

# CAIUS OLD BOYS AND GIRLS ASSOCIATION



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My 9 year old grandson and his family have just moved to Eastbourne and started at Bede's School situated on the cliffs near Beachy Head. I saw a photograph taken out of his form room window showing the sports field, cliff edge and the sea. Wonderful view I thought, how fortunate he is.

This then got me reminiscing about my school days. How in 1950 I left central London for the wilds of Sussex. Travelling by train passing a little airport called Gatwick and seeing a couple of Spitfires standing beside a small conning tower. Oh! The fresh sea air blowing in the Shoreham harbour mouth, around the lighthouse, over the railway line, rattling the windows of the dormitory, seeping through the cracks and reducing the temperature of the bedroom, however, on the hot summer days it was very welcome. The windows of which I speak are the middle level centre and the roof one to the right in the picture above in the head of the newsletter.

In hindsight what a lovely, healthy and relaxed environment we had. I now realise how fortunate I was to be in such a healthy atmosphere. Very little car noise or fumes, no mobile phones, television or electronic games to wear out my fingers and thumbs. We all wore the same clothes, therefore, no one-up man-ship in who has the latest designer clothes. Mind you we all hankered after crystal sets and this new-fangled TV. (I now have and enjoy the use of such implements and more, except the crystal set).

I became a convert to seaside living, loving the sea breezes and feel my spirits lift whenever I arrive on the south coast. Even though life does not always let you live where you would like to be I do not regret what has happened and will enjoy the coast whenever I can.

Since I wrote this article my daughter-in-law telephoned me to tell me that my Grandson had just returned from playing football against

Shoreham College. She said what a beautiful building and school. Wow, I explained that was called Caius School where I attended. My Grandson replied "well, we beat them 5-0." It was an amazing feeling to think that he and I played on the same pitch sixty years apart. M.D.

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## In Memoriam

### **PETER TWENTYMAN.**

Peter was born in Didcot and because he developed a Berkshire accent, which his mother disliked, it was decided to send him to Caius School. He enjoyed his time there getting into many incidents including selling cooked eggs to the starving pupils. He left school and did various jobs until he decided to join a Kibbutz in Israel where he met his first wife and had two daughters. After the divorce he went on a holiday to Crete where he met Gabriele who followed him to Israel where they married. They moved to Jerusalem where Peter set up his hairdressing salon. After many happy years they decided to return to England and settled in



Stanford in the Vale, Oxon. He opened a salon in Highworth (Farringdon) which he sold a few years ago but still worked there a couple of days a week. He and Gabby loved travelling especially having breaks in Brighton. He was often seen in his MG touring the countryside. He was a great supporter of the Ex-pupils Association and was on the committee often travelling to Sussex for committee meetings. I found Peter very kind, considerate and have a good sense of humour and he was a great support to me on the committee. He suffered a ruptured blood vessel whilst working on his beloved allotment dying after seven hours in the theatre. Richard Fairman and I attended his memorial service as COBA representatives.

**Tony Thompson.** Dear Malcolm. I have been meaning to contact you for a while, sadly Tony passed away on February 27th, and it was expected but still an awful shock. He was always interested in reading the newsletter. All the best, Janet Thomson.

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### COLIN GRASSICK

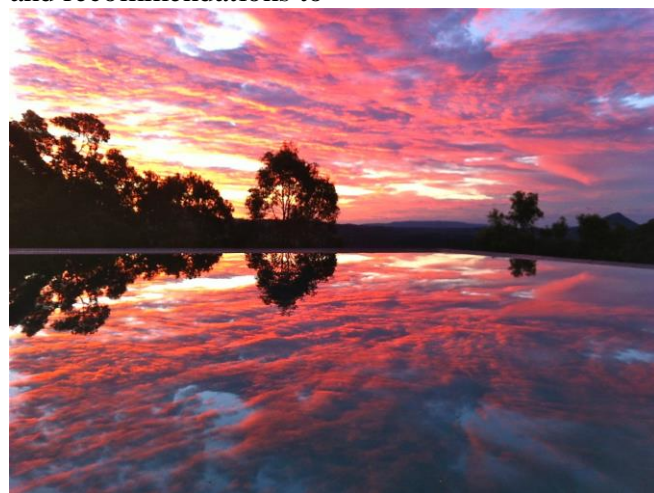
Since retiring from Sydney to Queensland's Sunshine Coast two years ago, our lives have changed somewhat. Jan still keeps up her cooking interests (being a Le Cordon Bleu trained chefette!) and I only keep getting fatter.

The weather up here is brilliant, hence the name and we are fortunate to live on the slopes of



Mount Ninderry with views to the north and west with and some amazing sunsets, as pictured across the pool. That is Mount Cooroy on the left. However, by chance, a flatmate from 25 years ago invited me to her December 2012 wedding in Perth and I offered my services as photographer. This was the third time I had taken the photos at friend's weddings and produced albums on each occasion as their wedding present. A long-time friend is a wedding celebrant here on the coast was the catalyst to consider setting myself up as a wedding photographer. Last year we covered three weddings and a couple of family portraits and set about establishing a business under the name of iFocus Photography. Since then we have been moderately successful with 24 weddings this year, as well as numerous portrait and commercial shoots. As there are literally hundreds of photographers on the Coast and in Brisbane where we operate, we recently decided, as a differentiator, to incorporate videography into our

packages. So now Jan complements my photography by filming the ceremony etc. Those interested can see our work on our Facebook link as well as through our website [www.ifocusphotography.com.au](http://www.ifocusphotography.com.au). We now have bookings as far out as 2016 and I sometimes wonder, what was I thinking choosing such a demanding and challenging occupation in my twilight years!! We do however enjoy it and it keeps me off the streets, as they say. I have to admit that sometimes when I turn up to meet a bride, I can see in their face a look of concern with them thinking, "What is this fat old bastard doing posing as a wedding photographer?" By the end of their experience using our services, we have been really chuffed with the beautiful comments and recommendations to



their friends. Jan just said, "Let's hope you can keep it up!" What, at my age, she must be forgetting I'm 65 now. Time for a nana nap methinks. ZZZZZZ

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Vanity, my favorite sin! Have you ever been guilty of looking at others your own age and thinking, surely I can't look that old?

Well... You'll love this one!

My name is Alice Smith and I was sitting in the waiting room for my first appointment with a new dentist. I noticed his dental diploma, which bore his full name.

Suddenly, I remembered a tall, handsome, dark haired boy with the same name had been in my secondary school class some 40-odd years ago. Could he be the same guy that I had a secret crush on, way back then?

Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, grey haired man with the deeply lined face was far too old to have been my classmate. After he examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended Morgan Park Secondary School. 'Yes, yes I did. I'm a Morganner!' he beamed with pride. 'When did you leave to go to college?' I asked, he answered, in 1965. Why do you ask? 'You were in my class!' I exclaimed. He looked at me closely. Then the ugly, old, bald, wrinkled, fat arsed, grey haired, decrepit, ex-pupil asked...'what subject did you teach?

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New Email address. Tony Powell. [tony.powell.gatley@gmail.com](mailto:tony.powell.gatley@gmail.com)

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## REUNION

# SATURDAY 21ST MARCH 2015

At the school from 2.30 then to a reception from 6.30pm at the Langford's Hotel, 8-16 Third Avenue, Hove, BN3 2PX. Attendance is free and the meal optional

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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Tickets @ £25 each for the reunion on Saturday 21st<sup>h</sup> March 2015

Name \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Post Code \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose a cheque for £ \_\_\_\_\_ payable to **COBA**

Send to Malcolm Dunne 115 Fleetwood Close, Tadworth, Surrey KT20 5QL

**VEGETARIAN OPTION PLEASE SIGNIFY NUMBER** \_\_\_\_\_

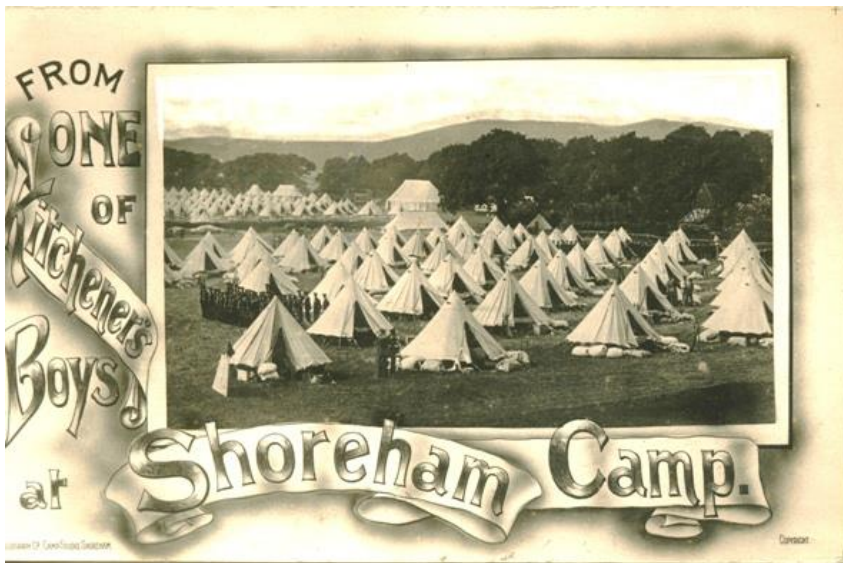
**SHOREHAM ARMY CAMPS.** (Not Caius School)

I happened to be reading an article about a family of four sons who went to the First Great War in 1914 and all returned safely to their family. I noted that one had been a prisoner of war and on his return he was sent to an Army camp in Shoreham by Sea and held for rehabilitation. Until then I never realised that Shoreham, Buckingham Park and the fields around Middle lane had played a part in the war. The area above Buckingham



Park and Slonk Hill was transformed to create a realistic battleground where trenches were dug and barbed wire laid before them. The golf clubhouse on the Downs above Southlands Hospital was commandeered to become an officer's mess. Shoreham had then two distinct camps, Mill Hill for recruits and Slonk Hill for learning advanced soldiering. Soldiers who had elected to serve in the Corps i.e. the Medical Corps, Pay Corps, Artillery and Signalling left Shoreham after basic training to go on to Aldershot and other regimental depots to complete their training.

sufficient such as barbers and boot repairers. The Veterinary Corps manpower included veterinary surgeons, blacksmiths and facilities for kennelling dogs with men trained in grooming and feeding horses. The 24th Infantry Division was formed out of men trained at Shoreham and possessed an ammunition train comprising some 500 horses used mainly to pull artillery field gun limbers. At places like the Shoreham camp local blacksmiths were also employed in order to cope with the huge number of horses used in training. In June 1915 rifles were



The army of 1914 was fairly self-supporting providing its own facilities eventually issued to all soldiers and the 24th Division by then comprising 35,000 men was posted to Aldershot where during the 19th to 23rd June Earl Kitchener and King George subsequently inspected them. On 19th August orders were received to move to France and a few days later the Division went into action at Loos in Flanders where an appalling 4,178 casualties were incurred for little or no gain. During the period September 1915 to November 1918, the total number of casualties was put at 35,362, including those killed, missing and wounded. Training continued at Shoreham where facilities gradually improved as the camp became a wooden town with a number of shops for the troops run by local traders such as William Winton's stationery

store and the Burfoot brothers who provided vegetable produce grown at their Middle Road nurseries. In all, five Divisions trained at the camp and left an indelible memory on the residents of the town. A memorial in the St Georges Chapel of St Mary's church is virtually all that remains of the once huge training base that existed in Shoreham. At one stage after the war there was a march by the troops to Brighton to complain about the delay in not releasing the men back to 'Civvy' Street quick enough. It was in fact a mutiny which was played down by the governments as they were scared of a Russian Type revolution occurring. The above is only a brief resume about the Army in the Shoreham area. Just think when the boarders went on a Sunday afternoon walk to Buckingham Park and the Downs and played soldiers, we followed in the footsteps of many.

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Just a reminder that our web site is now "caiuschool.magix.net/ "