

BURTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The school was founded about the year 1520 by Abbot William Beyne of Burton Abbey.

He re-established the school, already flourishing within the Abbey walls, as a separate entity, and endowed it with lands in 1529. His action ensured that the School did not perish when the Abbey was dissolved in 1541.

It is known that boys from the School were sent up to Cambridge, and probably to Oxford, before 1530.

During the centuries, further endowments were added, though the article last year made clear that funding and management were a problem by 1858. In 1869, all the revenues were amalgamated, and the Burton Endowed Schools came into being. In 1877, the Grammar School moved from Friars Walk to the premises in Bond Street that some of us remember.

In 1957, the school moved to a new building in Winshill, where it remained until 1975, when it was absorbed into the Abbot Beyne comprehensive.

The most famous of the School's known Old Boys was John Jervis, Admiral Lord St. Vincent, under whom Nelson served.



Burton Grammar School

Old Boys' Newsletter

Number 49



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Burton Grammar School Old Boys' Valedictory Dinner - 12th September 2022		
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Letter from the Editor

RIP Burton Grammar School Old Boys' Association — 1921-2021

Last year's newsletter mourned the closure of the OBA, and went to everyone who had been in the Association. This time, I can only send it to those who gave their consent to remain on the distribution, so please pass it on to any friends who might be interested but have not heard from me. They can join the mailing list by emailing their consent to bgs@cicsplex.co.uk



Thanks mainly to the efforts of Graham Marshment, we were finally able to get together for a valedictory dinner on 12 September 2022. This was a moving occasion, with tributes to several of the teachers who had enriched the lives of those present.

The day started with a visit to the National Memorial Arboretum for a few brave souls who gambled against rain (and lost).



1921-22	AH Yeomans	1968-69	W.T.Burman
1922-23	F.Evershed	1969-70	F.W.Fawkes
1923-24	W.Shelley	1970-71	W.H.Gillian
1924-25	A.Slator	1971-72	R.L.Knight
1925-26	R. Samble	1972-73	B.E.Warren
1926-27	W.P.Lowe	1973-74	J.H.Mander
1927-28	H.Leigh-Newton	1974-75	N.A.Binns
1928-29	J.H.Moir	1975-76	D.G.Hardwick
1929-30	C.F.Gothard	1976-77	R.A.Clark
1930-31	F.J.Manners	1977-78	A.Fallon
1931-32	F.Newton-Husbands	1978-79	G.M.Hamilton
1932-33	J.H.Birch	1979-80	A.T.Cole
1933-34	W.E.Briggs	1980-81	P.Minns
1934-35	J.D.Robertson	1981-82	J.A.Woolley
1935-36	B.F.Sadle	1982-83	R.Outhwaite
1936-37	F.J.Hodges	1983-89	G.T.Milnes
1937-38	Col.D.H.Mason	1989-90	H.E.Smith
1938-39	R.T.Robinson	1990-91	E.A.Bailey
1939-40	B.C.Newbold	1991-92	D.A.Sharatt
1940-41	R.C.Sims	1992-93	B.Clements
1941-42	J.B.Smith	1993-94	G.Starback
1942-43	F.T.Shelley	1994-95	N.A.Tomkins
1943-44	T.W.Parkin	1995-96	T.A.Trigg
1944-45	P.J.Williams	1996-97	J.M.Illingworth
1945-46	E.J.Dallard	1997-98	J.P.Hartley
1946-47	H.J.Wain	1998-99	R.Deacon
1947-48	G.W.Britton	1999-00	L.S.Dunkerly
1948-49	F.E.James	2000-01	P.G.Booth
1949-50	B.L.Hubbard	2001-02	G.K.Rushton
1950-51	L.A.Haywood	2002-03	S.A.Neal
1951-52	R.P.Stevenson	2003-04	J.S.Pickering
1952-53	G.H.Cooper	2004-05	R.J.Wain
1953-54	L.E.Churchill	2005-06	F.Toon
1954-55	J.D.Rowland	2006-07	Rev. R.Gilbert
1955-56	D.P.Haywood	2007-08	M. E. Watson
1956-57	J.F.Rose	2008-09	G. P. Evans.
1957-58	W.R.Souster	2009-10	R.F.Andrews
1958-59	F.C.Jenks	2010-11	D.J.Grimmsley
1959-60	H.H.Pitchford	2011-12	K.B. Large
1960-61	D.J.Grimmsley	2012-13	R.F. Kerry
1961-62	A.E.G.Hardwick	2013-14	M. Brown
1962-63	A.C.Bowden	2014-15	G.S. Marshment
1963-64	R.H.Eggington	2015-16	A. Gentles
1964-65	K.A.Stanyon	2016-17	S Wilcox
1965-66	D.M.Davies	2017-18	J. Ash
1966-67	H.E.C.Weston	2018-20	J. A. Taylor
1967-68	W.F.Howarth		Association closed October 2020

Archiving in ‘The Abbey’

The archives stored in the loft of the building we know as ‘The Abbey’ link four important pillars on which the town of Burton-on-Trent was built: *The Abbey itself; The Brewing Industry; The Grammar School; and The Burton Club* (for details, of these, see the 2021 Newsletter).



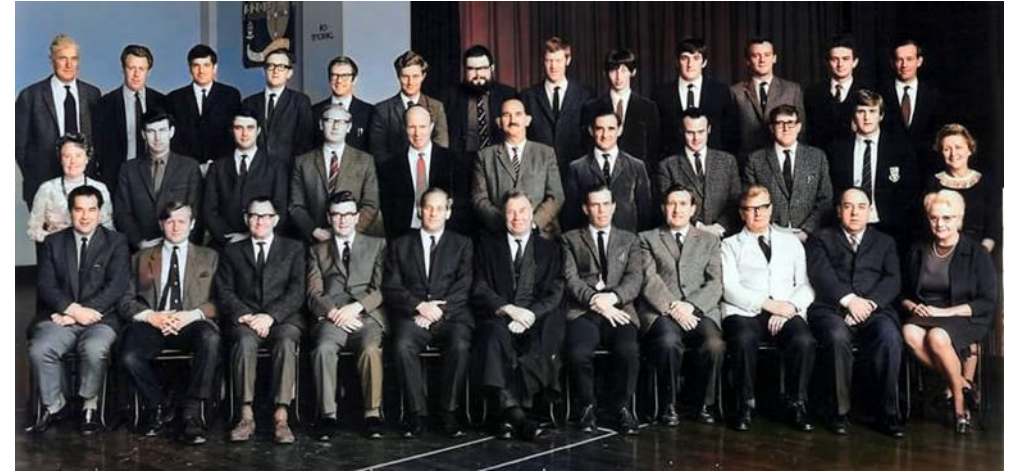
Archivist Bob Andrews set up a facility above the Club to honour this tradition, and to preserve artefacts of Burton Grammar School and other vital aspects of our local heritage. Graham Marshment has now taken over the archive, and he and Bob are both willing to show Old Boys the contents by arrangement.



Valedictory Dinner

Including partners, there were almost 60 people at the dinner, arranged on circular tables to make conversation fairly easy.

Many old boys took the opportunity to talk about their time at the school, and to praise some of the teachers who had proved inspiring to them. You will recognize some of them in this photo (which was taken after Ezra Somekh had moved to Rayleigh).



Ezra's son David gave a witty speech about his life before, during and after his BGS years.

There were happy memories of Raymond (Joey) Crowther, Vic Roebuck, Ellick (Ernie) Ward and Harry (Brab) Smith, including a plausible explanation of how Brab got his nickname.

It's good that David Somekh and James Roebuck were present to hear their fathers praised.

Tom Casey proposed that we create a sort of time capsule of memories of BGS, and Eric offered to collect these at bgs@cicsplex.co.uk. Tom later produced a model structure, which is on the website at www.cicsplex.co.uk/BGS

Graham Marshment produced a fascinating booklet for those attending the dinner. Rather than reproducing it here, I am posting it on the website.

Chris Jeggo has since expanded the memories of the 26th Burton Scouts included in the booklet, with a wide range of photos from the late 50s and early 60s.

MEMORIES

Roy Marsh (1962-1969) writes

My memories of my years at the School are dominated by two special teachers, Messrs Gillion and Somekh. Thanks to the former, I made it to Oxford, which launched me on my professional career path.

A family background in farming and a childhood with machine oil on my hands imbued me with a love of technology, which was fired up at the School by our inspirational physics teacher, which carried me to Oxford to study metallurgy, and which equipped me to prosper thereafter as a patent attorney. For success in that profession one needs two basic attributes: first, an insatiable craving to understand the wonders of how things work, and second, an urge successfully to explain those wonders to other people so that they can enjoy them too. Thank you, Ezra, for my career success and my enduring excitement with every new case that lands on my desk. See, I'm now 71, and still want never to retire.

My nephew also got to Oxford but chose a career as a teacher, when most of his year were heading off instead to London to do financial engineering. Bravo! I have enormous admiration for the profession he joined.

At School, I was bumped up from the 2nd year to the 4th year, so (lucky me) there are two entry years, 1961 and 1962, that might remember my name. All best wishes to anybody who does.

Eric Bodger (1956-62) adds

Like Roy, I owe much to Ezra Somekh, and also to Dennis Grimsley, who made me obsessed with Chemistry. It was mainly thanks to Ezra that I got into Oxford, but the foundations laid by Dennis, Joey Crowther and Brab were vital as well.

My memories of skipping from 2a to 4a focus on how hard it was to keep up with Latin. Jake didn't make **any** allowance for the fact that ten of us had missed half the course so far. We had to catch up where we could. I eventually squeezed through O-level Latin on the third attempt. Most of the other courses began in earnest in the fourth form, and I still benefit from Presswell's excellent history teaching when conversation turns to the nineteenth century.

Joey Crowther was so inspiring that I insisted on doing A-level Biology, which was only feasible because Bill Gillion let me drop German, and Brab gave me sufficient extra help to get through Maths in a year. The limitations didn't show up until many years later, when I was doing a software engineering diploma, and discovered that all the other students were Maths graduates. Ironically, the first course I had to take at Oxford was "German for Chemists"!

The Grammar School Web Sites

You will be familiar with the [site](#) you've downloaded this from, but that exists only as a hang-on from the former Old Boys' Association. It provides newsletters and other current information, but does not aim to provide a detailed history of BGS.

That role is met by Kevin Gallagher's excellent site at www.burtongrammar.co.uk/ For many years, Kevin has not only put an enormous amount of effort into creating and maintaining it, but has also been paying the significant cost of renting the domain service.

There was a bit of money left in the OBA coffers, which is used to maintain items in the Archive (such as cleaning clothing so it doesn't become moth-eaten). The former committee members believe that we should also spend some of it to fund the web-site.

The kitty will only stretch to one year's funding, after which we'll need to ask for donations.

The screenshot shows the website for Burton Grammar School. The browser address bar indicates the URL is <http://www.burtongrammar.co.uk>. The page features a blue header with the school crest and a navigation menu with links for 'home', 'staff biographies', 'burton-on-trent.org.uk', and 'contact us'. A 'Welcome' section contains a paragraph about the school's history and a photograph of the school building. Below this is a 'History' section with a timeline of events from 1520 to 1975. A 'Life & Times' section lists various school activities and events. The page also includes a 'Donate' button and a 'Pages' section with links to 'Welcome' and 'Website Usage'.

History

- In the Beginning
- 1520-1604 - R.S. Mosley
- 1646 - Wesley History
- 1655 - Humble Petition
- 1828 - The Scheme
- 1873 - The School Board
- 1884 - Allsopp Amalgamation

Schools

- Friars Walk School >>
- Bond Street School >>
- Winshill School >>

Life & Times

- Individual Memories >>
- School Pupils >>
- School Exams >>
- Special Features >>
- Speech Day & Prizes >>
- School Sports >>
- School Staff >>

Extra-Curricular

- Cadet Forces >>
- School Societies >>
- School Trips >>

Memorabilia

- Advertisements
- School Credits
- School Documents
- School Magazine
- School Song
- Text Books

Old Boys

- Old Boys Association >>
- Old Boys Features >>
- This Website

Timeline:

- 1520 - First Grammar School founded by Abbot William Beyne.
- 1634 - Moved from churchyard site to renovated premises in Friars Walk.
- 1677 - Moved from Friars Walk to new premises in Bond Street.
- 1957 - Moved from Bond Street to new premises in Winshill.
- 1975 - Ceased as a Grammar School and became part of Abbot Beyne comprehensive school.

Kevin runs a site for the history of Burton as well (www.burton-on-trent.org.uk)

There is also a Facebook group (www.facebook.com/groups/3560071026), administered by Keith Large.

Last Flight of the Days

Having enjoyed around 200 hours in the air and savoured the joy of flying alone in what John Magee famously described as the 'Footless halls of air' I decided to end my flying once the pandemic was over. It left so many follow up issues and expenses that I sold my little craft and called it a day. It never let me down, though I did experience two engine failures in my flying years of 2012–2021.

At that time of ending my flying career, our rural airfield had been sold for gravel extraction and was being ripped up and destroyed.



I wonder of any other BGS students went to Biggin Hill for RAF pre-assessment for flying duties as I did in 1962? I was provisionally accepted but never followed it through. As a final act of celebration of the fun of flying, I made an extravagant tip to Kent. In March of this year, some 60 years later, I returned to Biggin Hill for a

truly memorable 50 minute flight in a 2-seater Spitfire. It was a little boy's dream come true — it left a large hole in the piggy bank but having been granted the controls for 10 minutes of the flight was unforgettable.

*Graham Marshment
(Upside-down in a victory roll)*



The Rev Raymond Owen (1948-56) writes:

Although not a member of the Association, I was kept up to date with news by my elder brother John (1942-48) who sadly died in July 2021, aged 90.

He attended a number of OBA events over the years. John studied Physics at Birmingham University and afterwards worked for Metropolitan Vickers in Manchester where he was instrumental in developing the electron microscope. After moving to Hertfordshire with his wife Elaine he worked with the British Standards Institute.

My other brother Peter (1944-50) studied Civil Engineering at Sheffield University and worked for a number of companies and local authorities as a structural engineer. He was one of the first people to undergo a heart operation (in Leeds) and recovered to lead a very active life. For health reasons he moved to Spain in his later years and died there in 2014, aged 81.

I was made aware of the final dinner by John Hathaway, a lifetime member of the OBA, who is 99 and would have been 100 on the 29th September. John was brought up in Stapenhill and attended Burton Grammar in the 1930s. He joined the RAF during the war, before entering academic life, eventually becoming a Professor of French at Birmingham University. He lived in Birmingham for many years before a recent bout of poor health caused his moving to live with his daughter in Herefordshire. It was in 1944, when he was stationed at North Killingholme in Lincolnshire with RAF 550 Squadron, that he met up again with my uncle, Flt. Lieutenant Arthur James Grain DFM, who he had known from school days. My uncle lost his life in a raid over France in May 1944.

My wife Janice and I, with our family, have visited the grave of my uncle in France on a number of occasions, and it was in 2014 on the 70th Anniversary that we met John Hathaway and have been close friends since. We had always wondered if we could meet someone who remembered my uncle. John informed us that he had actually flown with Arthur (or "Archie", as he was known) and said he could pilot a Lancaster as if it were a Spitfire!

For me, I am a retired Church of England priest, now living near Ashbourne, so now quite near to Burton after serving in various parts of the country.

Fr Francis (Frank) Nolan (1945-51) remembers Ronnie Illingworth

A boy called M... who did not satisfy the standards expected by the Beak, Mr Moodey, eventually decided to leave, but not before touring the school to visit every master and express his gratitude for their trying to educate him. We were enduring a geography class in room G when he came in to bid his farewell to Ronnie Illingworth. Lying back on his chair in his usual posture, Ronnie listened politely to what M had to say. Then, as the boy turned to leave, he drawled, "M., you might take the milk crate with you".

On Being a Teacher An Appreciation of Ezra Somekh written in 2001 by Tom Casey

At a distance of over 30 years, it might be seen as strangely irrelevant and inconsequential to spend time discussing a teacher, now dead for 25 years, met in a grammar school in middle England, and now at a time when both person and institution are disappearing from collective memory. But that would be to treat all as equal time passing. This note unashamedly seeks to praise and commend what is good to others who did not have the fortune of knowing Ezra Somekh.

He taught physics. That was important. Important, I believe, for him. He talked of its beauty, of how it lived, both through its ability to bring us into an intimate contact with a full-of-wonder Nature, as well as through the lives of the people who had over the centuries struggled to give it shape. And further, its mathematics was not simply its language, but the very thinking process of the Creator. Had we known Blake then, we would surely have considered him bereft of imagination, of the insight into this Nature which we enjoyed. To engage – as a sociologist would say – with the World through science has been a privilege. It has also been a deep comfort to know I am an intimate and integral part of the Universe, that, a number of first second elements apart, my atoms, like yours, were forged in the centre of stars. And that the human I and the lowly mouse are latter-day, genetically well conserved bedfellows. This love of science and the belief that we stand and think a little more human through science, I trace, in large part, to Ezra's vision of what is beautiful in thought, and in the working of the human mind.

But Ezra saw this breathing and thinking life, as a shared experience. We engage not only with a physical world, but also with the minds and works of other men. And this is profoundly more important. In a way, we can live without science, but not without each other. For Ezra, for himself or another not to understand was a deep and personal sadness. I believe it hurt him if we did not understand; that he felt that it somehow diminished the human race for a person not to comprehend, and that he shared in the sadness, if not the responsibility. From this, or with this, I believe, came an unmistakable respect for each and every human being, each one of us.

He spoke five or possibly six languages. His sandwiches were consumed in the Senior Physics Lab at lunchtime over a copy of the Financial Times. His house was crammed with books; the front room panelled with books, and a bed to rest and read (at the time, William Manchester). He addressed us as "My Lords". He hunted through Army and Navy surplus for galvanometers, oscilloscopes, rheostats, and various vacuum tubes at knock down prices. He constructed apparatus and undertook experiments. He laughed at vectors and fought with tensors. . He ran the photographic society, and showed photos which showed into his soul. He went to Florence in 1966 or '67 and came back and cried at the destruction. The first time I went to Florence, I looked at the Arno and walked along outside the Uffizi and thought of him. One summer evening, deep in conversation with one of his sons, he walked past our house, and I was jealous. Through weakness, I once lied to him, and have remained, to this day, deeply ashamed.

26th Burton GS Scouts — Photos by Chris Jeggo (1958-64)

In these days of Eurostar and budget airlines, it's hard to remember how few of us used to take foreign holidays in the 50s and 60s. For many of us, Scout camps were an opportunity to see the world, and I well remember travelling (on a group passport) to Echternach in Luxembourg in 1958. Chris was part of the group that returned in 1965, with a side trip into Germany.

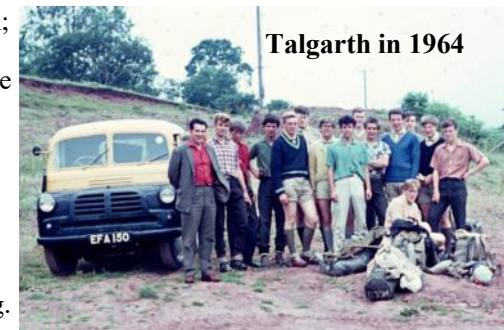


Back to Echternach in 1965

There were also camping trips in Great Britain; I remember going to Aviemore long before it became a ski resort, and enjoying Miller's Dale when you could still reach it by train.



Chris on Gold Flake



Talgarth in 1964

Another of Chris's albums shows the group on two trips to Wales in 1964. One of these featured piny-trekking.



Dennis Grimsley Pupil 1942-50, Staff 1956-61 Died 23 July 2022

Dennis is covered in detail on Kevin Gallagher's excellent website at: www.burtongrammar.co.uk/dennis-grimsley,

Dennis was an inspiring teacher, who made Chemistry come alive. He encouraged us to experiment, and one of the syntheses I did at home stood me in good stead when interviewed for a place at Oxford.

His interest and engagement with others not only made him a great teacher, but ensured that he could inspire colleagues, as he probably did in his role as headmaster at Blythe Bridge.

It wasn't just his subject that interested Dennis — witness his two stints as President of the Old Boys' Association, and his many important roles on magistrates' benches in North Staffordshire. He continued in public service after being forced to retire from the Bench at age 70, becoming chair of the Leek Tax Commissioners.

His wife Pat predeceased him, and he later became partner for Beryl. Our sympathies go to her and to his sons David and Andrew.

An eternally grateful Eric Bodger (1956-62)



Other Condolences

John E Hancock (1943-53) died June 2022

Mike Hamilton was saddened to hear of Johnny's death — another of Burton's Cricketers is no more. John was a member of the MCC, and an honorary life member of Ponteland Cricket Club, which he joined in 1977.

Our sympathies go to the Hancock and Storer families.

Peter H Jennings (1951-58) death notified Dec 2022

Our sympathies to Paul and the rest of his family.

Continuing to stay in touch

The Association has now been dissolved. To give your consent to remaining on record, please email bgs@cicsplex.co.uk Anyone who attended the School is very welcome to join

I am happy to pass on messages from anyone on the list to anyone else — though of course it's up to the recipient whether they respond.

Some saw him as a Renaissance man, others, possibly mistakenly, as more with the Encyclopaedists. I ventured, because of his lightness of touch, somewhere between these Enlightenment men and Erasmus and the humanist. But this too should be discarded. These days should make us remember he was an alien, from a long and distinguished line of Rabbis in Iraq.



Martin (Taff) Thomas takes a trip down Memory Lane

I arranged to meet Graham Marshment, who is the Archivist for BGS Old Boys, to hand over my photographs, two rolls and three albums accumulated over my time there from 1956-61.



We had been in contact for some weeks prior and Graham had invited me to meet him at The Burton Club whilst I was on a 4-day visit to the area for an important birthday celebration.

We met as arranged, and sat in the Club Bar at talking about our school experiences and looking at the photographs. Graham, being a little younger than me, was able to find many of his peers on one of the rolls. His Year Group were the first new intake to start at the Winhill building. We reminisced over our memories of the Staff on the photographs, some fondly and others less so.

We also discussed our lives after leaving school. It turned out that we had both followed remarkably similar career paths. We had spent one year as student teachers at local schools before deciding our long-term careers. Persuaded by the headteachers of those schools, we both applied for entry to a Teacher Training College and coincidentally spent 3 years in West London. Graham attended St. Mary's College in Twickenham. I was just 4 miles away at Borough Road College in Isleworth. Four other ex-BGS students were in my year and two more followed the next year. [Brab Smith had previously been one of the star students at Borough Road College when he did his teacher training there.]

We then forged teaching careers which resulted in our both becoming Headteachers.

Graham took me on a tour of The Club and explained its interesting and remarkable history. We then visited the archive store and I was able to see some of the items there, including a Prefect's blazer and scarf adorning a mannequin! I was informed that much of this display was due to the considerable time, energy and work of Rob Andrews.

My sincerest thanks to Graham for an excellent lunch and a very convivial 4 hours of time together.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

No doubt like thousands of Old Boys, I was saddened to learn of the death of Her Majesty, the Queen. A remarkable Lady and Sovereign, the likes of which we'll never see again. Whilst, unlike some Old Boys, who possibly have, I never met her but I was lucky enough to see her on three occasions, two of those abroad!

Firstly, many times during her stay in Dubai in February 1979, including outside the Holy Trinity Church where she, and the Duke of Edinburgh, had attended a service. We had a splendid view at the front of the crowd where our son, David, 11 months, enthusiastically waved his Union Jack in front of The Queen! My Wife, Julie (daughter of B.E. 'Ted' Warren O.B. President 1972-73) and I were lucky enough to get seats at the newly opened Jebel Ali port (opened by The Queen), for the 'Beating of the Retreat' Ceremony, by the band of the Royal Marines, in front of Her Majesty's Yacht Britannia, under the starry desert night sky, She had entertained for dinner, on board, all the Sheikhs, of the seven Emirates, including Sheikh Rashid Bin Saeed Al Maktoum, Ruler of Dubai, and Sheikh Zayed Bin Sultan Al Nahyan, Ruler of Abu Dhabi and President of the United Arab Emirates, prior to leaving on the Royal Yacht for Oman. A marvellous unforgettable experience, we were very lucky!

Secondly, probably in the mid '80s, was at Coton Hall Farm opposite my mother and step-father's house, in Coton-in-the-Clay. The farm was a Tenancy of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Queen. The Tenant was Old Boy. Jim Brown who, in later years, handed over to his son, Michael, O.B. President 2013-14.

Lastly was in Oman, in November 2010, when Su and I had tickets for an afternoon of Equestrian displays and horsemanship at the Royal Cavalry Horse Show. This was at the home of the Royal Oman Cavalry in Seeb, near to Nuscat, and attended by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Sultan Qaboos Bin Said to celebrate the Sultanate of Oman's 40th National Day. The Royal Cavalry horsemen and horsewomen put on a number of performances, including a military procession of carriages, one of which was pulled by a team of 27 horses! Also, there were mounted riders firing arrows, at speed, combined horse displays, traditional equestrian and dancing horse displays, and show jumping. A delight to watch such a spectacle, enjoyed by all who attended, and of course by that great horse lover, the Queen. A good job it was in November as we spectators had to endure sitting out under the sun for hours!

Three memorable occasions of seeing H.M. Queen Elizabeth II close to. Never to be forgotten!

Andrew Bauer

1961-68

The editor wonders how many of us still have our coronation mugs from 1953.

Does anyone remember the Royal visit to Burton some time in the 1950s — I have a vague recollection of standing on the pavement, possibly on the Bridge, while a motorcade passed.

David Green

(1947-54?)

Died 12 May 2020

Mike Hamilton (1950-56) passed on two published obituaries of David, covering his time as a teacher at Marlborough and his distinguished Cricket career.

In 1952, he was named Most Promising Cricketer of the Year of the year by the *Sunday People*, and made his first-class debut for Derbyshire (against Kent) in 1953, while still at BGS.

He went up to Christ's College, Cambridge in 1956 and won Blues in 1957, 1958 and in 1959 he was elected captain of the university side to succeed Ted Dexter. David said that leading the team out at Lord's against Oxford was one of his proudest moments. David was selected for an MCC Tour to Canada and the USA in the summer of 1959,

Derbyshire arranged a teaching post at Denstone College, to allow him to continue playing for them, but in 1962 he moved to Marlborough, and stayed 33 years, running the cricket for much of that period, as well as teaching History. The switch ended his first-class career, but he played for Wiltshire in the Minor Counties Championship, captaining them in 1967-8.

He was a very witty colleague in the History Department at Marlborough, and was well supported by his wife Pauline and his children Richard and Jane.

John Owen

1942-49

Died July 2021

John was born in Liverpool, and grew up in Burton, where he achieved the highest grade Higher School Certificate for science at BGS, before reading Physics at Birmingham. He specialized in Electrical Engineering at Manchester College of Technology, then joined Metropolitan Vickers, where he was part of the team developing the electron microscope.

From 1974-94, he worked for the British Standards Institution, developing standards in association with other standards bodies around the world. After retiring from the BSI, he continued to work on standards, taking on the secretariat of two International Standards Organization (ISO) committees.

He is survived by three daughters, and his younger brother Ray (see elsewhere in this newsletter).



See also www.theguardian.com/technology/2021/oct/25/john-owen-obituary

Tony (T A) Trigg**(1936-42)****Died 14 November 2021**

Tony Trigg passed away, ages 97, after a short illness. He always looked back fondly on his days at Burton Grammar and loved attending the reunions and reading the Old Boys' Newsletter. He was chairman of the OBA in 1995-96.



After leaving the Grammar School he went to Birmingham University to study Mechanical Engineering. Since it was wartime, the degree course was squeezed into just over two years, so he graduated in December 1944. While at university he met, and fell in love with, Freda Evans. They were married in 1949 and went on to have two children, Alastair and Elizabeth (Mandy). Sadly, Freda died in 1975 aged 50.

From university, Tony joined Rolls Royce in Derby, where he initially worked on the famous Merlin engines.

In 1960 he moved to Weston super Mare to join Bristol Aerojet working on fibre reinforced phenolic and epoxy resins for aerospace applications. Later he became head of the Plastics Department, before moving on to work on reliability, some electronics projects and sea trials of minesweeping equipment.

At the end of 1986 Tony retired and moved back to Derby where he became very involved with the Derby Playhouse and the Rolls Royce Heritage Trust. He maintained strong links with Birmingham University and was president of the Guild of Graduates in the late 1980s. In 2009 Tony moved to Broadstone in Dorset to be near his daughter.

Tony in 2019**David Atkin****(1954-61)****Remembers both Schools**

I spent four early "formative" years in 1a to 4a at Bond Street and also the early years after the move to Winhill. the former, followed by years in 5a and the lower/upper Sixth at Winhill before progressing to University.

My gut reaction is that the years spent at Bond Street were preferable and full of character; there was a "Victorian" inspired atmosphere in the conglomeration of red brick buildings; assorted prefabs; a separate brick library of the same date, combined with the use of the TA "hall" at Bond End opposite the Ice Factory. My latter years were spent at the 1950's built, plain, 1950's brick monolith perched on a hillside at Winhill. The move to Winhill was delayed a year when the expensive and entirely out of place copper roof blew off during construction, epitomising the extravagance of the structure in the less convenient Mill Hill Lane location.

My overriding look back is underlain by how fortunate I was, the son of a carpenter working at the adjacent Midland Joinery, having a state funded education without which I would not have been able to pursue the opportunity afforded by passing the 11 Plus exam to which all were subjected in the 1950s. Harold Macmillan described it as the era of "You've never had it so good"! I certainly was fortunate and benefitted.

Journey to school

No school day started, or ended, without a "journey to school". Mine was from an outlying village, six miles away. Importantly, I had a "bus pass", paid for by the Staffordshire County council.

A village lad from Barton, the daily term-time trip to Bond Street started on the 8.15am 815 Midland Red service from outside the Shoulder of Mutton PH, for a twenty minute bus ride to New Street bus station. It was a crowded public service journey shared with people going to work, girls from the High School and lesser mortals to Burton Tech. There was rivalry to gain the prized seats at the back of the bus. Adults stayed in the front half as a general rule.

The journeys were noisy affairs and could be boisterous. Conductors from the Swadlincote Depot, male and female, became well known over the years, exercising control with varying degrees of authority. Although I don't remember anyone being "thrown off the bus" *en route*, rumour said differently. There may well have been a few close run things (by the time I reached the Upper sixth, a number of members of the crew had become personal friends – in particular "Chick" Brandreth and Fred Smith, both conductors).

Behaviour was generally within acceptable limits, governed by a threat of being hauled before the head through passenger complaints. There was a salutary reminder when particular care was exercised – in the final stages of the journey, on the stretch between headmaster H.H. "Horace" Pitchford's house (dour-looking cement-rendered detached house at 66a Branston Road, with green painted doors and windows fronted by over grown vegetation) and the school. We would pass him walking to school in a gabardine mac, brown trilby, sporting a leather briefcase. We always sensed an evil eye casting a gaze at the passing bus. In later days the same journey started earlier from Barton at 7.50am to allow for the hike to Winhill, either on foot or by corporation bus No 3 or 4 from Station Street.

More often than not, we walked to save the fare, as there were no bus passes on Burton Corporation services. I teamed up with classmates *en route*: Pete({r) Gardner who lived in the town and Chris(topher) Taylor, who came via Stephenson's ancient and yellow "bomb and rockets" from Tutbury/Scropton. Generally we walked across the Trent Bridge, up Bearwood Hill and along the main road through Winshell, past the church and down the Lane to the pedestrian entrance.

It was on these journeys that I learnt the art of knowing whether I was early, on time or late by observing the passing scene, a lesson that has stood me in good stead over the years.

Memorable, was the passage on foot, through imposing Victorian architecture of Burton along High Street, the top end of Station Street and Bridge Street; the Swimming Baths off the Trent Bridge; the second hand brown/cream vintage buses that Burton Corporation relied on and memorable occasions when we had to wait for a red Bass/blue Worthington steam loco with a truck or two, at one or even two of the level crossings. The Blue Post PH signal box and crossing was particularly atmospheric, with its clanging bell, ancient Midland Railway signal (white background with a red spot) set between the tall Bass office buildings that still stand today.

In those days the Trent Valley between Barton and Branston was subject to flooding. No protection such as now prevails through measures taken from as far away upstream as Kingsbury and Whitacre, in Warwickshire to control the deluges. The 815 bus found itself wading through floodwater on the A38, usually in the vicinity of Branston that suffered relatively frequently. There was one memorable occasion when the 815 was rerouted via Barton Gate; the New Inn, Rangemore; into Burton via Henhurst Hill and Shobnall. We made school by lunchtime! The floods must have subsided sufficiently for the evening return journey from Bond Street.

You can read the whole of David's narrative on the web site at www.cicsplex.co.uk/BGS

The team charged with the sad duty of winding up the Association

Officers of the Burton Grammar School Old Boys' Association 2019-20

President	Mr John Taylor	1950-55
Hon Secretary	Mr Graham Marshment	1957-62
Archivist	Mr RF Andrews	1952-58
Hon Treasurer	Mr S Wilcox	1963-68
Newsletter Editor and BGS Database	Mr Eric Bodger email: bgs@cicsplex.co.uk	1956-62
Hon Membership Officer	Mr KB Large	1967-72

Michael became a campaigner for the Contaminated Blood Scandal seeking the truth about what really happened. As his initial treatment for Hepatitis failed to clear the virus, he became a postman, reckoning that working in the fresh air, in all weathers, would help his recuperation and that the early finishing times would enable him to continue his campaigning.

In 2010 he underwent another round of treatment which was successful in clearing his Hep C. The side effects from the treatment did cause several other health problems and he had to take early retirement from the Royal Mail. At this time Helen took a break from her work as a Health Visitor, and they bought a small mobile home and travelled to various European countries for several weeks a couple of times a year.

In July 2017 Theresa May agreed to a Public Inquiry into the Infected Blood Scandal, which delighted Michael. He and Helen attended the opening of the Inquiry in London in September 2018. He was a core participant and made a statement to the PI. By the time the hearings resumed in April 2019 he had been informed, following a routine scan, that he had lesions developing in his liver. Despite excellent treatment at Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge and having the affected side of his liver removed, the cancer had spread into a major blood vessel. He accepted the offer of a drug trial but before starting the treatment he and Helen, along with Andrew Bauer (1961-68) and his wife, Su, went on a cruise to Norway, to see the Northern Lights. They never appeared!

Michael always wanted to make people laugh and on regular visits to Addenbrooke's, he would amuse Consultants and staff by turning up wearing a fez (he was born in Suez!), strange clothes, false teeth, red noses etc. always with a cheerful smile on his face and a joke. He never called them lesions always calling them 'legions'. Asking his Consultant 'How are the Legions today? Are they Roman Legions? Still marching on?'!! His own GP said he looked forward to Michael's visits when he saw his name on his list!

Michael, Helen and their two boys were keen sailors, cruising the their Wayfarer around the Broads, and were members of Hickling Broad S.C.. His other passion was cars. Back in the early 70s he bought an MGA from Mike Clements (*BGSOB now living in Spain*), only to sell it back to him before he went to LAMDA. A couple of years ago he managed to track down the same car and found it hidden under 'stuff' in a garage for over 25 years! He bought it (again!) and, last year, had it restored to pristine condition. He also had a Porsche Boxster and was a member of the Norfolk and Suffolk Branch of the Porsche Club. Only two months before his death, he and Helen attended a week away with the Club in N. Wales, armed with a cocktail of drugs willingly supplied by Addenbrooke's. His sons, Tom and Nick, drove both cars to the funeral venue, with two of his three grandchildren as passengers, followed by eight Porsche Club members in their cars.

Michael died peacefully at home in Norfolk, surrounded by his Family on 28th June 2021. His ashes were buried, by Helen, in their local churchyard along with his favourite MGA Dinky car! He must have been watching as the sun came out at that very moment!

Michael C. Colyer**1967-1969****died 28th June 2021***Andrew Bauer writes:*

Born in Suez, Egypt, in 1951, where his parents were stationed. Michael joined BGS in 1967 to take 'A' levels, having moved into the area, and left in 1969. Whilst at school he played 2nd XI cricket and 2nd XV rugby. He lived in Bretby Lane.

On leaving BGS Michael went to Derby College of FE to study economics and sociology and in 1970 joined Chamberlain Phipps as a management trainee.

He became very involved with amateur dramatics performing with the Derby Society of Drama and Art, the Sheffield Little Theatre, the Northampton Masque and Leicester Little Theatre.

From 1974-77, Michael attended The London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art (LAMDA) where he specialized in Shakespeare and Classics, he also sang and played the guitar. After graduating he had a very full season at the Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester where he earned his equity card performing alongside Lindsay Duncan, Tom Courtenay and Leo McKern. He went on to perform at the Sheffield Crucible, The Civic Theatre, Chesterfield, The New Shakespeare Touring Theatre and The Young Vic, London. Television appearances included Emmerdale Farm, The Racing Game, The Black Tower and Campion,

In 1979 he met Helen Jowett, a nurse, and Burton High School 'old girl'. They were married the following year, and moved to London where he continued to pursue his acting career whilst living in Blackheath. During 'resting' times he taught himself to restore furniture and regularly sold his restored pieces at Chelsea Antiques Fairs in the early '80s. Whilst sourcing furniture to restore, they started to visit Norfolk regularly, and in 1983 relocated there, where Michael continued with restoration work and, occasionally, acting parts or voiceovers. He also had displays at local antique centres as outlets.

In 1987 they moved to Norwich where Helen had Tom, their first son, and Michael joined Arthur Brett and Son, who manufactured quality reproduction furniture, as a full-time sales representative. Michael travelled throughout the country, Europe and the Middle East advising clients such as Harrods, and interior design clients. In 1996 he left Bretts and became an independent agent for three furniture manufacturers, but he began to suffer ill health.

In 1994 Michael, a Haemophiliac, was diagnosed with Hepatitis C. He had been infected sometime in the early 1970s as a result of receiving contaminated blood products. The UK had been struggling to keep up with demand for the Factor VIII blood clotting treatment, so supplies began to be imported from the US. But much of the human blood plasma used to make it came from donors such as prison inmates and drug-users, who sold their blood. The scandal was described as "The worst treatment disaster in the history of the NHS". He underwent 48 weeks of treatment, twice, to try and clear the virus, which caused serious side-effects, but he kept his condition to himself. He supported others, with the same affliction, and threw himself into hospital visiting to cheer people up accompanied by his trusty guitar!

Stuart Haywood (1948-53) reflected on BGS in the early 50s

I must confess that I did not use my time wisely at school, as there were some masters to whom I took a severe dislike. I really liked the teaching methods of some others.

Mrs Lownds (Polly)'s Maths classes were always enjoyable. Perhaps some of my liking came from the fact that I was usually top in exams (though near the bottom in term as I seldom bothered with homework). She was a teacher who encouraged boys; the exact opposite of Mr Read, whom I thought was a bully. I once got 94% in arithmetic, and after he had announced my mark, he followed up with "of course, you will be going down." Charming!

Mr McEwen was a great history teacher and really offered encouragement. I always found 18th century history vastly more interesting than Ancient history. I think "Whisky" laid the foundation for my interest in social and local history.

"Brab" Smith always made physics interesting, and it was during a double period with him that Mr Pitchford crept into the lab and whispered into his ear (there was plenty to go at). At the end of the second period we assembled in the School Hall for the Headmaster to make an important announcement. — he announced the passing of King George VI and that we had a new monarch: Her Majesty Elizabeth II.

My other enduring interest has been in Sport and its history. With one exception, I liked playing sports at school, and was a good sprinter. My need to get home to deliver evening papers meant I never ran in the annual school Sports Day.

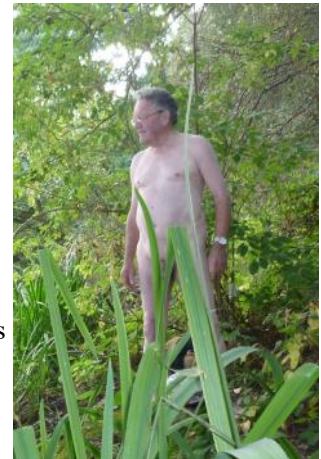
The exception was cross country, which I hated, as it would bring on very bad stitch after only a few hundred yards. It wasn't until I joined the RAF for National Service in 1954 that it was discovered that I suffered from bronchiectasis, and had done since suffering from Measles in 1941, very closely followed by whooping cough.

I used all my wiles to escape pounding round Brizlincote valley and Stapenhill Pleasure Gardens. My most successful plan was after the boys had gathered in the playground to make their way to the pavilion on the sports field we turned right into Bond Street. Instead, I turned left and ran like the wind to turn swiftly into Green Street, out of sight of the masters. I then had a choice of crossing the Ferry Bridge and catching the Midland Red bus to Newhall from Stapenhill or down the High Street to Wetmore Park.

It was probably in 1951 when Derby County were playing Birmingham City in the fifth round of the FA cup that this ploy got me home in time to hear Raymond Glendening's second half commentary.

Mid week games were played in the afternoon in those days as they were not allowed to play under floodlights, and it got dark early. There was very little on Television with the exception of the FA cup final.

In spite of my lung condition I am still going strong at 85, and no longer wear glasses, so did not get "panda eyes" at this year's sunny nudist holiday.



Condolences are expressed to the families of recently deceased Old Boys

John Hathaway (1934-41) Died 20 September 2022

John died on 20th September; nine days short of what would have been his 100th birthday. He had served as a Lecturer at Birmingham University from 1949 till 1987, teaching all aspects of French and specialising in Medieval French and Occitan (Provençal)

This would have been a impressive record in itself. However, John achieved much else in his life, inspired by his own humble background in helping others to achieve success. His duties at the University included a period as Admissions Tutor to General Degree students and later Senior Tutor to Combined Honours students. He saw such courses increase in popularity, inviting lecturers and professors to act as tutors, and recognised the need to allow students to ask their own questions and make their judgements on the courses being offered to them. He received the Queen's Jubilee Medal in 1977. He was also much involved as a representative on various examination boards. He was a passionate advocate of the adult education movement, making links with local schools and being a member of the Board of Visitors at Winson Green prison.

John was born in 1922, the sixth child and third son of Harry and Ethel Hathaway in Long Street, Stapenhill, Burton upon Trent. His father was a former coal miner and later a haulage contractor who was renowned locally for breeding canaries. John attended St Peter's School before moving at aged 7 to Hill Street Boy's Elementary School. He gained a scholarship to Burton Grammar School where he often talked of his school days with much affection. He played cricket for the First XI, captaining the team in his last year, also getting his colours as a scrum half in the First XV rugby. He was also a member of the Choral Society and the Air Training Corps.

After passing his School Certificate and Higher School Certificate, he gained a place in 1940 at Birmingham University to study Honours French with German as a subsidiary subject. In his first term he was in digs with an Austrian Jewish family. He particularly enjoyed German and contemplated asking for a transfer. It was during this first year John joined the University Air Squadron, and took part in fire watching duties during the wartime bombing of Birmingham. This led him to enrol with the RAF, attending his initial training in London and Brighton, where he was selected to train as a flying instructor. In March 1942 he was posted overseas, sailing in the Queen Elizabeth to Canada, and from there he moved to the USA for further training in Oklahoma, where he became a Section Leader. He experienced night and formation flying, receiving his "wings" on his 21st birthday.

He made the voyage home in October 1943, crossing the Atlantic in the Queen Mary. After docking, he travelled to Harrogate to be deployed as a flying instructor and postings followed in December to an airfield in Sidmouth and then to North Killingholme, near Grimsby where 550 Squadron were operating on Lancaster bombers. It was there that he met one of the pilots, Archie Grain DFM, a former pupil of Burton Grammar. Although he was six years older than John they remembered each other and John rather hero worshipped Archie who was an accomplished sportsman. (Archie was my uncle Arthur and he and his crew lost their lives in a bombing raid over France in

May 1944. My family and I got to know John ten years ago during a visit organised by an ex-servicemen's association and a warm and special friendship ensued).

In April, John joined an Advanced Flying School near Rugby, flying in Oxfords, and was promoted first to Flying Officer and then in October to Flight Lieutenant. It was at Sutton Bridge near the Wash that John met Audrey Clayton, a WAAF in the Orderly Room. Courting followed and they married in 1945 and both were demobbed a month later.

John resumed his degree course at Birmingham where he and Audrey found rooms in Erdington. The first two terms proved to be hard going and then the summer term was at Grenoble University in France. Audrey joined him and they lived at an institute run by the Red Cross for refugees and prisoners of war, which provided more lessons in life. Back again to Birmingham for the final year which concluded with John obtaining a First Class Honours degree. He was awarded a scholarship to teach international students at the French/British College at the Cité University. On his return he began his Lectureship at Birmingham.

Audrey and John lived in Selly Wick Drive. They had two children: Andrew and Juliet. Audrey died of cancer in 2011 and John moved to live with his daughter in 2020.

Rev Raymond Owen (1948-56)

Frank Toon (1945-51) Died 2 January 2022

Ian Frank Toon was born in 1935, and was schooled in Newhall before starting Burton Grammar School. On leaving in 1951, he joined Tutbury Rural District Council as an articulated pupil, and studied at Derby and District College of Technology. This was followed by two years National Service in the Royal Engineers, including a posting to Australia. On demob' in 1961, he joined his parents, who had moved to Bristol, and became Engineering Assistant to a succession of local authorities there.

In 1964 he married Catherine Cowie, the niece of a neighbour. In 1974, he was appointed Senior Engineer to Wansdyke District Council near Bath and soon moved to Bath. He completed his career as Senior Building Control Officer in the Planning Dep before retiring in 1995. Afterwards he pursued his interest in railways and travel, until failing health prevented him from doing so. Frank is survived by a son and daughter, three grandsons and one great grandson. His wife and one daughter predeceased him.

