

Past Pupils' Newsletter

Summer 2007

Vol 9 no 2

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Welcome to our readers old and new

Welcome to the Summer 2007 Past Pupils' Newsletter, and thank you to all who have contributed to this issue. Once again we have a good spread of recollections, from **Hazel Derbyshire (Morella)** and **Dorothy Swinden (Armstrong)**'s wartime memories, through to **James Fish**'s enthusiastic stories of 1979-83, and much else besides. We hope you will enjoy reading it all, and that it may spark off more school memories for you. We always look forward to hearing from you.

The Open Afternoon on 28th April was a very happy and well-supported occasion. More details on page 4, together with names of over 130 past pupils of Moulsham Junior School who signed the attendance list. Thanks to **Patrick Durrant**'s successful PR initiatives with radio and TV stations, as well as local newspapers and posters, we have made many new contacts this year. About two dozen newcomers joined us for the Open Afternoon. Others were unable to attend this time but are keen to come along to future reunions. Patrick tells us that some of the past pupils who responded to his publicity were unsure if they were "too young" to attend - was the reunion just for 'oldies'? Definitely not! We extend a warm welcome to ALL former pupils and staff, from 1938 right up to the present decade.

We were delighted to have former Head and Deputy Head **Les Kemp** and **Glen Denham** with us at the Open Afternoon, and would like to thank them and local past pupils **Tony Brown**, **Derek Weston**, **Pat Rushbrook (Davis)** and **Patrick Durrant and his wife Doreen** for all their assistance both at the reunion and setting up display materials the previous afternoon. We are also very grateful to Headteacher **Mrs Linda Hughes** and members of the school staff for all their support and encouragement, and to the noble team of parents who cheerfully dispensed refreshments. Together with all those of you who came along on the day, they helped make it another memorable and successful reunion.

You will see from Mrs Hughes' message on the next page that she plans to celebrate 2008, Moulsham's 70th anniversary, with a flourish. We are sure that many past pupils and former staff will want to help mark this special year, and will give you as much advance warning as possible of next year's events.

Since we last wrote, we have had a magnificent addition to the school's archive of photos and memorabilia. **Dave Sturgeon**, 1958-62, has sent us a wonderful collection of photographs and albums belonging to his late father, Tom Sturgeon, who was Headmaster of Moulsham Junior Boys' School (and from 1969 the combined Moulsham Junior School) from 1957 to 1982. Very many of these pictures are new to us, and have the tremendous added advantage of each being neatly labelled and dated by Mr Sturgeon. Dave tells us that his father carried out this painstaking labelling with 'one-finger bashing' on his typewriter! Included in the parcel was the album of pictures presented to Mr Sturgeon on his retirement, spanning the 25 years of his headship. We are very grateful indeed to Dave for sorting out and handing over all these important records. We are about to embark on a programme of scanning and recording them, and plan to include a preliminary selection in the Autumn Newsletter.

Now an appeal for help! As you will see on page 3, the number of past pupils receiving the Newsletter continues to increase, which is great. Hilary and Kathleen are grateful for the help given in many aspects of both preparing the termly Newsletters and organising the annual reunions. Now we feel the need to expand our team of helpers if possible. If any of you who live locally feel able to volunteer, we would love to hear from you. We would welcome any help you can offer, and would especially like to find someone willing to keep the Newsletter address list and distribution labels up-to-date as additions and changes are notified. For this you will need a computer with Excel and Word, and just a little time now and again. If you think you might be able to take this on, or want to discuss what is involved, do please get in touch - my address and email are at the bottom of page 3.

All good wishes from Hilary and myself, and happy reading!

Kathleen Boot (Nash) 1951-55

From the Headteacher, Mrs Linda Hughes

It was lovely to see so many of you at the Past Pupil's Reunion in April. I was surprised to see how many decades of time were covered and it was fascinating to see so much memorabilia.

Next year is the School's 70th birthday and I am keen to mark this event. Later this year I will write to you again to share our plans and to ask you for any help in sharing the history of the School with our current pupils.

In the meantime have a lovely summer and enjoy reading this issue.

Introduction to Mr Ceri Jones, the new Deputy Headteacher

"It has always been obvious for me to see the impact the Moulsham Junior School has had on its community from the wonderful trips that constantly seemed to be undertaken. It was not until I took up my role that I could fully appreciate the supportive spirit and togetherness that exists. As a proud Welshman from a close-knit and supportive family and local community it is wonderful to stumble into a position that allows me to be part of something that mirrors my personal background. I look forward to adding to the tradition of Moulsham Junior School and building on the successes that already exist.

I look forward to ensuring that the Past Pupil Reunion continues to be a highlight in the calendar for all those associated with Moulsham Junior School."

Facts and figures

At the latest count, we have some 690 former pupils and staff on our Newsletter distribution list. Of these, the breakdown by decade is roughly:

1938/39: 85	1940s: 206	1950s: 129	1960s: 78
1970s: 56	1980s: 13	1990s: 21	
Start date unknown: 102			

In addition, we know that quite a few parents and/or grandparents of present-day pupils are themselves former 'Moulshamites', and read the Past Pupils' Newsletters taken home by their children or grandchildren. Others see copies passed on by brothers, sisters and friends, and still more of the computer literate are alerted by email to each new issue as it appears on the school website. In total, our best guess is that readership of the Moulsham Junior School Past Pupils' Newsletter is fast approaching 1,000 - a remarkable vote of support from those who enjoyed their time at the school and now share their memories and pictures so enthusiastically.

As many as half of our contacts still live in or around Chelmsford, and we are currently able to distribute approximately 200 copies of the Newsletter by hand. A big thank you to Elizabeth Clarke, Ken Turton and Brian Emmett for delivering copies in the Moulsham Lodge, Chignal and Melbourne areas. Hilary and Kathleen continue to deliver in Great Baddow and Old Moulsham. If anyone is able to take on a short 'round' in Tile Kiln, Galleywood, Springfield or Broomfield, we would love to hear from you.

Meanwhile, do please keep sending your recollections, news and photos to Kathleen Boot at 1A Vicarage Road, Chelmsford, CM2 9PG, or by email to kathleen.boot@tiscali.co.uk We are also glad to be kept informed of changes of address, and additional addresses of any former classmates you know would like to receive the Newsletter.

Open Afternoon, 28th April 2007

Over 130 past pupils were present this year, plus numerous family members and friends. In addition, we know some other past pupils escaped our registration list, and still more came along as parents or grandparents of present day pupils performing in the various entertainments - "Plant a little seed", steel band and line dancing, all of which were much enjoyed by the visitors.

As ever, we are impressed at the distances some people had travelled to be with us: from Pembrokeshire, Monmouthshire, Devon, Gloucestershire, Lincolnshire, Kent and Buckinghamshire, and various counties of East Anglia. It is perhaps also surprising how many past pupils have continued to live in the Chelmsford area since their Junior School days, which makes it possible for a good-sized crowd of enthusiastic 'locals' to come and meet up at the annual reunions.

We were very pleased this year to meet former teacher **Mrs Margaret Heap**, 1977-88, whose daughter Jackie was also a pupil at the school. Mrs Heap has kindly offered to write something for us in due course.

Heather Turner (Fleming), 1938, was one of the very first pupils at the school on the day it opened. She joined Miss Skilton's class, and was one of five children in her family to attend the Moulsham schools. One brother and two of her school friends came along to the Open Afternoon too.

Good to see **Mollie Hermon (Bloomfield)** 1941-45 again this year. Together with many of her classmates, Mollie went 'up' to Moulsham Senior Girls' School after the Juniors, and she kindly brought us 3 photos from that period. One, reprinted on page 9, shows the Senior Girls' School staff in 1948, complete with names. In our next issue we hope to print one of the others, showing the 1959 '21st birthday' reunion at the Senior Girls' School in 1959, on which many of you doubtless feature. Very many thanks, Mollie.

Wendy Mason (Shipman), 1948-52, mentioned that she had an original copy of the 1948 Souvenir Magazine from Moulsham Junior Boys' School, celebrating the first 10 years of the school. Wendy has since sent this to us to display at future reunions. Again, very many thanks. Her sister **June Lodge (Shipman)**, 1946-50 has a recording on 78 rpm vinyl of the Junior Girls at the annual school choir competition in the Corn Exchange, an event which, under the expert guidance of Miss Skilton, Moulsham almost always seemed to win. She would dearly love to have the recording transferred to CD format, and pass a copy on to the school. If anyone living in the Chelmsford area has equipment capable of doing this, and would be willing to help, do please get on touch with Hilary or Kathleen, and we will pass on the offer to June.

Joan Atkins, 1943, is a familiar smiling face at the Open Afternoons, and it was lovely to see her again this year. Joan mentioned in particular how much she had enjoyed **Don Smith's** recollections, 'Two Schools of Thought', in the Spring 2007 Newsletter.

David Turner, 1971-75 made a familiar plea for more news, pictures and contacts from the 1970s. If you know any more past pupils from that era, do encourage them to get in touch and if possible come along to the Open Afternoons.

There are many other individuals we could mention, but we thought you might be interested to have a list this time of all those who signed in at the Open Afternoon, to see if you recognise any names from your year. We have arranged the list on page 5 by decades for simplicity, and, where appropriate and available, have used maiden names to aid identification.

1938/9

Reg Baldwin
 Gordon Bennett
 Brian Campion
 Doug Fawcett
 Heather Fleming
 Mary Jiggins
 Peter Moore
 Joan Porter
 C John Reed
 Malcolm Robinson
 Peter Smith
 Jean Whittle
 John Whittle
 Eric Woods

1940s

Mary Allen
 Joan Atkins
 Doug Barnard
 Geoff Barnard
 Maureen Bidwell
 Gillian Betts
 Peter Betts
 Mollie Bloomfield
 Ted Caton
 Geoff Chivas
 John Cook
 Shirley Cooper
 Evelyn Cox
 Pat Cox
 Roland Dennison
 Patrick Durrant
 Angus Fleming
 Pauline Gandy
 Jill Gozzett

B Gowing

Peter Gridley
 David Hayward
 Ivy Jolly
 Beryl Janes
 Dorothy Jolly
 Kenneth Jolly
 Alan Hammond
 Jane Hammond
 J Mills
 Colin Moore
 Tony Newman-Smith
 Doreen Outten
 Hugh Piper
 Marigold Polley
 Sue Rayner
 Darrel Reed
 Jean Rolfe
 June Shipman
 Wendy Shipman
 John Shipp
 Adrian Smith
 Don Smith
 Michael Smith
 Peter Charley Smith
 Marlene Snowball
 Les Snelgrove
 Joan Thompson
 Jane Thorogood
 Ann Turner
 Ken Turton
 Elizabeth Waring
 Derek Weston
 John Wiffen
 Mike Wilkinson
 David Witham

1950s

Shirley Adcock
 Barbara Blomfield
 Tony Brown
 Janet Bullock
 Elizabeth Clarke
 Dinah Cowell
 June Day
 Hilary Dye
 Jean Everett
 Lilian Freemantle
 David Frost
 Christine Gentry
 Rosemary Gentry
 Duncan Hayes
 Bob Jolly
 Christine Jolly
 Christine Knight
 Janet Leavy
 C Lucking
 Jenny Lucking
 Jackie Lunniss
 David Muir
 Kathleen Nash
 Jean Pascoe
 David Porter
 Lesley Rayner
 Una Rayner
 Bryony Reed
 Carol Rolfe
 Val Rudland
 J Speakman
 Alan Twitchett
 Marion Weston
 Bob Wiffen

1960s

Jackie Algar
 Lisa Cunningham
 Sue Hawkes
 Bill Lumley
 Tina Newman
 Nigel Norris
 Clive Woods

1970s

Paul Burch
 Pauline Burton
 Debbie Furber
 Sarah Gowing
 Charlotte Head
 Melissa Head
 Alison Moss
 Sarah Pavitt
 Sue Pickess
 Sally Styles
 David Turner
 Mrs M Heap

1980s

James Baker
 Caroline
 Thirdborough

1990s

Bryan Baker
 Jessica Jones
 Jane Lloyd

Over the summer, Hilary and Kathleen look forward to meeting several other past pupils, who were unable to make the Open Afternoon, some of them visiting from abroad. Within the past few weeks, Hilary met another of our 1950s classmates. She writes "While on a recent holiday in Yorkshire, I met Margaret (nee Gunnell) 1951-55 and her husband, Terry Birch. We had not seen each other for nearly 40 years and I was pleased to catch up with news of her brother Peter (1950-54)".

Another Morella sister: Hazel, 1938

In our Spring 2006 Newsletter, we were delighted to hear from Morella sisters Elizabeth (now known as Ann), and Una, and their sister-in-law June Atkins, who married their brother Gavin Morella. We can now complete the picture with news from their other sister **Hazel Derbyshire (Morella)**, who joined Moulsham Junior Girls' School when it opened in 1938, and went on to the Senior Girls' School. Hazel writes: "It is a lifetime ago since I was at Moulsham, but I have so many happy memories, although it was the wartime years. We lived in Upper Bridge Road and walked to school in all weathers. Winters were hard then, with snow over the top of our Wellington boots. I also did a paper round *before* school, right up as far as Currie's Farm, Lady Lane and adjoining roads! At the Seniors, I had two lovely cookery teachers, Miss Eden and Mrs Shuring. When I left the Seniors at Easter 1945, I achieved my long childhood dream of working in Bonds department store (not Debenhams as it now is, of course). In 1951 I married and came to live near Harwich." [note: see p. 9 for a picture of Senior Girls' School staff, including Miss Eden]

Hazel goes on to mention the picture included in our Autumn 2004 and Autumn 2006 newsletters, of Headmistress Miss Pettet, Miss Skilton and other Junior Girls' School staff on a 1960 school trip which included crossing from Harwich to Felixstowe by ferry. Mrs **Alison Bonafin** had asked if anyone knew the name of the ferry. Hazel enclosed with her letter some interesting recent press cuttings about the ferry service, and in particular the restoration of MS Brightlingsea, built at Rowhedge in 1925, which spent 70 years ferrying passengers between Essex and Suffolk. We do not have Alison's address on our distribution list, but if she would like to contact Kathleen or Hilary we will gladly pass on the newspaper items on Hazel's behalf.

Dorothy Swinden (Armstrong): Moulsham Juniors 1944-48.

My first Junior school was Oldbury House Private School, at the top of Tabor's Hill in Great Baddow. However, my Mother soon decided that the pass rate for the 11 + exam was not good enough from there and, at 8 years old, I was transferred to Moulsham Junior Girls' School.



Living more than 2 miles from school, I had to travel by school bus. By the time it reached my stop at the top of Pump Hill, Great Baddow, it was already nearly full of mostly rather rowdy Seniors from the Maltings Estate. The only time the noise abated was when June Marshall, who had the sweetest voice, serenaded us with "Come Back to Sorrento." At morning break we had our free, third of a pint bottle of milk through a straw. Milk bottle tops were made from circular discs of cardboard with perforated centres. A couple of these were perfect for winding endless lengths of coloured wool round to make pom-poms. We also did "French knitting" which required an empty, wooden cotton reel with 4 tacks hammered around the hole.

School meals were delivered in metal containers and served to us by Mrs Lambden and Mrs. Buck. Some "delights" I remember were stew, and pilchards with a salad that consisted of 90% beetroot. Pudding was invariably stodgy, suet squares topped with syrup and lumpy custard. Cordon Bleu it was not, but I was always so ravenously hungry that I ate the lot without complaint.

Skiping or ball were the two main playground activities at dinner break. The best ball game was "Sevens", played with 2 balls thrown alternately up against a wall for a count of 7, then letting each ball bounce after hitting the wall for a count of 6. Fives was bouncing the balls alternately on the ground, followed by 4 against the wall under the right leg, 3 under the left leg, 2 in front of you and 1 behind you. In the second round you had to repeat the whole thing, but not move your feet. In the third round you had to move all the time. In the fourth, just use your right hand, and just your left hand in the

fifth. It went on ad infinitum, and the winner was the person who got the furthest without dropping either ball. Skipping was most fun when we had a long rope with a "turner" at each end and all of us jumping in and out at various different times. There was always a rhyme recited. For example "All in by January, February, March" etc: followed by "All out by January, February, March" depending on the month of your birthday.

Miss Rankin was an impressive if, to me, a rather masculine figure in her checked suits and hair pulled back in a bun. I was sorry to have missed being in Miss Wright's class, as she always seemed like a kind motherly figure to the new girls. Instead, I started in class 2, and my abiding memory of Miss Skilton is of her ruler coming down on my left hand which held my pen during writing. I was made to change to my right hand which I had never written with before, and not do "loops" which I had always done before! Miss Barton, in class 3 was as different again. I remember her old fashioned clothes, and her gentle, blue eyes and cherubic smile. I think Miss Firman, who was quite thin, must have felt the cold because she often wore her "fur" coat in classroom 4. Everyone loved being in her class though, because she took us all out for a day trip. I have forgotten where we went, however.

It was in 1946 that it was decided to change the school year, which had always run from January to December. In future it would run from September to August instead. Girls with birthdays between September and December had to stay in the same class for another year. Hence I had 2 years in class 4. Eventually I made it to class 5, and found Miss Sawday to be rather strict and waspish. However, she played her part in my passing the 11 +, thus justifying my Mother's faith in Moulsham Juniors!

Although I spent the next 5 years at Chelmsford High School, I returned to Moulsham regularly during the next few years to attend the monthly Friday "Socials." This is where I started my lifetime's love affair with dancing, still with me to this day. Apart from music and dance, there were also games, the favourite of most being Musical Arches. The boys lined up in pairs and joined hands to form arches. When the music started the girls filed through the arches until the music stopped. Then the arms came down and the lights went out for 10 seconds. For an entry fee of one shilling (5p), was there ever better value?!

Questions from present day Moulsham pupils

If you happen to be thinking of putting together recollections of your own schooldays for the Newsletter, you may find inspiration from this list of questions from year 3 (first year) pupils, which was displayed at the Past Pupils' Afternoon a couple of years ago:

- What was your favourite subject in school in the olden days?
- Did you have games on a Friday afternoon?
- What were your teachers' names?
- What was the uniform like?
- Were the classrooms and toilets the same?
- Did you have tables the same as ours?
- What punishments did you have?
- What were the school dinners like?
- What did you do in the playground?
- Was there an ICT suite in the school?
- If you could choose one thing you like about your old school better than here, what would it be?
- What do you like better now at our school?
- What did you feel like when you left the school?



1. left: 1955 Std IVA (photo from Bill Brown)
2. above: 1955 Farleigh children (from Bill Brown)



3. (left) 1956 Std IVA with Mr Petchey and Mr Hodgson (photo from David Muir)

4. (below left): 1950s, Betty Watts outside Currie's Farm barn

5 and 6 (below): Currie's farm house, Moulsham Lodge, and the former apple store area today





7. (above left): 1948 Senior Girls' School staff

8. (above): 2007 Open Afternoon: Marlene Snowball and Maureen Bidwell, both 1941-45 pupils

9. (left): 1953 John Southgate and his class

10. (below) 1954-5, Senior Boys' School prefects (photo from John Daldry)



Photographs

Photographs 1 and 2 on page 8 are from Bill Brown, whose recollections appeared in the Spring 2007 Newsletter. We were delighted to meet him at the Open Afternoon. The first picture, taken by Mr W C C Turner, shows Standard IVA in the summer of 1955. Bill cannot remember many of the names, but he is sitting on the grass at the far left. The second picture was taken in the autumn of 1955 at the Farleigh Council Home. All the children would have attended the various Moulsham Schools from 1954 onwards. In the back row are Tony Allen, Mrs Conlin (House Mother), and at the far end, Freddie Allen and Terry Finn. In the front row, Bill's sister Jean is sitting with a small girl on her lap. The other names are unknown. By the time this second picture was taken, Bill had left Moulsham Juniors to become a boarder at Colchester Royal Grammar School.

Picture 3, showing Standard IVA with Headmaster Mr Petchey and form teacher Mr Hodgson, is from David Muir, 1952-26, whose recollections appear on page 13. David is sitting on the right in the second double desk at the front, with David Saunders to the left and Gary Robinson to the right as you look at the picture. Behind them in the same column of desks are Robert Arnold (left) and Donald Bedford (right). Behind them again are John Webb (left) and R. Bishop (or Collins?). The names of all members of IVA are set out on page 13.

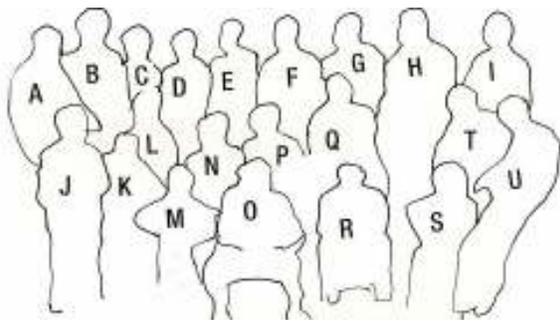
Picture 4 was taken at Currie's farm (see Hilary Balm's article on page 14) in the early 1950s. Betty Watts, seen on the left, was a Moulsham Junior pupil from 1943-47. The picture is taken just in front of the farmhouse, Moulsham Lodge, and the barn seen in the background has recently been restored and appears now to be used as housing. Pictures 5 and 6 are recent photos of the former apple store area at the farm, and the old farmhouse itself, Moulsham Lodge, now used by the National Farmer's Union.

The first picture on page 9 is one of three brought to the Open Afternoon by Mollie Hermon (Bloomfield), who started at the Junior Girls' School in 1941. It shows the Senior Girls' School staff in 1948. Back row, left to right: Miss Howard, Miss Eden, Miss Stokes, Miss Selby and Miss Simmonds. Front row: Miss Gay, Miss Harvey and Miss Alden. We plan to include the two other photos from Mollie in the Autumn Newsletter.

Picture 8 was taken by Ted Caton, 1941-45, at this year's Open Afternoon. It shows Marlene Beckett (Snowball) and Maureen Rignall (Bidwell), both at Moulsham Junior Girls' School from 1941-45. Marlene was Maureen's bridesmaid as well as a good friend at school. Ted writes: "There's a story attached to the photo of Maureen and Marlene. I sat with them to drink my tea, having no idea who they were, and discovered that they had been passengers on a County Hall Clerk's Dept Social Club coach trip to Paris, which I ran at Easter 1959! They reminded me that Marlene and a friend of hers were left behind in Fontainebleau, as the coach driver was in a hurry to get back to Paris before the rush hour, and had to make their own way back by train. I had completely forgotten this. Luckily they blamed the driver and not me!"

Thank you to John Southgate for Picture 9, of Standard IVA in 1953. John is fourth from the left, in the front row. Middle row, left, is Jack Royal, and next to him Keith Hemsley. In the back row, second left, is Robin Hemmings. If you can identify others in the group, do please let us know.

Picture 10 is a photo from John Daldry of the 1954-5 Senior Boys' Prefects. John was at Moulsham Junior Boys' School from 1947-51, and has kindly provided the following diagram and list of those names he can identify.



A		L	J. Palmer
B	Mr. J. Jenkins - Headmaster	M	
C		N	Graham Pearson
D	John Mills	O	John Daldry
E	Dennis Wiseman	P	R.W. Mills
F	Derek Calver	Q	
G	Mick Reid	R	Dave Allen
H		S	Michael Hobbs
I	Deputy Head - Mr. J.F. Smith	T	Dan Biglin
J	Tony Pennack	U	Robert Newton
K	Robert Carter		

Music at Moulsham, by Adrian Smith, 1948-52

I read the obituary of Ray Bradshaw with interest, as I remember him well. He had a fine singing voice, and Mr Gardiner trained him to sing "Bless This House" at the Christmas concert - this must have been in 1950, as Ray went on to grammar school in the next year. Mr Gardiner must have trained a good many boys in his time. He got us all to sing "O for the Wings of a Dove" and told us about the famous recording made by Ernest Lough of the Temple Church Choir in 1926, which sold over a million copies and became the first 'Golden Disc' in recording history. I so admired the singing from Kings College Chapel on Christmas Eve, that this annual service (now broadcast all over the world) sowed the seed of ambition, and ten years later I did actually win a place at Kings, though not to sing.

For morning prayers we used hymnbooks with dark blue covers, that printed the tunes above the words. I had many favourite hymns. My least favourite was "My God How Wonderful Thou Art" because during a hymn practice (taken by Mr Hodgson on Thursday mornings, straight after prayers) I once fainted on a sultry summer morning. Even now, if I hear those words about 'depths of burning light', the room starts going round and round.

Mr Petchey was a lay preacher in the Congregational Church, and events such as Harvest Festival were well conducted and quite moving. Words about the good grain being gathered into the barn, while the tares were burned in everlasting fire, left me with sympathy for the poor tares. (That, too, has had repercussions in adult life -- as a Quaker I try to look for something of God in everyone I meet, and not write anyone off as a lost cause.)

We did no part singing, but classes were divided into groups to sing different characters in such jolly songs as "The Keeper did a-Hunting Go". In a foretaste of adolescent melancholy, I remember being moved beyond words by the sounds across the quadrangle one warm day of another class singing a round by Hilton,

"Come follow, follow, follow, fo1low, fo1low, follow me.

Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, follow, follow thee?

To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree."

Mr Gardiner was irascible, and during the singing of "Work And Be Happy" he pounded the piano so fiercely, I was afraid the stage would collapse under the strain, or worse, Mr G himself would suffer a heart attack and die before our eyes. (In fact, he lived into his nineties.) I loved singing, and still do. I am grateful for the encouragement Moulsham gave me.

[More from Adrian in Hilary's article on Currie's Farm, page 14]

From sports addict to cruising: Norman Kerridge, 1951-55

I was at Moulsham from 1951 to 1955 (the same year as Pat Durrant) and left after passing the exam for KEGS. It's still nice to see my name on the famous boards.

Like Pat I was a sports addict, playing everything I could, provided the ball was round and after leaving school was an apprentice with Crompton Parkinson which enabled me to play cricket, tennis and hockey on their superb facilities. Initial holidays were at Butlins, after which I took up skiing which was absolutely fantastic.

However, in 1972 I managed to be diagnosed with Rheumatoid Arthritis which put an end to my sporting activities although I did manage to umpire hockey at a fairly high level until a couple of years ago since when I have kept in the game by coaching umpires. I carried on skiing for a couple of years but then had to stop.

Then in 1982 my father had a small inheritance and booked us both onto the Canberra. He was so looking forward to it but ten days before we were due to sail she was sent to the Falklands as were the QE 2 and Uganda. But P and O offered us a discounted fare on their first class ship Sea Princess (later renamed the Victoria) which he accepted, and thoroughly enjoyed the cruise. Unfortunately he died a month after we got back.

Two years later I got a really special offer on the same ship to fly to Dubrovnic and cruise the Eastern Med. Rosemary, my then girl friend, had the delight of sailing into Istanbul on the afternoon of her birthday. In 1986 we got married and flew to the Caribbean to board her once again on our honeymoon - in an inside two berth cabin which was all we could afford in those days.

Another two years went by and we flew to Singapore for the leg to Hong Kong and whilst there saw the QE 2 sail in. I said "one of these days I'll take you on that". The next year we found a package holiday to Disney which included sailing back to the UK on the QE 2, so I kept to my word.

By the early nineties prices were starting to fall and we cruised every year on various ships and covered the Amazon, Africa, The North Cape and Fjords and The Baltics to name just a few. By 2000, prices had really started to fall and we covered the Caribbean to New Orleans on Oriana and as prices fell even further in 2006 we did the 80 day World Cruise on the Aurora and loved every minute of it. The cost? An unbelievable £93.00 per day.

So why am I hooked on cruising.:

- There is always so much or so little to do. Lectures, demonstrations, dance classes and West End standard entertainment or just sit in a deckchair on prom deck
- High quality meals all included throughout the day and night !
- See the World (OK a day at a time) and return to the haven of your little Britain (or USA if on an American ship) every evening and wake up the next morning somewhere different.
- Choose your ship to dress up nearly every night or one which is totally casual.
- By the time you read this we will have experienced the huge Navigator of the Seas (140,000 tonnes) and will be looking forward to Oriana's Grand 101 day voyage next year.

David Muir, 1952-56: in praise of Mrs French

I started at Moulsham Infants in Spring 1950 with Miss Godfrey. She was a lovely person. I remember that my mother liked her, and mum was critical of people that failed to come up to her expectations. I feel that I must have had another teacher in the second year but this is clouded in the mists of time.

In Spring 1952, I moved up to the Junior Boys' School, and started in Mrs French's class. She was without doubt the best teacher I had in my school years. Mrs French was certainly not soft. After the first couple of days, once we had settled in, five or six of us were talking after she had told the class to be quiet. I thought it strange when Mrs French went through these boys' names calling them (me included) to the front of the class. She then proceeded to smack each of us on our bare thigh. This was a short sharp shock that none of us forgot.

I have hardly seen Mrs French's name mentioned in the newsletters. I believe that she was widowed when fairly young. I remember that she was very proud of her wedding ring, apparently her husband had "panned" the gold personally. I also recall that she had a son named John. She lived in Sandon, cycling to Moulsham each day. Mrs French also had a wild flower club. Each boy in her class was given a duplicated sheet listing all the different types of wild flowers, and it was then recorded who found the first flowering example of each.

We used to stand in the playground and watch the Marconi mast at Great Baddow being built.

I spent the last year in Mr Hodgson's class. Then I was off to the Senior School. After I left school I had quite a few jobs. When I was old enough I learned to drive and always loved driving. I eventually became a Department of Transport driving examiner, completing almost 31 years, some in London, but most at Chelmsford driving test centre as the senior driving examiner. Of course that job involved a lot of report writing, especially when the driving was not too good! I was starting to suffer from Mum and Dad's inherited arthritis, so, being in the civil service I was able to take my pension and retired. I have now been retired for just over two years and thoroughly enjoying it.

The photo on page 8 shows Standard IV in 1956 with Headmaster Mr Stan Petchey and Form Master Mr Hodgson. Some faces are identified in the note on page 10. The complete list of Standard IV is as follows:

Standard IV -- R Arnold, J Beardsworth, T Beavis, R Bishop, D Bradford, G Brown, D Buckingham, M Chittenden, N Clarke, C Cook, R Cooper, D Cranston, R Dowsett, B Edwards, K Endersbee, A Forster, P Gash, F Gillam, A Green, T Hadley, N Jones, R Laborde, S Marriott, S McLoughlin, P Michaels, R Middleton, A Morella, D Muir, A Petts, R Porter, B Prior, M Ripton, B Robinson, G Robinson, M Rolfe, R Royce, M Ryan, C Saunders, D Saunders, G Saville, M Smee, A Smith, E Speakman, D Taylor, R Tite, N Wade, M Watson, A Webb, J Webb, R White, R Wiffen, J Woodward, R Yerbury.

Memories of Moulsham Lodge Farm by Hilary Balm, 1951-55

My family lived on the south side of Wallace Crescent, and the view from the rear garden was very rural. As children, my friends and I played in the cornfield at the rear of the bungalow and we could see rabbits on the skyline. All this changed when Fraser Close and Moulsham Lodge Estate were built in the 1950s.

My father worked in the office at the farm and his job was mainly buying and selling seed potatoes and organising the transport. Approaching the farm from Moulsham Chase, on the left was the bungalow, which was the office for R H Currie Ltd until the early 1950s. On the right was the milking parlour. I vaguely remember walking to the farm with my sister, Glenys, to collect milk in a white enamel milk can. Further to the right and set back were the cow sheds and yard. The last barn on the right, next to the house, was the sack store (which is still there), where Frank Dean's job was to mend hessian sacks. To the left there was (and still is) a long barn, but I cannot recall its use. Today it is private residential accommodation.

The apple store was built down in a large hollow behind this barn and the access was between it and the bungalow. It was a cold place to work in, and seasonally many local ladies (including my Mum) would be employed to grade apples on a conveyor belt and pack them into boxes. This area was filled in and is now a children's playground surrounded by housing (see photo on page 8). Occasionally, as a child, I would spend a little time with Mrs Dean and Mrs Mellows at the telephone exchange in the office, but only when the managers were out! Another thing that stands out in my mind from those years is the Robbery! Dad went to work one Monday to find the strong room broken into. I think a fork lift truck (or similar) had been used.

Our usual route to Moulsham Junior Girls' School was via Moulsham Chase to its junction with Van Dieman's Lane, and then straight along Princes Road. We had great fun trying to race the Cranfields flour lorries up the slight incline! In the summer we were allowed across the "horse meadow" as a short cut in fine weather. To celebrate the Queen's Coronation in 1953, a party was held for us children there. Can anyone else remember it?

Moulsham Lodge itself has changed little from the outside, but much of the garden has been lost to housing development. The building is now used by the National Farmers' Union (NFU) - picture also on page 8.

Thank you to other past pupils who have passed on their recollections of Currie's farm. Betty Sharpe (Watts) was at Moulsham Juniors from 1943-47, and on leaving Moulsham Senior School she began work in the bungalow. When Mrs Currie senior died, the ground floor of Moulsham Lodge became the offices of R H Currie Ltd. Another photo on page 8 shows Betty and a friend in the front garden of Moulsham Lodge during the time she worked there, with the long barn and a lorry in the background.

Doug Fawcett, 1938, has drawn a superb plan of the farm but it is too large for reproduction in this newsletter. It will be on display at future Open Afternoons. He comments that during the war, a Scottish Regiment was based at Moulsham Lodge, prior to fighting. Also that Italian prisoners of war worked on the farm. In their spare time, these men made ships in bottles, and Doug still has one of these. Doug also says that the Currie family was very big in the town in the 1930s and 1940s and, apart from having approximately 10 farms in Essex, they had their own dairy, which was situated behind where Woolworths is now, and right next to the ford that led to the name of Chelmsford. Milk was delivered all over the area. Part of the Currie empire was Denoon's Motors which was the main Ford dealer in the area. They also had several shops and a building company, the secretary of which was Mr W W Farthing, a mayor of Chelmsford and a manager (governor) of the Moulsham Junior Schools.

Pat Durrant, 1947-51, recalls a day when Mr Currie's cows escaped from the field and into his father's garden in Moulsham Drive! He also remembers scrumping the apples from the orchard! This must have been a common event, as Jill Hazell (Gozzett) and Evelyn Baker (Cox), both 1945-49, spoke of the same thing, but Mr Currie chased them! They also mentioned playing down the pit near the apple store and tobogganing down the slope in winter.

Adrian Smith, 1948-52, writes: "My late father, George Smith, worked for Currie's in the office at Moulsham Lodge from 1945 till his retirement in 1968. Latterly he was a company director, the only one, I think, who was not a member of the Currie family. Among his colleagues was Ken Dye, Hilary's father. Once or twice as a child I visited my father's office. I had sympathy for the adding machine when I found that, like me, it could not do division sums! My father sent for me specially one day when a traction engine arrived to thresh corn at harvest time. This was an outdated sight in the 1940s, and he wanted me to see it. I remember the revolving belt, the noise and smell of hot oil, the air full of dust and straw, and the feeling that I was getting in people's way. Like seeing a Bessemer converter in action, driving a steam train and going out under the sea in a Cornish mine, that is one of the moments in my life I would not have missed for anything."

And finally (for this issue at least, but any additional memories of Currie's Farm welcome), we have heard from **Derek Mussell**, 1938, who writes: "I remember the times when they harvested peas or potatoes - we used to go into the field which was just past the school gates toward Lady Lane, and pick up the left behind vegetables. We would also go scrumping at Taylors orchard at the top of Longstomps Avenue, in what we called the Star Fields. I also remember Friars Infants School, and the Headmistress Miss Amey. We all had drawstring bags with 10 or 12 little sea shells inside with which to count or subtract. To think I used to walk from Longstomps Avenue to Friars each day and come home for lunch, with my pal Dennis King who lived in Moulsham Drive !!. In the school photo my hair is brown, but now is white and less of it. Now at 76 I suppose there are not so many old ones left."

Memories of Moulsham Junior School by James Fish (1979-1983)

When someone I know gave me a copy of the Spring 2007 newsletter, I read it from cover to cover and was fascinated by the wealth of information contained in it. As an ex pupil, many happy memories of those times flooded back.

I started Moulsham Junior School in September of 1979. My first memories of the School were from a few months before, when, during the summer, those of us (from the much smaller Oaklands Infants School in Vicarage Road) who were going to go to Moulsham Juniors were taken up there to be shown around. I was at once taken by the size of the place compared with the Infants (something that I later re-lived when I started at Moulsham Seniors four years later). Groups of us were assigned to a prefect and shown around the School at a break-neck pace! Our prefect was very regimental in nature, with words like Halt!, About Turn and Quick March! We were shown where all the essentials were, like the canteens, classrooms, halls and toilets. We were finally led into the hall where Mr Sturgeon, the headmaster, gave us a long speech about how proud he was of the School. He finished up by saying that the school hadn't had to use the cane in 12 years and that he never wanted to have to again. I think all of us were in agreement there!

When I started, my first teacher was a man called Mr Farmer. He was a very strict man who wasn't averse to giving any kid who didn't tow the line a clip round the ear. I remember that the houses at the time were Balmoral, Buckingham, Sandringham and Windsor, where I was assigned. I can't remember the selection process, I think names were drawn from a hat, but I do remember that we had to go to regular house meetings which took place in the canteens. My memories of these were of them being like fierce

political rallies. The first time I had to go to one, I walked into Sandringham's meeting by accident and was kicked out, accused of being a spy!

I remember that around Christmas, the teachers put on a comedy play on stage for us, which was very funny. I came back in the new year after Christmas to find that Mr Farmer had left and been replaced by a woman teacher called Mrs Bragg, who was my form teacher for the rest of that year. She was a very kind woman who was an awesome guitar player and if we'd been good, at the end of the day, she would play us a tune.

I remember something called the Harvest Festival which the school held once yearly. I cannot remember too much about it but I remember that we were joined by disabled children from another school and had a big ceremony in the hall.

During my second year I was put in a form with a teacher called Mrs Gough. I think the first thing she went to great lengths to tell us was not to listen to anything former members of her form had to say about her and to make up our own minds, which I'm glad I did because I have extremely fond memories of her. I remember her once teaching us Victorian style for the whole day to show us how children learned back then. She was a wonderful teacher and really increased my appetite for learning. I became so good at maths under her that one day I made no mistakes. She was so impressed that she gave me a huge slap on the back and sent me to Mr Sturgeon to show him what I'd done. I found the thought of this a bit daunting, because I was scared that he'd think I'd been sent to him for misbehaving. But I went and rang the bell of his office (he had installed this box on the outside of his door with a buzzer and three *traffic* lights, Green for Enter, Amber for Wait and Red for Go Away!), went in and showed him my work. He was very kind to me and said Well done and Keep it Up! I think that it must have been his very last year there, since I'm sure he left to be replaced by Mrs King sometime during my third year. I remember him being a very firm man (it wasn't wise to cross him - I once remember him shouting my name out in front of the whole hall for fidgeting in Assembly, sitting on that hard floor could be very uncomfortable!) but very fair and had a lot of love for the School and all who went there. It was kind of sad when he left.

My third year teacher was Mrs Franklin, whose husband was a doctor at the then newly opened Broomfield hospital. Again, she was a very kind woman and really encouraged us in many ways. (If you didn't pay attention, though, you risked getting the board rubber thrown at you!). I have two very fond memories from this year. The first was the Christmas Nativity play, where I landed the part of a chief Roman Guard. It took weeks of rigorous rehearsal to learn my lines and by the time it finally got to the play, I had to pull out a scroll, unravel it and read my lines from it, which they'd kindly removed from the scroll so it was blank! By then, though, I knew them so well, I was saying them in my sleep! I remember the wonderful amounts of organisation that went into making those plays, the lighting, the percussion and the costumes, the rehearsals and the results were just pure magic.

My other big memory was our visit to a place called Kentwell Hall. I'd love to go there again one day but I can't for the life of me remember the whereabouts of it. It was a huge place with buildings and surrounding grounds all set in Tudor times and where all the staff were in period costume and really living the part. We spent weeks beforehand learning Tudor English, so we'd be able to understand them and learn a bit about the period. Dressing up for the occasion was encouraged, though not compulsory. When our coach got there, we all had to pass through this sheet tunnel, dubbed the 'Time Tunnel'. We emerged into an amazing place. There was a moat going round a part of it with beautiful clear water that was absolutely teeming with fish (Fishing there was forbidden). There were peasants toiling in the fields with oxen driven tractors. There was an old style classroom where the school master told each of us where our surnames had originated from. There was a child in stocks who had misbehaved outside the classroom and lots of rotting fruit had been thrown at him! Another had been made to go round the grounds putting stones into a bag for a punishment. I can also remember an old smoking house where meat hung up in large strips to be smoked, a blacksmiths and a soldier in chain mail showing us different types of armour and teaching us basic sword fighting techniques. He terrified us all by telling us not to

touch a blackened wall as a witch had been killed there. Anyone who touched it would be possessed! We were all lead into a really elegant hall where they all got together with us and held hands to form a large circle and did a Tudor-style dance. Peacocks were running round all over the ground, I think it was the first time I'd properly seen one. They really lived up to the myth. If they saw a plane go over, they would run for cover, branding it the devils work. People bringing cameras, calculators or wearing digital watches prompted similar reactions!

Prior to our visit, scary rumours about the place were rampant. We'd hear stuff from other kids like, 'My older brother went there with his class and one of them misbehaved and got thrown in the moat!' or 'My sister was there and one of her class who mucked about got put in the stocks and had rotten fruit thrown at them!' It scared me enough to tow the line, I don't mind saying! This was definitely the highlight of my third year at Moulsham Juniors.

During my Fourth and final year there, I was placed in Mr Firth's class, who was another very good teacher with a love of sport. He hated sarcasm and made a point of telling us never to use it. I remember once several of us having to bite our lips when, on pumping a football up, some black inky stuff came out of the end of the pump and covered one of his hands. In frustration he smacked the wall, leaving a black handprint on it! It was largely during this year that, alongside many of my friends, we joined a Christian club run by a Mr. Davis (a guy with dark hair and glasses), called the Quest Club, where we all got a copy of The Good News Bible and a weekly supplement that accompanied it. We got up to all sorts of really enjoyable activities through that, we went out on weekend trips, learned how to play unusual sports like Croccer (a mix of cricket and soccer) and had competitions to win prizes from time to time.

I have many other memories of the Juniors but I can't place when they happened. One of my fondest memories was one year when it snowed heavily. Two large groups of us rolled snowballs across the field, starting small but ending up bigger than us! We left them there overnight and came back the next day to find that they had frozen solid, so, instead of the huge snowball fight we had planned to have, one kid seized the initiative to chop them up and make two igloos. Once that got started, within minutes, it quickly became the most popular activity in the playground with even some of the teachers coming out to join in. It became a race to see which one would be finished first. Sadly the bell went, but we'd managed to get them both a good half way to becoming proper igloos. We had no choice but to leave them until the next day but we came in the following morning to find that they'd been demolished by a few obnoxious Seniors walking home across the field that evening. To say many of us were fuming, including some of the teachers, was an understatement!

Another major event was the yearly bazaar, held in the summer. We all had stalls running the length of the playground. We had a great time doing that, as we did with the yearly sports day events and a chance to win valuable points for our houses. I can recall a trip to Blakes Wood and think I may have a photo of that somewhere. Another memory which springs to mind is a storybook competition which took place across the whole school. Those who took part had to not only pen a large story but to design a cover and make it into a book. The winning book and 5 runners-up were put on display in a glass case. I think the winner was called Lucky 7's and written by a girl whose name I'm sure was Alison Hewitt. I'd love to know what happened to them, the finished products were really quite something.

Teachers and Staff I can remember during my time there (in no particular order) were: Mr Sturgeon (Headmaster), Mr Farmer, Mr Davidson, Mrs Bragg, Mr McGinly, Mrs Brookes, Mrs Kirkpatrick, Mrs Gough, Mrs. Boyd-Wallis, the caretaker, who happened to be my friend's granddad and I believe is still alive and well at a ripe old age of 94, Mrs Heap, whose daughter Jackie was in my class, Mrs Franklin, Mr Day, Mrs King (Headmistress) Mr. Davis and Mr Firth. I hope they've gone on to have happy times.

I am really enjoying catching up with past issues of the Newsletter. I recognise a child in the front row, 2nd left, on the 1983 photo on page 11 the Autumn 2004 issue, (James ?), as James Everett. My

mum and his mum were friends who met up regularly, so we saw a lot of James and his younger brother, David. I haven't seen them for many years and hope that they're doing well.

Since reading the newsletters, many other memories have sprung up including a film club which was run in the hall, where we could watch many old favourites such as Star Wars, Superman and Raiders of the Lost Ark. And who can forget Lost Property, where we were sent to borrow football boots when we forgot to bring our own. That could often be a task, searching through all the odd boots. If you were lucky, you'd find a pair that were two sizes too big for you!

I was very saddened when I left Moulsham Juniors. It felt like the end of an era and, in retrospect, those four years were among the happiest of my life. I miss the old desks with the inkwells, big blue exercise books, getting covered in ink learning to write with scratchy fountain pens which I found required a special kind of skill to use that I never quite mastered! I miss running down corridors and being shouted at to walk, I miss the old drinking fountains that were a godsend on hot summer days, but most of all I miss the friends that I made there, very few of which I still keep in touch with. Long may the School continue to produce happy and well educated children.

Editors' note: James has also kindly lent us copies of all four of his year-group photos from 1979-83, complete with accompanying names. We plan to include one of these in the Autumn Newsletter, and display all four at future reunions

Obituaries

Kenneth Andrews

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Ken Andrews, born 26 Jan 1937, who died on 21st August 2006. Ken was at Moulsham Junior Boys' School from 1945-49, and has been a Newsletter reader since its first issue in 1999. Also at Moulsham were his brother, Paul, who still lives in Essex, and his sister Lynda, now in South Africa. We shall miss Ken, and send our condolences to his family.

John Barnard

Thank you to Doug Barnard for sending us this obituary of his brother John, who, sadly, died on 2nd April 2007 aged 70. He will be greatly missed at our Open Afternoons:

"John was born on 15th April 1936. He attended Moulsham Infant, Junior and Senior Schools, and in 1951 was presented with the Turner Public Spirit Award, a mark of how popular he was with staff and fellow pupils. On leaving school he served an apprenticeship with the Eastern Electricity Board, until called up for his National Service, in which he was made driver / operator to his Squadron Officer in the Royal Engineers, whilst stationed in Germany. He married Monica in 1957 and they had one son Kevin. John was a very keen footballer, having spells with Chelmsford City "A", Bata Sports, Crittalls, Witham and finally Springfield. Being forced to retire through injury, he became a season ticket holder at Colchester United for 22 years. In 1958 he went to work for S.P.D which became part of Unilever. He was Senior Shop Steward in his Union, and went on to become the Area Convenor, respected by both workers and the management for his efforts. His working life was cut short: heart problems forced him to retire in 1984, and he had a triple bypass in 1990. After this he had about a year at the Essex Police H.Q, as caretaker / gardener, before becoming resident caretaker at Courtlands, Patching Hall Lane, a position he held for 8 years. He met Barbara in 1991 and they eventually married in 2004 (he was never one to take no for an answer!). He leaves Barbara, her children Kerri and Glen, grandchildren Debbie and Laura, his son Kevin and Mandy, Kerri and Leah. John was a great guy, and will be sorely missed, but not forgotten."

Denzil Davies, school caretaker

Our very kind and efficient school caretaker Denzil Davies died on 30th April 2007 at Broomfield Hospital after suffering from cancer. He was very helpful in preparing for each Past Pupils' Open Afternoon, and it was a proud moment for him when he discovered a space in the cellar where the Honours Boards could be stored instead of the yearly struggle to get the boards down and then back up into the loft. Former Headteacher Les Kemp has written the following appreciation of Denzil's considerable contribution to life at Moulsham Junior School:

"I first met Denzil at his interview for the post of caretaker of the two Moulsham schools when Alison Smith, the Headteacher of Moulsham Infants School, produced three different wall fittings and asked Denzil to identify them and tell us when they would be used. I didn't know the answers and was relieved when he obviously correctly identified the first two and while unable to name the third, correctly guessed when you would use one. Denzil had a comprehensive knowledge of the building trade, built up over a number of years, and from the day of his appointment whenever I claimed to my wife that a DIY job was beyond my skill level she used to say, "Ask Denzil how to do it."

It took Denzil a while to adjust to the life of schools and being asked to do jobs for ten teachers who all wanted their job done today when I wanted his help today in putting together a report on the condition of the windows to try and get extra funding. He established his own way of working which divided his time between major projects and day-to-day maintenance. The quality of Denzil's work can be seen in so many parts of both schools, and in the Juniors it includes opening up the classrooms, the staff kitchen, the Deputy Head's Office, the finance office, the caretaker's workshop next to the Music Room, storage in so many parts of the school, installation of water fountains, the pergola in South Wing quadrangle, Hogwarts and The Thinking Palace and the stage in the playground. One big project was when he converted the former caretaker's house to a meeting centre with offices including his own office, following official condemnation of his former office in the boiler room. He saved both schools large amounts of money.

Many of the fete sideshows Denzil built were done on the basis of a very poor drawing on the back of a Tesco's receipt, yet the final product always excelled expectation. What Denzil made, Elaine Pompeus painted and I often offered to act as their agent just retaining 95% of their earnings. I would be a rich man if they had agreed to this arrangement. The time tunnel used for each of our curriculum weeks was built by Denzil as was the Father Christmas grotto put up in my office. You knew that if Denzil was waiting in the reception area when you arrived in school, and he began to praise your strength or skill, then he had a job for you holding something while he fixed it in place.

Denzil respected workmen and firms who did quality jobs at the school at a fair price. He much preferred dealing directly with the tradesmen and I know they respected him for the quality of his work. He would often spend time with them on their first visit to the school to see if he could add to his knowledge which could be beneficial to the school on future occasions. His little chats with them and supply of tea or coffee, which he never drank, often resulted in a gain to the school and at the time of his death I know he was seen as a fantastic asset to the two Moulsham schools. I enjoyed working with him because he didn't always work to the book and he was prepared to take risks, although taking out a huge heavy metal window with the aid of Colin Booth, the present chair of Governors, was nearly the last risk they ever took.

He had a delightful sense of humour and on a regular basis we would go through a routine when he would give me the latest Screwfix catalogue and I would challenge him to tell me the word on page 45, line 12, word 9. Without looking he would tell me it was 'the' and I would again marvel at the quality of his knowledge and recommend he apply to go on Mastermind. I do miss Denzil because whenever my wife reminds me that I promised to do a job around the house I no longer have the excuse that I just need to discuss with Denzil how to do it and to borrow the specialist tool which he was bound to have."

Stop Press:

We are very sad to hear that Pauline Digby (Knight), who wrote a lovely obituary of her school friend Anne Holdsworth (Hammond) in our Spring Newsletter this year, died on 8 June 2007. We hope to include a celebration of her life in our next issue. Pauline will be remembered by many of her schoolmates as a good friend. She was also a keen contributor to the Newsletter, and we shall miss her greatly at the Past Pupils' Open Afternoons.

School website

Copies of this and earlier issues of the newsletter are on the past pupils' page of the school website:
www.moulsham-jun.essex.sch.uk/index.htm

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