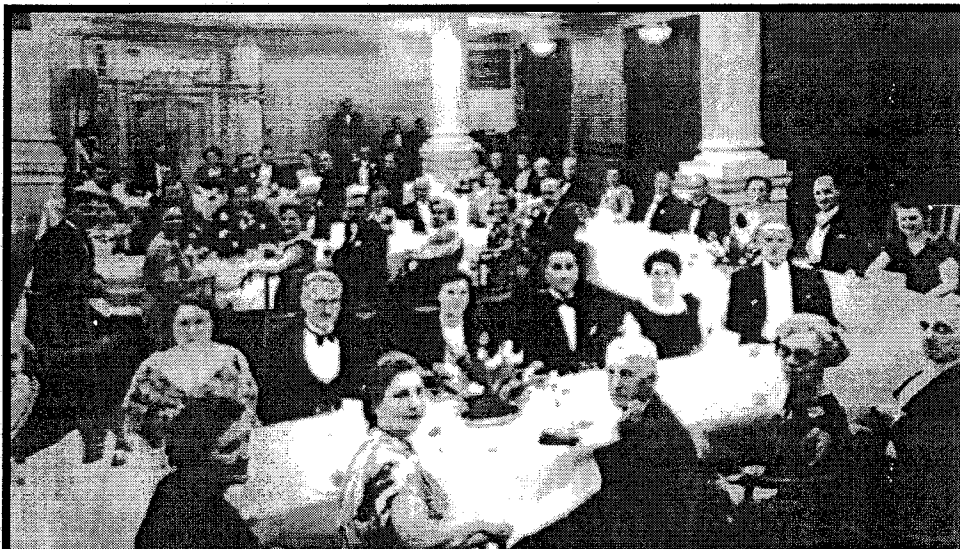
speech days at Queen Mary Hall. John had been shot through the eye with a pellet by some neighboring school kid, but still managed to play on that day.

How do you test the stability of a building that has been damaged by bombing? I remember when Don Lyons was acting Head, the Arbour Square building had to be tested because of the bombing during the Blitz. They filled one of the rooms with hundreds of bricks for a weekend to gauge whether the school was about to collapse! And that was in the 1960s!

A final memory of mine was when the school used to play the staff at things like hand-ball, basketball, etc. They often played badminton at lunch time. On one particular occasion, the school was playing the staff and Frank Butterfield who taught

English, was very short-sighted but ran very fast. He got the ball and ran straight into the hall where the dining room was at the time and broke both arms! The school loved it of course.

I'm really proud of Raine's when I look back and think that there is such an affection, in spite of our moanings and groanings while we were going through it!"



**OLD RAINEIANS' ASSOCIATION FESTIVAL - 2ND MAY 1953**

Amongst those seated are Gerald and Edna Shutt, Miss Haugh, Don Lyons and sister Joyce, Teddy Horne and wife, Frank Luton and wife, Cecil Nay.

and said, "The monkey's eaten my homework." Anyway, this particular boy went missing from an RE lesson and later was missing for the whole weekend. He was eventually found hiding under a boat on Southsea beach and when questioned found that the problem was that he'd been put in Dr. Lombard's Roman Catholic class and that was too much! The boy, David Blacker turned up at the school in later years to see me, covered in badges, saying, "Do you remember me?", and I said, "Of course I do, it's Blacker." It turned out that he was the head of the San Diego Fire Squad!

I fondly remembered John Wilson who played the organ at one of the school

- **Adrian Giles (69-74)** ran in the 1997 London Marathon in 3 hours 57 minutes, raising £1,500 for Farleigh Hospice in Chelmsford. He also competed in the New York Marathon. (*How did you do and are you running again this year? — ed.*)

- **David Ward (71-78)** was married at the end of November and moved to Manchester with his wife, Ruthie. David is currently working for a printing/graphic arts company.

- Alan and Sandra Johnson went to Terry and Anne Plummer's 25th Wedding Anniversary last year. The lead singer with the group, Rivers, was Douglas Thomp-

son, an Old Raineian. He was at school from 1953 to 1957 and was known as Douglas Dobbs then. Douglas still keeps in touch with Melvin Mott and makes up the two-man group with his son.

- As I mentioned at the start of the Newsletter, Colin Biggs (50-54) sent an article. Because of its length I have had to divide it into two sections. The second part will be in the next edition.

**Publish and be Damned**

I hope this modest offering will still my urge to tell it like it really was, without boring too many people, for too long. It is from someone who lived in the 'Far East' of London, in East Ham, who had to travel all the way to Stepney in the 'Near East', to go to school, and was not sure, at first, whether it was a way of slumming. It is true that most of Stepney was made up of older and much more working class houses with no front gardens and smaller back gardens. The school had, however, an undeniable aura of its own, which had a lot to do with the date of its establishment — o'er two centuries the span, etc., etc. — with the masters wearing genuine, academic gowns and mortar boards. This impressed me as a twelve year old, from the start. I am quite sure my ex-primary-school friends who went to East Ham Grammar School, which was certainly founded in the present century, did not have to ask whether they might go forth when they wanted to visit the toilet!

I have lived and worked, as an engineer, in Germany and Switzerland since the Seventies. I work for the international, electrical concern ABB, in Mannheim, Germany and I have to travel quite a bit on business. By coincidence, this is nearly always in an easterly direction although my earliest contracts were for Los Angeles and Puerto Rico and I attended sales negotiations in Boston and New York a few times, but this was not enough, for my taste. In the mid Seventies, I handled several contracts for steam turbine generator units, for Sapele, in Nigeria and went there regularly and over a number of

years. In the last twelve years or so, I have been mainly to the Middle East, Indonesia, Pakistan but in particular India, for which I have handled a number of contracts. ABB has purchased factories in the former Soviet block, so I have travelled to East Berlin, Poland and Hungary but not yet to Russia. Some of these visits were before the collapse of Communism - I was in Warsaw when the Pope was visiting to make his famous open-air celebration and drew 400,000 spectators (the Pope not I) and I was in Danzig when Maggie Thatcher was visiting the Union Leader,



FW Collins and his wife celebrating the 27th Festival, at the Criterion Restaurant, 20th April 1955.

Lech Walensa (despite her aversion to the unions in the UK). Both of these events were in the Eighties. Of course, all of these places are much farther east than East Ham and they are also very different, in other ways.

My wife Elisabeth is German — she comes from a small town near to Bensheim, where we live, in Hessen, south west Germany. We have a 19 year old son, Jonathan and a 16 year old daughter, Claire. Jonathan is at school, here in Bensheim and my daughter is at school in Arizona, for a year. For recreation, we ski most winters, in Switzerland, make paddle

tours with a so called Kanadier (a type of canoe), on the excellent German rivers, such as the Danube, Jagst, Altmuehl and Main. I have now become a reasonably good skier, both downhill and cross-country, and I also go running longish distances, twice a week, usually with the dog, but sometimes with my daughter.

For all the above reasons, I have not been able to keep much contact with Raine's or with many of my ex-classmates. The only ones I have seen, in the last ten years or so, are: Mike Futter, who lives and works in the Midlands, Titchy Drain, who lives in Weybridge, near London, Malcolm Boyce, who lives in Holland Park, London, Harry Roberts, who lives in Toronto and is a teacher, and I also see Ken Fennel who was in the same year but a different class. I meet them all fairly regularly, if once every year or two can be described as regularly. All the last mentioned persons were founding members of the East London Mountaineering Club. We still refer to ourselves, lovingly, as the ELM Boys - our last orgy was in Normandy, about two years ago and our next will be in November - so we still exist, although we don't climb mountains, at least not together, any more!

In one of the recent issues of the Newsletter, somebody listed the names of the other members of his class, from nearly five decades ago. I can easily do this for Class 2A to 5A, form mistress Miss Ringer — 1950 to 1955. Incidentally, our first year was not 1A but 2A. We were two years in class 5A, to correct for this! Why, I'm not sure — something to do with some sort of preparatory year, called a kindergarten. I can vaguely remember being told this by Harry Roberts who might have gone to the kindergarten before he started in class 2A with me. *(If anyone else has memories of the kindergarten please do write — ed.)*

I've made the list with the names in alphabetical order, so nobody will have difficulty in checking it for completeness or to find themselves — if I get any irate calls from England or further away, I will know they are from the people I have forgotten (but I honestly think they are

really all there).

(Bence), Biggs, Bousefield, Boyce, Curl, (Christer), Drain, (Futter), (Goldstein), Godfrey, Hemming, Jacks, Johnson, Lea, Mason, Matthews, (Montefiore), Nodroum, Ordmanas, Pratt, Ritman, (Rivers), Roberts, Silver, Stevens, Williams, Yallop. Some of them, for various reasons, started later than 1950 or left earlier than 1955 - these I have shown in brackets. Bill Christer, for example, immigrated with his parents to Australia, in the early fifties.

I haven't tried to give everybody their Christian names, partly because I am too lazy to write them this way but also because, with three or four of them, I know I would be unsuccessful.

Simon Godfrey was regularly top of the class and he studied medicine, in London. I think he is now a distinguished Professor and lives in Israel, but I've had no direct contact with him. There were a lot of other clever lads in the class: Jack Ordmanas, I remember was particularly good at science subjects; Fred Curl who studied German at one of the colleges in London; Wag Williams, who studied Oriental Studies at Leeds (after living and working in Hong Kong - almost like cheating, really); Malcom Boyce who studied medicine, at Bristol, and who I already mentioned, as one of the Elm Boys; Brian Bousefield was by far the best at art and it was no surprise that he went on to study it, in a London art college.

I must be honest and admit that I wasn't one of the cleverer ones myself — I was at about the middle of the class. For a number of reasons, some of them outside my own sphere of influence (and which I don't intend to elaborate here), I had a slow

**CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN**

**David Spencer (75-82)** succeeded in his attempt to climb the world's sixth highest mountain, reaching the summit of Cho Oyu (8,201 m/26,906 ft) on 20th May 1997 at 11.15 am (Nepal Time). The final ascent was made without use of artificial oxygen (although this wasn't planned — the regulator to his oxygen bottle didn't work!). Cho Oyu, which lies on the Nepal-Tibet border, was climbed from the Tibetan side by way of the north-west face. An invitation to join a spring, 1999 attempt on Mount Everest (by the South Col route) is being considered.

David was also recently awarded a Senior Research Fellowship from the Swiss National Science Foundation. This two year award will send him, for specific periods ranging from 3-9 months, to the University of Cambridge (UK); Massachusetts Institute of Technology (USA); Stanford University, California (USA); Tokyo Institute of Technology (Japan) and the University of California, Santa Barbara (USA).

His project 'Analysis of a Unique Progressive Metamorphic Sequence' will involve geological research in the Himalayas of Pakistan and India. In the forthcoming academic year (1997-1998), he will be at the University of Maine (USA), as a Research Professor, lecturing in Structural Geology. He has further been appointed Visiting Professor at the University of the Punjab, Lahore (Pakistan) and became a Chartered Geologist in April 1997.

This year he has already been skiing in Cortina (Italy), sightseeing in Berlin (Germany) and travelling around Puerto Rico (USA). He recently became an American 'Green Card' holder, allowing him to permanently live and work in the USA. In March, he convened a session on 'Suture Zones' at the European Union of Geosciences Conference in Strasbourg (France) and he also lectured at the 12th Himalaya-Karakoram-Tibet Workshop in Rome (Italy).

start with higher education; but I still ended up studying Mechanical Engineering at the University of Wales Institute of Science and Technology - in Cardiff. I couldn't stay on to the Sixth Form so I had to study three evenings a week, for two years, to get me there. This was many times harder than if I had stayed on in the Sixth Form; I was also 24 years old when I started the course in Cardiff - quite old

for a freshman student. The decision also kept me poor for the next five or six years, but I never regretted doing it, although it became harder, before it ended.

After I finished at Cardiff, I worked for about a year and a half at the brand-new research centre of the Ford Motor Company, at Laindon, in Essex. This was officially opened, while I was there, by the new Prime Minister, Harold Wilson (remember him?). I then applied successfully for my first relatively well-paid job, with the Swiss engineering company, Sulzer Brothers, in London. They sent me to Winterthur, Switzerland, for over a year, for technical training — on large turbo machines — but also to perfect my German. Luckily, I had a basis, with my O-level, from Raine's. I found out, while I was there, that being sent to Switzerland to polish up your German is a little like being sent to live in the East End of London to improve your English! So the stay in Switzerland left me with a distinct Swiss vocabulary and accent for a while, but I lost this, I think completely, when I came to work in Germany.

About a year and a half after returning

**FANCY A WALK?**

It has been suggested that a 'School Crawl' be organised. This would involve the Lower School, in Old Bethnal Green Road; the Upper School, in Approach Road; Cannon Street Road; Raine Street in Wapping and Arbour Square. This will mean you will get the chance to see the present and the past buildings of Raine's Foundation School.

An exact route has not yet been finalised but there are plans for a short description to be available, which will include other buildings and sites of historic interest. There is also a very good chance that we may visit one or two of the hostelrys along the way!

The walk is planned for Sunday 28th June 1998 so if you are interested, please contact us.

to London, I joined the Brown Boveri Company, in Mannheim, Germany and that's where I have stayed, ever since - I've proved to be a bit of a stick in the mud! The company changed the initials of its name to ABB, after the merger with the Swedish ASEA Company, about six or seven years ago. In some respects, at least in my field — thermal power stations, large steam turbines and their generators — it has remained much the same.

I managed to list the pupils without too much trouble. What about the teachers? Well, I am sure I can remember these even better, probably because they were less in number: Miss Ringer - our very patient form mistress who also taught us Biology; Bill Lea - Maths; Wally Spooner - Geography; Jim Shivas - English (not Chivers as stated by someone in one of the recent Newsletters); Biffo Broughton - History; Alec Aldridge - French; Donnie Lyons - German; Dusty Traile (and later someone named Iremonger) - PE; Slogger Luton and Shadbolt - Physics; Zonk Lambert - Chemistry; a Mr. Ems and later Alnock Hornsby - Art; Nobby Clark - Music; Charley Nay - Woodwork. The headmaster was, of course, Gerald Shutt and Slogger Luton was his deputy.

Did I have, and would I have admitted having, a favourite teacher? If so, this would surely have been Jim Shivas. He had a generous and friendly nature, used our Christian names and seemed, unexplainably, to like us all. He also never

struck anybody and I never saw him lose his temper. Perhaps my opinion of him is a little coloured by the fact that English was one of my better subjects and I didn't have to work hard for it, but also because he organised several visits to the Old Vic and to another Shakespearian theatre, south of the river.

I can remember Dusty Trail, who was quite unlike Jim Shivas, in almost every way; appearing with a (for those days) rather posh, second-hand car of which he was extremely proud. He parked it, for a long time, under the shelter, in the playground. This was stopped, we thought, because of some London County Council fire regulation and he left it, thereafter, in

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***“If we had been in a ship it would have capsized.”***

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Arbour Square, directly in front of the school. He did not have a well developed sense of humour, like most of the other masters, so he was visibly upset when he discovered a very large just married sign was wired to the boot and tin cans to the rear bumper. Of course, when he stopped to remove them, most of the boy's school were leaning out the windows and cheering themselves hoarse, on that side of the building. If we had been in a ship it would have capsized.

The last two hours on Friday were devoted to Religious Instructions, for the whole school. This seemed to be thought of as a transition phase between the normal school week and our supposed religious activities, at the weekend, based on the (I still think) incredibly unworldly assumption that a significant number of us would spend a part of the coming weekend in church, chapel or similar! Can this be because the school was connected with the Church of England and that there were therefore some sort of 'constitutional obligations' in this direction? Some of the masters were a little sensitive in this regard and over reacted if someone was fooling around during morning prayers, grace or on a visit to a church. Of course, this occurred quite often. At a service, for example, to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of St. Dunstan's in the East, we discovered that we were sitting next to the grave of a long dead Sidney Biggs. Everybody near me, including myself, thought this was hilarious because the surname was the same as my own. It doesn't sound at all funny now but I can still remember how painful it was, being forced to laugh silently and without moving one's lips or body. Moe Stevens was really the culprit. He could make us all laugh whatever he did or said. Of course we were all on the carpet, next morning. I can't remember what the penalty was, so it couldn't have been too bad.

It was no doubt because of the above mentioned connection, that nearly all the

**HIGHER EDUCATION PLACEMENTS SEPTEMBER 1997**

<b>NAME</b>	<b>DESTINATION</b>	<b>SUBJECT</b>
John Arhin	QMW London University	BSc Mathematics
Surma Begum	University of East London	HND Microbiology, Immunology and Pharmacology
King Yip Chan	QMW London University	BSc Computer Science
Angela Cook	QMW London University	BSc Environmental Geography
Bethan Davis	University of Wales, Lampeter	BA English and German
Andrew Gattrell	Kingston University	BSc Applied Geology
Sophie Hiller	University of North London	BSc Extended Environmental Science
Phillips Idowu	Brunel University	BSc Sport and Leisure
Raquibur Khan	QMW London University	BSc Computer Science
Nathaniel Metcalfe	London Guildhall University	BA Communication, Visual Production and Fine Art
Lucinda Monaghan	University of East London	BSc Physiotherapy
Ricky Newman.	QMW London University	BSc Geography
Peter Taylor	University of Plymouth	BSc Applied Geology (deferred entry 1998)
Clare Williams	University of East London	BSc Physiotherapy

masters had to teach the RI classes, for the already mentioned closing hours, on Friday afternoon. This probably needed some organising because of the various religions but also because the whole school was involved, simultaneously. Not all the masters were religious themselves, but they were expected to rally round, despite their own lack of piety. Some of them solved this problem like Joe Swaine who would come in, look at his watch and say something like this:

"Open your bibles at page 173. You have forty-five minutes to learn Psalms 24,

seventeenth-century English (but it has not yet tempted me to become religious)."

*As I mentioned at the start of Colin's article the second part will appear in the next Newsletter, which will hopefully come through your letter box sometime at the end of July — ed.*

**SCHOOL REPORT**

The school started the Spring Term with a new Headteacher. Paul Hollingum was appointed by the governors after the death of Gareth Lewis. For the period between June and December Mr Roger Kidd was Acting Head. Before his appointment he had been Deputy Head of Wilson's School in Sutton, Surrey, a school with a similar history and tradition to that of Raine's.

Paul is married to Jenny and they have two daughters, Sarah and Zoe. The family attend St Mary's Sanderstead where Jenny teaches in the Sunday School and where Paul is a member of the PCC, which he represents on the Deanery Synod.

Paul gained his first degree, in economics, from Wolverhampton Polytechnic before qualifying as a teacher at Birmingham University. As a part-time student he studied at the Institute of Education, London University where he was awarded a MA in Economics Education.

Paul has always worked in education and has progressed through a range of jobs from classroom teacher, head of department, assessment co-ordinator to Deputy Head. He has worked in four schools, all of which have strong links with the church. Before Raine's and Wilson's he was at Colfe's School in Lee, south east London.

He is currently enjoying his post at Raine's and one of his first priorities is to build on the strong links with the local community and particularly those with the local churches.

The Association congratulates Paul on his appointment and wishes all the best for both him and the school.

I am hoping that Paul will contribute to the next Newsletter in the summer with his thoughts on various subjects including his aims for the school.

**Sports Report**

In October the Year 7 girl's cross country team won the Tower Hamlets Championships at Mile End Stadium. Danielle Brady finished 2nd, Kelechi Nwankiti,

3rd, Clarissa Quaye 5th and Zoe Bender 7th, Gemma Hayden 12th and Nikki Poulter 14th. An excellent team effort. In the Year 11 race Vicky Harries came 2nd and Sylvia Gurley 3rd.

In basketball the six remained unbeaten up to the Christmas holidays with a combined record of 32 played, 32 won. Also the four teams (under 14, 15, 16, and 19) entered in the national championships managed to reach the latter stages of the competition. Unfortunately the under 19s were eliminated by the favourite for the title, King Edwards of Birmingham, 94-81. The under 15s bowed out, 72-68, to local rivals, Blessed John Roach.

The PE department are again organising a Sports Day. This has not been on the school calendar for a couple of years and it is good to see it being revised. It will take place at the Mile End Stadium and all of the school will attend, as use to happen.

And that is where I must end this Newsletter. I am sure that amongst all the news there must be something that may 'jog' your memory. If so please do not be afraid to write. As you can see I endeavour to publish all that is sent to me, without, in the majority of cases, too much editing.

I look forward to seeing a stream of letters pouring through my letterbox in the future. Also please come along to Raine Street on Saturday 23rd May 1998, especially as, after three years, the East London Line is now up and running.

*Bill Richards*

**REMINDER**

**The next reunion will be at the old school building in Raine Street, in Wapping (off Wapping Lane), on Saturday 23rd May 1998 starting at 7.00 p.m. As usual this will begin with the AGM but I can promise you that this will very short, so that we can get into the business of the evening — socialising and talking about the 'old days'.**

25 and 26. That should be ample time for three very small Psalms. I will then test each of you individually and woe betide those who haven't learned every word of all three!" and he would hit his desk with his hand, very meaningfully. Some of the Psalms had a dozen verses, so there was barely enough time even to read them all carefully. So you either learned one of them, more or less completely, hoping against hope that this would come up when it was your turn or, if you were like me, you couldn't raise the courage to place all your money on one completely unknown horse, then you hedged your bets and learned the first few verses of all of them. To this day, my mind is littered with more or less unusable portions of these

A decade later, I was able to recognise these, and other fragments, to be fine and very comforting thoughts from the Old Testament, translated (I believe) from beautiful Hebrew into equally beautiful,