

OC MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 2012



CANFORD'S PIONEERS

WILLIAM FRANKLIN AND JOHN MACNUTT

GILES DULEY

BECOMING THE STORY

TO FRANCE THE HARD WAY

DANNY BRYSON'S REMARKABLE SWIM

OC MAGAZINE

THE OLD CANFORDIAN SOCIETY

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Once again, Frank Ahern's staunch support and wise advice have been indispensable in the preparation of this issue and I thank him most warmly. **JN**



From the Headmaster



HAVING NOW clocked up 20 years in this job and over 35 in the profession, I might be expected to have formed some solid views on education. My generation of teachers has lived through so much change: in what is taught, how it is taught and how it is examined. Each change has passionate advocates, decrying last year's ideas and preaching a brave new world. Catwalk hemlines and hairstyles come and go less often than education 'breakthroughs'. What is more, the process of discerning whether an idea has value is often made all the harder by the treacle-thick jargon in which it is hidden.

Cynical remarks of a grumpy old man? Perhaps, but the story of the emperor's clothes does often come to my mind in an education context. The acid tests for us, it seems to me, are whether the whole idea will help pupils learn better and go on to be more interested and interesting people. Produce convincing arguments that they will, and the innovation is welcome to join the Canford party.

So we are, for example, embracing the Pre-U exam in some subjects, at the expense of A level. It particularly suits modern languages and art. The course material is significantly more stimulating and there are no modules, not even a half-time exam (as is the AS) in which you can score 50% of your total A level marks. Instead, every mark is gained at the end of the course, when your linguistic or artistic interests and expertise have reached a sophisticated level. The Pre-U does not suit us in all subjects but it is a valuable ingredient in our education debate.

Even successful ideas like this, though, are only as good as the people who implement them. When you strip away all the guff, in the end it comes down to very simple things. If the teacher has passion for

the subject, warm blood in the veins (and perhaps a gift for self-parody as well), the whole education process becomes very straightforward. Those are the basis for strong relationships with pupils, and the class is then like an expedition exploring exciting and risky new territory together. The subject becomes a game, not a burden, and much hard work is accomplished almost without pain. At worst, the pain is so much more bearable.

The view from my metaphorical study window allows me to witness this as I see energised pupils who simply love what they do. Working with them are some extraordinary human catalysts and that makes my job easy. If I can appoint the right people, provide an environment in which they can thrive and just give them space to get on with it, the result can be like the Jubilee fireworks over Buckingham Palace. The process is not, as they say, rocket science although there again, in terms of fireworks in the classroom, perhaps it is.

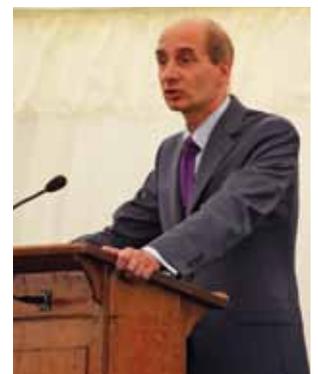
Visitors often comment on the ease and encouragement in the relationships they witness at Canford. Those people have identified, I believe, the tap root of our success. If our pupils leave with that same insight, we will have served them well and given them a key to how they can most effectively contribute to society.

Canford Speech Day

ON 29th June, Lord Adonis tweeted to his 3500 Twitter 'followers': 'Speaking at Canford School, Dorset, a private school sponsoring a state academy in Bournemouth. More private schools should follow suit.' A few hours later he was the guest speaker on Speech Day, where he impressed by speaking without notes and making reference to comments he had just heard from several prizewinners. He praised Canford for the education it offered its own pupils, and also for sponsoring the Bourne Academy. As the founder and driving force behind the academies programme, he spoke about the opportunity he had been given when a scholarship allowed him to move from a care home to an independent school (and then to Oxford), and he wanted all children to have those

same opportunities. He could see those chances available at Canford, and was delighted to know that the Bourne Academy was, after only two years as an academy, already very successful. The Academy starts next year with a full Year 9 – after the selection process, it was the only school in Bournemouth apart from the two grammar schools to have a waiting list – and an extensive building programme is well under way, allowing a sixth form to open in 2014.

Richard Knott



Whatever happened to...?

1940s

Bill Blackiston (F45) was one of the Olympic torch-bearers in Fakenham, Norfolk. He reports that it was a very emotional occasion but one that also made him feel very privileged.

1950s

Colin Akers (M50): This is the first news I have sent to the *OC Magazine* in 62 years! Along with many of my contemporaries I elected to do my National Service in the Gunners. When I arrived at Oswestry I was two weeks behind all the other OCs, so I was in a different training regiment and we never met. However, I spent my second year in Korea, where I briefly met **George Truell (M44)** – see below under '86 (ed.) – and narrowly missed **Murray Robb (M46)**. After one year at University College, Oxford, the Dean decreed that I was 'not cut out for an academic career', but I played hockey regularly for the University and toured Germany with them at Easter. If I had survived, I like to think that a Blue the following year was a possibility. I played club hockey at Broxbourne until I was 65 and for Hertfordshire for 15 years. The high spot came in 1960, when I captained Herts (and scored the winning goal) in the County Championship final against Middlesex, who fielded eight internationals and were odds-on favourites.

After I had abstained from alcohol for over 21 years (I recall with horror that my 21st birthday party was 'dry'), that Oxford trip to Germany was a watershed. I discovered that I liked wine after all – since when I have rarely been seen without a glass in my hand! I became quite good at 'blind' tasting and won several competitions. I retired in 1999, since when much of my time has been spent listening to classical music and promoting the enjoyment of wine; I am chairman of the UK branch of Les Compagnons du Beaujolais and president of the Herts Fine Wine Society.

Charles Rawlinson (B52) was invested with the MBE by the Prince of Wales in May. It was awarded for 'charitable work with young people and for music', he presumes because for many years he was treasurer and then chairman of the National Association of Boys' Clubs and is one of the three founders of the Britten Sinfonia which celebrates its twentieth birthday at the Barbican on 27th October. He was delighted to meet Robin Wright, OCS president, at the Southern Cathedrals Festival in Salisbury in July.

Jim Peddie (SH56) suffered a stroke at Easter 2010, but reports that he is making a steady recovery. From their home in Victoria, Australia, he and his wife managed to tour the world last



year, taking in the Rotary World Conference in New Orleans, visiting Nancy for the Art Nouveau Museum and returning to the UK to see family and for a reunion at Henley Royal Regatta of the LMBC crew that won the Ladies Plate in 1961. He invites any OC visiting Australia to contact him via email jrpddie2bigpond.com or telephone 620359892807.

Jim Peddie (front row, left) at the remarkable Henley reunion of his winning crew of 51 years ago

Nathan Ginsbury (F59): I am now well retired and, despite myasthenia gravis, am taking a heavy-duty photographer's course, two or three times a week. A fifth grandchild was married in the early summer and a fifth great-grandchild was born at the end of June, with the sixth due to make his/her entrance into the world in a few weeks. We are still in touch with a few OCs and were particularly happy to hear from **Nick Charlesworth (F58)**. Way back when, a group of us bicycled to his home and I bought from him a folding bookcase for the princely sum of 16 shillings. I brought it back strapped to my bicycle – and still have it.

1960s

Gordon MacDougall (M60): It was **John Dalton (F65)** who kindly invited me to the Captain's Golf Day at Canford on 6th July. For some reason I have not received the *OC Magazine* for over fifty years, so it is now good to be back in touch! After a full career in the Army, retiring as a colonel in 1997 and then working for the Army up until last December, I am now fully retired and living in the Wylde Valley near Salisbury. I have become a member of the OCGS so am now looking forward to meeting up with some fellow OCs.

Since settling in the Netherlands in 1995, **Mike Grunberg (S60)** has retired, worked as a training



Ian Bradshaw's famous picture of Twickenham's first streaker has received a new lease of life

consultant in Eastern Europe and run a very successful English tearoom with his Dutch wife. Now they have set up a charity to help orphans in Indonesia: www.tanpabatas.nl (only in Dutch at present). The object of the charity is to bring work opportunities to the orphans and their orphanages, with the profit helping towards the costs of running the homes.

One of the most famous photographs in the world, taken by an OC, has once again been in the news this year, with a signed limited edition of five selenium toned silver gelatin prints being produced in America following a request from a private collector. In 1974, **Ian Bradshaw (S60)** was photographing the England v France rugby match at Twickenham for the *Sunday Mirror* newspaper. At half-time, Australian Michael O'Brien streaked across the pitch for a £10 bet. Ian's photograph of the famous streak won nearly every award that year around the world, including the World Press Photo Award and *Life Magazine's* Picture of the Year.

Terry Michaels (S61): After retirement from the airline world in 2001, my wife, Justine, and I sailed our yacht to the Caribbean. Since then we have spent the winters sailing in the warmer climes and exploring the islands. We leave our boat there for the hurricane season and return to enjoy the summers at our home in Cornwall. March this year found us heading south from the Virgin Islands to Grenada with a number of island stops along the way, including a brief stop at the island of Nevis, where **Martin Dalgleish (SH63)**, OC Caribbean



Terry Michaels (right) with OC Caribbean representative Martin Dalgleish, who is 'a fund of knowledge'

representative, lives in his converted sugar mill. We managed to meet up with Martin in the port of Charlestown, close to where we were anchored. Martin is a fund of knowledge about the Caribbean, its peoples and their heritage.

A Very British Sound Barrier is the title of a new book by **Brian Rivas (M61)**. Published in June this year, it follows on from his biography of test pilot John Derry (now in its second edition) and tells the dramatic story of the de Havilland DH108, a swept-wing, tailless jet that was the first British aircraft to fly faster than sound in 1948. Three of these experimental machines were built and all crashed with fatal results – one of them taking the life of Geoffrey de Havilland Jr, son of the company's founder. Brian says, 'we take supersonic flight for granted now, but it was a very different story then. There were no computers to give answers, and it fell to test pilots to risk their lives – and sometimes pay with their lives – on flights into the unknown in what were often dangerous aircraft'. *A Very British Sound Barrier* is published by Red Kite Books.

Tim Stanning (B61): Although my daughter, Heather, won the gold medal for the women's pair with Helen Glover at London 2012, I doubt it had anything to do with my rowing prowess at Canford – Colts and 2nd VIII – as I had never revealed this to her!



Olympic Park, landscaped in part by Martyn Mogford's company

Martyn Mogford (B68) is chairman of landscaping company Gavin Jones Ltd. The company was heavily involved in the landscaping the Olympic Park, which he reports as having been enormously challenging but thoroughly satisfying. At times he had fifty staff on site over the last two years, and his company also maintained the North Park through the games – all-night work.

1970s

Matthew Hand (W70) attended the first Welsh reunion last October, but admits that he is 'not particularly sociable and hard to drag away from the Welsh hills'. He has recently taken early retirement from work as a firearm enquiry officer for Dyfed-Powys police. Over the years he has worked as a fish farmer, forester, fishing rod builder and 'heaven knows what else – a drifter through life, in the spirit of many 1960s Old Canfordians'. He has spent a lot of his life running about on Welsh mountains, fell running being his main hobby.



Alex Geisler, distinguished lawyer and bus driver, with his pride and joy

Alex Geisler (S75) was described with characteristic insight by his housemaster, Tom Penny, as a lazy and rebellious reprobate who would be lucky to find a career driving a Hants & Dorset bus. Lady Luck did indeed turn her face towards him and bestow upon him precisely that occupation, as he owns a vintage Hants & Dorset bus which he drives as a hobby. Fate also had it in mind that, when not negotiating the narrow streets of Dorset, he would negotiate engineering disputes as a partner of an American law firm. Of all ironies, he also does some teaching, being an accredited course provider for the Law Society and the Bar Council. Still, how many OCs are bus drivers today? Clearly not enough.

Mark Vessey (C76), who has lived in Canada since 1988, where he teaches English literature and heads a graduate college at the University of British Columbia (Vancouver), visited England this summer to reassure Canfordians that it is no close relation of his who is set to become the school's next headmaster. He and his wife Maya and daughter Leila (aged 6) stayed first with brother, **Richard Vessey (C79)**, then encamped with **Mark Dugdale (SH76)** and his family in Woking, where they were joined by **Paul Munden (F76)** in time to witness the confusion of the Olympic men's cycling road-race as it unfolded in the leafy lanes of Surrey.

1980s

After four and a half years in the Netherlands, **Michael Griffiths (F81)** has returned to the UK to see out his last year with the Royal Navy in the Portsmouth area. He says that he is just about getting acclimatised to the culture shock of the UK again, but asks when did all the prices rocket so sky-high?

Sophie Minter (née Truell M86): In this amazing year for London and GB, I wonder how many OCs were involved in various roles in either the Queen's Jubilee or the Olympic/Paralympic Games? As for myself, after six years as a PE teacher in Hertfordshire, I re-trained and established my own business as a sports massage therapist. This has broadened to include aspects of performance analysis, lecturing and mentoring. During the Olympics I was ensconced in the Athletes' Village, working long hours in the Polyclinic, but it was a fabulous experience. After two Olympics and two Commonwealth Games, I'd say that London will be hard to beat.

After 43 years serving in the Royal Artillery all over the world, my father, **George Truell (M44)**, is enjoying his retirement and his garden in Devon. The Jubilee reminded him of the challenge he faced in organising hundreds of young troops involved in the Queen's coronation. They were accommodated under canvas in Hyde Park, and the eyes of the local 'ladies of the night' lit up at their arrival!

Edd Brookes (S89): I have notched up seven years in the Middle East. I am living in Qatar and running the Middle East offices for the international real estate advisors and chartered surveyors, DTZ. Recently I was invited to a house-warming party for new owners who had moved into the Pearl Qatar development where I have lived for a number of years. Talking to the host, it transpired, unbelievably, that he too was an OC, although not quite my vintage: **Robin Pearsall (SH97)**. Either it's a small world or OCs are everywhere!

1990s

Charlie Richards (W90) performed in the dance section of the opening ceremony for the Olympic Games. He was a David Bowie in the 1970s part of the dance routine, dressed in a pink sparkly suit and an orange wig! He has recently been appearing in *Footloose* at the Putney Arts Theatre.



And where's his OC tie?
Charlie Richards took part in the Olympic opening ceremony.

Robert Marshall (C90) has been a consultant rheumatologist in Bristol since 2006. In addition to clinical work, he has a special interest in medical education, teaching medical students at the University of Bristol and specialist trainee doctors within the Severn Deanery. He also does some work for Arthritis Research UK, advising on funding priorities. His free time is very much taken over with watching his two boys play various sports, but he manages to find a little time for golf, skiing, and travelling. A mid-life crisis last year involved a large joint fortieth birthday party with his wife, Vanessa, and a trip to Las Vegas with a second wedding on the spur of the moment. However, the sports car has now gone in favour of a 4x4 with dog.

Having lived in London (including university years) for what will be twenty years next year, **Alistair Lester (C92)** sometimes wonders whether his dream of country living will ever become reality, although he and his family are lucky enough to be able to escape to their cottage near Chipping Norton occasionally. He continues to work in insurance in the City, having worked for the global broker, Willis, since 2004 and previously at Aon since graduating. He and his wife, Emily-Jane, have one son and are looking forward 'with a mixture of surprise, excitement and terror' to the arrival of their second child in October. He is in regular contact with a number of contemporaries, including **Simon Andrews (SH92)**, **Mark Lee (SH92)**, **Matthew Crumpton (W92)**, **Steve Goodwin (W92)** and **Ben Heavey (W92)**. In December he was one of the best men at the wedding of **Carl 'Flash' Tundo (W92)** in Kenya, where **Jeremy Cordingly (W92)** as well as Ben Heavey were ushers. He has for some years been a syndicate member at the Parnham Farm shoot in Dorset, owned and managed by the family of **Emma Bowditch (F92)**.

Emily Hewitt (née Keats S93) is within her last two years in the Army, having served with the Royal Artillery for the past fourteen years. Her husband, Charlie, is still serving and they have two children,

Watching the Olympic hockey. Left to right: Richard Blacker (B93), Dan Cleife (SH93), Richard Thompson (B93), Simon Brazier (B93), Simon Young (M93) and Christian Warman (B93).



Bettina Grimelund on her degree day, with proud father

Annabelle and Nicholas. She keeps in touch with **Claudia Baughan (née Elmhirst M93)**, who is still acting and has twins; she and Claudia are godmothers to each other's children. She has also seen **Elie Durie (W93)**, **Rick Blacker (B93)** and **Lucinda Blacker (née Maydon SH93)** in the past year.

Simon Brazier (B93) sends a photo of a few of his contemporaries who met at the Olympic hockey stadium during the Games. There was much reminiscing about hockey days at Canford under the guidance of Messrs Pattison, Collison, Rossiter, Raumann and Bartlett. All in the photo are all still very much in touch with each other and with many others from the '93 vintage.

Maximilian Merlin Jackson was born on 24th April to **Samantha Jackson (née Howe S94)** and Richard Jackson.

The exploits of **Antonia Moss (née van Deventer S96)** in rowing down the Zambesi were reported in the last *OC Magazine*. She had hoped to row for Zambia at London 2012, but the quest for Olympic qualification fell foul of bureaucracy and politics. However, she says that she has scored a double gold with her marriage to Richard Moss in December and the arrival of a baby boy, Hugo Alexander Johannes.

Richard Angel (F99) returned to the UK from living in the Middle East in December 2010 and his wife, Skye, gave birth to their first child, Lily, in January 2011. He has also set up his own property development business, 'Lucien', building large luxury houses in London and the Home Counties (www.lucien.co.uk).

2000s

Bettina Grimelund (Ma02) received her Masters Degree in Business from Royal Holloway, University of London, in July. She is now working for Aker Solutions in Bergen, Norway. This report comes from her father, **Andreas Grimelund (M70)**.



London Drinks Party

THE 2012 London drinks party was held in the impressive surroundings of Parliament Hall at the Inner Temple on Thursday 24th May. Well over 100 OCs and their guests assembled for what turned out to be one of the few hot evenings of spring, with ages ranging from a 1944 leaver to a 2010 leaver. Headmaster John Lever attended, and OCS and honorary OC current staff were also represented, after suffering a journey of more than four hours to get to the Inns of Court.

Our thanks go to Mr Justice Philip Moor (S77) for arranging the wonderful venue for us. The 2013 London Drinks Party date is already set for 9th May, when we return to the Houses of Parliament to celebrate ninety years since Canford's foundation. If you haven't joined us for a London drinks party recently, please do come to this one!





©Giles Duley

Giles's self-portrait. It was one of the first photos he took after the accident and marked an important step in his recovery.

Becoming the story

Frank Ahern interviews triple amputee **Giles Duley (SH90)**, to whom he taught English for three years.

SINCE the age of 13 Giles has been obsessed with American football and the Super Bowl. As I drive up to London to meet him during the pre-Olympic heat wave, the image I have in my mind is of Giles practising American football throws and runs on Mountjoy with a bunch of School House friends. I remember, too, the day he told me, as his Sixth Form tutor, that he would not be applying to a UK university: he intended, instead, to become an American footballer in the States. I

knew Giles well enough to realise that this was no Walter Mitty dream. The other memory I carry with me, more recent, is of the day in February 2011 when I read the shocking news in the *Sunday Times* that he had been blown up in Afghanistan while working on a photographic assignment.

He remained conscious from the moment he trod on the IED until his arrival at the military hospital at Kandahar, and his memory of the actual explosion remains sharp. 'It was pretty instantaneous

from click to explosion. And yet everything seemed to go into slow motion. I was tossed by the blast but there was not much noise – just bright, white, hot light. I remember seeing myself from outside my body. Not a religious experience, but intense heat and fire and the strangely calm sense of flying through the air. I remember looking up and seeing bits of me and my clothes in the tree, which I knew wasn't a good sign. I saw my left arm. It was just obviously shredded to pieces, and smouldering. I couldn't feel my legs, so straightaway and from what I could see in the tree, I figured they were gone.'

It is an irony that Giles so nearly did not go on that patrol. The night before, he had been expecting to watch the Super Bowl, an annual date for him, more often than not 'with the same group of guys from Canford' when in England. This year, in Afghanistan, he had been looking forward to watching it with American soldiers. 'My plan was that I was not going to go on patrol the next morning. If I'd stayed up, I wouldn't have gone out.' Unfortunately, they couldn't get TV reception, so Giles went to bed and, after a night's sleep, decided to go on the fateful patrol. Of what happened that day he says, with typical humour, 'This is what happens when you miss the Super Bowl.'

Giles talks about his life in a matter-of-fact way, which is strange when one thinks what an extraordinary life it has been. After Canford he was true to his word and headed straight for the States, buying a second-hand van and touring colleges with a view to winning a sports scholarship. Unfortunately, his ambitions came to an abrupt end after three months, when a serious car smash (not his fault) left him with damaged knees and in need of hospital treatment in the UK.

While recovering in hospital he inherited his godfather's camera, and once again the flame of purposeful ambition was lit. If the world of American football was no longer open to him, he would become a professional photographer. Patience is not one of Giles's many virtues, so success had to be immediate, and he quickly created a portfolio. This included photos taken on a trip to Cuba, as well as a number of Canford's first Theme Week in 1994, one of whose guests was the notorious Vietnam photojournalist, Tim Page.

Within a very short time this portfolio had won him magazine commissions for fashion and pop music shoots. For several years he enjoyed a rock'n'roll lifestyle, photographing the likes of the Black Crowes, Marilyn Manson and Mariah Carey. But his work never fully satisfied him and it was while working on a desultory Big Brother assignment that his growing sense of disillusionment crystallised. 'I had this feeling that I wasn't using my skills productively. I couldn't work out how I could use my photography to do something useful, so I walked away from it completely and went into care work.'

For the next two years he was the carer of an autistic boy named Nick. After they got to know each well, and with Nick's approval, Giles decided to 'document his life photographically. From that I realised the power of photography as a tool



Giles being evacuated after the explosion

for advocacy. It gave me a renewed enthusiasm for photography. It inspired me to go out with my camera and tell other people's stories.'

Thus began a series of assignments that took him across the globe and won him various awards. What links his subjects is people 'who have been forgotten': the Rohingya refugees on the borders between Burma and Bangladesh, street children in the Ukraine, Unita soldiers in Angola. The latter was one of his earlier assignments and it was here, ironically, that he first trod on a landmine. On this occasion it did not detonate.

In early 2011 he was commissioned by the Italian charity, Emergency, to document the casualties in a civilian hospital in Afghanistan. By way of a counterpoint to this work, he arranged to be embedded with a military unit – the 1st Squadron of the 75th Cavalry Regiment 101st Airborne Division of the US Army (the 'Screaming Eagles') – so that he could study the 'huge impact' of war on soldiers.

He was blown up on 7th February. After emergency treatment in Kandahar he was flown to Birmingham, where he was put into an induced coma for 45 days. Thirty operations later and after a placement as the first civilian ever to be treated at Headley Court, the military rehabilitation centre in Surrey, Giles was on his own. Literally. He made the decision to live alone in a flat in Clapham, without a carer. He explains that he wanted to be independent, 'and part of being independent is living alone and doing the cooking, washing – everything. It was important not to live with Jen because everyone's instinct is to do things for you.'

Jen is his girlfriend and is very much part of the story. She was a friend of a friend who put her in touch with Giles because she was interested in photography. For a long time they communicated only by email, and then in late 2010 started seeing each other on occasions that Giles thought were dates, but which Jen said were not. Just before he went to Afghanistan he realised that 'she was the person I had been looking for all my life and I wrote to her and told her I was in love with her and absolutely sure that I wanted us to be a couple.' Unfortunately



Giles and Jen at Buckingham Palace in June

he didn't see her reply for weeks. 'She wrote a letter to say she felt the same way. It arrived the day I got blown up.' And it was weeks, too, before he saw the message she posted on Facebook three days after his accident: 'Mr Duley – I love you. You never got my last email before you got the helicopter last Sunday but that's what I wrote to tell you. Nothing has changed. Please take your time and recover your strength. Your Miss Robertson xxxxx' Jen visited him in hospital six weeks after he was blown up. He says there was something deeply affirming in her acceptance of him and that her steadfastness has sustained him.

Another thing that has sustained him is a positive sense of his future. 'For me, now, carrying on my work is very important because I see it as an opportunity to use what's happened to me – documenting, telling stories you don't hear much about. Those stories are incredibly hard to get published.' He explains how few outlets there are these days for serious photojournalism. The Sunday magazines are much more interested in celebrity now and 'advertisers don't like a picture of a brand-new car next to pictures of the crisis in Sudan.'

He continues: 'One of the things I've realised because of my story is that people are much more interested in my work. And you can really be very cynical and think, well, these people are only interested in me because I've lost my legs and this is the story, or you can see it as an opportunity.'

It is an opportunity he has been using to the full. He appeared before a Select Parliamentary Committee in January, gave a very powerful TEDx Observer talk in March (http://www.ted.com/talks/giles_duley_when_a_reporter_becomes_the_story.html), and in June attended a garden party at Buckingham Palace and appeared on a panel at the Hay Literature Festival. Over the last six months he has been featured in major articles in the press on both sides of the Atlantic. Most importantly, a retrospective of his work – 'Becoming the Story' – was held in London last November.

He is sometimes asked by people if what happened in Afghanistan 'was worth it'. 'Of course not,' he will tell them. 'But I still believe in the principle of why I went there and what I was doing, and I'd do it again. I still believe I did it for the right reasons.'

I ask Giles what drives him, what makes him tick. 'Restlessness,' he says. 'A sense that I've never achieved what I should be able to achieve. And the one thing since this has all happened is that I do actually feel a lot more settled in myself. Now I don't have anything to prove to anybody.'

His next big challenge is to return to Afghanistan. He explains: 'I want my life back. Getting my life back is living independently. And part of that is going back to work, and my work is in Afghanistan.' And so in October, despite the strong misgivings of those close to him, he will be returning to complete his mission of photographing civilian casualties. He will take with him an adapted tripod and a specially adapted mechanism for his prosthetic left arm that will enable him to control his camera.

Closer to home, the good news is that he will be returning to Canford for the first time in nearly twenty years to speak to the Sixth Form in November. They will find in Giles a most remarkable role model who, in an age of empty celebrity, embodies the values of focused ambition, steadfast commitment, unquenchable determination and inspiring courage. Perhaps the best American footballer the Super Bowl never got to see.

If you wish to find out more about Giles or if you would like to contribute to a support fund for him, visit <http://gilesduley.org/>



You write

The school log

I was surprised and delighted to read the article about the school log on page 28 of the April 2012 edition of the *OC Magazine*. The entries in February 1952 are in my handwriting and I had no idea at the time that they might be of interest 60 years later! The log was kept in John of Gaunt's Kitchen, a rather gloomy place where the lighting was very poor. I remember having difficulty finding some black ink for the entry on 6th February; it was rather tedious having to wash out your fountain pen and refill it with different ink. This was long before the days of cheap ball-point pens or 'biros' as they were originally known. Thanks for the memories!

Richard Lovatt (F55)

Influential teachers

It was a happy coincidence that the April issue featured the two Canford staff who had the most influence on my adult life. Leslie Gay's smile in the photograph of him is very characteristic. All the stories are of him as 'Bull' Gay, but he showed me great kindness. After taking O-level Latin, I told him that I was sorry that I knew no Greek. He asked if I would like to learn some and when I said yes, he immediately offered to give me tuition. This was in his free time and it was remarkably generous of him. The result was that I acquired a love for the classics and at 18 went off to Greece to explore; the first of several trips.

The article on Andrew Davis was fascinating, but it didn't mention the fact that he was the master in charge of The Mountjoy Press. I joined the Press in my first year and towards the end of my time, I ran it under Andrew's guidance. He was knowledgeable about type and layout and gave me much advice and help. It must have worked, because I spent my working life first in publishing and then in the printing industry. My last memory of him is painful. In the late 1960s, I bumped into him at Waterloo Station. When he heard that I was in publishing, he asked me to give a talk at the school. Shortly before the appointed date, I sent him a note about the arrangements. He returned it with a spelling mistake ringed in red. Oh dear!

David Assersohn (W60)

I was saddened to learn in the Oct 2011 issue of the death of Andrew Davis. It was interesting to read Alan Bean's letter; also Stuart Monard's piece in April's *OC Magazine*. I would echo Alan Bean's sentiments, in that Andrew Davis had the most powerful influence upon me of any of my teachers throughout my entire school life. The influence was not necessarily always positive, but it was always powerful! Andrew Davis was my housemaster at Montecute for my whole four years at Canford. He also taught me for 'O' and 'A' levels and Oxford entrance.

I had a kind of love-hate relationship with Andrew Davis. I loved his method of teaching and his enthusiasm. As David Attenborough inspires with anything in the natural history world, so Andrew Davis did in the world of English literature. The Shakespeare plays he 'taught me for' remain my favourites. He managed to make me enjoy Milton, and made me love Chaucer and Coleridge in particular. The greatest benefit I received from my Canford education was the love of English literature inspired by Andrew Davis.

On the 'hate' side, I was caned on several occasions by him. I always thought it was a particularly pointless and ineffective punishment, and I am surprised that he couldn't see that, too. I don't think he was enamoured of caning, though. On one occasion when I had committed a caning offence, he sent me away so that he could think of an alternative punishment. I was summoned back a day or two later to be told that he couldn't think of anything better so, since it was now too long after the event, to go away and not do it again.

Again on the 'hate' side, on the Saturday I was given my 1st XV rugby colours, a few of us went to the Hare and Hounds to celebrate (which was, of course, against the rules at that time). One of our group overdid it and was sufficiently sick in his dormitory to alert the staff's detective qualities. What I could not forgive Andrew Davis for was persuading Ian Wallace, the then headmaster, to rusticate us. This involved sending us home some three or four weeks before the end of term in our 'A' level year. I still resent what I see and saw as a grossly over-the-top punishment.

Back on the 'love' side, I loved Andrew Davis's sense of humour. One evening, he came into our study in Montecute. We had a joss stick burning, which was the 'cool' thing to do in those times, but Andrew Davis always thought joss sticks were used to cover the smell of cigarette smoke and disapproved of them. On this particular evening he could find nothing wrong, but as he left he said, 'God, this room smells like old ladies' underwear!' 'Well, I don't know about that, sir,' I ventured. 'I've never smelt old ladies' underwear.' There was a long pause and I thought, 'Oh no, I'm in for it now.' Then Andrew Davis replied, 'You will, boy, you will!' and left the room.

Overall, the positives of my experience with Andrew Davis way outweigh the negatives and I am immensely grateful to him for what he was able to pass on to me. He was also instrumental in getting me into Brasenose College, Oxford. I'm only sorry that this letter never got written to the man himself, although I often contemplated it. I hope it may revive some similar memories in others who had the benefit of his influence.

Nicholas Dobree (M68)



CANFORD crews have had a successful year, most notably the girls' quadruple scull (above and above right). By the Schools Head of the River in March they had notched up a series of small wins and were fancied to do well. Luck wasn't on the crew's side and, by the time they had overtaken twenty crews, hit a log and crashed into the Abingdon 1st VIII, they had to accept third place. At the National Schools Regatta conditions were stormy but the crew held together and left not only as champions but also having secured a new course record. The Henley Women's and Henley Royal Regattas were two very similar stories of a swollen river, strong head winds and gutsy racing. The Henley Women's final was described as one of the best races of the regatta and, although Canford were up briefly and level for a significant part of the race, Henley RC proved the stronger crew. After Canford had beaten several strong crews from both home and abroad in the inaugural Junior Women's Quads at Henley Royal Regatta, the final was a re-match with Henley RC and, disappointingly, the result was the same. But the crew had had an enormously successful and enjoyable season as well as putting Canford's rowing in the spotlight.



CANFORDIAN Mike Wang (left) is officially one of the top fifteen physics students in the country. He earned that accolade by fighting his way through to the final round of the British Physics Olympiad, for which there were 1800 entries. The final round comprised a four-day residential training camp at the University of Oxford which included lectures, problem classes and the chance to practice practical physics problems. Although Mike narrowly missed selection for the five-strong team to contest the International Physics Olympiad, held this year in Estonia, he was invited with the other finalists to a reception at the Royal Society, the centre of science in Great Britain. Accompanied by Chris Fenwick, Head of Physics, he heard a lecture from the director of the National Physics Laboratory (NPL) on the science of metrology –



the study of standardisation of units in industries and improvement in the accuracy of measurements of those units – met several professors from Cambridge and London Universities and chatted with Valerie Vaz, MP for Walsall South.

INSTEAD of the normal Spirit of Place activities in the final week of term, this year the school participated in the Gold 2012 Challenge, a nationwide fund-raising activity for schools (below). Canford has had a link with Langside School for severely disabled children in Bournemouth that goes back some 24 years. Over this time many hundreds of Canfordians have spent their time walking, talking, painting, sawing, making, singing and occasionally cooking with the children from the senior class from Langside School. So when the concept of the Challenge became known, it seemed like something that should be fun, would help us to be a small part of the Olympic celebration and would be of direct use to Langside School. The challenge was quite simple – to cover 2012 km in one day in as many ways as possible. Activities included climbing, cycling, bungee running, rowing, kayaking, golf, croquet, knitting (yes, really!), writing poems, assault course, abseiling, Frisbee etc, and finished with the house tug-of-war. By 3 pm the required distance had been covered and over £2000 raised for Langside, in effect gaining Canford's own Gold. Everyone was shattered – but it was the end of term!





THIS remarkable photograph (above) was taken on a stormy day in August by Ben Sparks, a maths teacher at Canford. It is a view across the playing fields from Franklin House. Ben noticed from his window a very strange-coloured sky and went outside to discover this rainbow. By the time he had grabbed his camera it was already fading. The shadow of the tree in the centre is not coming from the tree in the centre: although the illusion is quite strong, the sun is behind the photographer. A 'supernumerary rainbow' can be made out underneath the main arc. This rarely-seen phenomenon, often consisting of bands of green and purple, provided some of the first conclusive evidence that light was a wave rather than particles.

JOHN James (right) re-joined the Canford staff in September as Head of Cultural Enrichment. He was Head of English from 1993 to 2003 and housemaster of Montecute from 2003 until 2008 before leaving to be Head of English at Harrow. He writes: 'Some may say that Canford is rich enough in culture already, and that is very true, so in a sense my job is to help sustain and inspire what has already been achieved by countless pupils and staff over many years. The word is impossible to define precisely, but for me a school's 'culture' is the soil from which the community grows and flourishes: all the music, painting, writing, acting and numerous other creative activities forge and sustain the school's soul and do so much more than merely support the outstanding exam results. My job will be to encourage and support boys, girls, teachers,

parents and friends of the school in all their creative, cultural and intellectual activities; in practical terms that means things like helping directors of plays in that stressful activity, encouraging pupils to be ambitious and prepared to take creative risks, supporting a culture in the school that is vibrant and life-enhancing, attending all the concerts, plays and exhibitions.

'I will also be doing what I love most of all: teaching English at all levels of the school. And then if anybody wants me to direct the occasional play or return for some more boarding house tutoring or even go running in the Dorset country, I might well find it hard to say no!'



You can keep up to date with all the latest school news at www.canford.com/news. A copy of the latest edition of *Canford News* is also available on the website at www.canford.com/canford-news. If you would like a hard copy of this publication, please contact the OC office (ocs@canford.com), who will arrange to send you one.



Fifty years on - 1962 leavers' reunion

ON Saturday 9th June, 23 OCs who left Canford in 1962 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of that event at a lunch held at the school. The occasion was organised by Richard Baxter and Mike Lerwill. We were delighted that 14 wives were able to join us, as well as Trevor Davies, a member of the teaching staff during our time at Canford, his wife Anne, and John Lever, the current Headmaster.

We met in the Great Hall over coffee, complete

Northern Lunch

THE next OC Northern lunch will be on Saturday 3rd November 2012 at the Harrogate Club, 23 Victoria Avenue, Harrogate. Meet in the bar from 12 noon to eat at 1pm. Invitations and a menu choice will be circulated in September to OCs with addresses in the North of England. It is hoped that Old Canfordians

with name tags: as some wag suggested, as much a reminder for the wearer of his own name as it was a useful recognition aid to others! Following this, we were treated to the choice of a nostalgic tour of our former boarding houses, or an opportunity to experience the teaching methods employed in modern-day lessons. Pre-lunch drinks and lunch in the Long Gallery followed, lunch being preceded by Richard Baxter's recitation of the Latin Grace which we used to hear daily at lunchtime all those years ago. Over lunch there was much reminiscing and catching up, helped not a little by some excellent wine! John Lever also gave us an up-to-date summary of the extremely impressive state of the school.

After lunch some of us attended an arboretum tour and a history tour of the school, while others wandered freely, taking in the sights and sounds of Canford, including the inter-house athletics.

Our thanks go to Karen Hartshorn and Laura Flower for efficiently co-ordinating such an enjoyable event, to the School caterers for providing an excellent lunch, to all those who hosted the various tours and lessons, and finally to Frank Ahern for providing a magnificent visual display of some 1962 artefacts which did much both to jog the memories and to enhance the occasion.

The following attended the reunion: *School House* Mike Lerwill, Roger Lavers, Hugh Lavers, Tim Haddleton, Peter Phillips, Martin Jones, Nick Edmonds, Edward Tew; *Wimborne* Tim Kirk; *Franklin* Richard Bailey, Michael Boll, Tony Goodeve, John Twentyman; *Beaufort* Richard Baxter, Chris Morley-Smith, Simon Houlston; *Monteacute* Jim Hamilton, Neil Turfitt; *Court* Peter Fitzgerald, Richard Putnam, Hugh Robinson; *Salisbury* Michael White, Richard Caines.

from both sides of the Pennines will be able to join us on this occasion.

If you have not received an invitation in the past or want any more information, please contact Mike Blunt (C55) at Birdforth, Terrington, York YO60 6PZ. Tel: 01653 648295, or email mikeblunt@btinternet.com.

Beaufort 1956

THE Beaufort House 1956 reunion dates back to the 50th anniversary of the rugby match between Beaufort and School House in December 1956. On that occasion all but one of the XV – who was in China – turned up for a dinner in John o' Gaunts. This year's reunion was held at the Lakeside International Hotel, Camberley, on 22nd August, and was attended by Stephen Weld, Bob Chisnell, Johnathan Beagley, John Hooper, Jim Stanley, Robin Broadbent, Ian Slater, Steve Warren and Tom Hasslet. On the following morning, some played a round of golf and some went to Minley Manor, which is the officer's mess of the Royal Engineers.



Please email ocs@canford.com or ring Laura on 01202 847506 if you think you might like to get involved with the planning of your reunion or other OC event, or if you would like more information about the OC events calendar.



Henley Royal Regatta

AN official OC and Crocodiles drinks party made a comeback for the first time in a few years at Henley Royal Regatta, when Canford Crocodiles of all vintages met on the Wednesday evening at the end of rowing. The current Crocodiles parents kindly made the Crocodiles gazebo available for the fifty or so OC rowers, parents and current squad who came along to celebrate the two Canford crews rowing in the regatta.

The boys' 1st VIII had a successful Wednesday, beating Norwich School by a length, but were defeated by a talented crew from Belmont Hill School (USA) on the Thursday after a storming row which

saw them move from two lengths down at the start of the enclosures to half a length down at the finish line. Meanwhile, the Canford girls' quad was selected for the inaugural running of the Junior Womens' Quadruple Sculls after their wins at both Wallingford Regatta and the National Schools' Regatta earlier in the season. They beat Tideway Scullers on Friday and Nottingham Rowing Club on Saturday, and lost to a very strong Henley Rowing Club quad in the Sunday final. Not bad for a Canford crew featuring the lightest person ever to have rowed at Henley Royal Regatta!

We plan to continue hosting annual drinks parties at future Henley Royal Regattas, so please do get in touch with the OC office if you used to row at Canford and would like to hear about future rowing events.

Canford Connect and the Careers Network

MANY of you will remember that in 2006 we launched 'MyOCS', a forum for you to find and connect with other OCs. Over this past summer, we have completely rebuilt the site to provide more useful and interactive services to OCs, to integrate the site better with the current school website, and to include a wider range of Canford events.

While OCs form the heart and soul of the Canford community, the wider community also includes parents, staff and friends of Canford, and we have decided to include these groups as users of the site as well. We hope it will encourage all members of the community to participate through attending events, keeping in touch, supporting the school and volunteering. This is why we are also renaming the website. What you once called 'MyOCS' is being renamed 'Canford Connect', to reflect this greater inclusivity.

Canford Connect will be able to do many things that 'MyOCS' didn't. You will be able to book and pay for events – OC, Canford School Society, and Development – online via the website. You will be able to buy OC merchandise and make donations online. You will be able to upload photos from events, check what's happening at Canford and, of course, look for other OCs with whom you wish to get in contact.

Additionally, Canford Connect will be the main mechanism for you to register as a mentor or mentee in our brand new Careers Network, also launching this year. The Careers Network will match experienced OCs (and parents) with current sixth formers and recent OC leavers. You will be able to sign up for as many levels as you wish – from providing occasional advice, through ongoing mentoring, to providing work experience and networking events with other OCs in your field.

Canford Connect doesn't aim to compete with Facebook or LinkedIn, but it does aim to provide you with a Canford-specific 'place' on the internet that you know is secure and useful to you. As you test out the new website, please do let us know if something doesn't work as expected or if you think of other facilities that would be useful.

All OCs for whom we have email addresses are automatically being registered for Canford Connect. If you haven't already, you will soon receive an email with your username and initial password. Please visit the site to add your additional details, register for events, sign-up for the Careers Network and look for other OCs! If we don't have your email address, please just visit www.canfordconnect.com to create your profile.



Alex discovers that a large floppy sun hat is an essential accessory on the plains of Montana

...Alex Bovaird, Costume Designer

Alex Bovaird (SH96) moved to America soon after leaving Canford and now lives in New York City, where she works as an assistant costume designer on feature films

Monday

Film work is freelance so I never know what's coming next, but I can rest assured that it will be hard work, good fun and incredibly rewarding. Today I'm flying to Great Falls, Montana, for the last ten days on the shoot for *Jimmy Picard*, a film on which I've been working for about three months. The hero of our story is a Blackfoot Indian who grew up on a reservation near the Canadian border, so there are flashbacks to his younger days in the early 1930s. My boss and I are going out to do fittings on the local cast and extras.

We work out of a large wardrobe truck, which is driving across the country from Detroit, where we have been filming in an abandoned hospital. Before we began filming I spent weeks in Los Angeles, gathering period clothing from costume rental houses, and we were also furiously making outfits as we finished the hospital shoot. Once we're up at the reservation there isn't much we can run and get in the way of 1930s attire, so we've done a lot of preparation.

We arrive at our B&B after a three-hour drive through 'Big Sky Country'. There is literally nothing

around here – quite a change from New York City. I say hello to our local wardrobe crew and then turn in for an early night, to bank some sleep before the busy days ahead.

Tuesday

We power through fitting more than sixty extras and principals for a square dance scene, a court scene, some dreams and a church scene – it is a blur of commotion as I yank clothing, pull hats, tie ties, pin dresses and struggle to find shoes. In the 1930s the Blackfoot were largely dressing in contemporary styles, with a Native flavour in their hair or jewellery. One of my favourite parts of the job is the research – delving into the world of the 1930s Indian reservation, of World War 2 veterans in 1948, or of whatever the project calls for. Before we start shooting I have to put together extensive boards of photographs and sketches to show the director.

Our last fitting of the day is with our lead actor, Benicio del Toro. Most of the costumes for the leads have already been established, but we need to try his army uniform on him and re-work some of his



Alex Bovaird in the wardrobe truck

ranch looks. A tailor in New York made a three-piece suit for him which I have to check, too. Thankfully, everything looks great and our seamstress has to make just a few adjustments.

Wednesday

I dress a gaggle of wild children in the morning. Tears and tantrums in the fitting do not bode well for a long, hot day on set. Being in a movie always sounds so fun and glamorous, but it can be incredibly tedious and uncomfortable. A box of waist-cinchers arrive just in time as today we have more women to squash into the too-small dresses for the dance. It has been hard to find slim women for the period look. We finish our fittings at 10 pm and I drive wearily to a food stand before passing out for a 5 am call tomorrow.

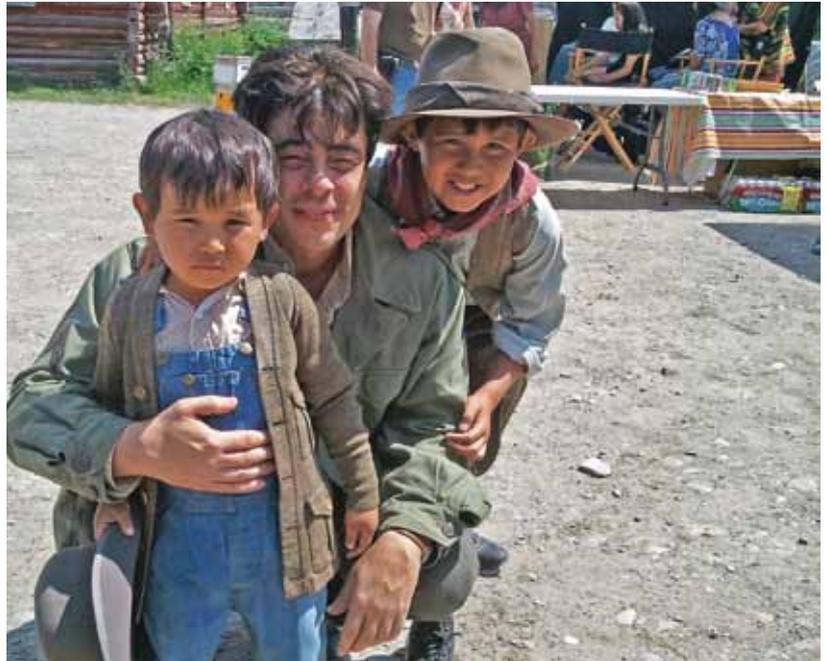
Thursday

Filming begins and we are united with the rest of our Detroit crew. We are shooting on a beautiful vista this morning and then moving to a train station. The hardest part of my job is over: figuring out what everyone's going to wear. After I have shown all fitting photographs to the director and got his approval, we alter and prepare the clothes. The actors get changed and then we work with hair and make-up to create a cohesive look. When camera is ready, I go to set to tweak the costumes and work with the assistant directors in staging the extras and checking the principals before we roll.

Once the scene is set, the costumers watch the monitors for continuity and I usually have something else to take care of – today it's a mission to find some suit buttons for Benicio. The nearest shop to buy buttons is two hours away, so I go to a second-hand shop in town to find an old suit to rip them from. I meet the crew again at the train station – more dressing, tweaking and running to the truck to make quick changes. The shots are looking gorgeous, though, and it was well worth our coming on location.

Friday

The big dance scene is today. It takes hours to get everyone ready. Once they are brought to set, I add



Star of *Jimmy Picard*, Benicio del Toro, with two of the local extras in costume

jewellery and accessories and re-adjust the crumpled children. Just before we roll on a scene between the lead and his love interest, the actress wants me to detach a bow from her dress which we made for her. I scramble to run it by my boss, and then we madly unpick and re-sew. Phew! Holding up camera is to be avoided at all costs.

We shoot for hours and I have nun and lawyer fittings back at the truck. I propose one of our producers to be a nun – she is nonplussed!

Saturday

Sixteen-hour days are typical for film work, but shooting on the weekends is not. This morning I am going to a Sun Dance, a traditional Blackfoot ceremony to which a few of us are invited. After driving for an hour down a dirt road, we are led to a teepee-shaped structure made from branches, and taken inside. There are drummers and singers and elaborate regalia. The dancers participate in a rather violent practice of piercing their flesh, to which they attach ropes and drag bison skulls around the tent until their skin breaks. They prepare for the event with sweat lodges and fasting and endure it in the name of a sick relative or a personal pledge.

It is really intense and I've certainly witnessed more uplifting spiritual ceremonies, but it is amazing to experience some of the Blackfoot tradition and it is not something an ordinary tourist would ever get to see. Another part of my job that I love are the weird and wonderful places it takes me and the unpredictable characters that I meet.

Sunday

The production has organised a white-water rafting trip for today, as the reservation is right next to Glacier National Park. The rapids are only class 2 and it is mostly a bobbing-along-down-the-river sort of thing, but it is marvellous to be in such stunning scenery and to wipe away the stresses of the movie. There is only a week left on the shoot and then I'll be heading home to Manhattan.



Mr Nick Robertson OBE (C86), founder of online retailer ASOS, gave a keynote speech at the start of the day

Careers Symposium 2012

THE 9th Careers Symposium run by the OC Society took place on Friday 16th March, a glorious spring day. In his introduction Simon de Halpert (F64) mentioned that the majority of the presenters had some connection with the school; they were either OCs or present or recent parents and all were coming because they wanted to give something useful to the school. He compared the need to go to university and the job market of the 1960s with

OCs and guests mingle in the Layard foyer...

the present day and suggested that, for the students, the success of the day would not be immediately apparent. He then introduced the keynote speaker, Nick Robertson (C86), who is the CEO of ASOS.

Nick started by giving a short history of ASOS, which he founded, and commented on the importance of work experience. He told the students of the need to accept that changes in the job market are what happens in real life. The factors that he looks for in a prospective employee are conscientiousness, hard work and individuality, the need to 'be who you are'. He finished his talk by exhorting the students to do something they enjoy, to recognise that work is 'a long game' and that hard work generates its own luck.

The three group sessions in the afternoon gave the students a chance to explore in some depth some of the careers in which they had expressed interest. Business Management, Law, Medicine and City and Finance were the most popular, but Materials Science, Engineering, Biology and Natural Sciences, Journalism and Writing, Architecture, IT, Veterinary Science, Design, Fashion, Clinical Research, Property, Marketing, Teaching, Environmental Issues, PR and Psychology all had experts to advise the students. 'Interview Preparation', 'Changing Careers





... before meeting with the students for the small group seminars

and Transferable Skills', 'Life at University', 'Starting and Running Your Own Business', 'Unsure of Career Choice?' and 'Not Going to University' were more general options available.

The Headmaster rounded off the proceedings by thanking all the presenters who had so willingly given up their day to provide the students with the benefit of their experience in their various professions. Many of the presenters then sat down to a most enjoyable dinner in John o' Gaunts.

We are most grateful to the following OCs and parents (P) who contributed to the day : Barry Coupe (OC), Susi Caesar (P), David Cotterell (OC), Katherine Noon (OC), Kate Poole (P),

Gordon Fulcher (OC), Alice Chapple (P), Angela Lane (P), Malcolm Moss (P), Jeff Dodd (P), Mike Lerwill (OC), Anna Nicholas (P), Alex Bellars (OC), Beth Cameron (OC), Theresa Thurston (OC), David Wombell (P), Nick Robertson (OC), David Ford (OC), Mark Brooks (P), Mark Foden (P), David Owen (OC), Tod Yeomans (OC), Charles Garthwaite (P), Chris Hewitt (P), Patrick Target (OC), Martin Wright (P), Manuela Dack (OC), Sarah Fletcher (P), James Massey-Collier (P), Rob Cooper (P), Frankie Pride (P), Lara Morgan (P), Sally Newman (P), Miriam O'Hare (P), James Vlasto (OC), Henrietta Morrison (P), Genevieve Tennant (P) and Roger Gould (P).

Dates for your diary

Friday 5th October

OC Golf: President's Day,
Liphook Golf Club

Sunday 7th October

OC Hockey: Haileybury 6s

Saturday 13th October

'Come and Sing' Mozart's Requiem
Concert, Music School, 7 pm

Saturday 3rd November

Northern Lunch, Harrogate Club, 12 noon

5th-8th December

Calamity Jane (School Musical),
Layard Theatre, 7.30 pm

Thursday 13th December

Carol Service, Wimborne Minster, 7.30 pm

Monday 17th December

'Noël Noël' (Canford School
Society), Great Hall, 7.30 pm

Tuesday 12th February

School Concert, Christchurch Priory, 7.30 pm

Friday 15th February

Canford School Society Spring Lunch,
John o' Gaunts, 12.30 pm

13th-15th March

Senior Play, Layard Theatre

Sunday 17th March

OC Sports Day & Stroll in the Park, Canford,
12 noon

11th-14th April

OC Golf: Halford Hewitt Competition,
Royal St George's

Thursday 9th May

London Drinks Party, New Palace
of Westminster, 7 pm

Sunday 26th May

90th Celebration, Great Hall, 7 pm



From the Archive



Clarence School in the late 1910s. Headmaster Franklin is in the centre, with future headmaster Macnutt two places to his left

Inset: William Franklin

Canford's pioneers

Richard Knott looks at the background of two men who played a vital role in the founding of Canford



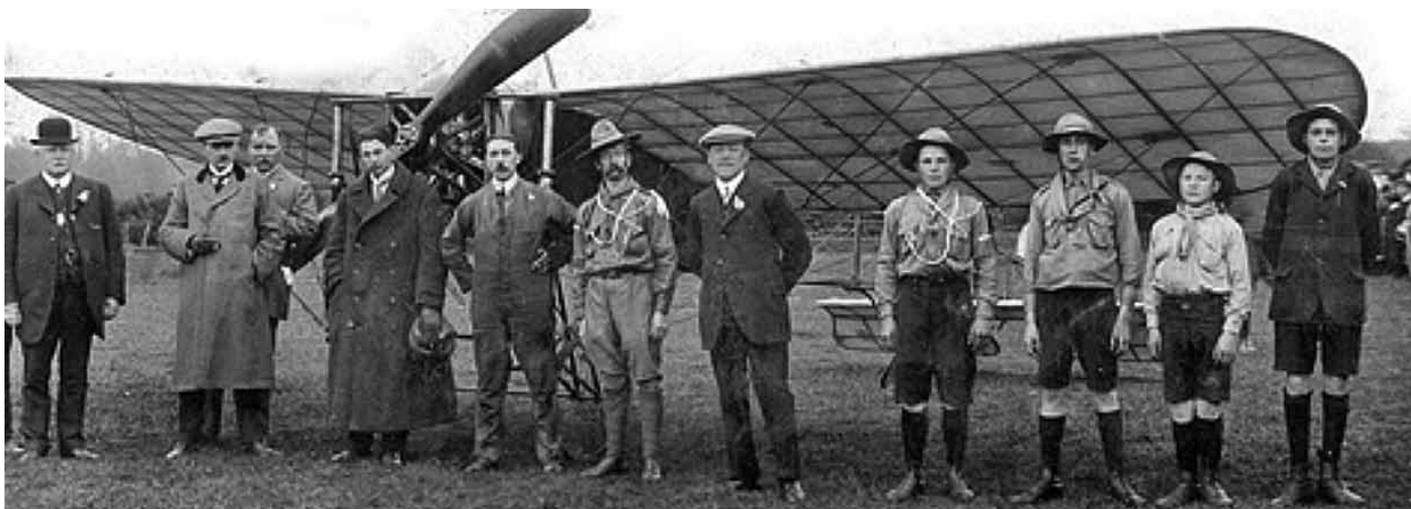
Michael Rathbone's history of Canford gives a full account of Percy Warrington's purchase of Clarence School in 1922 and its move to Canford shortly afterwards, but Canford's story starts much earlier than that. William Franklin, the founder of Clarence School, had died in 1921 and the hagiography that appeared shortly afterwards in the school magazine, filled with descriptions of Franklin's scholarly excellence and Christian kindness, was a somewhat sanitised version of the truth.

William's grandmother had died a pauper. His parents – it is not clear whether they ever married – had moved to Bath, an insanitary city, suffering an outbreak of cholera, and set up an eating house. In 1857, when William was only five, his father died of a heart condition that would have left him with a bloated face and body; but Charlotte, his mother, didn't marry again and continued to run the refreshment house. William's siblings went on to become a dressmaker, upholsterer and shop assistant but, by the time William was seventeen, he was advertising himself locally as a 'Classical Tutor' who would visit homes for private tuition. Yet how he received his education is a mystery: although the Bath Forum Free School, the Blue Coat School and St Edward's Grammar School were nearby, their registers do not mention him. His obituary suggests that a youthful illness prevented his attending Oxford, but this seems unlikely, as we know that some time

before 1873, William went to Bath Abbey to register as a private student at London University and then in January 1873 failed his Matriculation, a basic requirement before starting at the university.

In 1874, while still tutoring, William joined the staff of Monkton Combe, a newly established boarding school on the edge of Bath. Two years later he married Emily Castle, who was fifteen years older than William and had been a widow for ten years. She came from a landowning Irish family and was able to live off her own means, so was an attractive proposition for William, but whether theirs was a love match or a marriage of convenience, they were soon looking after half a dozen boarders who lived with them in a house that must have been purchased with Emily's money.

Willie Ball-Acton, sadly to die of meningitis after only one term as a pupil at Monkton Combe, gives us a glimpse of William Franklin in his letters home. One of only five or six masters at the school, Franklin was described as 'a very good master and teaches excellently'. Willie had been promoted from the third form where discipline was lax and 'you could hardly learn anything there as the master is not very good; he talks about punishing but never does hardly. Franklin is very strict, but it is a good thing'. William was a member of the Plymouth Brethren by the time he arrived at Monkton. There is some evidence that Emily's family were as well, so William may have



converted after he met her; but the Brethren had been based in Bath since at least 1837. Although William was fully part of the school when, in 1886, he took the decision to leave the security of Monkton and set up his own school, many at Monkton were pleased that the school had lost its non-conformist element.

William named his new establishment Combe Down School, despite there being a primary school of the same name in the village. Within five years, it had over forty pupils from across the globe. At least four other teachers lived in the school, including the obligatory French master; and there were others who did not live in, amongst whom was probably Tom Tilsley, living nearby as a schoolmaster. Tom certainly went on to teach at Clarence School and Canford, and his younger brother, training to be a doctor, was living with William's brother in London, so it seems likely that Tom was already teaching at Combe Down.

In around 1893 Emily's younger sister, Isabel, sent three of her sons to Combe Down School, a significant decision for Canford as it turned out. Isabel had married George Macnutt, an Irish-Canadian whose family were important members of the Prince Edward Island community. George was a polymath who had arrived in England as a Baptist minister but immediately set about training as a doctor. He had two children in different parts of Canada, then eight more as he moved from Islington to Brighton, the Isle of Wight, Wimbledon and then Barnet, where John Stewart Macnutt, destined to be Canford's first headmaster, was born in 1880. George qualified as a doctor, obtained a further degree from Edinburgh and then, in 1888, took his entire family to New York, across the USA to San Francisco, and then finally to Melbourne in Australia. For several years he practised as a doctor, first in Melbourne and later, after briefly returning to England, in Brisbane. He wrote letters to the papers about the state of the water in Brisbane ('liquid mud'); he patented a device for 'an improved screw for woodwork'; he became an expert on homeopathy; and, of course, he worked as a doctor. It seems likely that the family returned to England in 1893 so that his sons could go to Combe Down School, and George himself only spent two years in Brisbane before returning to Surrey. The journey and lifestyle gave the young John Macnutt an experience that very few of his age would have had.

There is no direct evidence that John Macnutt ever attended Combe Down, but we know that two of his brothers did, and that he was an active member of the old boys' society, so it seems reasonable to assume that he did as well. What we also know is that shortly after their arrival, William Franklin decided that the school had outgrown its present site and needed to move. Weston-Super-Mare had grown from a tiny village at the start of the century to a thriving seaside resort. Several private schools were being set up there as it became fashionable to send children to seaside boarding schools. In 1895, Combe Down School moved into large buildings overlooking Clarence Park, which had opened only yards from the sea in 1888, and was renamed Clarence School. Like all other schools on the coast, Franklin's prospectus made much of the healthy air and its benefits for delicate children. The school was, he said, 'open to the invigorating breezes of the Atlantic. The air, impregnated with iodine and ozone is pure and bracing and less humid than that of most seaside places'. Franklin's public ambitions for the school seemed modest: even twenty years later the school prospectus said that with '... Protestant and Evangelical principles there is every prospect that the school will continue to grow till, in time, it takes rank among the smaller public schools of the country', and preparing pupils for entrance to other, more prestigious schools was included in their advertising. Clarence School was genuinely comprehensive: a number of bright pupils left for more academic schools, but many others remained. Indeed one, with a certain irony given Franklin's record there, obtained a degree from London University while still at the school.

John Macnutt must have been a pupil until close to the turn of the century, but by 1901 he was teaching there. This was not unusual; one old boy recalled being befriended by 'Bill' Franklin who then offered him a free place at the school in return for helping out with the younger boys in the prep department. Macnutt did take a break from the school, because he went to Trinity College, Dublin and later became an Anglican priest, but returned to Clarence as Vice-Principal. Whereas Franklin's non-conformism had presented problems at Monkton Combe, Macnutt's traditional Anglicanism appeared to present no such difficulties to Franklin. Indeed it became a strength,

Macnutt (sixth from left) with Henri Salmets' plane on the Clarence School playing fields in 1912.



Clarence School

allowing the school to appeal to a wider variety of parents. Although religious teaching was advertised as 'strictly scriptural and evangelical', it was also stated that 'Pupils attend Church of England or Non-conformist services as desired by parents.' The result was that on Sundays, two crocodiles of boys made their way to church, one moving towards the Plymouth Brethren assembly and one to Holy Trinity church.

As *The Clarencians* just before the Great War make clear, Macnutt was rapidly becoming the driving force behind the school. He was ever-present on the games field, topping the batting averages for the school cricket team and coaching other sports. He also taught lessons, gave regular lantern lectures (including one entitled 'A trip round the world', using the exact route he went on as a boy), organised the big events at the school and ran the CCF, the scouts and the old boys' society. There are also brief glimpses of his appearing on the national stage. In 1913 he attended the Eugenics Education Conference on sex education where he said that 'schoolmasters would agree that, in dealing with his boys, there were two important things: (i) Curiosity, when once aroused, must be satisfied, at whatever cost; and (ii) Whether dealing individually or collectively, whatever was said must be raised to the highest possible pitch. The boy must be shown that if he wished to attain success and distinction in the physical world, whether in games or otherwise, he must abstain from the vices which had been spoken of.'

More than half the pages of *The Clarencian* were taken up with details of the cricket scores, and the outdoor life was encouraged through paper chases, school bathes, walks in the hills and the CCF camp. There were also charabanc trips to Wells cathedral, a day spent watching the Australian cricket side play Gloucester and, on one notable occasion in 1912, Henri Salmel landed a plane – something most hadn't seen - on the Clarence playing fields with the school's Boy Scouts helping.

As the First World War started, there were just over eighty boys in the senior school and twenty more in the prep department. *The Clarencian* records the names of 62 former pupils who volunteered to fight as war broke out, many of whom were amongst the 56 on the memorial stone that was later unveiled for the OCs who had lost their lives. As the war ended, Franklin's 'lifelong bodily weakness and suffering' was becoming more of a problem. The school had been made into a company in 1913, with a small board of directors overseeing operations, and Macnutt was now the joint principal and presumably doing the lion's share of the work.

Franklin died on 14th June 1921 and eighteen months later, his wife, Emily, followed him. His obituary said that, although there had been a 'touch of the austere' about him, he had mellowed in old age. His legacy is, of course, Canford School. The links between Combe Down School and Clarence School were clear, with the latter including the former's name in its prospectus, and pupils from both considering themselves as part of a common past. The same was essentially true when the school moved to Canford: the pupils, staff and motto were much the same, and the first *Canfordian* suggested that it was a relocation rather than a new birth. In smaller ways, too, continuity was assumed: the sports calendar listed some who had been awarded rugby colours from 1921 to 1923, including therefore their time at Clarence and Canford.

Why, then, did we not celebrate the 125th anniversary of the school in 2011? Michael Rathbone asks and answers this question in his history: Canford was intended to be a different type of school. Clarence was a private, proprietary school, but Canford was to join the ranks of the public schools. It has certainly done that but, when the centenary is celebrated in 2023, let us not forget the two men who had spent nearly forty years preparing the way for its birth.

IAN LEWIN (F40)

He was a house prefect and won his house colours in rowing and cross-country. He was a committee member of the John o' Gaunt Society. After leaving school he wanted to fly, but with his older brother already in the RAF, he instead trained in aircraft design at de Havilland in Hatfield. He went on to work for British Messier and eventually joined Mullards Research Labs in Surrey (which later became part of Philips) as a mechanical engineer. By this time he and his Swedish wife, Agathe, had four children and had settled in East Sussex, in a cedar-wood bungalow in a plot of woodland. They spent the next 50-plus years creating a large and secluded garden amongst the oak and birch trees.

He worked on many developments that later appeared in commercial products – integrated circuits, early microchips, lasers which led to CDs – but began to be frustrated at the increasingly corporate environment at Philips and was glad to retire in 1985. He lived a full-on retirement, taking up golf, bridge, badminton and fine wines. He pursued his interest in World War I and exercised his love of anything involving wheels and combustion engines with a series of sporty cars and tractors of different sizes.

DERICK MACLAVERTY (W40)

As well as being Chapel Prefect and a house prefect, he played in the hockey XI for three years and was also a 1st XV rugby player and secretary of lawn tennis. His enthusiasm led him to represent his house at most sports.

WILLIAM WILSON (W41)

At Canford he was head of house and captain of house rowing. He subsequently saw wartime service in the Royal Artillery.

FREDERICK GALES (B47)

After Canford, where he was a keen oarsman, he went on to RAC Cirencester and spent two years in the Kenya police during the Mau-Mau troubles. Later he was a successful arable farmer and County Councillor in Suffolk. He was also a keen yachtsman and a private pilot with over 2000 hours in his logbook, and once flew a Hawker Hunter T7 through the sound barrier.

MILES CURTIS HAYWARD (SH47)

His time at Canford was dominated by music: he won prizes for it throughout his career and when he left, his parents presented a cup for sight-reading. He followed his elder brothers, John and Tom, from Canford to Merton College, Oxford, where he read modern languages. Health and temperamental problems made it hard for him to settle down until later in his life, yet he retained a youthful and often exuberant outlook until well into his seventies. He had a keen sense of the absurd and was capable of transforming a routine social event into something much more unpredictable and amusing. As one of his many friends said, 'There



Derick Maclaverty (second from right, front row) played in the hockey XI for three years

was nothing humdrum about Miles.' He retained his love of music and literature all his life, singing for a number of years at the Three Choirs Festival, as well as writing three volumes of memoirs. He sympathised readily with others, particularly those experiencing difficulties, and became a good friend and companion to many. A deeply humble man, he would have been surprised by the number of people from all walks of life who packed the church for his funeral.

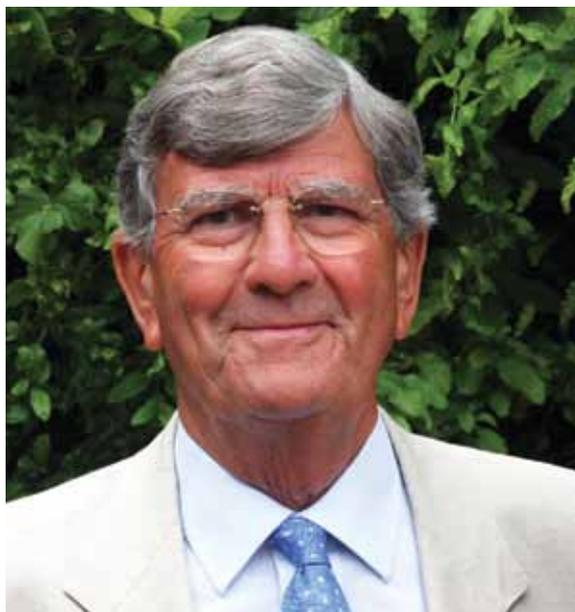
MARTIN DE BLANK (SH48)

He was a keen and successful fives player, as well as being head of house and chapel prefect. After serving in Germany as a Cornet of Horse with the King's 8th Royal Irish Hussars, he went into advertising, working for Lintas, the advertising arm of Unilever. He emigrated to Canada, later moving to the USA, where he was Advertising Manager for the American Distilling Company. In a career change, he became a successful futures and commodities broker before returning to the UK in 1994. In retirement he enjoyed antiques and cooking, as well as being a prize-winning gardener and a respected member of the community in South Brent, Devon.

PHILIP DAUBENEY (M50)

Rob Daubeneay (M84) writes: He was head of house, a school prefect, captain of rugby, hockey, boxing and rowing and drum-major in the CCF. He stroked the 1st IV to Canford's only success in the Public Schools' IV at the Marlow Regatta in June 1950.

After National Service, he worked in Fleet Street for the *Daily Sketch* as a sub-editor. At weekends he continued with the sports he loved at Canford, playing rugby for Harlequins and hockey for Beckenham and Kent. By 1955 he had grown frustrated by the job at the *Daily Sketch* and in particular with his boss, Marmaduke Hussey. In later years, when Hussey had become chairman of the BBC, Philip delighted in telling the story of how he told his old boss what he could do with his job! He went to Jersey to join his father,



Philip Daubeney

who had moved there in 1947 and had bought a small guest house called the Angleterre. It became the Hotel Angleterre and was Philip's life for the next 46 years.

He combined his working life as a hotelier with his love of sport, captaining Jersey at both rugby and hockey. A rugby injury soon led to him meeting his first wife – Morwenna, a physio at Jersey hospital, with whom he had four sons. One of his proudest moments was captaining an OC hockey XI that included Giles (M80) and Henry (M82) to victory over a School 1st XI captained by Robert (M84) and including Edmund (M83). His love of sport never diminished; he played his last game of hockey at 78 and was an enthusiastic golfer in later life.

He fitted in numerous other commitments on Jersey, but it was his involvement in Lions Clubs International that helped define his later years. Working his way through local and national organisations, he became an International Director and was still actively serving the charity at the time of his death.

He was immensely proud to watch his grandson, James (M12), play for the 1st XV at Canford and delighted that granddaughter Charlotte was the first female Canfordian in the family. Just before he died, he learnt that another granddaughter, Gemma, would be following as a drama scholar.

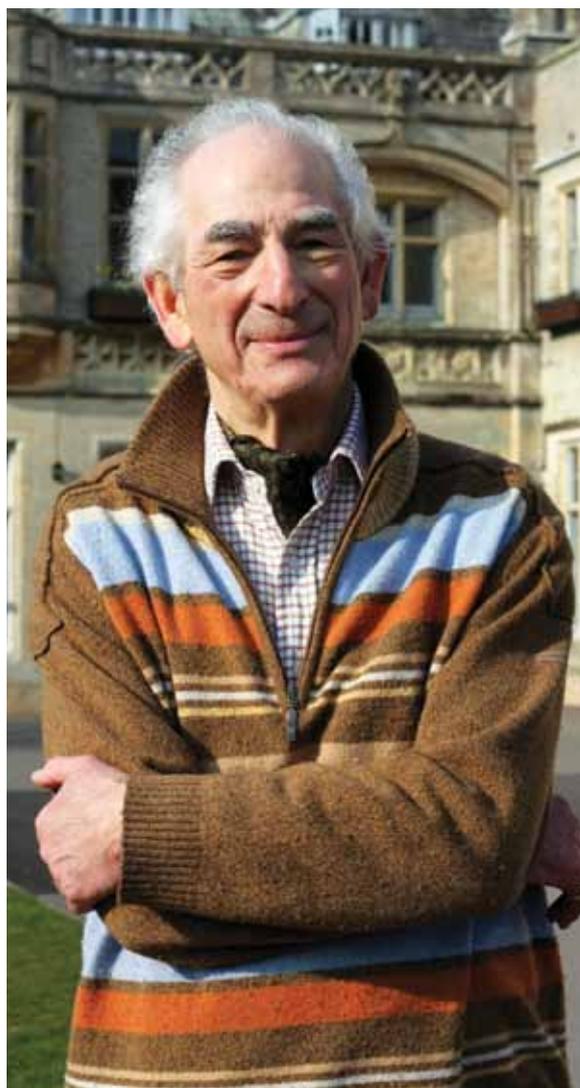
DAVID LITTMAN (W51)

The Canfordian reported that as captain of cricket in his second year in the XI, he 'captained the side competently, though he often appeared to have difficulty in placing the field.' He did, however, pull off the unusual feat of four stumpings in an innings against the Cygnets. He was head of his house and a school prefect.

His best-known exploit was when he posed as a Christian in 1961 to rescue 530 Moroccan Jewish children during a time when Jews were not freely allowed to leave. It was he who negotiated to permit the children to travel to Switzerland on vacation, and from there the children were transported to Israel, where they were later joined by the rest of their families. At the time, he ran the Casablanca office of



Derek Littman as captain of cricket (above) and on a recent visit to Canford (below)



the Geneva-based international NGO for children, Oeuvre de Secours aux Enfants de l'Afrique du Nord (OSSEAN). 'Mural' was his personal code name, hence the name of the operation, 'Operation Mural'. It was actually run by Israel's international Mossad intelligence agency, but to maintain its top-secret status, he was told he was working for the Jewish Agency for Israel.

In 1986, he was reunited with the children he had rescued, on the 25th anniversary of the operation. In 2007, the film, *Operation Mural Casablanca 1961*, describing the operation, premiered at the San Francisco Film Festival. Two years later, he was presented by the government of Israel with the 'Hero of Silence' award for his service during the operation.

For years he served as the main representative at the United Nations for the World Union for Progressive Judaism (WUPJ). From 1997, he was affiliated with the Association of World Citizens (AWC) and the Association for World Education (AWE). A financier, writer and historian, he held a degree from London's Institute of Archaeology and excavated Hazor in the Galilee under Professor Yigal Yadin in the summer of 1958.

(Adapted with permission from Arutz Sheva www.israelnationalnews.com)

MICHAEL PULVERTAFT (S53)

As befitted someone who was a Petty Officer in the CCF's Naval Section, he went to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and served for ten years in the Royal Navy, qualifying as a Fleet Air Arm pilot before opting to leave the service. As his wife, Ann, came from Australia, they decided to emigrate and it was in Wagga Wagga, New South Wales that he spent his working life, specialising in pre-stressed concrete and landscape gardening. In 1987 they retired to the Pacific coast of Queensland, where he devoted much time to his life-long interest in butterflies and moths, while their three daughters provided them with seven much-loved grandchildren. The announcement of his death in *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph*, written by one of his sons-in-law, described him as 'a bon vivant and raconteur and great friend to all who were lucky enough to have known him'.

PETER COATES (F54)

He first joined the Royal Marines, then 3 Para, with whom he dropped on Suez in 1956. A house prefect at Canford, he was in the rugby XV for two years and in the shooting VIII, and he rowed in the 3rd IV. He was also the leader of the orchestra and music was important to him throughout his life. For 23 years he was an instructor at Dartmoor prison. His latter years were clouded by ill-health following a stroke ten years ago.

TERENCE CURRY (SH57)

At Canford he was an active trombonist and rowed in the 2nd VIII. In his professional career he was company director of Currys Electrical, the family business, and then of other companies. He was also in later life a flying instructor at White Waltham airfield – just one of his many interests that included driving veteran cars



'One of the biggest characters any of us knew': David Gapp

and steam trains, and he had latterly taken up golf. He was followed to Canford by his two sons, Mark (SH87) and Robert (SH87).

DAVID GAPP (L03)

He died, aged 24, of injuries sustained in a car accident in January. The following is extracted from the part of the eulogy given at his funeral by Vicky Ilankovan (W08):

Gapp was unquestionably one of the biggest characters any of us knew. He was a joker, a troublemaker, and a party animal; you always knew you'd have a good time if Dave the Rave was about! I remember the first time that I met him. He randomly crashed my thirteenth birthday party and helped me gang up on all the other, actually invited guests and soak them with waterguns. From then on I heard many a tale about him from my brother, Chris [W05], and Lu Stansfield [L05]. The more I heard, the more I liked him, and every time I saw him, he never failed to make me laugh.

The obvious thing that has to be mentioned in reference to Gapp is his hair – those beautiful flowing locks, often matched with a scraggly beard which made him look like the most adorable rocker tramp ever seen by Man, staring at you through much-sellotaped glasses and grinning like Animal from 'The Muppets' through a mane of red.

His hair was not only to me his trademark, but also a visible badge of his kind and amazing spirit. He had got into the habit a few years ago of donating his hair to a charity which made wigs for cancer patients. We all laughed at him when he shaved his head to do this, saying how silly he looked, but he just grinned away because he knew, as we did, that he was doing something truly wonderful.

This is just one example of Dave's incredible personality, his kindness, his spirit. There are thousands more that each and every one of his friends and family can attest to. Aside from being a crazy character with a standout sense of style and a heart of gold, Dave was and is one of the most loyal and genuine people I have ever known. He made an impact on everyone who knew him and can never be forgotten.



News from the Canford Campaign

Above: Robin Wright (SH69), Richard Knott (Deputy Headmaster), Ken Dix OBE (S47)

Right: Tony Hanna (Campaign Board Chair and past parent), Barnaby Maunder-Taylor (S92), Christine Maunder-Taylor

Far right: John Zeal (M53) chats to an unidentified OC

Bottom right: Adrian Scott DL (B56), David Shepherd (C63)



MANY OCs and parents have been giving to the Canford Campaign over the past two years. Historically, we haven't always remembered to say 'thank you' enough times to our donors and volunteers. One small way of doing this is to create 'thank you' events just for donors, and another way is to involve donors and volunteers in the life of the current school – it is, after all, what you are giving time and money to. In March, we combined the two by hosting a 'thank you' reception tied to the biennial school concert at the Lighthouse in Poole. Before the concert all our invited guests were treated to drinks and canapés in the Lighthouse Art Gallery, where there was a display of puppetry and where these photographs were taken. They were then given some of the best seats in the house to watch the combined efforts of Canford pupils' vocal and instrumental talents.

All the main musical groups at Canford performed, including the wind bands, orchestra, and chamber

choir. The evening finished with a combined choir and orchestra performing several works, including Finzi, Stanford and Hubert Parry. We plan to host at least one event per academic year from now on simply to say 'thanks', and very much hope that, if you haven't already, you will consider becoming part of the invited guest list!





To France the hard way

The club of those who have swum across the English Channel is an exclusive one, but **Danny Bryson (S93)** recently joined it. Here he recounts the experience.

QUITE why I decided to set myself this challenge I don't know. It just seemed like a good idea at the time. Not many people had ever done it and I like really testing myself and wanted to take it to the next level. My pre-season rugby training at school or those tortuous Knighton Farm runs had, without knowing it, probably hardened me to endurance and, if I am being honest, I found out that I liked it. 'You must be mad' was my Dad's initial reaction before having to agree to go on the safety boat since his cousin had jumped at the chance – 'If you can swim the Channel, then the least I can do is be on the boat!'. Then I roped in my cousin and Seamus Harkness (W93) to complete the Dream Team safety crew.

So after 820 km of swimming in the first half of 2011, many lonely hours in lakes and the sea, putting on 16 pounds to fight the cold, taking daily cold showers for the same reason, and waking up nervous every summer morning, the big night had come. I had received many good luck messages but no-one was as selfless as Ashton Ward (W93), who ensured that his own company sponsored me and got me a mention on the Chris Evans show during the swim.

Having driven down to Folkestone on the night of the anticipated start, we met up with the boat

pilot, who decided to leave the ball in my court as to whether I should start at all. Basically it was choppy and not ideal and would get worse; as it turned out, the day started as a force 4 on the Beaufort scale, went to 3 for a few hours, then up to 5 and touched 6 towards the end of the swim. But the forecast was for worse to come, and if I was unable to start, I would have to wait a month for a spare slot, which was just not in my plans. So I decided to get in there, give it a shot and put an end to my mental and physical torture of the last few months.

We went out in Folkestone (not recommended!) to carbo-load but ended up trying to find the least dodgy café and had to be satisfied with a small jacket potato. After one hour of sleep my alarm went off, which was lucky as Seamus's was set for 12.40 pm! I had a routine to run through, got ready and then met the Dream Team crew, boat crew and official observer. In no time at all we were off towards Samphire Hoe to start the swim in the pitch black, listening to the Rocky 4 training montage on my iPod. Having been very nervous a few weeks ago, I felt relatively ready and relaxed now, just wanting to get in and get started.

After plastering on some lanolin and Vaseline and a little goose fat, I raised my hands for the whistle



Seamus slathers the grease onto me before the start. My father's cousin, Bernard, holds the jar while my cousin, Martin, videos the scene

signifying the start of the swim. I found the water quite warm initially, having started my cold water acclimatisation in water at nine degrees in April, but that soon changed. Apart from the boat and the stars I couldn't see anything. They could see me as I had three glow-sticks attached, and I was only about four or five metres from the boat.

It was choppy, which is hard when you can't see the swell. Initially I thought the seasickness was just extreme nerves but then I realised that nerves go soon after starting an event, and these were getting worse and worse for the first three hours. I was not well, and this led to me feeling the cold more and more; the sea temperature at this point was 13.8° (although it rose to a maximum of 17.4° near France). As a previous channel swimmer and now friend had told me to do, I just kept saying, 'This is warm, this is

warm, so warm', which helped despite the demons trying to get in with 'You must be kidding – you're freezing!' I was very tempted a few times to call it a day and wait for better conditions, with those demons spurring me on to have a nice cup of tea with my crew on the boat and be back in bed within an hour. It was a battle, but I managed to get over this dodgy spell and see an amazing red sunrise.

Hours four to eight went pretty well from what I can remember through English waters, the English shipping lane and the separation zone. Soon after entering the French shipping lane I came across a load of jellyfish, many colours and sizes, for about thirty minutes: really pretty things when you know they are far enough away not to bother you! At one point I felt as though I was playing dodgems with them as I was having to actively avoid them one by one, but luckily I wasn't stung. The feeding seemed to be going well and although my shoulders were naturally tired, this was something I was expecting to have to fight through and my stroke felt strong. I started to get some cramps in my hamstrings, calves and thighs, which was pretty new to me as I had had hardly any during the training. I changed stroke to breaststroke for a minute each time, which seemed to help.

At 11½ hours I was told I had to speed up if I wanted to hit Cap Gris Nez (the shortest route, because the coast drops away quickly each side to increase the distance) and from then on, I was given less food and drinks and spurred on to sprint all the time. This was never-ending. Although the land was in sight, it didn't seem to move closer as the currents were strong against me and the waves and swell were picking right up. It felt as if I was needing to sprint for four hours non-stop after having swum for over eleven hours.

On French soil (or rocks) at last





I seriously thought the pilot might call it off if I didn't make progress. I didn't follow the boat at this time as I thought it was being blown off course away from the headland. In reality, the boat knew the tides. I didn't and wasn't thinking straight. I was being sucked along the coast by the tides and was about to miss the headland. For forty minutes I was only able to swim about 200 metres as the tide kept pushing me back. I was so close, yet so far away. I really was running on empty for hours, singing motivational songs to myself to make it through and just get to the headland.

French land – what a feeling! Fifteen hours and thirty minutes officially. Typically, it was not a nice sandy beach but treacherous rocks with waves threatening to cut me up. It took all my remaining energy to stand up so that the official could declare the swim a success and put an end to my misery.

I was pretty emotional at a few points, especially when Seamus was showing me large pictures of my daughter, Bertie, with 'Come on, Daddy' on them. It made me realise how proud she would be in the future. That spurred me on a lot. I was very emotional when I had cleared the treacherous rocks to hear the finishing whistle from the observer. But then I got home and turned on my phone, and I have never been so moved as by the level of support. During the swim, Seamus could only put a few texts up as they came in so fast and he had other jobs to do and ways to motivate me. I received over 500 texts from over 100 different people. It was amazing support, and I realised not only the size of the challenge and that this was the end of an extraordinary period of my life, but the level and quality of friends out there.

My lovely wife, George, and Bertie were brilliant throughout. I know I had to change my life to

make this a success and George was extremely tolerant of a very demanding training schedule and supportive all the time through my ups and downs. Despite all her worries, I am now a Channel swimmer – a very exclusive club.

At the end I really did look like I had been in the ring with Mike Tyson! I have done a number of physical challenges before such as marathons, mountain climbing and Iron Man events, but swimming the channel took the most planning, determination and physical input. It is easy to see why only about 1000 people worldwide have completed it since Captain Webb over 140 years ago. Back to the drawing board for the next challenge – but I hope it doesn't mean so much time away from the family.

As dawn breaks, Dad monitors my progress

Recovering on the return journey, with Seamus in the foreground and one of the crew of the pilot boat behind



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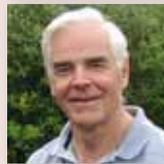
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Can you help?

There are currently two openings for new Overseas Representatives: in Spain, and in the Middle East including UAE. If any OCs living in either area would be interested in helping the OC Office with communications and organising events, please let us know. In brief, the representative would be a point of contact for OCs living, working or passing through their region and would provide a link back to Canford. If you would like to find out more about this role, please contact Laura Flower on ocs@canford.com.

Cricket

CRICKET enthusiasts may look back at the 2012 season as 'the year it rained'. Cricketers of all standards were thwarted by downpour after downpour, and the Cygnets were no exception as we endured the wettest old boys' cricket week of recent memory. But while injury, work and other commitments limited the availability of a few older faces, there was another pleasing turnout of younger players.

It may seem as though the sun always shines on Speech Day, but damp weather meant the traditional game between the school and the Cygnets was in doubt as late as a couple of hours before the start. The school won the toss, batted and served immediate notice of their intentions as opener Rogers smashed 16 off the first four balls of the innings, bowled by Marcus Senior – who eventually trapped him lbw for an even 50. By that time, the school were 67-1 and Alex Richards had retreated to skipper the side from the cow corner boundary in order to protect his parked car from the onslaught of sixes. Wicketkeeper Ben Boon added a fluent 65 and can expect a call from the Cygnets selectors when he leaves Canford next summer. Apart from Ben Upton, who managed a miserly 1-19 from six overs, the Cygnets' bowling shortcomings were cruelly exposed as the school finished on an imperious 226-6 from their allotted 30 overs. The Cygnets lost captain Richards in the second over and never looked like challenging, despite a well-struck 40 from Will 'Bresnan' Gabb. The old boys eventually finished well short on 162-8 as Tom Wilkinson entertained the dwindling crowd with an unbeaten 55 and the team came to terms with a rare defeat by the school – but not an undeserved one.

Unrelenting rain delayed the start of Cygnets week proper as the Stour burst its banks, leaving Bryanston's square under water; washing out Sunday's Twenty20 Stour Cup competition – and ensuring that the trophy remained in Canford's possession for another year. Undeterred, the Cygnets arrived at Clayesmore on the Monday with a strong squad to face a Cormorants side missing several star players, including the Hicks brothers and last year's centurion, Matt Swarbrick. When Canford won the toss, skipper George Shepherd had no hesitation in asking the hosts to bat first in damp conditions. Opening bowler Jon 'Swampy' Marsh (3-22), on the ground where he captured a five-wicket haul in 2010, tore into the Cormorants' top order, and fellow seamer Tom Darby (3-27) kept the pressure on. In fact, the only batsman the Cygnets couldn't dislodge was one of their own – newcomer Will Connor had pitched up for his Cygnets debut, but was sportingly lent to the home side as they were unable to muster a full XI. Embarrassingly for Clayesmore, Will top-scored with 62, and was last man out as Andy Major's unpredictable leg-spin wrapped up the innings for 142. The Cygnets have a proud history of never managing to make even



the most straightforward run chase look easy, and lost wickets at regular intervals despite a solid 32 by Darby. With the visitors nervously edging towards their first victory (excluding Twenty20 games) over Clayesmore since 1999, Marsh smashed three boundaries to wrap up a three-wicket win and allowed the Cygnets to take possession of the Max Biles Memorial Plate for the first time. Much-missed Cygnets all-rounder Max's mother Liz, sister Briony and new nephew Tobias Maxwell were among the spectators as the rain held off long enough for a winning start to the week.

When the touring Jesters arrived at Canford on Tuesday, it looked as though the weather might prevent any play at all, but after a long delay, despite some concerns from the umpires over player safety, a Twenty20 game was agreed. Having starred for Clayesmore the previous day, Will Connor was elevated to open the innings – and proceeded to leave the ball so often that his team-mates began to wonder if he had heard it was a 20-over match. Tom Darby and Tom Wilkinson provided the acceleration, while 'Swampy' Marsh enjoyed another late-order cameo, blasting two sixes as he took 16 off the last over, while 'designated hitter' Jamie Hadley was run out without scoring off the final ball as the Cygnets ended on 135-7. While the Jesters were disappointed not to be facing the unavailable Ben 'Iron Man' Pearce – described as 'Canford's pantomime villain' on their club website – they were easy prey for the new-ball attack of Nick Lawrence and Jon Marsh, who despatched four Jesters back to the pavilion in the first six overs. But wicketkeeper Saj Xaib kept the visitors in the hunt with a gritty half-century, helped by some big hitting from 'Noddy' Blackman. A close finish remained a possibility as the target dropped to 43 from three overs, 34 from two, then 20 from the final over, which skipper Mark Mitchener had entrusted to George Hayward. Blackman clubbed the first two deliveries for four and three, but wicketkeeper George Shepherd then spiked the Jesters' guns with two slick stumpings in the space of three deliveries as Xaib and Blackman both went down swinging. The Cygnets sneaked home by 10 runs, but the whole side can take credit for a fluent fielding display as catches were held and not a single overthrow

Dark skies threatened throughout Cygnets Week

Averages

<i>Batting</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>I</i>	<i>NO</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>HS</i>	<i>Av'ge</i>	<i>100</i>	<i>50</i>	<i>Ct/St</i>
T Wilkinson	4	4	3	114	55*	114.00	-	1	2
T Darby	3	3	1	126	67*	63.00	-	1	2
W Connor	3	2	-	87	62	43.50	-	1	-
W Gabb	2	2	-	66	40	33.00	-	-	-
T Hayward	1	1	-	12	12	12.00	-	-	-
T Blackburn	1	1	-	11	11	11.00	-	-	-
G Hayward	4	3	-	32	22	10.67	-	-	1
B Upton	1	1	-	9	9	9.00	-	-	-
J Hadley	4	3	-	25	14	8.33	-	-	-
A Major	2	2	-	14	12	7.00	-	-	1
G Shepherd	2	2	-	11	10	5.50	-	-	2/2
A Richards	3	3	-	14	11	4.67	-	-	2
A Lindsay-Wood	1	1	-	1	1	1.00	-	-	1
S Jones	1	1	-	0	0	0.00	-	-	-
J Marsh	3	2	2	44	29*	---	-	-	-
E Lindsay-Wood	1	1	1	3	3*	---	-	-	1

Also played but did not bat: M Senior (4 games), M Mitchener (2 games), A Harms, N Lawrence, B Pearce, J Priestley (1 game).

<i>Bowling</i>	<i>O</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>Av'ge</i>	<i>BB</i>
A Major	1.5	0	10	2	5.00	2/10
J Marsh	14	3	38	5	7.60	3/22
N Lawrence	4	1	20	2	10.00	2/20
B Pearce	4	2	12	1	12.00	1/12
T Darby	14	3	49	4	12.25	3/27
G Hayward	9.5	0	93	5	18.60	3/52
B Upton	6	1	19	1	19.00	1/19
A Lindsay-Wood	2	0	20	1	20.00	1/20
M Senior	18	0	101	3	33.67	1/20

Also bowled: W Gabb 12-2-61-0, T Hayward 4-0-58-0, M Mitchener 0.1-0-1-0.

conceded. It was the first of a hat-trick of Cygnets successes as we first showed the Jesters a clean pair of heels in an impromptu football match on the outfield, before a Cygnets team ran away with first prize in the Coach and Horses' inaugural pub quiz later that evening.

Wednesday inevitably had some of the best weather of the week, given that we had no game scheduled, while Tom Wilkinson's fortune at the crease, which allowed him to average a staggering 114 with the bat thanks to three not-outs in four innings, extended to the poker table as a late-night session of cards preceded Thursday's home game with Bryanston. With more rain on its way, an early start and a 30-over game were agreed. Cygnets organiser Andy Harms, hampered by an ankle ligament injury, took the field for what proved to be the only time in the week and promptly lost the toss, but was staggered as the rest of us when Bryanston elected to field. Tom Blackburn threatened briefly, as ever, before being bowled for 11, while trainee astronaut George Hayward nudged his way to 22 before losing his middle stump in quite spectacular fashion – as the stump cartwheeled halfway to the sightscreen, it was agreed that George would retain the 'Champagne Moment of the Week' award he won for his 2011 century against Sherborne. With play now continuing in drizzle, the loss of our openers brought in-form Tom 'The Don' Darby and Tom 'Pigeon' Wilkinson together; and although the latter (by his own admission) was struggling to hit the ball off the square, Darby feasted on the beleaguered Butterflies bowling attack, thumping

four sixes and seven fours in an unbeaten 67. But with the Cygnets on 136-2 in the 23rd over, the downpour became torrential enough for the innings to be halted and, before long, the game to be abandoned.

Before reaching for the poker chips again, calls were made to Friday's opponents Sherborne; and on discovering that the Pilgrims had endured similar weather; with more rain forecast for Friday, it was reluctantly agreed to cancel the final game of the week, rather than make a long trip across rain-lashed Dorset with little or no realistic prospect of a meaningful match. So, that was it for the Cygnets in 2012 – unbeaten in the Week, and while the rain meant that we may not have matched the highs (on and off the field) of 2010 and 2011, a good time was once again had by all.

Fiercely contested as ever, the Cygnet of the Week trophy went to Tom Darby for his heroics with bat and ball, just ahead of Tom Wilkinson and Jon Marsh. Meanwhile, Tom Blackburn made certain he would retain the title of 'COW' for the third successive year within hours of his arrival.

Our thanks go to Canford's Ben Edgell, Mark Burley and the ground staff, without whom we'd have struggled to get on the field at all – and to Andy Harms for the often thankless role of running the team. We always welcome new players, with a sense of fun always outweighing mere cricketing skill, so if you want to play next year, email Andy at cygnetscricket@yahoo.co.uk or contact us via the Canford Cygnets XI Facebook group.

Mark Mitchener



Action from the OCs versus the school

Hockey

WHILE sitting with some fellow OCs watching a GB hockey match at London 2012, one of us casually commented on how when we were at Canford we genuinely considered ourselves to be (and I quote) 'pretty damned good' at hockey. Anyone who saw any action at the Riverside Arena in person or on TV will be acutely aware how large the gulf of talent is between the athletes on show and a 'pretty damned good' 1st XI player; but this still does not stop many OCs around the globe from strapping on shin-pads at regular intervals during the year to play hockey.

Fortunately for us OC hockey players, we still get a chance to return to our old stomping grounds once a year to take on the school and attempt to re-live our glory days by parading around the Canford astro as though we had never left. With the score over the past three meetings between the young greyhounds of the Canford 1st XI and the slightly less young, less whippet-like OCs standing at 2-1 in our favour; and with the Haileybury Old Boys Sixes trophy proudly taking centre-stage on John Lever's mantelpiece, the mood in the OC camp was understandably buoyant ahead of the annual fixture.

The school itself was in the closing stages of a very strong season that ultimately saw them win the Boarding Schools Cup Final on the day after the OC match, so when it emerged that several key players were being rested for our match in a squad rotation system, OC spirits were lifted even higher. It was only when a couple of veteran OCs had to withdraw through injury that the playing field became more level, with members of the Common Room kindly stepping in to make up the numbers.

As ever, what the OCs lack in fitness, skill, cohesion and pace they make up for in enthusiasm and a staunch determination to not lose to a bunch of 'grovs'. From push-back the game was frenzied and fast-paced, and eventually after 70 minutes of end-to-end hockey the OCs came away with the spoils as 3-2 victors to take the tally of wins up to 3-1. Our first and last goals were scored by the blisteringly enigmatic OC debutant, Tom

Darby, who had taken time out from his busy schedule of 3 hours of lectures per week as a student in Devon to make the trip back to Dorset, and whilst I cannot be completely sure who scored the middle goal, I have a feeling that it was a sublime solo effort from Ben 'Iron Man' Pearce – a stalwart in other OC sports, but until this match also a debutant in hockey. Ben also deserves a special mention for his dedication to the team, deciding that his warm-up should be the small matter of cycling down from Salisbury to Canford – in stark contrast to the majority of us, who prepared by simply firing a few hockey balls wide of the goal.

As a club we look forward next to playing against the old boys of St Edward's, Oxford, the Martyrs, on their annual Old Boys Sports Day in September before in October returning to Haileybury to defending our title at their Old Boys Sixes tournament. Reports on both will be in the next *OC Magazine*. Many thanks must go to the OC Society for the grant that paid for a full set of OC hockey shirts that can be seen in the photo.

As ever, please do get in touch if you fancy a game in the future.

Nick Scott

The team that took on the school. Left to right, back row: Richard Salmon (staff), Nick Scott (M01), Jonny Haworth (C01), Ben Major (M98), Andy Major (B96), Sam Major (SH03); front row: Jimmy Thomasson (W04), Rob Hooker (S88), Tom Darby (M10), Rory Ferguson (W08), Russell Woolwright (staff).





The school defence clears an OC attack

Netball

AN elite team of Old Canfordian netball players was assembled for the annual old girls' netball match at Canford in March. The ladies all left Canford between 2001 and 2007 and live in various places in the United Kingdom but still keep up their netball. They all have the undeniable netball system imprinted on their play taught by Pauline Kenwood, Phil Effick and Keith Hensby over their years at Canford. The old(er) girls were not put off by the outrageously tall young Canford girls, or indeed their seeming youth, fitness and good results during the season.

The first quarter saw the old girls taking the lead, playing some magnificent netball. The next quarter consisted of far more heavy breathing and heaving from the old girls' side, perhaps having tried far too hard in the first quarter. The next two quarters displayed some excellent netball skills from the younger team and a lot of laughing and hilarity offered by the older team. Suffice to say that the younger Canford team brought the win home, but the match will go down in Canford history,

with only a few having the honour to say 'we were there'.

The annual old girls' netball match is always a fantastic day. Old friends get to meet again, new 'old' girls join the group and over the years husbands and children have been added to the spectators and supporters. We all marvel at how long ago we left and that we can still throw a ball about – sometimes pretty decently. Thank you to Canford for their hospitality every year and long may the netball matches continue.

To find out more about the Old Canfordians Netball or to join the group, please e-mail Marie-Louise Sharp (marielouise.sharp@gmail.com) or go to the facebook group Old Canfordian Netballers <https://www.facebook.com/#!/groups/363270506777/>

Old girls who played this year: Ellie Collins (B01), Emma Maisey (Ma02), Laura Dewey (B06), Lucy Powell (B06), Marie-Louise Sharp (S03), Kate Glanville (B03), Georgie Boyd (L07) and Kathryn Parker (full-time supporter of Canford netball 1998-2003).

Marie-Louise Sharp

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For dates of OC sports fixtures
see page 21

Golf

THE OCGS team for this year's Halford Hewitt Cup followed their quarter-final run in 2010, and their Plate victory in 2011, with a second appearance in the quarter-finals this year. The competition involves 64 public schools, each fielding five pairs of scratch foursomes in a straight knockout format, and the OC team is now becoming a force to be reckoned with in the event.

The first-round tie was against Felsted at Royal St George's GC. The top match (Marcus Clarke and Matt Suggett) was a very closely fought, high-calibre affair, which unfortunately went against the Canford pair on the last green, while match no.2 (Phil Steen and James Hollis) arrived on the 18th tee all square. After a solid half on the 18th, Steen and Hollis went off down the 19th looking for that vital win. In the meantime our 4th pair (Jon Putman and Steve Moore) and 5th pair (Ben Tice and Chris Kerr) had managed to win 3 and 2, and 4 and 3 respectively. Jeff Archer and David Restall, playing at no.3, had been having a very close match and arrived on the 18th tee just 1 up. While Canford contrived to take 5 shots to reach the green, their opponents were 'pin high' in 2, but a series of errors from Felsted eventually saw the hole halved in 7 and the victory was secure. Meanwhile, such was the concentration of the second pair they were still going after the 20th before they got the message that they could agree a half.

Having experienced a very genial dinner the night before our first round, Canford retired to the Royal Cinque Ports GC clubhouse for another lively dinner in preparation for round two against Liverpool. Back at Sandwich the next day, the team went out in the same order. The top three pairs won close matches 2 and 1, 3 and 2, and 3 and 2, while the 4th pair had a slightly easier run, winning 6 and 4. Tice and Kerr called their match a half, although they were leading at the time.

At Royal Cinque Ports GC (Deal), the line-up was kept the same against Mill Hill, who had had a good win in the previous round over a strong Berkhamsted side. The Canford top pair lost a close match 2 and 1, but wins for Steen and Hollis (4 and 3), Archer and Restall (3 and 2), Putman and Moore (2 and 1) and Tice and Kerr (3 and 2) secured a very good win 4/1.

Epsom, our quarter-final opponents, have been one of the top Hewitt sides in recent years and they boasted some fine golfers. Clarke and Suggett led the way with a very good win 2 and 1, but nos.2 and 3 had some stern opposition, losing 4 and 3 and 7 and 6 respectively. Putman and Moore at no.4 had their noses in front and Tice and Kerr were level pegging in the anchor match – things were not all over. In the end, the fifth match lost a few holes in succession after the turn and eventually succumbed 4 and 3, leaving Putman and Moore to call a half on the 17th tee, standing a thin one hole up at the



time. The team was left with the feeling that we had learnt some more, but could have gone further in the tournament. Epsom went on to beat Radley in the semi-final and lost to Charterhouse 2/3 in the final.

My congratulations to the team and my thanks to all the players and the number of supporters who came to Kent for the event, and to Ben Richards for organising us so well and ensuring that everything runs so smoothly. The OCGS team will be back, stronger and fitter, in 2013 for some more fun.

Stephen Moore

The Halford Hewitt quarter-finalists. Back row, left to right: Matt Suggett (L03), David Restall (C83), Marcus Clarke (S90), Ben Tice (M01), Phil Steen (F06), Ben Richards (B84). Front row: Jon Putman (S06), James Hollis (M08), Steve Moore (W68), Chris Kerr (SH01), Jeff Archer (SH69).

Stroll in the Park

ON yet another fabulous March day (before the Summer of Rain materialised), parents, OCs, current pupils and a few brave staff gathered for the annual Stroll in the Park. The fun run's usual circuit took in the grounds, daffodils and golf course, with the added views of other OC sport matches also happening on the same day. Rodney Oliver (W55), a stalwart of Stroll in the Park, took the OC honours. The next Stroll in the Park and OC sport day is provisionally scheduled for 17th March 2013, and we would love more OCs and their families to join in! Please email ocs@canford.com if you'd like to be sent reminders nearer the day.

OCs, Canfordians, parents, staff and families enjoy Stroll in the Park



Rugby

FOR the second year, the OCs entered a team into the Bournemouth 7s, competing in the second-tier South West Cup. This competition consisted of numerous high-quality invitation teams as well as the leading local clubs. With a squad consisting of ten backs and two forwards, the team was full of pace but not much bulk, so Miles Triniman was the designated 'heavy', ably supported by scrum-half Bruce Fulton and centres Rory Triniman and Seppi Grant.

The team was awarded a walk-over in the first game as the opponents did not appear, so the first competitive match saw the team pitched against the considerably heavier Prison Pirates (prison guards from Bristol). A failure to secure set-piece ball meant scoring opportunities were few and far between, resulting in a 19-12 defeat. The final group game

was against the Galacticos invitation team and we scored some great tries in this match, but a few too many unforced errors led to a 24-17 defeat. For the plate the following morning, depleted numbers and injuries meant there were only seven fit players available and that included ex-1st team prop Callum Kellas (M10), who had arrived to support his school mates. The OCs went down to a heavy defeat. Nevertheless, those involved in both days of the competition enjoyed the opportunity to catch up with friends. We intend to enter the competition again next year, so those keen to participate should get in touch with Mark Burley or Alex Richards.

Bournemouth 7s 2012 squad: M Triniman (W10), B Fulton (SH10), R Triniman (W12), J Grant (F10), C Kellas (M10), E Durkin (C10), J Michael (F10), S Hanley (C10), T Jenvey (C10), A Lindsay-Wood (C11), B Scobie (L12), M Burley (Dir. of Sport)
Mark Burley

Sailing

AFTER a gap of fifteen years, the '97 OCs team went up against perhaps our favourite rivals, the Old Wykehamists, with a return to our old hunting ground, Spinnaker Lake at Ringwood. It was as if the last fifteen years hadn't happened, except perhaps for our less athletic physiques, average sailing skills, slower movements round the boat, and less chance of rustication for sneaking off to the Alice Lisle pub after racing!

It was a perfect June sailing day with a gusty force 3-5 blowing down the lake. In the first race Nick Hornby (W97) made a storming start, closely followed by Jim Eynon (OW). Flying round the 'S'-shape course, the OCs won. In the second race Winchester returned to '97 form with a 1,3,4 win, Sonny Mallet (OW) sailing Belinda Pearce (W99) out on the penultimate mark. The final race saw Nick Hornby over the line, but through some swift

upwind work he was back up to second place behind Tom Montgomery (S98). The last beat saw Winchester catch up a number of places, but through luck more than judgement, Tom and Nick tacked on the finish line to edge out the OWs.

If only we had kept the match to the best of three, the OCs would have won, but both teams were having such fun that we carried on for the best of five. With the increasingly shifty wind, and the OCs not concentrating on the start, the OWs had a superb first two legs, and Sonny Mallet took first position, with the rest of his team not far behind. With both teams on even points it was all to play for on the final race, but the OWs immediately had the edge and held it throughout the race, gaining a close but good win.

Many thanks to Tim Street and Stephen Wilkinson from Canford and Eric Billington from Winchester for organising and umpiring. We look forward to making this an annual event.

Tom Montgomery

Shooting

WITH Richard Dyball (S82) away on holiday in Canada, the arrangements for this year's Public Schools Veterans match at Bisley in July fell to myself. With half an hour to go before we started shooting, the rain that seems to have characterised much of this summer arrived in force. Shooting matches take place come rain or shine and it has been a few years since we have had a deluge, so we were probably overdue our soaking.

Non-shooters might not appreciate the problems this kind of weather can bring but given the Lee Enfield actions of the Old Canfordians rifles, when the ammunition or chambers get wet, the bullets will hit the target much higher than they would in dry conditions. So the first shooter will

start dry but inevitably as time goes by, things start to get wet and bullets start going high.

With the conditions in mind, I must give my utmost thanks to the OCs who turned out to spend a few hours out in the torrential rain to see that Canford still featured in this match. The two Old Canfordian Lee Enfield actioned rifles were given to the Old Canfordian Society by David Appleby and Peter Dugdale, so I was very pleased to see Mark Dugdale, who has not shot for many years, turn out to give his father's rifle the once over.

Old Canfordian rifle shooters are somewhat of a rarity and we could do with a few more (especially if you hold a Firearms Certificate and Shooter Certificate) so if you are interested, do please drop either myself or Richard Dyball an email to register your interest.

Rod Philpott (M80)

THE OLD CANFORDIAN 90TH CELEBRATION

on Sunday 26th May 2013

7pm arrival for 7.30pm start

Dress: Black Tie

at The Great Hall,

Canford School

Wimborne, BH21 3AD

You and your partner/spouse are warmly invited to return to Canford for a special dinner celebrating 90 years since Foundation. Places in the Great Hall are strictly limited, so please reply as soon as possible if you would like to come. Canford will not be able to provide accommodation, but please contact the OC Office if you would like advice on local options.



Please send your completed form with your payment to:
Old Canfordian Office, Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 3AD
You can also pay by PayPal, please email ocs@canford.com or return the form to book your place.

If you have any queries, please contact the OC Office on 01202 847506.

OLD CANFORDIAN 90TH CELEBRATION

Please send me.....tickets at £40 per person for the 90th Celebration dinner on the 26th May 2013.

- I enclose a cheque of £.....made payable to Canford School
- I would like to pay £.....by PayPal, please invoice my email address below

Name (s).....House/Year.....

Address.....

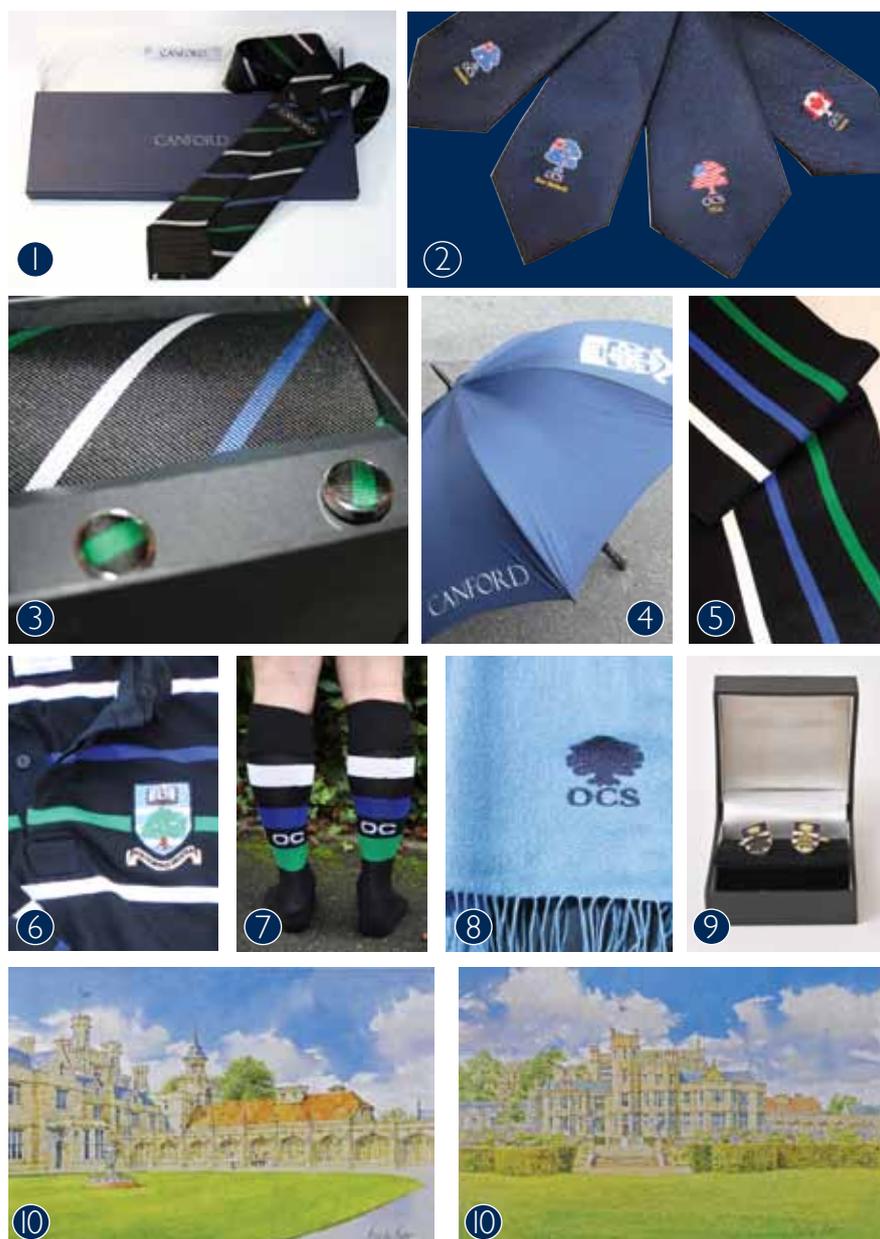
Telephone number.....

Email address.....

Dietary Requirements.....

Canford Memorabilia

Merchandise Details



- OCS ties in black with green, blue and white stripes. 140cm long, up to 9cm wide. Silk tie presented in a Canford embossed gift box, wrapped in Canford printed tissue paper £21. Polyester £10.50
- OCS overseas ties in navy with flag set within tree emblem. USA, Canada, New Zealand and Australia. Polyester £10.50
- Presentation silk tie and cloth cufflinks in OC gift box. £28
- Canford umbrella, navy, in six panel design. £27.50
- Pure new wool scarf in black with green, blue and white stripes. 160cm long x 26cm wide. £19.50
- Rugby shirt in black with green, blue and white stripes. Available in 38", 40" and 44". Woven collar. Long sleeves and elasticated cuffs. £28.50
- Black nylon performance socks with cotton terry foot in white, blue and green hoops and OC on the back. Available in men's size 6-11. £6
- Cornflower blue scarf in a pashmina and silk blend, 180cm long x 45cm wide with embroidered blue OCS motif. £30
- Cufflinks, 17mm long x 14mm wide in a black presentation box. £24
- Prints from watercolours of Canford by Dennis Roxby Bott, in a limited edition of 250 copies: 'John O'Gaunt's Kitchen' and 'View from Mountjoy'. £22.50 each or £40 the pair

ALSO AVAILABLE:

A Portrait of Canford, Hardback, 104 pages. £7.50

A tied bow, in black with green, blue and white stripes. Polyester £15

Please note, if an item is not in stock you may need to allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

ITEM	QUANTITY	PRICE EACH	TOTAL PRICE
OCS Silk Tie		£21.00	
OCS Polyester Tie		£10.50	
Overseas OC Ties <small>(USA, CA, AUS, NZ)*</small>		£10.50	
Umbrella		£27.50	
Pashmina		£30.00	
Wool Scarf		£19.50	
Silk Tie & Cufflink set		£28.00	
Rugby Shirt (state size)		£28.50	
Cufflinks		£24.00	
Performance Socks		£6.00	
A Portrait of Canford		£7.50	
Tied Bow		£15.00	
John of Gaunt's Kitchen		£22.50	
View from Mountjoy		£22.50	
Pair of Prints		£40.00	
		TOTAL	
for postage overseas, please contact the OC Office			
		TOTAL	

* delete as appropriate

Prices include postage, packaging and VAT. For postage overseas please contact the OC Office.

Payments can be made:

- over the phone, please call 01202 847506
- by PayPal, please email ocs@canford.com with your order
- by cheque, made payable to Canford School and sent to OC Office, Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 3AD

Name

(CAPITALS please)

Address

Contact Number

Email Address

Please return this form to The Old Canfordian Office, Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset, BH21 3AD