



Caius Old Boys & Girls Association



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Wow what a reunion?

I thought we had a happy, brilliant and interesting day back at school where we celebrated the lives of Ann Lewis and Don Sholl. We started at the School at 2.30pm where Mr Stern, The headmaster, had already had planted the tree awaiting our final turning of a shovel adding the soil and the plaque placement. Don Sholl's children, grandchildren and family arrived to scatter his Ashes. They were invited to place them in the base of Ann's memorial tree which they really appreciated. I informed the family that the place chosen faced the sun, sea and overlooked the First X1 football pitch where Don had performed his excellent football skills. I was very proud of those members in attendance in the way they took his family to heart. Several were able to impart stories about Don to the family which appreciated finding out about. Don's family as did Bernard (Ann's Partner) became very emotional when the ceremony ended. It was great to see over fifty attending the afternoon. We were joined for the first time at a reunion by Johnny Revell, from Germany and Jeff Jones from Worthing. Gilles Mosseri arrived with his Son Michelle from Italy. We all adjourned to see the school badge that had been set in the windows above the main staircase. It was excellent, far better than I personally could have hoped for and well worth a visit from you. The College again received us with grace. I thank the many who came to the school to support the day even though they could not make the evening. Onto Langford's for the evening which went with a swing with forty-five partaking of the meal. It was a shame the main course not up to standard but it was a fun evening and many old acquaintances were renewed. What I find great is the fact that families had attended the afternoon and evening. There was a very short speech, we toasted absent friends, followed by an awful off key rendition of the School song. The names of those who for various reasons could not attend and sent their regards were read out. Robert Dunn then presented a gift to Malcolm Dunne and Flowers to his wife, for all his past efforts on behalf of the Association. (I think it was a bribe for me to keep going and do next years.) The below poem was written and presented to the Association by Sheila Miller (wife of Norman).



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It's that time for all of us to get together, We always seem to make it, despite the weather. Having in common the love of our old school. Wonderful education, we're nobody's fool, We think of those past on, with pride.	Memories of them, standing by our side, May the gatherings go on and on, Never forgetting to sing, the old School song, Caius School was simply the best, Head and shoulders above the rest!
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Sheila was never a Caius pupil but has attended many reunions with Norman capturing the spirit of the occasions.

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Caius School—60 years on

I left Caius for good in 1953 when my parents and sister and I immigrated to Canada. How is it possible that memories from my schooldays keep surfacing so long after? Partly, of course, it is because old boys and girls have organized reunions, some of which I attended a few years ago. Even then, it astounded me that a school which had such a relatively young lifespan should have engendered the kind of spirit and camaraderie that would lead relatively sane people like Malcolm Dunne and Alan Gibson to devote hours of their lives to organize such events. Regrettably, this year, once again, I will not be in attendance on April 20 for the annual reunion dinner. Comox, on the east coast of Vancouver Island, is farther away from Southwick than Moscow, and the pension of a retired civil servant is not large enough to enable me to cross the Atlantic this year, but for those who might remember “Coppernob”, as Mr. Lewis, our redoubtable Headmaster nicknamed me, here are a few reminiscences of my six years at Caius:

Being caned: I was basically well-behaved but was caned once. Another boy in my class was being summoned to the Headmaster’s office for punishment, and I rather too loudly wished him “Good luck”. “You, too, Smith (my name in those days), for being cheeky”. We both trooped off the Mr. Lewis’s office and received our three swipes on our bottoms. Mr. Lewis was not a sadist, and the canings were administered with humour rather than vindictiveness. **Playing football:** I was football-mad as a child, and the highlight of my sporting career at Caius was being selected for the Second XI. The photo of the 1952-53 team shows a tiny boy sitting cross-legged with his team-mates, all of whom seemed to be years older and much taller. I remember playing “away” at a Jewish boy’s school in Brighton, and scoring a goal, then having a meal with the opposing team, and asking the boy next to me, naively, “What is that hat you’re wearing?” having never yet encountered yarmulkes.

Discovering girls: The girls were in separate classes, of course, but we saw them at breaks, lunch-times, sporting days, etc. I was in awe of them. They seemed so capable, as well as being mysterious. One in particular caught my fancy, and my admiration for her made me do something truly embarrassing. One day, Jacky was standing on a chair in the hall—why, I’m not sure—and as I passed by, I had a stick in my hand, and lifted up her skirt. What possessed me, I do not know. She merely laughed, as I remember. Many, many years later, when Alan and Jacky Gibson welcomed me to their home in Hove, the story was related, and I acquired a new nickname: “skirt-lifter”.

The 11 plus: In those days, everyone took the 11 plus exam to determine whether you went to a Grammar school or a comprehensive. Mr. Lewis was anxious to maintain the reputation of the school, so hired a teacher specifically to coach those of us who would be taking the 11 plus that year. With this extra help, I think we all passed. For me, it resulted in a “fast-track” entry into Grade 9 when we moved to Canada that October, and I found myself in classes with kids two to three years older. I survived, though took a lot of kidding about my youth and my English accent. The result was I graduated with a four year university degree before my 20th birthday. Thank you, Mr. Lewis.

Friends: I had three close friends at Caius: Dennis Nisbet, Bill Hargreaves, and David Bungard. We usually took the bus together from Hove to Southwick, played together at the breaks, and shared stories on the weekends. Dennis actually explained to me that Father Christmas did not exist. It happened one afternoon, as we came home on the bus, as Christmas, 1952 neared. I was 10, and still a believer—I said I was naïve, right?—but Dennis very patiently, as if to an idiot, explained that it would be impossible for Father Christmas to fly all over Sussex, let alone all over England, leaving aside the rest of the world, and deposit presents down millions of chimneys. At the time, I was crestfallen, but realized later that this was the beginning of adulthood. I am pleased to say 60 years on, I am still in regular touch with Dennis and Bill, though David has disappeared.

Lunches: I was a day boy so had my lunch at Caius. It was not, I have to say, a culinary highlight, and though I am sure Cook did her best. My recollection is that there were only two puddings: rice pudding and figs. The figs were grown on the property, and I have never been able to eat figs since 1953. As for rice pudding, it was also something I avoided after leaving Caius, until I discovered you could add raisins and brown sugar and actually make it palatable. I once incurred the wrath of Matron, when told that cabbage was good for us as it contained iron, I replied, “So that’s why it tastes so tough!” Not much mention of teacher, who were a mixed bag. But I did learn some French and Latin, and I must have been taught literature well, as I still love reading today. Arithmetic was my weakness, and science did not seem to get much attention. Overall, I must have got a reasonable start on my education at Caius, as I somehow managed to fool two reputable Canadian universities to grant me degrees somewhat later in my youth. But what remains most in my memory is not so much the classroom, but rather the atmosphere of friendship, positive competition, striving for excellence and general sense of aspiration that Mr. Lewis and his staff instilled in us.

We may now have lined foreheads, an extra pound or two around our middles, less hair than then—in my case, the “copper” has gone—but as one of my favourite Canadian authors Ernest Hillen, puts it, “Memory is, finally, all we own”. For me, and I suspect, all Caius old boys and girls, we own a great deal. **(As promised Stewart no editing)**

In Memoriam

Don Sholl Passed away and his ashes were scattered at Caius at the his and his families request. Don attended Caius from about 1949 to 1954. I remember him as an excellent footballer and played for the first 1X. He lived in Richmond Place Brighton for some time.

Geoff May Briefly I was sent to Caius in about 1960, I quickly fell in with a crowd which included Croager, March, Nicholson, Rainbow and David Scott, some other friends were Walker and Bob Montague. Masters at the time were Dudham, Wright, Herbert, Morris (not Richard) Mellow and Glenn (the later got fired leading us astray on a school holiday in Italy). Miraculously I ended up Head Boy and ran the place with David Scott. The strange thing is I don't remember any girls there. After I left I joined the London Stock Exchange as a Blue Button and slowly worked my way up to Dealer on the floor of the exchange until I couldn't stand it any longer and went to sea and onto the Oil & Gas Exploration industry. I am still there at the age of 66 but I love it and won't retire. There a number of other adventures (Captain of Super Yachts) but mainly O&G. I have been married 3 times and have 4 children. I live between Devon and Oxford. The only Old Boy I have kept up with is Robert Montague whom I seem to meet in spurious places around the world including a pub near to me in Oxford. I am quite happy for anyone to have my e-mail geoff-may@hotmail.co.uk to contact. My best wishes for all at reunion and wish I was there.

David Moon

Time has sure gone by, I will be 70 years old in 2014, does anyone remember my younger brother Leslie he is now 67. I do remember you very well as you were a good friend, after leaving Caius school Les and I went to another boarding called 'Earsham Hall' school nr Bungay on the border of Norfolk and Suffolk. I do remember David White it's such a small world that he also was a teacher at my new school. He taught Poetry and Nature study. He was a very tall Man and thin so clever that he went mad ending in asylum. One teacher I liked at Caius was Captain Jackson. When we went for meals he uses to eat salad all the time and let me have some.

I left Earsham hall school at 15 years old staying with my grandmother because my Mum and Dad were abroad a lot due to his job in the Diplomatic Wireless Service. After various jobs at 21 years of age I joined the R.A.F and was stationed at 'R.A.F Benson Queen's flight' those were the happiest days of my life. I have been married 3 times; my first wife abused my Autistic son Jason when he was 3 years old. I got custody of him until 2008 when he had to go into a care support home due to the great deterioration and his tantrums. This year he will be 33 years old. I now live in the City of Lincoln; my Mobile number is 07523128289 lincoln_dave1944@yahoo.com I would like to hear from anyone hearing what they have been up to.

My regards to all David Moon

School punishments and their legacy

So there I was happily and enjoying weeding my garden and it got me thinking as to why I have always enjoyed weeding. I usually sit or kneel and feel very relaxed carrying out such a simple task and seeing the neatly tilled soil. I then remembered how punishments given out by the Prefects were to weed areas of the driveways etc. I enjoy poetry and would often quote it to friends who are surprised that I have that knowledge. I recalled that The Prefects also gave out the punishments of 4, 6 or 12 of lines of poetry to be learnt and presented to them within 24 hours. Many of the poems I remember stem from these punishments but latterly I have developed a love of poetry. I now have a copy of Palgrave's treasury as was used at school, therefore, some punishments can have a great beneficial effect. Just in case you are wondering, I did not like being caned and I am not using canes in my life. Did any of you have any after effects of punishments, good or bad? If so please let me have them.

MD

Alan & Jacky Gibson, Penny and Richard Pursey
The only couples who met at Caius and married.

Rodney Freed turning a sod



FINANCES

The Treasurer informs me that there is only £59.00 left in the COBA account. In other words we are broke (well almost). Over the last few years we have not held raffles or asked for donations to raise funds. We have subsidised, the reunions, donations to the school, web site costs and postage etc from the funds, therefore, the funds have dwindled away. These actions were a committee decision and we make no apologies for them. We are not a money making organisation and have never needed large funds, however, to continue sending out post (Ten shillings (50p) postage per letter and more for overseas) etc, we will need funds. At least 95% of all monies that have been raised were from those who attended the reunions. I am not intending to again use my own funds as I and Roger Dice also did in the early years of the rebirth of this Association. At present, I will continue to use only electronic mail, because, one posting to non-email members costs at least £60.00, cards at Christmas about £100.00. We have been fortunate that the Treasurer, very generously over several years, left £1000.00 in our account to cover any failure at the reunion. He has never, as yet, taken any of the costs for the redesigning the web site and putting right the closing of the site by a disgruntled ex-pupil. His actions are greatly appreciated but his generosity must stop.

Where do we go from here? God willing, I will arrange a reunion next year but it must be the last. The ticket cost will have to cover all costs. I am not asking but should but you wish to make a donation then it will be gladly accepted. In some ways it is sad but we have had a bloody good run considering the school closed in 1968. Malcolm Dunne

Please Note your diaries, book your flights etc.

REUNION 2014

SATURDAY 21ST OF JUNE 2014

DETAILS TO FOLLOW

I will attempt to find a venue for the next reunion