

DR. MORGAN'S ASSOCIATION

SUMMER NEWSLETTER, JUNE 2010

Editor: Geoff. Marchant; NB: See bottom of page 8 for all contact details.

Editorial –

I knew I should not have tempted providence by putting in the Feb. newsletter that we had not had any reports of DMS Old Boys' deaths in the previous four months. Hardly had the issue been finalised when I and several others were informed by Martin Brady that our old classmate, David Bret, had finally succumbed to cancer on January 16th. Dave had managed to go well past his doctor's estimated date, but all the same his death came as a shock to many. I therefore make no apologies for handing over much of the space in this issue to the comments and appreciations of those others who had helped to rally Dave's spirits over the past two years – on second thoughts, though, it sounds as though perhaps it was Dave's infectious sense of humour which helped his family and friends through those worrying months. I have learnt a lot about Dave's late-DMS and post-DMS life from both Roger Slade's Tribute and grand-daughter Anna's Poem, and also from just conversing with Martin, and by e-mails from non-Morganian Chris Redwood, whose dad was at DMS in the times when it was on the Mount Street site. I have therefore treated Chris as an honorary DMS Old Boy and enclosed news from him as well. In fact I think it was Chris who first alerted Martin to Dave's death.

I left Yatton on Friday 29th. Jan. in bright sunshine and travelled down the M5 to the Wellington junction, where the skies rapidly darkened and cyclists on the A38 got drenched in a sudden downpour. By the time I got to the Crematorium, though, an improvement was at hand and most people arrived in the dry – and they continued to arrive! The waiting rooms were soon packed and a crowd assembled outside too – all indicative of the great esteem in both Bridgwater and latterly in Taunton, in which Dave was held. I admit I was quite moved as I had expected quite a small turnout of old friends. The service is shown below, the Rev. Nick Taylor who led the service of thanksgiving being Dave's next-door neighbour at The Old Vicarage, Wilton. Dave had died at the age of 69 and had obviously touched the lives of many people.



DAVID GUY BRET

1940 — 2010

The introductory music was "Into White" by Cat Stevens and this was followed by Rev. Nick Taylor's own Introduction and Appreciation. The hymn "Morning has broken like the first morning,

Blackbird has spoken like the first bird" was followed by the reading from the Gospel according to St. John, Chapter 14, verses 1 to 6 and 27 to 29. Then came DMS Old Boy Roger Slade's Tribute, which he has kindly given me to publish:

DAVE

It is an honour to have been asked to speak today. I do so on behalf of the family and three other old, old friends - Martin Brady, Chris Durston and Chris Redwood (who offers his profound apologies for not being here today).

David Bret, or Dave as we all knew him, was born in 1940 the only child of Guy and Gladys. He grew up in his parent's house in Bridgwater, first in Coronation Road and later in Wembdon Road. He attended St. Margaret's School and then went to Dr. Morgan's Grammar School. There, Dave, among other things, was a member of a skiffle group. Unfortunately, it failed to prove as popular as Lonnie Donnegan. Subsequently, he entered Manchester University - travelling to and fro on a motorbike! He read geography and graduated in 1961.

His days as a motorcyclist were not always distinguished. One day when giving his cousin Carol a ride on his "Frannie Barnett" they were rounding a corner near Stringston with a case of Double Diamond. Dave leant one way, Carol the other. Predictably, they landed in the ditch. Dave's first concern, I am told, was for the welfare of the beer!

Soon after graduating and with a little help from his father he set up and successfully managed Bridgwater Panels, a company that processed sheet asbestos into building parts. This was a successful venture and it is a great irony that in the end it was the causal source of his deadly illness. When the company was taken over in the 1970's he moved on, eventually joining a firm of financial advisers in Taunton where he became a Partner and Director, retiring only a few short years ago.

Dave was a talented man, highly intelligent, a good father and a pillar of the community. He was a long-time member of the Bridgwater Round Table and a Governor of the Blake School. He was also a sportsman in every sense of the word. At school, he was a spirited rugby player and good at tennis as well as athletics. As an adult he played rugby (on the wing) for the Old Morganians and later enjoyed playing hockey for many years – mostly at Brean. It is not surprising that he stayed very fit for most of his life.

Dave had a lifelong passion for fine old cars that were often the envy of us all. He was also a very tidy man and took care always to look smartly turned out. He was quick witted and his sense of humour legendary. So much so that he seemed to live a life of laughter.

Indeed, I recall a recent visit to see him in Musgrove Park hospital when he was suffering from complications induced by one of the now prevalent and highly contagious hospital bugs that require patients, staff and visitors to be meticulous about washing their hands. After the usual greetings a mischievous smile spread over his face followed by one of his characteristic chuckles and he said "Rog, they should install the latest Japanese bogs in this place. You

know, the ones that squirt warm soapy water and then hot air on your bum." "Hands free, very clean!" he exclaimed, and dissolved into that rich laugh that we all know so well. Such humour helped him to always take a positive view even in testing times. He could always see the funny side and encouraged others to do the same.

Dave had married Wendy David in 1964 with whom he had two children Nicola and Jago. He remained immensely proud of them all his life and took a great delight in all their activities as well as those of Anna, Will, Molly and Lewis, his grandchildren. He was also fond of other members of the family, especially his cousins Carol, John and Diana. Sadly, his marriage to Wendy ended in divorce.

Later he found Susie for whom he cared deeply. They lived together, mainly in Taunton, for the last twenty years and more. Dave did much to care for Susie as her health gradually deteriorated, and, at the time of his death, they were both residents at Frethey House.

In the last couple of years, after he was diagnosed with mesothelioma, the group of old friends mentioned at the outset sought him out - to help him stay in good cheer. This was not difficult, as Dave confronted his destiny with a constant good spirit, often worrying much more about Susie, his family and those around him than himself. He was indomitable and a lesson to us all. In his last months, he took particular comfort from Nicola's proximity and Jago's frequent visits from Ireland.

Dave and his close friends, especially those who knew him for 60 years or more, shared a bond of hometown, of school, of student life and the joys and sometime discomforts of marriage and work. For us and for his family Dave will live on as a wise and true friend, and a loving father and grandfather.

To end I would like to read a short poem by Mary Frye who conveys, more eloquently than I, what Dave, I am sure, would want us all to do.

Do not stand at my grave and weep;

I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;

I am not there, I did not die.

This well known poem was complimented by one from Dave's own grand-daughter, Anna Kelly, who has also very kindly sent me a copy and allowed me to share it with you all:

My Grampy Poem

*For me,
Sundays were Grampy days,
You visited every week,
Bringing with you jam tarts,
Cakes or other treats.*

*I'd always know you were coming,
For I'd see your shiny car,
Or I'd hear the engine,
Roaring loudly from afar.*

*In the school Holidays,
We'd often go out for the day,
To Exmoor, parks or Butlins,
Or to sunny Minehead bay!*

*One time we went on a train ride,
And saw cows and chickens and sheep,
But when we turned around to tell you,
You had fallen fast asleep!*

Sometimes we'd have lunch in pubs,

*For one of our little trips,
You'd always have the same thing,
To eat, ham with egg and chips!*

*One time we went out together,
And we told jokes all the way,
I loved it when you were laughing,
It blew all my troubles away.*

*Some days we'd just go driving,
All round the local hills,
And stop for picnics with little snacks,
Lemon Fanta for me and Will.*

*I think I preferred just driving,
You knew all the best places to go,
You'd tell me all sorts of interesting things,
It was surprising how much you'd know.*

*When I was twelve I had a project,
On Exmoor National Park,
You took me out and showed me things,
And helped me to get top marks!*

*When you got your Alfa Romeo,
You took us out for a spin,
A car with tinted windows followed,
We thought there was a baddie within!*

*Now as a final note Grampy,
I'm very proud to say,
Thank you for all the good memories
And may you be with me always.*

By Anna Kelly, Age 14

Many, many thanks to Anna for that, it shows just how much Dave was appreciated, and underlines his humour and local knowledge.

Martin Brady represented DMS Old Boys Richard Hiseman and Richard Hampson at the funeral service, and your editor did the same for Mike Dodden, Alan Chedzey, and Chris Cudlipp. We now have some pictures of Dave and those who supported him by visiting and

taking him out for pub meals occasionally in the last couple years as his health deteriorated.



Dave Bret Support Group from L to R are: Martin Brady, Roger Slade, Chris Redwood (not a Morganian but a resident in Bridgwater and was also at St Margarets), Chris Durston, and Dave Bret.

Chris Redwood also gave me permission to print the following comments and memories:

“My connection with Dave goes back further than most people's, as we both attended a small private school named St Margaret's in Northfield, Bridgwater. I went there in something like 1944, so I guess Dave must have started in 1945. He then lived in Coronation Road, which was not far away, whereas I lived in Cranleigh Gardens, at the other end of the town.

I am not sure of my father's precise dates at Morgan's, but I have his rugby cap, dated 1920-21. So far as I know, he was born in 1904. He became an officer in the merchant navy and was torpedoed at sea in 1941. Somewhere I have a copy of 'The Morganian' containing his obituary. I believe he was a particular favourite of Percy Gillard, the maths master, who was very upset at his death, and offered to help my mother in any way he could. This took the form of giving me maths coaching after school - I went to his house for tea on the way home from St.Margaret's one day a week - and as a result I won a scholarship to Christ's Hospital, the public school near Horsham in Sussex.

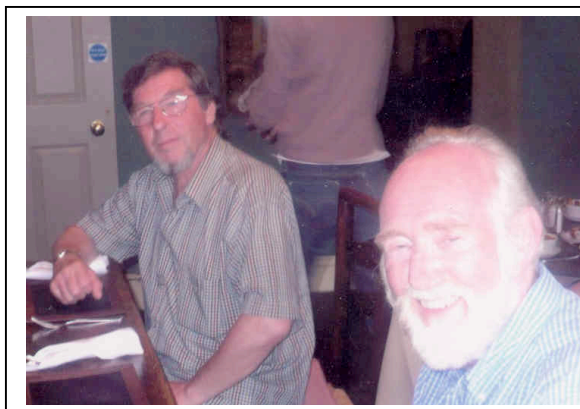
That resulted in my losing touch with my friends from Bridgwater, and it was not until I was 16 and went to a matinee of 'Rock around the Clock' at the Odeon that Dave spotted me in the intermission and re-introduced himself. From then on we kept in touch and when we went to our different universities in the early '60s we would meet up in the vacations and drink large quantities of beer at 'Sam's' - 'The Market House' at the top of High Street, kept by Sam Baker, a former violinist with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. It was there that I met the other members of the group.

I hope the above is of some interest to you. Best, Christopher.”

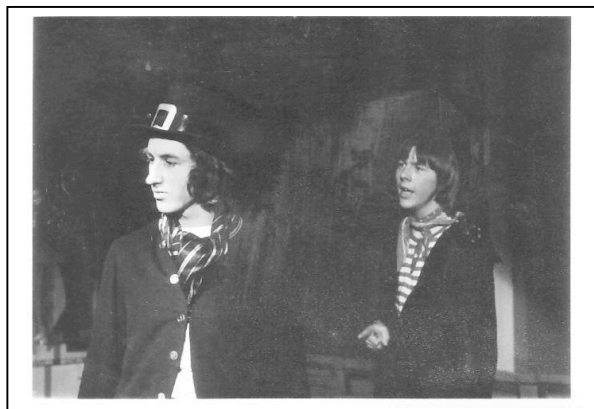
Yes, it certainly is of interest, to all of us, I'm sure – a little bit more of DMS and Bridgwater history which would otherwise have been lost! Ed.

Chris was also, I found out, the editor of one of the books on the Weston, Clevedon and Portishead Light Railway. I had a copy on loan from the N. Som. Library and thought, “Could it be the same chap?” My query brought forth a modest “Yes, that was me, many years ago”. What a feat of research it must have been, too! Very detailed and a mine of information which must have taken months, no, years!, of hard slog and many visits to London, Kent, and many other sources of information, even including personal letters. The back cover of the book states “Christopher Redwood was born and bred in Somerset, not many miles from the line that is the subject of his book. By the time he was taking an interest in trains the WC&PR had closed but he recalls seeing GWR No 5 *Portishead* (ex WC&PR No.2) being used for shunting and local pick-up goods trains in the Taunton area. The impetus to write this volume came many years later when he visited Clevedon searching for remains of the railway and chanced to meet the son of the former Station Master, who in turn introduced him to other former employees. A musician by profession, Mr Redwood has also edited *A Delius Companion* (John Calder, 1976) and is planning to follow it with *An Elgar Companion*.” Christopher informs me that he now “lives in the only decent house in Highbridge”!! Anyone going to disagree? As your editor is also a member of the WC&PR Group, and there may well be some railway buffs, or (fairly!) local historians in our DMA, can I just say we now have over 100 members and would welcome more – go on line to wcandpr.org.uk or Google for Weston, Clevedon and Portishead Railway, and you will find not one, but two marvellous websites dedicated to this little railway. These have been produced by a long-term friend of mine, Paul Gregory, (we re-instated our friendship through this interest after many years of lost contact) and he has done these websites from scratch with no previous knowledge, and they are superb, and of great interest. If you are interested, do “Come and Join Us”! Chris Redwood also knew my childhood pal as they went to St. Margaret’s together, so there’s another path to tread sometime! Chris said he is a true railway buff, hasn’t got a car, only travels by rail (presumably bus as well, now that most local rail trips are now long gone, though!) His link to our old Mount Street school through his dad is another point of interest.

With regard to the skiffle group mentioned by Roger Slade, Martin Brady recalls “We called ourselves the Worried Men, He (Dave Bret) on guitar, Me on banjo, Dave Bradford on guitar and clarinet and someone on the washboard. We were allowed to play 2 numbers at one of the Xmas school concerts '57? which was OK 'cos we only knew 2! - and with the exception of Dave Bradford we knew absolutely buggerall about music - 3 chords and that was it ! We never hit national fame , somewhat to our surprise !” Martin also remembered something which I have totally forgotten, but others of our era might, so I will include it and see if it jogs any memories. “On the Neil Barrat controversy, when we were in the 'hut' it was decided that 2 from our A stream should go 'down' to the B and there would be 2 to come from them to us. As Neil was very popular and a good sportsman like Richard (as we must now call him) Hiseman, there was a bit of murmuring in the ranks and I remember that as a class we were very upset at a friend moving.” He also thought Richard Hampson was in “the other” stream to us, but I clearly remembered he was in our stream, so did he change when Neil changed, or has Martin got an even worse memory than me?



Chris Redwood and Dave Bret, see above.



Billy Budd, see story on next page.

Now continuing to catch up on our 2009 correspondence and starting with the story of Billy Budd

Back in early June 2009 I received the following from **Mark** (known as **Martin** in DMS!) **Painter**:

“Hi Geoff, I thought you might like the attached “Official” school photo taken from the production of Billy Budd. If my memory serves me correct, one of the boys is Gavin Morris, but for the life of me I can’t remember the other actor’s name. I still remember my two lines from the play as I hadn’t realised during the rehearsals that my role as a cabin boy (I think!) was a light relief. Bringing on some food, a lead role said something like ‘You can spit in it if you want toe’ and I had to reply something along the lines of ‘Ain’t nobody making you eat it, you can wash your feet in it if you like’. I can still remember the thrill that I got when the audience roared with laughter on the first night.” *(The picture is so dark that we can virtually only see one actor anyway, but come on readers, when was the production? Which is Gavin Morris? And who is the other actor? Let me know if you can help. Is Mark being shy, is the other one actually him? – Ed.)*

Mark continued in more general vein “I will get round to digitising the copies of ‘The Morganian’ that I still have at some point. I would also give you a potted history of my life if you like, but to be honest it’s really not that interesting as I never left town, and have led a fairly boring (sic) life – apart from the bits involving the radio station!” Well I’m not going to comment on his “boring” life....I’ve only just noticed that and I’m sure he really meant “boring” – otherwise the mind boggles! I replied “Mark, many thanks for all that – and anything more you can send! Yes your life history would be very acceptable – I’m sure there must be something none of the rest of us know – I’m totally in the dark about “the radio station”! We don’t always want the “High Flyers” – its good to have a representative cross section, and there’s bound to be something new to us all. Many thanks. When was the production?”

Mark came back with “I think that the date of Billy Budd would have been around 1970 or 1971. Now hopefully you will find the following to be of interest:-

As a member of the final year to have all their pre-college secondary education at Dr Morgan’s, I still to this day remember the final assembly on the final day of the school. A vandal had broken into the school overnight and “The Office” area had been daubed in paint with the slogan ‘**Dr Morgans will never Die**’. To this day I can still remember Mr ‘Stumpy’ Davey announcing that although he could never condone such activity, he shared the perpetrator’s views. Given that the event took place so many years ago, and that the ex-pupils are likely to be reading this, I think that those views have held true!” Your editor echoes those sentiments, and is doing his best to ensure it doesn’t die even after the last DMS pupil dies – a memory stick with all these newsletters, and therefore all your printed comments and photos, will be kept topped up until I’m no longer editor, and possibly even then by the next one, and I have left instructions that this is to be deposited at the Blake Museum for inclusion in the DMS files there, assuming Bridgwater still has a museum then. (Weston super Mare’s is on the cards to close shortly as “it doesn’t pay” – what hopes are there for an area if it can’t value its heritage?)

To my great delight, **Mark** (previously known at school as ‘**Martin**’ **Painter**) then continued:

“Now I believe that you were asking for biogs of ex pupils lives, so here briefly is mine!

Having left Dr Morgan’s at 16, I went on to Bridgwater College for a few more exams. However, I decided that I would be better off in the world of work and so started working as a trainee engineer at Westside Music Centre in Fore Street, next to Millets. I was very happy there, but after a couple of years I made the decision that my Mobile Disco work was taking up more time than the ‘day job’ would allow, so I gave the day job up to concentrate on my DJ’ing. (Anyone remember the college gigs and parties featuring ‘The Splodge Roadshow’? Well that was me!)

I also started doing some voluntary broadcasting work at Taunton Hospital Radio. After making my living at this for a few years, thanks to my large Transit van, I drifted into another, initially part-time job, working for Hubbard’s House furniture warehouse in King Street. As I was starting a family, I felt that I needed a more stable income than the Disco provided, so wound it up and started working full time for Brian Hubbard, until an opportunity came my way to run the warehouse for an Air Conditioning Distributor on

the Bristol Road in Bridgwater. I worked my way up in this company via transport and sales, until eventually I was given the position of IT manager for the group.

Now although I had stopped doing discos I had still kept my love of broadcasting and was getting increasingly frustrated with the way that radio stations that could be heard in Bridgwater were presenting the town. Then in around 1997, with an old friend Dave Englefield, and local entertainer Nick Rickards, we found that you could run trial broadcasts for a month at a time, twice a year. We thought that this was a brilliant way to promote Bridgwater and so we set up a group called BCRfm to run trial broadcasts and to lobby the government to let Bridgwater have its own full time Radio Station. Other groups also broadcast in the town, but when the licence was finally advertised, and after intensive lobbying, we were so proud to win against the groups from outside of the area.

After we launched, I was approached by the board who offered me the chance to run the station as MD, and I nearly bit their hand off! It was very hard making a success of a small station, whilst also presenting at various times the Drive time show, the Breakfast show, and also writing and reporting the news, but I was proud of what we achieved, seeing our idea turn from an idle chat in a pub to a profitable media company. However, our corporate investors decided after five years to take a return on their investment, by selling their majority holding in the company – forcing us smaller investors to sell our shares too. The new company, who also bought the Minehead radio station, decided that they didn't need my services and 'let me go'. Fortunately, although my previous employers had downsized, they were very eager to have me back and created a position for me – and that's what I do now – Sales, Admin and IT.

Incidentally, after renaming the radio station from BCRfm to 'Quaywest' to match their Minehead station, the new owners couldn't seem to make a go of it and sold it on to another radio group...who then went bankrupt! So maybe I did know what I was doing in running it in profit for five years! The station has new owners again now, and once again I am involved, doing amongst other things, the Saturday Breakfast show – so if you are around Sedgemoor on Saturdays feel free to listen in to Quaywest on 107.4fm.

Along the way I was blessed with two lovely children, and now two step children too. All girls! So that's my potted biography!"

Well our sincerest thanks to Mark (Martin) for that.... And to think I foolishly had said "we don't always want the High Flyers"... and he turns out to have been an MD! What a fascinating history, and I didn't even know Bridgwater ever had a radio Station!!! – Ed.

Other June '09 Correspondence: From **John Crossman** – "Hi, thanks for June circulation. Two points...**Tony Parsons** is alive and well and living in Lancashire and I am in regular contact with him. If the **David Barnes '54** you mention is in fact the **David "Sid" Barnes** of the '53 intake he was one of the ones we could not contact when we had our two reunions. Keep up the good work."

Comment from **Mike Dodden** "Whilst doing the distribution (of June '09 newsletter) I spent a bit of time studying the pupils photo reproduced therein. I am reasonably certain that it would have been taken on speech day 1971 or 1972. It could be 1970 but I can't distinguish whether members of my year are wearing 6th form ties which would confirm one of those years. Some of the names are: **Clive Hoare, Kevin McShane, Peter Bevan, John Payne, Peter Thomas, Mark Barrett, Richard Young, Steven Golby, Richard Ellis, Dave Crosier, Tom Mayhew, Gavin Morris, Mike Mitchell and myself.**" Then half an hour later Mike came back again: "Obviously **Pete Meade** reads the newsletters. He is the new member I met back in Dec. at a funeral (now living in Wilts.) He later e-mailed me the photo (Morgan's Prize Day – see June '09 newsletter p5 and comment p3.) and having received the newsletter has just e-mailed me again with further comments and an alternate view of the same scene. He confirms it is 1971 or 1972. Sixth form ties can be identified in the alternate picture. I have also had comments from **Clive Kett** about the picture within 20 minutes of sending it! Another issue for a possible mention in the next newsletter is the **planned move of the now Haygrove School**. (Mike did an article for this in the newsletter of Oct. '09 so this is now

a bit 'old news' – Ed.) After much deliberation the County Council announced a few weeks ago that the preferred site, having considered Skimmerton Lane and Haygrove Farm (opposite the existing site behind Haygrove road), is indeed the corner of Spaxton Road and Skimmerton Lane. It is thought likely that the existing site will be used for housing, although given the movement (or lack of it) in house prices over the last few months, that idea may hit the buffers. A planning application for the proposed new site will be lodged shortly with plans to widen Skimmerton Lane. Yesterday's change in the political colour at County Hall may yet result in another U-turn regarding where the school goes and if the national government changes it may be a case of IF the scheme goes ahead at all"

Mike's latest update on the school site change, as at end of March 2010 -

"Despite being told this time last year that the planning application was likely to be in by the end of June 2009, here we are 9 months on and no sign of an application being made. There have been press comments locally about the Building Schools for the Future project in Bridgwater and mention made of progress at East Bridgwater (what we know as Sydenham), Blake and Chilton but no reference at all to Haygrove. My guess is that the project team is concentrating on the three schools which are to be rebuilt on the same site (and the swimming pool which has caused such a local storm). There are major housing developments being planned opposite the existing school site and at Cokerhurst Farm which is effectively almost opposite the proposed new site. Throw Hinkley Point into the equation and you have a massive potential effect on the existing road system and with the political climate as it is (the County Council having frozen Council Tax) I don't see where the funds are for the necessary road infrastructure. Watch this space! Mike Dodden."

Also I must put in this latest news (also a bit old now!) re our '09 speaker & the well known Old Boy I asked for information about in the Feb. '10 newsletter:- A couple bits of info picked up from the Clevedon Mercury Dec 31st 2009, news reports from about that time, and a bit of "passed on" inside information given and repeated here in good faith:- Clevedon Mercury – Review of the Year 2009 "September: Marcus Trescothick gave cricketers a batting demonstration to appreciative crowds at Dial Hill in a Twenty20 game as part of **Andrew Caddick's** benefit season. Caddick played a couple of seasons at Clevedon after he arrived from New Zealand to qualify for Somerset and played several games in the past two seasons searching for fitness. But it was Trescothick who stole the limelight, blasting 102 from only 58 balls in Somerset's total of 160." (Shown here as printed in the paper – the writer obviously never saw the inside of a grammar school, or if he/she did, made no progress there!! However, it does add a bit more information to our report of the 2009 dinner and speaker in the Feb. 2010 newsletter - Ed.)

Paul Forrest. Also, in the same newsletter I queried whether anyone knew what had happened to our Avon Coroner, DMS Old Boy Paul Forrest. Only a few days after finishing the newsletter I was told that he was trying to get reinstated for a short period before he retired for good so that he could clear his good name. I am told this request has gone, by appeal, to the highest Government level as the local Labour councillors do not want this to happen (it would not be good for their political standing). I am told that it all has to do with a claim that he somehow, all on his own, approved the cost and building of the new Flax Bourton Coroner's Court building and the councillors were not allowed a vote. That, to me, seems a very tall story to swallow. I am sure we all await the outcome of the appeal with interest and wish Paul all the very best for a successful conclusion. If I hear any more details before our publication deadline I will try to put a note below. –Ed.

I did have another picture (1973 rugby Team) to put here but as its quite big, it, and its accompanying details will have to wait until next time. At least that ensures we have some 'copy' for October's newsletter which will again be sent out **before** the dinner. **Would those who have promised me articles please send them in soon – or at least some of them, but don't assume "he" will do it, let me please have your article. Any others welcomed as well. For Editors' address details, please see below.**

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Material For Newsletter. Please write, phone, text, or e-mail, to Geoff Marchant, 37 Mendip Road, Yatton, North Somerset, BS49 4HR. Tel: 01934 834550 Txt: 07906 569 915 E-mail: Please send to yattonmarchants2010@hotmail.co.uk Photos can be sent to this e-mail address but bear in mind that we still produce a black & white newsletter for a large number of our members who either have no e-mail address, or whose e-mail addresses are out of date on our information listing. Therefore, **please do not send large colour photos, or black & white ones of extremely high resolution, say in excess of 300kB.** Thanks for all contributions to the newsletter – **do please keep them coming.** I especially need career / life history articles and reminiscences of the old school days. Geoff. Marchant, Newsletter Editor.

Late news: Dinner speaker 23rd Oct 2010 is DMS Old Boy Major General Tim Cross!