

The Old Croydonian

September 2005



The official magazine for the association
of ex-pupils of the Selhurst Schools

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"The tradition of your school is handed on to you by others who were members before you. Play your part as a worthy member, so that you may pass on to others who will follow you, a tradition that is better for your association..."



- Message from the Chairman...1
Hello from 'Ed'...2
The 2005 Reunion - The Quineys...3

The Post Bag

- Reverend Alan Thomas...5
Eunice Clement's Story, Part II...6
Hazel Brown...8
Roger Bing...9
June Parsons...10
Anne Johnson...11
Daphne Clarke...15
Keith Whitham...16

Articles & Features

- Matters arising from previous editions...17
The Boys' School Song - Norman Smail...18
The 'alternative' School Song - Keith Whitham...20
John Gooding reflects...22
Membership update - Isabel MacLeod...26

Obituaries

- Derek Wilde (by Roger Bing)...*27
*Charles Oakley (by Julian Hornby)...*28
*Barry Mark Withecombe (by Ann Noble)...*29
*John Herbert Evernden, MBE (by T E Savage)...*30

Articles & Features

- Katie Melua - Young and talented...31
Additions, Errors & Amplifications...32
The Selhurst Archives - 1930 ...33
News from the Web Site...35
The Selhurst Archives - We need your items...36
In the Next Issue...37
Last Words...38

THE EX-PUPIL series John Gooding reflects...



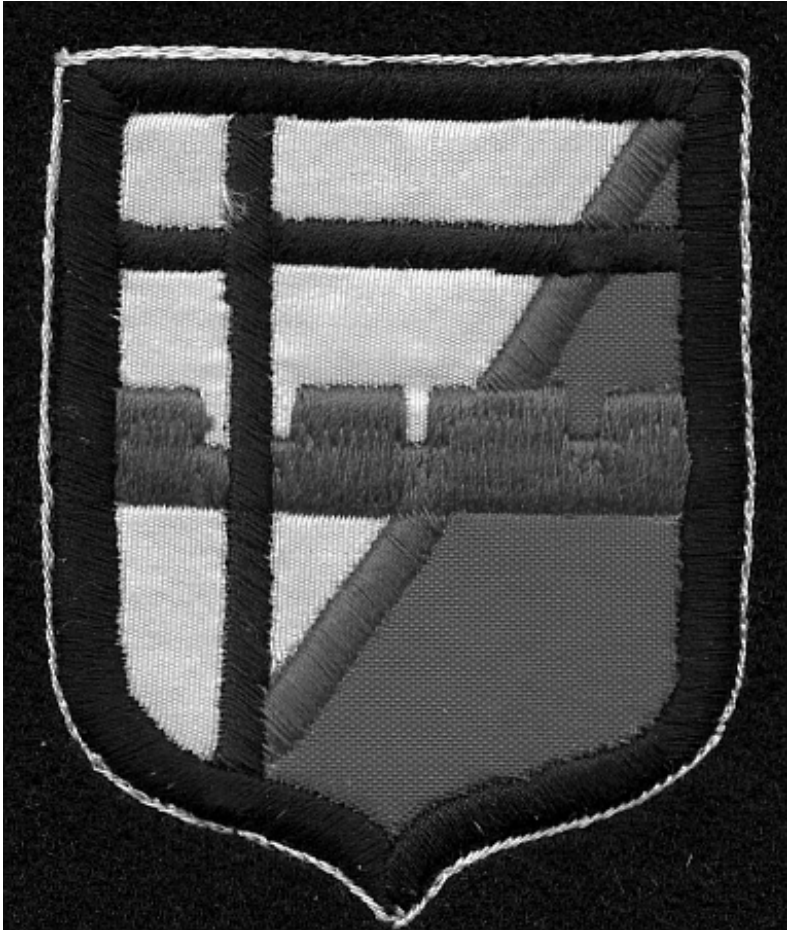
PAGE

22

John Gooding (1925 -1933)
Steve ('Ed') spent an enjoyable afternoon with John reflecting on his life and loves...

School Badges...

A splendid example sent in by Graham Davies (1964-1967), Graham reminded us that this variation is related to sports achievements at the Boys' School



You can see a full colour version of this on the OCA web site at <http://www.theoldcroydonians.org.uk/pics/sport.html>

*If you have examples of variations on Selhurst school badges, let us know...!
- Ed.*

Message from the Chairman



It is most gratifying to be called on to produce another message for the *Old Croydonian Magazine* so soon after the last one. This

happy event occurs for two reasons. First, the universally positive response to the last edition of the magazine received and, secondly, because our editor – Steve Palmer – has so much material, that some would be a little out of date if we waited until next Spring to publish it.

The magazine is so important particularly to our far-flung members, and those whom time has made a little less mobile, to help them keep in touch. But remember this is YOUR magazine and we want to hear from you. Everything is welcome, remembrances from the schools, of staff as well as pupils, details of the achievements of old boys and girls, both laudable and nefarious and, particularly, news of you, our members. Retirement is a time to look back on the past as well as forward to the future; why not let us in on

the story? Also, be sure to read about the OCA's *'The Visio Project'* on page 35, where we plan to use a range of technologies to capture our proud heritage and, how YOU can get involved.

I am writing this in June. A thunderstorm is interrupting the satellite so there's no TV worth watching, which is an ideal time for me to sit before my PC and put pen to paper, so to speak. I have not actually seen any of the articles that follow, only a list of the titles, but that is more than sufficient to make me look forward with keen anticipation of receiving the actual magazine and finding a quiet corner so that I can read it from cover to cover, as I hope you will do - with great enjoyment.

I look forward to meeting as many of you as possible at our AGM/Reunion on October 15th at Noon.

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

**DEREK
MAURI**

Hello from 'Ed'



Hello, and welcome to our EXTRA 2005 *Old Croydonian* Magazine.

Whitham's *alternative version*, page 20, guaranteed to bring a smile to your face, although I can feel a spell of detention coming on for me at least, for daring to publish it!

We've been so over-whelmed with content, we felt we *had* to produce another before next April!

So, thank you from all of us for providing so much potential content. You'll be pleased to hear that we already have a mass of articles for next year and they just keep on arriving! It just shows what a fascinating history Selhurst has, with so many stories to tell.

"There's so much variety in this edition, it's difficult to know where to start..."

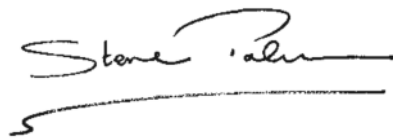
There's so much variety in this edition, that it's difficult to know where to start. We have Part 1 of a longer piece, spread over the next few editions covering John Gooding's life - he'll be 91 later this year and, like Ray Carter, in our previous edition, has led a fascinating life. Anne Johnson's exchange trip in a Dakota - page 11 - easily beats my school trip to the zoo when I was younger!

I must mention Norman Smail's article about the School Song - page 18 - fascinating stuff! Whilst on the subject of the School Song, be sure to read Keith

Finally, the Selhurst Archive takes us back to the Magazine of 1930 - page 33 - looking at the performance of the Third XV and The Harriers. You'll also find out what the Senior Debating Society was debating as well as the Prize Winners for that year.

Thanks again for all your submissions. It's always a great pleasure to create the magazine, and I hope you continue to enjoy the

stories, photographs and other Selhurst-related material.



Steve Palmer ('Ed')

1968-75, Gamma

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The 2005 Reunion - by the Quineys

Our thanks to Mike Quiney (1942-1945) and his wife, Marilyn (1945-1947) for writing this short piece about this year's reunion. A good turnout on the day considering the travel chaos that was still in evidence as a result of the London bombings. 85 accepted, 83 attended..



It was with eager anticipation that my wife and I, both former members of the Selhurst Schools, approached St George's Church Hall on the evening of July 8th. These were familiar surroundings for the pair of

us, and brought back vivid memories of the period during the war and soon after, when we had both lived in Shirley. In our day, the hall

functioned as a church with a large expanse of grass where the present church now stands.

As we entered the building, memories of Scout days, Youth Fellowship Dances and 'The Good Companions', our local drama group, came flooding back. However, we were soon brought back to the present on meeting many school friends, one of whom, I hadn't

seen for almost sixty years. Chatting with a group including Cliff, Norman, Derek, Maurice and Tony, I recalled the time in 1946 when several of them were in the Selhurst team that won the Surrey Schools Athletics Champion-

ships. Several too, were stalwarts of the O.C.'s Harriers in the years immediately following the war.

Unfortunately, there is never time to chat to all one's

old friends and we were soon seated at a table enjoying the beautifully prepared finger buffet served by our excellent catering sub-committee. Much hard work goes into the preparation of such functions, and we are especially grateful to Peter, Doreen and Pauline for all they do on our behalf.

During the meal, we had a few words from Derek Mauri, our Chairman, and



The 2005 Reunion - by the Quineys

stood for a minute's silence, as a tribute to the victims of the recent London bombings.

Bernard Woolnough spoke briefly on the subject of Public Liability Insurance and, later, members heard an interesting talk from Norman Smail about his long association with the building, in which we were meeting. He took us back to 1937 when Mr. Willis, then the local curate, persuaded the three Smail brothers to join the choir he was forming.

This was initially a ten boy choir of whom six were Selhurst boys. Norman's older brother, Stuart was appointed Head Chorister.

In conclusion, one can't help but notice, how the Association has been enriched by the amalgamation with past pupils of the Girls' school. As more lady members are located and encouraged to join, hopefully, the blend will improve further.

Mike Quiney

The time passed really quickly, and although we all missed the school venue, it was nice to be somewhere new. People seemed reluctant to leave and the last 'pupils' left at around 9.30. A quick tidy up and it was 'lights out' at 10.10
- Ed.



"I recently received the April edition of the Old Croydonian Magazine.....I felt I must write at once to congratulate all concerned on its production..."

R.A. Smith, President, OCA

Post Bag - Reverend Alan Thomas

Reverend Alan Thomas (1948-55, Beta) sent us a photograph of his appearance in the School play , Henry IV Part 1 in 1949



“...I enclose a copy of a photograph from the Selhurst Archives, where I play the part of Owen Glendower’s daughter - the one with the fancy head-dress!”

*Yours Sincerely,
Alan Thomas (Reverend)*

Selhurst had an excellent track record for Plays. In celebration, I’ve decided to add ‘School Plays’ to the OCA Website too! If anyone has any more photos of plays-gone-by, let me know., and we’ll do the same...
- Ed.

Post Bag - Eunice Clement (1939-1947)

This is the second part of Eunice Clement's (née Horsey) recollections of her school days. This time, we learn about coal in babies' prams, bombs in back gardens and the length of gym tunics...

My older brother, with several other boys, was billeted on the top floor of the Brunswick Hotel - I remember a party they put on for us, where I felt acutely aware of my lack of sophistication. Then came the Winter - frozen pipes and queues for water at standpipes on the corner. Coal had to be fetched from Portslade Power Station in the baby's pram! Just as things were getting better, the main excitement being a bomb landing in someone's back garden (we queued up at the gate and paid a penny to see the crater) we learned we had to go back home — the Germans were nearer to us on the coast than they would be at home.

Croydon airport, however, was a prime target, and Dad was enrolled as an Air Raid Warden, learning to use stirrup pumps to put out incendiary bombs and inspecting the neighbours' blackout arrangements. Some had dug holes for Anderson shelters in the back gardens, the rec' had already been dug up for allotments to grow patriotic vegetables and brick shelters were being put up in

the streets without gardens. Half the school went off to share another school building in Guildford, but we stayed and had the reward of seeing the playground under a blanket of pitch from a tar bomb.

Nothing worse than a shell cap bumping down the stairs (sounding horribly like the expected parachutist!) broken windows and collapsed ceilings happened to us, but we knew some of our classmates had been 'bombed-out' and could only imagine that high in the sky, dog-fights went on at night, searchlight fingers probed the sky and 'ack-ack' guns bumped through the small hours.

By now I had the coveted knee-socks with red, yellow and black rings on the turnover tops, the cream blouses, red, yellow and black school tie and even the little cloth gym-stripes we sewed on our tunics each year if Miss Fryer thought we were trying hard enough. (Her gym-tunic was even shorter than ours - Miss Lister insisted ours should be four inches from the ground when kneeling.) Under the tunic we had a cloth pocket hanging -

Post Bag - Eunice Clement (1939-1947)

reached through a 'placket', a word which had somewhat naughty connotations for the boys.

Once Matric was in sight - compulsory Maths and General Science but no Art if you were thought good enough at Latin to consider going on to do A Levels - homework increased to 2 hours a night. The rest of the school had come back from Guildford acting rather like a secret society - slang we didn't know and 'pushes' on the young teachers who had joined the school there. History and Music with Miss Pipe and Miss Wilson became whole new experiences even if I did go through one whole term writing 'manurial' instead of 'manorial' system and wondering what it all had to do with manure!

It's only in later life one realizes how much one owes teachers - and I now wish I had expressed those feelings to Miss Glover; Miss Pipe, Miss Wilson, Miss Goodall and Miss Bennett, all of whom helped me to love their subject. But at that time, my main concern was not to appear to be a swot although I

was, by nature, a 'good' girl. Teenage rebellion was about to break out and by the fourth year in 1942 my particular group of friends was split up into different forms to discourage our activities. I'll leave it there and maybe return - or perhaps someone else would like to take the story onto 1947 when our group finally left.

Eunice

A fascinating account of your school years Eunice! Anyone like to pick up the story from 1947?

- Ed.

Part One was in the April 2004 edition of the Magazine. If you would like to download this from the OCA web site go to and fill in the form... - Ed.

Post Bag - Hazel Brown (1935-1941)



Hazel talks of the perils of wearing stage make-up and good times spent working at Bletchley Park...



23rd. April, 2005

Dear Editor,

There was so much of interest to me in the April Old Croydonians Magazine that I hardly know where to begin!

Both my husband (Kenneth Brown) and I went to Selhurst, though as he was ten years my senior, not at the same time. Raymond Carter will remember him - a contemporary - especially as Raymond came to our house over a period as a patient. Ken also played rugby for the Old Croydonians until he was too old and then became a Referee! Ken, alas, died of a heart attack in 1989.

I was also delighted to have news of two of my former class mates: Poppy Gooday (nee Rosemary Warren) and Celia Butcher (nee Rockcliffe). Rosemary's account of being sent to Miss Lister for wearing red nail varnish reminded me of when I, too, was sent to her for having traces of STAGE MAKEUP on my face. When I explained to her that it was from playing a page in a Shakespeare production the night before I thought she would consider it "educational", but after telling me to "remove it at once" she seemed more concerned as to whether or not I had completed my homework!

My early interest in the theatre stayed with me all my life and I played in amateur productions at a theatre in the Barbican, then later at the Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon, then finally at our own theatre in Caterham, where we do a play a month for two weeks. I gave up when I was 70.

In 1939 I was evacuated to Hove with the school. We had a Girls Re-union in September 1994 and I was amazed to find that fair plaits had given way to grey hairs - of course I should have known.

For anyone "out there" who may remember me, I joined the WRNS in 1943 and found myself at Bletchley Park, working on traffic analysis of Japanese shipping. We lived at Woburn Abbey and were transported to Bletchley daily. I wonder if any other Selhurst girls were at B.P.?

The photo on page 47: back row, standing, extreme left, is Marjorie Matthews, who my friend Margaret Marshall (nee Shave) ^{SI} doted on; and fourth along from her is Joan Myfanwy Rees.

Other names don't spring to mind - they were very senior to us.

Yours sincerely,

(Hazel Brown (nee Sargent))

(1935 - 1940)

Post Bag - Roger Bing (1950-1957, Gamma)

Roger reflects on his transformation from stropky adolescent to a lover of the Bard in the capable hands of Reg Egford...

THE POST BAG item in the last issue recalling Reg Egford triggered a host of memories for me. It was Egford to whom I owe an enormous debt of gratitude for my love of English literature and, in particular, Shakespeare.

Until I reached the sixth form my interest in the Bard was erratic to say the least, mainly due to being a stropky adolescent, I feel. But in the special atmosphere of the sixth form classes, so much smaller and intimate, Egford managed to transform my appreciation. It was as if someone had swept aside a thick curtain. Suddenly Eng. Lit, and the Bard, became alive, lively, and rewarding.

It's his fault, then, that I went into journalism in a bid to earn a living while writing, which I more or less managed. And it's still his fault that, in retirement, I continue to strive to write The Novel. I bow to Reg's memory in grateful thanks.

School Song on CD

[The School Song] CD arrived today. Brought a tear to my eye. It was quite an occasion, as best as I can remember, when we recorded those pieces. The remastering has improved the quality no end. The original sounded as though we were singing in a hole. The recording apparatus was very primitive and the acoustics in the hall pretty awful. I was in the bass section and can be heard clearly, being the only one in tune ...

Thanks again. John Mack

*The School Song on CD is available via the web site
- Ed.*

Post Bag - June Parsons (1968-1975) and friends

June Parsons née Forrester - front, far left, sent us a photograph of her with her school chums...



Standing - Lorraine and Janet

Sitting left to right: June, Diane Howard, Linda Tipp, Jill Funnell, Lorraine, Sue Gunstone and Cheryl

Selhurst in the News...

Croydon Advertiser - July 2005

Three Croydon schools are the latest in the Borough to be awarded 'specialist status'. Selhurst High School for Boys, together with Thomas More and Shirley High School found that their bid had been successful.

The Head Teacher, Joan Pickering said *"We're really delighted, it's the jewel in the crown for us. - it's a tribute to all the hard work of the staff and pupils and the support of the parents"*

Read more about 'specialist status' here

<http://www.specialistschools.org.uk/article.aspa?Pageid=517>

- Ed.

Post Bag - Anne Johnson's Exchange Trip in a Dakota!



In the Spring of 1961 (Monday 27th March to be exact) a party of girls from the Fifth Form of Selhurst Grammar School, together with their teachers, went on an "exchange visit" to France for three weeks with the idea, no doubt, that it would assist us in passing our GCE 'O' level examination that summer. Miss Lamont, our French teacher, accompanied us on our trip, first to Lydd Airport and then on to Cherbourg where we were to meet our French families and go to their homes with them.

As we all snaked our way across the tarmac at the bleak Kentish Airport, it

was blowing a gale and one of the group of engineers on the ground laughingly called out : "rather you than me - it's going to be really choppy up there !" I will never know whether it was this comment or a bad case of nerves that made my fellow passenger violently sick into a bag on take off. We had been told that we were going to fly in a "4 engine" Dakota, but apparently they only have two ! I was thinking to myself, "well, if one engine packs up, at least we have another, I hope". We climbed a steep incline inside to reach our seats which seemed to me rather like going upstairs in the cinema; this was



Anne Johnson's Exchange Trip



quite a novelty and rather quaint when you consider our modern aircraft and supersonic flight. Fortunately none of us were asked to go to the front of the plane and crank up the engine for take-off.

Take off we did, very noisily and, to our surprise, after an hour and a half airborne, on landing at Maupertus Airport, situated on a remote air strip in La Manche, France, we were met by the Press who took photographs. In the local paper sometime later,

we were described as “Les Jeunes Anglaises” and we had apparently caused quite a stir in the local Villages. No doubt the locals were rather bemused when we took to meeting in the local square in Cherbourg by the War Memorial and did not stop talking in our native tongue.

I was billeted with Francette Hamelin and her family in Cosqueville, a small hamlet outside Cherbourg. Francette's father was the Maire (the local Mayor) and also the

Anne Johnson's Exchange Trip

teacher in the tiny school where no doubt local children, together with the Mayor's own family were educated. On arrival Madame Hamelin had obviously gone to some pains to cook "something covered by yellow sauce" in scallop shells. I politely refused Madame's offer to partake of the dish and I remember later on that evening being highly embarrassed when I realised that the special welcome dinner must have been snails. Ugh. I still shudder at the thought. Snails and their shell-less counterparts, the slug, are best left in the garden for frogs to feast upon, n'est-ce pas ? !

After a week or so in Cosqueville, Francette had to return to School in Cherbourg where I was to go with her. We packed up and moved to Cherbourg to stay at Francette's Grandmother's home in the centre of the town (not far from the Square). I remember the first night in my attic room after a dinner round the table with all the family lasting 3-4 hours. I had been offered a glass of red wine, watered down,

but chose the bottle of white which I had been used to at home in minuscule amounts. I suppose I must have drunk it like water and consequently in my inebriated state, I endeavoured to negotiate the steep stairs to the attic, giggling like the school girl I was. I slept like a log.

I was however soon brought back down to earth the next day when I was told I had to get ready for School. Imagine my abject horror being at the maths class where only French was spoken for a whole hour and a half. At the best of times, I hardly understood maths in English.

One week-end the family visited us and there was great excitement as all of us were going by Monsieur's old Citroen car to Caen. Five of us squashed into this ancient vehicle, still highly prized by the French farmers and we raced along the old Roman roads towards the coast. Cars were turning out in front of us from side roads as they seemed to have right of way. I did not know at the time, but we were to visit the

Anne Johnson's Exchange Trip

War Graves by the famous beaches of the Second World War; Sword, Omaha, etc. It made quite a lasting impression on me - reading all the hundreds of names on the memorials. I wrote to my father, (who attended Selhurst Boys School), telling him of my trip, saying that the Cemetery was beautiful. He promptly corrected me, saying that no cemetery was ever beautiful. I meant that the graves and the surrounding area was beautifully kept by the French people, which it was.

Finally it came to say our good-byes and return to England. We had made some



friends, experienced another culture and spoken French, which we would never have done at home. Did I pass my 'O' level examination that summer? Yes, and I am sure that the trip to Cherbourg helped me achieve this.

Back Row, left to right - Jennifer Williams, Margaret Allard, Shirley Weightman, Carolyn Mears, Brenda Hurst, (Helen Codling?), Marilyn Etheridge, Jane Seymour, Linda Vincent, Sandra Payne & above her Gloria Hansford
Next Row - Susan Hayler, Betty Lynn, Kathleen Gallin, Carole Bond, (Jennifer Berry?), Linda McCarthy, Rosemary Carr, Kathleen Thurley, Gillian Davis
Next Row - Sarah Bradley, Anita Patterson, (Mrs. Potter, Form and Science teacher), Lesley Robinson, Margaret Weedon, Fiona Mantle
Front Row - Pamela Sutton, Marion Henocq, Beryl Anne Johnson and Patricia Saunders

Post Bag - Daphne Clarke (1936-1941)

Daphne wrote to us, supporting the cause for a Memorial in the Girl's School to recognise the vital role of women in the 1939-1945 War



Dear Peter,

Thank you for your letter regarding the War Memorial to Girls of Selhurst Grammar School. Having served in the ATS from 1943 to 1947, I am, of course, wholly in favour of the proposed project and will be pleased to subscribe to it if it is accepted.

...I am a member of the Croydon Branch of the Normandy Veterans' Association and last October, I was privileged to attend a memorial service with all other branches in St Paul's cathedral followed by a lunch reception at the Guildhall.

Several of my old school friends saw service in the Forces, and I will ensure that those with whom I'm still in touch know about the Selhurst proposal. It has been an uphill task getting official recognition of the part women played in wartime, not only in the forces but in every conceivable aspect of civilian life. This Summer, the Queen will attend the unveiling of a memorial in Whitehall to the Women of World War II.

I am glad that our role may be recorded by the school that did so much to prepare us for the years ahead and in a way reaches out to the pupils of today and the future.

*Yours sincerely,
Daphne Clarke.*

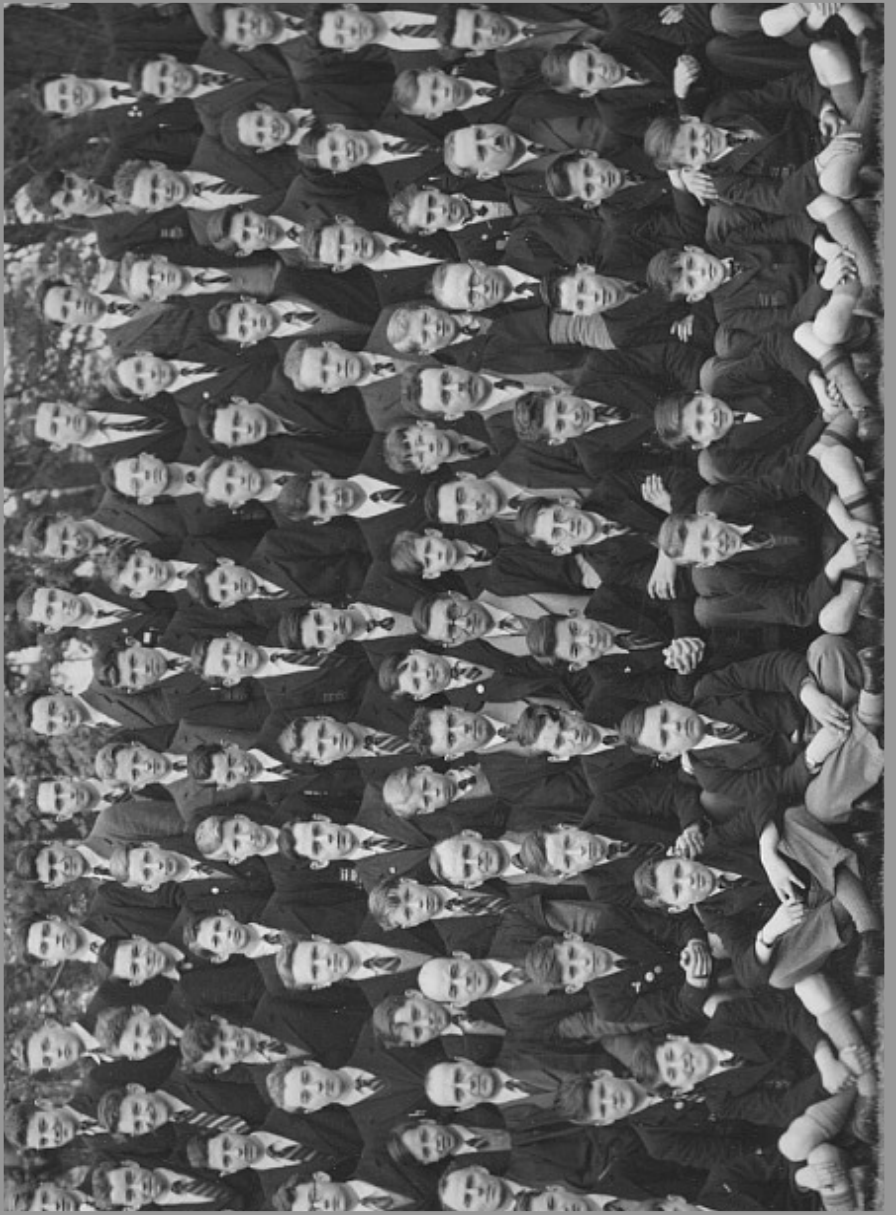


L to R: Olga Ketley; Evelyn Lintott; (née Martin); Christine Campbell; Marian Rouse (known as "Mouse")



Post Bag - Keith Whitham (1946-1952, Alpha)

*Keith has sent us part of the school photograph from around 1951.
Recognise anyone...?*



Page 47
April
2005



Terry Legg (1936-1941) spotted that the girl in the front row on the right is his sister, Bunty Lewis (née Eileen 'Bunty' Legg)



Page 44
April
2005

Mike Farrant (1943-1948) responded to our challenge of identifying faces in the ACF photograph

..you ask for details re: an ACF Photo. I have a copy of this and on the reverse it says "A Coy. 1st Cdt. Bn. "The Queen's" back from Easter Camp at Merstham, 16 April 1948. The photo was taken on the sports field adjacent to the school, normally used by the girls. I can identify the following L to R Back row John Hamer (3rd) ? Naylor (4th), myself (5th), Alec Ibbott (8th), Midd row, Malcolm McDonnell (1st) & F. row Maurice Thomas (6th)

The School Song - Norman Smail (1936-1939)



Norman Smail provides us with an interesting background to the creation of the Boys' School Song...

The impressive rendering of the Boys' School Song at the Centenary Lunch (Yes, impressive, considering that some of us had not sung it for 65 years or more!) has prompted me to write something about the song itself for the benefit of those, perhaps some among the ladies, who may not know very much about its provenance.

The author of the words was Dr J A Wright, who taught Latin at Selhurst in the 1920s and 1930s. He retired in 1936, the year I started, so I never met him; but I remember my brother Stuart, who had started in 1935, telling me about Dr Wright and the School Song. Its origin between the wars is shown by the line in the last verse *Mortem et qui vulnera, pugnantes pro Patria* (Who died, and who were wounded, fighting for their country), referring to OC casualties in the 1914-18 war.

In the first verse, and in the chorus, the various references to 'happy and smiling woodland' (*saltus arridebat, silva felix*), like the word Selhurst itself, tell of the large wooded areas that surrounded the site of the school in earlier times - Thorn-ton Heath and the Great North Wood (Norwood).

Subsequent verses liken our *alma mater* to a beloved foster-mother (*cara nutrix*), for whom nothing is too hard when caring for her charges, and urge us to remember always the debt we owe her.

The music was composed by Mr C W Scott, himself an Old Croydonian, who taught music and English subjects from the 1920s to the 1950s - a Selhurst master for at least 30 years!

The head of music in the 1930s was Mr F E Holmes, who also taught French, and it was he who taught many of us the School Song, but OCs of that time will remember that it was Mr Scott ('Crank')

The School Song - Norman Smail

who often played the school organ at Morning Assembly, particularly when Mr Holmes was conducting.

Some will remember, too, Mr Holmes and his glamorous wife at the track side on Sports Day 1939 with their baby in a pram. The baby grew up to be the distinguished violinist Ralph Holmes. I heard him play several times in the 70s at the Queen Elizabeth Hall.

I paid a visit to the school some years after having left at the outbreak of war in 1939, and ventured to look into the staff room, which by then had moved into Mr Swift's old woodwork room at the end of the senior corridor. I was met by 'Crank', who, without a moment's hesitation, greeted me by name!

I believe he was a church organist, but I have never known where. His setting of Dr Wright's words, which are cast in the 'verse and chorus' mould, follows a simple binary form, the return to the home key being the vehicle for the chorus.

A boring critic might say that it is academically correct rather than inspired music, but there is some very satisfying part writing in the harmony, like the contrary motion in the first line; and the triad notes that begin the chorus (*lo Selhurst*. etc.) would demand a fanfare of brass in any orchestration.

The descant, an embellishment for the last verse, had to be entrusted to 1st and 2nd formers who had retained their treble voices. I assume it was composed by C W Scott, but have no evidence for that.

I have never known why he was given the nickname 'Crank', or by whom. Was it a survival from his own schooldays at Selhurst?

Perhaps some reader might be able to throw some light on this...

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

An alternative version of the Boys' School Song



Keith Whitham (1946-1952) sends us an amusing alternative version of the Boys' School Song. More Latin homework for Keith, I think...! - Ed

THE SCHOOL SONG ("IO SELHURST!")

Trans: Keef

Felix ubi nemorum
saltus arridebat

. Felix is the name of the cat's husband
Salt makes me thirsty.

Schola nostra condita, genio sit praedita,

The School mafia rules that we should sit in
friendly fashion with predatory girls...

Tum qui praesidebat, tum qui praesidebat.

but I am ruled by my stomach.

Io Selhurst, silva felix,

Hail Selhurst, grey cat.

Io Selhurst,
cara nutrix

Hail Selhurst
would you care for some drinking chocolate?

Viget
Vigeat
vigebit

He ate a wig
A wig and a hat
He bit your wig.

Cara nutrix,

Would you care for some drinking chocolate?

ardui nihil,

It is no trouble;

te uivante

or is it tea you want?

Nobis nec molestia
ulla sint proposita,

Nobby's neck is infested with moles
Ulla has propositioned him

Te auxiliante, te auxiliante

but you will have to take his place. Twice.

Cum praetextis positis lucta excercemur,

With strong excuses, we are reluctant to do Gym..

Almae Matri debita quae ab illa habita

Our Mum has run up debts where Illa lives.

Semper recordemur, semper recordemur.

This recording goes on for ever.
And ever.

Laus sit senioribus

Grandfather has a poor sitting position..

qui et adspexerunt
Mortem,

Who has had (stolen) his spectacles? Eh? Runt!
I'll kill'em

et qui vulnera,
pugnantes pro Patria

And if anyone tries to hurt me,
my Dad is a professional boxer!

Laeti acceperunt, laeti acceperunt

Do have a cup of Latti?

THE SCHOOL SONG

J. A. WRIGHT

C. W. SCOTT

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

1. Felix ubi nemorum saltus arridebat,
Schola nostra condita, genio sit praedita,
Tum qui praesidebat
Io Selhurst, silva felix,
Io Selhurst, cara nutrix,
Viget, vigeat, vigebit
2. Cara nutrix, ardui nihil, te iuvante,
Nobis nec molestia ulla sint proposita,
Te auxiliante.
3. Cum praetextis positus lucta exercemur,
Almae matri debita quae ab illa habita,
Semper recordemur.
4. Laus sit senioribus qui et adspexerunt
Mortem, et qui vulnere, pugnantes pro patria,
Laeti acceperunt.

John Gooding reflects...



I visited John at his home on 14th June 2005 and spent a very interesting time hearing about John's life. John was at the school from 1925-1933. (Ed)



I was born in Bishopsgate, quite close to the Liverpool St Station, just after the beginning of the First World War.

War Office and father had gone away to the War.

I've no real recollection of that neighbourhood, my first fleeting recollection is of Addiscombe and in particular, Wydehurst Rd, where in 1916, I know we were living, recognising photos.

I often got taken to see my Grandparents, my Grandfather Ashby in Plymouth and my Grandfather Gooding in Snodland, in the Medway Valley.

Let me say something about 1916/1917; the skies darkened and life was difficult and I was looked after by an old lady, whom I called 'Nanny', Mrs Davies, born around 1850. Mother was working at the

I was always worried about everything and I would say "when's Mummy coming home?" And Nanny would say "go and look at the hands of the clock – tell me where the hands of the clock are"...and she used to say two things that were of interest "you're the pleg of me life" – pleg means plague. The other thing was "If you don't behave yourself, I shall send you to Botany Bay..." – Now, how many, I wonder, would know the significance of that..? When Nanny's parents were young, they were actually transporting people to Botany Bay!..and now it costs a fortune to go there!

The scene moves on from there to my Grandfather's place in Snodland, I'm talking here about the middle of 1918, which was a terrible time in this country. I didn't know much about the War of course, but I do have recollections about waiting for my Mother then, who was teaching in Halling School, in the next village. So there I was waiting for Mother to come home and Grandmother who would look after me would say "questions, questions, questions, quizzzy, quizzzy quizzzy!" Halling and Snodland are the clues to my ancestry, as Mother's relatives had a business in Halling.

Towards the end of the War and as the evenings darkened, my grandfather would bring oil lamps into the large dining room with the long table, father's sisters and probably my Mother and her sister were working round the table, and later on there was excitement and we all went next door for a little celebration - it was November 11th 1918 and everybody

was eating and they said 'John what will you have', and I didn't want anything. I don't remember much after this, but I got told by my Aunt that much later on when my Father appeared I said "Who's that man??"

In 1919, I began to know the people in Wydehurst Rd. and got to know the young people there. The road wasn't made up in those days, for example Tenterden Rd wasn't built (that's the road that connects Pagehurst Rd with Wydehurst) and the end of Teevan Rd by the bridge there, by Blackhorse Lane, wasn't built – you could walk over rough ground to the railway. The Milkman used to come – we used to call him Mr Welford. He would push a trolley and draw a small amount of milk into a large churn. He would come to the door and my Mother would come with a jug. He would scoop the milk into the jug. The green-grocer would come in his cart and, if you asked nicely, he'd give you a ride, sitting

John Gooding reflects...

up by the driver and take you to the top of the road. Boys called to offer horse manure for sale at modest prices.

I got to know a nice boy living in the small adjoining road, Sissinghurst Rd. His mother gave birth to a daughter, just before my younger brother was born. He was called Lenny Andrews whom I knew for the next ten years. I used to visit his family well after the time I moved to South Norwood (October 1921). I used to lug my Hornby trains all the way to his – Childrens' heaven!!! We would play cards in the evening. His father would accompany me to the bus stop at the end of Blackhorse Lane and I would pay a penny fare to the top end of Portland Rd. He was a nice man and at a party in 1926, at this house, there were two girls called Bolton, Joyce and Renee (they both later married Selhurst Boys). One died early and the other may still be living in Addiscombe.

Come Autumn 1919, it was time to go to school. I went across the railway bridge to Morland Rd school, the same place as Ray Carter did. The first form was run by Miss Hoggatt and it opened out onto the playground, had a massive great fire with a safety guard around it. Children would bring something to drink in old medicine bottles, set to warm for break time and there we learned the alphabet and songs like 'I have 10 little fingers'.

In the next form – Miss Robert's form. There was Bill Dodds, who also went to Selhurst and who wrote to me from Bridport in 1981, shortly before he died. I remember Miss Roberts for working on design stuff like plasticine and one of the tricks she did was to make a disc and cut it in half and say these are 'halves, and then she did quarters. Then she cut one into an irregular shape and that I thought, that's my first introduction to fractions.

If I go into Miss Martin's class, who did I meet there but Leslie Abel, Arthur Beasley as well as Bill Dodds and his twin brother. It's funny how the talk always got around to religion! People talked about their souls and that worried Miss Martin. This all came to an end because my Father, who lost his job in Croydon and we had to move in 1921. We moved all the way up to the top end of Portland Rd in South Norwood. On the day I had to walk with a young woman from Wydehurst Rd past the Free Shrouded Convent which later became Ashburton Park. My father took over a jeweller's shop and he did repairs – it was always a struggle to keep going but in fact it DID work. Just before we moved my Father became ill and went to hospital – London Hospital, not too far from Fenchurch St. and it was while waiting with mother for the train at Woodside that she started to talk about education. She said "I'd like you to go to Selhurst Grammar School when you're older". Later on of course,

there was an alternative – Whitgift. It was wrong to put Whitgift with Selhurst – I never had a chance with Whitgift – **BUT I MADE SELHURST - THAT WAS THE GREAT POINT!**

Read Part Two of John's story next April, where we'll hear about his school friends, his favourite (and least favourite) subjects and the perils of short trousers!
- Ed.



New Members Update - Isabel MacLeod

Surname	First Name	Title	Née	Start	Finish
Beasley	Reginald	Dr		1938	1944
Damiral	Hazel	Mrs	Dennis	1957	1963
Golding	Colin	Mr		1959	1967
Gudge	Carolyn	Ms		1966	1973
Hanna	Pauline	Mrs	Jones	1947	1955
Herbertson	Ian	Mr		1965	1972
Hitch	Susan	Mrs	Rogers-Smith	1941-1947	
Jones	Valerie	Miss		1942 - 1949	
Kindon	Geoffrey	Mr		1943 - 1950	
Maydwell	John	Mr		1943 -1950	
Pipe	Hilda May	Miss		1942 -1949	
Simmons	Frederick	Mr		1957-1963	
Simmons	Michael	Mr		1941- 1947	
Sinfield	Mavis	Mrs	Brown	1953 - 1955	
Sprouse	Ronald	Mr		1943 - 1948	
Stevens	Beryl	Mrs	Robarts	1944 - 1948	
Worsley	Leonard	Mr		1939 - 1944	

**Total number of
Members
is now
577**

For reasons of privacy, we have not disclosed new members' addresses. If you would like to make contact with anyone in the above list, please contact Isabel Macleod, the Membership Secretary - Ed.

Isabel

Information correct as at end July 2005

Obituary for Derek Wild from Roger Bing (1949-1957, Gamma)

THE DEATH has been reported of Derek Wild, in Laguna, Philippines, at the age of 68. He was at Selhurst Grammar School for Boys from (and these are approximate dates) 1947 to 1953, after which he joined the *Croydon Advertiser*.

He began as a readers' copyholder, but was later to switch, very successfully, to the editorial side, working on the sports section, and becoming very well known in the area for his reporting work, and through a Sports Gossip column he produced. He covered all the leading local amateur teams, and occasionally Crystal Palace as well. He was also a more than useful amateur footballer.

He left Croydon to work for various publications in Fleet Street, including the *Daily Telegraph*, before going abroad to work for the *Straits Times* in Singapore. For a while he covered large areas of South-East Asia, specialising in particular in golf, and also reported on occasions on major sporting events for the BBC World Service.

Derek returned to live in England, where he worked for various publications, magazines as well as newspapers, on a freelance basis. During this time he played a lot of golf, and was a member of Purley Downs Golf Club.

He underwent major heart surgery, and later moved out East again, this time to live in the Philippines. One of his last contacts with the home country occurred just a couple of weeks before his death, when he had a long telephone conversation with another Old Croydonian, Roger Bing, who worked with Derek at the *Advertiser*, and shared his passion for football (though more watching than playing) and jazz. By then Derek had retired, and was living, on his own admission, a lazy life beside the swimming pool.

Derek, who was married three times, died in January of a heart attack. He left a son and a daughter.

CROYDON ADVERTISER SPORTS DESK c1960



John Matthews, Derek Wild, John Hulls and Dave McClelland



Obituary for Charles Oakley by Julian Hornby (1957-1964)

Julian offers an affectionate reflection on the life of Charles W Oakley who taught him in the 1960s...



was sorry to hear of the death of Charles W Oakley MA (Cantab) who taught me O and A level German in the 1960s.

With his silver hair and moustache, military bearing, polka dot silk handkerchief, hunter timepiece and always well-polished field-boots, he was a school character who came to school by bicycle. He acquired the nickname, 'Shag' because of the pipe tobacco he smoked.

He was an accomplished linguist who liked to share his love of the German language, literature and culture with his pupils, helping them to improve their pronunciation with his tape recorder, encouraging exchange visits and taking school parties to Austria.

In addition to German studies, he also coached the school cricket team and took an active role in the staff plays. To his pupils, he gave the impression of being a confirmed bachelor, so you can imagine my very pleasant surprise when I learnt from one of my luncheon companions at the centenary lunch that he had married a German lady and had moved to Travemünde near Lubeck In Germany.

I remember in one of the staff plays (a George Bernard Shaw one), Mr Oakley played the part of a well-trusted waiter and had the final line; "You can never tell...", words that may be an apt epitaph for him.

J. J. Hornby

*Obituary for Barry Mark Withecombe (1961-1968) by
Ann R Noble née Withecombe (1951-1958)*

My Brother Barry died peacefully in his sleep in the early hours of April 2nd, 2004. He was just 54 years old and his death, from a heart attack, came without warning. He leaves his wife Cheryl and two teenage boys, Willum and Luke, who live on the border of Beckenham & Bromley, besides myself and brother Ross. Barry, Ross and I were all Old Croydonians.

On May 15th, 2004, a Thanksgiving Service for his life and work was held at Eltham College, where he had been a Maths Master, (also cricket manager and Tuck shop manager) for 29 years. The College chapel was full to capacity, ex-pupils coming from as far away as Brussels and Japan to attend. It was a most moving occasion, full of affection and a sense of loss, but leavened by humorous memories too.

In spite of the shock of his father's sudden death, his son Willum, aged eighteen-and-a-half, went ahead as planned and ran the London Marathon 2004 in four-and-a-half-hours. Some readers may also have heard his younger son, Luke, play at local concerts. Barry found true vocational fulfilment as a teacher and was a great credit to Selhurst Grammar School.

Ann Noble, (née Withecombe)

Obituary written by T E Savage for John Herbert Evernden MBE

Our thanks to Colin Marsh for obtaining permission from the Institute of Career Guidance web - site - www.icg-uk to republish this obituary. Colin first met John at a Careers Conference around 1974. Colin recalls John's praise for Ackland, the head and of Doug Honer for the support they gave the Careers Service...

John Evernden, Fellow, Treasurer for many years and former President died on 28 January 2005 in his 95th year. The whole of his working life was spent in the careers service, (in its various changes of name), initially in North London, but mostly in Croydon, whose Juvenile Employment Office he joined in 1936. He retired as its Principal Careers Officer in 1975 having served without a break, apart from war service in the Royal Air Force spent mainly in the Middle East, where, as Station Adjutant, Flight Lieutenant Evernden, he had the harrowing responsibility of writing letters of condolence to the next-of-kin of aircrew killed on active service.

Professionally, he was undoubtedly one of the leading Careers Officers of his time, indeed in many ways, ahead of his time, for he espoused ideas and practices, which today many will take for granted. For example, in the days when many Heads needed persuading of the importance in a school of having a Careers Department headed by a senior teacher with good facilities and adequate time to do the job, John fully appreciated the wisdom of this. He appreciated that only thus could a true partnership develop, each with his own particular expertise to contribute. He strongly believed that the Careers Officer should be entirely flexible, prepared to serve school as required. He also took on board that academically able pupils needed just as much guidance as everybody else, if not more, and at a more demanding level, for the simple reason that the options available to them could well be greater.

It is not surprising that John was much in demand well beyond Croydon. Apart from appearances on BBC radio and television, he participated fully as lecturer and tutor on training courses, around the country for both Careers Offices and Careers Teachers. However, he never lost sight of his prime responsibilities, the local schools. He was in his element alongside pupils and teachers, frequently working a 3-session day, well beyond the call of duty and rarely refusing an invitation to attend school functions.

Sadly, his wife died soon after he retired, but much helped by his former colleagues he lived a full and happy retirement and leaves a daughter and two grandchildren.

Katie Melua - Young and talented



Used with permission

Katie Melua was born in 1984, and rose to stardom in 2003 with her hit song, 'The Closest Thing to Crazy'. She was born in the then Soviet republic of Georgia, and moved to Belfast when she was nine. After GCSEs, she studied at the BRIT school of Performing Arts where she was talent spotted by Mike Batt (of The Wombles fame). Her debut album 'Call off the Search' went to number 1 in the charts last year.

She insists that she would still be happy if she stopped singing, provided she still worked with

music in some way.

Katie led the VE Celebrations in May and lives in Redhill with her Mum and Dad.

Katie's latest musical offering is a double DVD, where Disc 1 was recorded live at Fairfield Halls, Croydon on 18th March last year. Tracks include:

Faraway Voice	Lilac Wine
Call Off The Search	Love Cats
Crawling Up A Hill	Joan Of Arc & Jack The Lad
Blame It On The Moon	Mockingbird Song
Spider's Web	I Think It's Going To Rain Today
Thank You, Stars	Tiger In The Night
My Aphrodisiac Is You	The Shirt Of A Ghost
Learnin' The Blues	The Closest Thing To Crazy
Belfast (Penguins & Cats)	I Put A Spell On You
Downstairs To The Sun	Anniversary Song

Katie's latest Album
'Piece by Piece'
(Dramatico Entertainment)
out on 26 Septmeber

Katie recently became a
British citizen by swearing
an oath of allegiance to
the Queen.

You can hear samples of these songs on Katie's web site
<http://www.KatieMelua.com>

Additions, Errors, Amplifications & Omissions

We've added this section to the Magazine to acknowledge members' comments from previous Magazines...

Ann Noble née Withecombe, (1951-1958) noticed that we'd missed including the Obituary for her younger Brother, Barry. We're delighted to correct this oversight, and you can see Ann's Obituary to Barry on Page 29.

Brian Young spotted a possible glitch in the names of staff on the Holland trip in 1962 (Pages 19/20, April edition). Brian suggests it was Bryn Tucker not John Tasker. Brian took part in the staff trip the following year with Bryn Tucker, John Hyde and Ken Holder..

Brian also spotted that the Master in the top row, (Staff 1958) fourth from left, is not 'Stanswood', but he's not sure who it is. Iain Gordon, (1957-1962, Alpha), suggested that the Teacher's name is 'Benson' who taught Art..



?

Who is the Master?
Let us know
- Ed.

Our thanks to John Gooding who has provided us with a selection of Croydonian Magazines from the 1930s...



Turning Back the Clock to 1930

3rd XV.

It is unfortunate that the 3rd XV have so few games against other schools because we depend a great deal upon the team for occasional players in the 2nd XV. To date the 3rd XV have had a very successful season winning four of their six games.

Again their scores have been cricket scores winning by 63, 61, 43 and 23.

They do not have the opposition which they should have, and often the games are very one-sided. However as a team their combination is good and we have many players of much promise for next season.

HARRIERS' NOTES.

Since the last issue of the Magazine the Harriers have had quite a successful season. Out of 8 runs they have won 3. Whereas the wins have been by a great margin, the losses have not been by more than four or five points. The success cannot be attributed to any one person but to the very excellent packing of the whole team.

In the Junior School the only forms showing much enthusiasm are perhaps the first Forms and sometimes the seconds.

A fixture has been arranged for the Junior Harriers against Whitgift Middle School.

The following is a summary of the results of the School Runs.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Result.</i>	<i>Points for.</i>	<i>Points Against.</i>
Old Croydonians, October 19th	Lost	77	59
Westminster Bank Harriers, November 9th ..	Lost	41	37
Ranelagh Harriers, November 23rd.	Won	27	61
South London Harriers, December 7th	Lost	30	25
Emanuel School, December 14th	Won	29	49
Emanuel School, December 18th	Lost	41	37
South London Harriers, January 18th	Won	21	34
Blackheath Harriers, Feb. 1st	Lost	32	23

Turning Back the Clock to 1930



Prize Winners...

CHIEF PRIZE-WINNERS.

The chief prizewinners were as follows :—

Special Prizes—General Progress : R. G. Hunt, E. O. Towers, E. H. Usher, C. Searle, S. M. Algar, A. T. G. Ford.

Handicrafts.—J. Wellings, G. L. Bedford, R. Craven.

Drawing.—V. P. Elliott, C. W. Hopkins.

Nature Study.—F. W. Forbes, J. P. Harrison.

Physics.—H. J. R. Way, B. Weeks.

Chemistry.—J. S. Gill, C. French.

Accounting (presented by W. D. Rathbone, Esq.).—G. W. Totman.

Applied Mathematics.—L. J. Cramp.

Pure Mathematics.—L. J. Cramp, K. A. Short.

Geography.—D. Griffiths, E. F. Springett.

History.—K. A. Short, W. G. Tiller.

Economics.—G. W. Totman.

German.—R. G. Avery.

Spanish.—F. Woolford, W. G. Chester.

French.—C. A. New, F. Torlot.

Latin.—F. L. Culver, K. A. Short.

English (presented by A. T. Law, Esq., M.A., LL.B.).—G. S. H. Fry, L. N. Shorter.

Old Boys' Prizes.—C. E. Johnson, W. V. Hill

Headmaster's Prize.—W. Humphrey.

Middleton Memorial Prizes.—E. F. Springett, R. G. Avery.

The "Corry" Shield and School Silver Medal for the best Academic success of the year.—H. J. R. Way (Higher School Examination and Inter. B.Sc.).

The "Peet" Cup for the best record of School work during the year.—Beta House.

SPORTS AWARDS.

The "Wood Roberts" Cup for Field Events.—Gamma House.

Gymnastic Cup for Seniors.—Form IVa.

Gymnastic Cup for Juniors.—Form IIa.

House Challenge Shields.—Rugby: Alpha House. Cricket: Beta House. Swimming: Alpha House. Running: Delta House. "Rawlings" Shield for General Athletics: Delta House.

The Senior Debating Society....

Senior Debating Society.

Subjects placed before the House since the last report :—

"That as long as nations are not prepared to sacrifice their claims to prestige, world power and the highest standard of life for their nationals, no real progress can be made towards the elimination of war."

"That tipping is a pernicious and corrupting system and should be abolished."

"That this House is in favour of the abolition of Capital Punishment."

"That modern chivalry falls lamentably short of the standard set in the Middle Ages."

"That this House, while approving of temperance in all things, regards teetotallers as fanatics."

"That the cinema with its utterly false views on life has a bad influence on young and old."



Hello again! There's plenty planned for the OCA Web site over the next few years. You'll remember that in the last edition of the

magazine, we were looking to find a way of creating an archive of the official school photographs. Well, with the aid of modern technology, we've solved the problem, with help from *Emma Nicholass* and her team at Keishy-Colour in London. Emma works with digital photographs on a daily basis and her office has all the right technology to scan these very large photographs. She has offered to scan all the school photographs we can supply her with at *no charge*. Generosity indeed! The only charge will be if an ex-pupil would like a copy of a particular school year.

So, the OCA Committee is pleased to announce the launching of 'The Visio Project', a project to collate and scan as many of the official school photographs from the Boys' and Girls' Schools as we can acquire. We have a superb opportunity here to create the largest digital archive of school photographs anywhere in the UK (as far as I can tell) and we need your help. This is how: If you (or anyone you know) has a school photograph that is gathering dust somewhere, please get in touch with ANY COMMIT-

"We're launching The Visio Project . Our aim is to collate the largest, most comprehensive collection of official school photographs from both schools. - We need your help!"

TEE MEMBER. We only need to *borrow them* to scan. I intend to make monthly visits to Emma's studio where I will drop off the photographs for scanning. We will pick them up a week or two later and return them to you. At this stage, it's only the '*long, official*' photographs we're working with. We've already got off to a great start and Emma has the following school years already digitised:-

Boys' Grammar School	1951
Boys' Grammar School	1970
Girls' Grammar School	1965
Girls' Grammar School	1967
Girls' Grammar School	1971

The final stage is to reproduce them on the OCA web site for you to view (and place an order if you wish).

With your help, I'm really looking forward to making the web-site the best possible tribute to past Selhurst pupils.

The Selhurst Archives - We need your items...



Following my request for archive material in the April Magazine, I am pleased to report that this has prompted several of our members to donate their treasured items to us. I am not an archivist, but I do know that documents need to be stored at the correct temperature and humidity. The Selhurst Archive at Croydon Library is already very good, but our donations could make it even better. Archivist Chris Bennett is willing to accept our items to augment the existing collection.

My proposal, with which the Committee agrees, is that any material donated to the Old Croydonians should be offered to Croydon Local Studies Library archive. If an individual wishes to reserve the right to withdraw an item, at a future date, it would need to be discussed at the time of the initial lodgement. By pursuing this method, our items will be stored in the correct conditions and will also be available to anyone who wishes to view them. Obviously, there will be duplications and each donation will need to be dealt with accordingly.

It is my intention, therefore, to consult the archivist with the first batch of donated items in the early part of 2006. Thereafter I would hope to do this on a regular basis – perhaps twice yearly.

On a separate matter, committee member, Peter Francis (1937-1940) has made a generous offer to rejuvenate treasured magazines and booklets by removing rusty staples and stitching them together. It is a skill Peter first learnt at school, has perfected over many years and that he enjoys doing.

Isabel

In the next issue...

Next issue will be published in April 2006

We already have many, many articles ready for the 2006 edition. Please accept our apologies if you've sent in anything recently and it hasn't yet appeared! We are overwhelmed with your stories, photographs and memorabilia.

In the next issue...

- Part 2 of **John Gooding's** story
- ***The interview with Eric Austin***
- **More photographs** from ex-pupils
- ***Update: 'The Visio Project'***
- More materials from the Croydonian Archives
- ..and of course, your stories, anecdotes and recollections...

DEADLINE FOR YOUR
ARTICLES
IS
February 28th 2006

Articles for submission:-

Please send them to the Editor, or any Committee member. If you are sending *photographs*, please put your name and address on the back so we can return them. If you use a PC and want to email articles, this is the *preferred* method. Otherwise, please send typed copies in the post or use your *clearest* handwriting.
Thanks - Ed.

Last Words... 'Ode to Growing Old' by Anne Johnson, Class of '61 (VY)

The moon is my silver
The sun is my gold
No use for trinkets
Now that I grow old

I sit and remember
The days of my youth
No need then for glasses
I'm telling the truth!

Now I can't read
without specs on my nose
Never can find them...
Ahh, they're down by my toes!

There they must stay
My back's given up
Oh dear, never mind,
I'll just make a cup

Not for me, the trips
with the Pensioners frail
Keep the coach trips 'til later
When I'm slow as a snail

What to look forward to
I wonder and worry?
No train now to rush for
I am not in a hurry...

Thank you...!

I would like to thank everyone who helped to make the latest magazine possible. Without their dedication and determination, the magazine would have never made it through your letter box.

My thanks to everyone who contributed an article!

The OCA Committee for their eagle eyes

Anne Johnson - For final proof-reading.

Peter & Doreen Juniper - For ideas, support and filling in the gaps.

Isabel MacLeod - For her roving reporting and eye for detail.

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The Magazine can also be downloaded from the OCA Website
<http://www.theoldcroydonians.org.uk/docs/mag.html>

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