

Alfredians



A newsletter for King Alfred School Alumni

Spring 2008

A New Building



The new Fives Court Building

Those of you who were at the school since the early 1970s will probably remember the three "temporary" pre-fabricated buildings put up in Lower School. Well, the last of these still standing is finally due for demolition: it is in very poor condition and now very costly to maintain. Over the years, it has been known as the "Lower Family Group", the "Seven's Block" and is now the "Year 3 Building".

The school have appointed *Walters and Cohen Architects*, an award winning practice specialising in the design of schools, to prepare a new plan for the replacement of the Year 3 Building and a series of linked refurbishments of existing lower school accommodation.

The intention is to create a project in two phases, starting with the demolition of the existing building and the re-arrangement of lower school accommodation, to allow a sequence of refurbishment to take place. A second phase will see the construction of an innovative and sustainable new facility for the Lower School.

The anticipated budget for the project is £2.5 million.

The new "Fives Court Building", as it is

to be called, is designed not only to replace the present Year 3 building, but also to provide much needed extra space for the school. Some of the key elements of the new development are the following:

- Catching up on technology: Lower School IT
- Design Technology for Lower School
- Proper facilities for Modern Languages
- Proper facilities for Lower School Art
- Expansion of Lower School Library
- Improved Learning Support Facilities
- New Food Science Room, for teaching and releasing overcrowding during meals
- Improved staffroom facilities
- Releasing space in Middle & Upper School for teaching and coursework
- Improved play and landscape areas
- A large flexible space for use by students, teachers and parents
- New and adequate toilet and washing facilities

The new building will be developed using principles of sustainable design, maximising natural ventilation and daylight and carefully respecting the current wealth of green space within the school.

The school has also appointed an outdoor play specialist to develop integrated playground proposals for Lower School. The development will build on and add to the school's current network of external play areas.

Why do we need a new building? Why do we need a £2.5 million building?

The present Year 3 building has been in disrepair for many years. It has now reached a stage at which it can no longer be maintained adequately. There is no doubt we can replace it with a similar structure, but this would be a wasted opportunity. The Year 3 building and surrounding area represents one of the few remaining spaces that can be developed on the school's site. And the needs of the school are great. Just as we are using buildings built 30 to 40 years ago by parents before us, so we need to build for the next 20 to 30 years. We need to meet the needs of KAS pupils for the foreseeable future. And we must do so in a way that is as flexible as possible to take account of changes in education (foreseeable and unforeseeable).

So 2008 is an important fundraising year for the school. Financial support from parents has always been critical to the development of the school. The Fives Court Building is no exception. It cannot be built without substantial help and we will be looking for donations from the whole of the KAS Community.



The decades old 'temporary' Year 3 Building



Dear Editors...

Brian Davis writes about himself:

I was born in September 1937 and attended KAS from Spring term 1946 till 1954. After leaving KAS I worked in computing, initially in programming and ultimately as IT Manager for the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation in Melbourne. I married Heddie (an Australian) in 1968 and migrated to Australia in 1973 and have lived in Melbourne since that time. I have two married sons and two grandchildren, all living in Melbourne. Sadly my wife became sick and died in 2002 but, happily, I now live with my current partner, Jean, and am now retired.

In 1998 Julie Bailey (formerly Heyting) organised a KAS centenary reunion in Sydney for any OAs living in Australia, which I attended. I was amazed and delighted to meet three other OAs from my own year, namely Barbara Joss, Virginia Spate and Gilda Baracchi - all of whom I remembered well. It was an evening I will

never forget. I also met up with Julie's sister Frances who also lives in Melbourne.

More recently, with the assistance of the records at KAS, I managed to make contact with two former classmates and friends whom I had not seen for over 50 years, namely David Davidson and

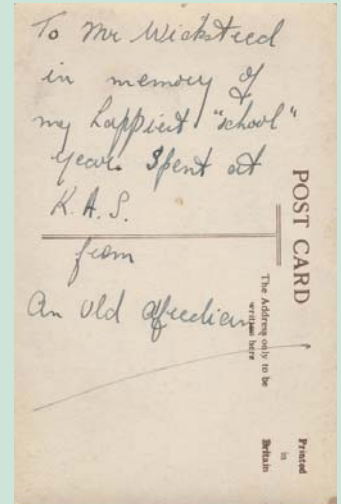
Mamoun Hamid and was thrilled and delighted to meet up with them in January this year while on a brief visit to London. If any other Old Alfredians still remember me I would be delighted to hear from them. My email address is bribri01@optusnet.com.au

Bring Back Any Memories?



Found... at the bottom of a drawer in the Bursary...

...and heading straight to the archives.



Feedback

Uzair Bawany (Mr) – at KAS from 1983 to 1987

e-mail: Uzair@contact-recruitment.com
phone: 07799 78771; office: 0207 280 9400

"A global recruitment group specialising in jobs in Finance, Banking and Technology. www.contact-recruitment.com If students want advice on jobs in the City or alumni are looking for new jobs, we are happy to advise."

Cedric Alex Collingwood – at KAS from 1933 to 1936

"Good to see lovely Lindsay high jinks, chiefly remembered gazing eye to eye on large swing KAS (age 15). DAVID Pritchard used to beat me at chess by memorizing all counter moves... Many happy memories of Elizabeth Jenkins, Mrs Ballock, Miss Hyett, etc.... Montgomery (Sports Master) verdict: 'A keen and vigorous player but lacks skill' just about sums me up. Motto for long, healthy life – Eat Slowly, Breathe Deeply!"

Imtiaz Farookhi – at KAS from 1967 to 1967/8

e-mail: inti1@dsl.pipex.com
phone: 01908 216822

Jane Haigh (née Warden) – at KAS from 1953 to 1959

phone: 01342 327 206
"Have returned from living in Greece."

Tyl Kennedy – at KAS from 1947 (?) to 1950

e-mail: tyl@spiralstairs.co.uk
phone: 01273 858259
"Started own firm in Lewes 1963. Company still going strong. I retired last year, hence a moment to make contact. The company has been established in Glynde, nr. Lewes, since 1971. I suffered from dyslexia very badly and still can't spell (he's actually pretty good – editor), but the firm has been very successful. I will try to be more active with Alfredians in future."

Mary-Lou Legg (née Jennings) – at KAS from 1946 to 1950

e-mail: legg@dsl.pipex.com
phone: 0207 736 1654
"I have been very fortunate to find a new career at the age of 59. My PhD was on Irish Provincial newspapers in the 19th Century. I taught at Birkbeck and have worked (and am still working) on 18th Century Irish social history for the last 15 years."

Freya Linklater

e-mail: freyalinklater@hotmail.com

phone: 01313328273; mobile: 07929129784

Ruth Rigbi (née Landman) – at KAS from 1929 to 1939

e-mail: meirr@cc.huji.ac.il
phone: (972-2) 648 2240 or (972-2) 679 5391

"Moved to Israel Nov. 1949. Many years teacher of English at Hebrew University of Jerusalem after previous work in H.U. Department of Archaeology (inter alia helping to translate from the Dead Sea Scrolls into English). In 1952, married Meir Rigbi, now Emeritus Professor of Biochemistry at the H.U. 2 daughters (Ruhama and Elisheva) and 4 granddaughters. My siblings who also attended KAS: Naima (d. 1978), Deborah (d. 2006) and David Landman (e-mail: vfdl@aol.com)."

Ian Fraser Wilson

e-mail: pilotsflightsim@yahoo.co.uk
phone: 01779 470926 or 0797 366 2205

"2005-Present: Flight Simulator/Simulation Leasing Co. (own co.). 2006-Present: Pet Shop Business (own co.). 2007-Present: Interior Design & Decorating Co. (own co.). Happy in Aberdeenshire, away from the stresses of London!!"

More Memories That Remain

Sylvester's and the two Peters' 1952 holiday-memories (*Alfredians* Spring 2007) make good reading, and lead to some of mine – of them, my contemporaries at KAS, and also of my own travels. By 1952, I too had various experiences of European hitch-hiking – so easy, so independent of adult interferences. How fortunate we were to be so untrammelled then.

But just a few years before that, while still at KAS, aged, I think, 14 and 15, I shared with Barbara Hawkins (Ryder) experiences so different that it's amusing to think that it was our fortnight's summer holiday.

I can't remember where the contact came from, but we went to rural Sussex, to an isolated farm some way from the nearest



village. We were literally down-to-earth. We were provided with a primitive tent, pitched in the corner of a field; our meals must have been taken with the other farm-workers and I'm sure our employers were pleasant and kind or I'd have had bad memories – but we were there to work, and from early morning to dusk we dug potatoes out of hard ground, with the hot sun on our backs.

I think we worked six days a week and all those days were sun-baked. Sundays were free. We could get a bus to the flesh-pots of Hastings, but both our Sundays were pouring wet and the cinema was the only dry place. One Sunday is lost from my mind, but the other was a delight: Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" was showing. The wet weather brought in the customers who were perhaps accustomed to expressing their feelings about films but – we gathered – weren't familiar with "Hamlet". There were boos and hisses, claps and cheers, wolf-whistles and sucking-kissing noises for Ophelia, and loud distress at her demise.

Back in the tent for the night we had more spiders and other wiggly things in with us than we wanted, after the rain; the farm geese came cackling across the field, unidentifiable creatures thumped and

snuffled around the tent.... the torch battery ran out....

A few years after that I potato-picked under the Midnight Sun one June night in Iceland. But perhaps my happiest memory – and the last – of potato-picking is of a Permbrookshire sea-side field, recently harvested, in 1964. Our three-year-old daughter, tired after a day on the beach, on our way home, plonked herself down at the field edge, idly wriggled her hands about in the soft earth and came up with a tiny potato – then another. Her elder brothers



gaped with astonished respect at this magic, and soon we'd all found some, left un-harvested, enough for our supper.

But I've never actually been employed on a farm since the 1949 Sussex summer with Barbara.

● Gillian Pugh (now Lunn)
January 2008

Since six Old Alfredians + spouses turned 60, we decided to meet every year for a reunion. As we divide our time between Oxford, UK and Haifa, Israel, we decided to hold the 2007 reunion in Israel, and here we are meeting four couples off the plane from London. The October sun is shining from a clear blue sky and we divide into 2 cars with 5 in each. One couple stays with us, and three couples stay at Kibbutz Bet Oren up on Mount Carmel. The first trip is to the Druze village of Daliat al Carmel where we shop for bargains and have lunch of local ethnic food. That evening we eat at the beach right next to the lapping waves. We saw the sights of Haifa, including the Bahai Temple and Gardens. The next trip is to Meggido (Armageddon) where we see the archaeological site, including King Solomon's Stables. After a glorious swim in the Mediterranean, we make for the Sea of Galilee, where we stay

What a Reunion!

on Kibbutz Ma'agan, right near the Lake. We visit the Baptismal site at the source of the River Jordan where it meets the Lake. We visit the Church of the Loaves and Fishes, and Capernaum, and eat St Peter's fish by the lake. We enjoy swimming in the large pool, and then on to Ein Gedi, a kibbutz by the Dead Sea, where we have small bungalows in an amazing Botanical Garden. We spend a day at Massada, which is a mountain fortress on the shores of the Dead Sea, where we bathed in the salty water, and some of us visited Jerusalem. 8 days passed in a flash, and here we are back at the airport, after an extremely successful reunion.

● Marion Hiller



Left to right standing: Anthony Amendt, Donald Neal, Geoff Bulbullion. Sitting: Pauline Amendt, Marion Hiller, Penelope Rowlatt. Photo taken at Bet Gavriel by the Kinneret, October 2007.



1957

Are you in the picture?

This is the 1957 KAS school photo (in two halves). Are you in the picture? Can you identify anyone? We would love to hear from you if you can. Please drop us a line.



This space is for your notes...

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As Promised...

Fred's Nook

Near Faversham I stopped briefly at a larger than usual transport café, *Fred's Nook*, that served as a lorry stop as well as a haven for motorbike gangs. Before the construction of the M1 motorway the most infamous motorbike café was the *Spider's Web* on the old London to Birmingham road. To ensure that potential mayhem and theft were kept to a minimum the Formica-topped tables and the chairs had iron legs bolted to the cracked and filthy concrete floor. The only wall decorations included a few yellowed Pepsi Cola and Coca Cola calendars, most of them out-of-date. They displayed vividly coloured drawings of rosy cheeked and very buxom perky bosomed American girls with flashing long-lashed eyes, obviously in the glow of health because of their continuous cola intake. Next to a row of Smiths potato crisps, dark red and oddly-shaped American cola bottles were arrayed on wooden shelves (soft drinks in England were not served chilled or with ice in those days) alongside their more prosaic local English cousins, Tizer the Appetizer, Stones Ginger Beer, Ice Cream Soda, Lucozade, Cherryade, Limeade and other ghastly soft drinks then known curiously as "mineral waters", or "fizzy" drinks. After a leather-jacketed thug had slipped a few pennies into its slot the Wurlitzer jukebox began grinding out pop music. The only other forms of amusement were a couple of well-used pin ball tables and a small billiards table, its green felt surface spattered with ash from Wills Woodbine cigarettes, and the wooden rim dotted with cigarette burns.

Fred himself presided at the kitchen hatch counter. He could have been anything between 45 and 50 years old.

Sporting a sweat stained net cotton under vest, a speckled bald head garnished with a few spare wisps of light ginger hair, the café owner was as pink as a baby with freckles and a well shaven chin. Blue crown, rope and anchor tattoos on his beefy upper arms suggested a stint in the Royal or Merchant navies. Close at hand were the usual couple of very large brown chipped enamelled teapots in which the sacred brew was stewing.

Beside the couple of teapots was a chipped white enamel jug of milk and an enamel bowl, such as those then commonly used in hospitals to receive surgically removed cysts, boils and other gruesome unwanted body parts and bits. This large receptacle passed as a sugar bowl Chez Fred. The sugar was crystallised like fine coral sand on a tropical beach. In places the sugar had coagulated into brown spots from the damp tin teaspoon that Fred regularly dipped into it. The spoon itself had a small hole awled into its handle through which a bath-plug chain had been looped which was nailed to the Formica counter. Probably, like the café's furniture, it had been secured from theft or to prevent its possible use in acts of mayhem by the biking clientele. "How many spoonfuls then?" yelled Able Seaman Fred. I was too young to be addressed as "Guv". I murmured the customary two spoons, although deep down I thought that 1 3/8th would have been more to my taste but didn't dare to say so. I had every reason to be scared for Fred's red-rimmed green eyes were flashing at me like those of a tiger suffering from insomnia. He had no eyebrows to speak of to soften the effect. Also he had short albino eyelashes, which gave his features a striking similarity to an aggressive prize pig.



Paul Papadopoulos in Montreal, October 2007

Fred ladled the sugar out of the unspeakable bowl into a large and sturdy cracked china tea mug (no saucer) and stirred the sugar himself with a rapid motion that caused a whirlpool in the mug that reminded me of the Thames' eddying tide downstream from Westminster Bridge earlier that morning. His list of fare was chalked on a smallish blackboard next to the hatch in the clear copperplate handwriting of the semi literate. The board itself was secured by four or six rusty nails, presumably for the same reason as the furniture and the sugar spoon. I ordered, rather asked for, a plate of bacon, eggs, baked beans and chips. I cautiously paid the requisite half-a-crown piece in advance. Fred rang it up in a fancy old bronzed National Cash Register on the counter to which was attached a piece of paste board. whereon was written or smeared in big indelible blue ink letters the poetical verse most favoured by Omar Khayyam, "NO Credit-NO Cheques", the English transport café's equivalent of the American diner's "In GOD We Trust-All Others Pay Cash".

● Extract from *THE INTREPID VELOPEDIST* by Paul Papadopoulos



Chip Small (KAS 1949-59) did indeed come to Bonfire Night and joined us in the Old Library. He also came and contributed to the "Should Education Make You Happy?" conference. I hope he will write up some of his own memories of the school for us – Editor.

And Chip writes: "When Paul goes to visit his sons I drive about 80 miles to Concord, New Hampshire, and catch a bus to Montreal. Strange, it seems, how time & events move us around the globe, so far from where we grew up, only to bring us back close again; more so than when I come to England & Paul is in Athens."

"Arctic Winds" – Photo of Chip in Montreal in October 2007 by Paul Papadopoulos

Sheila Sullivan nee Bathurst

Sheila Sullivan nee Bathurst (1936 - 1939) will be remembered by Old Alfredians who were pupils before the war and by some parents of post war pupils as a Parent Governor whilst her own children (Oriel, Tess and Joss) were at the school. Sheila sadly died last November in her 81 st year and was active to the last. I was to have met her for lunch the week before her death but due to my wife's illness was unable to, though we spoke on the 'phone and she was as full of life as ever.

Sheila was already at KAS when I joined the school in 1937 and was already a well known personality entering into everything with her characteristic zest for life. Those who remember her may recall her delight in coining names for both people and things. There was 'shirty' the boilerman so named by Sheila for the colourful shirts he wore and who kept the temperamental heating system going below the Old Library and who's boiler room, though out of bounds, we frequented on cold days at break time. Do I recall a smell of illicit cigarette smoke in there? Then there was 'red flannel', very rare beef which we strongly disliked, carved by Mr Shepherd, the maths teacher.

I visited KAS with Sheila in 2002 and was delighted to see the school entrance much the same because it was from there, sitting on the wall behind the school name board, that Sheila lead a group of us, which included Damien Parsons and Gervase de Peyer, in light hearted ribald welcomes to each arrival, including the staff. In a

letter a few years ago recalling those years she wrote: "How thrilled I was to win First Prize (very un-Alfredian to have prizes) for my so-called garden by the maths hut".

From KAS we had two wonderful camps at Flint Hall Farm near Royston (to where the school was later evacuated) in the summer holidays of 1937 and 1938. Our tents were pitched in a half circle around a camp fire which was the centre of evening activities. It was there that Sheila put on the first of several plays that she wrote but all I remember is that I was a Chinaman, the connection being that I had an aunt who was a missionary in China. On asking Sheila how I could make myself look Chinese, she responded: "Go up to Mr Horton (the farmer) and get some wire from

him, make a circle of wire and stretch brown paper across it"; a typical example of her imaginative approach to life. On another occasion she also took the part of Horatius dressing herself up in cardboard armour painted silver and held together with paper clips! Much later when she was a Parent Governor with her own children at KAS, Sheila wrote and put on a play about the history of the school in which King Alfred burning the cakes featured: "King Alfred Came to Tea" was shown at the Lower



School Open Day in 1973.

Beyond the field in which the camp was at Flint Hall Farm there was a wood in which we managed to get ourselves lost one day - no one seemed to know the way back to camp. This set Sheila's imagination alight - we were in Darkest Africa (perhaps a reference to Stanley's last book about his African travels); there were snakes on the ground and monkeys shouting at us from the trees! Damien Parsons who was one of the group and a gifted artist, drew a cartoon of 'KAS in Darkest Africa' which Sheila had kept for some 70 years and proudly showed me when I visited her last April. It was returning from one of those camps that we were to travel back to school in Mrs Barber's open topped car. Mrs Barber was

then the popular biology teacher and her son Chris was a very small boy. When his mother closed the car door his hand was caught in it and I can remember the noise he made to this day! It surprises me that he was able to become a jazz musician after that! When we finally got on the Great North Road (now the A1) for the return journey, Sheila livened up the situation by bouncing up and down on the back seat of the car with her red hair streaming out in the wind encouraging Mrs Barber to: "Go fast, Go faster - a hundred miles an hour", which Sheila claimed to me only recently that she did!

With the Munich crisis in 1938 plans were made to evacuate the school to Flint Hall Farm and there was a trial run for those who were to go. My envious memory of this occasion is of a great pile of food, including enormous Lyle's Golden Syrup tins for which I thought it was well worth being evacuated with the school but Sheila and I were not to go as our parents doubted the likely quality of the education at the farm. We then both went on to St Christopher's at Letchworth where Sheila eventually became Head Girl. After a good Second Class degree at Oxford in English, she worked at OUP on the revised Oxford Companion to English Literature and later, after taking a London University Diploma in Psychology, she became a bereavement Counsellor for Cruse. She wrote two books: *Falling in Love* and *Summer Rising* (published in the United States as *The Calling of Barra*), as well as numerous poems published in various poetry magazines and several contributions to literary criticism.

In a letter to me a few years ago, Sheila expressed her appreciation of the two schools she had been at, regarding herself as privileged to have attended them, writing: "How lucky I was that I had two such lovely schools." A splendid person whom I was privileged to know for most of my life and from whom I learnt a lot about life itself but now sadly missed.

A 'Memorial Celebration' was held for Sheila at the School on 2nd February, appropriately in The Old Library in which she had taken a particular interest as a Parent Governor, organised by her family and attended by many of those who had enjoyed her friendship.

● Esmond Harris (1937-1939)

Deaths

Brian Davis (Spring 1946 - 1954) writes to advise that his older brother, Howard Davis, also an Old Alfredian (Autumn 1946-1952), died this January, aged 73.

Howard Davis - December 1934 - January 2008

Howard attended KAS from Autumn term 1946 till (I think) 1952. After leaving KAS he qualified as a Chartered Accountant and joined a West End Chartered Accounting practice. Some time later he and a partner bought an existing practice which they ran successfully until his retirement in 2002. Howard had many interests and worked as honorary treasurer for a variety of charitable and other social groups. He married in 1967 but his wife, Susan, sadly died from cancer nearly ten years ago. He leaves behind two married children and five grandchildren.

And Paul Papadopoulos writes:

"I do not know if anyone has informed you of the recent death of **Sebastian Bell** (Bas to his friends), the famous flautist and an esteemed and well-liked professor at the Royal Academy of Music. He was in the same form as myself and Chip back from 1948 or 1949 and left KAS when he was 16. The Times has written a short but good obituary with a photo. Bas died on September 21st 2007 after he had been diagnosed with cancer. He was nearly 66."

(Here is the link to the obituary in The Times: <http://www.timesonline.co.uk/tol/comment/obituaries/article2616730.ece>)

News in brief

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

School Cert. 1948 – 60 Year Anniversary – See you at Alumni Reception 28th June – John Williams.

Transcript of "Should Education Make You Happy?" Conference - available for £3 from Liza Keane: 23 Park Avenue, London NW11 7SL or lisagodolphin@yahoo.co.uk.

Change of address

Freda Turney (née Mabey) – at KAS from 1947 to 1953
Via Dai Mandorli Fioriti 24
Passignano-sul-TRASIMENO
P.G. Umbria Italia

Reunion for Students from 1970-75

This was our fourth annual reunion, and our numbers have grown from the founding group of 3 to a current total of 10 Old Alfredians. You may recognise some of these names, so if you would like to join us for the January 2009 reunion, please send an e-mail to: drfranklinkim32@yahoo.com

I shall be at Open Day on Saturday, June 28th at the School and look forward to seeing anyone who can make our January 2009 Reunion.

Look forward to expanding our KAS reunions to include anyone who remembers these timeless names.

● Kim Franklin



Back row, from left to right: Martin Treacher (Drake), Nick Peraticos, Nick Clunies-Ross, Steve Lytleton and Kim Franklin (purple shirt). Front row: Philip Sharkey, Dany Clunies-Ross (formerly Dany LeBerre) and Gino Mansi. Unable to attend this year, but there in spirit, were Jawad Bhatti (Joe) and Peter Lewenstein (Lewen).

From the Editor

A few months ago, you were sent a copy of a school publication called "Snapshot". From now on, this school publication will not be sent out again to alumni. Instead, as of the next edition of *Alfredians*, I shall be including a "From Snapshot" section, with relevant pieces extracted.

Thank you all for your letters and feedback. Just keep them coming.

Finally, a "ps" thank you. I would like to acknowledge the work of Carmen Martinez and Jane James, who initiated the magazine, which was then called "KASzette". *Alfredians* is its child.

● Peter Palliser

Diary



All Alfredians and their families are warmly invited to the following events:

KAS Summer Party

Saturday 14 June 2008, from 7.30pm
Including Rat Pack tribute band, entertainment, bowling alley, 8 track scalextric, bucking bronco, large connect four, etc. £20 ticket price per person includes BBQ dinner.

Open Day

Saturday 28 June 2008, 12 noon to 4pm. Alumni Reception, 4-5pm

Bonfire Night

Saturday 8 November, 6pm-9pm
Drinks in the Old Library for Alumni, 6:30-7:30pm

For further information, contact the Alumni Office on 020 8457 5282 or oa@kingalfred.org.uk

Alfredians Spring 2008. *Alfredians* is a biannual newsletter distributed in May and October. The copy deadline for the next issue is 15 September 2008.

We always welcome news and memories from Old Alfredians for publication. All copy should be sent to:

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