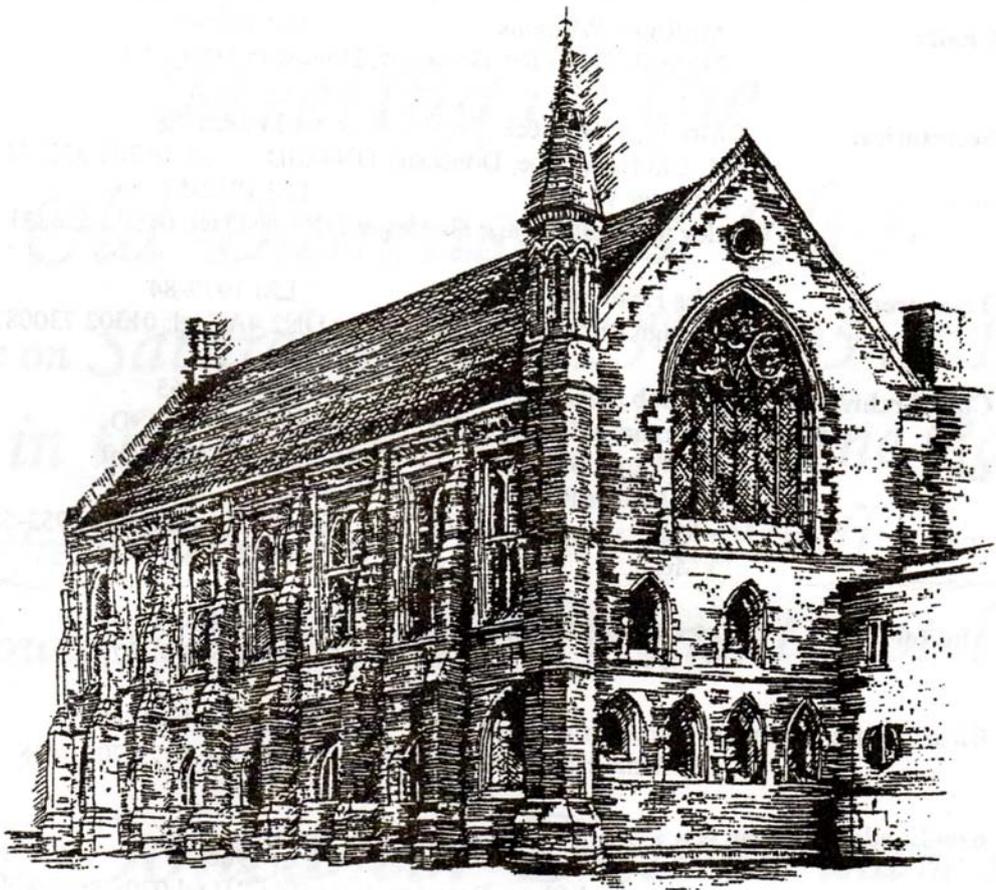


The Old Danensians' Club



Annual Newsletter
January 2010

Old Danensians' Club Officials 2009-10

Committee members' contact details (postal addresses and telephone numbers) have been removed from this version of the newsletter.

If you are a Club member, and wish to receive the unedited version of the newsletter, please contact Richard Flint (e-mail website@old-danensians.org.uk).

President:	Alison Martin	LM 1977-82
	president@old-danensians.org.uk	
President-Elect:	David Porter	LM 1955-62
Chair:	Roger Williams	LM 1956-63
	chair@old-danensians.org.uk	
Secretary:	Joan Reasbeck	LM 1951-58
	secretary@old-danensians.org.uk	
Doncaster Dinner Co-ordinators and	Fred Curtis	LM 1955-62
	Carol Speakman	LM 1953-58
Membership secretary:	Dorothy Ford	LM 1944-51
	membership@old-danensians.org.uk	
Treasurer:	Heidi Morris	LM 1979-84
	treasurer@old-danensians.org.uk	
Club Archivists:	Bob Steward	LM 1958-65
	archives@old-danensians.org.uk	
and	Clive Haworth	LM 1958-64
	archives@old-danensians.org.uk	
Auditor:	Gaynel Munn	LM 1951-59
Midlands Secretary:	Prof Robert Fox	LM 1950-57
	midlands.secretary@old-danensians.org.uk	
London Secretary:	Brian Woodley	LM 1966-73
	london.secretary@old-danensians.org.uk	

Committee: the above + Peter Wood, Angela Gibson, Henry Hargrave, Richard Flint, Paul Ablett and Pippa Dogshon (Head).

Our thanks go to Peter Wood who has now retired from organising the Doncaster dinner for many years.

A very Happy New Year to all Old Danensians!

Dates for your diaries:

The *Annual General Meeting* of the Club will be held on **Saturday 8th May** in the **School Library**. Refreshments will be available from 10am followed by the AGM at 10.30am.
(please note the earlier time of day than usual).

The *London Dinner* is to be on the evening of **Saturday March 6th** at the **Civil Service Club, 13/15 Great Scotland Yard (off Whitehall) (6.30 for 7.30 pm)** -last year's successful dinner was a very happy time for all present. Brian is hoping you will join him in the main dining room there - **contact Brian Woodley for details** - the menu looks better than ever this year! He needs bookings by Feb 5th please (for his phone/e-mail see page 2 opposite).

The *Doncaster Dinner* will be on **Friday 9th July** at the **Holiday Inn, Warmsworth** (7 for 7.30 pm). Fred Curtis will send out details of menus with the May mailing.

The *OD luncheon in Oxford* will be on **Saturday 17th April** at **Harris-Manchester College** at 12.30 for 1pm.

Those wishing to participate are asked to contact Robert Fox, 23 Bainton Rd, Oxford OX2 7AF (e-mail midlands.secretary@old-danensians.org.uk) sending a cheque for £19 made out to Robert Fox. Please notify of any dietary requirements. The deadline for replies is 31st March.

It is proposed after the luncheon to arrange a short visit for those who wish to see some of Oxford's interesting sites.

Harris-Manchester College is in Mansfield Rd, about 20–25 minutes from the rail and coach terminals. There are no car parking facilities at the College though public parking is available in the neighbourhood.

From 2010 onwards, **the membership booklet** will be sent to all members every 4 years **with the May mailing**. Don't forget to let **Joan Reasbeck** know any changes of address as soon as possible so that your correct address can be included in the list. It will be updated during **February/March**.

The committee have decided that no e-mail addresses will be included in it although those on e-mail will have an * by their name and it will be possible to contact them via the Club web-site.

Any Club member wishing to get in touch with another member by e-mail can do so through the Club using contact@olddanensians.org.uk and the message will be forwarded if we have a valid e-mail address. In addition you are welcome to contact members of the Club's committee. A full list is available on the Club web-site www.old-danensians.org.uk and here on the list on page 2 of this Newsletter. We thank Richard Flint for setting up the Club's web-site and keeping it up-to-date.

Do you have children or grandchildren or friends who are currently at, or were at Hall Cross School, or were once at the Doncaster Grammar School or the Doncaster Girls' High School??

How about making them a birthday present of Club membership?

Life membership for £20 makes a lasting gift.

Old Danensians' Club Doncaster Dinner 10th July 2009
Seating plan

Top Table: Alison Martin (President), Pippa Dodgshon (Head), Alastair Gordon, Martin Shevill, Roger and Elizabeth Williams, John Blount, Tiffany Ansari (Ornsby medal), Katie Ansari, Simon Honey (Shaw medal).

Table 1:
Dorothy Ford
Jack Carr
Margaret Carr
John Scott-Scott
Derek Crompton
Michael Wilcockson
John Mayne
Mary Mayne
Giles Waines
Ken Whiteley
Jennie Whiteley (11)

Table 2:
Peter Wood
Margaret Wood
Rosemary Wells
Jean Salmon
Godfrey Salmon
Susan Clifton
Janice Howell
Margaret Beck
David Beck
Joan Pennie (10)

Table 3:
John Cunnington
Margaret Cunnington
Simon Cunnington
Malcolm Cunnington
Eleanor Cunnington
Jonathan Crilly
Ashley Gillard
Joe Parkinson (8)

Table 4:
William Bond (HB)
Agnieszka Konieczny (HG)
James Wooler
Katie Sharp
Chelsea Hardy
Max Gregory
Jack Stillings
Ashley Barnes
Sara Boughen
William Woolrich
Mudassa Dar (11)

Table 5:
David Porter
Sandy Porter
Anthony Foster
Anne Foster
Alan Done
Christine Done
Geoff Platt
Sue Platt
Bob Davis
Kath Davis (10)

Table 6:
Fred Curtis
Greta Curtis
Susanne Eastwood
David Eastwood
Chris Khawaja
Naseem Khawaja
John Brown
Lorraine Brown
Roger Wynne
Susan Wynne
David Williams (11)

Table 7:
Peter Chesson
Sue Chesson
Rosemary Thompson
Jennifer Cutts
Henry Hargrave
Kay Hargrave
Geoff Morris
Barbara Morris
Pat Remington (9)

Table 8:
Paul Ablett
Gill Willis
Edward Treasure
Judy May
Yvonne Milne
Barbara Skakle
Lesley Young
Jen Greaves (8)

Table 9:
Carol Speakman
Barbara Wood
Walter Sinclair
Ella Field
Heidi Morris
J Hooley (6)

Table 10:
Brian Woodley
Angela Woodley
Alastair West
Joanne West
Paul West
Vivien West
Mark West
Alison West (8)

Table 11:
Joan Reasbeck
Donald Reasbeck
Stuart Green
David Round
Angela Gibson
Dave O'Brien
Gaynel Munn
Mr and Mrs Mark Newham
Paul Newham
Lloret Wilson
Mr and Mrs Eric Graydon (13)

Table 12:
Mick Knight, Mick Catterell
Mr and Mrs D Carmichael
A Stoves, A Challoner, A Ward
A Henshaw, A Chadwick
Mr and Mrs A Sidney, D Orme
J Chamberlain, R & J Lockwood
C Greatorix, K Harrison, C Evans
P Swan, S Brooks, G Cowan
G Taylor, M Webb (23)

Total: 138

The President: Alison Martin

Head teacher, Ladies, Gentlemen and occupants of the “bottom tables” henceforth known as the bad boys nice to see you back this year!! I'd also like to welcome Peter Wood, Jean Salmon and co who are celebrating a 50 year anniversary this year!

I've been elected as your President this year – an honour bestowed on a select group of people ranging from the very important and very well known through to the very ordinary and not very well known. I leave it up to you to determine into which camp I fall!

This is an honour though, and one which I recall asking for in a round about way. I think I said something like “I reckon I could do that Roger, so what do you have to do to become President” and he said “you just say yes”. Well quite obviously I had to think long and hard about that because “just saying yes” can get a girl into a lot of bother, but Roger's a gentleman and so here I am.

So because I have the floor I want to give you a little insight into my time at our school during the seventies and eighties that's the 1970's and 1980's for those of you thinking I'm wearing well. I realise that for some of you this may constitute a history lesson but consider how much easier history is to bear with wine involved.....

I think I've been to most of the dinners since I joined, something which my Dad encouraged me to do as I was the last of our family to get round to it. He's probably less concerned than me when the Danensians' letter drops on his doorstep as Fred Curtis is the family solicitor I believe, but for me my mind races and I always wonder what I've been up to recently and where there might have been a camera. Even now, I get my Old D's letters and so on by email but being a member of the Civil Service and working through the Government secure intranet system they get blocked as “inappropriate attachments”. Now, I've seen the hockey dinner pictures and past President Brooks in all his glory and I didn't think they were that racy, unless you squinted closely at one or two and could just make out some shady goings on in the background!! Steve – I'm sure you'll be invited back next year.

For those of you who know me you'll know that academia was not really my strong point at school – I left that to my siblings who were infinitely better at it than me. However – when doing my research for this speech I came across an answer to a chemistry question that I thought showed a great deal of promise. It goes like this:

Bonus Question: Is Hell exothermic (gives off heat) or endothermic (absorbs heat)?

Most of the students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyle's Law (gas cools when it expands and heats when it is compressed) or some variant. One student, however, wrote the following:

”First, we need to know how the mass of Hell is changing in time. So we need to know the rate at which souls are moving into Hell and the rate at which they are leaving. I think that we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it will not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving.

As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Most of these religions state that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there is more than one of these religions and since people do not belong to more than one religion, we can project that all souls go to Hell. With birth and death rates as they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially.

Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume in Hell because Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the volume of Hell has to expand proportionately as souls are added.

This gives two possibilities:

1. If Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.
2. If Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

So which is it? We accept the postulate given to me by Fiona during my Freshman year that, “it will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you”, and take into account the fact that I slept with her last night, then number 2 must be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is exothermic and has already frozen over. The corollary of this theory is that since Hell has frozen over, it follows that it is not accepting any more souls and is therefore, extinct...leaving only Heaven thereby proving the existence of a divine being which explains why, last night, Fiona kept shouting “Oh my God.” ”

There was little opportunity to display such logic in my choices which were far more “arts” focused but there were opportunities enough for humour in both. My leanings were towards music and sport – the latter only as a recreational activity and not to be undertaken too seriously.

Music was to be “key” to me through my school years and beyond. I looked up a definition: a complex organisation of sounds that is set down by the composer, incorrectly interpreted by the conductor, who is ignored by the musicians, the result of which is ignored by the audience. My contribution to this was as a trumpet player first and foremost but as a singer latterly.

Trumpet was not the obvious choice of instrument for a girl when I started – it’s probably not even now – but I stuck with it and played in the school orchestra here and sang in the choir which was regularly augmented with willing male teachers!! The school put on some performances which will stay in my mind for probably all the wrong reasons – a performance of Vivaldi’s Gloria which has some tricky little trumpet parts especially when you’re playing parts that are written for one type of trumpet and you don’t have one of those so you have to transpose.

Now I looked up a definition of “transposition” which is something a trumpet player does a lot of and it said:

The act of moving the relative pitch of a piece of music that is too low for the basses to a point where it is too high for the sopranos.

It involves a lot of brain work and a lot of “accidentals” – otherwise known as wrong notes. Now my partner in crime throughout the Grammar school years on trumpet was Dave “Hoagy” Carmichael. Dave was the best support a girl could get (something I should have thought more about when choosing this dress, although some of you may be grateful that I chose not to interpret the instruction of “dress optional” quite too literally) and throughout our years playing at school, in the Beechfield Youth Orchestra and latterly in the Boyce Chamber Orchestra he was the recipient of my very hard stare which came into play when the accidentals outweighed the right notes, but he never flinched nor did he blame so tonight – a big thank you for that and for being a good mate. There were others who were in that group and one of them, unable to be here tonight, Mr Hobbs, had to endure me not only as a trumpet player in his right ear, but also through my pathetic attempts at Latin and for which I now apologise! I hope my music made up for it?

My singing came later and a memorable performance of some “lighter” music saw me singing the “Desert Song” with Mr Clarke the French teacher. I was wearing a flappers dress and he was not!! I’m not sure I lived up to the standards of one of his other duet partners who I understand was Lesley Garrett! I also remember experimenting with John Dover to see how high I could sing the opening verse to “Once in Royal David’s City”. We got pretty high but we reached the conclusion that our audience wouldn’t be able to join in at my pitch so we went down again.

My other love was sport undertaken in a recreational manner that so many of my school colleagues couldn’t understand! My height demanded I play netball which suited me as the pitch was quite small, you didn’t get as dirty as you did playing hockey and the games didn’t last as long! I also recall using my free periods as a sixth former to swim, usually and unfortunately for them, along with the third form boys. I’m not sure who was most traumatised?

That was winter taken care of along with squash, which again suited me as you couldn’t lose the ball and the court was quite compact. I recall having to brave the games master’s room to get at the balls for squash. A girl had to be quite determined for sure!

In summer we had options. Tennis for the girls with pristine white skirts and gym knickers big enough to keep tennis balls in; athletics – sprint or hurdles for the girls who were glamorous and toned, distance running for the girls with strength stamina and determination; or the field, and in my case the high-jump for the girls who liked something which required a short sharp burst of effort and a nice lie down at the end!

Catt had arrived in 1979 – tall and nervous (who wouldn't be taking girls games at his tender age) and he was responsible for high-jump, so all round it seemed like a good option after all he was new so he'd be easy to impress!!

I got involved with boys games as well but in quite a different manner, scoring for the boys' basketball team (some of whom are here tonight and thank you for that), coached as I recall by Mick Knight; and making cricket teas with Helen Dain which was great fun.

The school however was and is much, much more than a place to play games, or learn music, or Latin or even chemistry. It is a place that is big enough to allow each one of its pupils, each one of us, space to be ourselves and to grow and develop. We were all without doubt encouraged to achieve and we were driven by our peers as much as by our teachers in that respect and we gradually worked out our own strengths and played to them. I may not have always seen eye to eye with Mr Key, the physics master, and I recall Mr Shaw my maths teacher desperately looking for someone other than me who had seen the Royal institution Christmas lectures and to whom he could speak sensibly (he hoped!) about them; I remember the great "bod" and his delivery of "Esmerelda Hyacinth" as a term of something yet to be determined; Mr Linney, who shouted at me to "fasten my collar" on a regular basis. Mr Walton the French master who predicted I would not pass French but might scrape English A level when in actual fact it was the other way round; and I remember the look on all their faces when our year turned up for its final day dressed as St Trinians. It wasn't the first year that had and nor would it be the last probably but it is that combination of tolerance and wisdom; that combination of living life and accepting life and that ability to impart through being and not just through teaching which encouraged us all to give it our best.

My final words, and my reason for standing here in front of you this evening is to propose a toast to the school. I'd like to ask you all to consider those leaving school now and the levels to which they are achieving and will be expected to achieve as they move out of the confines of first level education; I'd like you to think about how you felt when you left and to reflect on what you've achieved since that day; I'd like to say a huge thank you to all of my teachers and to my fellow pupils and I'd like you to say a quiet thank-you to all of your teachers and role-models for getting us all to this place.

Now please stand and join me To raise your glasses and propose a toast to

The School



Alison's family were present to cheer her on – parents John and Margaret Cunnington, sister Eleanor and brothers Malcolm and Simon, all Old Danensians.

Head's Speech – Pippa Dodgshon

Madam President, ladies and gentlemen, my lovely students, it's a genuine pleasure to be here this evening and I would like to thank you all very much for the invitation. Myself and Martin had a hugely enjoyable evening earlier on this Spring at the London Dinner and it is lovely to see some of those colleagues again whom we met there.

What I would like to say at the outset is that the school is very mindful and very grateful of the generous support and interest that the Society has for it. It's an honour for a school to have links to with a prestigious old scholars society and it lends something in the way of important links with the past and places the school in a historical context that matters hugely to all of us.

We are particularly grateful, and Roger alluded to this earlier, for the kind sponsorship of our new award system and I'm sorry that I've omitted to bring it today but I showed Roger earlier this week some lovely glass trophies that we are currently giving for the annual prizes for achievement and effort to all of the students in every year group from the old Danensians and I hope that you visit us in school you will be able to see some of those.

I understand that the Head normally gives a brief report of the chief successes from the previous year and I do have one or two notes provided to me by colleagues who have been involved in particular activities which I will go through briefly, shortly. But I would like to say that if I could, if it were possible for me to stand here and in any case itemise all of the successes and achievements of the 2000+ young people that currently inhabit Hall Cross. First of all it would be impossible, secondly that I would be here not just for the 2 or 3 minutes I intend to speak to you, but for pretty much a lifetime and that's something of which we can all of which we can all take great pride.

I was reflecting on the way here actually that the school is a vibrant and increasingly vibrant place. Just to give you a small impression of my week, this is the 5th in a row of 5 evenings with significant events associated with the school, it is the only of those 5 evenings whose excellence hasn't been generated however by the young people. If I can just talk to you briefly about perhaps not a typical week then certainly a week in which one might see these things on a fairly regular basis.

On Monday, and indeed Tuesday, although Monday it was my great pleasure to see it, some students including one or two who are here today, gave a really powerful, wonderful, truly professional and mature performance of *The Crucible* in school.

Tuesday evening saw me as the guest of honour at the Annual Sportsmen Awards hosted by Mick Knight and his team.

Wednesday, I had double excitement, because we had the 'A' Level Art Show and one or two colleagues have said this evening that they have recently been into the foyer of the old building and anyone is welcome to have a look. We've got the 'A' Level art displays up there and those are truly an impressive standard. Following the art show the same evening I went on to the hall where we were holding a Talent Show with some extraordinary performance of music and dance and some theatre.

Thursday, last night, saw me being an honorary barmaid at a fantastic Bollywood event organised by students as part of their endeavours to raise funds for their Duke of Edinburgh activities and to enhance the learning environment for the school's sixth form.

All of these events were remarkable in many ways, the main thing that made them remarkable however was that they were all the brainchild of and chiefly driven by the students themselves and this is something one sees increasingly.

Also in this week, just in case you thought we might be a bit lazy, we had year five children, those are the children who are currently about 10 years old who will come up to Hall Cross in two years time, attending a massive teambuilding event that was also masterminded and run by year 16 students. We've had two lots of visits from children who are going to join us in September for their induction day, we've had year 9 students at Upper School for their

induction week and that has included hosting a visiting theatre company and a poet. We've had 320 prospective new sixth formers join us on Wednesday for pre-enrolment and to have some tasters for their lessons and all of that is one week in the life of Hall Cross.

What I would like to say at this point is a personal thanks and to express my gratitude for all the professional commitment of the staff at the school who provide these opportunities for our young people and do that, as far as I can tell tirelessly and selflessly, it's quite a remarkable thing. I haven't been at a school in many years where so many opportunities and activities were provided to the young people and it is quite staggering. I'm a bit boring on numbers and I could have brought you some statistics that would have been really quite remarkable, may be I'll excite you with that next year!

So one or two highlights then because I know you are kind enough to take a great interest in our sport, particularly in our rugby and our hockey, but I'd just like to say how proud I was of the whole team and again massive student involvement for organising our first athletics meet for the school which we held at the Keepmoat this year for the first time and that was on the 19th of June and it was a really, really heart warming experience to see so many young people give their absolute best and we got some wonderful images of the day. And my abiding memory is that I had the great privilege of giving all the winners their medals and seeing them standing on the podium with all that pride that we would expect of them. Shortly after that we had three young people who qualified for the English Schools Championship and that is a significant achievement.

We know that we have a hugely proud Rugby tradition within Hall Cross and we had a particularly fine season this season, losing only four matches. Our First 15 were under 18's Yorkshire Finalists this time and I watched a thrilling semi final in which they defeated the hot favourites. It was really most impressive. Obviously having a culture of rugby like that, we're going to yield some significant players and we've had a number of young people who have been selected to go forward into Yorkshire and beyond with their achievements, including one young man who is here this evening and more will be said of him later.

Our cricket team have had a fantastic season, we've continued to be one of the relatively few state schools who plays senior cricket throughout the summer term and throughout the last two seasons they've only lost once and apparently this was on the last ball of a very exciting game. Do we have to say twice now? Oh never mind, *(Member of audience - 'Mick Knight is doing something with two fingers but I can't quite make it out' - laughter)*. We've got some young cricketers of particular note, you might want to look out for the names of Tom Kaye, Luke Sykes and James Stirt, in future and a young man in year 9, Curtis Free, who was selected to the play for the Yorkshire Schools under 14's, so hugely successful there.

The girls have had a good season, a bigger range of sports perhaps, but where we have had particular success is with our rounders teams. The Junior School rounders teams in years 7, 8 and 9 have been league winners in all three of those age groups and it has been a long time since they lost. They play very proudly. We know that our hockey yields some fantastic young players year on year. This year we have had six teams and you can just imagine the amount of practise and games time that colleagues who run those have given up in order for that to take place. Six teams with 40 fixtures, up and down the country, we have been the under 16's runners up, the under 18's semi finalists and we came second in the under 14 age group. With a large number of individuals who gained recognition playing for the county and beyond.

Aside from our sport, we have had a good year in raising the profile of other activities.

Some of you may have been aware that we had our well-publicised fashion show in the Upper School earlier this year. This was one of the first outings of our Sixth Form committee determined to put the school on the map and to generate links with local businesses importantly and that's something that we know will yield future evenings of a similar nature. And those young people, as I mentioned earlier, are endeavouring to raise money for their Duke of Edinburgh exploits and other things and the same young people masterminded the fantastic Bollywood Evening that we recently had.

Some of those young people again were involved in our inaugural public speaking competitions. We had very exciting competition in the Upper School Library a venue that lends itself to an evening of gravitas and wonderful speeches and I was a very, very proud Headteacher that evening listening to them defending the indefensible but I suppose that's something young people get used to.

We've also seen a massive increase in the range of productions within school. We've had four dance showcases, we've taken dance teams to Doncaster Cultural Centre to take part in a massive urban dance showcase. We've had several plays, including the most recent *Crucible* and I see no sign of those activities stopping in the near future.

One of the features of all of this activity which I have mentioned, is the increasing amount of student leadership in the way that this school is going. What I would like to say as proud Headteacher is that there are some seriously impressive young people showing extraordinary commitment to both their own improvement and improving because they really believe it's important the lives of other people both within and beyond school and a number of those young people are here this evening. I hope they know how proud I am of them. Their talent and their skill and their sheer brilliance will, I am quite certain in their future careers, put the world to shame. Or quite possibly save it.

So I could say as a Headteacher, I do personally believe that it is the best job in the world, there are a 101 reasons to be proud every single day. People talk about changing pace of education, modernising within education and clearly if you visited school and spent the day with us today there would be aspects that you would potentially not recognise. But what I'd like to leave you with this evening is the thought that the important thing is that the traditions, many of those traditions that we maintain within school, particularly within a school with a historical brand that Hall Cross brings to Doncaster and the commitment to providing the platform for academic achievement and personal growth and experiences. I think that that kind of educational ethos and those experiences are things that would definitely resonant if you were to visit us today. Many of the important things of course don't change and the comradeship and the enjoyment in your company with one and another this evening is a very important testament to a very special school. I'm going to do my best to continue that journey with my young people and it will be lovely to sustain that involvement with the school in the future.

I'd like to reply to the President's toast by asking if you will stand with me and toast yourselves, the Old Danensians. The Old Danensians!

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**Presentations 2009:**

**Ornsby Medal**

**Tiffany Ansari**

**Shaw Medal**

**Simon Honey**

**Easterfield Medal**

**Christopher Walkinshaw**

**Retiring Staff**

**John Blount  
David O'Brien**

**HW Jones Memorial Award**

**Roger Williams**

## John Garritt Wilkinson (1936-2009)

Doncaster Grammar School left a lasting impression on John Wilkinson, shaping an irrepressible character that will endure in the memories of those who knew him. The lessons in fun, laughter, determination, discipline, judgement and questioning authority moulded the man. John talked fondly – and often – of his masters, people like Charlie Irvine, Tuffer Lenihan, Bill Lockwood, Foddy Dowdall, S(p)am Johnson and Beppo Jackson. Mostly he recalled their idiosyncrasies, eccentricities – and punishments.

A lifelong school friend, Colin Smith, recalls: “John, with others, carried out an end-of-term prank which consisted in lifting up the Standard 8 car belonging to Beppo Jackson (the then Physics Master), staggering along the Junior playground with it and positioning it end to end between two of the pillars of the covered walkway. With about three inches at either end of the car and each pillar, an extended three point turn would have been impossible, and the car was as neatly transfixed as could be. I never did find out how Beppo retrieved his car but I understand retribution for the offenders was as swift as it was painful”.

Nonetheless the masters clearly managed to force something useful into his determinedly independent mind, even if it was that sport was a good excuse not to be in the classroom. John’s school days instilled in him a passion for sport which lasted a lifetime.

Colin continues “In one House 200 metres race, John was hurtling along like an Olympian, way ahead of the field. He was travelling so fast in fact that he tripped himself up, did a complete forward somersault landing perfectly back on his feet as though nothing had happened, increased his speed and hit the tape, winning comfortably by several yards despite his aerobics. It was rumoured that the somersault might figure as an obligatory part of 200 metre races at all future School events so athletic did the performance look”.

Rugby, swimming, athletics, football, cricket and gymnastics were all favourites, but of these Rugby was his enduring passion. One PE master cited John’s speed and “low centre of gravity” (short and stocky, some might say) as the keys to his success on the field.

Colin remembers: “A fine Rugby player John was detailed off to show new boys how to tackle. I was the unfortunate for the first demonstration. I was advised to attempt a side-step and was on the point of doing so when about ten hundredweight of muscle, bone and fibre crunched into my midriff with the force of a double-decker bus. I hit the floor like a felled tree and vowed, in that instant, to ensure that in any future rugby proceedings I would be on his side”.

Despite his emigration to Southern England John continued to follow Doncaster Rovers FC and Doncaster Knights RFC. In his retirement John travelled to Doncaster several times to visit the school and rugby club, delighted to find and share a pint with old friends.

School also taught John to be curious, forever questioning and to make time to follow his interests. Throughout his life he was a keen collector of all manner of objects, especially stamps. His study became a magpie’s nest, stuffed with a treasure trove of curious wonders that captivated children and grandchildren on every visit.

His strict, Yorkshire (Methodist) upbringing and the influence of school instilled in John a strong belief in the value of public service and helping those less fortunate than ourselves. This shaped his career. After leaving school he trained to be a PE teacher at Carnegie Physical Training College, Leeds. After a baptism of fire teaching at an approved school in South Wales, he moved to Shrewsbury in 1966 to teach at the Royal Normal College for the Blind. During this time he studied for a Bachelor of Arts with the newly formed Open University, becoming one of its first graduates.

In 1974 John was appointed Headmaster of Blatchington Court School in Seaford, East Sussex, a residential special school of over a hundred partially sighted boys and girls of all ages. John’s personal experience of school discipline, punishment and yet of the determination of young people to challenge authority made him highly suited for this challenging role. He developed a strong bond with the children (some of whom had complex physical, social and emotional needs and serious behavioural difficulties) through an approach based on respect and reward.

Famously, after one teenage boy smashed his bed to pieces in a fit of rage, John insisted - literally - that he should be made to lie each night in the bed he'd made, while he was taught the woodworking skills needed to repair it. Equally famously, everyone knew John also kept a large stash of curly-wurlies, sherbet dibdabs and other confectionary treats in his office, to reward good work and good behaviour.

The Warnock Report published in 1978 recommended that people with disabilities should return to mainstream life. Its recommendations were implemented in the 1981 Education Act, and led to the rapid decline of special schools, as local authorities withdrew children to be placed in local school instead. Blatchington Court School closed in 1985. John turned down the opportunity to pursue a headship in one of the handful of remaining special schools in order to complete the job of closing down the school and maximise the financial return for his employer. He had the knowledge and understanding to be able to do so, and he felt a moral obligation to Blatchington Court Trust to try to safeguard its position such that it could continue to offer support to visually impaired children in mainstream schools, a function it still performs today.

In the aftermath of this troubled period, John's character showed more strongly than ever as he became determined to thrive once again. With no openings in the education of children with visual impairment, he embarked on a phase of voluntary work (he could never countenance the inactivity and dependence unemployment would have brought) while also investing his savings in gaining a PSV licence. He became a bus driver in 1988, an occupation he continued stoically until his retirement in 1996.

In 1997 John's untapped organisational and leadership skills started to be channelled into Newhaven, Peacehaven and Seaford Lions Club, a passion that he pursued energetically throughout his retirement. He served on the Service Committee, became Youth Officer and by 2000 had become President. He also served as Club Secretary, Zone Chairman, Region Chairman and District Dentaid Officer. In 2008 he was deeply moved to receive the Melvin Jones Fellowship Award for his outstanding service to Lionism. Always refusing to take himself, and life, too seriously, John's enthusiasm for challenging others' expectations of him (and raising a laugh) reached its zenith as he aped his comic hero, Les Dawson, cross-dressing for fancy dress and cabaret events. The shock and laughter was great. Even greater was the fundraising boost it provided for the Club's work in helping local people in need.

When John was a headmaster he put up a poster outside his office which read "Don't pray for an easy life, pray to be a strong person". Not only did he live that creed, he also showed us all the importance of hanging onto a thread of impishness, fun and laughter from our schooldays to weave happiness into the graft of living.

Ian Wilkinson

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ALFRED IAN GLASBY 1931 - 2009

Ian Glasby was an archetypal Product of DGS - self assured and independent of thought. I only knew him at school for two years as I was a "late arrival" and regret not being able to give an account of his influential years at DGS - but how he got away as Head Boy (particularly with SEJB as headmaster) by wearing his tasselled cap on the back of his head and at such a jaunty angle I shall never know! He sought me out and we renewed our friendship in recent years when I became aware that being a Danensian to the core he paid frequent visits to many ailing ex masters in their latter years. His wife Herma has sent the following account of his life. *(see next page)*

Sid Barker

ALFRED IAN GLASBY 1931 - 2009



“When I first met Ian he had just completed National Service with the Army Intelligence Corps in Germany and was a few months into his first posting with the Home Office Immigration Service in Newcastle. Full of enthusiasm for his new job he was busy learning Norwegian and brushing up his French. Always good at mastering languages, a flair he believed was due to the excellent classics teachers at Doncaster Grammar School. His gratitude and affection for his old school and teachers never waned and he kept in touch with some of them for many years.

Ian remained with the Home Office until 1968, working in Austria interviewing refugees of the Hungarian uprising of 1956. Then a few years at the port of Dover and Gatwick Airport. As a mature student he studied for a BSc in political science at the London School of Economics.

In 1968 he transferred to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office spending two years in London before being posted to the British Embassy in Washington D.C. Ian enjoyed immensely a very busy, interesting life in the USA dealing with the energy crisis, the end of the Vietnam war and Watergate which saw the resignation of President Richard Nixon.

In 1976 Ian was offered the post of Deputy High Commissioner in Kampala, Uganda. Whilst on home leave preparing for Africa, an Air France aeroplane was hijacked and forced to land in Uganda at Entebbe airport. The result of this incident and furore which followed, caused the Foreign Office to withdraw the High Commission staff and change Ian’s briefing. He went to Uganda alone to break diplomatic relations with the government of President Idi Amin. This was the first time a British Government had broken diplomatic relations with a Commonwealth country. Ian opened a British Interests Section under the protection of the French Embassy and became an honorary Frenchman. It was a difficult time, but, never one to avoid a challenge, he handled the situation with his usual energy and sense of humour. However to his dismay, after eighteen very testing months, Ian was withdrawn by the Foreign Office for his own and family’s safety. He always said that the Uganda experience was the high spot of his career and he stayed in contact with his French friends and colleagues for the rest of his life.

There followed some years in Cameroon, West Africa. A three year London posting, then four years at the Consulate General in Sydney Australia. His outgoing personality and great love of cricket and rugby won him many friends there.

His final posting was again Africa, in Brazzaville, as Ambassador to the People’s Republic of the Congo where he enjoyed some hectic but happy years and was made an Honorary Chevalier Ordre de Merite of which he was justly proud.

After retiring he kept himself occupied travelling, writing and working as a volunteer for the Dorset and Somerset Air Ambulance as well as supporting the Royal British Legion and the Gurkha Welfare Trust.

When he was diagnosed with stomach cancer in 1994 he took this challenge head on and never once accepted that this was a battle he could not win. His positive thinking and great courage throughout his long illness was an example and inspiration to everyone who knew him.

I was recently looking through some old Danensis magazines and came across a report of a rugby match played when Ian was captain in his last year at school. It described him as having sustained a “never-say-die” outlook How very true.

Herma Glasby.

William Edwin Lockwood 1914-2009

Known by his Skelbrooke family as Edwin, but as Bill by everyone he knew after the age of 18, William Edwin Lockwood was born to a farming family in April 1914 just before the First World War. His life transcended almost a century of dramatic change, and he played an important part in some aspects of that. He held traditional values which were sometimes in a minority, but that didn't change his point of view. He was always modest about his achievements, was patriotic and a traditionalist. He was a passionate and accomplished sportsman, a dedicated schoolmaster, husband, father, father in law, uncle, grandfather, and great grandfather. And he was the very last of his generation. John and I are so glad that all of our cousins are with us today, as we remember and celebrate the lives of all our parents - Uncle Walter and Auntie Annie, Uncle Fred and Auntie Mary, as well as Mum and Dad.

His early life on the farm at Skelbrooke formed an essential pillar for his values. He used to regale us with tales of household tasks that would be unthinkable today - carrying water from the village well, life without electricity, eating what they produced themselves, and the daily two mile walk across the fields to Hampole station to catch the train to The Grammar School in Doncaster, which was to become the centre of his life for most of the next fifty years.

When he was fourteen, his father bought a car in Doncaster, which was duly delivered to the farm. His father threw him the keys and told him to learn to drive it in the nearby field as he needed to go back to Doncaster after an hour.

He excelled at maths, and won a place at Hatfield College, University of Durham. He also excelled at whichever sport he put his mind to, and John will speak to all that in a minute.

After completing his BSc at Durham he began his career as a maths teacher, first at Cranbrooke School in Kent, then at Merton House School in Penmaenmawr in North Wales, where he met our mother who was the Matron. They were engaged, but war broke out and he was enlisted in the Royal Air Force as a navigator. In 1941 he was sent to Canada as a navigator trainer, but in late 1943 he returned to Bomber Command and flew active Lancaster missions until early the following year when he was shot down over Holland. He was the sole survivor of the plane, and managed to contact the Dutch underground who fed him and passed him from farm to farm for over a month until he was captured by the Gestapo, taken to Antwerp for questioning, and subsequently imprisoned in Stalag Luft 1 on the Baltic coast.

One of the problems of recalling Dad's experiences was that he didn't talk about the war until relatively recently. After being liberated by the Russians in 1945, he restarted his life where he had left it in 1939 and simply moved on. Various groups tried to get him to attend POW reunions but he was too busy living life again. Only decades later did he tell grand-children more and more detail, first with Atiya and Sono when they stayed with them for long weekends and half terms when they were at Harrogate, and later with Alan, Mark, who persuaded him to start writing it down, and Robert. What I will never forget is that when asked what the war meant to him, he would reply that it cost him 10,000 runs. When John asked him what were the happiest memories of his life, he replied: when his parachute opened; and the day he married Mum. They were inseparable for the next sixty years.

After returning from the war, he went to visit his old friends at The Grammar School, and especially his old mentor and maths teacher, Sam Johnson, who asked what he was doing. He said he was looking for a teaching position, and was offered a maths post on the spot. And stayed there for the rest of his working life, and beyond. He taught maths to generations of Doncaster lads, including John and me of course, and was universally admired by all who sat in front of him. I can't say learning maths was ever enjoyable for me, but for many it truly was, and that was undoubtedly because of a combination of personality and his ability to relate to each of his students as well as a knack of keeping maths interesting. He was, I believe almost uniquely at that time, an Old Danensian and a Master at DGS. When John and I were at school he was the Senior Housemaster, and Master in Charge of Examinations. In 1968 he became the Deputy Headmaster at a time when the school was especially turbulent. The Headmaster was controversial, and it was left to Dad to try to keep the school traditions alive. And it was the era when The Grammar School became comprehensive and co-ed, neither of which he really believed in. He kept his peace, but certainly didn't enjoy what he had to do, and always questioned why it had to be him doing it, after 650 years of being an elite boys' school. But Dad being Dad, he soon found an elegant solution - he retired from the Deputy Head position when he was 61, and created a part time post of golf instructor, which he enjoyed for years.

And that began a whole new chapter of his life, which no doubt added to his longevity. He became the founding President of the English Schools Golf Association, and thus spent the next decade not only being active, but also being around teenagers. A great health model for all of us. For almost twenty years Mum and Dad travelled widely with golf teams, as well as exploring Britain through the National Trust. After a hip replacement when he was 78, he stopped competitive sport, but didn't slow down for long, and was driving until he was almost 90. They were especially fond of the Yorkshire Dales, and it is there that their ashes will be scattered, together.

They spent the last thirty years here in Sprotbrough and had many friends and wonderful neighbours here, including the late Rev John Lyth, who was a fellow cricketer. After Mum passed away five years ago he received wonderful help from the carers of Doncaster Home Care Services., before he moved to Sandrock House for the last three and a half years. We are all enormously grateful to Mrs. Joyce Richardson and her staff who cared for him so well, and Dad himself would want to thank each and every one of them. For the last three weeks or so, as he quietly faded away, he was treated with such love and care at the DRI that John and I will be forever grateful, as we know Dad was.

Amongst the many blessings of the last few years were the fact that his intellect never dimmed, and that his eyesight enabled him to read the paper each day, and even more important, he could follow major sports events on Sky Sports. And of course he always looked forward to family visits, most frequently by John and Diane, who did so virtually daily for the last four years and before, but also by his grandsons Alan, and more recently Melissa and great grandson Alexander, by Mark, who followed his footsteps as the mathematician in the family, and by Robert, whose musical talent has amazed all of us, not inherited from Dad by the way. He was very proud of Diane's returning to University and becoming a science teacher, and treasured a photo of the two of them together with hoods and gowns. Shahnaz and I saw him less often until we moved back from New York last year, but we spoke to him frequently, and we know how he appreciated calls and visits by Atiya and Sono, and the special pleasure he had from the visits by little Safiya, including helping him blow out the candles on his 95th birthday earlier this year. His sense of humour was there till the end. When he was being admitted to DRI in the middle of the night three weeks ago, with the help of Alan and Melissa, he was asked by the doctor in casualty whether he had any allergies. He replied: only bad homework.

You sacrificed so much for us, sacrifices that we take for granted. Today we recall that the 1948ers, my generation, were specially blessed with excellent schools and health services, unparalleled opportunities, and a set of ethics and social values, all of which stemmed from a foundation laid by our parents and their generation during a period of tumultuous history that left no family untouched. Today we have the opportunity to thank you for all that we are and all that we have, not only John and I and our family, but also the legions of schoolboys who passed through your classroom, and cricketers and golfers in Yorkshire and further afield who have enjoyed your inspiration, your sportsmanship and your abiding sense of fair play in all aspects of life.

David E Lockwood



Bill Lockwood - sportsman

Dad's life revolved around sport. His sporting career had very humble beginnings on the farm in West Butterwick. He and his pals couldn't afford a football so had to wait until a pig was killed so that they could use its bladder, sadly it wasn't long before it burst so they had to resort to using a tin can again. This gave rise to Dad's first football team, West Butterwick Salmon Tin Dribblers!

As a pupil at Doncaster Grammar School Dad excelled at several sports, representing The School at Squash, Football, Cricket and Athletics. He held the record for the mile, now broken many times I'm sure, but still holds the record for the 3 mile race. This is probably because it's no longer run!

He represented Durham University at Squash and Fives and captained the Football and Cricket XIs. It was whilst he was at Durham that he played football for Dundee in the Scottish League. As captain of the Cricket team he led Durham to become UAU Champions for the first time in their history (this is the competition between all the UK Universities).

In 1932 Dad made his debut for Doncaster Town Cricket Club playing in the Yorkshire Council. This was the start of a long lasting family association with the club carried on even now by his grandchildren. It was also at this time that his lifelong friendship with Frank Wilson began.

During the war Dad still managed to play some sport, in Canada he played football under floodlights against the Toronto All Stars, which included many of the top professionals of that era. Not surprisingly he also managed a game or two of cricket, which they played on matting, representing the RAF against R.W.V. Robbins XI.

He resumed playing for the Town in 1945 and was Captain of the 1st XI, playing in the Yorkshire League, between 1950 and 1955. This was a golden era of cricket for the Town with hundreds of spectators watching the Knockout matches that were played at this time and which often featured several County players. He played in the benefit matches for many of the Yorkshire team, including Sir Leonard Hutton. I recall one occasion when David and I had gone to Chesterfield to watch Yorkshire play Derbyshire. We were both wondering how we could get to Frickley in time to see Dad play in Brian Close's benefit match that night, so decided the best thing to do was to ask Mr Close if perhaps we could have a lift with him to the game. He duly obliged.



Dad continued to play cricket until he was nearly 70, playing for the Town at Barnsley in a 2nd XI game to help us out of a crisis. I'm sure we were beaten but I remember Dad was not out. He enjoyed the Grammar School Club XI games, particularly at Sprotbrough and Tickhill and continued to arrange and play in the Old Danensian fixture for many years. During his cricket career he scored 28 centuries. He continued to play squash with both David and me until he was 70. David admits that Dad could still beat him, I refuse to admit it!

As Dad turned 50, years of age that is, Golf had now started to become his main sport. He played at Wheatley and eventually managed to get his handicap down to 3. He was Captain in 1971 and the honours board bears testament to the number of competitions he won from the Captains Prize in 1966 to the Veterans Cup in 1987, when he was 73 years old. He achieved a hole in one on 2 occasions, both at Wheatley. Dad and his close friend Jim Smith started the Past Captain's Dinners which continue to this day.

Although a fierce competitor Dad will be remembered as a gentleman by his teammates and opponents alike. I'd just like to read something that I think is particularly appropriate.

A Sportsman is a man who does not boast; nor quit; nor make excuses when he fails. He is a cheerful loser and a quiet winner. He plays fair and as well as he can. He enjoys the pleasure of risk. He gives his opponent the benefit of the doubt and he values the game itself more highly than the result.

Dad was a Sportsman.

John Lockwood



Annual Hockey Match
Doncaster Town Field Sports Club
Friday 25th September 2009
Hallcross School XI v Old Danensians XI

Old Danensians: Simon Keys (GK), Duncan Coates, Jonathan Crosby, Alan Stoves, Tony Henshaw, Simon Lockwood, Tim Woad, Roger Smith, Steve Barton, Sam Deans, Matt Stables, Sandy Lawson, Ben Bailey, Dominic Firth, Alistair West, Mark West, John ‘Jasper’ Harratt (Mngr), Stephen Brooks (Coach)

A very short report this year I’m afraid, dear fans.

This is mainly due to the removal of the lead in Tim Woad’s pencil. I know; a sad day but not as sad as the injury to Old Boy Stephen Brooks who missed his first game since leaving school 25 years ago. A fact which seemed to lift the spirit of the Old Boys team.

This spirit was short lived however as the Old Boys were outplayed by the school who fortunately could not convert their superiority into goals scored. This was mainly due to the “Stalewarts” (spelt correctly) Stoves and Coates who provided the ballast necessary to block off each Hall Cross attack.

The same cannot be said for the left half Old Boy defender Mark West, of whom a spectator commented that this was the first time they had seen him play well for the school. Harratt’s half time team talk left a lot to be desired - the best advice given was to lose weight.

The Old Boys laboured to a 4-2 victory against the run of play with a total lack of vision. Scorers for the Old Boys - Matt Stables on his debut, Steve “got my goal” Barton, Sandy Lawson and Alistair West, with the latter proving that there are some hockey genes present in the West family.

The first goal for the school came from Jonathan Powell who tickled a ball towards goal only for the Old Boys goalkeeper “Calamity Keys” to prove that the hundreds of pounds spent on padding and equipment was extremely wasteful and futile. Michael Sowerby scored the second from a very well taken penalty stroke which was wasted on the aforementioned Keys.

The school should be encouraged by their performance and look forward to the season ahead. A special thanks should go to their Hockey Master Gerry Cowan who is doing a sterling job with the boys.

I feel I must, only through etiquette, mention the umpires who during the game attempted to resurrect the 80’s and 90’s television show of “Give Us a Clue”. Thank you Michael Cattrall and Timothy Hawkins, it was your pleasure.

Roll on next year and the return of the Old Boys flare.

Anon



The Thorne Road Building

The Doncaster Free Press of Thursday January 21st again raised fears that the Thorne Road building of Hall Cross School is to be closed and eventually demolished. Here we include parts of a letter written by Pippa Dodgshon, Head of the School, to all parents and friends of the school:

“You may have seen another rather poorly informed article about... proposals for Hall Cross. We again confirm the position agreed with the Council’s “Building Schools for the Future” (BSF)...a matter of public record. Regular meetings between senior staff, Governors and the LA have continued...and our position reflects the broad views of parents and other stakeholders, including concerns raised about the future of the Thorne Road site and the size of the school. Two outcomes are that Hall Cross will receive more children than originally planned...and much more space will be provided at the Lower School site ...when money is released for work on Hall Cross in 2014. The Upper School site will NOT be the subject of any investment under BSF proposal. We have suggested that it may have a role in the wider provision of post 16 and community learning. No further debate has taken place. The oldest parts of the Thorne Rd site are ‘listed’ and any changes to their use would require public consultation. Our existing population of learners will not be affected and there will be no impact on sixth form study at Hall Cross for the foreseeable future. We assure you that any changes to this position will be communicated to you through the school and NOT by the local press.”

Changes since May 2009

Members' contact details (postal and e-mail addresses) have been removed from this version of the newsletter.

If you are a Club member, and wish to receive the unedited version of the newsletter, please contact Richard Flint (e-mail website@old-danensians.org.uk).

Deaths

A. Ian Glasby (42-50), died May 2009

WE Lockwood (26-33, then staff until 1973), died November 2009

John Wilkinson (47-54), died June 2009

Peter WR Walter (45-52), died January 2010

Katie Prince (née Goldson) (53-60), died December 2009

Changes of address

Bob Steward (58-65)

Yvonne King (née Northcott) (52-57)

Peter Wright (46-51)

Newly received e-mail addresses

Alan Rudrum

Helen Mettham

Helen Clark

Alison McDonald

Andrew Wallace

CF Beck

Vicky Jackson

PJ Ingamells

New Members

Alison Dale (72-72) LM

Joanna Berry (née Ibbotson) (81-86) LM

Rachel Wain (Dr) (90-95) LM

Keith Harrison (77-82) LM

Yvonne Milne (née Elvin) (61-68) LM

Helen J Flint (99-06) LM

Jonathan Holmes (2002-09) LM

Simon J Hill (2002-09) Free temp member

Mark Simons (2002-09) Free temp member

Hall Cross sixth formers organised a 'Dickensian' Dinner in the School Library before Christmas

