

THE OLD HENDONIAN ◆ 2021 ◆



ISSUE NUMBER THIRTY

Dear Old Hendonians and Friends,

A very warm welcome to the thirtieth edition of the *Old Hendonian*. The fact we have reached this milestone is a fantastic tribute to your keen support and interest, the enduring memories you still have of your time at the school, and your continued desire to keep in touch. On a personal note, I am very much enjoying my role as your Editor and point of contact. I am sure that Gertrude Stranz, who founded the magazine all those years ago, would have been particularly proud to see it still going strong.

This is a bumper 40-page issue, with a wide range of material which will hopefully be of interest to all. My grateful thanks go to all contributors. We have school memories from the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s, the usual interview slot by David Eadon, the usual creative contributions from Miriam Webber and Ashleigh Brilliant, and a nice watercolour painting from my old classmate, Dr Philip Corbin. Elsewhere, you will read that changes planned for the Hendon area are set to gather pace in the years ahead. There is a final instalment of David Horchover's recollections – sadly he passed away last year, as did Annette Bruce, a former co-editor of the magazine who continued to write her regular column "Hendon School Today." In its place this year, I record my grateful thanks to the acting Headteacher, Craig McGuire, for a special, extended letter reporting on how everyone at the school has risen to the challenges posed by the Covid-19 pandemic.

My usual thanks go to my proofreaders – now including Janine Benn, who has kindly agreed to act as an extra "pair of eyes." Last but not least, a special thank you to everyone who has made a donation to Friends of Hendon School, for which we are always very grateful.

With sincere best wishes to you all,

Alan Freedman – Editor

POET'S CORNER

FROM MIRIAM WEBBER ...

CORONA – BY A LONER **or ... THE BRIGHT SIDE**

At present I'm in isolation,
a move I hope will save the nation,
not because I have the virus
but because it is desirous
since I am considered "old."
I have to do as I am told
and stay at home – my kids agreed
all I'm allowed to do is weed
or clear and sweep the garden path,
lest I arouse the family's wrath.

They've bought me food, the siege is set
whatever I may need – they'll get;
although imprisoned, I am free –
my hobbies take priority!

MY LOVER'S EYES ARE **NOTHING LIKE THE SUN**

Inspired by Shakespeare's sonnet 130

My lover's eyes are nothing like the sun,
They sparkle blue through lenses, bright and clear,
His dentures in a dimpled smile of fun
Accent his happiness when I am near.
Bald crown, soft curls around that once were red,
His nose, not straight, but dignifies his face,
Paunch offering me a pillow for my head
Old age has magic youth cannot replace.
Veined wrinkled hands with tortoises compare
But what delight is given by their touch,
His limp, a lilting song upon the air,
And yet, I look beyond and see so much,
 His intellect, his nature – modest, kind,
 All offered, as his heart, for me to find.

CORONAVIRUS

Confusion reigns
On every side;
Rowdy and dissatisfied
Out on the streets protesters crowd
No masks, no distance, shouting loud.
As numbers rise and people die
Victims swiftly multiply.
It cannot last, but 'til we're free
Rules must be followed to a "T"
Until allowed to show your face –
Stay at home – the safest place!

LAST LINES

*There are many famous first lines, but
have you ever considered last lines?*

"I've bought a lamp – it's for my shelf.
Thanks, I'll connect these wires myself."

"I tripped up, by the washing line,
no, no, just water, I'll be fine."

"I said it's not a poisonous snake,
please take my word, for heaven's sake."

"My oxygen is getting low,
I'm coming up now, safe and slow."

"That rock was big, but now I'm free,
you called an ambulance for *me*?"

"From there they won't all see the flyer,
perhaps I'll climb a little higher?"

"The fish man told me it was cod
but now I'm feeling really odd."

"It's okay, I'm an engineer,
you saw *sparks* coming out? From *here*?"

Miriam Webber, née Retkin
(1945 – 1950)

NEWS FROM OLD HENDONIANS

It was great to hear from **Dr John Barr (1948 – 1955)**, the grandson of the school's first headmaster, not long after last year's *Old Hendonian* was published. Speaking highly of its content, he went on to say: I have been a bit preoccupied here in Melbourne. The second wave of community-based Covid cases has been soaring. Victoria (aka Melbourne, 0.5 million population) is now the pariah of Oz. Nikki, my wife, is in an aged care home with Alzheimer's, and this has had to be locked down securely, so personal contact has been impossible for a while and looks like lasting a lot longer. Doesn't do either of us much good, though I can contact her once a day by videocall. Once again, thank you for your posts. The distant past becomes dearer as you get older. I fiddle around with my piano and my drawing and do a bit of writing. Recently started Instagram (@barr3836) and a website (<https://www.chaucbard.com>). Which reminds me, the school website is very interesting ... "there have been some changes made!"

[One particular part of John's website may be of special interest – click on the "blog" section and scroll down to an article dated 15.7.20 called "We Manage" in which he describes what life was like growing up in Hendon – Ed.]

Mrs Isobel Saphir, née Kassel (1942 – 1950) writes:

I should like to be remembered to an old fellow pupil of mine, Frank Williams (the vicar in Dad's Army). We were in the sixth form together in 1949 or 1950, just finishing our A-levels (it would have been Higher Schools Certificate then). I recall his throwing all his history notes into the air in celebration of finishing the exam. He may not remember me. I was Isobel Kassel then. My sons, Julian and Andrew Saphir, were at Hendon School later.

Reading Derek Annas's memoirs of the war years (published in last year's *Old Hendonian*) put me in mind of all the school plays which I recall with an amazing clarity. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was the first one I saw, with Derek Gellman as Theseus. Also, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, with Sid Hirsch as Robert Browning and June Weingarten as Henrietta. Other cast members were Bella Samuels and Alan Setty. Then there was *School for Scandal*, with Bernard Perkins as Charles Surface, and again, June Weingarten as Lady Teazle. Does anyone



remember the staff's performance of *Blithe Spirit*? Miss Allen and Mr Eustace (sport) were in the cast. The year before I left, I was in the chorus of *HMS Pinafore*, with music provided on two pianos by Miss Poulton (Music) and Mr Betts (History).

The staff I remember with love were Mr Nelson (History) who always wanted all windows closed; Mr Walters with his silver hair, who taught chemistry and promised sixpence to anyone who could pick up a bead of mercury; "Taffy" Evans, who taught art and ran about in shorts, and taught the boys to fence for a performance of *Hamlet*; and lastly, my most inspiring teachers, Miss Munt and Miss Allen, who taught me to love literature and the English language. I wonder, amid all these memories, does anyone remember me?

I think of my school days often (I am 89 now). I agree with Derek – I also received a first-class education at Hendon County.

I also remember "Scrubs" Roderick and his amazing handwriting. Also the boy who asked, "Sir, how do you manage to write so straight on the blackboard?" – and his reply that he'd been doing it for the last forty years!

Isobel also sent in the photos from her schooldays which follow, together with her own descriptions. The first two were taken "on our last day in 1950."



With Evelyn Stovold



With Douglas Hudgell – he subsequently went to Sandhurst

Bottom row, left to right: Sula Lerner, Pat Hutchings, Audrey Mallet – can't remember the last girl's name. The boys tried to make a pyramid at the same time, but they couldn't do it properly, and it collapsed!



This is our fifth form class photo. Frank Williams, wearing glasses, is third from left in the second row.

Tony Lee (1947 – 1952) recalls:

Many teachers, of course, had long careers at the school – and I had a particular affection for Mr Morris, who persevered with me during my regular traumas with Mathematics. Despite all the predictions, I passed my O-Level maths exam. I also had an affection for Miss Williams, my form mistress, and “Scrubs” who was, I believe, a member of the MCC. He used to umpire some of our cricket matches. At that time, Denis Compton was my cricketing idol, and I used to go to Lords to watch him play for Middlesex.

One of his many innovative shots was called the “Compton Sweep.” I spent hours in Sunny Hill Park perfecting this stroke. At that time I had a mop of thick black hair, not unlike Denis who was the “Brylcreem Boy.” Scrubs was the umpire on one particular occasion, and my “Compton Sweep” was working to perfection. After scoring yet another four to the fine leg boundary, Scrubs shouted “**Good shot Denis.**”

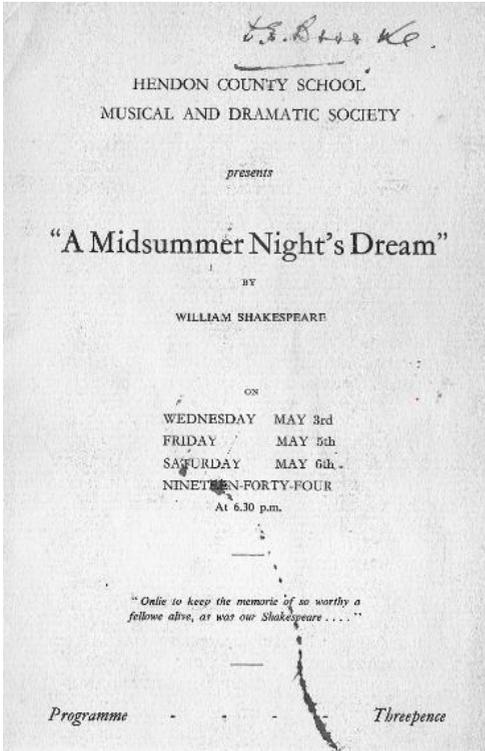


Well, for my money that was the nicest thing any teacher ever said to me. Now, 70 years later, my wheezy little chest still swells with pride when I recall that moment. Three cheers for Mr J. Lumley Roderick (and Mr Alan Freedman of course).



This neat pyramid of girls was a fifth form photo. Can't remember the name of the girl in the top row with me. Second row, left to right: Ruth Ehrentreu, Barbara Hyde, Margaret Ogborn.

Derek Annas's recollections of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* also prompted **Reg Beckley (1942 – 1948)** to write in with some photos and the programme.



He went on to say:
This was the first "Wartime" production as the school had just got black-out curtains for the Hall – somewhat ironic, as conventional night air-raids had long gone – but by the next month, in June, V1s with V2s were on their way!
Another of your correspondents, Charles Jourdan, refers to short trousers. If you look closely, you can see our darkened knees beneath what was green makeup for us Goblins!
I am Puck with the horns and bow legs at the far right in the following picture. Much was made of the costumes, which because of the times, had to use a lot of ingenuity. Mine was basically swimming shorts with milk bottle tops to provide a bit of glitter.



Joyce Hawthorn.

The play will be presented in three parts, with two intervals of ten minutes each.

PART I. ATHENS: THESEUS' PALACE
QUINCE'S HOUSE

PART II. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS

PART III. ATHENS: QUINCE'S HOUSE
THESEUS' PALACE

Incidental music by MENDELSSOHN
Gramophone records lent by the Music Club

J. Miss.

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear,
And this weak and idle theme
No more yielding but a dream."

Mich. S. Manuel

Kennell E Wise

SOME PREVIOUS PRODUCTIONS

The Raffle
The Tents of the Arabs	1937
The Scheming Lieutenant	1937
The Admirable Crichton	1935
Make-Believe	1935
The Mikado	1937
Richard of Bordeaux	1939

Adell.

NO SMOKING

Ronald H. Bull

CHARACTERS.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens	DEREK GELMAN
HIPPOLYTA, betrothed to Theseus	BETTY GALLANT
EGEUS, father of Hermia	KENNETH MOSS
HERMIA, in love with Lysander	JUNE WINEGARTEN
LYSANDER } in love with Hermia	BERNARD PERKINS
DEMETRIUS	DONALD BAIRDOW
HELENA, in love with Demetrius	BELLA SAMUELS
PHILOSTRATE, The Master of the Revels	ALAN SETTY
Attendants on Theseus	ROLAND FORD
QUINCE, a carpenter	DAVID WOODCOCK
BOTTOM, a weaver	REGINALD HARBOTTLE
FLUTE, a bellows mender	NORMAN WALLIS
SNUG, a joiner	PETER TAYLOR
SNOUT, a tinker	ARTHUR LEAVER
STARVELING, a tailor	KENNETH WISE
OBERON, King of the Fairies	MICHAEL MANUEL
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies	PRISCILLA REES
PUCK (or Robin Goodfellow)	REGINALD BECKLEY
SINGING FAIRY	EUNICE COOPER
SPEAKING FAIRY	ALICE BEDDOW
DANCING FAIRY	KATHLEEN POWELL
PEASEBLOSSOM	JOYCE HAWTHORN
MOTH	JUDITH COSIER
COBWEB	PAMELA BROOKS
MUSTARDSEED	MARGARET CADELL
Attendants on Oberon	ROY WRIGHT, ANTHONY WOODCOCK, ALAN HOSKINS

Woodcock



I sang a sonnet – although I can't remember which one, singing brings to mind the Christmas Carol concerts in the 1940s, referred to by Kevin McLean. They were a great affair, with a very large choir, and included members of staff. They were the work of Miss Poulton, with Mr Morris at the piano. This started a tradition of choral singing for the school, which was continued by her successors.

I sang a solo, *See Amid the Winter Snow*, in 1942 and 1943, and a duet of *Lullay My Liking* with Estelle Lupinski.

Unbeknown to your Editor, the well-known football agent **Dennis Roach** – featured thanks to Reg in last year's magazine – was himself an Old Hendonian, good enough at football to be part of the school's team.

John Berg (1959 – 1966) writes:

I have some fond memories of my time at the school – and in particular, of three inspirational teachers, namely Jack Driver, Robin Stallwood-Betts and Kenneth Nicholson.

Kenneth Nicholson was my first-form teacher, and was always full of anecdotes about his own school career. I came from a very small school into an overwhelming class of 28, and found it difficult to adjust at first, finishing bottom of my class in my first term, with a comment from E.W. Maynard Potts that I lacked the basic skills required of a grammar school entrant. I discussed these comments with Mr Nicholson – he was helpful and instrumental in settling me the next term, and even gave me a packet of fruit pastilles as the wooden spoon prize! From there I went from strength to strength, and will always be grateful to him for his guidance – not only then, but also as my teacher when doing A-level English, which I combined with Economics and History, finally ending up at Warwick University studying History and Politics.

I think he cared for his wife during a long illness she suffered, and I think when he retired he went to live in New Zealand where his daughter lived.

Jack Driver was one of the most likeable teachers in the school, even calling me by my first name, even though he never taught me as I gave up French at the end of the third year to take Latin, which was taught by Benjamin Edwards. I am sure he must have taught the same syllabus since the year dot – and although many found him unapproachable, I did not find that to be the case, as he was my form teacher from my second to fifth years. I had a habit of doodling in my writing books and files, and I remember losing some very valuable notes I had

taken during a fifth year history lesson, when Mr Driver approached me and said he recognised the files from my doodles ... so I recovered some useful information from someone I did not think even knew of my existence!

I was very sorry to read about the death of Robin Stallwood-Betts as he was my mentor. He started teaching me History in my second year, and I was lucky enough to have him as my teacher in History until I left in 1966, which I think was the year he left to take up a teaching post at a teachers' training school in London. His youthfulness and enthusiasm for his pupils and his subject have always remained with me, and on the odd occasion I came back to London during my first two years at Warwick, we would meet up for lunch and have discussions – not always about History.

The only other character of note that I can remember was my Economics teacher, Frank Price, who every so often on a Monday morning turned up with a pair of tights tied to the bonnet of his car ... very non-PC these days!

I had my first girlfriend in the upper sixth (Rachel Levy) – and even though we went to different universities, we continued going out together until the end of our second year when we just drifted apart, more my fault than hers. I remember we were both reprimanded by the senior mistress, Miss Williams, for holding hands after school when making our way to Hendon Central, as it – so we were told – set a bad example to younger pupils ... how times change.

Gale Burns (1964 – 1971) is a poet with an international reputation. He is Vice-President of the European Association of Creative Writing Programmes, Writer in Residence at Kingston University, and Convenor of the Shuffle Poetry series. Here he is, on the left, being presented with a special award at the 2017 Indija International Literary Festival in Serbia.



He has held many public readings of his poems up and down the country, although he has had to put these on hold for the time being due to the Covid-19 situation. Locations of his readings in 2019 included Aldeburgh, Exeter, Sydenham, Kirkdale, and Bucharest.

You can find more on his website

<https://www.galeburns.co.uk/>.

Judy Price (1979 – 1985) is also enjoying some impressive publicity as an artist working with moving image and photography. Her practice often involves extensive field research exploring sites and cultures, especially locations interweaved and layered by multiple histories, economies and forces. A focus of her practice for many years has been Israel and Palestine, exploring how art can create new perceptions of the experiences of individuals and cultures. Just one example of this, called *Quarries of Wandering Form*, explores the stone quarrying industries in Palestine's West Bank. A slideshow and more detail can be found at <https://photomonitor.co.uk/interview/white-oil/>.

The End of the Sentence, showcased by the Stanley Picker Gallery, presents Judy's more recent research on Holloway Women's Prison and the impact of the criminal justice system on women. Much more material, including another slideshow, can be found at <https://www.stanleypickergallery.org/programme/judy-price/>.

Judy received a BA in Critical Fine Art Practice at University of the Arts in 1995, and an MA in photography at the Royal College of Art, London in 1999. She was Associate Post-Graduate Researcher in Media Arts Philosophy and Practice at Greenwich University in 2006, and from 2008 to 2010 she was Cocheme Fellow and associate artist at University of the Arts. Recent exhibitions and



screenings include Grand Parade Gallery, University of Brighton, USF Centre Bergen, Norway, Imperial War Museum, Danielle Arnaud Contemporary Art Gallery, London, Unscene, London Jewish Cultural Centre, Spacemakers, Edinburgh College of Art, Tent Gallery, Cambridge Film festival, Cinema Palestine – to name just a few!

As senior lecturer in moving image at the University of Brighton and visiting lecturer at the International Academy of Arts, Palestine, Judy has initiated a series of student exchange programmes between the two institutions.

Dr Hans Steiner (1947 – 1954) has published an absorbing account of the first thirty years of his life. Born in Vienna in 1934 to a long-established Jewish family, his life was turned on its head when Germany annexed Austria and brought in anti-Semitic laws. Hans and his family fled to Belgium, where he was hidden and educated in a convent under a false name. Both his parents sadly perished in Auschwitz. Hans and his younger brother survived the war. In early 1947, they were taken in by an uncle and aunt who lived in Golders Green, and Hans was admitted to Hendon County soon afterwards.

Despite having no understanding of English, he made remarkable progress in that respect and soon settled in.

A whole chapter of Hans' book is devoted to his school days, complete with pictures and a mention of his return for a reunion held in 1995.

Hans makes special mention of two very good friends he made during his time at the school and who have remained lifelong friends ever since: **Dr Gerald Hass MD (1946 – 1953)** who now lives in Massachusetts, and **Stanley Rosenthal (1946 – 1951)**, whose father was the Beadle of the Hendon Synagogue for many years. Both are regular subscribers to the *Old Hendonian*. Hans went on to Bristol Medical School and a successful career in the medical profession. Anyone interested in buying a signed copy of Hans' book is welcome to contact your Editor in the first instance.

The retail price is normally £35, but Hans is offering a special discounted price of £15, inclusive of postage and packaging, to *Old Hendonian* subscribers, and also to any present or former pupil or member of staff. All proceeds will go to the "Save The Children" charity.

Roger Edwards (1961 – 1963) reports that he and his wife Christine had some happy memories amid the gloom of the first Covid Lockdown, as follows: Mostly our "Lockdown Lives" revolved around gardening, garage clearance, exercise walking, reading and keeping in touch with our family, neighbours and friends via email and video links.

Happily our street became very sociable and creative. Chris and I took part in our neighbourhood "Charity Marathon Relay." Twenty-six novelty entries each did one mile (equalling one Marathon). Chris and I did ours three-legged (see photo). Social distancing was adhered to very strictly,

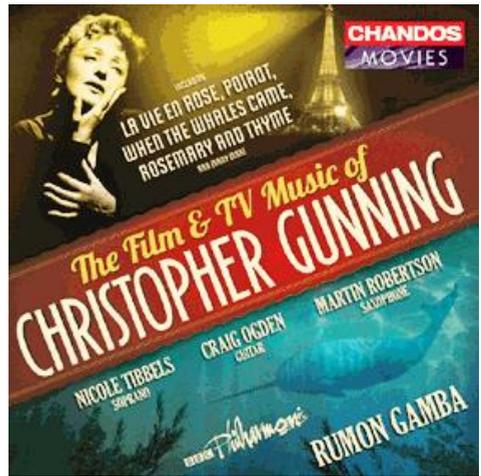


and amazingly there were no accidents. The event raised a lot of funds – and a lot of smiles. We also had some good local celebrations for V-E Day. Here is a photo of us enjoying the socially-distanced afternoon tea party. In the midst of Lockdown, our son Tim and his wife



Jean's twin baby boys arrived prematurely. Happily it all went well in Kings College Hospital, and Jean had a double "natural" delivery (if there is such a thing as natural!) The babies are identical, and each weighed just under six pounds. Their names are Sebastian and Oliver. Big brother Rory is two, and he was (fortunately) thrilled to meet them.

The following photo shows them perhaps sharing a Lockdown joke!



Christopher Gunning (1955 – 1962), multi Ivor Novello award-winning composer of concert works and music for films and television, was featured last year on the website of The Ivors Academy of Music Creators, the home of songwriters and composers.

Taken from the article, here is a fascinating insight into how Christopher got started:

“You’ve achieved great success and are highly respected in both writing to screen and composing large scale concert music. How do you establish yourself in both fields and how do you effectively manoeuvre between the two?”

In my early twenties, having recently emerged from four years at music college, it was imperative that I earn a living somehow. There are two main methods of surviving as a composer: 1) by teaching or 2) by working in the media. I chose the latter, and forged a career by composing music for TV commercials. That meant fixing meetings with the creative departments at all the advertising agencies in London and trying to convince producers that I was the man to write their music. It was slow at first, but little by little I was commissioned to write some commercials, and after a couple of years the phone was ringing quite frequently. Some ran for a long time – Martini, Black Magic, and Lloyds Bank are examples. Simultaneously, I was being asked to arrange the backings for various pop singers of the day – Shirley Bassey, Cilla Black, and Colin Blunstone come to mind – and eventually I was offered the chance of doing an album with Mel Tormé, which was fantastic! Gradually my film and TV commissions became more plentiful, and I did a few Hammer Films, as well as *Under Suspicion*, *Firelight*, and *La Vie en Rose*, starring Marion Cotillard as Edith Piaf. One of my biggest commissions was for the TV series *Agatha Christie’s Poirot*. But all the time I hankered after a

different kind of musical life, and about 15 years ago I realised I had to make some drastic changes. I steadily stopped working on films, commercials and the rest, and applied myself to a Saxophone Concerto. Then followed a succession of symphonies, and I have just finished no.13. Progress has been frustratingly slow sometimes, but most are now recorded, the most recent being a CD of symphonies 2, 10 and 12. A number of concertos have also been composed, and most of these, too, have been recorded. I have had to be patient – it takes ages for music lovers and musicians to realise that this is now the nature of my career. General critical response has been very encouraging, but I’m still waiting for a performance of my work by one of the top London orchestras.”



The full interview with Christopher can be found on the Ivors Academy website, at: <https://ivorsacademy.com/news/christopher-gunning-interview-never-lose-sight-of-the-dream-that-made-you-want-to-be-involved-in-music/>

We are delighted to have re-established contact with **Sinta Tantra (1991 – 1995)** whose myriad accomplishments as an acclaimed artist working in many different type of media used to feature regularly in past issues of the *Old Hendonian*. Her work continues to go from strength to strength. Her website <https://sintatantra.com/> contains everything you'd wish to know, but here are three recent examples:



From Karachi in the autumn of 2019, this eye-catching feature, entitled *Flight Interrupted: Eco-leaks from the Invasion Desk*, draws attention to the harm inflicted on eco-systems by man's carbon footprint.

The next picture shows another eye-catching ground feature of Sinta's, installed at the al-Majaz waterfront, Sharjah in the United Arab Emirates, for the 22nd Islamic Arts Festival held there in December 2019 and January 2020. There were over 50 exhibitions on show throughout the emirate, including the Sharjah Art Museum and Maraya Art Centre, presenting the works of local, regional and international artists.



Closer to home, Dulwich Picture Gallery commissioned Sinta to produce a site-specific installation called *The Grand Tour*, to coincide with its reopening on 8th December 2020. The work, which pays homage to the Gallery's original architect, Sir John Soane, as well as its historic collection, forms part of a fully redesigned welcome hall by Sinta, who has filled the space with colour, shape and light. Here is just one extract:



Although the gallery had to close when later lockdowns came into force, it is now fully open to the public once again.

Professor Alan Izenman (1957 – 1964), who lives in Pennsylvania, writes:
I received my B.Sc. (Econ.) from the LSE and my Ph.D. in Statistics from the University of California, Berkeley. I spent two wonderful years (1992 to 1994) as Director of the Statistics and Probability Program at the National Science Foundation located in Washington, D.C. In 1997, I was awarded an EPSRC Visiting Research Fellowship at the University of Edinburgh. In 2012, I became an Elected Member of the International Statistical Institute. Two years later, I was appointed Editor of STEM forum, an online statistics research website. Since 1982, I've been a full-time Professor of Statistical Science at Temple University in Philadelphia. I teach both undergraduate and graduate courses. One of the most interesting courses I teach is to journalism students on how statistics are represented in the news media. A recent discussion item in the course involved tracking the accuracy of different types of Covid-19 tests: it is shocking how many of these tests have high false-positive and high false-negative error rates, greater than 30% in some cases.
My research interests are wide-ranging. I work primarily in theoretical and applied statistics and data science, as well as forensic statistics, and statistics and the law. My book entitled *Modern Multivariate Statistical Techniques: Regression, Classification, and Manifold Learning* was published in 2013, and has sold extremely well throughout the world. My latest research areas are on random networks and graphical models, and I am now in the middle of writing a second book, to be entitled *Network Models for Data Science*. In forensic statistics, I have worked on topics relating to the Federal Sentencing Guidelines, especially internet pornography, drug trafficking, and copyright infringement (what some smart-Alec called "sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll"), and handwriting identification and comparison. I spent the summer of 2017 consulting with the New York Police Department Forensic Investigations Division. I've also



given invited talks at conferences in Bangladesh, Israel, and Morocco. My wife Betty-Ann – whom I married in 1995 – is retired as a lawyer (she’s very happy about that!) and now does a lot of volunteer work. My amazing daughter Kayla graduated from Boston University in 2018, majoring in International Relations, and is currently

working in London (!) as a Research Analyst in the Centre for Financial Crime and Security Studies, Royal United Services Institute for Defence and Security Studies (RUSI), where she has published over 15 reports on how terrorists (and North Korea) use cryptocurrencies to fund their operations. She has been interviewed on many TV and radio programmes, including the BBC, Sky News, and MSNBC, and in 2019 gave research workshops in Malaysia and Singapore. She is an avid ice hockey fan, who played on her high-school and university teams, and she is crazy about the Arsenal (just like her dear old dad).



Alan – pictured third from left in the back row – has kindly sent in this class photo from his fourth or fifth year. His form tutor, front centre, was Miss Riddiford.

Here is a selection of what **Yen Yee Chong (1972 – 1979)** – one of our most prolific correspondents – has kindly shared with us in the past year:

November 2020, on the Covid-19 situation: I know many are not very happy being confined, and thus became a bit “stir crazy.”

In fact, I was counselling a nice old lady in Golders Green who was becoming depressed with this situation, as she was stuck and not seeing people.

I advised her to make a decisive move as this isolation and “stuckness” would wear her down – take some action. She moved last month to Stamford Hill, and is more sociable with the locals there – not exactly my precise advice, but she is happier.

When we were at Hendon, I (like most mere mortals) was never that good at exams – a few brainy fortunates seemed to sail through them.

A bit late in life, I found I was rather strong and good with my hands – so being taught Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCM) and Japanese Shiatsu, I then treated a lot of people.

It’s a profession that has been hit badly with social distancing, but with wearing PPE and getting client requests, I now find myself very busy doing diagnoses and pain relief on emergency medical house-calls in the Covid era.

December 2020: Here is one of my current patients – he had four botched NHS surgical operations.

Lost 32kg or 40% of his weight, nearly died in Operating Theatre twice, especially after getting septicaemia.

A team of carers and family requested using me as the Chinese TCM expert – so we have got him back to his feet again, I also cook energy-giving food for him – Lazarus rising! This is him after my fourth week looking after him.



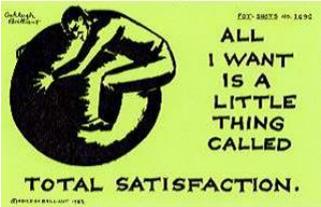
February 2021: Get ready to meet occasional health issues this year – Covid-19 is not over by any means! Nations have learnt the hard way to restrict movement and to put healthcare Covid countermeasures in place. But when I do Chinese TCM health visits for my patients, I find that people are generally:

- slightly overweight / flabby (Covid-19 lockdown result)
- poor blood circulation (cold feet and hands)
- weak in spleen; some blocks in lung, liver, kidney.

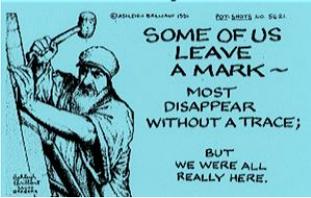
There will be occasional serious health problems in 2021. Even if you avoid Covid-21, with your spleen and autoimmune system weak, some colds or bacterial / viral infections can hit you. These illnesses will be resolved more slowly in 2021, but poor MSK (musculoskeletal) and lifestyle health conditions will require more work and commitment to resolve. Those already agitated under Covid-19 controls may become anxious and can worsen minor into more serious health issues. People who have debilitating work schedules, or those with high stress levels, may suffer deteriorating physical health. Poor mental health is a small step away, and I find Western clinical treatments for depression sometimes very ineffective or suspect, therefore they should be very careful. Excessive hours at work, then suffering sleepless nights, and turning to alcohol or hard drugs can only be early warnings of worse health to come.

This year, no more major catastrophes (bar Covid-19) are visible on the horizon, so you can use the year for economic recovery or rebuilding. Consolidation of assets and financial investments will be applicable, or creating a productive stock for your enterprise in 2021. Those of us who accept the weight of our responsibilities and rise up to the challenges stand a good chance of success; but it will be necessary to work harder and think wider.

◆ The Ashleigh Brilliant Corner ◆



1947 – 1952



This wonderfully evocative watercolour view of the North Playground and beyond, as seen from the then Art Room (14), was painted on 1 May 1974 by **Dr Philip Corbin** (1968 – 1975).



In September 1953, I started at HCGS. This got off on the wrong foot right from the start, because I was late on my first day. This arose because of some confusion about which school I was to attend. I had failed the eleven-plus exam from Bellmoor Road School in Southampton, but my father argued with the Middlesex County School Inspector, Mr Butcher, that had I taken it from Dollis in Mill Hill I would have passed, as the standard was lower in Middlesex than in Southampton. So I was late, and also my name was not on any of the lists at the school, making me feel even more unwanted than I did before.

I was placed in class 1C with form master Mr Nicholson, a dour Scot, “old Nick” needless to say. I will always remember one of his “lines” for us to copy as a punishment for talking was “Nine-tenths of human conversation is worth no more than the buzzing of a fly.”

He was a nice man and a good form master. The classroom was on the main corridor looking over the playground. I found it quite difficult, as I had no friends from Dollis Primary School, as I had only been there for a term anyway since our move from Southampton, and I was very shy.

I can remember a few of the teachers in that year, there was Miss Riddiford for French: “*bonjour mes enfants.*” I think we had Miss Ward for RI and Mr “Charlie” Western for music. I was in the Chess Club and was also the book monitor for Latin lessons, presumably I gave the books out, so no big deal. Also I recall being ink monitor, filling up the ink wells, as we were mostly using J pens then. At the end of term examinations, I remember I was bottom of the whole year in French, with a mark of 5%. On my end of term report the headmaster, Mr E. W. Maynard Potts, was already suggesting a transfer to the local technical college, Hendon Tech. This suggestion didn’t find too much favour with my father, who had numerous interviews with Mr Potts regarding my lack of progress. When I first started in the first year, we were called “Rabs.”

At the end of the first year we were split into two groups, depending on our assessed academic potential. Needless to say I was placed in the lower stream, where I would do woodwork and geometrical drawing instead of Latin. Two-thirds of us were placed in this group, becoming classes 2A and 2B; I was in 2A, the bright ones were in 2L (L for Latin). My new form master was Mr “Spud” Murphy. He was an excellent teacher, and also took us for maths which was his primary subject. He would start the lesson saying, “Arms on desks, eyes closed, heads on arms” and then we would be quiet for a minute or so. This seemed to prepare us well for the lessons. I certainly seemed to progress well in maths and I loved geometry. I think it must have been in the second year our classroom was on the other side of the corridor, or maybe we changed rooms for lessons, anyway we certainly had geography and French in rooms over the corridor. We had Mr (“Scrubs”) Roderick for geography. My recollection was that he did very little actual teaching. He wrote the notes in a lovely script on the blackboard, and we just copied this into our books.

For French in the second year we had Miss Newcombe, a young and attractive student teacher. Unfortunately, and this is something I am rather ashamed of now – although it was not my fault, I did nothing to stop it – we played up badly in her lessons. When she came in, about a third of the boys in the class would be hiding under their desks. This you could do, as they had tilt-up seats attached to the front part. During the lesson, they would gradually pop up so that the size of the class grew through the lesson. We were so bad that in the end she burst into tears and said she could no longer teach us and left the room. We never saw her again. Mr Potts was furious and gave us a good dressing-down.

Our form-room was halfway down the north stairs next to the art room. At the next level down were the male staff rooms, Mr Potts' study, and the deputy head's room as well, I think that was Mr Chivers for the first few years. I stayed in Mr Murphy's class for the rest of the time until I entered the sixth form. My school reports reveal that I was still not regarded in a great light by the teachers, or particularly by Mr Potts, although he did say I might become satisfactory. After Miss Newcombe departed we had Miss Davis for French, and that was a disaster for me. I was frequently kept in by her and I just hated the subject. For woodwork and geometrical drawing we had Mr Lewis, and this took place in the woodwork room. For chemistry we had Miss Stranz, for biology we had Mrs Oxbury. Geography was later with Miss Rolfe in place of Scrubs. For music we had Mr Western for most of the time, latterly we were taken by Mr Lewis. I think it must have been here I developed my love of classical music, especially the Baroque period. By the end of the fifth form I was form captain, whatever that involved?

My main interest during my years at Hendon County was train, bus and plane spotting, and I had a small group of classmates who shared the same interests, in particular Micky Hunt, Graham Haslam, Ken Bilby and Alan Robson. The other interest was cycling, and quite a bit of time was spent hanging round the underground bike sheds comparing bikes ... not very academic activities.

I wasted my school years. I did the minimum work I could get away with, often copying the homework from someone else at the last minute. However things started to improve towards the end of the fifth form, when I passed all eight O-levels that I took. This did not include the sciences I was taking at A-level. I had developed an exam-passing technique, which involved obtaining the maximum marks with the minimum of knowledge.

The sixth form room was on the top floor at the north end of the school. The form masters were Mr Betts and Mr MacDonald. I was taking Chemistry, Physics, Botany and Zoology at A-level. This however proved to be too ambitious, and I dropped Physics after the first term. Mr Potts changed his opinion of me after the O-Level results, but after I had been in the sixth form for a short while, my laziness was manifesting itself again, and Mr Potts resumed his old opinion. By the time I was due to take the A-Levels, I had to beg Mrs Oxbury, the Zoology teacher, to let me take the exam, as my "mock" results had been so bad that she was refusing to enter me, but in the event I passed them all with flying colours. By the time the results came out I had left school – but a letter received from Mr Betts giving me the results said "congrats."



On leaving school

There were highlights at school, and one of them was going on the annual school cycle ride. This was to the South Coast. The first day we cycled to Brighton (Patcham) YHA hostel. The next day we went to YHA Alfriston, and on the way home we stayed at YHA Crocken Hill. The details of this trip escape me now, but I know that I received a commendation for responsibility and helping from Mr Jack Driver, the accompanying master. I was doing something I liked for a change.



One of the best holidays was a geography and botany field trip to Yorkshire. Four of us – Eric Stanbridge, Peter Borthwick, Knobby Clark and I – travelled up to Newfield Hall near Malham in Eric's "Mae West" bodied Ford. We had to go to collect our form master, Mr Hendra, from the station the day after we arrived, I suppose it was Skipton Station. The holiday was full of adventures and larks. I took this picture: Mr Hendra is on the far left; next to him Andrew Young, then Knobby, Alan(?) Corby, Peter and

Eric. I'm afraid I can't remember the name of the boy on the far right.

After I had taken my A-levels, we had a term or so of general studies and current affairs. I was not interested in this, and got Dad to write to Mr Potts to see if I could leave and take a job to earn a few bob. Mr Potts was only too keen to see the back of me – and along with a number of others from the sixth (including my great friend Eric Stanbridge, now a professor in California), I worked at Hendon Cemetery cutting the grass until I started proper work at the National Institute for Medical Research (NIMR) at Mill Hill in August 1960 along with Eric, where I was to stay for the next 42 years.

When I started at NIMR, I worked in Dr Hawking's laboratory on tropical diseases. Hawking was the father of the theoretical physicist Stephen Hawking. I worked on the antigenicity of Trypanosomiasis (African Sleeping Sickness) for five years, by which time I had obtained an HND in Applied Biology at Brunel on day release and was a member of the Institute of Biology. After five years I had mastered all the technical laboratory work I was expected to do, and decided to change technologies. I transferred to the Electronics Section to design and build bespoke equipment for the research projects after I had worked on a cell counter whilst still in Hawking's department. I returned to college and obtained ONCs in maths and physics, and then an HNC in Electronics and Electrical Engineering at Hendon College. I worked on developing electronics equipment until retirement, by which time I had become Head of Department.



When I retired, I was awarded an MBE for "Services to Medical Research". In my opinion there were others who were far more deserving, but I did not refuse it, taking the family to The Palace where Prince Charles gave me the medal.

On reflection, and by comparing my ability with colleagues, I realise what a terrific education I must have received at Hendon County. Had I made proper use of it at the time maybe I could have done better, but clearly something rubbed off.

Jonathan Robert Marsh, M.B.E. (1953 – 1960)



My wife and I moved from the UK to Spain a few years ago, but I spent all my earlier life in Hendon, and more recently in Harrow.

I have never really forgotten my years at Hendon, and have been thinking about them especially closely in recent times. I would rate them as some of, if not the best, years of my life. It was a privilege. I have been struck by how different the school is now, and how it seems to have changed for the better. I certainly wish I could have experienced the more supportive and caring approach that presently exists, in terms of the more personal problems and issues. In particular, having more approachable senior staff and not feeling “put off” from sharing problems or difficulties would have been great.

One of many anecdotes I recall about Mr Potts: In one of his “addresses” to the school, during morning assembly, he started going on about the length of the boys’ hair. It was the late 1960s, and things had changed quite a bit over the past few years or so. He put forward the suggestion that the “weight of the excess hair” on our heads was interfering with our brains and power to study. Boys’ hair was definitely getting longer, but it was hardly as outlandish as what was to follow in the 1970s. He put forward this strange theory in very serious and concerned tones. The whole school exploded with ridiculing laughter (as it should have!) and I think I noticed even a few of the staff forming a smile on their lips, but they quickly managed to control themselves. He then got extremely annoyed, of course, and told us all to “be quiet!” in very loud and grave tones. I suspect he quickly realised his *faux pas*, which must have added to his irritated state even more. I still laugh when I think about it. We discussed the incident with some of our younger teaching staff in class later on that day, and it was clear to us that they were of a similar mind to us about it all, but of course they were very careful not to say too much. I got the impression that Mr Potts was ahead of his time in the 1940s and most of the 1950s, but (as my sister Susan said to me) he wasn’t really ready for the 1960s. Nevertheless, I always retained a considerable respect for him, despite these kinds of things. It showed me that we are all human.

Susan also went to HCGS – she was four years older than me.



My progression to University did not follow its allotted course. It was some years before I was able to accomplish that, due to personal circumstances. I had a guaranteed place at Hull University waiting, but I declined it in a state of what I can only describe as some kind of mental exhaustion and panic. Burnout and crisis / depression I suppose is what it would be termed now. For what it may be worth, my advice to any pupil in that situation today is to seek the help of staff immediately, and do not take any rash decisions without fully thinking it through, with the right counselling and expert support.

Instead, I had to do everything the hard way, and missed what would have been very valuable experience and opportunities at an earlier

stage. Still, Hendon had taught me to “keep calm and carry on” (outwardly, anyway!) and succeed. I’m so glad the Hendon sixth formers of today need never go through that.

I dare say that I might have got some help if I had persisted, but (for me anyway) the system did not spell out that such things were a normal part of the school’s functions. It’s a longish story, and it might be instructive to tell it, but maybe there is no need to in this day and age.

Eventually I did obtain a BSc (Hons) degree in Geography from the University of London (Birkbeck College). I had originally been intending to do History and Politics at Hull University, but after my “gap years” – probably one of the longest in history! – I realised that I might enjoy and do better at Geography. And I have to admit that I had found our Geography teacher (Mrs Wilde, née Green) very inspiring and nice, along with the most enjoyable field trips. I thought I would like some more of that – and I wasn’t disappointed!

Mrs Wilde was quite a young teacher at the time, and Hendon must have been one of her first posts. She was very popular with everyone in the class, and I never forgot how helpful and pleasant she was. Such happy memories – she definitely influenced and inspired me to do better.

Here is my class photo from Summer 1970, when I was in the Lower Sixth, together with the following names I can recall:



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

TOP / FIRST ROW:

1. Hanan Saffier 2. Compton Davis 3. David Taylor 4. Leslie Moss (?)
5. Stephen Clarke 6. Christopher Hoskins 7. Jonathan (?) Sawyer
8. (?) 9. (?) 10. Jonathan (?) Pratt

MIDDLE / SECOND ROW:

1. Daniel Scharf 2. Robert (?) Goldstein 3. Clifford Lomax
4. Judith Selig (?) 5. (?) 6. (?) 7. Patrick Hayes 8. Stephen Rich 9. (?)
Cozens
10. Jonathan (?) Pratt.

BOTTOM / THIRD ROW:

(?) 2. (?) 3. (?) 4. Geraldine Caplan (?) 5. Anne Loveday
6. Mr Llewelyn Lewis 7. (?) 8. Gillian Aronson (?) 9. (?) 10. (?) 11. (?)



The first stage of an ambitious major redevelopment of an area in the heart of Hendon, centred on Middlesex University, has been agreed.

The **Hendon Hub Redevelopment** is expected to provide hundreds of student homes and new facilities for the university.

An outline business case for the scheme, which would also see **Hendon Public Library**, pictured above, moved out of its current Grade II-listed building to make way for a business school, was approved in principle by Barnet Council last December, with a lengthy public consultation – managed by a firm called G L Hearn – open until 7th June 2021.

If further stages of the project get the go-ahead, it is expected to provide 792 student homes, academic space, offices, a new public library building, improved public seating and green spaces, and other community facilities close to the Town Hall and Middlesex University campus in The Burroughs. Here is an artist’s impression of how some of it might look.



The scheme extends beyond The Burroughs to include:

- improved signage and walking routes to and from Hendon Central
- a major revamp of the area off Church End around the Meritage Centre, near the very heart of Hendon’s origins as a small village
- improving the green spaces at the top of Church Road around the Nicholl and Daniel Almshouses, one of Hendon’s oldest surviving buildings
- better facilities within the Prince of Wales council estate to the north of Church Road
- safer public spaces and CCTV to discourage anti-social behaviour.

A number of funding options, both public and private, are being considered. Barnet Council will scrutinise these as the project progresses, to ensure best value for money.

Programme manager Suzi Carter explains: “The intention is to improve the buildings in The Burroughs and Church End. We have aimed for a modern architectural design in keeping with the heritage structures.”

Barnet Council wants to move the library to a new building across the road, on the corner of Egerton Gardens (as shown on the artist’s impression), claiming this would “significantly improve” the service.

The existing library building would become the location for the Middlesex University Business School.

Opened in 1929, Hendon Public Library holds more than 21,000 items for loan and reference, and also houses the local studies centre.

But the council report says moving to a new building would “facilitate the provision of a broader and enhanced library offer” and give the library “enhanced visibility”.

If the proposals are approved, the council expects the existing library to be vacated in October this year, with the new one to open towards the end of 2023. Before then, a temporary library will operate close by, on the corner of The Burroughs and Watford Way.

Many of our readers would have used the library – as your Editor often did – for research and study whilst at school.

Not everyone is happy about the plans. Residents are worried that they could force people out of their homes, turn the area into “a student ghetto”, and have few benefits for those living nearby. Particular concerns focus on the loss of the Meritage Centre, as well as the nearby PDSA facility and local Citizens’ Advice Bureau, ugly new multi-storey buildings crammed into The Burroughs and around St. Mary’s Church, and the relocation of the library from the current listed standalone building to the ground floor of a new students’ accommodation block. Residents are unhappy that the plans involve building on car parks, and give Barnet Council the power to use compulsory purchase orders (CPOs) to forcibly buy up homes if residents living within the development area refuse to sell.

According to one Hendon resident: “The addition of further student accommodation here would just completely change the character of the area.

Compulsory purchase of family homes for the benefit of the university seems to be contrary to the benefits that we are told the plan will bring.

The removal of the car parks is illogical and is going to cause complete traffic chaos. Where are residents and business owners going to park their cars?”

One lady, who has lived in Hendon for 37 years, commented: “CPO-ing homes in the 21st century – I find that so insensitive. For what? For the sake of the university. It is only for the university – nothing for the residents. We want to keep this a heritage area.”

She instead suggested building student homes at the Brent Cross regeneration site – a short journey from the university by public transport.

“Build a low-rise hotel, new homes – nice, affordable housing,” she added. “Do something positive for the community. If you want to raise money, raise the council tax – don’t turn us into a student ghetto.”

Objectors have also questioned the viability of the scheme – which Barnet Council claims would yield a “substantial” funding benefit – in the wake of the coronavirus pandemic.

A local professor, who is head of the department of education, practice and society at one of London’s leading universities, observed: “The higher education market is particularly volatile right now. The pandemic has imposed on us new, remote ways of working, which will make traditional models of

campus-based education less attractive for large numbers of students.

On the face of it, Barnet Council’s plans for Middlesex University do not add up. Most universities provide buses to help get students to campus. Middlesex could do the same. It does not need to build student dorms in a heavily residential area, which is also home to historic and civic buildings. The university does not need to displace people to deliver its educational mission.”

Your Editor suspects this is a story which is set to run for some time to come! For full details and up-to-the-minute information – including possible scope for further public consultation and feedback – please visit the website dedicated to the scheme:

<https://hendonhub.co.uk/>.



A charity called Jewish Futures has been granted planning permission from Barnet Council to build a four-storey community centre on the site of **Hendon Post Office**, a long-established landmark building in Brent Street, which many of our readers will no doubt remember.



The project, called Our Story, is designed to provide a home for ten Jewish educational charities that currently have separate premises across Hendon, and it would be open to the whole community. Some locals oppose the scheme because they don’t want to lose the post office. One described it as “invaluable to my business”.

Rabbi Naftali Schiff, founder and chief executive of Jewish Futures, said: “The Our Story project will be a dynamic and accessible space, which will be an asset for the whole community. At its heart, this will be a cutting-edge educational centre, giving young people of all backgrounds the opportunity to engage with Jewish life, practices, culture and community in an immersive and meaningful way.

The building will also include outstanding facilities for the community, including spaces for co-working and meetings, as well as relaxing and socialising. We are fully taking into account the wishes and needs of all local residents, and that is why an agreement is in place to ensure the post office is relocated in Brent Street before any development starts.”

A spokesperson for the Post Office commented: “We are fully aware of the plans to redevelop the site. Hendon Post and Royal Mail used to share the site, and Royal Mail has already moved out. Jewish Futures have been fully liaising with our postmaster. They have agreed that, subject to planning permission being granted, Hendon Post Office can remain at the current site for a further year. They will fund a new post office. We will help our long-serving postmaster to find suitable alternative premises.”

The application to redevelop the site was first submitted to the council last October. The charity claims the facilities on offer will include a crèche and fitness and wellbeing studio spaces, as well as a museum, gift shop and café.

It will also provide two disabled parking bays with cycle storage on the ground floor, while a loading bay designed to minimise the impact on local traffic will also be made available for use by local businesses.



Work has started on a new mixed-use development in West Hendon from developer St George and leading UK retailer Sainsbury’s.



The **Silk Park scheme** will involve a flagship new Sainsbury’s store, 1,309 homes, and local amenities set within a public park.

The development is set to deliver much-needed private and affordable housing and jobs in the London Borough of Barnet. Alongside the new 43,000 sq ft Sainsbury’s store will be 10,000 sq ft of flexible commercial space providing opportunities for cafés, restaurants, office space or a gym.

Right at the heart of Silk Park is a 1.5-acre public park for the local community, providing space for people to “relax and socialise with water features and fountains,” as well as garden squares, play space and seating.

Creating a “new green corridor for Hendon,” the historic Silk Stream will be opened up to deliver greater biodiversity for existing and future residents to enjoy.

In addition, the plans include improved pedestrian access on the Edgware Road, with wider pavements and tree planting, to create a “high-quality new destination” for the Hendon community.



Piers Clanford, divisional managing director of St George Plc and chairman of Berkeley St Joseph, said: “We are delighted to work in partnership with Sainsbury’s to deliver this important development for Hendon.

Silk Park reflects our commitment of investing in communities and creating sustainable neighbourhoods through improved biodiversity and more accessible green spaces, state-of-the-art amenities and much-needed new homes and jobs for local people.”

Patrick Dunne, Sainsbury’s property director, added: “Sainsbury’s has a proud history of serving the Hendon community, and we’re very excited to

embark on this major investment to ensure we're well-placed to deliver for generations to come. Our partnership with St George will deliver a flagship supermarket, housing, a new park and green space for residents and visitors to enjoy. We will continue to keep the community updated as we embark on this exciting development."

Silk Park has a ten-year build programme, with enabling works for the development already under way, involving the creation of new access routes into the store car park and a new store entrance. The 1,309 new homes at Silk Park, of which 35% (by habitable room) will be affordable, are made up of a selection of one, two and three-bedroom apartments, and will be delivered in two phases. Each phase will be designed by a different architect. Hutchinson & Partners, a London and Berlin-based architecture practice, designed phase one of Silk Park, which comprises the new Sainsbury's and residential "city" blocks located on a podium level above the new store.

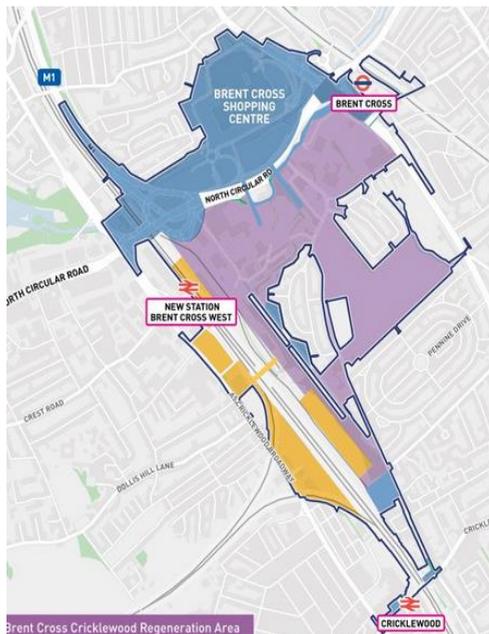
Residents of phase one will have private balconies and access to a communal podium garden for all tenures which offers green archways, raised planters with integrated seating and dining areas, play space and mature trees.

Makower Architects, an international urban design and architecture practice, designed phase two of Silk Park – made up of three residential buildings including the tallest building at Silk Park, a signature 28-storey tower "which will become a new landmark for Barnet."

[Many of our readers may recall Sainsbury's first branch store in Hendon, not far from the school, on one corner of Brent Street and New Brent Street almost opposite Bell Lane. On the other corner was a traditional draper's and haberdasher's shop called Tanare – Ed.]



Latest news on the proposed redevelopment of the **Brent Cross and Staples Corner** area – here is a map which shows both the planned size of the expanded shopping centre, and the new development on the other side of the North Circular Road, now renamed Brent Cross Town.



The new Brent Cross West mainline Thameslink station, connecting Brent Cross to central London in just 15 minutes, is now under construction.

There are plans to convert the existing freight railway line to the bottom left of the map – which connects Cricklewood to Old Oak Common – to become part of the new West London Orbital (WLO) railway, and the larger London Overground passenger network.

But plans to modify the under-construction Brent Cross West station to include a connection for the WLO railway have suffered a setback after Transport for London (TfL) – which has incurred huge financial losses due to the Covid-19 outbreak – said that it cannot commit funding at the moment. The WLO railway is expected to require a platform at Brent Cross West station, and although there is space reserved for it, funding doesn't exist to include it in the current station construction. Design changes approved by Barnet Council could allow passive provision for an additional island platform and connections to the footbridge to be added to the current station construction.

Putting in place the preliminary works, including enhanced foundation designs, would cost around £1.4 million.

However, TfL, whilst supportive of the plans, says it can't pay for them.

In a letter to Barnet Council, TfL said that "given the current financial climate, and while we await longer-term certainty on TfL funding, we are not able to contribute the estimated £1.4m that is necessary for the changes to be made to the detailed design ourselves."

They have looked for alternative funding sources, but said that there are none that would be available within the required timescale, as the station is due to open in December 2022. It had been due to open in May 2022, but Covid-19 and other issues have delayed the opening, and it may be pushed back further to early 2023.

The lack of passive provision is also likely to push up the cost of the new platform works by around £5-£10 million if they are approved at a later date.

Although that doesn't rule out a West London Orbital platform at Brent Cross West in the future, it pushes the likely opening date further down the line. That hasn't discouraged the production of this enticing artist's impression of how the station approach could end up looking ...



Meanwhile, lead developer Argent Related and Barnet Council have unveiled their vision for the ambitious new £5bn **Brent Cross Town** development.

It is set to be a new "park town" for London, and aims to establish a new standard for large-scale



urban regeneration, as this artist's impression nicely demonstrates.

The scheme aims to transform the area into an inclusive, accessible town centre that will evolve to support the changing demands of modern life in a post-Covid world.

Brent Cross Town is to contribute to London's green economic recovery with sustainability, health and wellbeing, and a sense of neighbourliness at its core. Councillor Daniel Thomas, leader of Barnet Council, said:

"Connected by the new Brent Cross West Station and with an ambition to create 25,000 jobs, excellent schools, and world-class facilities, Brent Cross Town will ensure our new and existing communities thrive.

The protection and enhancement of acres of existing green space provides the unique opportunity to create an area that has health, wellbeing and sustainability at the heart of its design.

Brent Cross Town is the most ambitious development project the borough has ever seen, and it comes at a time when the coronavirus has changed the way we think, feel and what we want from the place we call home; we have a once in a lifetime opportunity to respond to changing needs and attitudes and build a place that is truly fit for the future."

Early enabling infrastructure works for Brent Cross Town began last year, with the first phase of homes and offices to be occupied from 2024.





TERRY STARR-MARSHALL



Terry started teaching at Hendon School in 1968, when Mr. Maynard Potts was Headmaster. He survived the transition from Grammar to Comprehensive School, and took early retirement in 1991. Since retiring, he has enjoyed occasional trips to Australia, tasting his way around the vineyards of Barossa Valley and McLaren Vale with his family.

Because of the Covid-19 pandemic, this year's meeting had to be a virtual one, rather than face-to-face as it usually would have been.



What made you decide to take up a career in teaching?

It was a gradual process. I took a part-time teaching post on leaving art college, which gave me time to develop the work I started as a student. During that time, teaching became progressively more interesting to me – so I decided to teach full-time and give priority to a teaching career.

Was there a person who had a major influence on your career?

While doing a short spell of supply teaching at Kynaston School, the Head of Art, Dick Curtis, was so enthusiastic and happy in his teaching that I could see myself in a similar position if I could find the right school.

Why was Hendon School so special to you as a member of staff?

Hendon was the school I had been looking for. The pupils were well-behaved and keen to succeed. Everything was well-ordered, and there was an atmosphere of mutual respect between pupils and staff.

Which aspect of Art teaching did you enjoy most?

The presentation of the A-level examination work, where one could see evidence of the skills developed during the course. I feel very privileged to have worked with such talented young artists.

Can you recall a particularly amusing incident from your time at Hendon School?

There was a boy who from time to time would approach me in the corridor, and tell me that Art was “a lot of codswallop.” I never taught this boy and didn’t know his name – but he always delivered his opinion so politely and with such conviction that there were times when I thought there might be some truth in it!



If an older teenager asked you for advice on becoming an Art teacher, what would you say?

I think Art teaching now might be very different to what it was thirty years ago. So I could only suggest that he or she should do their best to visit Art departments in various schools, to see if they could visualise themselves in the role of an Art teacher.

Can you tell me about some of the more memorable staff members from your time at Hendon School?



When I started at Hendon in 1968, the most memorable members of the Masters’ Common Room were:

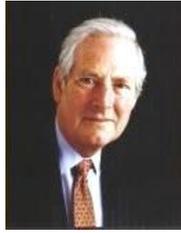
Mr. Driver, Deputy Head; Mr. Chapman, Geography; Mr. Dresner, Physics; Mr. Betts, History – all of whom were “larger than life” characters. Members of the Mistresses’ Common Room were a mystery to me, as Masters were not allowed in there at that time ... but later I discovered that Gertie Stranz was a very impressive character.

Is retirement a fulfilling experience for you?

Retirement suits me because I am no longer “summoned by bells”. I enjoy gardening when the weather is fine, and I still do some Lino printing when the inspiration takes me.

Thank you, Terry, for giving up your time for our Old Hendonian readers!

DAVID HORCHOVER REMEMBERS



1946 – 1952

Mr E. W. Maynard Potts – the Headmaster – struck terror into many hearts as he strode along the top corridor, gown flowing behind him and metal “Blakeys” (shoe protectors) on his heels clattering as he went along.

One day, I was walking back to our house in North Wembley from the bus stop when I saw him coming along my road in his car and wondered what he was doing there. I don’t believe we spoke, but it was an eerie moment.

As a senior prefect, I was entitled to use the main front entrance to the school, rather than have to go around to the back, and was also entitled to wear a special velvet school cap, which was free. And I had to take the names of the boys who arrived late, as they had to see “EWMP” to explain why. I had to give a list to EWMP, and it was always a moment I disliked every morning – especially as there was usually a valid reason – but detention was the usual punishment. He did show a more human side, though, when I contracted meningitis after I had just turned fifteen. I had to go to hospital every morning for physio treatment, and he was very understanding. I have seen the exchange of letters between him and my parents, which shows him in a more caring light.

Many years later, driving a new automatic car in Northwood Hills, he ran down a young lady who had recently been married ... and she died. I cannot recall what happened after that. I felt very sorry for the man.

Miss W. L. Davis was the Headmistress (in those days we had no problems with titles) and my French teacher ... and a very exacting and formidable lady she was too. As it happened, I spoke reasonably good French, and spent time with a French family in Dieppe and other places to keep it up (I was actually born in Paris, but apart from that I had no further connection with the city). I enjoyed speaking the lingo, and scored a good Matric / Distinction (the gold standard) when sitting the exams and doing the oral bit.

I and a few others went on to do French at A-level, which also involved studying some of the well-known French playwrights in some depth. These classes were always held in Miss Davis’ own study / room, where we would form a semicircle round her desk. It was more like a University tutorial scenario where we sat being given first-hand tuition with interaction. It worked for me and the others – we got our A-levels. My last year at HCGS was the first year of A-levels – previously it was Higher Schools Certificate.



Miss Davis had a senior pupil read a passage from the Bible each morning at assembly, standing on the stage in front of the school (not the Jewish pupils who came in after prayers). The selected pupil would have to go to her study the day before to rehearse and to make sure they were up to the task. There was a roster of pupils, and woe betide any pupil who did not attend her study for a run-through. Some did not appear, and had a very frosty reception when it was discovered that they had not been to the dreaded study. A very annoyed Miss Davis gave the guilty pupil a very stern wiggling. In some instances, she did not allow the offender to read the relevant passage as they had not been “road-tested” so to speak.

I understand that she died at a very advanced age – but memories of my time studying under her remain strong.

Mr Nelson was one of two or three history teachers – Mr Betts was another, and he taught us in the sixth form years.

Mr Nelson’s first name was Lucas – shortened to Luke by us lads. Whenever a teacher entered the classroom, the whole class stood by their desks until told to sit. “Luke’s” little joke was to storm into the classroom and bellow out “Question number one” – and we would all rush to get seated and begin the lesson or whatever it was going to be. His favourite words were Parliament and Government, and invariably he began his tests with getting these words properly spelt. By the third session, we were then well aware of his little joke – but it was important, because slovenly pronunciation could have cost us marks in exams when writing them.



Mr Betts was our form master. One day at the very end of a term, as a senior prefect, I had to go around to check that there was nothing lying about and that things were tidy. I met up with another boy (Roy Batt, who became a vet) in the south playground, and he chased me up the (boys’) steps from the south playground. I flung open the door with him hard on my heels when ... bang, crash ... oh, and Mr Betts had been knocked flat on his back as he had been leaning on the shelf beside the door. Talk about scared! ... I helped him up, profusely apologised, and made sure he was OK when he spluttered “Go to your classroom and stay there until I see you later!” Some while later, he came into my classroom; we talked about the incident, and after about an hour he said I could leave – but thank heavens he was not seriously hurt.

Mr Betts also had a fine tenor voice, and sang in the school choir at Christmas time. Interestingly his wife was a teacher at Wembley County Grammar School, and my next-door neighbour for many years was a pupil there – an amazing coincidence.

[David sadly passed away last autumn – please see the Obituary section. His regular contributions to the Old Hendonian magazine over the years are much appreciated.

Reg Beckley has kindly agreed to share some personal memories in future issues.

Despite my best efforts – including a search of the school archives and an appeal to our subscribers who were at the school when Miss Davis was – I regret I couldn’t find a good enough picture of her for inclusion. I am reliably told she was photo-shy because her face was “badly wrinkled, rather like those elderly ladies who have spent their lives in the Californian sun.” – Ed.]

March, 2021

A letter from Craig McGuire, Acting Headteacher



Dear Old Hendonians,

It is such a pleasure to be writing to you as part of the *Old Hendonian* magazine. This is my second year as Acting Headteacher of Hendon School, whilst Rhona has been unwell, and it has been a privilege to be able to support our school community during these unusual times.

What a strange year this has been for all of us. At school the last year has brought many challenges; our priority has been to keep our community safe and learning. Adapting to lockdown, we introduced a remote learning model through our FROG platform and later also through Microsoft Teams, whilst keeping the school open for children of key workers and vulnerable students. It was important to us to continue to offer support to our young people and their families – especially our most vulnerable community members.

Briefly, at the start of the academic year and again from March this year, we have been able to bring the school community back together to restart face-to-face sessions whilst observing Covid secure practices. We are all acutely aware that the lockdown periods have had a significant impact on young people in our society. Many of the children in our care have been disproportionately affected during the pandemic, and it has been essential that we support them in getting back on track in order to allow them to fulfil their potential. The staff at Hendon School have been incredible during this time, and have worked tirelessly to ensure that students continue to make progress, and to support their emotional well-being. I would like to publicly thank them for all their efforts.

Our students and staff have responded admirably to the challenges and opportunities provided by remote teaching and live lessons through Teams. Whilst in the first weeks there were naturally hiccups, as everyone got used to the new technology, both staff and student resilience, patience and persistence paid off. New ways were found to present information, different methods for increasing student engagement were explored, and effective ways of interacting with students were trialled. Faculties shared their ideas, and some staff took the opportunity to explore even more new and exciting methods of teaching remotely. These ideas were shared through our Friday briefings and a Teams INSET day led by different members of staff, and included the use of Class Notebook, setting assignments, making use of quizzes for retrieval practice, looking at TeacherMade – a tool that helps to create interactive worksheets – and Nearpod, a website that brings PowerPoints alive.

Now that the students are back in class, we are able to use skills learnt during the remote teaching phase to enhance our teaching and learning even further. We developed a series of sessions around a recovery curriculum, which reintegrated students back into school in a reflective way, whilst also starting to deliver academic content. The recovery curriculum was based on five levers which enable students to re-engage with school after lockdown. It has been thrilling to have our students back in our classrooms again – with many staff saying just how

much they have missed the students, missed face-to-face teaching, and missed the buzz of the classroom.

Over the last year, we have also embarked on an exciting journey of investigating Rosenshine's Principles, and how they can facilitate effective teaching and learning at Hendon School. We began by giving faculties copies of Tom Sherrington's book, *Rosenshine's Principles in Action*, and setting all staff the task of reading the book. In a Friday CPD session, we ran an introduction to the Principles and on an INSET day, we spent time delving into one of the strands in depth, and considering its applications to our current curriculum and to our individual teaching. Feedback so far has been positive, and we will be considering wider impact and next steps at the end of the year. This has gone hand in hand with our teaching and learning focused appraisal targets, where staff have been setting a research question to explore as one of their personal targets.

With more programs and services being delivered through our online platform, we have found a number of bottlenecks in the IT network which has hampered the wireless and data traffic performance. To deliver a high-speed wireless network, improvements to copper and fibre optic network infrastructure will be required. With that in mind, we have tendered quotes for upgrading our cabling and network, and developed a long-term road map for future developments. We have been well supported by the government's laptop scheme, receiving 344 new laptop devices. These allowed many of our students to engage fully in the curriculum from home during lockdown, and will continue to provide a fantastic resource for our students moving forward.

In many ways it has been a challenging time for our older students, with much uncertainty about exams and results. Despite huge changes, the students have engaged positively in both online and face-to-face lessons. Our website has been updated with a new sixth form application process, and we have met with all our Year 11 and 13 students to look at their pathway choices for next year. We have also developed new social media platforms for Hendon School Sixth Form, HS6, and will be launching a variety of promotional videos to share our success in this area. We have worked with AccessHE to run a six-week university aspirations programme for 30 students and their parents in preparation for next steps. As part of this programme, we have been looking at how to engage under-represented groups in the UK. Hendon School has been selected as one of 50 schools in England to be awarded a funded place on the Apprenticeship Support and Knowledge Schools Programme. Students and parents will have access to a range of apprenticeship workshops and support for their applications with industrial experts.

Staff continue to recognise student achievements under the key school values of *Believe, Achieve, Lead and Belong*. The rewards have been in the form of postcards sent home, positive emails and phone calls to parents and students, and through our online learning platform. The pastoral team of Heads of Year, student support staff, the behaviour team, staff in the provisions, and form tutors have played a key role in ensuring that all students are contacted and offered the support they have needed during this period. Most of the contact has been through phone calls – and any issues that have come to the attention of the school have been discussed and addressed through the panel meetings that have continued remotely. In addition to the Hendon School students, the team have liaised with local primary schools to support with the transition of new students, both at the start of and during the year.

Student Support has launched CPOMs, an electronic safeguarding recording system. This will further support our understanding of the students and their presenting needs, allowing for even

closer monitoring and targeted intervention. CPOMs training has been delivered to the Heads of Year who will disseminate the training through pastoral meetings. We are pleased to say that since reopening, the following interventions are now able to restart their work with the students on site: art therapy, School Counsellor, HEWS (Health Emotional Well-being Service) and Barnet Integrated Clinical Service (BICS). A bid to have a designated psychotherapist in school one day a week has been successful, will provide counselling, psychotherapy and groupwork to students, teachers and parents / carers, and will be an exciting addition to the range of services we already offer for three years.

We are excited to be one of eight schools in London selected as part of a John Lyons project to create a unit to support students at risk of exclusion. We will receive £150,000 over three years. The renovation of the space is now complete, and we begin our work with a small number of students in Years 8 and 9. Evaluation of impact will be ongoing, and will be conducted in collaboration with University College London. It is a really exciting time, and we look forward to seeing how this will take shape over the next few months.

The Covid pandemic has temporarily paused many of our plans for community outreach work; however, this has not dampened our students' enthusiasm to get involved in social action. Twelve students were selected for one of the 3,000 places on the Global Leadership Programme. There have also been many stories of students helping their wider community during lockdown. The Mental Health and Wellbeing team has been re-established to take a lead on our wellbeing work. We have undertaken a student survey, and using this data have developed a Hendon-focused wellbeing app. We have also been selected to receive free additional mental health support from the Anna Freud Centre. The support is for parents, staff, and next term for students. This is an exciting development, supporting the wider mental health work of the school. Hendon School is one of 12 schools shortlisted for the 2021 Goldsmith Award for the work of our mental health team. This work has been showcased in 'Schools in their Communities: Taking Action and Developing Civic Life'. You can download and see the article on page 24 of the following link:

<https://citizenschool.files.wordpress.com/2020/06/schools-in-their-communities-taking-action-and-developing-civic-life-final.pdf>

Whilst it has not always been easy to navigate the difficulties of the pandemic, it has been a great honour to work alongside the dedicated and caring staff and students of Hendon School. I know that we will all keep finding opportunities to support and help others and continue to develop our Hendon School Community. Hopefully better times are on the horizon now.

With all best wishes

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'C. McGuire', written in a cursive style.

Craig McGuire

FROM THE SCHOOL ARCHIVIST

Perhaps not surprisingly – and for obvious reasons – there are no additions to the archives to tell you about this year.

But such a wealth of interesting material has found its way into the archives over the years that your Editor / Archivist thought the time had come to start opening them up a bit, sharing some carefully selected items with our subscribers, by email only. This project should hopefully appeal to the vast majority who have an email address. The wonders of modern technology make this possible in ways which were not when the material in question was first compiled.

An obvious starting-point – wisely suggested by **Reg Beckley** – was the excellent brochure, jointly produced by Gertrude Stranz and Charles Western, to commemorate the school's 75th anniversary in 1989. The distribution was very well-received. It turned out that many of our subscribers either had never seen the brochure before, or had mislaid or disposed of their copy.

Thirty-two years on, your Editor / Archivist is pleased to have the opportunity to record a notable sporting achievement which perhaps should have found a place in the original brochure – please see below for more details.

More distributions will follow, from time to time ...

Alan Freedman

Please send all communications to:

Alan Freedman – Honorary Archivist to Hendon School
c/o Hendon School, Golders Rise, Hendon, London NW4 2HP
freedmana@hendonschool.co.uk

John Pestell (1954 – 1961) was chosen to play for Middlesex Seniors at basketball in 1958. The team went on to win the English Schools Basket Ball Association (E.S.B.B.A) Championship competition which was held in Birmingham that year.

Here are John's memorabilia from that event.

John was also Purple House sports captain at the time, played for the cricket and football first teams, and represented the school at Athletics.



It is with heartfelt regret that we report the following deaths. Our sincere condolences and deepest sympathy go to all families and friends, together with grateful thanks to all who have provided information. If you would like to add anything for inclusion in a future issue, please contact your editor.

Mrs Annette Bruce (staff, 1979 – 1996)

– a former deputy headteacher of the school, and later co-editor of the *Old Hendonian* – passed away on 1st August, 2020 aged 81, after a short illness.

The following memories are taken from her funeral service, held at Golders Green Crematorium.



Born in Harrogate, she had a difficult childhood as her father was away a great deal, and her mother passed away when she was only four years old. She was brought up in Mill Hill by relatives on her father's side of the family. After secondary school, Annette read History at University College

London, followed by a teacher training course at Bristol. She enjoyed those years, especially getting involved in student theatricals. Drama was a way of expressing her artistic sensibility, perhaps freeing her from some of her childhood restraints.

As a secondary school teacher, first in Dagenham, then in Plaistow, and finally Hendon, where she stayed till she retired, she acted in and directed school productions. Annette married Herman Bruce in 1962. They had two daughters, Anita and Meriel, before divorcing twenty years later.



History – and everything that went with it – was an abiding passion for Annette. Languages, music, art, artefacts and architecture were all grist to her inquisitive thirst for learning. She enjoyed passing on her knowledge and enthusiasm to generations of students. As well as history, she taught classics and sociology ... and was even able to make Latin interesting!

Teachers and pupils alike remember her with admiration and affection as inspirational, tactful, and kind.

A couple of years after Annette retired, she accepted an invitation from the school to take on the role of director of its Saturday language school, a position she held for some ten years. She soon expanded the curriculum to include Mandarin, Japanese, Spanish, French, Italian, and Latin. Annette also kept up her connection with the school as co-editor / deputy editor of the *Old Hendonian* from 2002 to 2015. After your present Editor took over, she continued to compile her regular feature, *Hendon School Today*. Your Editor has no hesitation in adding she was an absolute pleasure to get to know and work with, his only regret

being that our productive collaboration could not have lasted much longer.

Robert Lloyd (Head-teacher, 1987 – 2001) writes: When I was appointed Head-teacher of Hendon School in 1987, Annette held the position of Senior Mistress. It was a designation which we immediately changed to deputy-head – I think to both Annette's and my relief. Annette was a superb senior colleague, highly professional and dedicated to the school. We worked together through the challenging time of ensuring the school's survival and then conversion to grant-maintained status. Later she did much to support Hendon's transition to a specialist language college: she initiated and, following her retirement, ran the Saturday Language School – something which she continued to do well after my own departure from the school in 2001. In an era before safeguarding and concerns for the mental health of young people, Annette had the awareness to identify those in need of pastoral support or emotional help, and then provided it with great sensitivity and determination.

Annette was a lovely lady, very loyal to both Hendon School and myself; someone I could rely on for sound counsel and good advice – as well as diplomatically correcting my somewhat erratic English.

Annette will be remembered with great fondness by very many staff and students of the school.



At a school reunion

Jill Hickman (1976 – 2014) – herself a long-standing former member of staff and colleague – writes:

I happily sat and chatted with Annette at the 2019 school reunion – and although I can't recall exactly where she'd recently travelled to and from, I do know that she had a tale to tell from her adventures. She always did. Annette was an incredibly well-travelled lady with a love of culture and the classics. She often travelled alone, she travelled all over the world with what always seemed to be a first-class, well-researched and well-planned agenda for her trips. Since retiring from Hendon and her post as deputy headteacher, Annette would quite regularly put in an appearance at school. She remained genuinely interested in the school and what people were doing, her opening greeting to you was invariably her catch phrase "how goes it?" It may have been that she was there in her role as the

Director of the successful and busy Saturday Language School (where incidentally she championed the teaching of Latin) or to meet with Trevor Easterfield, who at that time was the editor of *The Old Hendonian*, as Annette was also involved with the publication of this magazine.

Quite possibly, your first impression of Annette would be that she was a rather well-spoken, well-dressed and a somewhat dainty lady. Annette was precise, a perfectionist and she liked the colour purple.

Written requests from Annette would come to you on a piece of purple paper, embellished with her beautiful handwriting using a fountain pen and italic script. The walls to her office were also purple. She spoke quietly, she spoke well and behind her rather elegant exterior she was actually very down to earth, warm and incredibly supportive. Of her many qualities, she was able to work effectively with staff and all sorts of different people, with enthusiasm and kindness. She generated a positive and bold approach to situations, giving confidence to others. Annette was passionate about teaching and learning, and developing both the students and staff alike.

Behind this cultured lady there was a naughty side to her as well. Her sense of humour and fun would surprisingly come out in conversations via cheeky comments or opinions. She was a kind person who would be interested in you and your family, and would be very happy to spend time chatting. To recall a classic from Annette, the school had transferred to new caterers, and staff were eager to discover if the inset day lunches were finally going to be of a gourmet standard. There was certainly an improvement in the food. Annette was savouring a salad ... and, after a few thoughtful moments, her conclusion was "mmm, not bad, but could do with a little mace, I think." This comment was possibly prompted by her trips to Asia or the experience of other international cuisine!

Annette – we are sad for your passing, your support for Hendon will be truly missed as you will be. You were a special lady, and will be remembered with huge fondness. (Contributions from former staff colleagues Yvonne Weatherhead and Robert Heath with thanks).

Mrs Beryl Beatrice Oxbury, née Viles

(staff, 1949 – 1977) died peacefully at home on 7th March 2021, a few weeks after her 99th birthday. She joined Hendon in 1949 as an assistant Biology teacher.

Her daughter Elizabeth writes:

She grew up in Worcester and attended Birmingham University where she gained an honours degree from the Botany department and, after a teacher training course, gained a post as a temporary assistant mistress at a grammar school in Birmingham, with an annual salary of £228 plus war bonus! Later she taught in March in Cambridgeshire before moving to Hendon.

Her Christian faith was very important to her, and when she first arrived in London she attended Bloomsbury

Baptist Church in Shaftesbury Avenue. It was there that she met and subsequently married John Oxbury in 1953. A few years later their daughter was born, though – according to a congratulatory letter from Mr Potts – she was late arriving!

It would appear that Beryl considered leaving in the early 1970s when the school was becoming a comprehensive. At that time, Mr Potts wrote a reference, noting that when she joined the school, very few pupils took Biology or Zoology in the sixth form. Beryl therefore "*led the movement towards a combined course of Biology, and has been rewarded by finding her subject is now studied by mathematicians and geographers as well as by sixth formers taking domestic science and physics and chemistry.*" Mr Potts went on to say: "*Mrs Oxbury's good sense and balanced judgement have given her a position of authority among the staff. She is entrusted with the task of producing a list of prizewinners, and it is Mrs Oxbury who shares in the organisation of GCE and is the school's expert on CSE. She has for many years been a leading member of the team of sixth form teachers, and has made herself responsible for providing information about universities and colleges. In her supervision of lost property, she shows a sympathy which is always acceptable. In guiding the Junior Christian Fellowship, she has willingly allowed various younger staff to share in the work, and has provided the continuity when they have left.*"

In the end, Beryl continued teaching at Hendon School, finishing her career as head of the Biology department. Her daughter recalls many holiday visits to the school to care for the creatures in the biology lab, becoming acquainted with stick insects and locusts, amongst other things, some of which would spend the holidays at their home.

Famous pupils who were there in her time included Peter Mandelson, the Labour politician, whose report she signed; and Frank Williams, the vicar in *Dad's Army*. Beryl often recalled one of her colleagues discussing Frank Williams' ambition to be an actor, and commenting that he would never make it because of his voice which, as a character actor, became his great strength! Tony Pearce (1973 – 1976) was both a colleague and a church friend; students used to come into her class after a lesson with Tony and ask "Do you love Jesus, Miss? Mr Pearce does." After spending 28 years at the school, she finally took early retirement in the summer of 1977 and returned to Worcester to be near her mother, who was by then in her nineties. Then, in 2007, she moved to Berkshire to live with her daughter, and they enjoyed many happy years and holidays together.

Beryl's health was excellent until a couple of months before she died, when her strength diminished and she spent her final few weeks being cared for at home. She passed away peacefully after a full and active life, which included many fond memories of her time at Hendon.



David Horchover (1946 – 1952) – a prolific contributor of articles to the *Old Hendonian* over many years – passed away on 6th September 2020 aged 86. He had been taken to hospital two days earlier, after a fall at home. Although he was recovering well, and was expecting to be discharged, he sadly took a sudden turn for the worse.

The following memories are taken from his funeral service. David did his National Service in the RAF. He developed a love of aeroplanes from an early age growing up in Banstead, when he watched the dogfights over Sussex during the Second World War. He was actually born in France, where his father Daniel was working for a large steelmaker. From Banstead, the family moved to Newquay until the end of the war, then they settled in Wembley, which remained the family home until David's parents passed away many years later.



Although David started life at Hendon County as a “slightly naughty schoolboy,” he decided to try a bit harder and ended up doing well.

Notwithstanding all his well-documented sporting achievements, the highlight for him was when the school – and he – featured in the film *The Browning*

Version. The careful viewer can apparently pick him out some three or four times.

A bout of meningitis in 1948, which nearly proved fatal, disrupted David's education significantly. But he did very well to catch up, and he went on to be the proud record-holder of the school's 880-yard race, which stood for many years.

A keen sportsman at school, David remained so throughout his life, playing football, tennis, and later cricket – as well as badminton with his wife Shirley.

Having been told by Mr Potts – perhaps rather unfairly given his illness – that he wasn't clever enough to go to university, David went to work on a local building site, hauling bricks as a stop-gap job before doing his National Service. He was a wireless operator on an ammunition base in Andover.

On his return home, David's father helped him to get a job as an accountant – but it really didn't suit him, so he moved into marketing.

During a very successful career, he worked for a variety of companies. He loved working in advertising, and mixing with board directors of key clients.

David marketed a number of products, one of which was the Morris Marina car which gave him his major break. He went on to work for Niagara Therapeutics. Whilst there he attended the Moscow Olympics, as the company was one of the sponsors.

Going on to work for the Institute of Export, he then decided to retire after Shirley passed away in 1996.

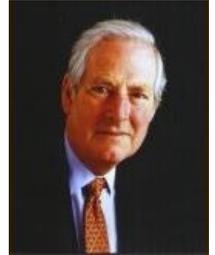
David and Shirley met at a dance at Wembley Town Hall. They were both with friends from their respective Young Conservative Clubs. They married on 29th August 1959, settled in Pinner, which remained the family base and

David's home – where he lived independently right up until 2019 – and had two sons, Guy and Neil.

It was the boys' interests which led to some of the things David went on to get involved in for many years, particularly a Scout Group in Eastcote, where Shirley was a cub leader for some thirty years, and David put his marketing and publicity skills to good use. He was proud to be recognised for his amazing support with a Silver Wolf award, the highest accolade the Scout Association can bestow, and which very few people are privileged to receive.

David also supported a host of other charities, including Orchid which supports disabled children, and a variety of groups who were part of the Prince's Youth Trust.

In this way, he kept himself busy after losing Shirley. He was also blessed with many friends who helped him to cope. Needless to say, his family was an extremely important part of his life as well. He was very proud of his sons, his daughters-in-law, and his four



grandchildren. They loved spending time with their grandpa, playing football in the back garden and a day trip to the RAF Museum in Colindale. He was always a part of birthday and Christmas celebrations.

Dr Gerald Hass (1946 – 1953) recalls:

My best memory of David was when we were both in the 400-yard relay team which won first place at the Middlesex School Athletics Championship, which I think was in 1952. I still have the medal. Ray Valentine started, I was second, David was third and Miles Spector finished in terrific form to win the race.

I remember David as an all-round sportsman and a very cheerful friend.

Best wishes and condolences to his family.

Mary Avis née Chester (1945 – 1950) writes:

David and I were in the same year but not the same form. It was always a pleasure to meet him at the reunions. He was a frequent letter writer to the *Daily Telegraph*, and the letters printed were always amusing. I am sure he will be greatly missed by his family.

In the 1952 school prefects' photo below, David is seated fourth from right in the front row.



Brian Worboys (1947 – 1954) sadly passed away at home on 15th June, 2020. He and his old classmates **Philip Churcher** (1946 – 1954), **Tony Lee**, and **Brian Hawken** (both 1947 – 1952) were lifelong friends.

Tony has written the following tribute:

I first met Brian at Hendon County in 1947. Popular with both the boys and girls, self-assured, an accomplished pianist and he knew how to dance, a rarity in those days of his cloven-hooved contemporaries.

After leaving school, we played in a Sunday football team which included a significant number of Old Hendonians.

He was a good footballer as he frequently reminded me, and scored many goals, mainly due to his habit of loitering in the opponents' penalty area for much of the game.

After a successful business career which he attributed in part to his education at Hendon, he retired to enjoy his family, grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

He enjoyed holidays abroad and golf, as much as a High Handicapper can, with his wife Sylvia. A few years back he was hospitalised for many weeks with a serious heart condition, and he spoke of Sylvia's wonderful unstinting support during that difficult and frightening time.

In recent years, four of us from our famous Hendon County fifth-form class of 1952 met at the RAF Club in London for reunion lunches. Always a pleasure – and Brian's wonderfully dry sense of humour frequently left us all giggling helplessly and in an unseemly manner – some might say – for gentlemen of our vintage.

When I first heard news of his death I was shocked of course, but it was not until I shared the news with my family that the tears began to flow, a realisation of how much affection I had for that genuinely lovely man.



Philip adds the following “perspective,” as he puts it: You must understand, we were four, Brian Worboys, Tony Lee, Brian Hawken and Phil Churcher, so that when we learned of Brian's death, it came as a great shock ... we were, in a word, devastated. In our grief, we turned to the literary intellect among us, asking Tony Lee to write the obituary. Tony's obituary is factual, warm, occasionally

light-hearted, and in the last paragraph, touches on the affection we all felt for a lovely man.

When Alan Freedman (Editor of the *Old Hendonian*) asked me to write a “perspective” on Brian, my first thought was that there was nothing left to say. Only later, during a period of reflection, when I found myself chuckling, did I realise there were moments worthy of report. Brian was ebullient, irrepressible, and possessed of a wicked sense of humour. In later years, the four of us took to meeting for lunch at the Royal Air Force club in Piccadilly. Like many London clubs, the Royal Air Force club is possessed of many unspoken rules, one of which is that one does not take “selfies.” On the first occasion we met, seated comfortably in the Cowdray Lounge with our pre-lunch drinks, me with a glass of bubbly, the others with more manly pints of “Spitfire,” Brian said, “Well, we've got to have a photograph.” I tried to explain that “happy snappers” were not welcome in this illustrious establishment, but Brian was having none of it. Tentatively, I approached a fellow member engrossed in a copy of *The Times* to explain the importance of this first meeting. “Where would you like the photograph taken?” he enquired. “Perhaps by the portrait of the Queen,” I replied. As the four of us lined up discreetly beneath the picture of our monarch, Brian drew attention to us by announcing to all and sundry in a loud voice, “Just look at these five old Queens having their photographs taken.” On another occasion, whilst assembling in reception, we were informed that the Cowdray Lounge would not be available for a while, and would we mind waiting in the “Running Horse” bar. I was immediately on my high horse while Brian calmly asked “Why?” “There is a short ceremony in the Cowdray Lounge during which the Queen will accept a self-portrait.” Brian shrugged his shoulders and said, “Well I reckon that's fair enough, let's be off to the bar.” Occasionally during lunch, he would appear pensive when he would cast an eye over the splendour of our surroundings before saying, “D'yer know, if Potts could see us now he would be really proud.”



I had known Brian (seated second row, second from left in the Scout photo above) since we were eight years of age when we joined our local Scout group as “cubs.” Over the years, as a good friend, he became on occasion my “confidante.” At the age of fifteen I was to learn that I had been adopted. To find out that one's parents are not one's parents is difficult at any age – but as a teenager, particularly distressing. The following morning, in a state

of confusion, I mentioned my discovery. Without hesitation he replied, “Well that’s O.K., your parents chose you, mine are stuck with me, come on let’s play football before lessons,” thereby succeeding in an instant in putting life back into perspective.

Brian held a deep and abiding love for the school. On one visit, greeted by a sea of young, bright, enthusiastic faces, he said, “It’s a long time since we were here, we’re over 80 years of age you know.” I overheard one little boy whisper to another, “Does that mean they were born before 2000?”

Another contemporary of these four –

Robin Hale (1947 – 1954) – passed away peacefully on 9th July 2020, aged 84.

Philip Churcher has kindly provided the following photo of Robin clearly enjoying a meal in his (Philip’s) garden.



Margaret Turner née Cornwell (1947 – 1954) – yet another former classmate and lifelong friend – has sent the following eulogy read at his funeral service:

Robin was born in Egypt, where his father was serving in the Army; they then moved to Singapore and then Hong Kong. He was evacuated with his mother when the Japanese invaded Hong Kong. His father was taken as a prisoner of war.

His mother decided it was time to come back to the UK, and they were on the last cruise ship to sail from Australia. Robin was 6 years old.

After primary school, Robin attended Hendon County Grammar School, where he was made Head Boy. After leaving Hendon County at 18, he did two years National Service in the RAF, where his love of aeroplanes began. After National Service, he went to university and obtained a degree in Physics. He worked for GEC Stanmore, and was involved in testing defence weapons. Later he started his own company, advising and selling infrared, light emittance and heat testing equipment mainly to the Ministry of Defence. He ran the company for 45 years before becoming too ill to carry on. He was a very meticulous person, with a place for everything and everything in its place.

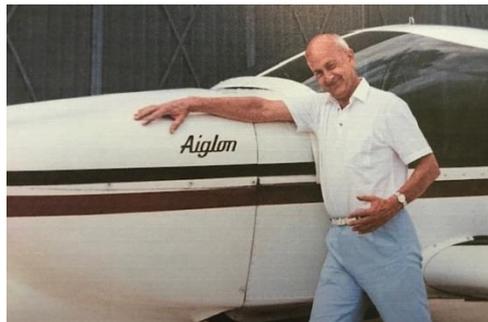
Woe betide anyone who messed up his system!

A creature of habit, he would get up at six o’clock every morning to go swimming, before coming home for breakfast and reading the Daily Telegraph, checking on Matt’s cartoons.

He loved cricket, and would always go to Lords to watch the Test Matches. [Margaret adds: he used to listen to “Blower’s” (Henry Blofeld’s) commentary at the same time as watching the game].

He was a great fan of jazz music. He belonged to the Mill Hill Jazz Club, and also visited the Bull in Chiswick.

His greatest love was flying, and he achieved his pilot’s licence in 1980. He bought his own single-engined, four-seater plane, G-PACE; he referred to it as Hale and Pace, and flew all over the country, taking friends for trips. He would fly his daughters Vicki and Alex to the Isle of Wight for lunch.



Every year, he flew Vicki and Alex and their friends to Alton Towers for the day, where he would be the first in the queue for all the rides, just a big kid really. He belonged to a flying club. He would also take friends to Le Touquet for the day.

He had many business connections with America and visited every year. He would also fly himself to the Continent, where he also had many business connections. He particularly visited Germany, and even got permission to visit East Germany before the fall of the Berlin Wall. He was a very generous father, and financed Vicki’s and Alex’s cars and horses, through the “Bank of Dad.” He was also a very good mechanic, and serviced their cars too. He ferried Alex and her horses to shows on many weekends, until she was old enough to drive the horse box herself.

He was always a very encouraging and supportive father, who always said you can do anything if you put your mind to it. So much so, that he made Vicki drive up the M1 in their VW transporter only an hour after she passed her test. She hadn’t even told him she was taking it! He was a loving grandfather who was “over the moon” when Alex had Joshua (Alex’s eldest son), and would spend hours playing with him, making train tracks. He was already quite ill when Elijah (Alex’s younger son) was born, so wasn’t able to play with him so much.

He definitely liked to be in charge, and never let anyone else pay for anything. It was always his job to hand out presents at Christmas.

He loved the Goon Show and another favourite comedy personality, Gerard Hoffnung, of “The Barrel” and “The French Widow,” also the “Address to the Student’s Union” sketches.

When he was forced to give up flying through being diagnosed with atrial fibrillation, he took up rifle shooting and joined the East Barnet Shooting Club, where he remained a member until his illness forced him to give up. He took Vicki and Alex to Bisley, so they could also try their hand at rifle shooting.

Unfortunately, in January 2016, he was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s and vascular dementia. The disease gradually took over his life until he needed 24-hour care, and he went into Catherine Lodge Residential Home, where he received excellent care for the last 18 months of his life. He died peacefully, having led a very full and eventful life.

Margaret herself goes on to say:

I watched Robin’s funeral on “Live Stream”, which, for me, was very emotional. We had been friends for 73 years. He was a gifted person, who always excelled at both academic and sporting activities during his time at Hendon County.

We went to Lords to watch the cricket, Wimbledon for the tennis. When he was in the south on business, we would meet up for dinner at the Concorde Club, and then see the jazz act that was performing that night – including Humphrey Lyttelton, John Dankworth and Cleo Laine, Acker Bilk, Clare Teal, Georgie Fame and many others. Also, on one occasion, we went to a talk given by the West Indian cricketer Sir Garfield (Gary) Sobers, with whom I share the exact same birth date. I have stayed with Robin’s family in Mill Hill on many occasions, and I am still in close contact.

One year, as a birthday treat for me, Robin and Phil Churcher arranged a flying lesson from a base in Bournemouth. It was a dream come true. On a



beautifully sunny day, we took off from Bournemouth and flew over the New Forest, Southampton and the Isle of Wight. It was Cowes Week, and all the sailing boats below taking part looked like little toy boats, dotted all over the water. At times I actually had full control of the plane, and even landed it on my own. It was an experience I carry forever in my memory. On another occasion, we all visited the Air Traffic Control Centre in my home town of

Southampton, and followed that with a tour around the Aviation Museum which is also in Southampton.

Robin and Phil are my oldest and dearest friends. I also watched a link to Brian Worboys’ funeral. He too was a well-liked member of our class. These two funerals came within a week of each other. It was quite a sobering time for me and others. I am so fortunate to be as well and healthy as I am – and I never forget that, especially in these horrible times we are experiencing.

Marilyn Wheatcroft (1959 – 1966) passed away in October 2018.

Former schoolmate and lifelong friend **David Harris** (1959 – 1966) (email: david@cs-london.co.uk) writes:

Of all the stars that emerged during her years at HCGS, Marilyn shone the brightest, whether it be as a straight A student, on the sports field or as a friend.

I was fortunate enough to be welcomed into her family, and spent many hours learning of a life outside the boundaries of school, embracing theatre, cinema and political dialogue generated from a wide circle of friends, including her parents.

Marilyn was very much at the heart of the school, whether in her role as a Senior Prefect, taking leading roles in the outstanding theatrical productions or on the sports field, where she displayed a fiercely competitive spirit.

Marilyn formed strong friendships, which unusually embraced both the years above and below; she was at the forefront of the group that ventured to Austria for a skiing trip during Easter 1965. Whilst most of us struggled, some more than others, she seemed a natural; the only part of the trip that fazed her was the extremely rough return ferry crossing.

It seemed surprising that Marilyn decided not to go to Oxbridge, but elected instead to go to Sussex University, where in 1970 she graduated in American Studies. She remained in Brighton for a year before returning to London, temping for a while before joining the BBC, where she started in continuity before progressing to the Community Programmes Unit and then to the innovative *Open Door* series, where her contemporaries included Ken Loach. As ever, Marilyn didn’t back away from tackling sensitive issues including racism and sexuality, and robustly defended the programme in the controversies that ensued.

In 1985 she moved to Channel 4, where she was involved in developing the ground-breaking *Television History Workshop* – a series of documentaries on ‘history from below’. From 1983 to 1995, she was involved in producing or directing no fewer than 44 TV documentaries.

Even at school, Marilyn suffered from ill-health, which was a feature of her adult life – but, as evidenced by her career, she was determined to live life to the full. Sadly, her last years were very difficult: she succumbed to Parkinson’s disease, and finally suffered a debilitating stroke.

I was touched to be invited to her 70th birthday party, organised by her devoted children and attended by her beloved grandchildren. Even though her difficulties were

obvious, the smile that lit up her school years had the same effect on those lucky enough to be present. Sadly, a few weeks later she peacefully passed away. It was testimony to Marilyn – and her place within the uniqueness of a special time at HCGS – that Hoop Lane crematorium was packed to say goodbye to a special person.

Rabbi William (“Willy”) Wolff (1940 – 1943)

sadly passed away on 8th July 2020 aged 93.

Willy was born into a Berlin Jewish family on 13th February 1927.

His father Alfred was an observant Orthodox Jew, a member of the synagogue in Lessing Street, Berlin, which had boasted Einstein as a member. Alfred was responsible for Willy’s early experience of synagogue – and it clearly rubbed off, since from an early age, he had thoughts of pursuing the rabbinate as a career.

In 1933, Willy’s parents took him, his twin brother Jo, and his sister on the night train to Amsterdam. Alfred didn’t stay long in Amsterdam. He left for England, where he knew he could get work in the medical rubber industry.

However, Alfred phoned in August 1939 and told his wife and children to come to London immediately.

He settled them in Shirehall Avenue in Hendon.

The War years were pivotal for Willy for many reasons – partly for working harder than anyone else except, perhaps, his twin brother at Hendon County Grammar School.

Willy also resumed synagogue attendance in the new and splendid building of Hendon United Synagogue, Raleigh Close, where the cantor was a young David Koussevitzky who went on to achieve worldwide renown. Willy observed that the singing at Raleigh Close was far better than the sermons – which was not true of Willy! But it underlined part of the appeal of the synagogue and the rabbinate for him – it was the ritual, the solemn ceremony.

After leaving Hendon County, Willy enrolled at the London School of Economics – choosing International Relations and Economics – but after little more than a term, he was struck down by severe illness, which lasted for three years and almost killed him. His recovery only began with the chance recommendation of a homeopath to give up eating meat – which brought about a notable improvement – but his inability to cope with dairy foods took longer to identify.

Aged sixteen, Willy had received career advice. He toyed with the choices it highlighted – journalism or the rabbinate – and journalism came out on top. He would talk about walking from Hendon to High Barnet during the War to work at Reuters Radio Listening Centre, and later embarked on a highly successful journalistic career at The Mirror, becoming their senior political correspondent. It enabled him to live the life he wanted. He decided in 1957 that as well as living with his mother in Hendon, he wanted a home in the country. He bought a bungalow in a village a couple of miles outside Henley-on-Thames. Despite his punctilious English and the faint but always discernible Berlin accent, Willy had opted for being an English gentleman. He admitted to two “pleasures” – both illicit as

far as a German Jewish survivor was concerned. The first was Christmas Eve at the Royal Church at Windsor; and the second in morning suit and top hat in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot – and the occasional flutter.



Willy really loved his journalistic career – travelling with the Foreign Secretary of the day, patiently building relationships of trust which often endured beyond the political career. He had a close relationship with Harold Wilson, once legging it with Wilson from an over-attentive crowd, and he claimed responsibility for the establishment of the higher degree of personal security which senior politicians now enjoy. He was a great admirer of David Owen, but ambivalent about Margaret Thatcher. Ironically, his career at the Mirror ended when a new editor sought to popularise the paper and downgrade its serious political contents in favour of scandal. Willy was offered the position of European editor, but he chose not to accept.

Willy always maintained his journalistic career – working as gossip columnist for the Mail, for the Evening Standard, and later as a correspondent for a Scottish Sunday paper. He also wrote many obituaries for the Times.

But in 1979 – at the age of 52 – he took up a five-year course of rabbinical study at the Leo Baeck College. Still under the influence of Cantor Koussevitzky, he decided to take private singing lessons with a retired opera singer who told him, “Your voice is not impressive but we can try to develop it.” But after several years, the teacher said, “You know, Mr Wolff, what I appreciate in you is you are completely consistent. You make the same mistakes again and again.”

After he completed his rabbinical course, Willy went to work with Rabbi Hugo Gryn at West London Synagogue – the synagogue where his heart was. It offered him scope for the ceremony he loved, and incomparable opportunities for meeting, talking to and caring for Jews from all walks of life, which was the heart of his rabbinate. This was followed by spells in Newcastle, Milton Keynes, Reading, Brighton and Wimbledon – and led, eventually, to the final turning point in his life.

Whilst in Newcastle, Willy also took charge of the small community in Darlington. It was a Friday afternoon in November 1989, and he was driving to Darlington to take the evening service. He listened to a broadcast on the car radio about the fall of the Berlin Wall, and found he had tears in his eyes. As he wrote: “That is how I realised that

the fate of Germany could still move me.” In terms of the great unifier, he identified with Bismarck rather than Helmut Kohl!

Willy moved to Wimbledon Synagogue, to which he made a considerable contribution – including solving the synagogue’s finances by letting their parking facilities to patrons of the Wimbledon tennis tournament. There was no balancing expenditure, since Willy acted as car park attendant! His sermons were always erudition, laced with off-beat humour. He was also well-known there for his strangely limited diet.



After Willy left Wimbledon, he contacted his old home town, Berlin, and told them he was ready to come to work in Germany. In 2002, at the age of 75, this frail-in-physique but steely-in-mind survivor took up the post of Chief

Rabbi of Mecklenburg, West Pomerania, with responsibility for the communities of Schwerin, Rostock and Wismar. All three were Russian immigrant communities without roots or traditions, populated exclusively by recent Russian and Ukrainian emigrés with no experience of Judaism. Yet Willy, with no Russian but an abundance of care, compassion and the burning desire to serve Jews, gave them life, sustained them and brought them to the point where he could hand them on to a rabbi with Russian roots and language. He was deeply respected by members of both the State and Federal governments, and was made an Honorary Citizen of Schwerin.

Four years ago, an award-winning German filmmaker Britta Wauer made a highly accomplished and acclaimed ninety-minute documentary about his life. He became an instant celebrity – with a Wikipedia page in German! But all the time he’d been in Mecklenburg, come snow or come ice, Willy would return to his bungalow near Henley. To Willy it was always home, overlooking the fields and meadows of England.

Despite growing infirmity, Willy continued to pop up everywhere, and despite failing eyesight – the cruellest of blows for a man whose life was the written word – he continued to drive his car (he had a passion for driving) with terrifying results. It was only at the very end that he was forced out of his beloved bungalow by a freak storm and confined to a care home in Henley, but with the love and support of his many friends.

What better way to end these words than to quote the man himself. “Words have always played a great part in my professional life” wrote Willy, just four years ago. “In the first place when I was a journalist for the English Daily Press, then later and now as a rabbi. But I have always



refused to write anything autobiographical. There is a limit to the interest I have in myself.”

Alex Papafio (1971 – 1973) – who was in the same school year as your Editor – died of Covid-19 on 17th May 2020. A few friends, including old schoolmates, paid their respects when the funeral procession left his house, but couldn’t attend the ceremony itself because of social distancing.

Dr Adrian Wayne (1968 – 1975) recalls:

My fond memories of Alex were from the athletics track as we were both keen athletes. Hendon School – as it had by then become – developed formidable sports teams (under the watchful eye of PE master Mr Dave Dee), building on the talents from each of its predecessor schools, Hendon County and St. David’s, both of which had very capable sportsmen individually. We were both sprinters in the 100m and 4 x 100m relay squads, with successes in Barnet and Middlesex inter-school competitions.

Alex was a great sport, humorous, respected and a brilliant team player.

Although I was a rugby player, I was aware that Alex was a soccer player and a skilful stalwart of the team.

Last year’s obituaries included **Bernard Glicksman** and **Andrew Weiner** (both 1960 – 1967). Bernard, pictured below, passed away at the end of January 2019, and Andrew at the beginning of December 2019.

Rob Stebbing (1960 – 1963 & 1966 – 1968) has sent in the following recollections:

The passing of Bernard really distressed me, as he and I were very close for many years, having been friends at Broadfields Junior School since the age of 6, and he attended our wedding, although subsequently our paths drifted apart. He was extremely gifted at languages and spoke fluent French,

German and Hungarian (as well as Latin!), and, as has been stated, was a very proficient school goalkeeper. Despite the fact that he supported Tottenham Hotspur and I supported Arsenal, we stayed good friends until we lost contact with one another. Bernard introduced me to the game of Subbuteo, which, although listed as a table football game, was always played on hands and knees on the floor! Like virtually everything else he attempted, Bernard was very proficient at the game, and his skill and competitive spirit made him a difficult opponent to overcome. From a very young age, he had a great love for classical music and for some reason, Richard Wagner, and he frequently used to play Subbuteo with *Ride of the Valkyries* crashing out from the gramophone in the living-room. It could be very disconcerting when just preparing to take a shot at goal or save a penalty!

It was also a great shock to learn of the death of Andrew, as we had also been friends from a very early age, attending



the same junior school – and although I had lost touch with him as well after he had left Sussex University, I was aware that he was living in Canada. Andrew had a phenomenal intellect and an astonishing memory, and he was extremely helpful in giving me advice on my A-level History essays when I returned to HCGS, and that advice helped me gain a Distinction in the Special Paper for which I was additionally entered, so that I will always be in his debt for that. He and I both travelled abroad for the first time when we were 16, spending a week in Belgium and Paris. We crossed the Channel on a slow ferry from Dover to Ostend, and Andrew was so apprehensive about the possibility of becoming ill if the crossing should be rough that he was actually seasick whilst the ferry was still making its way out of Dover harbour, albeit that the sea was as calm as the proverbial millpond at the time!

Andrew also developed a deep interest in cricket, and for a while appeared to be a walking version of Wisden (the cricket almanac), able to quote all sorts of obscure statistics at the drop of a hat! I think he kept fairly quiet about his passion for the game, and I'm not sure many of his friends were aware of it. He developed a keen interest in rock music, and was a great fan of the newly-emerging "West Coast Sound," although his enthusiasm wasn't much shared by me!

I feel very proud and privileged to have numbered two such gifted and remarkable people as Bernard and Andrew among my friends ... and if there is a life hereafter, may they both spend their watching celestial football or cricket matches whilst music from *The Ring Cycle* and *Jefferson Airplane* plays gently in the background!

Last year's obituaries also included **Ron Hooker** (c.1946 – 1953), who passed away in February 2019.

Mary Avis, née Chester (1945 – 1950) recalls:

Ron Hooker was one of a group who met at Mill Hill swimming pool and always fun to be with. Although food rationing was still with us and money was in short supply, we had a great time for six old pence: four pence to get in to the pool and a penny each way on the 113 bus from Hendon Central to Mill Hill!

A follow-up to yet one more obituary from last year – that of **Ron Sercombe** (1942 – 1947) came, once again, from



Reg Beckley, who provided this photo of an Old Hendonians Badminton Club – taken in 1952 or thereabouts – showing himself and Ron seated second from left and second from right respectively in the front row. It was customary in those days for the Old Hendonians to play a team from the sixth form at badminton.

Chris Hodgson (1952 – 1959) succumbed to Covid on 31st January 2021. Former schoolmate and lifelong friend

Jonathan Marsh MBE (1953 – 1960) recalls:

Chris was in the same year as me in the sixth form, but I think he may have stayed down a year. We were in the same youth club in Mill Hill, and cycled to HCGS together every day for many years.

Last but not least ... here is, perhaps, the most delayed obituary report ever to appear in the history of the *Old Hendonian*. The story behind it is fascinating, however, and one worth telling.

It started last August, with a letter from a gentleman who lived in Cheshire. Although not a former pupil at Hendon, he was looking for help in tracing a twin brother and sister who supposedly were, called Bill and **Patsy Day** (1953 – 1958). He'd known them when they were all members of the Christian Youth Fellowship at a church in Edgware in the late 1950s and early 1960s. There follows a picture of them both when they were children. It looks like only Patsy had been at the school, and Bill had gone to Christ's College in Finchley – but she had never been on the *Old Hendonian* mailing list, and both her and Bill's whereabouts were unknown.

Having narrowed down the likely period Patsy was at the school, your Editor sent out an email to those of you most likely to have known them. He is indebted to **Jonathan Marsh MBE** for all the help he provided in reply, including the pictures shown.



Jonathan and Bill had been good friends, and stayed in touch with one another until 2000 or thereabouts. He and Patsy had also been in the same class at school. Jonathan revisited Bill's former home near Tring, and was saddened to learn from one of his old neighbours that both he and Patsy had passed away some years ago. With help from the neighbour, Jonathan managed to contact Bill's

former wife, Margaret. She told him that Patsy died in the 1990s of breast cancer. Patsy became an air hostess with TWA, later married a dentist, and moved to Zimbabwe, returning to the UK once Robert Mugabe took over. They had two adopted children.



As for Bill, he died in 2013. He went to Nottingham University and then went to work for British Rail at Derby, moving to Freightliner. Leaving British Rail, he ran a road transport company as a freelancer. By the 1990s he and Margaret had divorced. He had three sons with her and they are all doing fine. He did marry again. Your Editor was pleased to put Jonathan and the gentleman who had made the original enquiry in touch with one another, so they could share their respective memories of Bill and Patsy, and send condolences to their next-of-kin.



FROM THE ARCHIVES



September 6th 1960 – by Bernard Glicksman

My first day at this school was a sensational non-event ... I did not arrive late. Instead I turned up at the absurdly early time of ten past eight. I was expecting to be taken up by the scruff of the neck at any moment and ducked in the showers, or pummelled mercilessly for “soap money”, fates which were supposed to be meted out to all new boys. In fact neither occurred, although, to keep the record straight, I was asked to contribute to the fund for Mr Murphy’s (non-existent) broken leg. I pulled a brave grin, mumbled that I didn’t know who Mr Murphy was, and ran away as quickly as possible.

When our new form mistress came to taking down our names in alphabetical order, I woke up about two names too late, and was called a duffer. I pulled my brave grin again, but secretly I was far from happy. My primary teacher’s words “it’s the first impression that counts” hammered themselves uncomfortably through my mind – I wouldn’t last two weeks at this rate!

If morning school was far from an unqualified success, the afternoon was little short of disastrous. The French teacher made her entrance with something like “*bonjour mes ans Francs*” – whatever that may mean. It was not until the summer term that I discovered that this was “*bonjour mes enfants*.” Anyway, we were asked

if any of us had been to France. I had, and to try to even up my impression balance, made it clear to all and sundry that I had. “Right then, tell us about it.” To this very day, I can recall the acute embarrassment I felt at being able to think of nothing else to talk about but the Belgian waffles (with syrup or cream) that we had enjoyed so much at some Riviera resort.

Shaken by this outstanding gaffe in the French lesson, I made my way to the forthcoming geometry lesson with somewhat diminished enthusiasm. My chances of lasting the first year seemed to me to be diminishing too when I was told to get a 2H pencil or else.

To be honest, I didn’t do anything actively wrong in the RI lesson. But that doesn’t imply I had no worries about it. The RI master walked in. He looked extremely forbidding. Then he spoke: “*Ravus Magnus*.” But the point was, he didn’t speak – he SQUEAKED. How was I to know he had laryngitis? I was absolutely terrified.

When the final bell went, I rushed to get my bus pass, almost losing my cap in the process, and somehow managed, in a state of severe mental stress, to make my way home. Every ounce of self-confidence I possessed had been annihilated; every illusion I had ever cherished had been shattered. The trouble was – the second day was even worse!

Taken from the July 1966 edition of the school magazine

HENDON SCHOOL



*Photo:
Frank Cooper*

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THE OLD HENDONIAN

== INCORPORATING ==

**HENDON, HENDON COUNTY GRAMMAR, ST DAVID'S COUNTY SECONDARY,
BRENT MODERN AND BARNFIELD SECONDARY SCHOOLS**

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letters: care of the School

Material for inclusion in the next edition should reach Alan Freedman by 31 March, 2022



Hendon School is a company limited by guarantee, registered in England and Wales with registration number 7803827

Registered Office: Golders Rise, London, NW4 2HP