

# The Old Manorian ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

*July 2016 Issue 3*

Perhaps Issue 3 of the Old Manorian comes as a welcome break from all of your reading about Brexit, political party leadership contests, etc.. Hopefully it will provide you with some light relief during this tumultuous period facing the country. One can hark back to an earlier day, less fraught than that of present by reading the many excellent accounts of past Alumni which feature in this issue. I particularly enjoyed reading Chris Flower's account of what happened when boys forgot to bring their gym shorts – still a chronic problem for the PE department today. Back then, boys would have to wear their underwear reversed if they forgot their shorts! And yes, Chris you are quite right, we certainly cannot get away with that today. How times have changed.

As for the year at Preston Manor School, it has been a challenging one. Two Ofsted Inspections, an Area Review, and the challenges of running a school in times of austerity and gruelling budget cuts, have presented us with many challenges along the way. However, as ever, Preston Manor School continues to deliver high quality education to all students who come here.

We are thankful to all the Alumni for helping us grow to nearly 1,400 strong! If you are in contact with anyone from your year group or time here, then please encourage them to sign up to the Association at the link: <https://networks.futurefirst.org.uk/former-student/prestonmanor>. It would be great to see a new surge of former Alumni joining up. Our goal is to reach 2,000 in number by the 80<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 2018.

A special thanks also to the many who supported our Year 10 students raise the monies required to complete the London Fire Brigade LIFE Course. They completed the challenging course during the June half term break and the trainers spoke glowingly of how committed and talented they were. They would not have been able to do this without your generosity and kindness.

We also want to thank those who were able to come in on the various Careers Days over the year, and make this such a special day for our Year 8 and 9 Boys. Photographs from the most recent Careers Day (6 July 2016) can be found in the later pages.

We had hoped to have a high tea for Alumni who attended the school during the period 1938 – 1970, however we have run out of days to do this. However, the plan is to try and make this happen in September or October of the new academic year. One member of the Alumni Association is also talking about arranging a 'School Disco' for past Alumni in the forthcoming year. So keep checking your Future First emails for notices regarding these and other events.

A big thank you also to Laura Underwood at Future First for all her excellent support during the course of this year. She has been superb in all ways in supporting the school and the Alumni Association.

Finally, wishing all Alumni a wonderful summer. Hopefully it will arrive before too long!

Now we hope that you enjoy the memories and accounts of Old Manorians who walked the hallowed halls of this great school over the past decades.

With best wishes

Daniel Graham

## **'An Innovative Direction from Preston Manor's past' from Barbara Alden, left in 1959**

In 1954 the school decided on an education experiment of sorts.

A separate class of pupils was selected for the start of their 2<sup>nd</sup> year, to be called Form 2F.

Teachers for this new 'Fast Form' accelerated lessons in order for 'O' Levels to be taken at the end of the 4<sup>th</sup> year and then pupils would go straight into the 6<sup>th</sup> Form, a year earlier than the other forms in their year.

This did come at a bit of a price - no doubt not considered politically correct these days! We just had a concentrated academic programme and for 3 years had no Art, Music, Domestic Science or Woodwork classes.

However, we didn't have any feeling of being 'hot-housed' or pressurized and managed to have a good bit of fun along the way! It was a really happy time.

Some of us from this first-ever Form 2F (progressing to 3F & 4F) have re-established contact and, given that we'll all be reaching our 75<sup>th</sup> birthdays in the course of the next academic year, are planning to have a reunion some time next April 2017, possibly at a pub somewhere in the vicinity of the school.

We are eager to re-establish contact with as many old form-mates as possible, in the hope that they can join us, or at least be in touch, perhaps for future opportunities to re-unite.

We'd love any Old Manorians from that September 1954 Form 2F to get in touch, so we can have a grand catch-up on where our lives have taken us all in the intervening years.

Those of us already re-united are:

David Horwill

David Bolton

Ray Spreadbury

Derek Holley

Pat Hackett (née Dixey)

Pat Gair (née Mitchell)

Mary White (née Pollock)

Barbara Alden (née Storch)

So please, if you're out there and reading this, do contact David Horwill:

[DMHorwill@aol.com](mailto:DMHorwill@aol.com)

Many thanks and looking forward to hearing from you!



*Form 2F summer 1955, from Barbara Alden*

## From Brian Vincent, left in 1951

As I reflect upon my youthful years, I regard my time at Preston Manor County Grammar School as short but sweet. With the balm of time, I can only recall that life was good at "The manor."

Passing the Scholarship Exam of 1948 I was eligible for a grammar school education – the alternative was an education system focussing more on the technical/trades careers. But, all new environments to a child of 11 years are somewhat fearful and I was also apprehensive about going to a "big" school. However my cousin was already in 6<sup>th</sup> Form and escorted me to school on our bikes for several weeks until my confidence improved and I travelled alone.

My recollections of fellow students is unfortunately limited. "Dopey" Taylor is one who comes to mind. He was an average student but also studied piano at London Conservatorium for Music and hence was held in high regard by our teachers. "Tubby" Simons was always to be feared if one crossed him. He had it in for one particular boy named George. One day two of us, witnessing his aggressiveness decided enough was enough and literally tackled the villain – much to our embarrassment in defeat. I cannot remember much about the girls in our class except one girl rode a gold-coloured bike and another who was very advanced for her years. Nowadays boys of like age show much more interest in the opposite sex than we did. Bike riding was more fun than girls (to me) then.

I recall the air raid shelters where we parked our bikes each day. Looking at Google Earth I think there are some buildings where the shelters used to be – opposite our playground. Once we reached 3<sup>rd</sup> form we were able to leave our bikes in another building and had reserved spaces allocated to the privileged riders.

Latin was initially for forms 1 and 2, but halfway through 2<sup>nd</sup> form we were informed that the new policy was that Latin would be taught to forms 2 and 3. Thus I had to endure 3 years of Latin with Mr Byron our Latin Master. I say endure because at the time that was like a punishment. I have since come to realise the value of such teaching. We had a Welsh lady teaching us French, I recall, but her name eludes me. But my favourite teacher was a Mr Williams, our English teacher. Unconventional in his attire, he changed boredom into excitement by his teaching style. How long he fitted in with other staff I do not know but I often think about his teaching technique that made study a delight.

Then at the end of 3<sup>rd</sup> Form, my parents informed me of their decision to migrate to Australia. There was a girl in our class named Valerie Boatman who claimed to have been to or come from Australia. I remember her because she attended the same primary school as me.

After spending months in Migrant camps and attending school in Australia, my family moved to rented accommodation while my father built a house for us. While I excelled in French, my knowledge of Australian history was limited to say the least. And having learned the western Roll style of high jump at Preston Manor, I was expected to challenge the local school champion.

Unfortunately for me, he was lean and tall while I was not – no contest. On the migrant camp most of the migrants were from Scotland, therefore I soon picked up their accent. But when I left school my former accent revived itself.

I wanted to follow my father in the building industry but he saw an advertisement for trainee telephone technicians in the Post Master General's Dept. having lived and worked in the building industry as an employee and as an employer, he was concerned about lost time due to weather conditions and he had been affected. He thus wanted a more secure income for me.

In first 12 months of work related study, I applied for and was successful in transferring to the Civil Aviation Department – something I wanted to do because my cousin from P.M. days had followed a career in aviation. My studies however took me along the path of Navigational Aids. This involved both installation and Maintenance. I was fortunate to travel for work purposes in New Guinea, Solomon Islands, and throughout New South Wales. This broadened my outlook on life and our values and peoples of various origins. Back in my P.M. days there was only one, yes one, boy in the school. Later I always thought about how we (the school) loved that boy. Maybe it was his athletic prowess but certainly he was looked up to as a friend. Race tension in Britain was widely reported around the world and I wondered why people cannot live in peace with other ethnic origins. I had married cross-culturally and did not see why everybody could do likewise if they felt love for someone.

My marriage ended with the home-call of my wife of 39 years. Already retired, I returned to the classroom to study to be an English teacher. After graduating at 70 years of age I went to China as a volunteer builder working in a children's home. This was only short term work and I have returned to Australia to teach English to adult migrants and refugees. In teaching English, I have at last found the value of learning Latin while at Preston Manor.



## From Chris Flower, left in 1955

While at PMGS, Mr. Bannister was the Head Master and no one, except perhaps the prefects and teachers, was allowed to walk past his office on the front corridor. If you did and were caught, I think a detention was assured. Of course many of us did do just that as a 'dare'. I was in Vernon House and Mr. and Mrs. Kent ran it, they were both excellent and inspiring Geography teachers for me. Morning assembly was always interesting, with singing the National Anthem/Hymn and notices, with teachers in their dark gowns and coloured collars to indicate where they had got their university degree.

I lived close to South Kenton station on the Bakerloo line and took the bus on East Lane or cycled to school. There were concrete air raid shelters adjacent to the boys' playground that were used as parking spaces for our bikes. Are they still there?

I also recall a grey haired gym teacher, not his name now, who would make the boys attend the gym class even if they said they had forgotten their gym shorts. We would have to wear our underwear reversed! Not allowed today I am sure. He was a retired drill instructor from the Army and WW II, and of course was used to be obeyed. The girls could view such offenders from their entrance door into the gym. Mr. Ross coached football, and English if I recall correctly. Each week we would go to a sports field along East Lane either for football or cricket. The wooden changing hut was an antique and no running water was provided and no other services either.

It is possible I do not recall "School Dinners" correctly. They cost two shillings and sixpence a week and were served in a temporary type building at the side of the Gym and next to the Netball and Tennis courts at the side of the Girls' playground. Just awful.

My work history included national service in the R.A.F., four years with Unilever, as a Work Study Officer, the same in John Lewis before getting a job in Toronto Canada with a management consulting company. A Diploma in Management Studies from the Regent Street Polytechnic helped this transition greatly. After three years working across Canada and the U.S.A., I took a two year fulltime M.B.A. at the University of Western Ontario, and made the Dean's Honour List both years. I then joined Warner Lambert/Parke Davis a pharmaceutical company and travelled the world for seven years including three as the Director and General Manager in Nairobi Kenya for nine African countries.

When the third son was en route we moved back to Canada, with one English born son, one Kenyan born son and then one son born in Canada. I worked as a Director in the Federal Government for 21 years. I retired in 1998, and went back to University here in Ottawa to take subjects for fun and interest, such as Philosophy and Psychology; one is never too old to learn, also the sports facilities at the University were free for students like me. Today I play tennis three times a week and golf once. We go to Florida for the winter as Ottawa can experience minus 35 degrees Celsius with the wind chill factor in January. That invites frost bite and is just brutal.

It would be great to hear from any of my contemporaries. I am at [Blackerflower@hotmail.com](mailto:Blackerflower@hotmail.com).

## From Chris Gravett, left in 1969

I attended Preston Manor from 1962 until 1969. During that time two events occurred that would affect the school greatly. The first was the death of its headmaster, Mr Bannister. I had been there for less than a year when he passed away but we were taught RE by him and, despite him being the head of school, I found him to be a pleasant person. His death obviously meant much less to a relatively new 11-year old than to most of the staff and older pupils. He was replaced by Dr Ian Mason. I always remember one of his notices that was posted up; below his signature was the usual typed line: 'I.S. Mason, Headmaster'. Some wag had added a question mark after it.

The other event was the re-designation from Grammar School to Senior High School. From 1967 changes began when we no longer took 11-year olds, so for a time the school seemed less busy but our lessons carried on as normal as we were steered to our 'O' and 'A' levels. The following year it became truly comprehensive, with pupils coming from other schools.

Other changes were also seen. For some time after I arrived the school looked much as I imagine it must have done in the previous decades. Although there was a more recently built science and music block, there were still three very long air raid shelters separating the upper and lower boys' playgrounds, with flat concrete roofs and grassy sloping banks along the sides. These banks were very useful for running up and along or bouncing balls off but the actual insides were dark and dank and of no real use any more, apart from setting on fire, which was attempted on one occasion (something even the Luftwaffe hadn't managed during the war). These structures were swept away later and a new practical block arose in 1968, where I worked on my Art for 'A' level (a 15-hour exam but thankfully not taken all in one go!), sometimes sitting in the sunshine on the roof balcony.

Teachers who originally seemed daunting (or, with our usual youngster's attitude, comical), were actually quite decent people trying to get us on to the ladder of life. One lady (I think called Mrs Henderson), had perhaps not been taken too seriously. She was, I discovered when about to leave, a very friendly and interesting person who loved visiting historic monuments, as I did; I then regretted not having chatted to her more during my time at school.



One teacher I do remember was Miss Mullins. She ran the Library like a sort of feudal fiefdom and woe betide anyone who broke the rules. Her mantra: 'Silence is a rule in the Library' still resounds in my memory. In the Sixth Form we were allowed to use the Library during lunch hours, which was rather pleasant in bitter winter or wet weather. Although I'm sure some pupils did use it for study, it became a sort of gaming den with the largest table packed with card players. It could also be very neatly turned into a table tennis venue. Handy sized books were stood in a line across a table to form a net and two others became the bats; all one needed to provide was a table tennis ball. This arrangement also had the advantage of being capable of hasty dismantling if authority was detected approaching. I should add that these activities were generally confined to lunch hours!

As Sixth Formers, we ran Miss Mullins ragged one day during an event for which we had taken our places sitting in the Sixth Form Gallery above the hall. Somebody started tapping their feet as if running along but as soon as she moved towards the noise it stopped, only to be taken up elsewhere on another row. As she then turned her attention towards this, it moved somewhere else, and so on, a bit like grasshoppers hidden in fields who shut up when you approach. In the end there was a sort of mass tapping until authority regained control, but it livened up the event!

Mrs MacQueen taught us Maths and used a walking stick to help her get around. She was Scottish and would relieve her feelings concerning those less fortunate in understanding the subject with the exasperated cry of: 'Och, you're so thick!' Despite her age and infirmity she curried respect even from the tougher boys, who I think rather admired her no-nonsense ways. She occasionally used her stick to good effect on recalcitrant pupils (remember this was the '60s) but actually in a rather humorous and pretty mild way. Blackboard chalk and board rubbers also served as handy missiles which, in that era, several teachers might use to get a pupil's attention.

There were also some younger female teachers. Miss Treece, who took us for Music, enjoyed regaling classes in quiet periods with recordings of 'West Side Story' at regular intervals. It quite put me off the wretched musical for a long time. Mrs Williams was quite a stunner with long blonde hair, who taught us English in our first year before leaving the school for pastures new. A couple of years later she returned to help out briefly and when I walked into the classroom all the more belligerent boys - who habitually sat at the back to avoid detection of whatever nefarious practices they were carrying out - had bagged all the front seats, so the weedier set like me had the novel experience of a back seat, though not such a good view of Mrs Williams. I apologise if she should chance to read this, but it is meant as a compliment. When in the upper school we also had a quite young teacher who temporarily assisted in the French classes. As she was French, blonde, and sometimes wore miniskirts with fishnet stockings and boots, you may imagine the effect this had on teenage males.

Amongst the male teachers, Mr Williamson, known for some reason to us as 'Jock', was a real character. He always had the air of a typically disorganised academic but, of course, was pretty clever underneath it all. He rarely called people by their name, either because he couldn't remember them or had no interest in doing so. Instead, everyone was 'Albert' (a favourite), 'Egbert', 'George' etc. He took a dim view of being interrupted and often greeted a waving arm with: 'Put that hand down; the answer's "no" unless you are in urgent physical need, in which case the answer is "yes"'. We got a taste of his methods when it came to our first lesson in Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales'. He walked in, slumped into his chair and proceeded to reel off a large chunk of the 'Prologue' in 14<sup>th</sup>-century (Middle) English, just so we knew what we were in for. He taught us Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar' for 'O' level but substituted Prime Minister Harold Wilson for Julius Caesar, which certainly brought it to life, more so when he decided that Cinna the poet should sound as effeminate as humanly possible. On one occasion he roared the line: 'What bloody man is that?' which was instantly followed by a knock on the door and the entry of Dr Mason, to some suppressed mirth from the class.

Mr Dalton taught English and, on his retirement, in a bid to raise the level of spoken English, gave the school the Dalton Cup as the prize for the pupil who best delivered a poem or prose on the hall stage. Someone decided to recite 'Adlestrop', by Edward Thomas. He started off with gusto: 'Yes, I remember Adelstrop - the name.....', then completely dried and when the curtain behind was opened it revealed the prompter frantically trying to find the right place on the page. It wasn't deliberate but the perfect timing caused huge amusement to the school and, no doubt, huge embarrassment to the speaker.

During morning assembly in the hall, Fifth Formers were allowed the privilege of sitting at the rear on long wooden folding benches complete with back supports. This concession of not having to squat on the floor was bestowed on me when I reached that level, and ours was one of the front benches in the ranks. The row behind us took it into their heads to try and undermine our bench by habitually kicking the framework over several days, rather as siege engineers used to undermine castle walls, and an annoyance we could do little about. One day the usual weakening process had been applied and I then felt two hands grab my shoulders to pull me against the wooden back support. 'That won't work', I thought. Seconds later I found myself staring at the ceiling with the others on the bench, which had completely collapsed beneath us, much to the enjoyment of the school and irritation of the headmaster.

The Junior Physics Lab was furnished with stools complete with a hole in the seat for convenience in picking them up. Unfortunately it was also a convenience for the insertion of fingers or other implements, much to the discomfort of the sitter. Each long bench was provided with three-way gas taps for the attachment of Bunsen burners. Someone decided that instead of using the Bunsen burner it would be interesting to set light directly to one of the gas taps that pointed along the length of the bench. A veritable flame thrower shot down the bench, singeing the hair of one unfortunate pupil who happened to be leaning over at the time. Fortunately he wasn't otherwise affected.

Other memories? The back rows of the Chemistry Lab, where some unorthodox, colourful and probably downright dangerous mixtures were concocted against regulations; the distinctive smell of the Biology Labs, with their pickled captives in jars; having a live chameleon clamped on my blazer by Miss Cave, the biology teacher (fortunately I liked lizards); watching her dissect a rabbit along with her rather ominous words on lifting out the caecum (part of the large intestine): 'If I pierce this, the strongest of you will wilt.'

Although very partial to biology, I eventually went down the history route, becoming a curator in national museums and finally the curator at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, before retiring last year. I'll always remember my days at the Manor. I still keep in regular touch with three former classmates and discovered that someone has moved into our road who also went to our school a decade or more before me. But that's another story.

## From Derek Milton, left in 1954

I went to Preston Manor County between 1947 and 1954. Of the staff mentioned by Dr Alan Gilchrist (Newsletter No. 2) when he started at the School in 1938, Mr Bannister, Headmaster, Mrs Elliott (French) and Mr Sharman (Physical Training, not Education in those days) were still there nine years later. Among the several masters who had a formative influence on me were Mr Kernutt (English), who told his 6<sup>th</sup> formers that if they wanted to "get on" they should read a "decent newspaper"; he suggested 'The (Manchester) Guardian', which I have read to this day. Another was Mr Byron (Latin), who taught us some manners along with his subject. I used to pay his coal bill at Charringtons, whose yard was near to Wembley Park Station. Dorothy Mullings (History) was the only teacher with whom I had any contact after I left school (for a while, she used to invite some of us to her home in Carlton Avenue). Outside the classroom, where my performance was modest – I left school with two 'A' levels and 4 'O' levels – my abiding memories included being taken, by different masters, to Lords to see the Australian touring team and to Wembley Stadium to see an afternoon friendly football match between England and Argentina, as well as to the Aldwych Theatre to see Peggy Ashcroft in 'Antony and Cleopatra'. A school outing to St. Albans sticks in my mind too. I was included in what would now be called the squad for a school cricket tour of The Netherlands but, much to my regret, it was cancelled (I had not then been 'abroad'). Mr Sharman turned me into a cross country runner, but my sporting triumph, perhaps, was to team up with Mrs Kent (Geography) and win the combined staff/sixth form mixed doubles tennis tournament. My most humiliating moment was to be yanked off the football pitch by an irate Miss Thomas when, not unreasonably, she thought that my priority should have been her French class which was taking place at the same time. Another low point was being hauled up before the Headmaster for going on the roof, which was strictly *verboden*.

After school, I did National Service (RAF, Photographer), spending most of my time in Germany, where I successfully re-sat 'A' level French! Thereafter, I went to the University of Manchester, where I graduated in Politics and Modern History. At about the same time, I passed the Civil Service (Administrative Class) entrance examination. I joined the Colonial Office, but within a few years it was clear that it was going to be wound up and I transferred to the newly established Diplomatic Service (Foreign and Commonwealth Office). In addition to jobs in London, I served in the UK Delegation to the UN in New York and the British Embassies in Rome, Caracas and Mexico City. I ended up as British High Commissioner to Jamaica (and non-resident Ambassador to Haiti!) before finally retiring in 1999.

In my retirement, I have studied Polish, in which I had developed an interest, travelled widely, given occasional talks to historical and other groups, enjoyed going to the theatre, concerts and art exhibitions and supported hospices at home and abroad among other charities. I have remained a committed supporter of Queens Park Rangers Football Club (someone has to be!) and of Middlesex County Cricket Club.


After I left school, I became a member of the original OM Association (and, for years, kept my blue membership card). Many years later, in 1995, I went to an informal reunion of Old Manorians that Jean Gatehouse (nee Phillips) organised at her then home in north west London. Two years later, I, with my wife, hosted a similar reunion at our house in south east London. Later, I attended a number of Clive Hamilton's reunions at Brunel University, thanks to Jean giving me lifts to and from Hillingdon Station. I came to the School's 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration.

## From Doug Tomlinson, left in 1945

I am Doug Tomlinson and I attended P M C S from 1940 to 1945 having progressed through from Preston Park infants school which I was at for about 3 yrs having moved south from Sheffield where I was born. I was not a very good academic student and a technical school would probably stood me in better stead developing my natural talents but in those far off days grammar school education was the accepted aim. My education achievements left a lot to be desired and set me some challenges in my working life. I was not an utter failure at P M C S doing well at football being in the 1st X1 from the third form and school football captain in my last year. I also joined the army cadet force at school and took my cert A parts 1 and 2 and becoming the first known boy in the area to achieve 100% in part two but that only gained a comment on my final report "Unfortunate that he did not pay as much attention to his school work". Today my youngest son, who is a deputy head in a grammar school, told me that in today's assessments my extra activity results would be taken into account. I am not complaining about my life just an observation on the changes during my life time.

Back to the early days I was given the responsibility of ensuring that the sports equipment was maintained in good shape , leather balls pumped up and "dubbed", cricket bats oiled etc. I spent many a lunch time in the tower.

A year after leaving I was called up into the army as part of the compulsory wartime, although the war was over, enlistment programme as opposed to national service which was introduced shortly after. The difference between the wartime call up and national service was on call up you were in for the duration whereas National service was for a fixed term. I served in the Royal Berkshire regiment after training at Bury St Edmonds and then at the badly named Hollywood Barracks in Northern Ireland. On completion of my training I volunteered to go overseas and in the 2 1/2 yrs I was in I travelled to Singapore via Aden where I left my appendix on my way to Burma. I never got there but returned to Egypt in the canal zone where I saw the ships going through the canal but appearing to be floating through the desert. My final destination was Asmara the capital of Eritrea where there was trouble but I was not involved. I was continually approached by officers to sign on and I would be promoted but my reply always was that if the battalion C.O wanted me then promote me and I would consider signing on. I did not trust the promises and added to that was the belief in those days was that the army was not a good career prospect. I have often wondered if I made the right decision and almost reversed it after demob when trying to get work.



I did eventually get employed by Burroughs Machines servicing their mechanical adding and accounting machines. I was trained by them and in my training exams I never got under 90% in my results as opposed to my school results. I progressed well in this career of 33yrs becoming firstly one of two of us specialist trouble shooters in the West End. I moved up through management becoming a Branch service manager. I was given early retirement in 1985.

During this time I got involved with the Old Manorians playing tennis and badminton with and for them using P M C S facilities. I was involved with Bill Wigginton (my best man) and Frank Hudson in starting up the Old Manorians football team. I was the first club secretary and Mr Bannister was pleasantly surprised at my presentation at our inaugural meeting. We had a very successful team in the 6yrs I played before rupturing a kidney forcing me to retire. I cannot recall all of the players' names but there was Bill and Frank to start and we were joined by Ken Dixon, Fran Atkins, Cyril Wigginton, Ivor Soffe, Len Gaylor Ron Krolikowski to name a few. We also started playing mixed hockey with female stalwarts such as Sheila Payne, Sheila Quinn, Joan Eastman, Delia Atkins, Rosemary Woods who were also staunch members of the badminton and tennis players. Good old days but eventually we all started to settle down to family life taking some of us away from the area.

I personally got married moved out to Aylesbury. We had 4 children, 2 of each, eventually retiring to live in Reydon adjoining Southwold in Suffolk. I lost my wife Evelyn 9yrs ago and due to my failing health moved back nearer my children to live in Windsor. At close on 88 years old having had 3 complete knee joints I am still as active as I can be but having had a heart attack whilst driving my car but not being injured when it turned over, I have lost my driving license and now get around locally on my mobility scooter so if any one visiting Windsor sees this big old bloke racing up Peascod street give me a wave and check me out!

## From Glynis Sullivan, left in 1959?

I lived in Ruislip and after passing the scholarship joined the school in 1953. There were only two of us from my primary school year who went to Preston Manor. We probably had a longer journey than most pupils and travelled on the train to Preston Road, we then had a long walk to school. I had to make new friends and from that time most of my social life transferred to Wembley. I remember being very proud of my new uniform, not so proud of the beret I had to wear though. Most of us took it off as soon as we were outside the school unless a prefect caught us.

Some of the skills I learnt at school have been lasting. We learnt to make our own clothes and I am grateful to Mrs Hannay who took us for Domestic Science. Many of us made up our own creations to wear during the summer term, within the limits of school uniform. Sadly Mrs Hannay died very suddenly at a young age. We were all very upset.

Mr Salmon took us for Art and inspired in us a love of sketching, we took it in turns to sketch each other and again this skill has lasted. Mrs Kent taught us Geography, she encouraged us to learn from maps and gave us an interest in other countries and travel. Something some of us still enjoy today.

My favourite teacher was Mr Ross who took us for English. Looking back he gave us a love of language and gave me an interest in writing. Precis writing became useful as I later had to write abstracts and reviews. The books we studied in English Literature were not always uplifting. Some of the authors put their own philosophical ideas of life forward which influenced our young impressionable minds.

I had a nice group of friends, some of us were not always treated well by teachers and other pupils, but we grew to support each other, another important lesson. We learnt sympathy and compassion for those in need, knowing that every person has worth and is created with individual gifts and talents. It is alright to resist peer pressure to fit in with others. Much of our schooling was based on Christian principles and we sang hymns in our assemblies, the songs and words have remained.

As we grew older Miss Martin, the PE teacher, gave us ballroom dancing lessons, this was useful in our social life after school. Ballroom dancing was very popular at that time until rock and roll came along. In our last years the boys formed skiffle groups and we all felt very modern, keeping up with the latest trends and discussing the "Goon Show" and "Six Five Special" in our breaks. Miss Martin did encourage me in running, the only sport I was good at and I continued with this after I left school.

I stayed on an extra year after taking GCE's and left in 1959 I only took one A level but this did not hold me back. I went on to become a qualified librarian working in special libraries and had a very good training taking my professional exams over a period of years whilst working full time. Only the very academic went on to university. Special libraries included industrial libraries and I achieved my ambition fairly early on in running my own library at Ultra Electronics in Perivale. I developed a love of researching and finding out information for others.

I had an interesting career which included a year in the BBC film library at Ealing studios, being on call when President Kennedy died. There was no obituary so we had to rush to find film for BBC news. I then went on to a mobile library in Buckinghamshire, travelling round villages and meeting local people, particularly the housebound. Later moving to the Midlands I ran a village shop and Post Office still using skills to find out information and help local people.

We were encouraged to achieve at school but as well as achieving my potential in my work I feel that my schooling helped me to become a good wife and mother. Not a popular theme with feminists nowadays but essential for the wellbeing of families and the good and stability of our nation.



I continued writing and this contributed to my work, particularly in my last employment, when I worked for Leicestershire Library Services for Education before retiring. At school I sometimes rebelled against authority but some years ago I repented of my rebellion and invited Jesus into my life. As Jesus died so that we might be forgiven I forgave those who had hurt me and became a born again believer. I now respect those whose authority I come under. I feel the culmination of my work is to research and write from a Christian perspective particularly on the Jewish roots of Christianity and letters where I feel injustice has been done, particularly towards Israel. When I was at school there was a large Jewish community and I am grateful for that.

Ultimately I do thank and give credit to those teachers who did encourage me all those years ago and even those who didn't, as they did play a part in helping me to become the person I now am. The Bible says in 1 Corinthians 2v9 "Eye has not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him" so the best is yet to come!



*Photo from Glynis Sullivan: back row left to right Josephine Vallom, Glynis Jones, seated left to right Waverley Duff, Annette Holmes and Gail Lewis*



*Photo from Glynis Sullivan: L to R Sylvia Sandy, Waverley Duff and Josephine Vallom*



*Photo from Glynis Sullivan: Erlbach house outing to Arundel in 1958: L to R Sylvia Sandy, Alison Schofield? Glynis Jones and my sister Jennifer Jones*



## From Harish Mistry, left in 1976

I was surprised to get an email to write about my journey in life from Preston Manor High School ( PMHS) and beyond as a busy GP.

A tall order and is now exactly 40 years since I left PMHS so memory fades.

Having been to Wembley Manor & Wembley Junior High School (WJHS) both in East Lane I arrived at PMHS in autumn 1971.

Unlike modern parents who research schools I just moved on from WJHS to PMHS without any knowledge of PMHS's history as a grammar school and subsequently as a secondary modern school.

By 1971 it was a comprehensive school but still held most of the principles of a grammar/secondary modern school.

I remember the first morning assembly like it was yesterday and I can still smell the fresh paint in the school but felt at even greater unease sitting in the main hall with gold leafed illustrious names on the walls.

My unease continued when all the teachers trooped in wearing their gowns to the assembly ushering us to sit on the floor as new pupils in new school jackets whilst the seniors were sat on chairs or in the gallery and I was not sure whether to laugh, cry or run out of the school as I was so overwhelmed by the very formal way of life compared to my previous schools in the UK having arrived in Wembley from Kenya in 1968.

Having been in B & C stream classes in previous school I was called to be in Class 3M which I soon learnt was the top stream and were made to work at a faster rate than those in Classes ANOR , yes note the names (MANOR).

It was tough as there were some exceptionally bright peers in the class but I felt it was a challenge despite being told by a peer that I was lucky to be in the class at an early stage!

Sure work was challenging but my forte was as a hockey player and other extracurricular activities. My finest hours at PMHS were on the hockey field and still remember the camaraderie on off the field with the likes of Arvind Patel ( PhD chemist) , Javed Sabeer ( haematology manager at Clementine Churchill hospital) , Calvin McKenzie ( Capt) , Ronnie Scott , Nigel Miles-Thomas (actor) , and others.

Ronnie and I made it to play for the London schools team and Ronnie went to play for the SE England divisional team.

But there still remained time to do school work and in the time at PMHS between 1971-1976 I was nurtured and inspired to learn by the likes of Late Miss Pat Cave, Miss Rose Godfrey ( both Biology) , Mr Alan Schofield ( Chemistry & Hockey) , Mr McGuire & Bell ( physics) , Mr Bufton ( Maths) Mr Dutton ( Geography) Miss Gandolfi ( English) they were all superb teachers and provided great pastoral support.

Miss Pat Cave was awesome a frightening figure but with a wry sense of humour.

I owed a lot to her for my academic success despite writing in my 1975 school report

" tends to rely on natural ability .He will have to persevere with the more pedestrian work and learning to produce such result next year ( A level year) and I thought I did work hard!

I left PMHS with many fond memories but like today there was a culture of bullying and hatred in the 70s in the playground.

I remember being chased with my friend John Middleton in the play ground by skinheads who eventually caught up with us in the old art block kicked us both on our bottom and ran away and of course we did not report this to the teachers which I hope is a norm now to eradicate bullying at school not just on playground but also by electronic means .

I left PMHS in 1976 and went off to read medicine at University College , London and UCHMS.

Prejudice against state school students was also rife at medical school by the old school consultants.

I remember clearly on my first clinical firm when the Professor of Medicine asked us all ( about 5 in a clinical firm) about our schools and when I mentioned PMHS a comprehensive in Wembley the others were from independent schools I clearly remember him saying " oh didn't know they accepted students from comprehensive schools"! How ignorant he was.

Apart from that time UCL was by tradition a most liberal and fantastic learning institution and I met many wonderful friends but more importantly I gained an enormous depth of knowledge and clinical skills learnt some great clinical teachers.

After qualifying in 1981 and having done my house jobs in Portsmouth & Nuneaton, I returned back to London, did various SHO jobs at UCH , West Middlesex and Northwick Park Hospitals, I embarked on a GP trainee year in Abbey Road , St Johns Wood NW8.

After that I became a GP in Kenton Harrow , a stone's throw from PMHS.

In General Practice I have had a fantastic career despite what you read in the press today.

A truly rewarding job and a huge privilege to care for a local population on a very personal basis.

I have been here 30 years and not a single day is repeated as the job is so varied and not monotonous. We had an ordinary practice when I started but now have a well run training practice affiliated to ICSM.

As a GP I have continued to be an educationalist and have been a GP audit advisor, a Clinical Governance Lead , a GP Tutor at Northwick Park Hospital. an undergraduate teacher , interviewer and examiner at Imperial College Medical School, previously a Hon. Senior Lecturer in primary care at ICSM, a GP appraiser , Provost & Fellowship committee NWL Faculty of RCGP and a GP trainer so life over the last 30 years have been so full and exciting I recommend all medical graduates to seriously consider a life in General Practice.

I have also attended PMHS with another ex Manorian and a close friend and GP in Hatch End Chris Jenner a superb GP and colleague whom I have known since school days.

I still attend my Alma Mater Preston Manor twice a year at Mrs Alison Wilding's ( a superb teacher and career guidance resource ) request and jointly encourage and support students towards their aims into a career in medicine.

So as in true fashion as a GP I care for my patients from cradle to grave I am interested in medical education for potential medics from school to becoming a career GP!

Harish Mistry FRCGP DRCOG FHEA

harishmistry@btinternet.com



*Harish Mistry – present*

ality awarded to our opponents; Ronald Scott was voted as the 'man of the match.'

Ballycastle, the Northern Ireland champions, whose side included no less than five Irish international players came to play us for the third successive year. The game was watched by a handful of supporters who saw a highly entertaining game end with the score level at two each.

The team's success was reported by the local newspapers; they paid tribute to the team's success and that of our defender Ronald Scott, who was a regular member of the London 1st XI and S.E. divisional XI. Ronald was invited for the second successive year to take part in the England trial, but narrowly failed to make the side. We congratulate him for his achievements and wish him well for the future. Wayne

#### Games Record

	P	W	D	L	F	A
First XI						
Friendlies	31	21	7	3	104	43
Six-a-side	10	5	3	2	7	3
London festival	7	6	0	1	10	1
West London festival	5	4	0	1	5	1
London Cup	2	1	0	1	6	3
Under 15 XI	11	0	2	9	10	49
Under 14 XI	12	7	2	3	30	19

First XI Squad: Lumley, Anil Patel, Scott, Parkhouse, Mills, Nayer, A. Patel, Grimmer, Mistry (Vice-capt and Hon. Sec.), Miles-Thomas (Capt), Sabir, K. Patel, Kirk, Misra.



*Hockey First XI*  
L to R Back: Mr. A. Schofield, Nayar, Lumley, Scott, Miles-Thomas, K. Patel, A. Patel, Kirk  
Front: Mistry, Parkhouse, Sabir, Mills, A. Patel

*Harish Mistry and hockey team present*



*From Jennifer Buckle (left 1963): Mr Mitchell (maths master) and some of the cricket team at an end of term match.*



*From Jennifer Buckle: Back row; (left to right) Barbara Kemp, Glenis Jones, Susan Dowdeswell, Jennifer Jones (me), Middle row; Valerie Storr, Pat Lovelock, Jill Osborne, Susan Peer, Irene Whitehead, Front row; Yvonne New and Margaret Wakefield.*

## From John Chater, left in 1960

I was born in Wembley and after being educated at Park Lane and Wembley Manor primary schools and passing my 11+ I went to Preston Manor County Grammar school, as I recall it being called in 1954, when I started there.

The school's Latin motto was "Munus Prae Jure" – "Duty Before Rights" and the plaque that was given to me still has pride of place in my study at home to this day.

The Headmaster was Mr Bannister and I can recall the names of several Masters that taught me throughout my 6 years at the school. The most influential in my case were John Sharman

{ PE } and Mr Kernow my House Master. Mr Sharman had, what seemed to us, some good connections. Some classmates were lucky enough to appear on the popular programme Crackerjack and I was very proud when I was given the chance by Mr Sharman to be a Ball Boy at Wembley Stadium. I grabbed the opportunity with both hands { pun intended } and was Ball Boy at England v Wales on 23<sup>rd</sup> Nov 1960. We all had the opportunity to meet the players and I met Johnnie Haynes and he gave me his No 10 shirt. As I played inside left for the school this was especially significant. I also recall some of the very colourful language used by some of the players. England 5 – Wales 1.

Mr Sharman also encouraged me to become a Soccer Referee and with a lot of help from him I qualified in 1959. I refereed in the Brentford and District League and was linesman at a local cup final at Wembley Town's venue in 1960

There were, I think 4 Houses and I was a member of Baird. The other one I remember was Cavell. In 1959 I was elected House Sports Captain, a very proud day.

Unfortunately my sporting activities rather overshadowed by academic efforts and after getting my "O" levels and studying for 3 "A" levels my House Master Mr Kernow suggested that my chances of success were slim and I would better getting a job. I left at Christmas in 1960 and started work in the Covent Garden area in London on Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1961. { It was not a Bank Holiday in the early 60s }

I became close friends with a number of my classmates and in our final year we could, only occasionally I think, be found in the Century Hotel just round the corner from the school. I was also fortunate to have a small billiard table at home and another regular venue for us was Castleton Ave, Wembley for a game of billiards or snooker. Most of us cycled to school and some pupils came from out of town Pinner / Neasden / Kenton.

In our final years some of us had cars which we used for the school trip and parked in Carlton Ave. My first car was a red Austin 8 tourer which cost me 35 guineas.

I continued to play soccer until my mid thirties and for a few years played for the Old Manorians. After that I played for Greenford in the Nemian League and then after I got married I continued to play for various teams in Berkshire and South Oxfordshire.



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*From John Chater; school plaque*

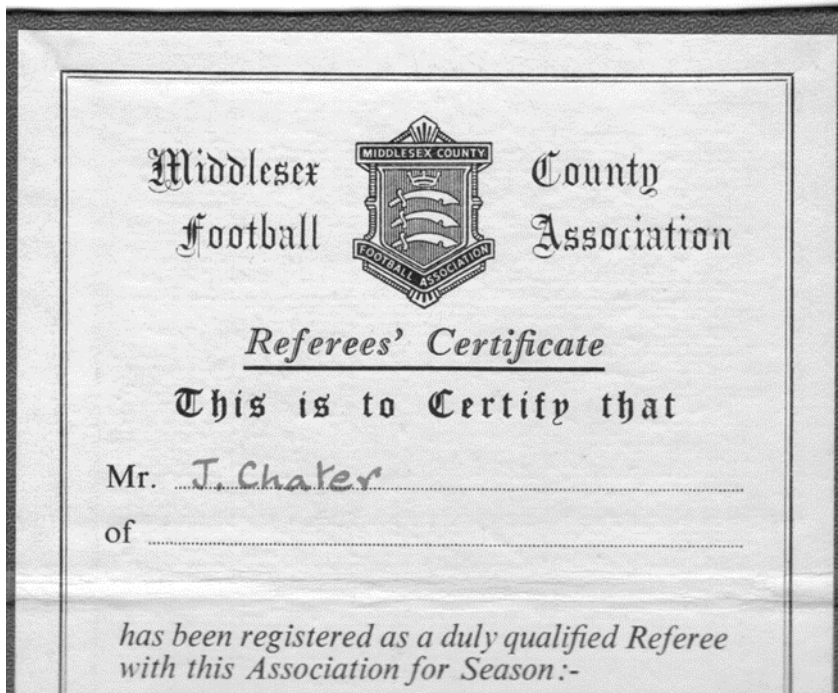


*From John Chater; classmates in the Century Hotel*





From John Chater / Photo of John Chater



### From Katrina Evans, left in 1979

I spent my teenage years between 1972 and 1979 at Preston Manor, possibly one of the best eras to be there, I think – but then everybody says that.

My teachers were Mr Fogden, Mrs Fogden, Miss Godfrey, Mr Stanley-Clamp, Miss Thomas (for French), Miss Thomas/Mrs Piercy (for English), Mr Piercy, Mr and Mrs Armit, Jock Williamson, Mr Sharman, Miss Laverock/Mrs Andersson, Miss Simons, Mr De Beer, Miss Campbell, Dr Mason, Mr Lackey, Miss Cave, Miss Moncrieff, Miss Gandolfi, Miss Whittaker, Mrs Khm-Lozake, Mr Ross, Mr Bristow, Mr Kemp. There were many strong and original characters amongst these, who made huge and lasting impressions on me and my classmates. This was 40 years ago but I still remember them as if I saw them only yesterday. Many of them seem to me now to have been very misunderstood, but at the time I thought they were very superior beings indeed.

In my year group, pupils from various primary schools in Wembley went to Neasden High for a year whilst we waited for Preston Manor to be ready for us, in its first year changing from a Grammar School to a Comprehensive. However, when we arrived, our year groups were in fact streamed into Red 1 & Red 2, Blue 1 & Blue 2, Yellow 1 & Yellow 2. The time at Neasden meant my brother Vincent and I arrived in the same year even though he is a year younger than me.


Many of the teachers arrived at the same time, some of them came with us from the year in Neasden, and many were young and extremely friendly. We couldn't believe our luck!

Highlights of the 1970s were the school disco held at Christmas in the hall, with Disney cartoon paintings put up high on the walls created by the current sixth formers – what a marvel they seemed then! We were allowed to request records for the disco and someone succeeded in a dare to get Miss Cave to read out 'Do you think I'm Sexy?' in Assembly amid great hilarity.

Mr Bristow started up an outdoor activities holiday club and with others, took groups of us walking in the Lake District. Then later, some of the other teachers took us on coach holidays to France and the Netherlands, where we all blossomed into young adults and felt more like equals to the hitherto revered teachers. Some of them allowed us to call them by their first name but we were very selective about whom we actually took that liberty with! I have photos of Mr De Beer, Miss Whittaker, Miss Laverock, Miss Campbell, with us all eating from a huge Brie cheese with our fingers – how daring!

In the 6<sup>th</sup> form some older students mingled with the younger teachers at the Century Pub in the evenings at the end of term – that was dicing with danger indeed, and highlighted the apparent maturity of some as compared to others.





Mr Fogden offered to tutor my friend Pragna Shah and myself to prepare for the Oxbridge entrance exams, out of the goodness of his heart and in our lunch breaks. I remember him especially with great fondness, such a kind and gentle man. I also particularly remember Mr Stanley-Clamp as a gifted and inspiring teacher who was instrumental in giving me a passion for English and had a real vocation for teaching his subject, and he once told me I was the best student in English he had ever taught which really spurred me on to achieve more.

In the sixth form a dozen pupils were elected Prefects and these chosen ones were allowed to spend time up in the Tower amongst the noisy water pipes and old chairs, for some reason this was seen as a privilege whilst the rest of the year group were down in the smart new Common Room.

I do still have copies of all the long photos and all the Pressman magazines through those years in the 1970s, irreplaceable as they are now.

From Preston Manor I went on to study French and Spanish at Exeter University, then moved from Wembley to Eastbourne where I worked for 20 years with the Careers Service in East Sussex. Last year I moved to South Wales, and now work there as a Humanistic Counsellor having qualified in 2012. I remember my formative years at Preston Manor as a time when I grew up and learned so much from those who really cared, and my time there laid a foundation for my life which I will always be grateful for.

## **From Sheila Middleburgh (nee Davis), left in 1950**

My memory of Preston Manor is how lucky I was to have managed to pass the 11+ to become a pupil in a school that inspired me to achieve a wonderful future. I was able to enter what was then Northampton Engineering College [now City University] at the age of 16, the last intake at this early age, for a three year course in optics. After working for four years for a wonderful optical practice in New Cross I opened my own practice in Kentish Town. I sold the practice after two and a half years to get married to a GP and live in Birmingham. I then started in rooms until I retired.

When my husband passed away, I did some voluntary work for "Vision Aid Overseas" for seven years, and then decided to go back to university and do a part time degree in The History of Art, and later an introductory course in Art Therapy.

Looking back, I feel that it was Preston Manor that gave me the grounding to be inspired to achieve, in spite of coming from a very humble background. I feel sure, having visited the school a couple of years ago, that the staff are continuing the same ethos...

Many thanks Preston Manor for the grounding you gave me.

## **From Shirley Ann Crimp (nee Mazillius), left in 1951**

I was deeply saddened to read in the last newsletter of the passing of my fellow classmate Jack Sadie who had been so instrumental in the Old Manorians events during the last few years.

This reminded me of what a different world Jack and I grew up in. When I started at Preston Manor in 1946 my father had only been home a short time from Singapore where as an Army officer and lawyer he had been involved in dealing with the aftermath of the liberation of Malaya, Burma and Singapore. This was a period of tremendous re-adjustment for my parents and my brothers and I, but I do recall that my parents were so thrilled that I had "passed to the Grammar School". For the first 2 years Jack's and my year intake were based in a section of Claremont Secondary Modern School in Kenton as was my cousin Lesley who started the year before me, and for us the possibly twice-a-term trips to the "big school" were a thrill. When we entered the 3rd form we were moved up to the main school and I believe the Claremont usage only last a couple of years more. My brother Roger who joined in 1951 certainly started in the main school.

But what a different world we lived in then - Jack I believe was the only Jewish child in the school so soon after the discovery of the dreadful sufferings of World War 2, and there was just one Jamaican child a girl athlete who brought great credit to the school with her prowess. So it is a happy memory to recall that our RE teacher, a man whose name I sadly cannot remember, invited Jack to talk about his religion in one of our lessons. Jack came wearing his traditional skull cap and gave us all such an interesting and informative insight into the Jewish religion, and our RE teacher reminded us all that these were the religion and customs that Jesus followed during his life. In the climate of the times, it was an enlightening experience with a visionary school teacher and underlines what a well-balanced and caring school Preston Manor was and is and long may continue.

*From Ken Clark (left in 1950)*



*From Ken Clark*



TEACHERS AT  
CLAREMONT ANNEXE  
IN 1ST YEAR.



ROBERT DOBSON ON  
AIR RAID SHELTER

*From Ken Clark*





## From Margaret Etall, left in 1950

"Macbeth"

I left Preston Manor in 1950 and during our final year the school play was "Macbeth" which we had studied for School Certificate/Matric. I played Lady Macbeth. My good friends Kathleen Gratton (nee Warner) and Nancy Esterson who played Lady Macduff and First Witch respectively are still my friends to this day.

The play was produced and directed by our Form Master and English teacher, Mr Kernutt. He and Mr Pilcher (craft) and assistants had built a splendid set including a most impressive set of battlements across the back of the stage, along which I had to totter during the sleepwalking scene. Since the gallery was raised up they had provided a stool for me to step off onto at my exit. As backstage was rather dark I managed to step onto the edge instead of the middle of said stool and fell over with a great crash onto the floor. The audience laughed (how could they help it?)

At the end of the play when we took our curtain call my miraculous resurrection prompted a loud cheer. I imagine no one remembered my brilliant sleepwalking, let alone the rest of the play!

Margaret Etall. Millward House. Jan. 1943 July 1950

## From Michael Corrie (Class of '41)

I was in the class of '41 but with a birthday on September 4th I was 12 when term started. There were few male teachers as all those young and fit enough were off to the war. Miss Glazebrook was the first form mistress. Others I recall were Miss Walker (Jane) for geography, little Miss Green for science who was a delight as the experiments often failed. In particular she was showing how sodium reacted in water and it stuck on the side of the glass trough. Of course it broke sending water everywhere. Mr Millward came out of retirement to teach maths. Again a number of errors were chalked on the blackboard. These were usually corrected by one of the Brownbill girls, I think Monica.

Senior master was Doc Paling who went on to be head at Kingsbury. Another was "Doc" Garner who was at the Manor for several terms before it was found he was no more a doctor of anything than I am and promptly disappeared. Much of my time at the Manor was spent in the air raid shelters so only my last year there was without interruption, but it didn't help me a lot as the only subjects I was any good at were geography and music. With the aid of the Headmasters association I managed two job offers. One was with B.o.a.c (now part of B.A.) on flight planning at £1.75 per week or with a shipping co. at £1.50. I took the later, but was there barely a year before I was off on National Service in the RAF. That is an amazing story on its own as I was sent to Singapore it turned out by mistake, so I toured the last outposts of empire at state expense.

That will do for now  
Michael (Mike) Corrie

## Content of email sent by Eric Garner on 7 July 2016

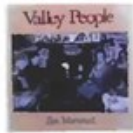
This is Eric Garner letting you know his e-mail address and hoping that the 41 club will continue and thinking about the old days, altho' they are now so far away. Just think; it was only one year after the Battle of Britain, V1s were yet to come. That was why I never stayed till the sixth form. I was evacuated for the 2nd time !

I started in 1c sitting in front of Barbara Wright, is she still in the land of the living? and how about Angela Stuart, also in 1c. In one term Barbara Wright came top, I came 2nd in the class and Jimmy Wolfe, who was later my best man, came third, which is why we went on into 2c Latin. We were streamed, but I never realised it.

Yours sincerely,  
Eric Garner

For the record, Jimmy Wolfe went on to Wadham College, Oxford and became Reuters correspondent in Paris, where he was assassinated by the OAS.

## JIM MARWOOD MFA MRCS LRCP



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& General Practitioner**  
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Thank you to Jim Marwood (also featured in Issues 1 and 2) for sending the school a hard cover version of his book (see below).

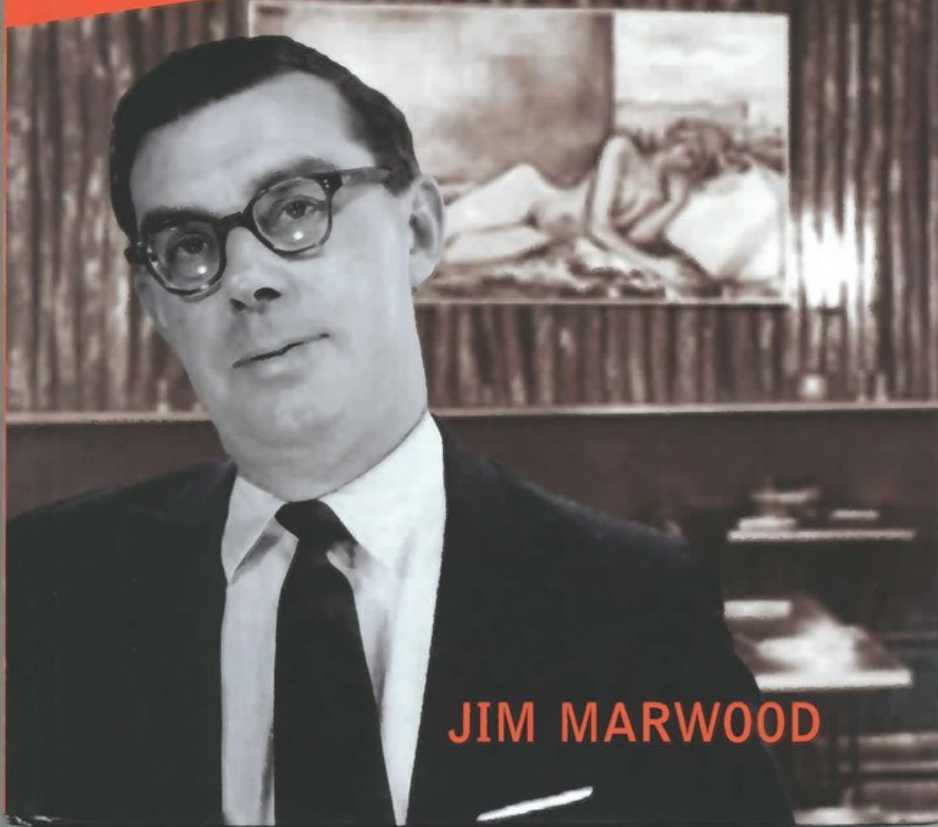
The book arrived safely from Tasmania last week!.

# sweetbreads out of season

PAT COLLINS' BISTRO

and Hobart's brief Bohemia

Art, Food and Fantasy in the 1960s



## 'THANK YOU OLD MANORIANS'



Ms. Isatu Haddi (08)  
 Mr. Haris Jordamovic (12)  
 Mr. Abbas Ameli Reneni (07)  
 Mr. Barrie Laver (52)  
 Mrs Pat Newick (54)  
 Ms. Syeda Bahar Munim (12)  
 Mr. (Ronald) Neil Chisman (65)  
 Professor Maurice Cohen (52)  
 Mr. John Okello (11)  
 Ms. Iva Tanku (10)  
 Ms. Susana Gouveia (96)  
 Mr. Jalal Pamire-Muhammad (14)  
 Mr. Colin Moxon (50)  
 Professor Michael Ellis (54) & Margaret Ellis  
 Mr. Ian Winter  
 Mrs. Alice and Mr. William Bugar (56)  
 Ms. Reena Gudka (12)  
 Mr Nouman Khalid (01)

Ms. Kinna Patel (06)  
 Mr. Bill Cleaves (53)  
 Mr. Kalpesh Patel (74)  
 Mr. Roger Bailey (48)  
 Mr. Mike Hennessey (45)  
 Mr. Jonathan Bach  
 Mr. Colin Towndrow  
 Ms. Shirley Ann Crimp (51)  
 Mr. Keith Lyons (79)  
 Ms. Ann Thomson (50)  
 Mr. David Leech (53)  
 Mr. Clive Rustin  
 Mr. Mike Corrie (46)  
 Ms. Margaret Hamilton  
 Ms. Elizabeth Album (56)  
 Mr. George Benwell  
 Mrs. Jean Gilchrist  
 Mr. Lew Wrapson



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Mobile Tel 07415572503

JULY 2016

Dear Mr Graham,

Looking at the Preston Manor website under the Old Manorians I was not surprised to see that the former pupils from when Preston Manor was a Grammar School make an effort to contribute, whilst those from my time at the school in the 1970's and after in the 1980's do not.

Preston Manor was in the first 25 years an excellent school and rightly so had a very good reputation.

Unfortunately about 2-3 years before I attended the school had gone from becoming a Grammar school to a comprehensive. This is something I was informed that the teachers had fought long and hard to avoid. Having become a comprehensive the level of care and interest that the teachers had in pupils education and welfare unfortunately declined in the 1970's.

In the 5 years that I attended from 1974-1979 the amount of Fire alarms being set off increased year on year. (What some children do to avoid being in class!)

Although I was certainly not an Angel or a model pupil. Fortunately I was above average and being in the O'level classes did not have to mix with the worse behaved.

In my first 2 years the Art teachers disliked my work informed me that it was useless and pathetic and advised that I should do something more useful with my time. Fortunately in the third year the Art teacher that year did not have the fixed mindset of the earlier teachers and praised and encouraged my work. Instead of being in the bottom 5 out of 31 students in the class (As I had been in the first two years) in the January exam of the third year I was top of the class and in the June exam was 3<sup>rd</sup> in the class. These results together with the fact that another pupil stole one of my paintings convinced me my Art was good.

One of the life lessons I learnt from Preston Manor is that under some people you will never shine, so it's good to keep your self belief and put distance between you and those who mark you down.

About 15-20 years later I painted about a dozen watercolours and won a prize the an Art exhibition.

If I had my time over again and could change one thing It would have been to keep a diary and record names dates and places. As the memory dims with time diaries and journals are great at helping people understand themselves, and often in hindsight you understand the situation clearer; best not to record feelings or thoughts in case relations read your diary and deride your dreams. Unfortunately in the days before video tapes I did not own a camera and only have 2-3 photos of other pupils on the only school trip we had in those 5 years.

In my childhood I enjoyed a few things whilst I endured many things. Before moving to the London borough of Brent in 1972 I had lived in Isleworth for 2-3 years. My Irish mother had little academic education after the age of 10 and was not overly concerned about my grades. Her main concern was that her children should cost her as little as possible until they were old enough to get a full time paid job/career when they could being to pay their own way.



From 1970-1979 my mother in her bid to keep costs down did her best to get my brother and myself to eat the cheapest Breakfast cereal money could buy. She put out a bowl of cornflakes added strawberries and milk took a spoonful and just before eating the spoonful emphatically said "Delicious" The Odd thing was that she only had one bowl of cornflakes from the whole packet and it was about 25-30 packets until she had another bowl of cornflakes. Yet each time that she had the odd bowl of cornflakes she would say how incredibly Delicious they were.

So for all the years at Preston Manor month in month out my brother and I endured Cornflakes for breakfast when the Weetabix had run out.

I enclose a copy of my Cornflakes are Delicious poem describing the events from 1970 -1979.

Whilst attending Preston Manor my Divorced mother remarried in October 1975 and displayed flags outside the house in Greenbank Avenue Sudbury Town on the day.

In October 2015 my stepfather had been married for 40 years to my mother and in those 40 years had never been allowed to have a dog , a computer or basically to incur a bill. He is allowed to nod, and is allowed a Saturday newspaper. (which my mother regards as a waste of money as next week it will be in the bin)

Whilst I attended Preston Manor High School my mother in a bid to keep the bills down, removed a value from the Black and white television. We were lead to believe it had broken down and as it was not replaced there was no TV licence to pay. I was informed that her annual wage was £1200 and the rates that she paid on the end of terrace house was £900 P.A The London Borough of Brent seemed to be an expensive place to live in the 1970's.

I enclose a copy of my poem MY STEPDAD WOULD LIKE A COMPUTER. So all those who have internet access can appreciate that everyone does not have that luxury.

In addition to the education provided by Preston Manor High School from 1974-1979 My brother and I were taken to Church every Sunday for more education. It was drummed into me from 1969-1993 by my mother that if I took her advice and followed her suggestions that one day I could be as good as my Uncle Benny. (How Uncle Benny managed to be so fantastic without any formal academic qualifications is one of those Irish mysteries yet to be solved.)

My mother has given me thousands of suggestions Preston Manor gave me less than a dozen in 5 years.

I enclose a poem that contains some driving advice given to me in the year 2000 from my mother, who has mastered the economy drive .

So may all at Preston Manor have a greater income than expenditure as that lesson has always stayed with me and kept stress and worry at bay down the years.

At the End of summer term in 1979 I ran out of Preston Manor and did not look back in case some pupil had it in for me. 5 years later I read in the Brent leader newspaper that some pupils had set upon Doctor I.S Mason on his last day. (The lesson be streetwise and know your surroundings.)

Regards Simon Fisher.

P.S. If you want more news / information of my years at Preston Manor do let me know by email. I would be obliged if you can confirm receipt of this letter Many Thanks



## **CORNFLAKES ARE DELICIOUS!**

Cornflakes are delicious ! And very tasty my mother often said to me,  
She may have acquired this knowledge from an advertisement on the TV !  
Cornflakes, said she with sliced Banana or strawberries are very nice,  
and I would be happy, healthy and prosper if I always took her advice !  
Cornflakes are delicious, was repeated very often by my mam,  
and better for me at breakfast than toast with marmalade or jam !

Cornflakes are delicious ! My mother would frequently boast,  
going without herself and making do with tea and buttered toast !  
Cornflakes are delicious! The Kellogg's cockerel looked so Grand,  
I was informed I was just as lucky with the supermarket Brand !  
My mother counselled me, not to think of Rice Crispies or Special K,  
but just to eat your bowl of cornflakes and do all the things she'd say !

My mother told me not to want or ask for the cereal box with the free toy,  
and said "It's Cornflakes, Weetabix or Shredded Wheat for you my boy !  
I could get worse for my breakfast, a rock hard egg she could easily boil,  
which may instil gratitude for the bowl of Cornflakes and spoon of cod liver oil !  
Knowing that I and my brother did not like the taste of hot tea,  
A cup would be offered as an alternative to Cornflakes you see !

When it comes to breakfast, a bowl of cornflakes will put hairs on your chest,  
the delicious taste will help you remember that your mother always knows best !  
With cornflakes you can gladly know that you get more content for your penny,  
and if you eat them daily without complaint you'll be as good as Uncle Benny !  
Cornflakes are so tasty and delicious you will not seek anything new,  
I could have them at least five days a week along with my mother's stew !

In my time in Isleworth Bland cereals and stew was often in my daily diet,  
while being transported in the Morris Minor's back seat to keep me quiet !  
Cornflakes are delicious ! My mother would smile and Boast,  
and suggest as an alternative a piece of hard blackened toast .  
She would inform me that the toast was well done and not really burnt,  
so under hob son's choice Cornflakes are Delicious was eventually learnt !



The credibility of Cornflakes being Delicious became somewhat diminished,  
As other cereals were eaten more, the Cornflake box was the last to be finished.  
In Hounslow high street, my mother would stop to chat and this might make us late,  
her choice of words and facts, were not all accurate as she was prone to exaggerate.  
I informed one listener that an item was not a pound as stated but nineteen and six,  
And was later told to button up at times and eat the Cornflakes as well as Weetabix !

There was one thing I observed over the years without a single doubt,  
was that on supermarket shelves the Cornflakes were never ever sold out.  
Cornflakes are Delicious ! Better when crisp, rather than limp, soggy or sad,  
It was repeated to me, that a starving child in Africa of them would be very glad !  
Disagreeing with my mother could incur the wooden spoon across my hand,  
so to avoid the pain 'twas best to pretend Cornflakes were delicious and grand.

Cornflakes with only milk are not delicious as nearly everybody knows,  
It's a marketing illusion created like the Emperor's New clothes.  
At Hotel restaurants Cornflakes hardly got peoples lips a licking,  
and seemed better in a farmyard fed to Rooster and to chicken.  
But there has been a lot of propaganda about Cornflakes that's a fact,  
Which gave my mother material upon which she could base an Act !

Having cereal that was less bland was constantly in my dreams,  
along with not having to eat the home grown extra stringy beans !  
Start your day with cornflakes they give it rise and shine I was told,  
Porridge was given the OK on winter days that were extra cold.  
Having stew up to five times a week I found was far too repetitious,  
and I never ever became convinced that cornflakes were delicious !

1970 - 1979

S. FISHER



## MY STEP DAD WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A COMPUTER.

My step dad would like to have a computer, but is unsure where to start.  
He's afraid to purchase the hardware as he doesn't feel too smart !  
When it comes to technology, his wife's words are usually unkind.  
Should he try to learn it, his confidence she would probably undermine !  
He might learn to surf the internet and really get a thrill.  
Until he's reminded by her of the increasing electric bill !

She will worry him that the internet his brain it might confuse,  
Although the real threat could be , that she'll remove the fuse !  
And all those wires at the back will make the room far less neat,  
and all she wants him to do is to converse, her bidding, wash, and eat !  
Should he spend time visiting websites across town and city borders.  
His full attention will be taken away from listening to her orders !

To Hone his skills on surfing, emailing, tweeting and face book,  
Getting a copy of Computers for Dummies, may be just the book !  
Why he wants to use the internet I cannot really guess.  
I am pretty sure it's not to enter tournaments on chess .  
It's all so confusing and a waste of electric and time his wife will pitch .  
And she will do her best to discourage him turning on the switch !

If my step dad masters the computer and internet and really gets it right.  
He won't be available, for his wife's suggestions morning, noon and night!  
It will not be easy for him to purchase the equipment and have a Google,  
When he has to support his wife's economy drive and always be frugal !  
Maybe he could get a second hand monitor and computer tower,  
That bypassed the electric mains and runs on wind or solar power !

Computer Lessons could be approved by the frugal committee you see,  
If the teacher of them would gladly provide them for free !  
His wife an Internet Service provider would strongly recommend,  
who provided software for free and paid them to be connected in the end !  
My mother will try to persuade him from this new adventure to refrain,  
and not to waste his time on something that will cost and not make gain !



## THE FIFTH GEAR

My mother informed me many times and made it absolutely clear,  
that whilst driving the Nissan car she would not use the fifth gear.  
She would not use that fifth gear when all was said and done,  
even whilst cruising at sixty miles per hour down the M 1 !  
She was content with the first four gears and the reverse,  
but mistrusted the fifth gear and implied it was a curse !

She said that in the fifth gear a driver was not in complete control,  
and said that it was dodgy and I should not to trust it on the whole !  
She was not at ease with the fifth gear, it always made her worry,  
even in dry and uncongested conditions when there was no hurry.  
My mother believes that drivers need the reverse gear and only the first four,  
and that car manufacturers put in the fifth as an extra only to charge you more!

It's a well known fact that it's not safe to drive whilst using the mobile phones,  
my mother feels it's unsafe using the fifth gear, she must have felt it in her bones!  
She may think that by using fifth gear a motorist will drive much bolder,  
or that it might blow the engine and you'll be stuck on the hard shoulder !  
It is better to take your time and arrive safe, unharmed and alive,  
She advises not to take any risks by using that gear number five !

If she keeps on about that fifth gear, stating that it's not safe day or night,  
I may visit Auto Diagnostics and get a second opinion from Tony White !  
My step father is reported to have panic attacks when she is not around,  
sometimes he stays in bed all day, afraid to put his foot on the ground !  
At times he hasn't got much confidence and will power and it really is a shame,  
she may have told him the maximum times per week to use his Zimmer frame !

The Fifth gear, she made plain she did completely despise,  
and mentioned that I should not use it if I were truly wise.  
Don't listen to those tales about the fifth gear using a bit less fuel  
Play it safe take my advice , and with the fifth gear don't you fool.  
She reminded me that the fifth gear is not at all reliable or nice,  
and the car could have an accident if I did not follow her advice !





Ms. Nyakeru would like to take this opportunity to thank Alumni and Future First for all the hard work that was put into gathering the speakers for the Future Lives Careers Event.

The event was a great success. The students had a great time and learnt a lot from their speakers. The Alumni also had a good time and were happy to come back to their old school.

***‘That was worth coming back for’. - Terry Chisman (62)***

***‘Making a bridge was really fun, I learnt how to make it stand.’ – Janoshan Vikenswaran (Year 8 Student)***

***‘This was one of most enjoyable days at Preston Manor since I arrived in Year 7. It was really valuable learning about all of the different careers’. – Jhourdan Goodlitt (Year 8 Student)***





## SUMMER READ

We would like to invite all Alumni to join students and teachers in our 'Summer Read'. This summer's chosen read is the award winning novel 'The Edge of Me', written by Jane Brittan.

We were fortunate to have Jane at Preston Manor as a speaker on World Book Day.



## GENERAL NOTICES



### Message Board

A 'Message Board' section will feature on the back page of each newsletter. Please send any requests for messages to be included in future editions to [d.graham@preston-manor.com](mailto:d.graham@preston-manor.com)

Thank you to those Alumni who have been part of our Career's Days this year and who have been helpful in arranging work experience placements for students this year.



Facility Hire - 10% discount available for Old Manorians Alumni Association.



**PRESTON MANOR**  
An All-through Co-operative School

## PRESTON MANOR - FACILITIES HIRE

Our available facilities for hire are listed below:

**Upper School**

- Main Hall (functions to include weddings, birthdays, anniversaries, etc.)
- Sports Hall (contains 4 Badminton Courts)
- Gymnasium
- Floodlit MUGA (3x5 aside pitches - Astroturf)
- 3 x Football Pitches (2 to FA senior standard)
- 4 x Tennis Courts (Asphalt)



**Lower School**  
(part of the same site)

- Main Hall (functions to include weddings, birthdays, anniversaries, etc.)
- Gymnasium (1 Badminton Court)
- Floodlit MUGA (1 x Netball court - Asphalt)

[www.preston-manor.com](http://www.preston-manor.com)



We can also provide catering facilities at either venue. For further assistance please contact our Site and Facilities Manager on 020 8385 4086 or email: [site@preston-manor.com](mailto:site@preston-manor.com)

## GENERAL NOTICES



Former Alumni and award-winning comedian Ahir Shah, will perform at Edinburgh Fringe again this summer.

<http://www.freefestival.co.uk/show.asp?showid=3707>



Former Alumni and award-winning comedian and writer Aatif Nawaz has also been seen on television this year, appearing in the Channel 4 programme 'What British Muslims Really Think'. For those interested in what Aatif really thought of this programme, click on link below:

<https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2016/apr/15/channel-4-islamophobic-bandwagon-british-muslims>

### Thank You

To all Alumni who contributed pieces and sent photographs which make up Issue 3 of The Old Manorian Newsletter.



