

Edgar Henry Goddard M.A.

b. 1896. Educ. Dulwich College 1907-1914; Corpus Christi Coll. Oxford, (Scholar), 1914-1918; Asst. Master, Bradfield 1919-1922; Asst. Classics Master, Bradford, 1922-1928; Senior Classics Master, George Watson's Edinburgh, 1928-1932; Headmaster, Haberdashers' Aske's, Hatcham, 1932-1961. d. 1983.



Ned Goddard's twenty-nine years at Aske's divide neatly enough into three periods; the seven pre-war years, the war-time evacuations to Oxted and Teignmouth, 1939-45, and the final sixteen years after the return to Hatcham.

None of these three periods was easy for him; certainly not the first. In 1932, Aske's was a decent, reputable but rather stodgy Grammar School, housed in inadequate buildings and provided with a tolerable acreage of playing fields which were poorly drained. A solid core of the Staff, some of whose service went back before the First World War, were experienced and sound Schoolmasters but suspicious of any declaration of a need for change. Coming from George Watson's, the Headmaster realised, with some impatience, the need to "ga canny".

So it was a refreshing breeze which blew through the School rather than a whirlwind of change. "Old Boys' Day" was adapted to become "Founder's Day", very much in the form as it is today, and he secured the services of such famous sermon-givers as Dean Inge and Dean Hewlett-Johnson. Insisting on the benefit of VIth Form education, he succeeded in doubling its complement to some 120 boys and in "the Old Man's Gas Periods" his VIth formers came into contact with a powerful, scholarly intellect which ranged stimulatingly and provocatively over a variety of topics; and they recognised a very remarkable talent for teaching through vivid communication.

1936 saw the completion of the first major building project for very many years and, although it was financed by the L.C.C., the new Art/Gymnasium block was opened by the Master of the Company, H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. It was during the several meetings, preliminary to the Royal Visit, between the Deputy Master, Mr. E.F. Moseley, the Clerk and the Headmaster, that Ned cemented the happy relationship which exists between the School and the Company.

He must have winced at the apparent apathy, in those early years, with which Aske's regarded the second of the injunctions of its Founder's motto – "Give Arts", for these were almost moribund. Although he himself brought his viola to assist in promoting the orchestra, and persuaded some masters, as well as boys, to co-operate, the standard of music achieved seldom rose above mediocrity. The School's dramatic productions scarcely

deserved such a label in the early thirties, and so-called revues and one-act plays were the standard annual offerings. Ned set about encouraging ambition, and as a result the quality was improved by an acceptable production of "She Stoops to Conquer", which was followed in the next year by "The Rivals". But it was not until he persuaded one of the Maths Masters to translate his cricket coaching prowess to stage directing that productions of the quality to which Ned thought Aske's should at least aspire were in fact achieved. The success of "The Fourth Wall" presaged the triumph, the following year, of "The Importance of Being Earnest".

A member of the London division of the Association of Headmasters, he had formed a splinter group of kindred spirits, impatient with agendas of the main body which seemed too preoccupied with educational politics, and who met in one or another's schools, once a term, to exchange ideas and philosophies in the education within (and without) their own schools; it became known as "the Hatch Group". A leading spirit, the Headmaster began to acquire a reputation as an expert in imaginative curriculum planning; however, he must have felt that the time was not yet ripe for Aske's to benefit from such introductions.

The outbreak of the War, in 1939, found him, at 43, in his prime. The ordered, change-resistant way of life at Aske's, sheltered by its buildings which, after all, had survived with adequate success for over sixty years, was left behind in the "Evacuation". Nobody could tell him how it had always been done before – there was no before – only here and now. The Headmaster shrugged off the frustrations which may have nagged for seven years, and met the challenge head-on. He relished the vicissitudes of the logistics of evacuation, and drove himself, his household and his staff, in that order, in the interests of his boys.

Billeting Officers, property owners, hostesses, H.M.I.s, local headmasters, were all bullied, cajoled, coerced, even if need be truckled to, in order to ensure the well-being of his School. Aske's became ensconced in Oxted and stayed for nearly five years.

Gradually, one by one, the buildings he needed were acquired until, finally, 40% of the 300 boys were accommodated in one of the four hostels, while the remainder were billeted in private homes. The Headmaster, with his wife Marjorie, ran the first hostel capable of being organised as a school boarding "house" at "The Orchard", and this housed 28 boys with another eight in "The Cottage".

The "Barn Theatre" initially requisitioned as a canteen began to be put to more fitting use for concerts and dramatics. A large house on Limpsfield Common, "Ballards Shaw", was utilised as the School, and when it was superseded by an even larger house, "Champions", it became a "House" for some 40 boys.

Although himself lacking anything more than mediocre skills, Ned was a devotee of ball games as part of a boy's education, and rugby was his particular enthusiasm; the School was fortunate to have an excellent Coach, and during its stay at Oxted the XV was capable of defeating the best that could be found to oppose it. In the 43/44 season it won every match.

In July 1944, the School was re-evacuated to Teignmouth, where it was made welcome by the Grammar School and the adjacent Senior School. Greatly experienced by the Oxted sojourn, the Headmaster set about acquiring and providing the best accommodation available to meet the demands of his School. Within weeks he had installed his Oxted "House" in Powderham House, a U.S. Army base left behind when its troops embarked for France. Another large house, no longer required as an

auxiliary hospital for G.I.s, "fell" into his hands and the School, by now well practised in the exercise, moved into "Mount Everest".

Teignmouth R.F.C.s Bittou ground was placed at the School's disposal, and the rugger teams continued along the victorious route mapped at Oxted. An outstanding production of "Pygmalion", staged at the Grammar School, established the School's reputation in Teignmouth, and in this it was assisted by the concerts of the "Penny Proms" at Mount Everest and a recital of high quality performed in one of the local Churches.

During these war years, when many evacuated schools and institutions must have set out, hoping desperately somehow to survive, under Ned Goddard's dynamic and imaginative leadership, Aske's flourished quite extraordinarily. Bacon wrote that "prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue". The many adversities of these war years discovered so much Askean virtue that the School was able to rise triumphant above them; many of those, boys and masters and, one suspects, Headmaster, who experienced Aske's at war, were convinced that these were the School's finest years.

After nearly six years abroad, in July 1945, the Headmaster led Aske's back to its own war-damaged home and in the following April, he found himself heading the first "Voluntary-controlled" school in the Country. The flexibility in planning and constructing which had been created by the demands of evacuation now stood the whole school in good stead, and the mountainous problems posed by peace-time resettlement were tackled with a calm resolution.

Very shortly, those activities which Ned had re-introduced during his first period, and which had flourished during the war, were prospering again. The Dramatic Society began its Easter productions of Shakespeare's plays, the platform was given a mobile extension to create greater width and depth to the stage, a handsome curtain proscenium was funded by the L.C.C., and extensive and flexible lighting was acquired so that new dimensions of presentation were made possible. These were seized upon by producers and actors to achieve heights far above those expected from the average school offering.

One third of the boys were playing, or learning to play, a musical instrument, and some very good instrumentalists emerged; no other school provided so many members of the London Schools Symphony Orchestra, and Aske's own symphony orchestra achieved performances beyond even Ned's dreams. The "Lit and Deb" acquired a reputation which went far beyond the boundaries of South-east London, and the Current Affairs Society became sufficiently well established to attract past, present and future leaders of the National political parties to address its meetings. Encouraged by the Headmaster, several other societies thrived, and from the annual three-week "journey" for third formers grew the "Explorers' Club". Boys were given the opportunity to explore and even discover caving systems in Northern Norway and to visit and survey places as far apart as the Atlas and the Rocky Mountains.

Rugger and cricket continued to prosper, and field as well as track athletics were introduced; from all these activities several boys annually achieved representative honours.

In 1951 the School celebrated its 75th anniversary in Hatcham, with half a week of "exhibitions" and P.E. displays all highlighted by a brilliant production of the "Pageant of Aske's", specially written and devised for this Jubilee, with a cast of some sixty. The Dramatic Society were to produce the "Pageant" again ten years later as its farewell tribute to the Headmaster.

This was a period of rebuilding in fact as well as educationally: first the blitzed Dining Hall, then a Masters' Common Room which soon enough became the Library with a slightly reduced-in-area Common Room imposed above it. An Advanced Physics Lab. was built out on to the Masters' Tennis Court and this became a staff car park: a Geography Block was constructed between the Hall and the Science Block, and a new Advanced Chemistry Lab. became the seventh of the School's Science laboratories. A hard tennis court on the north west corner of the "grass patch" completed the building constructions.

Ned was happiest when teaching and he extended his personal timetable to include another of his passions, English Literature, which he termed "a useful substitute for the obviously dying classics". The present Head of English recalls, as a VIth former, being fired by Ned's enthusiasm for the poetry of Manley Hopkins, Pound and Eliot, and the writings of Woolf, Forster and Lawrence as well as Joyce, whose "Ulysses" Ned was acclaiming at a time when public librarians were hiding it from their shelves.

The School's academic reputation was such that, even when accepting as many as 105 new entrants, it was still so "over-subscribed" that many had to be rejected. The Headmaster created the post of "Head of Lower School" for a master who was to be responsible for the first and second year boys. In 1961 this was extended to include the third year as well.

At the top of the School, the VIth form had grown to provide some 140 candidates for "A Level", and a majority of these went on to Universities or some other form of further education.

The pre-war "Hatcham Group" he now extended by organising what came to be known as "Goddard Weekends". Heads of London Grammar Schools attended these discussion groups, in an hotel in Lewes in winter and at Oxford in the summer. He was a very popular chairman, skilfully guiding the discussions but never attempting to dominate them, so that he was able later to institute and organise conferences at Brasenose College which were attended by headmasters from all over the country. In 1961 he was elected President of the Headmasters' Association in recognition of the quietly distinguished service he had given over a number of years. It was not only boys who had been encouraged to think by Ned!

After his year in office he was happy and willing to take on the job of assistant secretary of the Association, since this coincided with his own retirement from Aske's. For some time, in fact, he acted as secretary, and thoroughly enjoyed the demands of this exacting task.

However, his wife's health, which had been failing for some years, and who died in 1968, eventually caused him to retire from other occupations.

At the age of 86, in September 1982, he attended a reunion of the Watsonian VIth form he had left fifty years before. "My form - 18 out of 28 turned up and 7 had died; and I managed to recognise most of the people, now aged nearly 70." Eighteen out of a possible twenty-one after fifty years; what a tribute!

At the Service of Thanksgiving for Ned's life, what was described as the greatest assembly of Old Askeans ever to gather met to pay another tribute to this remarkable man.

Ned Goddard was blessed with a first class intellect and the enquiring mind of the scholar, but there was nothing tunnelled about his vision. He stimulated his students to think, and to think clearly and positively; he abhorred those he termed "negative slugs". A very humane man, he had his share of fallibilities; he could be tactless to the point of insensitivity, and man management was certainly not one of his fortes; had it been he might well have deserved to be recognised as "a great headmaster"; as it is,

he was described in the Commemoration Service as "a headmaster of exceptional stature"; and so he was.

An outstanding teacher, with the gift of vivid communication, paradoxically he was embarrassed to express clearly his own inner feelings. And yet it was so apparent that, for him, Aske's, with all that it meant, was a way of life; and largely because of his example, so too it became for many who served under him.

All who came into close contact with Ned were the better men for the experience — and had their lives enriched by it.

W.C.H.

The Goddard Thanksgiving Service St. Catherine's Church, Hatcham — 2nd March, 1984

More than 200 Old Askeans and their wives travelled from all over the United Kingdom and even overseas, to attend the Service of Thanksgiving at St. Catherine's Church. Many arrived by early afternoon and small groups were soon to be seen conversing in either the Dining Hall or the Main Hall or greeting their contemporaries of many years past. Outside, the wind howled and the rain lashed the buildings at the top of Telegraph Hill but inside, the noise of the elements was drowned by the hubbub of conversations recounting memories of the past and exchanging news.

By half past three, a full half hour before the Service was due to start, many groups had slowly walked across the road to take their places in the steadily filling Church, where they were joined by many present members of the staff of the two Hatcham Schools, together with representatives of the Haberdashers' School at Elstree and of Ned's former Schools, George Watson's in Edinburgh and Bradford Grammar School.

Behind the altar sat the School Orchestra and some 60 boys which formed the Choir specially selected for the occasion, being the junior members of the School Choir and the senior members of the School Opera Choir. On either side of the altar were arranged sprays of lilies and irises in the school colours of blue and white.

The Congregation became hushed as the organ commenced to play Chorale No. 3 in A Minor by Cesar Franck. As the last triumphal notes died away, the Master of the Haberdashers Company, Mr. C.I. Bostock, Sir Maurice Bathurst, Mr. Owen Swingland, The Clerk of the Haberdashers Company, the Headmaster, the President of The Old Askean Association and Mr. R.M. Hills, led by the Beadle, took their places.

The Service, conducted by the Rural Dean of Deptford and Vicar of St. Catherine's Church, Canon Richard Bird, opened with the singing of William Blake's 'Jerusalem', and after the Bidding had been given, the choir sang Psalm 150 with the cornet obbligato being played by Andrew Bonne. The Lesson, read by Mr. Bostock, was taken from the book of Proverbs, Chapter 4, verses 1 to 9 and this was followed by the anthem,

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“Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring”, by J.S. Bach in which the oboe obbligato was played by Mark Hall and the double bass by Gareth James. After the Prayers, the congregation again joined in the singing with John Bunyan’s pilgrims hymn ‘He who would valiant be’.

The address delivered by Dick Hills was as follows:—

We all spend our lives walking in and out of the shadows of the deaths of kin and friends, some bringing more of a chill to our bones than others. As for Ned Goddard, he enjoyed his full span of years, and this occasion is not so much one for grief, but one for offering the opportunity for all those who have connections with Aske’s, to pay their respects to a headmaster of exceptional stature; and particularly for all of us who were pupils under his headmastership, to bid him a final affectionate Askean farewell, and to express our deep appreciation for all the good he implanted in us.

For me personally, he was the one man who exerted a profound and permanent influence on my life, and I am sure that there are many here today and hundreds more elsewhere who would endorse that sentiment.

I knew Ned of course as a first former, as a school captain, later as a member of the teaching staff, and even later as an Old Boy and friend. But I am certain that it will always be as school-boys that we will remember him best and value him most. I am equally sure that Ned would choose to be remembered that way, because it was in the Askean himself, in his moral and educational husbandry, that Ned Goddard’s personal demon expressed itself the most intensely, and with such positive effect.

It is easy enough to recall the outer image of the man at the height of his powers . . . That peculiar flat-footed, galvanic stride, gown streaming behind . . . the characteristic grunt prior to speech, impersonated by so many eras of schoolboys . . . those blurted reprimands, whilst he fidgetted with both hands at the flaps of his jacket pockets. And his favourite words and expressions — probably the most recurrent being “symptomatic”. A lost school cap, a piece of neglected homework, a badly kept school diary, were not to Ned great crimes in themselves, but “symptomatic of one’s attitude to the school”: it was a shorthand by which he gauged the daily moral temperature of each of his boys. And woe betide us if we notched up too many “symptoms”!

And all the time, there was that enormous, restless energy, which he projected like an electric charge to galvanise the apathetic and the slack.

But what of the inner man? Ned had no illusions about his role at Aske’s. He never attempted to turn it into a hollow imitation of a Public School, with its built-in snobbishness and crammer course for higher academic honours.

To him, there were other issues of greater importance. There were too many minds to be rescued from the debilitating greyness of the south London environment, with its ‘Daily Mirror’ standards of culture, its street-corner ethics, and its sad lack of any community consciousness — the background from which most of his pupils arrived at 9 o’ clock, and returned to at 4 p.m.

Too many pupils; too little time. He took to heart G.K. Chesterton’s warning: “The race between education and barbarism is a very real one, and it is on”. He accepted it as his personal challenge: and in the quietness of his room at night, he felt the awesome burden of the never-ending war against ignorance and indifference.

But to use the modern jargon, he had a game plan, and the game plan worked. He put enormous stress on working in and for the School, and laid down the ground plan for its manifold extra-mural activities. He did this to provide a living organism with which his many council-estate emigres could identify themselves, and develop a sense of self-awareness: a rallying point, a flag to salute, a cause to follow, in an otherwise barren plain.

In an oft-quoted conversation, when a woman asked him what subjects he taught, Ned replied with typical candour. “Madam, I don’t teach subjects, I teach boys. I teach them to think!” I am not sure that he ever had the time at his disposal to achieve that; but be certainly taught us to have a conscience about thinking.

We all hold our own personal evaluation of Ned’s foremost talents. To me it was simply this . . . Those Askeans who allowed themselves to be guided by his passions and his precepts, by the time they had reached the Upper School, they really were imbued with a portion of that high seriousness towards duty and destiny, which is a product of the very best education. And an incorruptible sense of self-responsibility which answers well in all conditions and under any terms of service. When I first came to Aske’s, the sixth-formers exuded these qualities almost as a physical thing, and they were still there within the boys at the end of Ned Goddard’s career. In the end, he sent boys away from Aske’s with that sense of optimism which we all need almost at the very centre of our beings in order to sleep well.

It would be wrong to conclude without an acknowledgement of the man’s humanity. He found it very difficult to express his inner feelings, but he loved boys very deeply. And now and again he allowed his dry

with a showing . . . In the very last weeks of my school career, Aske's was re-evacuated to Teignmouth, and the Head and his family along with the Upper Sixth took over premises formerly occupied by the American Construction Battalion (The "Sea-Bees") The interior of the house was decorated with murals throughout, in excellent taste, by what must have been a first rate graphic artist, depicting under-water scenes. But the dining room, which Ned, his wife and two daughters shared with the sixth form, was completely covered in bare-bosomed mermaids. I was duly instructed to report with my poster paints and brush for a large scale cleaning up operation. Without twitching a muscle Ned said: "Er Hills, I have no objection to the bosoms, but you'd better paint the sexy look out of their eyes!

May God bless you Ned! You have many years to live yet in our memories, and even more in the very bricks and mortar of Aske's School."

The Service closed with the singing of the hymn 'Now thank we all our God' by M. Rinkart followed by the Commendation and the Blessing.

As the Congregation slowly filed from the Church the organ, played by Mr. J.S. Brierley, again filled the Church, this time with the wonderful sound of the Toccata by Widor.

The Reunion

At the same time as the decision was taken to hold a Thanksgiving Service for the life and work of Ned, the idea was mooted that the occasion should also be used in a way of which he would certainly have approved, that, of having a gathering of his former pupils in the School he loved so much. Thus the idea of the Reunion was born.

After the Service, almost all of those who had formed the congregation gathered in the School Hall where several members of the School's culinary staff and secretariat had prepared a tea with numerous tables laid out with sandwiches and cakes. Members of the Association Committee greeted everybody as they entered and endeavoured to apply self adhesive name tags in order to aid identification of those whom we hadn't seen for thirty, forty or even fifty years.

The slowly moving crocodile proved a great meeting place as we queued for cups of tea. Old Askean fathers and sons were to be seen, the Valentines, the Lloyds and the Sedgeleys, to mention but a few and Ned would have been pleased to have seen how many of his proteges had followed his calling as a teacher. Goodall from Exeter, Thomas from Sale, Verrall from St. Leonards, and French from Chester, whilst Harding and Poston continued the Askean tradition at Hatcham. Ned's former colleagues were also there in strength. Gwyn Morgan down from Norfolk, Wilf Hawkins and Archie Smith from just across Blackheath, whilst the 'Auk' long retired to Richmond soon had his former pupils from the chemistry classes of '45 to '60 gathered round and hilariously remembering the disasters that befell them when experiments went wrong. Barry Kerridge, Arthur Grant, who are still at Hatcham, remembered Ned when they were young men, also Cecil Daykin who is shortly to retire after nearly thirty years teaching at the School.



The Old Askeans attending came from far and wide. The West Country was well represented whilst others came from Hereford and Worcester, South Wales, Norfolk and Cambridge and many more who now reside in the nearer counties of South East England.

Some 26 former Presidents of the Club and the Association were there to hear this year's President, John Grant, welcome everybody and in turn to pay his tribute to Ned and to those who had made the Day possible:— to Graeme Walker and the Staff of the School, to Richard Bird and the Churchwardens of St. Catherine's, to the School's Director of Music, John Skinner, the choir and the solo instrumentalists, to the ladies who had prepared the tea (Mrs. Lennon Wood, School Secretary, Mrs. Gladys Woodman and her daughter) and to the Master and the Haberdashers Company for their interest and financial support.

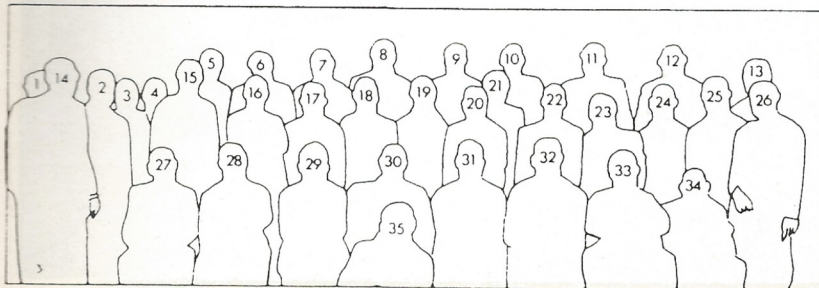
It was then announced that, as a record for posterity of this memorable day, photographs of various groups would be taken in the Dining Hall, and although by then some people had had to leave, a goodly number posed with much banter including those who attended Hatcham prior to 1939, the "Oxted crew" and the "Teignmouth Mob" and the select few who kept Askes alive at Hatcham whilst the flying bombs flew and the V2's crashed in 1944; then a much larger group who were at the School from the end of the war to 1952. (*The President apologises for not calling those who attended from then to 1961.*)

Then back into the School Hall where, through the generosity of one Old Askean who wishes not to be named, a magnificent spread of pate, cheese and wine was there to further sustain and refresh the many who lingered long into the evening talking about and remembering events and friends of years gone by. Ned had died, but we who remain will long remember him with affection and the heritage he has left us will last for many years to come.

HATCHAM (PRE 1939)

No. 17

1. Sammy Sharp, 2. Bill Plain, 3. Jack Moore, 4. R.F. Robinson, 5. Vic Kendall, 6. Danny Quastel, 7. Vic Jordan, 8. Les Needham, 9. Howard Adcock, 10. Roy Darton, 11. J.R. McCarthy, 12. George Evan Cook, 13. John Tabberer, 14. Bud Colburn, 15. Brian Talbot, 16. Ted Sedgley, 17. Owen Swingland, 18. Denis Bangs, 19. Wilf Hawkins, 20. Eddie Bing, 21. George Bentley, 22. Bernard Sarson, 23. John Morgan, 24. Ken Lloyd, 25. David Elliott, 26. George Mogford, 27. Bruce Newman, 28. Ken Walker, 29. Joe Hall, 30. Claude Hunt, 31. Hugh Valentine, 32. Tub Southgate, 33. Eric Wilcox, 34. Maurice Alexander, 35. Dick Hills.







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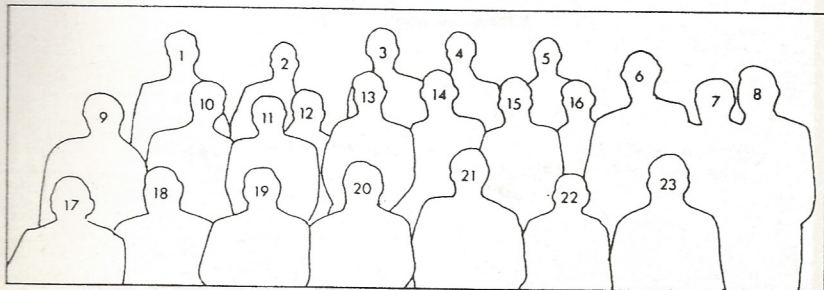
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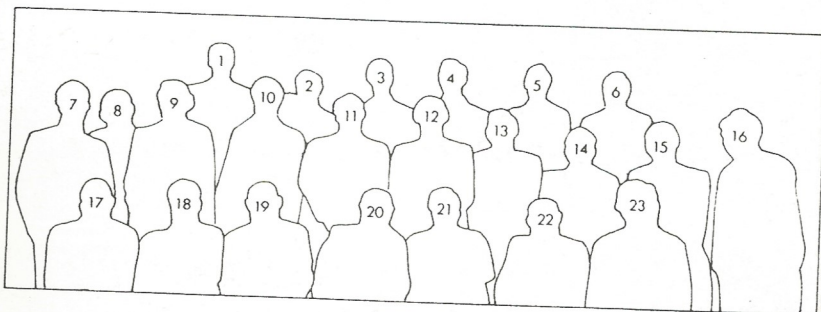
No. 8

1. Stan Moore, 2. Jack Moore, 3. Alan Johnson, 4. Dave Clark, 5. Peter Rawlins, 6. Brian Talbot, 7. George Mogford, 8. Ken Walker, 9. Vic Jordan, 10. Keith Waddington, 11. Denis Bryant, 12. R.F. Robinson, 13. Eric Wilcox, 14. Len Brent, 15. Denis Bangs, 16. Ken Tidmarsh, 17. Laurence Hallett, 18. Dick Hills, 19. Claude Hunt, 20. Sid Green, 21. Peter Clark, 22. Len Webb, 23. Ray Cater.





1. Joe Hull, 2. Stuart Marshall, 3. Alan Johnson, 4. Dave Clark, 5. Peter Rawlins, 6. Alan Scott, 7. Geoff Goodall, 8. Malcolm Keen, 9. Brian Talbot, 10. Peter Clark, 11. Eric Wilcox, 12. Len Brent, 13. Ken Tidmarsh, 14. Ray Carter, 15. Hugh Robinson, 16. Bob Nason, 17. Denis Bryant, 18. Keith Waddington, 19. Dick Hills, 20. Sid Green, 21. Ken Walker, 22. Len Webb, 23. Brian Smith.






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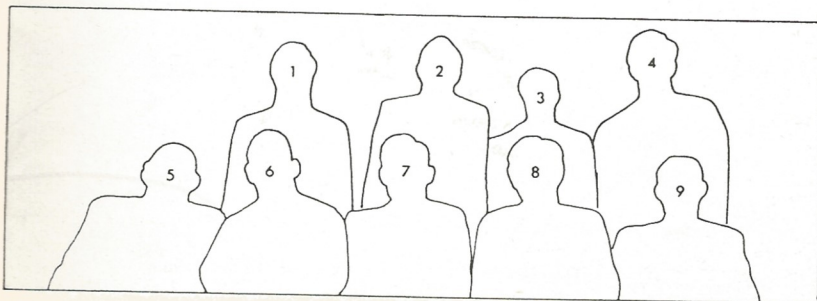
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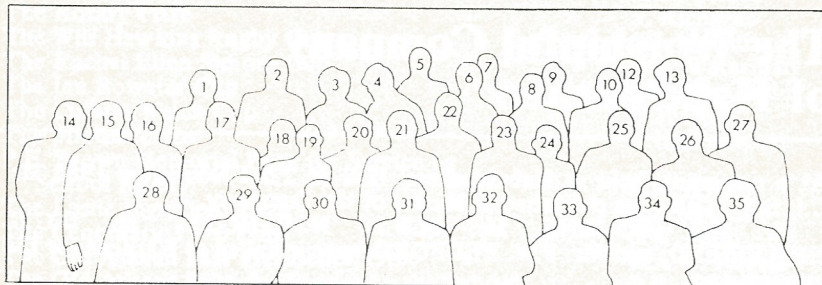
No. 14

1. Chris Ward, 2. Peter Dunkley, 3. Bert Thomas, 4. Alan Lane, 5. George Evan Cook, 6. John Grant, 7. Ian Valentine, 8. Tony Harding, 9. John Sheffner.





1. Brian Cotton, 2. Brian Wiseman, 3. Roger Pawley, 4. Alan Johnson, 5. Ian Hughes, 6. Dave Clark, 7. Dick Lawrence, 8. Alan Scott, 9. Stuart Marshall, 10. John Sheffner, 12. Gene Rose, 13. Tony Harding, 14. Dermot Poston, 15. John Felix, 16. John Cancea, 17. Ken Tidmarsh, 18. R.J. Smith, 19. Bert Thomas, 20. Jimmy Lawrence, 21. Sid Green, 22. Joe Hull, 23. Chris Ward, 24. Bob Nason, 25. Peter Dunkley, 26. Hugh Robinson, 27. Peter Rawlins, 28. Brian Burgess, 29. Len Brent, 30. Dick Hills, 31. Ray Carter, 32. John Grant, 33. Len Webb, 34. George Evan Cook, 35. Brian Smith.



Photographs taken at the Reunion

The photographs mentioned foregoing, appear in this issue. Copies are available from Dave Cobby, himself an Old Askean.

The cost of 8" x 6" photos is £1.25 per print including packing and postage and can be obtained direct from Dave at 16 Antony House, Nelldale Road, London SE16 2DJ.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Dave Cobby and orders should quote the following reference numbers:—

Members attending pre War (1939)	= Ref. 17
Members attending at Oxted	= Ref. 8
Members attending at Teignmouth	= Ref. 11
Members attending the Hatcham Emergency School (1944) ...	= Ref. 14
Members attending Hatcham 1945 – 1952	= Ref. 15

Cassettes

A cassette tape recording has also been made of the whole Service including the introductory music and is available at a cost of £2.50, including packing and postage. Copies of the recording are available from Geoff Fairbairn at 'Bankside', Old Town Hill, Lamberhurst, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN3 8EN. Cheques for the cassette should be made payable to The Old Askean Association.