

Past Pupils' Newsletter

Spring 2012

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Spring is here again

As the days lengthen and our minds begin to emerge from their winter hibernation, we are starting to plan for the 2012 Past Pupils' Open Afternoon. We look forward very much to seeing as many of you as possible at this year's reunion, on **Saturday 19th May**, from 1-4pm at the school as usual. Do come along if you can, and meet up with former schoolmates for a pleasant afternoon together, with refreshments, photo displays and an opportunity to return to your classrooms, school hall and playground to revive old memories and hopefully renew old friendships.

If any of you are able to offer help with setting up displays on the afternoon of Friday 18th May, assisting with setting out furniture on the Saturday morning, or taking a turn at dispensing teas at the Open Afternoon, do please get in touch with Hilary or Kathleen as soon as possible - we would be most grateful.

Thank you once again to those who have contributed news and articles for this issue of the Newsletter. We are pleased to have interesting and very topical recollections this time from two past pupils from Moulsham Junior Boys' School in the late 1930s. Peter Moore tells of his visit to Afghanistan, Pakistan and north India in 1973, a region very much in the news these days, while in this London Olympics year Hugh Piper recalls helping at the 2010 Commonwealth Games in Manchester.

When the new Moulsham Schools opened in 1938, they took some of their pupils from the former Widford Village Schools and St John's Church of England School on Moulsham Street, and in past Newsletters we have printed a number of interesting recollections from pupils who made the move, along with some of their teachers, to Moulsham Boys' and Girls' Junior Schools. Until now, we have known less about other pupils and staff who transferred from Trinity Road School in Springfield, which has remained open, unlike Widford and St John's, which both closed in 1938. So it was very interesting to come across a 1986 History of Trinity Road School, mentioning the time Mr Petchey taught there before becoming the first Headmaster of our own Junior Boys' School. You can read more about this on page 4.

From the 1950s, thank you to new contacts Dina Smith (Fallows) for her recollections of the Junior Girls' School, and Stephen Jeffers with news from California. We would love to hear more from the 1960s, 70s and 80s as well, so do write or email if you were at Moulsham Juniors in any of these decades, or indeed in earlier or later years. News, recollections and photos can be sent by email to kathleen.boot@tiscali.co.uk or by post to Mrs Kathleen Boot, 1A Vicarage Road, Chelmsford, CM2 9PG - we look forward to hearing from you. Please also keep us informed of any changes of address or email address, and tell us if you decide you would in future prefer to read the Newsletter on the school website instead of receiving a paper copy.

No photos in the duplicated Newsletter this time, but we plan to include as many as possible in a full printed issue in the autumn. Meanwhile, this Spring website version contains pictures of Mr Petchey at the Palace, Trinity Road School staff and pupils in 1936, 1942 scholarship boys, and Mr Turner. In consultation with the Headteacher and IT staff, we are also looking into the possibility of posting most or all of our archive pictures in chronological order on the past pupils' page of the website, to make it easier for new internet contacts to see what photos we have from their time at Moulsham Juniors.

With all good wishes from co-editor and former classmate Hilary Balm (Dye) and myself

Kathleen Boot (Nash)
1951-55 Moulsham Junior Girls' School

From Headteacher Mrs Linda Hughes

Since the last time I wrote to you life at Moulsham has continued to be busy as usual, but also hugely enjoyable. With such a large school and so many talented staff, there is always something new and interesting happening!

One of the most exciting is happening as I write and that is the installation of an outdoor gymnasium on our school field. Mrs Moores, our Deputy Headteacher, successfully applied for a £10,000 grant from the Lottery Fund and with another £1000 contribution from FOMS (Friends of Moulsham School) we had enough to install eight pieces of equipment plus a proper surface to position them on. We are committed as a school to promote the benefits of healthy living and as well as the gym we are also installing a fitness trail. The children will be encouraged to complete the activities and acquire certificates as they do so. I will keep you posted about its success and if you are able to come to the reunion in the summer then do have a look and maybe have a go!

I do hope you enjoy reading this issue and look forward to meeting you in the summer.

New: annual autumn lecture and get-together for past pupils

At last year's Open Afternoon, former Headteacher Les Kemp noted that various past pupils had interesting stories to tell about their present life and work, as well as their memories of school. As a result, it occurred to him that, in addition to our early summer reunions, it would be interesting to have a past pupils' evening at the school each autumn, inviting one of our number to speak, with light refreshments first and an opportunity to circulate and chat afterwards. In consultation with Mrs Hughes, Les has arranged for such an event to take place at the school on **Tuesday 2nd October** this year, starting with refreshments at **6.30pm** and finishing at approximately 8.30pm. We are pleased that he has been able to persuade **Steve Bowers**, 1954 past pupil, to give the inaugural talk. We hope as many of you as possible will want to come along and enjoy this extra opportunity to meet up with old schoolmates and hear about Steve's long and interesting career in environmental protection. Steve is currently with the Environment Agency as project manager for a major port development, and comments: "I've worked with some lovely people and I have been privileged to have seen things and been places that many people do not have the opportunity of during their working life."

Financial contributions

Thank you to all those who made donations last year to help fund production of our Newsletter. As you know, we do not have a membership subscription as such, but voluntary contributions are very welcome. We shall have our usual collecting box at the Open Afternoon again for those who would like to donate. If you cannot be with us this year but wish to contribute, you may send a cheque payable to 'Moulsham Junior School' to the Finance Office, Moulsham Junior School, Princes Road, Chelmsford CM2 9DG, making it clear that you are a past pupil. Thank you once again.

Diamond Jubilee year

As this is the Queen's Diamond Jubilee year, we would like to include in the autumn Newsletter any recollections and photographs you may have of earlier royal celebrations including the Coronation, the Silver Jubilee in 1977 and the Golden Jubilee in 2002. So do please put pen to paper or hit the computer keyboard to record your memories of any school or local events, projects or parties.

Mr Petchey at Trinity Road Boys' School

When the newly built Moulsham Schools opened in August 1938, some of the first pupils came from Trinity Road School in Springfield. But it was not just the children who moved schools. With them came three of the new Moulsham Head Teachers. Mr Fred Hutchinson, Head of Trinity Road Boys' was appointed Headmaster of Moulsham Senior Boys' School; Miss M A Brown, Head of Trinity Road Girls' became Headmistress of Moulsham Senior Girls' School; and Mr S W Petchey, a teacher at Trinity Road since 1914, was the new Headmaster at Moulsham Junior Boys' School. It is likely that some of the other teachers also transferred from Trinity Road. Do tell us if you know, or if you yourself were a pupil at Trinity Road before joining the new Moulsham Juniors.



TRINITY RD., BOYS' SCHOOL, CHELMSFORD. JUNE 1936

Many of our readers remember Mr Petchey, who remained in his post at Moulsham Junior Boys' School for a further 18 years, retiring in 1956, leading a very active in the community and still driving his car a short time before his death aged nearly 91. Some of you even knew him at Trinity Road School before 1938. Roy Barnard, 1938, has sent us a panorama photo featuring Mr Petchey, Mr Hutchinson and himself at Trinity Road in 1936, which we will display at the Open Afternoon. The central section of the photo is reproduced above. So we were very interested when Hilary came across a copy of a History of Trinity Road School, written in 1986 to celebrate that school's 75th anniversary. This describes the work and achievements of the school and its staff from 1911-1986. The author, Gilbert Torry, was himself a past pupil of Trinity Road and has written a number of local history books, including Chelmsford through the Ages (1977) and Chelmsford Prison (1980), which some of you may have read.

In this History, Gilbert Torry explains that the Trinity Road Council School, with separate Boys' and Girls' Departments, was opened in 1911 as "a large and handsome elementary school to accommodate 800 pupils", catering for the increased number of children living in the Springfield area after the influx of workers at the Marconi, Hoffman's and Crompton companies in Chelmsford. The first Headmaster appointed for the Boys' Department at Trinity Road was a Mr Coulson, salary £200 p.a. and the Headmistress for the Girls was Miss Hull, paid a lowlier £150 p.a. Mr Hutchinson took over as Head from Mr Coulson in 1922 and Miss M A Brown from Miss Hull in 1933.

Torry notes that in 1911 "It was not essential for teachers to have any training at all, they merely had to be over 18 and vaccinated!" However, opportunities for training were becoming more widely available, and when Mr Stanley Petchey joined the Trinity Road School staff in 1914 he was described in the log book as "a certificated assistant". We know that he had started his teaching career at a school in Rayleigh in 1910. After serving in the Army from March 1916, Mr Petchey rejoined the Trinity Road School staff at the end of the First World War in 1919, one of three returning teachers "of fine calibre and highly respected by the pupils. Their army training and their experience of being in command of men, some not so much older than the senior boys in the top classes, had given them the ability of meeting the boys almost on a level without losing authority, and the results of their teaching and the attitude towards the boys had their rewards in the end of year results. It was inevitable that this kind of relationship between teachers and pupils was bound to 'rub off' on to the later younger staff". The Headmaster at that time, Mr Coulson, is described as a strict disciplinarian, and Torry observes that "many boys must have benefited from the methods of his teaching and training which he inculcated into the members of his staff". Mr Petchey certainly seems to have developed considerable leadership qualities by the time he was appointed as the first Headmaster of the new Moulsham Junior Boys' School in 1938.

We have written of some of Mr Petchey's achievements at Moulsham in the Autumn 2000 Newsletter, including the award of his MBE in 1954 and OBE in 1960 for services to the National Savings scheme, which he promoted enthusiastically. Many of you have recalled how he could hold a class spellbound retelling stories from Dickens from memory, and we reprinted one of his own World War stories from the 1952 school magazine in our Spring 2009 Newsletter. Mr Petchey was obviously a larger than life figure in both school and the wider community, and Gilbert Torry sums up his reputation well in his book: "A fine man, and remembered with great affection by all his pupils and friends."



Mr Petchey with his wife Margaret (right) and sister Mrs D Hart, after receiving his MBE at Buckingham Palace in November 1954

More from Mrs Pat Edmonds, teacher from 1985-96

In the Autumn 2011 Newsletter we included an article about Mrs Pat Edmonds, teacher at Moulsham Junior School from 1985-96 and Deputy Head from 1994, based on a meeting with Hilary Balm (Dye) and former Headteacher Les Kemp last July. In this issue we record some of Mrs Edmonds' memories of celebrations, entertainments, school visits and special projects at Moulsham Juniors.

In 1988 the school celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, and Pat remembers the children having a street party set out in the open corridors around the quadrangles. Children in her class won a history competition organised by the Essex Records Office and produced a painted box which housed each child's volume about the history of the school. All the work children did in different areas of the curriculum was linked to this topic. Links were made between what the current children experienced in school and aspects of the history of the school. Fire drills carried out in modern times were compared with the gas mask drills pupils undertook during the war years. The money received for winning this competition was spent on ordnance survey maps at the insistence of the acting head teacher.

Pat recalled a number of shows put on by the school in the 1980s and 1990s, including Aladdin, Scrooge and the Wizard of Oz and a Music Hall entertainment for which she still has the programme. It was important to cope with the large numbers of children involved and this was tackled by giving each class in a year group responsibility for one act of the play. The whole performance would then be tied together during the last week of rehearsal. This meant there were four children playing each of the main characters. The mention of shows led Pat to recall a music teacher at the school when she was first appointed. This teacher was described as a hearty player of the piano who certainly generated children's enthusiasm.

Pat always had an interest in primary science and attended a science diploma course financed by the school. As a result of attending this course, Pat set up the school wild life area at the end of the playground nearest the turning circle. The project cost approximately £1,000 and assistance was given by Writtle College. The college used their equipment to dig out the pond area and a large stepped pond was created. Pat's class had the area as a year long project and she herself produced a book recording their efforts. As part of her concern for children's first hand experience, Pat borrowed an incubator from the LEA science resources and, having acquired duck eggs from Stock, set about hatching them. A duck house and run were built and Pat and her husband Mike would come to school at the weekends to watch the progress of the eggs. The first duck to hatch was called Fred, and it became a tradition for future hatchings that the first duck to hatch would always be called Fred. Pat still remembers the children's response in the assembly when the newly hatched ducks were shown to the children. Ducks would follow the children round, regarding them as their parents. Pat used to introduce the ducks to the wild life area pond, but on one occasion this was marred by frogs in the pond jumping onto the duck's back and eventually being eaten by the ducks much to the opened mouth amazement of the children present. One year Pat took the ducks home for the Summer holidays and they nearly wrecked her garden. Parents would eventually have the ducks and Pat could always find homes for them. Pat has never eaten duck since this time!

Still on the wildlife theme, Pat recalled a time when her class had pet snails, and children identified their particular snail with a blob of paint on the shell. One day, the children were doing some work on their snails in the corridor by measuring the snail's trail when another class came along the corridor and a child accidentally trod on one of the snails. Horror!

Pat recalled various educational visits, but a particular favourite was the annual Victorian Day held at the Colne Valley Railway. The children, all in costume, had the honour of meeting Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and the pleasure of a ride on a steam train. One year a child wore a particularly frilly bridesmaid's dress although she had been warned about the likelihood of bad weather and the possible consequences of standing too close to the steam engine. This warning was forgotten and she returned home covered in soot. Another visit that provided the climax to a long period of work by the children on the Tudors was the Tudor re-enactment at Kentwell Hall. Children researched their character, rich or poor, and were thus able to take a full part in the experience.

Another competition won by one of Pat's classes was arranged by the Borough Council on the theme of litter. The children made a figure of a girl out of chicken wire, and, following a litter survey, collected litter in order to dress the figure. Crisps packets were sewn together to make a dress, cigarette ends for hair and coke cans on the feet. The children also wrote cautionary tales based on The Wind in the Willows, in which stoats raided the bins but were apprehended, and displays by the school on environmental themes were displayed at the Essex Show.

And finally, Hilary and Les were interested to hear from Pat that the present school badge embroidered on the school sweat shirt is taken from a painting of the school done by a former pupil, Christopher Thoroughgood.

Peter Moore, 1938, recalls a trip to Afghanistan in 1973

Peter Moore, another of the 1938 pupils, wonders if any of our readers ever became a nurse or doctor serving in a Missionary Society overseas. He himself was General Secretary of the Central Asian Mission from 1968-1975, and he has produced for us a detailed account of the once-in-a-lifetime trip he made in May 1973 to visit colleagues in Afghanistan and North India, and a hospital in Pakistan. Here are some of the highlights of his account:

I left Heathrow on an Ariana Afghan Airways flight bound for Kabul, Afghanistan. It was the first time I had ever flown in an aeroplane, and I was amazed there were so many reservoirs and lakes around the London area when we took off. The plane stopped at Frankfurt in the early hours of the morning and what struck me from the plane just before we landed was the autobahns that Hitler had built. The next stop was Istanbul and to my surprise there were no electric lights around the Airport, but flares to direct the plane to land in the middle of the night! I arrived in Kabul about 11am the next day to be met by some of my colleagues who were working in Kabul and the central highlands of Afghanistan. I found Kabul a most interesting city. The River Kabul was in constant use. For example, you would see a bus driver washing his bus and next to him a bazaar salesman who was washing his lettuces! Every Bank had a guard outside with a rifle at the ready, so no-one seemed interested in robbing these premises.

I stayed with the Mission Pharmacist, who rented a house which had mud walls two feet thick to stand up to the earthquake tremors which often occurred. On one occasion when I was there, I could not imagine why the bed nearly turned over, but not knowing what it was I went back to sleep. My host explained next morning that up the road about a quarter of a mile away the Afghans would have run out of their homes on to the street, as they occupied a different kind of house. The local policeman would call at their houses and demand that the light at the entry gate was kept on all night to help him ensure the safety of the area.

I was able to visit the Noor Hospital in Kabul, a beautiful modern Hospital which was a blessing to the people as so many Afghans suffer a lot from eye trouble. The word Noor means "light" in Farsi and as so many had eye operations, many folk saw the light much better! Sorry about the pun! I also visited my colleagues in the Central Highlands of Afghanistan - a very beautiful area with orange tinted hills. We flew to these areas in a Cessna Aeroplane belonging to the Missionary Aviation Fellowship, an organisation which works in many countries of the world, taking medical staff to outlying areas where no airports exist. In this type of plane, due to turbulence, most people are sick - but I never had that problem, for which I was very thankful! This Hospital was in a very countrified area but was a magnificent building. It appears it was built by a German charity named "Bread", which also built bungalows with corrugated roofs for the doctors and nurses - no tiles in that area!

I stayed in the nurses' quarter, where they only had electricity on Tuesday and Saturday evenings via generators. No electricity in that remote area, but plenty of beautiful scenery. In the Cessna aeroplane on the way up from Kabul the head of an American charity informed me that this area is much more beautiful than the Grand Canyon and not so affected by the many visitors. My nursing colleague Rosina was asked to take me to see an old Afghan gentleman who wanted to thank me because Rosina had saved his life. He lived in a country district about a mile from the Hospital in a type of cottage which had a two foot thick mud wall around it to keep away wild animals. The building was quite unique and the ceiling was literally kept up by a tree trunk across acting as a beam. You could see where the branches had been cut off, and as I sat under it on the floor - very little furniture existed - I hoped the tree would remain in place until I left. The old gentleman insisted I had a cup of green tea with him, sitting on the floor together. There was no sugar in the village, so they put boiled sweets in the tea instead!

I returned to Kabul and then left with my Pharmacist and his wife who were taking a holiday in Pakistan. In the Mission's landrover we went via the Kabul gorge to Jalalabad. The Kabul gorge was a wonderful engineering feat, but the Russians must have had a terrible time and lost many soldiers a few years later, when they were in the gorge and the Afghans on the hills above shooting at them! In Jalalabad I saw a farmer throwing up his wheat in the air to get rid of the chaff. It was like a scene from the Old Testament!

As we went on to Pakistan, we saw another interesting situation of an Afghan gentleman with a beautiful Mercedes going to a ditch to put water in his radiator - obviously because of a leak. We hoped he made it to his destination! We arrived in Peshawar and stayed the weekend with a Missionary couple from Maidstone, Kent who were working there. In Peshawar I saw a gunga din (water carrier) with water in his leather bag, but as this was leaking the client was not going to obtain full measure! Also in Peshawar I was in what they call a dry thunderstorm - plenty of lightning and thunder, but only two drops of rain! In the old Empire days in Peshawar there was a Cantonment area where the law was in operation, but outside was lawless. The missionary's home was just inside the Cantonment, but each night they were woken up by rifle firing up the road, where there were family feuds like the ones in Devon in the days of Lorna Doone.

I left Peshawar for Rawalpindi and stayed at an American Missionary's home for about five days. While there I needed some money from an American Express Office so I had to get a taxi. The Taxi man, a Pathan, loved English people so when I suggested to him to get another fare, he insisted on waiting for me. When looking out of this Office I saw him change a tyre. However, the tyre he changed was threadbare and the substitute looked no better! On the Wednesday I went to the Rawalpindi Airport only to find out the aeroplane was not going to Quetta because there were not enough passengers. I had to telegraph my friend I would be on a flight on Friday.

I stayed in Quetta for just over a week and visited the Anglican Church where the Vicar undertook the services in his bare feet! I also went to the Hospital where the Clergyman who had married my wife and I in Ipswich in 1958 was the Chaplain and I know his work was very much appreciated. The Doctor in charge of the Hospital was highly qualified, and could have obtained a very lucrative position in a Hospital in the United Kingdom, but he stayed and cared for his own people in Pakistan.

I stayed with the new Chaplain of Quetta Hospital and recall that when they woke up in the middle of the night they had to fill every type of bucket with water as it flowed well in the night, but only in drips during the day. I experienced something new in Quetta as I had iced coffee for the first time and found it very refreshing in the heat.

My stay short stay in Quetta ended, and I flew to Lahore for a few days before being taken to North India by motor car. One of the days in Lahore was very hot as the temperature reached 109F. The drive from Lahore Pakistan to Manali, Himachal Pradesh North India, took two days. Our first stop was Amritsar where we stayed in a well known guest house for Missionaries. Due to the heat my bedroom windows were open and small lizards run up and down the curtains. When sleeping, you hoped your mouth would not attract any! The Golden Temple in Amritsar was, of course, an amazing sight.

We then left Amritsar for Manali, which looks directly to the Himalayas and must be one of the most beautiful places upon this planet. Our Missionary Society was in charge of the Lady Willingdon Hospital in Manali which served a very large area in Himachal Pradesh. Whilst there, I stayed with the Doctor in charge, who had my highest respect. Before taking charge of this hospital he had worked for nine months in UK and then spent three months in India or Pakistan at eye camps without a salary. I admired his approach to helping the under privileged.

The area of Manali is somewhat like Kent, where you have apple and pear orchards and you can even buy potatoes, onions, carrots and cabbages in the local market. Although there were plenty of vegetables sadly the only meat was goat. The cow is very holy in India and is not meant to be killed. I left Manali to come home from New Delhi. It took two days to drive down in the Mission's landrover. Whilst travelling down to New Delhi we stopped at Simla where monkeys roam around the town. In the old days members of the British Army came to this hill station for cool holidays. In Simla the British Army built a two gauge railway up a mountain side which we visited and it is probably one of the most amazing engineering feats in that sub-continent.

I left New Delhi by plane and had to change at Damascus. There I saw the sunrise and I am sure I saw the Matterhorn on the way home. When leaving the continent, some American hippies on board moaned and said it will be raining for sure in England. However, the weather was fine over the channel, and by the time we got near London it was cloudy, but not raining! I was glad to see my dear wife and my young son waiting to welcome me home after about seven weeks abroad with so many wonderful memories.

[Editor's note: There were two Peter Moore's at Moulsham Junior Boys' School in its first few years. The author of the article above lived in Waterhouse Street and attended Widford School before 1938. He was a choirboy at St Mary's Widford along with his schoolmate Peter Turrall, under the direction of the well-known organist and choirmaster Mr W Gardiner, another of the first teachers at Moulsham Junior Boys'. He thinks that the other Peter Moore, who left Moulsham Juniors to go to KEGS in 1942 (see photo below), was a distant cousin.]

Hugh Piper and classmates in 1942



1942 Scholarship group with Mr Gardiner and Mr Petchey (photo from Hugh Piper)

Back row (left to right): Ray Bush, Paul Turner

Second row from back: Hugh Piper, John Evans, Alfred Samuels, Peter Moore, Alan Warr, Ray Lydamore, Robin Sampson

Third row from back: Roy Knightsbridge, Brian Hutchins, Gerald Smith, Stan Ketley, Michael Mason, Denis Wick, Brian Judd

Front row: Dennis King, John Donovan, Kenneth Higgins, David Trump, Donald Post

Hugh Piper at the Commonwealth Games, Manchester 2002

With the London 2012 Olympics nearly upon us, Hugh Piper, 1939 past pupil, recalls helping with the set up and preparation for the Manchester Commonwealth Games ten years ago in 2002:

Just as the 2012 Olympic space has been sited on a redundant piece of waste land, so it was in Manchester. To the east of the city was the main gasometer, like all others empty and redundant, so here was an ideal spot for regeneration. Houses had been built, and connecting roads had helped to improve the area generally, so by 2000 the space had been created to erect the "Sportcity" for athletics, football, rugby; a National Cycling Centre, a National Squash centre, a Table Tennis centre, and other special structures for the Games. Other events were in the City centre or suburbs; badminton out at Bolton!

This was the background when I volunteered to assist. Quite a number did so, mostly from the Greater Manchester area, and far more than were required, so I was fortunate to be accepted. I received a letter in March 2002 and was allocated the number 713109! Several essentials were obviously necessary: familiarity with the City, including transport to the Sportcity, and accommodation for the two week stay. Training, uniform, passes for entry, passes for meals, and so on. So I took the coach from London to Manchester in the summer of 2001, having booked a decent hotel! I knew the centre of the City fairly well, but the metro was now in full operation, so I got to know this, along with the buses, and car parking. The chief reason for my visit was an interview at which my first application was discussed and I was allocated to the Table Tennis team (this being my sport).

In November I was back again, this time to start training, and to see how the site was progressing - it was still not finished! I also wanted accommodation for the Games period, but to my surprise there was nothing! (I discovered subsequently that everything had been "commandeered" by national teams). Not much happened until March when a letter marked CONGRATULATIONS came - I had been accepted. Then another wait, and accommodation was investigated - near the site impossible, but found a nice B & B at Wilmslow, near the Airport. Other details arrived. Free (City) park and ride was on offer (all right until one day it rained so hard the field was flooded!). And I had been placed in team 1 of the three "Results Systems" teams, detailed to record scores and pass to the Press. Finally the great day came, and on Friday July 19th I motored north to find my B & B, and my way around.

I reported on Saturday and after long waits and queues I was issued with uniform. I will not describe the purple, black and white awful track suit and black beret, which we all refused to wear (I still have them so if you want a shock!) Passes for this, vouchers for that - come back tomorrow. On Sunday training began in earnest.

Table tennis games, of course, consist of a series of points. After each point a button was pressed, which indicated the current score. This was displayed on the score boards around the table area, and also relayed electronically to the results department. The scores which you see on your TV screen start here. This sounds simple, but a surprising length of training time was necessary until the scorer was certain to be accurate - it was more difficult to correct an error, whether by umpire or the operator. On Monday more of the same, by which time we were getting quite proficient, and getting to know the surroundings, fellow operators, and when and where to take breaks.

Tuesday was for me almost the highlight of the whole Games, because we were invited to watch the dress rehearsal for the opening ceremony of the Games (admission for extra tickets was £15!). Representatives from each participating team formed a follow-my-leader around the Stadium (with

"blanks" for visiting dignitaries, including the Queen), accompanied by music and performing artists. On Thursday the "proper" opening ceremony took place but tickets being £80 plus we did not attend! On Friday the events started, and we were kept busy, with the occasional day off, for the next ten days, until the Closing Ceremony, which again I did not attend.

Of course, by the weekend, routine was established - we knew when and where to be. We had excitement on one day - we were visited in person by HRH Prince Edward, the Earl of Wessex, with his Countess. But they did not stop long!

About this time I was removed and sent to the print room. This was interesting - I have said that results were displayed, and also sent to be summarised. In the print room a number of copies were made for officials and records. They were also relayed to the central press office in the City centre, and from there all over the world!

I have tried to show what life at an organising level was like at a big function. Outside the Table Tennis Centre was an area like a small town, with many facilities including stalls to eat and drink and sell goods of all kinds. If you have attended a Sports International match you will get the idea. But these were here for two weeks.

I cannot describe the Games in general because I saw almost nothing of them. I said earlier that some events took place some distance away. But even those - like Athletics, and Rugby - in the main stadium were not for us. We did not have the time or right of entry.

Dina Smith (Fallows), 1951-55: My Time at Moulsham

Born in 1944, I must have started at Moulsham Infants in the September of 1949. We had not long moved to Hillside Grove from Lancashire and it was a big step to start school knowing no one; no playschools nor nurseries to break you in gently in those days. I was an only child so it was all a big shock. I haven't many memories of the Infants, only the hexagonal tables in the reception class, the foul warm milk in summer and the freezing cold bottles in the winter with the 2 inches of ice standing proud above the neck, the silver foil lid perched on the top, spelling tests and learning all the times tables, learning to knit a pair of mittens and making mats from lengths of French knitting made on a wooden cotton reel with 4 nails - the only skills worth knowing were the tables and the spelling!

As an only child my mother was probably a bit too protective. She walked me to school for longer than many other mothers. She was paranoid that I might stray into the flooded gravel pit or be attacked by the prisoners from Chelmsford gaol who were reputed to work in gangs mending the road. Unfortunately like many mothers at that time, she did not work so had plenty of time to worry!

I moved up to the Juniors Girls when I was 7, in 1951. That was quite a step, huge classes and an influx of girls from other schools in the area. One project I do remember was the geography of the countries of the world based on the ingredients of a Christmas pudding and where they all came from. I believe that teacher did that project every year! Other memories concern PE in the Hall, exercises to "Music and Movement", a programme recorded from the radio. How we teased anyone new who was not aware we wore navy knickers for gym, complete with small pocket..... I remember too an American girl who joined the school for a while, her unusual accent and vocabulary but most of all when she came with a heavy cold, her extravagant use of paper tissue hankies, unheard of in the UK where we were still on Izal toilet paper let alone paper hankies.

Like others who have reminisced I can recall playing in the "houses". When invited to join a "house" we had to make a donation. I brought in a brick, used by my neighbours in Hillside Grove to prop open their front gate. Goodness knows how I got it to school or if the Rawlinsons ever wondered where it had disappeared to.

Playground games were popular, He on the Lines, skipping, ball games etc. We all knew the rhymes that went with the games. Music lessons too I recall. The school had a tradition of entering the Music Festival at the Corn Exchange but the only song I can really remember was "Nymphs and Shepherds". I think I was only selected for the choir as I had a school dress, cobalt blue with a white collar! The teacher who drilled us was Miss Skilton.

Classroom numbers were huge. In the 11 plus year I was in a class of 48 and I think there was a parallel class of 30+ who were not even entered for the exam. It was important to do well and pass, and to this end we could opt to do homework if our parents agreed. Mine did. My father, a Maths teacher at King Edward VIth. Grammar School, did not really believe in coaching for this exam but he did from time to time read my marked homework to see how I was doing. On one memorable occasion, the teacher had marked as incorrect some English grammar questions which in fact I had got correct. My father was livid and wrote to say I was no longer to be given homework. I was quite pleased as it gave me more free time but my teacher told me in no uncertain terms that without the homework I would never pass the exam.

The 11 plus exams were taken at the High School. Seated in long rows we took English, Maths and IQ tests. To help us with the IQ one, the school arranged for us to practice on the previous year's paper. Amazingly I scored quite highly but I didn't dare let on that my father had brought home some old IQ papers too and I had already had a go at the previous year's paper. It did not alter the teacher's opinion that I would be lucky to pass however. On the day the fateful brown envelopes arrived with the results, we did not have any post. My mother must have been beside herself. Luckily in those days, there was a second post and the dreaded letter arrived. I had passed.

We had to go for an interview at the High School with Headmistress, Miss Cadbury. When asked what my ambition was, I said I would like to be an Art teacher. Not an appropriate answer for an academic school and I went straight into the second stream! I can't say I really enjoyed the High School, it was the school dinners that got me. I was a fussy eater and had always gone home to dinner at Moulsham but I had to stay at the High School. If the table you sat at did not eat all the food up, a very large teacher, Miss Weston (I think she taught Domestic Science), dosed you up with bicarbonate of soda...ugh. There was a "diet" table if your parents wrote in to say you couldn't eat particular foods. One girl, Beryl Liversedge, had a voracious appetite and we were all glad when she was on our dinner table. Otherwise that pocket in our navy blue knickers came in useful for secreting unchewable food.

Hillside Grove at that time petered out into fields at the top which provided us with a real play area. The farmer must have cursed as we made tunnels in the cornfields. It was a road with quite a slope, just right for go-carts and bikes. At the bottom, at the junction with the main road was a small shop. I only remember buying sweets which had just come off rationing but I'm sure they sold other things too. We had our groceries delivered from Harrisons in the town centre. Bread and meat were delivered too and the rag and bone man also called. My mother, a very keen gardener, would wait with a shovel and brush in case his horse left a donation for our roses.

Oaklands Park lay just across the main road, a popular play area and the wonderful museum with its collection of stuffed animals from all over the world. I remember particularly the tigers. I was a Brownie in the 2nd Mildmay Pack and we used the park for outdoors meetings.

Elizabeth Clarke, 1951-55: names from 1953

In our Autumn 2011 Newsletter, we printed two 1953 photographs from Linda Collins (page 9), which she thought showed Moulsham staff and their families at a Coronation celebration. We have since heard from another of the children on those photographs, Elizabeth Clarke, 1951-55, who is able to tell us that the occasion was in fact a street party for families from Gloucester Avenue and Gordon Road before Moulsham Lodge estate was added, held in Moulsham Infants' School hall. Many of the children featured were Moulsham School pupils, and Elizabeth can identify herself and all the others! She recalls that on Saturdays she sometimes used to play with Linda Collins, who lived in the caretaker's house at the school.

The names Elizabeth gives for the children on photo 9 of the Autumn Newsletter are: Susan and Jennifer Hammond, Judith Kitchen, Mervyn and Dilwyn Barnard and a boy whose surname was LeStrange. On photo 10, we have Pat Noakes, Andrena Mace, Anne and Jennifer Double, Valerie Rudland, Sheila Hammond, Marion Ainsworth, Linda Collins, Elizabeth Clarke, Jennifer Young, Vivian Judge, Judith McMann, Linda Gridley, Ann and John McMann, Brenda Barnard, Keith McMann and Derek Hammond. Two of these, Judith McMann and Linda Gridley, also appear on photo 9.

Many thanks to Elizabeth for all the names. We will have larger copies of the photos on show at the Open Afternoon, indicating where each of the children is sitting. We would of course love to hear from any of those featured, with their memories of schooldays in the early 1950s and beyond.

Stephen Jeffers, 1953-58, news from California

We are delighted to have news from another past pupil from our worldwide Moulsham community. Stephen Jeffers emailed us from the United States in December, and says:

I was a pupil at Moulsham from 1953 to 1958 (after which I went on to KEGS). I think Mr Sturgeon was the Headmaster (at least for part of the time) and Mrs Moses was my wonderful and very favourite teacher. I'm currently living in Palm Springs, California, which is a beautiful desert resort city about 100 miles from Los Angeles.

My cousins Rosemary and Jennifer Giddings (as they were then) were also pupils and they just e-mailed me that they went to a reunion there. My memories came flooding back so I was hoping there might be some way you could direct me to some of the old photos that you may still have from those distant days. I still remember so much and so fondly. [Later:] I've just found the online version of the Autumn 2011 Newsletter and I'm pleased to confess that in Alan Twitchett's photo of the recorder group I am the happy smiling face in the front row, 5th from the left. The one with the supercilious smile and the loud spiv tie! Some things never change! Hard to imagine that we boisterous rowdy kids are still here as old codgers now. I made some of my best friends back then in those classrooms: Stephen Palmer, Philip Alexander, John Rowland and Alan Bruce. I think we all went on to KEGS afterwards. I'd love to hear news of any of them.

Names from 1963: Moulsham Junior Boys' School

We have only two copies of school magazines from the 1960s, both from 1963, at which point magazines appeared each term. The Summer 1963 magazine lists at the back all the pupils leaving at the end of the school year. We recognise one or two names, and would be interested to have news from anyone featuring on the list, and delighted to have any memories and pictures from your time at the school.

FAREWELL -

TO ALL LEAVERS.

We send our best wishes to all boys who are leaving, or who have left, the School this year. Leavers are as follows:

From 4A.: E.Andersen, K.Baggs, T.Banks, P.Bayley, M.Branch, G.Carman, T.Chapman, R.Clayton, M.Clements, D.Cook, D.Courtney, P.Dale, P.Duncan, P.Errington, D.Fletcher, P.Folland, J.Gaskell, D.Gout, R.Grant, D.Jermy, K.Lovejoy, N.Mander, S.Mella, D.Miles, P.Nevard, P.Norman, N.Norris, R.Olding, D.Penn, D.Pinder, K.Robinson, M.Robson, J.Shearwood, N.Seisage, N.Smith, P.Spackman, G.Stoker, T.Sturgeon, C.Tyler, M.Walker, D.Wallis, B.Webber, D.White, G.Williams, P.Wilson, W.Wilson and E.Wright;

From 4B.: R.Anderson, N.Banks, R.Bannister, N.Barrett, G.Beavis, C.Brazier, A.Camp, B.Cook, P.Coppin, K.De'Ath, D.Eastgate, C.Emberson, D.Fazzone, A.Foss, K.Foster, G.Gooch, B.Gregory, K.Gurney, S.Higgins, P.Holland, P.Kerly, P.MacGregor, R.Martin, P.Morse, R.Neale, F.Newton, C.Newcombe, K.Northfield, J.Perry, C.Pescod, G.Porter, C.Rawlingson, P.Rees, G.Ryce, C.Scutter, R.Stapler, J.Storry, A.Townsend, D.Watson, D.Wallis, W.J.Wright and W.L.Wright;

From 3A.: C.Newton;

From 3B.: D.Brown, P.Jackson and L.Parish;

From 2A.: S.Barlow, A.Holford and M.Ogborn;

From 2B.: S.Wiseman;

From 1A.: K.Boreham, R.Gregory, A.Plunkett and M.Richardson;

From 1B.: R.Cox, A.Dale, J.Ditch, C.Green, M.Harrison, E.Howlett, G.Kemp and M.Wright.

If anyone has copies of other school magazines from the 1960s, we would very much welcome a photocopy or email copy for the archive, to display at Open Afternoons and use in future Newsletters. Our collection is also without copies of the school magazines from 1958 and 1959, so do please rummage in your attics if you were at the Junior Boys' School during these years. Many thanks.

Mr W C C Turner's generous legacy

In the Autumn 2001 Newsletter, we put together an article on the life of local benefactor Mr William Chandos Cowper Turner, and the role he played in supporting the new Moulsham Junior Schools from 1938 onwards. It is a fascinating story, well worth re-reading.



Recently we heard from Ted Ellis, a past pupil of the former Technical School, which also had Turner Awards. Mr Ellis lived near Mr Turner nearly 80 years ago, from 1932-37, and has been researching his life. From the 1891 Census he discovered that William C Turner, aged 10, was born in High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, and in the 1901 Census, by then aged 20 and an electrician with Crompton Parkinson, was lodging with the Dowsett family at 20 Van Diemens Lane, Chelmsford. By the time Mr Ellis knew him, Mr Turner was living at 50 New Writtle Street. His landlady there was Mrs Kille, who died in 1939, and Mr Ellis thinks it was probably then that Mr Turner moved to 126 Galleywood Road, Gt Baddow, where he lodged with Mrs Marjory Mann.

Like several of our own past pupils, Mr Ellis recalls enjoying walks organised by Mr Turner to Danbury, Little Baddow and Galleywood, and adds: "Quite often he would also take us to the pictures on a Saturday afternoon; he chose what we saw. He was a keen supporter of the Cubs and Scout organizations and was not unknown to assist in helping to purchase uniforms for boys whose parents would find it financially difficult.

"Mr Turner never objected to us going to visit him at home [50 New Writtle Street at that time]. Our knock at the door was always answered by a small elderly woman whose name was Mrs Kille and whose house I believe it was. We used to be shown into the front room and eventually Mr Turner would join us. We would talk, play board games and he would allow us to browse through his books. I remember the books that particularly interested us were about the First World War."

Mr Ellis was a pupil at Trinity Road Boys' School, before the Moulsham schools opened. He therefore also knew Mr Petchey, who taught there before his appointment in 1938 as the first Headmaster of Moulsham Junior Boys' School (see article on page 4). Looking into the Trinity Road School log book, Mr Ellis found that Mr Turner had paid for an outing which he and a group of schoolmates made to visit both Houses of Parliament and to meet Col John Macnamara, Chelmsford MP from 1935 until he was killed in Italy in 1944 during the war.

We recorded in the 2001 newsletter article that Mr Turner died on 23rd July 1962, but Mr Ellis confirms it was in fact one year earlier, 23rd July 1961. The Essex Chronicle printed the announcement of his death in its 28th July issue, and then a report of his will on 29 September 1961. Mr Turner's generosity to the school and the town did not stop with his death. The Essex Chronicle gave a detailed list of his bequests to a considerable number of schools and other local organisations, starting with £500 to the Chelmsford and District Boy Scouts' Association "for Wolf Cub Packs in their area and for the boys of the Scout Troop"; an additional £50 to each of the Springfield, Widford and Writtle Wolf Cub Packs; £100 to the Chelmsford Salvation Army and £50 to the Hatfield Peverel Salvation Army; £150 to the National Children's Homes and Orphanages, and the same amount to Dr Barnardo's Homes.

Next came the bequests to local schools, with Moulsham Junior Boys School top of the list, with £500 left in trust to be spent on "doing for the Moulsham Junior Boys' School in general such services as I have done for it since it opened and for some financial help to the most intelligent and deserving boys

particularly those elected to have the Annual Sportsmanship Award". £150 was left to Moulsham Senior Boys' School on similar trusts; £100 to Moulsham Junior Girls' School, also to continue the services Mr Turner had done for the school and in their case financial rewards to "the most intelligent and deserving girls and particularly those elected to have the Annual Sportswomanship Award"; and £100 to the Senior Girls' School on similar trusts. Kings Road Junior School was to receive £50 to "provide Character Certificates for the pupils for Character Awards which I have endowed at the School".

We know that many of you received Turner Awards while at Moulsham Juniors, either during Mr Turner's lifetime or after his death, and are rightly proud of having your achievements recognised in this way. Sadly, inflation eroded the value of his generous bequests over the years, and most or probably all of the school trusts will by now have lapsed. But Mr Turner's name lives on in the Turner Awards at Moulsham Juniors, for which the recipients are selected by the pupils these days, and on the Honours Boards which he gave for the former Boys' School hall, some of which are still in place, bearing his name.

The Past Pupils' Award 2011: Rachel Broome

Some of you will remember that as part of our gift to the school on its 70th anniversary in 2008, the past pupils provided funds for an annual award to the current pupil deemed to have contributed most positively to the life of the school during that year. The Summer 2011 award went to Rachel Broome, who emailed us last August to thank us. Apologies to Rachel for not including her letter in the Autumn Newsletter, but we were very pleased to hear from her as follows:

'I am writing to say thank you to the past pupils for donating the shield, medal and for giving me a book token for receiving the past pupils award at Moulsham Junior School this Summer (July 2011).

It was extremely kind and I was really pleased to receive the award. I have enjoyed my time at the school. I am looking forward to spending the book token on one of Julia Golding's books. I first read one of her books in the summer library reading scheme and really enjoyed it.

Mum and I were reading the past pupils newsletter from this Spring on-line and I was really interested to read about Diane Berthelot as she lived in the same house that I live in now (152 Moulsham Drive) and our neighbours are also the Knight family (grandson I think).

Thank you for your generosity, I was really proud to receive the award. Rachel Broome'

1979, A visit to Mole Hall Wildlife Park and Thaxted

This evocative account by Russell Iliffe, Class 2.3 is taken from the 1979 Junior School Magazine, 'Mumbo Jumbo Sapien' (wise rubbish!). We hope it may bring back memories for others of you who were there or went on similar outings. Former Headteacher Les Kemp once remarked that the one thing past pupils seemed to remember most clearly from their schooldays was their school trips, so if you too have any recollections of favourite excursions, do please share them with us.

'It was a lovely sunny day when Classes 2.3 and 2.2 went on their outing to Mole Hall and Thaxted Church. On the way we looked out for scarecrows and birdscarers because we had the book 'Worzel Gummidge' read to us. We also counted thatched roofs.

When we got to Mole Hall Wildlife Park we were split up into three groups. I was in Mrs Franklin's group. First we saw the laughing thrushes. Then we saw some horses and ponies which were very silky. When we saw the peacock it opened out its feathers. It was very beautiful. When we saw the chimps a dog kept running up and down and made funny noises with its mouth. Of all the animals in Mole Hall, I liked the flamingos best, standing up on their tall legs, stooping over to get a drink of water from the bucket. They had long curved beaks. Some came from Chile, others from the Caribbean. I couldn't tell which was which. They both looked the same to me. We only got a vague look at the otters before they darted into the house. The shelduck is a very beautiful duck. It stayed for a long time on a rock and then plunged into the river. We saw a chicken sitting on some eggs. The tortoise was trying to slip under the wire but never could.

I would like to have seen the silver pheasant but it wouldn't come out. We left Mole Hall at 1.10pm and arrived at Thaxted Church. It was much bigger than I expected it to be. There were three altars. The lectern had an eagle on the top. The font was quite big. There were plenty of graves in the graveyard. We got back at about 3.25pm at the end of a very enjoyable day.'

Moulsham Drive again

Hazel Richards (Offord), 1951-55, who started the exchange of information on Moulsham Drive, comments: 'I feel we have probably filled Moulsham Drive since my article a few years ago now. I remember a good few of the people mentioned, although not of my year but we lived in Moulsham Drive all my young life. I did a double take at the mention of a green at the top of Oaklands Crescent but of course the house on the corner that the Shinns lived in was not built until after the war. If they are the same family, I remember Paul and Christopher Shinn but not Alan or Brian. The detached house where the Butterfields lived was even newer and the last space to be filled was of course where my family moved to next to the Catons in about '57.

'Perhaps someone should start a similar recollection of Longstomps Avenue? Not to forget all the other roads in the catchment area of the school such as Lady Lane and the roads off that.'

Meanwhile, **Peter Eve**, who left Moulsham Junior Boys' School in 1952, emailed to say 'My sister, Jenny Canham (Eve) drew my attention to your website pages on former pupils of MJS since I was also one of them. I have read with interest the various articles on Moulsham Drive and remember many of the people mentioned, in fact I was very impressed with the memories of Peter Woodhouse and Hazel Offord. I can solve one mystery and that is the brother of Alan (not Allan) Porter who was my cousin. His brother was called Roger and he went on to train as a Teacher. Unfortunately he had very poor sight in one eye and this caused a road accident in which his car left the road and he was killed. This would have been in about 1969. I think Paul Shinn's brother was called Brian. I met Alan Tew's brother Barry whilst visiting the former Pye TV Company in Cambridge in 1992 where he was working as an Engineer. I fear that that company may no longer exist. You will have picked up from my sister's contribution that John Church's youngest brother was called Richard, not Christopher, and I think my sister's memory was not quite correct over the name of the adult who died from the local polio outbreak. She suggested Dennis; I think that was his first name and that the family name was White. No one has mentioned Anthony Newman Smith from number 12. He went on to become a pathologist in Surrey. I think that's all I can add - hope it helps!

We have also been promised a list of Moulsham Drive residents by **Monica Panks (Allen)**, mid-1950s, who is hoping to let us have a copy of an aerial photo of the road to display at the Open Afternoon.

News in brief

Sheila Wrenn (McPherson), 1941-45, writes: Thanks for all the news of Moulsham School. I went to the Infants, Juniors and Seniors, and lived in Wood Street in those days. It is nice to catch up with the news.

'Greetings from Down Under' from **Brian Wilder**, mid 1940s, who emailed at Christmas from Sydney to say: 'Many thanks for the Autumn Newsletter. I enjoyed reading it very much. We came to England briefly this last summer and met up with Peter Woodhouse and Peter Bishop in Woodbridge in Suffolk. It was a delight to see them and their partners and a highlight of our trip. We did visit Chelmsford for one day to visit some distant relatives there and call on the Vicar at the Church where we married all that time ago, but otherwise we spent most of our time in Amsterdam, my wife of 50 years home town. Our son and his family joined us there for two weeks so we had many family parties. All the best for the Festive season, which for us of course is high summer!

Norman Kerridge, 1946-50, was pleased to see that his video of the 2011 Open Afternoon singing of the original school song now features on the past pupils' page of the school website, and reports that the video must have caused some interest as the number of viewings has totalled 98 so far! Teachers Mr Gardiner and Mr Hodgson, who wrote the music and words back in 1942 would no doubt have been amazed to think that their song would be accessible worldwide 70 years later!

And special congratulations to 1938 past pupil **Eric Woods** and his wife Evelyn, who have celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary in the Queen's diamond jubilee year.

Obituaries

Bill Harris, 1938

We were sorry to hear that Bill Harris, one of the original 1938 pupils, died on 19th Aug 2011. We send our condolences to his family. Kathleen unexpectedly met Bill's wife after a service at Farleigh Hospice at the end of January. Mrs Harris said how much Bill had enjoyed reading the Newsletter and meeting some of his former schoolmates at our Open Afternoons.

Walter Whybrow, early 1940s

Walter's brother, Jim Whybrow, writes: 'With sadness, I have to tell you of the death of my brother Walter on 20th September 2011. He was 74 and had been ill for a long time. He was brother to Arthur and Peter. I will always remember growing up together through the war years, and early 1950s, in Baker Street, Chelmsford. I probably didn't think it then but they were good times.' After the war, the houses in Baker Street were demolished, and Jim's family moved to a 'prefab' at Barnes Mill.

Jim is sorry that he will not be able to come to the Open Afternoon this year, but is pleased to be back in touch with former classmate Mel Rawlinson, who now lives in Australia. He also remembers his former Baker Street neighbours and Moulsham schoolchildren, the Jolly family.

Janet Gowers (Rawlinson) 1954-58

We were very sad to hear from Angela Pavelin (Rawlinson) that her sister Janet died on 10th December 2011 after a very short illness. We send our condolences to Angela and to Janet's family: her husband Ralph, her daughters Johanna and Emma, both former Moulsham girls, and her three grandsons.

Vic King

Sincere condolences also to Mrs Pam King, who wrote in December to say: 'I am mailing you to let you know that my husband Vic King sadly passed away in March last year. He lost a short battle with cancer which as you know takes its toll. He really loved getting the Newsletters as he had many happy memories of Moulsham Junior School so for that I thank you.'

Raymond Brame

Another sad piece of news just received is that Raymond Brame, 1948-52, passed away last October. We send our condolences to his wife and family.

Reminder of Peter Turrall's talk at Widford on 23rd March 2012

Peter Turrall, 1938, would like to remind you of the talk he will be giving at St Mary's Widford at 7.30 on Saturday 23rd March, on the history of the village, the church and the village folk, including his own experience of village life in the mid-1930s. It will include slides and photographs, and will last about one hour, with light refreshments and opportunities for discussion afterwards. You are all very welcome to come along.

School website

Copies of this and earlier issues of the newsletter, containing memories and photos from many other former members of Moulsham Junior School, are on the past pupils' page of the school website: www.moulsham-jun.essex.sch.uk. The current issue includes a few photos not included in the duplicated paper copy.

Data protection legislation

Please note that for the purpose of compiling the Past Pupils' mailing list, and for no other purpose whatsoever, your name and address is being held as a computer record. If for any reason you object to this, would you please inform us immediately in writing. Unless we hear from you, your consent is assumed.

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