1573 - - - 1973

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To commemorate the

400th Anniversary

of the

Queen Elizabeth's School

at Barnet

Founded 1573

THE CHARTER

Foreword

ON the 24th March, 1573, Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet, was founded by Charter granted by Queen Elizabeth the First and now, most appropriately, it will reach its Quatercentenary — an important milestone in the history of the School—in the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth the Second.

The School has survived many vicissitudes and adapted itself to varying changes in form, but, more importantly, it has built itself a fine reputation. Throughout its long existence the aim has been to produce boys not only of good scholarship but with ideals of service to the community—in other words, good citizens. Having been a Governor of the School from 1921 to 1965, and Chairman for 35 years, I write from personal knowledge. Barnet should be proud of its School and its record over the centuries, and I hope that the Committee organising the several functions to celebrate its 400th birthday will be given every support by its Old Boys and all Barnetonians.

I have very much pleasure in commending this booklet to you for it will briefly show you the development of Queen Elizabeth's over the centuries and perhaps give you a peep into the future.

Whatever this future may hold—and some changes to modern conditions and requirements are inevitable—I hope that Queen Elizabeth's will accept the challenge and maintain and enhance its already fine reputation.

My very sincere good wishes to the School on its entry into the Fifth Century of its existence.

H. E. FERN, C.B.E., J.P.

Ex-Chairman, Hertfordshire Education Committee.

Preface

FOR all concerned with Queen Elizabeth's the main impression at present is bound to be one of change—change in our status, change in our numbers, change in our buildings, change in our curriculum and methods of teaching. Amid all this change, our 400th anniversary offers some a welcome opportunity to glance back into our school's past across four centuries of history; for others it will be an occasion for memories, both pleasant and otherwise, of their own schooldays; for the present generation of boys it is a time to find out a little about the development of this School—**their** School.

No booklet of this modest size can hope to cover satisfactorily the long span of our history. All that we can hope to convey is some impression of the variety, some sense of the atmosphere of life at the School as it has survived in the written word and in men's memories, some inkling of the debt owed by our generation to the many that went before—boys, masters, headmasters, governors and others who served the school in their way. Outstanding among those still alive to whom we are deeply grateful are my predecessor, E. H. Jenkins, and County Alderman Harold Fern, C.B.E., whose record of unbroken and continuing service to the School goes back, incredibly, across 51 years to 1921 ! It is indeed a privilege, a pleasure and an honour for us to have a foreword written by him.

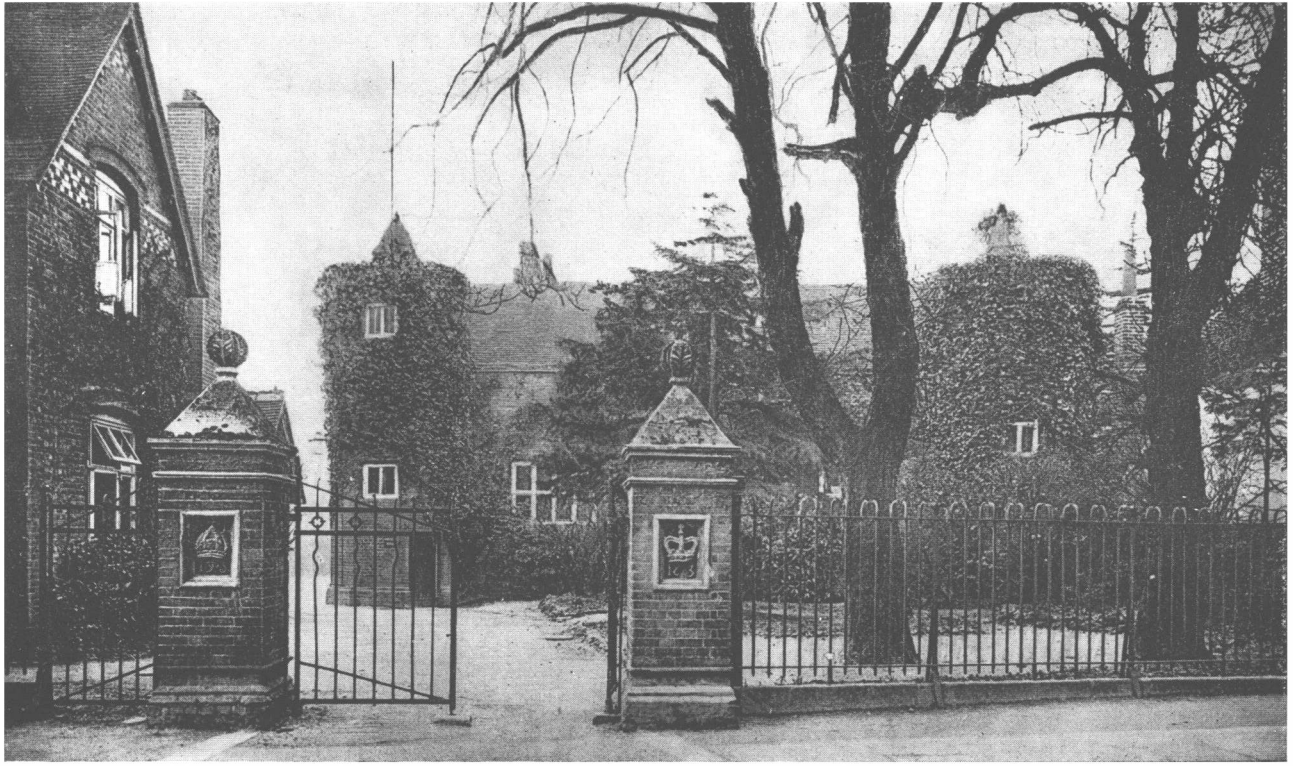
For the preservation of our historical records, we must thank C. L. Tripp for his " History of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School," E. H. Jenkins for his recently published " Elizabethan Headmaster," S. H. Widdicombe and F. C. Cass, the many editors of the " Elizabethan " and, not least, the " Barnet Press."

But you cannot weigh the past of a school only by official histories, newspaper cuttings or (heaven forbid) headmasters' reports. This booklet, admirably compiled from so many sources by Glynne Thomas and Graham Morris—only two out of hundreds of teachers who have given so much to the School and on whom, in the end, its reputation and strength depend—includes among the wealth of fact a welcome element of lighter stuff, without which we might all be in some danger of taking ourselves too seriously !

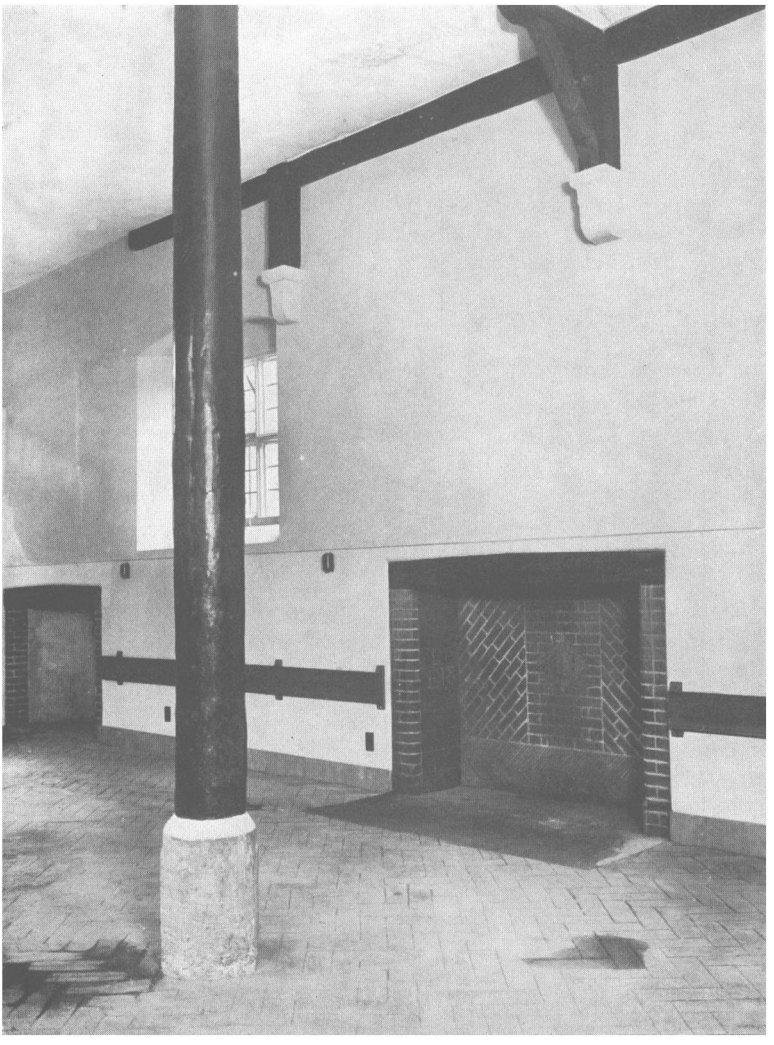
Finally, I would like to thank everyone who has contributed in any way to the production of this booklet.

TIM EDWARDS,

Headmaster.



OLD SCHOOL FROM THE PLAYGROUND



THE WHIPPING POST

Historical jottings

THE FOUNDATION, 1573

THE Reformation saw the abolition of many of the old ecclesiastical schools which had been for long a source of supply of educated men, or at least of men able to read and write and cope with Latin—the prerequisite for University entrance.

In Tudor England there was a need for educated men just as much, it is claimed, as we need them today, so most corporate towns had at least one grammar school by Elizabeth's reign.

At Barnet the moving spirit for a school was the Rector of East and Chipping Barnet, the Rev. Edward Underne, who probably used the good offices of two of the original governors to secure the interest of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

Thus " at Westminster, the 24th day of March in the 15th year of our Reign, Anno Domini 1573 the Queen's seal was affixed to a Charter ' at the humble request of our well-beloved cousin and counsellor Robert, Earl of Leicester ' . . . on behalf of our Faithful and liege subjects, the inhabitants of our town of Barnet in the counties of Hertford and Middlesex there to erect and for ever to establish a Grammar School . . ."

The Charter, in legal Latin phraseology, ordains that " for the future there shall be one Common Grammar School in the said town of Barnet or near the same, which shall be called the Free Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth, for the education, bringing up and instruction of boys and youths, to be brought up in grammar and learning—**the same to continue for ever** . . . .

1573-77 : Old School built on the Tudor Hall site, probably provided by John Lyon, the founder of Harrow School. Once opened, competition for places was keen among sons of the " lesser nobility and the middle classes." The nine-hour day began at 6.30 a.m. and the academic emphasis was on the learning of Latin and religion. Discipline was severe and much use was made of the " whipping post "; in fact in 1612 we read " that each scholar dwelling in the town or parish upon pain of 6 jerks (lashes) shall every Sabbath day morning and evening before Service and before the last peal come to the School House . . . and orderly attend their said Schoolmaster to the Church . . ."

1588 : First Endowment — " the interest of which furnished the Master's salary."

1633/34 : Additional buildings and a fresh code of regulations stating that " the scholars should be kept from drunkenness, and from haunting alehouses or tipling houses or places where unlawful games are used . . ."

" The Schoole Maister himselfe shall instruct his schollers in the tenne commandments . . . shall not suffer any manner of swearing, blas-

pheaming or cursing . . . and allow leave to play from the schoole but onely twice in the weeke at the most. Schollers in the highest formes shalbee held to speake nothing but latine in the Schoole and if they speake English to bee punished by the feruler . . ."

1637 : Acceptance of the first four free pupils — " toties, quoties, towardly and docible."

1643 : Two School governors, Royalists, imprisoned in the Tower. Others in later years were fined, lost their estates and one was shot on his own quarterdeck, guilty of neglect of duty it was claimed . . .

1665 : School probably closed — plague.

1677 : John Owen, citizen and fishmonger, gave £6 for the " free school." Contributions of money were seldom donated—more often than not it was a case of payment in kind, for example, " two strong and sturdy fir-trees " were given to assist with the School's rebuilding programme.

1735 : " The children to be sent to the School shall be sent clean and free from distemper . . ."

1780 : John Leifchild commenting on the Headmaster—"The master was an austere man — I have a clearer recollection of his gown than of his face for I seldom dared to look upon his face . . ."

1793 : Complaints against John Smith (Headmaster 1787-96) for improper conduct. This Headmaster appeared to be a pioneer of the " sit-in " for in 1796 on being accused of " rendering himself to be obnoxious," he locked and barred the School to prevent the entry of the Governors.

1801 : Most boys were well-behaved except Brodie. He refused to go to Church, broke windows and inkstands and did many other wicked deeds. He promised to improve but didn't. It was decided that he was to be expelled and when the whole School was called together Brodie was told, in front of all his fellows, that the Governors had decided to expel him . . .
1851 : A scathing attack on a School named " Thistledown " run by a " Dr. Laon Blose," was published by Charles Dickens who had sent a friend to " spy " on the School. As a result of this account, the Headmaster, Thomas Cox, who had earned for himself a reputation for excessive corporal punishment, was forced to resign. His animosity against Dickens was such that he threatened to horse-whip him and the novelist quickly had to find him a new occupation to avoid this fate.

Easter, 1873 : The School was temporarily closed for additional building to meet the needs of the New Foundation and a Royal Charter was granted for a scheme of reorganisation which followed the passing of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869. The School's endowment was increased by some of the surplus income of the local charity of Jesus Hospital.

1874 : John Bond Lee was appointed Headmaster.

1875 : School's " black sheep," Henry Wainwright, hanged for murder at Newgate Jail.

1876 : The School was reorganised; education was also to be provided in a separate establishment for Girls, the Prefectorial system was adopted and the first edition of the " Elizabethan " appeared, in which there was the following report on football : " We have not had many matches as most clubs around us play the Rugby game whereas we use Association rules. We played Hertford Grammar School and we are not likely to forget this match as through the ill-regulated conduct of our driver, we found it safer to walk than to ride home . . ."

So, soccer was then played and the School dinner (price 10d.) included one glass of beer for each boy. Now they don't even get milk . . .

A basement room was added at a cost of £1,394 for "drying the boys' clothes in wet weather."

1891 : First grant from Herts C.C. of £600 to provide a Chemistry Laboratory.

1894 : " The School museum thanked Sennett for the gift of an albatross' skin " — where is the School museum ?

1894 : The Old Elizabethans' Association was formed. Concern was expressed in " the Elizabethan " that so few attended their dinners. " There seems to be an idea that those who attend must spend a good deal of money on wine . . . This is quite erroneous . . . Abstinence, whether prompted by motives of economy or principle, is respected . . ."

1900 : Stapylton field bought for . . . £2,000. Sgt. H. W. Engleheart awarded a V.C.

1904 : The House system was adopted.

BROUGHTON : Named after William Grant Broughton who later became 1st Bishop of Sydney, Australia.

LEICESTER : After Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who obtained the Charter.

STAPYLTON : After H. E. Chetwynd Stapylton, benefactor and Chairman of Governors from 1875 to his death.

UNDERNE : After Rev. Edward Underne, Rector of Barnet, the prime mover for a School in Barnet.

1908 : "Aquatic sports : These sports were held at the High Street Baths on July 28th: Obstacle race—competitors had to swim a length, eat a bun, drink a bottle of ginger-beer and then swim back." (Elizabethan, July, 1908).

1912 : Rugby Football adopted—much to the annoyance of the O.E.'s.

1914 : War affected the School—the playground accommodated horses of the Army Service Corps. In 1916 Miss D. E. Sims broke the all-male tradition and gave outstanding all-round service to the School, including the refereeing of games, until 1946. In 1918 Capt. A. M. C. McReady-Diarmid was awarded the V.C.

1916 : The Board of Education suggested that owing to the inadequacy of the buildings a new school should be built on a new site.

1926 : Q.E.'s becomes an " aided " school as Herts C.C. assumes more and more financial responsibility for the School.

1927 : Founder's Day inaugurated, incorporating the " Past v. Present " cricket match, the Thanksgiving Service and the reception of O.E.'s in the Hall.

1930 : " Four classes had to be taken in a long wooden hut divided by a partition which had to be put up as a temporary measure." Whenever there are building projects, this always seems to be the case.

January, 1930 : Mr. E. H. Jenkins appointed Headmaster.

1931 : Work on the new site, the land next to Stapylton fields, was begun, and the Headmaster made several changes in games arrangements, the curriculum for the School and the Sixth Form—a scheme described by an H.M. Inspector as "one of great interest." Much work was to be done, especially in the matter of discipline. There was no proper Common Room and the Prefects' Room was a disused coal cellar.

1932 : H.R.H. Prince George officially opens the New Buildings. Development of the Stapylton field, under the supervision of another stalwart, Mr. J. A. Strugnell.

1935 : Publication of Cecil Tripp's book on the School.

1939 : Second World War but " we never closed," although several difficulties were experienced—one of the more trivial being the confusion caused by referees' whistles. Tin toy trumpets from Woolworths had to be bought as neighbours thought the wardens were whistling air-raid warnings. Harvest-camps were introduced, and the Refectory was shattered in 1941.

1944 : Q.E.'s becomes a fully maintained County School under Herts C.C.

1949 : Speech Day reintroduced.

1951 : Full inspection of School by His Majesty's Inspectors, who donated two guineas to the Library in appreciation of a pleasant week.

1954 : Creation of Harrisons House, named after G. W. N. Harrison, a School benefactor and master and E. W. Harrison, a late respected member of the Common Room.

1957 : Additional buildings completed.

1961 : Retirement of Mr. E. H. Jenkins after 31 dedicated years as Headmaster. Appointment of Mr. T. B. Edwards as Headmaster.

1965 : Q.E.'s leaves Herts C.C. for the London Borough of Barnet.

1971 : Q.E.'s becomes a six-form entry Comprehensive School.

1971 : Pearce House formed, named after Mr. John Pearce in recognition of his example and devoted service to the School as Assistant Master and later as Second Master.

1972 : New buildings under construction to provide for a school of approximately 1,100.

THE SCHOOL HALL — OLD BUILDINGS

TUDOR HALL

A kind of Immortality

WHOEVER said that schooldays were the happiest days of one's life must have had a rotten time afterwards. To some they have been the **un**happiest days of their lives. To most of us they have been happy enough but not necessarily the happiest. Why we look back on them with affection and nostalgia is because they are identified with our youth, when the heaviest of our responsibilities was passing an exam and the heavier concerns of work and family, money and making ends meet were undreamed of.

When I wrote a couple of articles nine years ago in the Barnet Press about my own days at Q.E.'s in the late twenties, interest was immediate and wide. Another O.E. sent in a photograph of the teaching staff in 1922 which in turn prompted Mr. Howson, one of the masters in the group, to write from his retirement at the age of 78 and claim to be the only survivor. He recalled my elder brother going up to him in the playground one day and asking him " most seriously " if it was true that at one time he had lived in a Trappist monastery. " I replied with equal seriousness that my Trappist days had not begun so far."

Other O.E.'s had their memories stirred. Dr. Fred Brittain, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, who started at the school on the same day in 1906 as a new headmaster, Mr. Lattimer, wrote at length of his reminiscences. " When the new head arrived, the school had 70 boys. Mr. Lattimer had the gift of being able to keep strict discipline without making the least effort to do so. He taught mostly mathematics and also some Latin and divinity.

" In all three subjects, he often picked on a victim who had to be a scapegoat for the rest of the form. ' You idiot ! ' he would say. ' You numbskull ! You quintessence of prize idiocy ! I knew it — you haven't listened to a single word. You're perfectly hopeless. Come out to the blackboard. Rub that out ! "

Oddly enough, Dr. Brittain did not quote Old Bill's most characteristic comment on anyone's mathematical efforts, tersely and contemptuously dismissed as " low cunning "—followed by an equally characteristic sharp intake of breath beneath his disciplined grey moustache. I interviewed Mr. Lattimer when he was 87 (in 1957) and one of his memories was of a boy called Sykes who used to do impressions of masters while waiting outside Tudor Hall to go into dinner, forgetting that the Head's garden was just behind. " He took them off quite well," said Mr. Lattimer, " myself included ! "

Dr. Brittain remembered G. W. N. Harrison, who had been at the school under the Rev. John Bond Lee and who was still teaching part-time in the later twenties. He was nicknamed Hog or Hoggie and planted in us, said Dr. Brittain, a real love for Latin literature. " We were devoted to him even though we often deliberately annoyed him. He retaliated by applying to us various epithets : Vulgar bounders, cowboys, ploughboys, potboys, guttersnipes and East-enders." In his book, " It's a Don's Life," Dr. Brittain quotes Hoggie's rebuke to a boy — " I speaks to you as ' 'ow your manners is '."

He remembered Mr. A. H. Wharton, who taught French and physical training and also lectured on good behaviour. "One day when he was doing so the door opened and a boy from a lower form burst in, interrupting Mr. Wharton's remarks, and asked if he could look for his cap. 'Here,' said Mr. Wharton, 'we have a very good example of what I was saying. Here am I lecturing the form when in comes a wretched little fellow about a centimetre high. He puffs out his belly and all the world has to stop because Isaacs wants his cap. Fetch me the detention book, boy!'"

Also in Dr. Brittain's days there was Mr. Kiddell, who taught science, art and what he called "jairgraphy" and, for two half-hours a week, "what was dignified by the name of vocal music. This was in reality the raucous bellowing of songs in unison — what is nowadays called community singing." Mr. W. A. Freeman (Waff) commonly addressed them as "feeble creatures," taught geography and English and "was fond of drawing a simple figure on the blackboard to show us that Rouen stands at the end of a capital W on the river Seine." We used to compete with each other (said Dr. Brittain) to see who could get him to impart that information most often during the course of a year.

What strikes one about this older generation of teachers is their versatility compared with the specialisation of today. Jack of all subjects, master of none . . . was it? Which brings to mind a piece of later staff-room repartée in which names had better not be mentioned. One brash young master said to his senior: "Degree! Your degree is a certificate of ignorance in your best subject!"

Dr. Brittain developed, as which of us did not, a high regard for Harry Mayes (Curly), the school porter and later steward, who served the school for over 60 years and who is justly commemorated by a plaque in the present school.

Dr. Brittain's reminiscences promoted even early ones from Mr. H. V. Bearman, who was at the school in the time of John Bond Lee, "a venerable figure with his long white beard and ponderous carriage. Punctually each morning he would pass up the Tudor Hall amid the hushed assembled school and mount the platform for prayers." Old Fox (Mr. Kiddell) would accompany a hymn and the head boy would call the roll.

"Old Curly would have roaring hot fires on wintry days and lessons were punctuated by: 'Please, sir, can I warm my hands?' I can see the massive figure of the headmaster, standing with his back to the fire, his gown draped over his arm the better to expose his posterior to the heat, and hear his retort: 'Cold! I am 70 years old and I am not cold'."

Mr. Bearman recalled "Bussy" Wright, "Cakey" Williams, "Beaker," who taught maths and used to say: "Never subtract—add," and one, "Snitcher," who used to say: "Talkers, idlers and interrupters of the work of the class, come to me at 4.15."

Returning to my own schooldays of the twenties, the pattern of eccentricity in masters and the unpredictability of what we remember from their teaching (very rarely anything of the actual lessons) seems to be much the same.

There were good, bad and indifferent teachers—for reasons linked, to some extent, with the commercial banalities of supply and demand. Suffice to say there were enough good ones to make a good school, where we were given (or more accurately took) a choice to work or slack, in work and games, probably denied to our successors but which played its own educational part in our development.

Of all the masters in my time, Mr. H. I. Judson stands out now as the kindliest example of humanity. He used to stroll up and down in front of the class, talking mildly and amicably on history. Sometimes he would stand still and sway rhythmically to and fro on his heels and toes, fiddling the while with a piece of chalk in his right lower waistcoat pocket. Or he would take out a voluminous handkerchief from his inner jacket pocket, blow his nose vigorously and clear his throat, and then perhaps shout hoarsely at some boys for inattention; for he was capable of annoyance, humanly enough.

He seemed always to wear the same blue serge suit, the same large black boots, the same carefully-kept gown, and pince-nez attached to his left ear by a tiny gold chain.

At this distance of time, I can remember little or nothing of what he talked about, but I can remember him and am grateful for that. For when I think of him, I think not of History or English but of his innate kindliness and patience, his good humour and modesty; and the influence of those qualities must work, if subconsciously, in erstwhile pupils still.

So impressionable is the youthful mind that each of one's mentors can be recalled : Mr. Normanton, presiding over the science laboratory with calm and quiet efficiency; old Steve, with his unkempt leonine head of grey hair and his shapeless clothes, mouthing with linguistic relish unanswerable insults at the boys in front of him — " You can't make silk purses out of sows' ears," he used to growl; Mr. Knowles (Knobby), the Head's deputy, who sometimes carried a cane hooked invisibly into the arm-hole of his jacket and would whip it out to the sudden shock of malefactors with whom he had to deal; Mr. Collier, part-time art teacher, head tonsured by time, gold-rimmed spectacles, plus-fours and boots, padding steadily across the playground to his little private hell wherein we were the tormenting devils; old Pick, Cod, Miss Buxton, for ever trotting off in the middle of a lesson to the porter's kitchen for a cup of tea, and Miss Simms, declared protector of all animals, and who, if the truth were known, probably preferred them to us; and Struggy (Mr. Strugnell) who used to add " Congratulations ! " at the top of a returned exam paper, if the marks warranted it. And Sgt.-major Mepham, who drilled us in the old shed by the Bog and taught us semaphore between exercises.

And no one who was at the school with Mr. G. W. Murray or Mr. J. Wood will ever forget them. They were complete opposites in some ways. Mr. Murray had such elegance of manner that he would have been at home in 18th century Bath society. The flourish with which he took off his hat and bowed to a lady cried out for a tie-wig, flowered waistcoat, knee-breeches and buckled shoes to set it off. His main contribution to the school in my time lay in musical appreciation, which he fostered partly by his own clockwork gramophone and partly by out - of - school visits to

London concerts. I can never hear Schubert's Trio in B flat now without thinking of him gratefully. In the new school he became a pioneer of the new physical education. Mr. Wood, on the other hand, was intolerant and dogmatic, violent and scathing, but he was also energetic and vitalising. He broke most of the " rules " of teaching but kept his classes interested and on their toes (if only to protect themselves from common assault). He wrote a play about us, "A Glimpse of Reality," and started school dramatics with songs and sketches in the old Tudor Hall. He would open the windows of the coke-heated hut on the coldest day : " I'd rather starve than suffocate," he'd say, and look meaningfully at us.

What boys never realise is how young some of their masters are. Mr. Murray was 21 when he joined the school, and Mr. Wood 25, but to boys of even 16 or 17 they were the embodiments of seniority and wisdom. They were not, as it happened, but we will forgive them if they will forgive us.

We think of all our teachers, in the primary stage as well as the secondary, with sympathy if not always with affection, but often with affection as well. We know now that, by and large, they were doing their best for us and as long as we, their pupils, remain, they will never be entirely forgotten. What we are, they helped to make. On what we are, depends the next generation, and so on. A kind of immortality.

W. H. GELDER (1924-29).

Do you remember these?

A wartime Classics master encouraged his pupils thus:

" Can't scan Virgil, eh ? Boys who can't scan are unbalanced; unbalanced boys become criminals; criminals finish on the gallows. That's what will happen to you, laddie, so learn!"

Conductor: " Middle bar, top of page 27!"
Geography master: " Which is the middle of four, conductor ? "

A master " arrives."

Mayes (to new master): " Don't drop your mud on the floor. Pick it up and, what's more, take your boots off outside in future."

Five years later.

Mayes (of same master): Boy, come here! Pick up the mud that gentleman has dropped."

Mr. A. H. Raines, a most diligent stage manager, was perched on top of a ladder on the stage, about to sever an electric cable with a pair of pliers. " Boy, is the current off ? "

Boy: " Yes, sir; I think so."

A.H.R. severs cable. Vivid flash. Mr. Raines is much perturbed and the pliers have a small melted indentation. " I thought you said it was off."

Boy: " Well, perhaps not just there, sir!"

The back room boys of the War

I ONCE heard a Captain of Industry, a self-made millionaire, being interviewed on steam radio, on the subject of How to Succeed. What were the inherent qualities dormant in a spotty, snotty boy that would make him a leader of men ? The V.I.P. replied that if he were faced with any one class of grubby grammar school boys he would, without doubt, choose the four or five who sat in the back row of the form but not the first five in exam results, who probably sat in the front. The ones at the front were Theorists, he said, the ones at the back were the Doers.

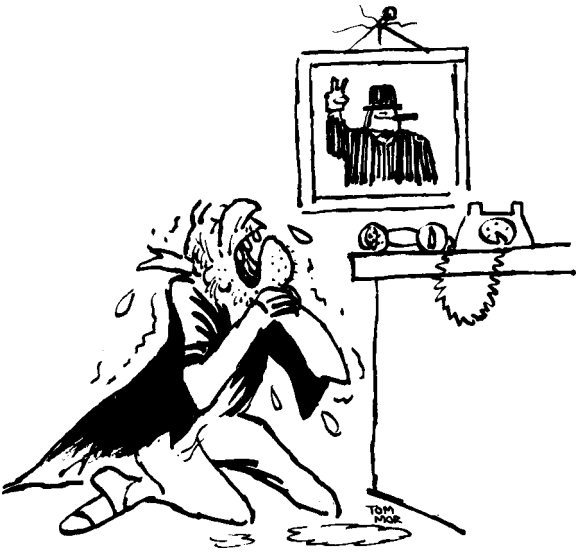
Roy Opperman was a Doer all right and he occupied the desk in the

"OPPERMAN WAS A DOER ALL RIGHT"

opposite corner to me at the back all through the war years of 1939 to 1945. A genial, black-haired bear who "did" all the opposition, flattening them as he went like a tank through the scrums of classroom and playing fields alike. He had the distinction of being the most flogged boy in Stapylton during the war just as I had the honour of being the most flogged boy in Underne. Roy had the added status of possessing the team gold medal for the Whack as well, for he had three brothers all being hammered through the school at the same time and making physical and mental wrecks of school mates and masters alike.

The Oppermans' housemaster was a small, but wiry Welshman named Mr. Vaughan Thomas, whose brother was and is that famous B.B.C. commentator who made the historic report on the first mass bomber raid on Berlin, flying with the R.A.F. himself. The Vaughan Thomas in Barnet was kept on active service, too, keeping the dust from settling on the trouser seats of the warlike Opperman tribe. However, he could at least give vent to his feelings, but other masters were driven to despair by the Opperman and the Bradbeer Hordes.

Alf Bradbeer was the occupant of desk two in our back row and he was one of three brothers hopefully scattered about the school. Neither the Oppermans nor the Bradbeers would, I think, claim to be Latin scholars to any degree, and when an elderly master called Mr. Thorn was dragged out of Edwardian retirement to attempt to instil at least the rudiments of a real Latin grammar education into unwilling material like us, no wonder his stay at the school was so short. It was rumoured that Mr. Thorn personally rang Churchill from the school begging to lead the first British



"PERSONALLY RANG CHURCHILL FROM THE SCHOOL"

Kamikazees rather than remain in Barnet. Poor Mr. Thorn, he lived a daily nightmare of taking yet another class with an Opperman or Bradbeer, all looking alike, only varying in size and hair colour, ranging from black to ginger.

Next along the line came John Goodall, another likely lad destined for the first rugger team and I believe, the Parachute Regiment. He, too, came from a large family, six in all, but the other five were female and attended

Q.E.G.S. for Girls. This was the subject of a special Prayer of Thanksgiving offered by the Boys' Governors each year on Founder's Day, and the Goodalls were the true reason for not wanting a co-educational system of schooling for Barnet at that time. We had enough to do to win the war against the Nazis. The prospect of the Oppermans, Bradbeers and the Goodalls all together in one school was just too much for the Governing body, and even for Queen Elizabeth the First, who was heard to revolve every time the idea of co-education was put forward by any local Progressive Educationalist.

Terry Hards occupied the fourth back seat. A tall, gangling aesthete, he ranked high among the medallists as Broughton's Most Whacked Boy of the War, otherwise known to Mr. Strugnell, his housemaster, and C.O. of the A.T.C., as his Target For Tonight. Terry was always writing or reading verse when he should have been calculating calculus. I still feel that we shall see Terry's dial on TV one day, as Barnet's answer to Lord Byron, when he succeeds to the post of Poet Laureate after John Betjeman.

I joined the back-room boys in late '39. I lived in Bounds Green and was sent to Q.E.G.S. to avoid the bombing that was building up in London. Barnet was " safer," being out in the country then. However, the War Office fathers of the Theorists in the nation's front rows reckoned it would be a clever thing to build some dummy R.A.F. fighter planes and place them in the Galley Lane fields near to the school to scare the Germans away. They, however, were unimpressed, for they were Doers, of course, and they

" THEY, HOWEVER, WERE UNIMPRESSED "

promptly bombed the " airfield " and for good measure included the school, and so we were without the Refectory all through the war, it having been reduced to a pile of rubble.

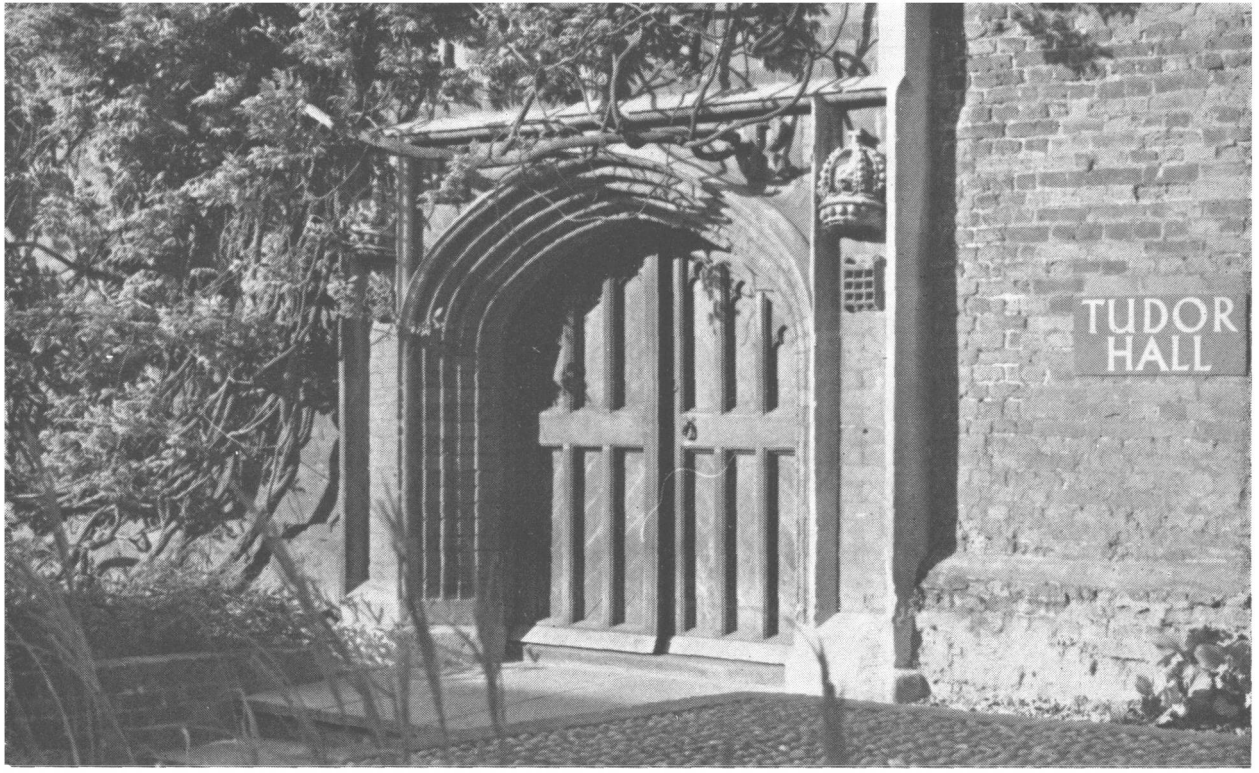
My brother and I journeying from such a distance to school were involved in a Tube journey to Arnos Grove, bus to Whetstone, trolley bus

to Barnet Church and then had to run all the way. My fifth-former brother being so much bigger at the time with longer legs, was hampered by first-former me and always tried to leave me behind. Cunningly, I'd make a grab for his raincoat belt to hold him back, but time and again he undid it and scarpered off into the middle distance, leaving me to my fate—an explanation to Mr. Jenkins, the Headmaster.

In 1940 the Bounds Green Tube was put out of action by an aerial torpedo going down the air ventilator and killing all the people who had slept on the platform each night. Further bombings meant transport dislocations were frequent all along the route and one was often five or ten minutes late. The reward for one's bomb-dodging efforts was to be given 50 lines. Needless to say, the Bradbeers from South Mimms were also often in the morning defaulters' queue with me, as true birds of a feather.

Two pleasures I was punished for were drawing cartoons in my books and reading comics. Art has always run in our family, like wooden legs, and one of my ancestors was George Hasler. George, the artist, was one of the Three Men, all real of course, in Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat." However, the talent came in useful after leaving school for I earned my living as a cartoonist, producing over 5,000 drawings on a strip cartoon and contributing to those very comics I used to read under the

"MY FRIENDLY, NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSEMASTER"



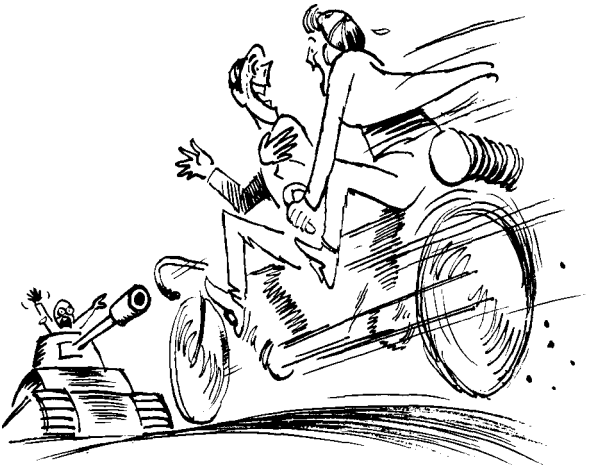
TUDOR GATEWAY

FRONT OF NEW SCHOOL

desk, such as " Knock Out," " Captain Marvel " and " Battler Britain." What sweet irony that I am now invited to write and illustrate an article for the school !

The lines on green paper and my backside soon totted up, due to the attentions of Mr. " Poker " Pearce, a man whom for a very short while I had mistakenly believed to be my friendly, neighbourhood Housemaster. The only time that he appeared different in my eyes was on a Friday when he donned his A.T.C. officer's uniform to flog me, trying to pretend that this change would be as good as a rest. To foil both Hitler's and my Housemaster's violent attention I decided to cycle to school on a tandem with M. D. T. Smith, whom I picked up each day from his home at Southgate. Unfortunately, M. D. T. Smith turned out to be a back-room boy as well and mad, mad with it. If ever one found a great heap of struggling boys, anywhere in the war, whether it be at Barnet or Birmingham, the skate right at the bottom of the pile was always, but always, M. D. T. Smith being scragged.

As the lesser of two evils I put M. D. T. on the front seat of the tandem to keep an eye on him, but he rode it like a South American Gaucho, turning round in the saddle, hands in the air saying : " Look, no hands, senor — wanna buy a watch ? " Every day was Le Mans without the prize money, and to think my mother worried about my three brothers away at the war !



" WANNA BUY A WATCH ? "

All the ground floor windows of the school were sandbagged, the windows themselves being covered with a type of hessian, hastily glued to prevent splinters flying around, and peeled off almost as quickly by the pupils who thought they were immortal. All boys had to carry gas masks, though these became sandwich boxes at the latter part of the war, but throughout were very useful for practising drop kicks if there was no rugger ball around.

Air raid alarms appeared to be frequent. Many of them were false but for a period all too many of Von Braun's deadly buzz bombs roared over the school and created, with the V2 rockets, the worst period of the entire war for the civilians. During these alerts, all the School sat down in the ground-floor corridors until the all-clear siren went and many a good middle-aged O.E. poker player of today owes his present skill to those interludes and also to the Harvest Camps card schools which flourished on farms at Stevenage during the Summer Holidays. No wonder the nation's food supplies sank so low, and rationing continued long after 1945.

Leicester House seems not to have graced the ranks of the back-room boys to any great extent during the war, probably due to the awesome reputation of Mr. Winter, their housemaster, famed for his whirlwind golf swing.

"'PA' WINTER WAS A KIND MAN"

"Pa" Winter was a kind man whose teaching life was blighted by a back-room boy during the blitz. He'd come padding into his classroom each day, slump down in his chair, close his eyes and proceed with his long monologue on history. As he rumbled on, recounting long-forgotten punch-ups, his right arm would reach out and twiddle with a frayed piece of the oil-cloth on top of the desk. He twisted the thread into a spiral to be toyed with as he spun out the events of bygone days. His own Waterloo came when one day someone cut that twisted thread spiral clean off down to the desk top and ruined his teaching technique forever. Which one of the five back-room boys did the dastardly deed, my old schoolboy honour would not let me divulge, for no doubt all the lads are now pillars of local and national society, chief constables, middle-aged pop idols, professional anarchists, or managers of the Co-op. For myself, I can certainly claim to lead the parfit gentil life now, for I am the Head of the real Order of the Knights of the Round Table, rejoicing in the title of Knight Principal of Wessex, so if any of the Oppermans, Goodalls or Bradbeers gallop West seeking revenge for this unchivalrous exposé, don't forget that I possess the mighty sword Excalibur ! Et tu, you brutes !

T. MOORE (1940-46).

Memories of Long Ago

When I think of my arrival at Q.E.'s, I feel it must have been a century ago. Some of my impressions of people and events are crystal clear, others so vague as to be unusable. I was waiting in London for the final decision from a Canterbury School where I was on the short list, when I received notification of a post at Q.E.'s. I had never heard of the school and had only once been through Barnet on my way to London. Having nothing to do that morning, I decided to visit Barnet and that was where the Gods stepped in, both for myself and hundreds of small boys. I arrived at the gate just as morning school had ended. My first sight was of four "louts," caps at odd angles on their rather long hair, hands in pockets and slouches which would have shamed a tramp, together with a crowd of noisy, rushing little boys. Instead of turning back in horror, I decided to find out what sort of school could have such beings. I met the Headmaster and within ten minutes had been offered and accepted the post. So my destiny was decided though I had firmly decided it would be for one year only. I stayed for 30 . . .

I think only two other members of that C.R. are still alive and neither is likely to see this record. The Headmaster was a Cambridge man, very well liked by boys and masters—the boys, possibly because he was on the point of leaving and so discipline had rather deteriorated; the masters, because he largely left them to their own devices. The night before term started, I wandered round the School and met "Curly" Mayes. He had been there for some years and was to be there for many more as caretaker, man of all work and a veritable pillar of the School. He knew everything about master and boy and had more control over most boys than many masters. The Common Room itself was a miserably small room with a small table and three wooden chairs, one of which was usually out of commission as my Yorkshire friend, the Senior English Master, favoured a chair-leg to impart knowledge into dumb heads. The occupants were very friendly, good at giving advice and offering to let me take over various jobs which they made out to be their most treasured duties and activities. I refused to accept so much kindness! They had widely differing interests: some were religious, some heathen like myself; some musical; some very tough; some rabid T.T.'s; some bibulous and profane; a few energetic; and a number old enough to be lazy. There were two ladies on the staff but I don't ever remember them coming into the C.R. Heated arguments and scuffles were a frequent occurrence, and age and seniority did not always come out on top.

One incident I recall from the Old School was the last School concert, which consisted of orchestral pieces, one or two intentional and supposedly humorous pieces, others unintentional and very funny, and a few songs, the last one being "A Bicycle Made For Two." Other incidents occurred in the New School that should be mentioned and will bring tears to the eyes of many. I refer to the first caning of a boy on the platform before the whole school and of far more importance "the 13th labour of Hercules," that fine demonstration of strength and fitness shown by one man in caning

the whole of the Junior School for rowdy behaviour. On mature consideration I am sorry that this did not become an annual precedent for Q.E. and other schools as it might have held back some of the more questionable practices in modern education and Britain would possibly be freer from schoolboy hooligans with their flick-knives and behaviour at football and cricket matches . . .

We now come to the Class-room. This is undoubtedly most important to the powers that be, as results there tend to set the standard of the School each year, and also to parents who expect their hopefuls to imbibe sufficient knowledge to secure university entrance, followed by large salaries and comfort for old age. This also applies to teachers whose own bread and butter may depend on their own efforts. But is this the main object? Surely a master's aim should be to produce as many good citizens as possible with adequate knowledge and personality to get the jobs they deserve, an abiding interest in learning for its own sake and with the will and desire to help people more unfortunate than themselves — or to use a phrase that is not often thought of today "thorough-going Christians." To attain this happy ending masters face many difficulties; boys grow up and completely change their interests; outside influences appear in the form of poor companions and the entry of the young female. A good master has not only to teach, he has to learn and build up character. He must know when to send a boy to higher authority, when to speak himself and when to ignore completely a boy's wrong-doing. If he can gain the confidence of boys, then the rest is easy — he will get their best work and fewer crimes.

The greatest difficulty I had to start with was disturbance from outside. My first room was the middle one of an old army hut. On one side we could hear very loud criticisms of some poor specimen quite often emphasised by loud bangs of a chair-leg on his head with resulting howls. On the other side at first, was one of the most kindly and delightful men but he was getting rather deaf and the little angels usually shouted to draw his attention. He was followed by a language master who strongly believed in the advantage of singing songs in French or reciting verbs with, of course, the master keeping time on desk or wall. The noise in this room was made worse once or twice a week by half his room being occupied by another form with the visiting art master who was undoubtedly the champion pencil sharpener of all time but who also dropped off to sleep at intervals with very rowdy results. He will also be remembered by many for marking the same piece of work each week throughout the term. Occasionally he queried whether he had marked it before — which caused outraged pandemonium.

Another interference occurred once a week when an ex-army drill sergeant arrived. As there was no gym., this meant mainly marching in the playground outside my window. The playground was, unfortunately, not paved and very stony so all tripping and pushing over could be blamed on the stones; also loose stones could be thrown at the heads of the boys in front. In summer this was varied by use of the juicy mulberry. Two other interesting occupations, which didn't affect me, happened. We had coke-fired stoves in all the rooms. In one there was often the "desk race."

When the master arrived in his room, he sometimes found his desk moved into the coldest corner and the boys' desks clustered round the stove or, if he got there first by some mysterious means, the well placed desks gradually jammed round the stove. Another fascinating but dangerous proceeding took place in junior prayers held in the lecture theatre. Someone started pushing and within a short period a large number of rows were swaying in time to the prayers.

A different type of plague at that time came from the parents. It was difficult to convince some that their little darlings were likely to be cast-iron failures and not the academic scholars they had visualised. If their little boy had a grievance, the parent came to see the master responsible and not the Head. On one occasion I had to use a metre rule on a very nasty boy. His mother appeared next morning and accused **me** of beating her little boy. I admitted it. She then informed me that she had never had occasion to punish her son. When I told her that this was probably the reason for his rude behaviour, she was so amazed she retired in confusion. He later became a clergyman . . . We had, of course, even in those days, masters who were quite incapable and also had a very bad influence. Among my memories is one who tried to sell cheap and nasty goods to both boys and masters; another believed in the adage of " findings keepings "; another was incapable of stopping boys drawing on the blackboard while he was taking the form; and finally one who asked the Head for a testimonial to ensure that he could never again obtain a teaching post. Later, of course, noise, ill manners and cheekiness almost disappeared.

Now to the sports field where it is most easy to develop really friendly relations between masters and boys and so develop character, guts and sportsmanship. The School field then consisted of Stapylton, occasionally mown with a horse-mower, and the field, on which the School now stands, in a much worse state. There were very few enthusiastic masters, facilities were bad and the gear totally inadequate. Most games were voluntary and supervised voluntarily or not at all by masters with no interest in the game. Up to this time the main delight of the rabble was tree-climbing and dropping anything within reach on the unfortunates below. With rugger things were easier with three masters taking it. I joined in to take some of the juniors in spite of my abysmal knowledge of the rules. In one sense I think this was an advantage as they got interested in hurling the ball about, kicking it in any direction, getting thoroughly muddy and finding new ways of getting their own back on their enemies. It seemed to me that they were more interested in the last two but it did toughen them up and get them interested and likely material for other masters later. Athletics was a glorious farce and mainly meant a " sports day " without the boys having any coaching or real training. The races were interspersed with peculiar noises from a brass band and ended with prizes for the winners. This did not last for long. I started paper chases which anyway kept me fit but did little for most except the really keen, as generally the majority lost the trail and only completed the course when I went out to look for them. It did, however, result in more fitness for the keen and with three of us starting to give a certain amount of coaching, boys ceased to think that they had to be violently sick at the end of races to prove they had run themselves out.

I suppose as far as cricket is concerned I could write a book. Only the First XI was properly run by a man who knew cricket and he and the professional took a couple of nets each week. The rest was left to chance. I decided to start with an under-14 game but the gear at the time did not cater for anyone so small. Mysteriously some money became available so this was rectified and with younger men arriving to take the middle years games were really supervised and teams rather better than those fielded by the Post Office and Barnet Police were played. Many incidents stand out in my memory but three will have to suffice : there was the batsman who, when threatened with being dropped for slow batting, scored 128 not out in 90 minutes; the captain who, in desperation for the fall of a wicket, followed my advice and put himself on. He took the vital wicket and never bowled again. I remember the player, still playing for the C.R., who when facing a demon leg-break bowler followed my instruction and hit him for six over mid-on. Flushed by his success he reverted to his own inimitable style and was ignominiously bowled next ball . . . How frustrating cricket can be for a coach ! But however frustrating the game could be at times, I think we did produce a lot of first-class sportsmen if not always first-class cricketers and certainly presented me with many enjoyable moments during my stay, as a teacher, at Queen Elizabeth's.

J. L. H. WINTER, Master from 1929-59.

Skool: Now and Then

HULLO, children. I bet you're tired after doing all that hard, strenuous, exhausting running about at playtime.

Yes, I know it was a big Alsatian.

Anyway, as I was saying, I thought that you might like to do something a little less taxing and more relaxing than our usual Nature period. So today I wondered to myself: " Wouldn't it be nice to make a quick study and comparison of the educational environment existing during the two separate Elizabethan monarchical periods." As many of you will soon be going to Queen Elizabeth's Boys' School, a look at what it was like then and now might be of some use.

So, children, first let's see what clever, wise, sensible men they were in the olden days. As some of you know, with the Reformation the old ecclesiastical schools were wiped out, and the more far-sighted of the ministers of King Henry VIII and his successors saw that, unless steps were taken for the re-establishment of education, the country would rapidly relapse into ignorance and barbarism. And so, thanks to these intelligent ministers, we were saved from the nasty fate of being turned into savages. And . . . Johnny, stop hitting Celia with that axe.

They were quite considerate, too. The maximum penalty for not going to church was only six lashes with a ferule or the stump end of a rod, and the " Schoole Master " or " Usher " was not allowed to strike anyone " on or about the head, necke, backe, shoulders or belly." Which meant the worst they could do was break his leg. (That's what you call a lame joke). No, they don't use the rod any more. Too many people consider it harsh and barbaric; so the school had to find something else to strike terror and fear into the heart of every schoolboy, and to leave them quaking and trembling, too frightened to put a foot wrong. Something to make them shudder and sweat and cringe and cry at the very whispered mention of such an awesome terror. Something to lumber monstrously around, turning every heart to ice with one glare of its stony eyes, and wither every ear with one lung-tearing breath of its searing war-cry :

" Quite ridiculous ! "

Other things have changed too, though, children. For instance, when the school was first founded, schoolmasters had to be " of sound religion, of honest behaviour, and competent learning." In the same mould the governors were forever to be " four and twenty discreet, honest men." No, I'm not joking. If I was you'd all be laughing.

Shut up !

It also might interest you that every Saturday at one o'clock in the afternoon at least an hour was spent by the Headmaster instructing his scholars in the ten commandments and other principles of religion. This ritual still continues in a slightly modified form at two-thirty. Fifteen boys from each year of the school congregate at a given place with fifteen boys of the same age from another school for the purpose of proving to each

other how civilised and religious they are. The team that shows the most goodwill, tolerance, patience and understanding is clapped off the field by the winners.

In fact, the main physical exercise of the times was the performing of plays. Ben Jonson said : " They make all their scholars play boys . . . " Which was a silly idea, children, because at the same time the Headmaster was having to take " speciall care that his scholars bee kept from drunkeness, and from haunting alehouses." No doubt they weren't often caught because they used to ghost in and out. Do you understand ? " Haunting alehouses," " ghost in and out." Oh, well, I thought it was quite funny.

All right, children, it wasn't that funny.

The curriculum of the school used to consist almost entirely of the study of classical languages and of classical literature. Fortunately Q.E.'s has now added a couple more subjects for its pupils to study — such as English Language, English Literature, French, German, Russian, Art, History, Ancient History, British Constitution, Economics, Music, Handicraft, Scripture, Biology, Physics, Chemistry, Maths, Further Maths, Technical Drawing, and Boredom. (The last mentioned has no set periods — though some masters do specialise in it — but most teachers, nevertheless, manage to find room for it each lesson).

So, children, now you know some of the exciting history of the school and some of the even more exciting prospects that face you if you decide to go there. Imagine being educated in such an establishment with its tremendous historical background, amongst its great facilities and subtle blend of old and new buildings. with its brilliant teachers and superb range of subjects. Put up your hands all of you who would like now to go to Queen Elizabeth's Boys' School.

Apart from the girls, please. That's better.

Oh !

Anybody for elsewhere . . ?

I. C. BARCLAY (1966-).

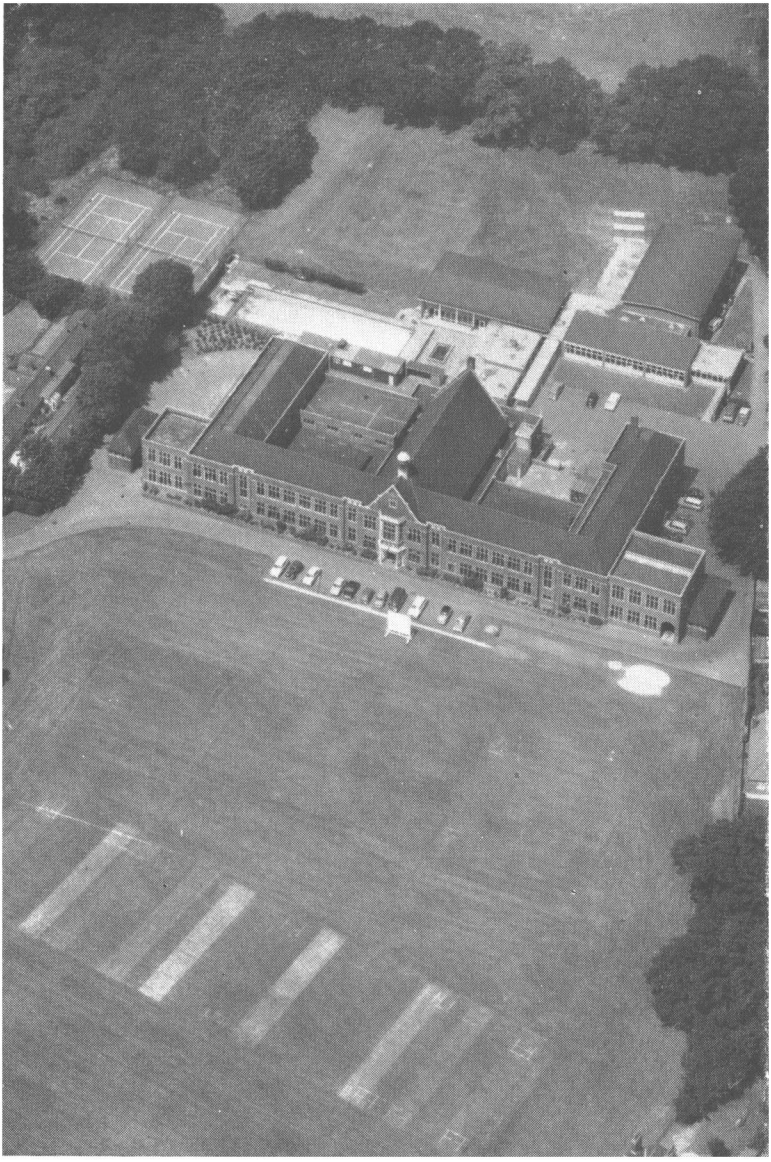
No Comment . . .

Announcement in Hall: " There is to be no talking outside Rooms N and O while the exams are in progress. There is to be absolute silence. But if you must talk, then you must talk very quietly."

Comment on handing back a German prose:

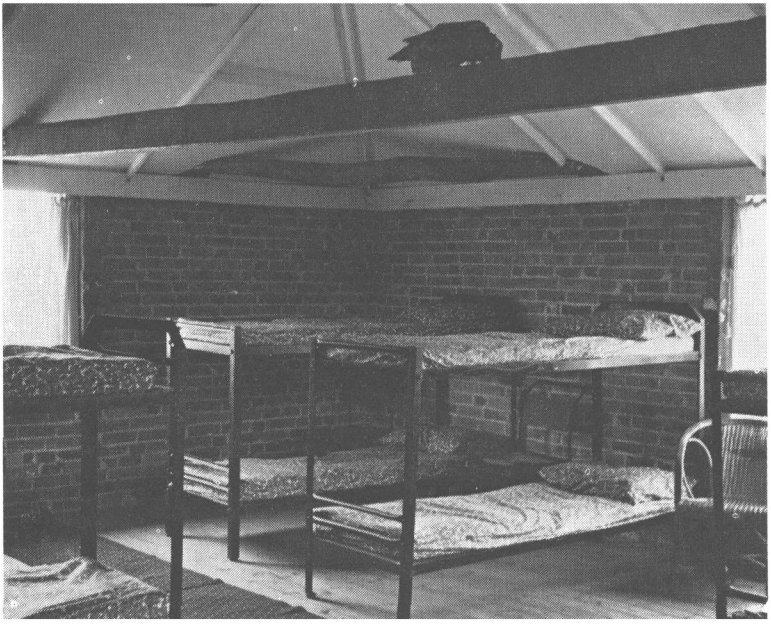
" They say 'one learns by one's mistakes' — *you* should know quite a lot by now."

Comments on reports are a frequent source of amusement. A favourite reminiscence was the remark of a former Maths master, now a headmaster in Africa : " He has made an effort — it was on a Friday in June."



By courtesy of Aerofilms Ltd.

THE HOSTEL



THE DORMITORY

The present situation

" TIME," as Dylan Thomas remarked with such perception, " passes " and the flourishing sprawl of buildings at the end of Queen's Road and the activities it houses bear little similarity to what went on in the Tudor Hall all those centuries ago. In 1971 the school underwent the latest of the whole series of changes which have affected its character through its long history. The most noticeable results of going comprehensive have been physical. Each year increasing numbers of boys join the early morning stream up the drive and the steady drone of pneumatic drills and cement mixers bears witness to the fact that, during tea breaks, the builders are trying to keep up with them.

It would be foolish to pretend that such a change comes smoothly and without problems, and the struggle we had, during the first year (when I was School Captain) to adapt to suddenly changing circumstances was continual and hard. Matters are bound to get worse before they get better but it is interesting to note that problems seem to concern difficulties of buildings and bureaucracy rather than boys. The additions to the buildings will take some time to complete and so the present state of flux while the school tries to settle down into its new identity will not soon be over. The sort of school that we shall see at the end of it all, when things have settled down, is not easily predicted. The physical changes will be obvious with a school of twice its 1971 size with 1,200 pupils being accommodated in 1977 in a suitable new building complex on what was once the Gun Field. But the ethos which this new environment will engender is more difficult to determine.

The emphasis placed on extra-curricular activities has always been one of Q.E.'s very good points and, increasingly, involvement with a play or concert or the Social Services group is going to be as important a way of developing many boys' interests and involvement in school life as the restrictions of any Maths or French lesson. Whilst the purely academic side of school work is one that must not be neglected, we are at last beginning to realise that, as the Haddow Report suggested as long ago as 1931, the curriculum must be thought of not just as " knowledge to be acquired and facts to be stored," but rather " in terms of activity and experience."

At Q.E. the official end of the school day has always meant the beginning of a host of " after school " activities which, in their own way, are as integral a part of school life as any timetabled lesson. Schools are not just institutions of learning but should rather be working human communities and from this point of view it is not only the academic nature of school which determines a school's character but a host of other activities and relationships as well. After all one can " radically alter the nature and character of a school " without having to apply to the Department of State for an official change of status. So whatever one's views might have been about the future of Q.E.'s, its comprehensive status is now assured, but that does not mean its future is determined for it is only those connected directly with the school who can be responsible for that.

The possibilities for development are endless, and the boys are as important here as anyone else. Societies multiply year by year as a direct result of effort by the boys rather than the Common Room and we have only to begin to explore the possibilities which the Holly Tree Hostel has for us. With concern, goodwill and effort on everybody's behalf (and that means O.E.s and parents as much as anyone) we should also be able to look towards the future and the things we have yet to achieve as we, this year, reflect on past glories.

L. DIXON (1964-72).

□

MISS Strongman, in over 25 years of industrious service to the School as Bursar, must have seen, heard and been in some interesting yet unprintable situations. This one is relatable :—

There are moments not recorded in the annals simply because they are known to perhaps only one person, that yet concern people who are the very stuff of the school's history.

One Speech Day the prizes were presented by Dr. F. Brittain, one of our most distinguished O.E.'s, who was a schoolboy during Curly Mayes' long stewardship. The ceremonial was over; I had returned to the office to follow the time-honoured procedure of handing dust jackets to those prize-winners who wished to collect them for their books which had had the school crest embossed in gold leaf on their covers.

Anyone who knows the school office will know that it has two doors, almost facing each other. Dr. Brittain, who had returned to the Headmaster's study briefly to disrobe before joining the Governors for tea, came into the office through one door precisely as Curly opened the other. They greeted each other most warmly as the oldest of friends; Dr. Brittain then embarrassed Curly (who, as anyone who knew him will know, was **embarrassed** only by what he regarded as infringements of the natural order) by telling him he had always wondered how he, Curly, would look in ceremonial robes. Dr. Brittain, a larger man altogether in physique than the diminutive Curly, took off his gown and hood and draped them lovingly round Curly, topping the whole with his mortar board.

It happened in the office with an audience of one; it involved two stalwarts of the school no longer with us. It is sad that no one was near with a camera to record the expressions of delight on the two men's faces, a delight that in Curly outshone even his embarrassment at this apparent breach of decorum.

First Impressions 1971

WHAT impression do the recent arrivals have of the present school? Boys in the second year were asked to record what they had expected and what they had experienced during their first year at the school. The following are the expurgated snippets :—

I think Q.E's. in general as a school is very good if not the best in the country.

When I came to this school last year I expected growling prefects giving you lines every two minutes and masters giving you detentions every day of the week — I was right.

I expected the teachers to wear long black robes and those funny hats with tassels and to be grumpy old men with canes at the ready to hit you even if you coughed. But once you get to know them, they *can* be quite nice.

I thought Q.E.'s was a great school until I met the teachers, especially those who use a rather large padder-tennis bat which, when applied to your bottom, would hurt very much.

Any master who taught there must be a ten-foot tall, one-eyed monster. In the case of one person, I was only three eyes out; he is a ten-foot tall, four-eyed monster but his glasses account for the other two.

I expected piles of work and lines, lines, lines; and playing rugby in six feet of mud.

Homework? We gradually grew fed up with it and whenever a teacher mentioned it, we gave a low sigh.

I don't enjoy the homework we get and also lines, but I don't enjoy very little things, and also I don't enjoy music and maths (?).

Everyone used to get lines from him so he gave up giving lines and gave us 50-word essays. One boy had to write about the life-cycle of a potato and Gardner had to write one on Fundamental Nuclear Physics (he didn't know what this meant so he wrote about his brother) . . .

I didn't expect, but found, boys with hair down to their ankles and muddy uncleaned shoes.

Now Q.E.'s is a mass of cranes, builders and workmen all trying to get classrooms finished for *last* September.

I think they ought to have built the buildings before going comprehensive.

I shall be glad when the noise stops and the builders go, but I'm not worried about spare time because I spend most of break by the drinks machine.

Q.E.'s School is changing but before it was different . . !

With the coming of the new system out go the ideals, codes of honour and knighthood.

The boys live in more separate communities although attempts are being made to integrate the classes of boys. This, in my opinion, is not working.

I thought that when it was going comprehensive, it would lose its discipline, but it hasn't.

In Q.E.'s if you wanted to go mad temporarily, you'd have to do it quietly.

I enjoyed walking through the new first years, who stood aside for me to go past. What a great feeling, having climbed another rung up the ladder of success — or disaster.

. . . just keeping up the Q.E. spirit, e.g., chatting-up Q.E. girls . . .

I have seen quite ruff [sic.] boys transformed once they don the Q.E. uniform.

If the School must go comprehensive, it must learn to put up with blokes like me.

But the best thing I like is going home on Friday evening.

□

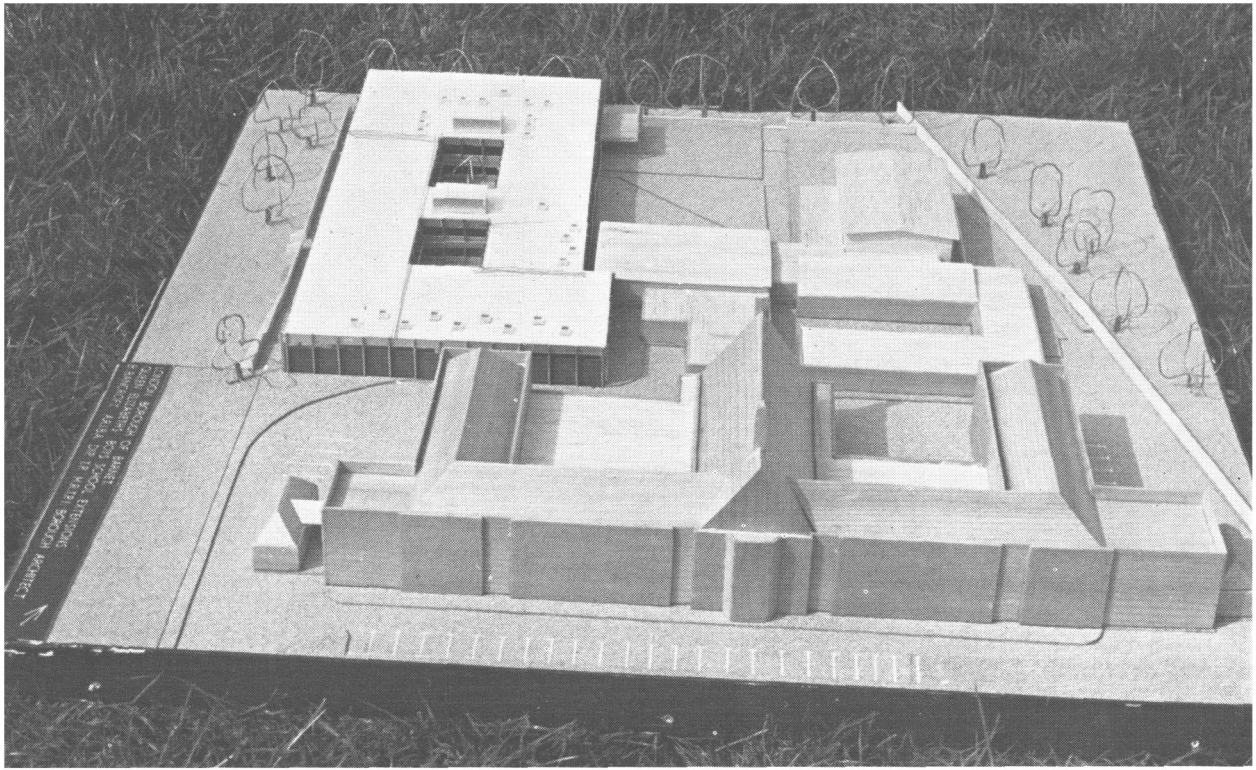
IF SEEN, WHO COULD EVER FORGET THE SIGHT OF . . .

Ron Gunton's foot appearing through the library ceiling during a fire drill . . . " Ned " Tarry, then bearded and portly, trying to convince a flustered Spanish official that the passport photo of a fresh-faced schoolboy was, in fact, he . . . John Keeley, in a hectic gymtable, gradually doing a striptease, ending up in his swimming trunks and doing " press-ups " in a pool of his own sweat . . . David Lowe playing cricket . . . E. N. Shearly, one very hot summer, falling asleep while supervising an exam . . . the ebullient Mr. Pinnock coaching " running between the wickets " at cricket . . . Mr. P. Timson, when School music is " in the air."

One Chemistry master, hailing from the North, stated that he would have to use his razor-sharp wit to cut magnesium as he didn't have his knife . . . A sparrow dared come into his laboratory one day and was promptly given 50 lines . . . Frustration caused by second-form ignorance resulted in the master turning on the tap, pointing deliberately and stating slowly and with emphasis: " W - A - T - E - R."

One evening a parent new to the School told his wife to mind the step and promptly stepped into the swimming pool.

A rather portly gentleman gave a boy 50 lines for opening both doors for him.



MODEL OF FUTURE SCHOOL

O.E. WAR MEMORIAL

The Old Elizabethans' (Barnet)

NOW nearly 80 years young, the Old Elizabethans' Association congratulates its alma mater on her 400th Anniversary and looks forward to a continuing close connection with the Queen Elizabeth's in the years ahead.

Formed in 1894, the Association has provided a valuable means of preserving those close friendships made when at School and enables its Old Boys to keep in touch with events and each other from afar, not only with those residing in the Barnet area but with Old Elizabethans throughout the world.

The Old Elizabethans are an active and viable entity with their own War Memorial grounds and Pavilion at Gipsy Corner, Mays Lane, Barnet, at which numerous meetings and social functions are held throughout the year. Membership of the Association is open to all former pupils of Queen Elizabeth's at the still quite nominal annual subscription of £1. This not only includes membership of the Social Club with the right to use the Club Room and Bar and the other social facilities at Gipsy Corner but also entitles members to attend Association functions, to receive Association circulars and publications, free copies of the School Magazine (the "Elizabethan") with its section of O.E. news twice a year, and the right to wear the Association colours.

Major functions each year include the Annual Dinner (usually held on the third Thursday in November), the Annual Dinner and Dance in February or March, Founder's Day with its Thanksgiving Service and Past v. Present Cricket Match on the third Saturday in June (nowadays brought to a close with a Candlelight Supper and Dance at the School) and the Past v. Present Rugby Match in December.

The grounds at Gipsy Corner have become a pleasure to the eye thanks to the devoted attentions of a stalwart band of O.E.'s who give up a great deal of their spare time to make it such an amenable centre; a place suitable to bring the family at summer weekends to watch the cricket, laze in the sun and chat, or in winter months to enjoy the conviviality the Rugby Season provides.

We have touched upon the Cricket and Rugby Clubs, without whose bonhomie and own efficient organisation the Association would be but a shadow of itself; the Clubs do, of course, provide the spirit and well-being which no well-planned administration, no traditional Dinners, Dances, magazines and dry-as-dust circulars can do without, and for which we are truly grateful. We also have our own Chess Club (which meets regularly at Gipsy Corner throughout the winter), Golfing Society and Swimming Club which, like the Cricket and Rugby Clubs, are " closed " clubs limited to members of the Association.

An unusual but successful undertaking for an Old Boys' Association was the proud publication in 1972 of Mr. E. H. Jenkins' book " Elizabethan Headmaster 1930-61," which received favourable reviews both in the local and national Press and in the educational world. Copies of the book may still be obtained from Mr. R. K. Smith at 37, Chase Side, Enfield, Middlesex, or from local bookshops.

Never self-satisfied with its efforts, the Association and the various Clubs look forward to an upsurge in membership in this 400th Anniversary Year. Why not come along and see what both you and the Association have to offer ? We welcome your interest and look forward to seeing you at the Association functions or at the social celebrations, details of which are included elsewhere in this publication.

P. J. ROETHENBAUGH (1945-52).

□

I remember . . .

I remember, I remember
The days of long ago,
Wreathed in the mists of distance,
But lit by a rosy glow.

When the ultimate deterrent
Was just three feet of cane,
And the only weekly rat-race
Was through the mud of Galley Lane.

When we chanted verbs irregular
In Mr. Stephens' room,
But the voice of the Headmaster
Was the only sonic boom.

I remember, I remember
How we all ran true to type,
And the only crooked thing we knew
Was Mr. Winter's pipe.

How the nearest that we ever came
To a stimulating drug
Was a surreptitious half-pint
In the Crown and Anchor snug.

I remember, I remember
How we practised at the nets,
And Eric Shearly's faster ones
Were all we knew of jets.

How we tackled, kicked and scrummaged,
Playing always to the rule,
While conscripted hordes of Juniors
Dutifully chanted, " School ! "

I remember, I remember
School Certif in Form Room "A,"
How Normy taught us Chemy
And Vaughan Thomas did the play.

How Frosty tipped his chair back
In a most precarious poise,
And affectionately regarded us
As " horrid little boys."

How we sat so still on Speech Days
And with rapt attention heard
All those Latin declamations —
Never understood a word.

The Refectory for luncheon —
" Benedictus bendicat,"
Then back to Mr. Timson —
"Amo, amas, amat."

Those confounded logarithms,
I could never understand 'em,
And those complicated theorems —
" Quod erat demonstrandum."

In the Spring, when young men's fancies
Lightly turned to other thoughts,
We sublimated our ambitions
Training for the Annual Sports.

Throwing disci, leaping hurdles,
Mr. Woodland's little talks,
While those of us with fallen arches
Went on healthy country walks.

How the colours, sharp and vivid,
In the memory abide !
Writing lines on pale blue paper,
Twenty-five to every side.

Shaded green across the Gun Field,
Blue reflections from the pool,
Three mauve stripes across your backside
If you dared to play the fool.

I remember doting parents
Dwelling with a jaundiced eye
On term reports that baldly stated :
" Could do better if he cared to try."

Are there still those little tickets,
"A" report or just a " B " ?
Is there cricket still on Thursdays,
And are there currant buns for tea ?

Does the bell sound just as strident
As it used to do before ?
Do they still queue at the bus stop ?
Stands the clock at five past four ?

I remember, I remember
Flaming June and Founder's Day,
A crocodile the length of Wood Street,
Then twelve for one, and rain stopped play.

In my memory I can picture
An impressive story-teller
Reciting us the Chronicle
Beneath a large umbrella.

I remember, I remember,
Can I ever quite forget
Nostalgic little memories
That linger with me yet ?

The triumphs and disasters,
The pleasures and the pain,
The values, the traditions,
The immeasurable gain.

Thank heaven that the gallant Earl
Of Leicester, by his zeal,
Prevailed upon our Founder
To bestow her Royal Seal.

Be upstanding, my good fellows,
For the glory that has been,
And raise your glasses, gentlemen —
The toast is — The Queen !

D. A. NELMS (1934-41).

Calendar of Events

1973	EVENT	VENUE
March 9th ...	O.E. Annual Dinner and Dance ...	Salisbury Suite
March 13th-17th	School Opera (" The Prisoner ")	School
March 24th ...	Common Room Dinner	School
April 25th ...	O.E.R.F.C Annual Dinner	Salisbury Suite
May 16th ...	Elizabethan Banquet (Formal Dinner)	Connaught Rooms
June 16th ...	Founder's Day	School
July 14th ...	Fete (Friends of Q.E. and Q.E.G.S.A.)	... Girls' School
October 20th ...	400th Anniversary Ball	Grosvenor House
November 15th	O.E. Annual Dinner	(Venue not fixed)
December 8th	Past v. Present Rugby Match ...	... ... School
December 14th	Elizabethan Union Dinner-Debate	... ... School
Spring/Autumn	Special Rugby Matches	... ... Various

400th Anniversary
O.E. Association Ties

Special ties (dark blue or light blue with Association single crest and 1573 motif) are now on sale at £1.25 WHILE PRESENT STOCKS LAST. All enquiries to C. A. Winchester at 8 Orchard Road, Barnet, Herts EN5 2HL. Telephone 01-440 4969.

Acknowledgements

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