

CAOKS NEWSLETTER

Celebrating 152 years of camaraderie and friendship



November 2017

Issue 73

President's Message

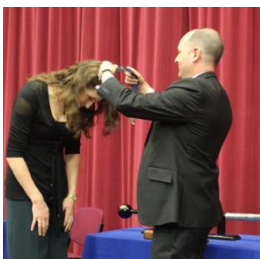
What a year of unprecedented change it has been for CAOKS.

It is with mild trepidation and plenty of excitement that I take up the reins of the Presidency as the first female candidate in its 152 years. This milestone in our history underlines how any organisation must adapt and change over time to survive, and we have been around long enough to understand that when change is necessary it should be embraced but not at the cost of what we stand for, camaraderie and friendship through our shared connection with King's.



When the School decided nearly 20 years ago to allow girls into the Sixth Form it changed the makeup of our Association as well as its own. For me being only a few short years after this first wave of females, it still felt like a seismic shift had happened. But in typical King's style, I have never felt more welcome or so able to thrive as I did during my time at the School. My fellow pupils were welcoming and warm, as well as stubbornly passionate about things they saw as part of the fabric of our school culture, which seems to be the mould all former student conform to no matter which era we are from.

It is in this mould that I hope we can welcome the new Headmaster George Hartley, who started his post at King's this September. George was formerly the Principal at Elizabeth College Guernsey, and is extremely supportive of School Alumni Associations and was able to achieve some remarkable results collaborating with Elizabeth College's Alumni Association, they now have a 90% plus uptake of pupils joining the alumni.



His innovative ideas and input are already having an impact on CAOKS helping ensure we create sustainable and effective engagement of all generations of Alumni.



The first of these changes as some of you may have noticed, was that I was not invested as President at the AGM in May as is normal, but stood as president-elect until Alan Vallance officially handed over the reins to me during a School Assembly, part of our mutual efforts with the School team, to position Alumni life front and centre in pupils King's experience. It feels appropriate at this point to convey my thanks to Alan not just for his careful stewardship of the Association and his efforts over the past year to solidify our relationship with the school and the new Head but for his mentorship whilst I have been in the role of Senior Vice President this past year.



A further off change will be the relocation of the Annual Dinner back to the school after this year's event, and I am sure many of us will welcome the opportunity to revisit our old Alma Mater.

That is not to say that our Dinner this year at the Town Hall will be any less spectacular, we will be joined by Jamie Christon, Managing Director of Chester Zoo. Chester Zoo has been a Chester institution since 1931 (nearly as long as us give or take 66 years!). I do hope you can join us on the night. I certainly look forward to an evening of great camaraderie with friends old and new.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Olivia Whitlam'.

Olivia Whitlam, CAOKS President

From the Editor

Paul Consterdine



I am pleased to be able to recommend another full, varied and interesting newsletter.

My thanks to all who have contributed, in particular the School.

I will be putting together only another 2 issues of our journal and would be delighted to hear from anyone who is prepared to take up the task.

In an ideal arrangement the work of gathering material and the actual compositing for the printers would be managed by one person but there is nothing to prevent the responsibilities being split. Compositing is probably best done in PDF or Publisher format.

Please contact me at paulconsterdine@btinternet.com if you would like to know more.

From the Dinner Secretary

Robin Hardi



A quick note to say that you have a new Dinner Secretary. I have volunteered to take over the role this summer with the approval of the General Committee. Firstly, let me thank Nick Phillipson and David Atkin for their sterling work supporting the event for the last few years. I hope to maintain their high standards.

For the next Annual Dinner there has been some debate about changing venues and dates but given the Founder's Dinner in September we decided to keep things as they are for one more year. So, the next Annual Dinner will remain at the Town Hall at the end of the Lent term. With the arrival of the new Headmaster and our ongoing liaison with the Alumni Office there is a view to return to The School for subsequent Annual Dinners, and a possible merging with the Founder's Dinner. These are just options at present and will be discussed with the President and the General Committee over the coming months. As ever, your views are welcome.

From the Secretary

Adrian Ackroyd



I am very encouraged by the continuing progress in rebuilding our previously good relationship with the School. David Wilkes' cooperative and tactful approach when SVP and then President for 2015-6 gave rise to a very frank exploratory but conciliatory meeting with the School's alumni development team.

Our discussions of then and the concurrence to move forward together have been further developed over the past 18 months by Alan Vallance with a series of initiatives for pupils and alumni.

Our new President, Olivia Whitlam, will continue to work closely with the School to ensure that the knowledge and experience of the alumni are on hand to support not just current pupils at the School but also recent leavers.

We are most fortunate to have Anthony Hopkinson, Director of Development, as a champion of CAOKS. A professional in his field, Anthony recognised soon after taking up his post that CAOKS is a strong and recognised 'brand' visible throughout the School and with which alumni identify, and as such CAOKS needs to be at the forefront of alumni engagement. As a result the CAOKS pages on the School's website were moved from relative obscurity to the main landing-page for alumni, as well as being considerably expanded. All CAOKS events are now listed on the 'Alumni Events' pages and are being promoted through targeted emails to all of King's alumni.

A very significant, tangible outcome of this new-era relationship was the investiture of Olivia Whitlam as our first lady President in front of a joint Lower and Upper Sixth Form Assembly during the Michaelmas term. The resolution to have a 'President-elect' for the period June to October was made at the AGM in May. This had been proposed by the General Committee in April as it was thought to be sensible that the 'Presidential Year' was 100% in sync with the School's academic year rather than, as in the past, being 90% out of sync.





A few months ago I had a very productive and informative meeting with the new Headmaster, George Hartley - I do hope you have been reading his blogs on the School website as they will give you a good flavour of the man and his intellect - without any doubts he is an immense asset to the School. Following his success with alumni engagement at his previous school I was left with no illusion that he intends the alumni to be very much at the heart of the School, and for that reason alone we should all support his vision. Accordingly we, the alumni, should step up and be seen to be helping the School in whichever way we can.

The Annual Founder's Dinner was held in late September. Following up on Olivia Whitlam's initiative to have at least one table's worth representing CAOKS I dutifully booked my place, along with a horde of others from the CAOKS crew, and turned up on the night. It was very different from our formal Annual Dinner. I was seated alongside Mark Thorp, our new Hon. Treasurer, Barrie Horne (Director of Football) and a very ebullient (!) young female sports coach.



The food was exemplary and the after-dinner speaker was insightful (though being an ardent rugby fan I was not quite sure who John Barnes was). He gave an amusing and thoughtful speech and then entertained us at the end with an impromptu rap with two 6th form girls! I encourage you to attend this great evening of good food and good humour.



Just recently I again dusted down my old and crumpled linen suit (à la Indiana Jones if you are interested – but with not a bull-whip in sight) and made my way to the Science and Technology Fund Raising Dinner. The School's first 'Science Expo' had been held during the day and was open to school pupils from across the local area. I felt I ought to attend since my PhD is in the Biosciences and also, as Hon Sec of CAOKS, I believe that I should be supporting these important initiatives by the School.



Another impelling reason to attend was to hear the keynote speaker, an OKS, Hagan Bailey FRS, Professor of Chemical Biology at Oxford and a pioneer in cross-membrane cellular transport.

Again the food was brilliant, though on hindsight I should have brought a large doggy bag! Seated at my table were the Head of Biology, various local sci-tech and finance bigwigs along with a highly motivated Lower 6th girl hoping to go on for a degree in Maths and Physics. I very much enjoyed the relaxed and convivial atmosphere and hope that there are similar events in the future to attend.

During my various visits to the School of late I have been struck by a massive sea-change. The atmosphere is happy and relaxed, all the staff I have met seem reinvigorated and full of optimism for the future under George Hartley's leadership, and keenly determined to do their best for the pupils. It is a quite remarkable transformation in such a short space of time.

We are well along in the process now and are very much hoping that in 2019 the Annual Dinner will again be held at the School after a ten-year absence. Stewart Turner brought the dinner back to its home in 1990 while Roger Wickson was Headmaster and this was built on with great success during Tim Turvey's tenure.

Though this year's Annual Dinner on Saturday 24th March will be held again at Chester Town Hall. I do hope we have a bumper turnout for our first ever lady President who has lined up two significant speakers.

I understand that George Hartley, the new HM is very much looking forward to it. You can book your tickets online via Eventbrite as from now. The direct e-link is [CAOKS 152nd Annual Dinner](https://caoks-152-annual-dinner.eventbrite.co.uk) (or <https://caoks-152-annual-dinner.eventbrite.co.uk> if you are not reading the Online Newsletter). Otherwise just Google 'Eventbrite.co.uk', enter CAOKS in the first box, and Chester UK in the second, then click on the fourth box. Paper booking forms will be sent out in late January for those who prefer to pay by cheque or Direct Debit.

On the administration side of things the Association needs to be certain that it is fully compliant with the changes to data protection legislation coming into force in 2018. Various subcommittees have been tasked with examining data protection and governance issues. Under the existing 'DPA' regulatory framework CAOKS was allowed a number of important exemptions but these are no longer tolerated under this new 'GDPR' regime.

I would like to thank two longstanding stalwarts for their hard work over the years, Alex Horne and Nick Phillipson, Toastmaster and Hon Treasurer respectively. As you will have noted, Robin Hardi has taken on the role of Dinner Secretary and Mark Thorp is now our Hon. Treasurer.

Headmaster's Message



Let me firstly say what a delight it is to finally be in post as the 42nd Headmaster of The King's School.

I am glad to report that my family and I have settled down well to the rhythms of Cheshire life having spent the last eight years in Guernsey, with Ellie (Removes) and Edmund (Thirds) getting quickly into the swing of things and thoroughly involved in the busy life of the school.

It's certainly been an exciting time to come to King's with the introduction this term of the new house and faculty structures in the Senior School. With all pupils from Shells and above belonging to one of eight houses and a number of house competitions already completed, the house system is bedding down extremely well. The house singing competition proved a particular highlight, with all pupils having to sing and perform in the Vanbrugh Theatre in front of their peers. A hotly contested final resulted in Dutton (*The Lion Sleeps Tonight*) and Fox (*Never Gonna Give You Up*) houses emerging as joint winners. The eight house names are Bradbury, Dutton, Fox, Gladstone, Grosvenor, Lester-Smith, Walsh and Werburgh.

Whilst in my judgement pastoral care is already very strong at the school, it is hoped that the house system, which will allow individual pupils to be even better known and valued, will improve such provision still further. The new faculty structure, which has also got off to a promising start, should also play its part in allowing a greater focus on each pupil, as well as in developing academic leadership within the Senior School.

On the academic front, it was a pleasure to arrive at the school in August on the back of a superb set of public exam results. The A level results allowed nearly all of our leavers to head off to the universities of their choice and at GCSE the pupils managed to break the school record by achieving a remarkable 56% of grades at A*. Such stellar results made us the top-performing co-educational school in the North-West and placed us in the top ten of such schools across the whole country; a truly magnificent feat!



A-Level Success at King's



Best ever GCSE results at King's

We enjoyed an excellent Founder's Dinner at the end of September, in 1541, with the footballer John Barnes attending as the guest of honour with his wife Andrea. John's speech provided a fascinating glimpse into the world of first division (as it was called then!) football with particularly interesting insights into the leadership styles of Graham Taylor at Watford and Kenny Dalglish at Liverpool.

The dinner was also attended by current CAOKS president Olivia Whitlam, Roger Wickson and 94 year-old Norman Bebbington who was disappointed not to see more of his year group in attendance.

As a fund-raiser for the King's 100 Bursary Challenge, the first 'King's Golf Classic' was held in September at the Portal Golf Cup in Tarporley with a dinner following in the evening. The day proved highly successful in terms of both golf and moneys raised and we hope it will prove a popular annual event over the years ahead. I should say that personally I am totally behind the fund-raising objectives of the Bursary Challenge and would be delighted to speak to anyone interested in helping to support bright young girls and boys, whose parents cannot afford our fees, to attend King's.

With such high profile events going on, it is sometimes easy to overlook the incredibly busy nature of everyday life at King's. I must say I'm incredibly impressed with all the opportunities the pupils have to get involved in activities outside the classroom, with over 130 separate activities to choose from on a weekly basis. Just a few weeks into term we have also already had three music recitals, twelve trips of various sorts and over 150 sports fixtures. Highlights of the latter have included our girls' hockey and netball first teams both getting through to the regional finals, our boys' hockey team leading the Cheshire U19 league and Sinead O'Mahony becoming the first girl to play football for King's in the U12 team vs. Manchester Grammar School.

I'll leave it there for this newsletter but will look forward next time to writing a little more about my own educational philosophy (see my HEADlines on the school website if you want to find out more about this) as well as King's exciting plans for the future. In the meantime I look forward to meeting you all, either at King's or elsewhere, in due course!



George Hartley, Headmaster

OKS News

The Keith Lysons Prize for Brass



Here you will see a photograph of the Keith Lysons Bell, a trophy in his honour that has been devised by Peter Holmes on behalf of himself and his fellow brass players, Mark Grant, Michael Archer and Keith Woodward. The quartet, sometimes known as the Claverton Ensemble, were pupils at the King's School from 1965 to 1972. My father put a lot of time into helping to develop these four into musicians as an extra-curricular activity. He introduced them to 16th century Venetian music, primarily by the composer, Giovanni Gabrieli. The group performed at concerts, festivals and end of term services in Chester Cathedral.

The trophy is a comet bell made in 1965, set in an inscribed sandstone base, reflecting Cheshire's natural building material and reminiscent of my father's interest in buildings. The trophy - along with a prize of £25 - will be given annually to a pupil at The King's School to "recognise advancement in progress in playing a cupped mouthpiece brass instrument."

Wednesday July 5th saw the handing over of the trophy at the school by Peter Holmes and Mark Grant. I was also present, representing the family. It was a low key but enjoyable occasion which I was proud to have attended.



The school's Prize Giving ceremony later that week included the presentation of the trophy for the first time.

We were given a short tour of the school which has, of course, changed dramatically since the three of us had left. I left the school in 1976 and last visited in 1989. Peter had not seen the place for even longer than that! King's is now co-educational, has a larger intake and even an Infant's School! We were made very welcome by the Alumni Office who were fascinated by our memories and our mention of other OKS - including many of you reading this article!

I know that some of you are already involved in either the Chester Association of Old Kings Scholars (CAOKS) and/or the school's Alumni Office. However, could I perhaps take this opportunity to ask the ones of you who have no contact with these groups to consider doing so. I was unable to give the school anyone's contact details because of data protection laws and, indeed, lack of permission, but I would encourage you to let the school and CAOKS know of your whereabouts and achievements. (Just Google King's School, Chester.)

Keith used to enjoy reading the CAOKS newsletter which is edited by his former colleague, Paul Consterdine. Paul asked me to write an article for the last issue about my father and I was glad of that opportunity. If any of you have not seen this article, I would be happy to send you a copy if you contact me.

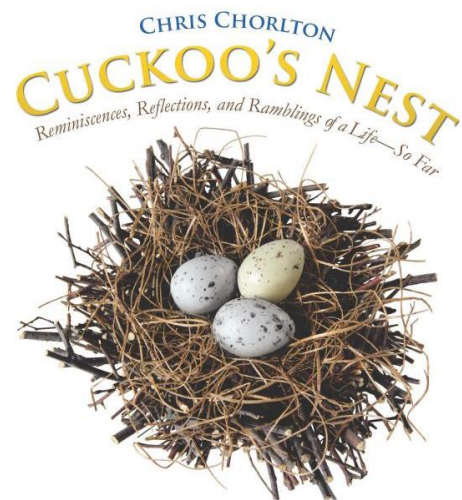
~Richard Lysons (OKS 1976)


Chris Chorlton OKS

Chris attended King's 1952-1962 and later obtained a degree in Economics from Manchester University. He worked with the Merseyside and Wales Electricity Board prior to immigrating to Canada in 1969. He held varied senior positions in a 32-year career with Ontario Hydro and its successor companies. He retired in 2000 as Executive Director and the first Corporate Ethics Officer.

He has served as Chair of the Canadian Centre for Ethics and Corporate Policy. In retirement he was appointed by Mississauga City Council to the Board of Enersource Corporation, has twice been President of his Rotary club and is Chair of its Charitable Foundation

In 2003 he fulfilled a lifelong ambition and began writing - autobiographical short stories, a number of which have appeared in several Canadian newspapers. Years later a collection of his stories was published in a book "**Cuckoo's Nest: Reminiscences, Reflections, and Ramblings of a Life - So Far**".



 A Mississauga Lakeshore Rotary Club Project
All royalties to benefit The Rotary Foundation

The stories tell of growing up in post-war Britain, starting a new life in Canada, raising a family, working in a major corporation, and experiencing an active retirement. They are written with a dash of humour, a touch of sadness, a pinch of whimsy, and a little dose of reality. The book is available in paperback and eBook through Amazon etc. - with all royalties donated to The Rotary (International) Foundation.

Chris Chorlton is married to Ena and they have two children and four grandsons. He continues to write with the story below published in *The Globe and Mail*, "Canada's National Newspaper", on July 15, 2016.

The intrusions and sounds of my prostate MRI caught me off guard

Prostate glands, essential though they are for procreation, can be troublesome – and given the opportunity to do so I would have some useful feedback on their design for my Maker.



Image by Celia Krampien for *The Globe and Mail*

Princess Margaret Hospital in Toronto has been looking after my prostate for years. Like many men, I've experienced escalating PSA levels and these triggered a referral to Princess Margaret and led to two biopsies in 2009, both of which were negative. For doctors, performing a prostate biopsy is rather like throwing darts at a small haggis while blindfolded. (I heard there was once talk in medical circles about it being classified as an Olympic event, but they picked golf instead.)

Halfway through the second biopsy – an uncomfortable procedure at best – a voice piped up from behind me.

"Have you been here before?"

"Yes," I admitted between gritted teeth.

"I thought I recognized you!" said the doctor, the owner of the voice, as he fiddled with his dart-throwing machine. We both chuckled.

Every six months since then, my symptoms mitigated by medication, I visited my doctor – who examined me and said "see you in six months." I became quite comfortable with this routine. At the last visit, however, my PSA had doubled, causing my doctor to frown. "We've decided to do an MRI on your prostate," he said. "We need to get to the bottom of what's going on."

I ignored the obvious pun. But in the interests of furthering their knowledge, I concurred as cheerfully as I could. After seven years, the need for an MRI came as a shock, conjuring up the prospect of a possible cancer diagnosis. However, the first hurdle was the test itself. My MRI was scheduled. I had nine weeks to wait and worry. Did that mean my case was not urgent, perhaps? I took some comfort, possibly misguided, from that – and also the fact I felt fine and fit. I read the preparation instructions. Were any foreign objects embedded in my body? I am not exactly a bionic man, but I do have a steel plate where I broke my humerus and a stent inserted during a successful angioplasty. My task was to contact both hospitals for the implant specifications to help Princess Margaret staff judge if an MRI was safe for me.

The hospitals complied, but with insufficient detail, which threatened to delay the MRI. Finally, to avoid the risk of my implants being ripped from my body by magnetic forces, they decided to use a lower-strength machine, which seemed a sensible course of action to me.

At 4:30 in the morning of the MRI, I "cleaned the site" as instructed, and my wife and I left early to avoid traffic, arriving before the clinic was open. My knowledge of MRIs was very limited – from television – so the detailed briefing given to me alleviated some of my fears. There was a questionnaire about previous illnesses and conditions. I regard myself as reasonably intelligent, but the only questions that I felt comfortable answering without my wife's informed help were to confirm I was neither pregnant nor breastfeeding.

When I nervously entered the chamber, two radiologists greeted me. Both were women, which 50 years ago might have embarrassed me, but not now. One of them said, "We need to insert something," I forget the technical term, "to help us take better pictures."

Now, I am nothing if not a good sport, and ever anxious to help folks take good pictures. "Certainly," I said.

They then loaded into my nether regions something that felt like a Kodak box camera along with a flash bulb in the form of a latex balloon. “This isn’t too uncomfortable?” they asked as they inflated the balloon.

“No,” I said bravely, so they threw in a tripod as well. Then, wearing headphones and an IV, and clutching a red emergency button, I was loaded feet-first into the MRI machine.

I was expecting some advanced technological noises – a low hum or a sonic pip or two, perhaps. I wasn’t prepared for the banging and vibrating, more reminiscent of early Industrial Revolution machines than of 21st-century medicine. All that was missing was steam, smoke and a whistle.

After a few minutes I was pulled out and a radiologist reappeared. “That was quick!” I exclaimed, as I had been told to expect up to 40 minutes.

“We need to adjust the something,” she said.

This happened several times before everything was calibrated and the ride could begin. The banging resumed, as though someone was trying to break in, followed by vibrations; or was it the way around? It was like I was inside a stationary bucking bronco.

At last, when I’d almost given up hope of ever being detached from the machine, I was – like a cork from a bottle.

“Breathe deeply,” the radiologist said.

When I exhaled, she pulled out the something and attachments – perhaps the closest I will ever come to the sensation of giving birth.

She assured me they had good pictures. In return, I thanked and forgave them for what they had done to me, got changed and returned safely to my wife. After a coffee at Tim’s, life resumed.

What are the results? I get them in several weeks, so now there’s more anxious waiting. But whatever happens I know I am in good hands – very good hands.

~ Chris Chorlton (OKS 1962)

Douglas Larmour OKS

A life in pictures!



So I won an Oscar.

Well technically, “I” didn’t win an Oscar, a couple of guys called Rob Legato and Adam Valdez (the overall VFX supes) won an Oscar, but they couldn’t have done it without me and about 800 others at the company I work for, so as far as I am concerned, I won 1/800th of an Oscar; which is 1/800th very cool, in my opinion!

We won it for our work on Jungle Book last year, for which MPC (the company I work for) did the majority of the VFX.

What’s VFX? Basically we turn this:



Into this.



How do you do that? Basically through a lot of people spending an incredible amount of long hours messing around on computers using software a little like Photoshop but way more involved.

How did you get to do that? Well that's a bit more of a story. I left Kings in 1994 and went to Glasgow University to study English and Film and Television studies as a joint honours degree, with a vague idea about wanting to do something in film or television. What I found was that the film and television aspect of the degree was more about film criticism rather than the full on production side of things which I had hoped for and thus I lost interest in it and ended up concentrating on the English aspect of my degree changing to a single honours in English. What attracted my interest instead however was the student TV station. The university had a TV studio and the ability to narrowcast a variety of student made programmes to TVs around the campus and the halls of residence. This gave me the opportunity to learn many of the techniques of video production and film making and give me experience of making short movies and editing. This I loved. I had always enjoyed showing off by being part of the theatre group at Kings and this new experience made my mind up that I wanted to go into this line of work. What I particularly liked was editing, as it gave me control over the final piece. I decided that I would seek to be an editor somewhere when I graduated. I did graduate with a 2:1 and it being a Scottish university with a 4 year course I had an MA (Hons) to boot.

But where could I get the experience to be an editor? At the time there were very few courses which taught editing and the cost of doing another course, after 4 years of uni already, filled me with dread. The obvious centre of all things media was London and so I decided that this is where I must head.

Luckily for me, the summer before I had written (not emailed – but written, it seems odd these days) to about 50 post production houses to try and secure some work experience. I had been lucky and had managed to get a runners job for that summer at MPC (the Moving Picture Company). So when I graduated, I phoned them up to see if I might return and do the job again, but this time with the aim of staying and learning more. They agreed, and so I went back down to London. A runners job is not glamorous though. You basically make tea and coffee and clean up after the clients who come into the office and do menial tasks for the artists and production staff, but at the time this was your only way into the industry as the software and hardware that they used were so expensive that these few post production houses were the only places that had them. So I grafted away until a junior position in data operating came up (data operating was the first step on the ladder to being an artist, it was a technical job assisting the artists with loading and rendering their images)

At the time, the digitisation of the industry was still in its infancy. Final cuts for movies were still done on physical film, digital tapes were still the widest form of storage for images as opposed to the drives used today, so as a data operator I was probably the last group of future artists to work with film every day and the first group to be learning the new digital techniques. Anyway, it was while data-operating that I realised that I didn't actually want to be an editor (anyone could edit material together), what I was really interested in getting to know how to do was Visual Effects (VFX). And so I set about trying to learn the software to do this while also doing my day job. Now today, you can do a university degree in VFX and there are a number of good courses that would catapult the graduate to this very stage that I was now at, but back then the hardware needed to store the amounts of data of multiple film images was so expensive that you could only learn that on the job after hours. It's funny now to think that back then 10Gigs of RAM was considered a big amount to have on your computer, but that the way it was. Back then if we did 100 shots of VFX a year, we had had a good year. Now with the improvements in the speed of processing, better storage and rendering solutions, and with the prices of decent computers and graphics cards having fallen, we might do 2000 shots a year.

Anyway to cut a long story short, I learnt how to become a compositor, which is the person who puts the final images together of a VFX shot and adds the finishing touches to make it look like it was actually shot.

There are many jobs within VFX (modellers, riggers, animators, matte painters, texture artists and lighters to name but a few – but they only ever do part of the job, it is the compositor who puts it all together and gets the glory).

MPC were happy to promote me into that role and in 2000 I worked on my first full feature film, which was Tomb Raider. Over the next few years I continued to learn and get better at doing various different compositing roles; pulling green screens, adding fire elements, compositing cg creatures, etc. I worked on my first Harry Potter movie and worked on my first Bond Movie.



Harry Potter

I went from being a junior (where I was told what to do), to being a lead (telling others how to do it) to finally being a 2D supervisor and VFX supervisor on smaller movies (where you tell the director of the movie how they need to shoot the movie in order for you to do what they want you to do) which was fun, because I was then back out on set and helping to make the movie physically as well as digitally.

The great thing about being a VFX artist is that there are various centres for it around the world. In the UK it's London, but there are other centres too; LA, Vancouver, Sydney, Wellington and around 2005 I decided to take a look at what life was like elsewhere than London. The British and Irish Lions were touring in New Zealand, so I thought I would get myself a job at Weta (where they had made all the "Lord of the Rings" movies). I phoned up a few ex colleagues, engineered an interview and was lucky enough to be invited down to help them on Peter Jackson's "King Kong". I went just to be a compositor and see what life was like on the other side of the world. This was also my first chance to work on a movie which was generally expected to get an Oscar for VFX.

All I will say was that although the Lions had an abysmal tour of New Zealand, I had a great time. I was there for 10 months, worked harder than I had done for a long time but we won an Oscar for King Kong and I got to see one of the most beautiful countries in the world. In the end though, I returned to London a year later as although New Zealand is beautiful it is also a long way from home.



King Kong

When I returned, I also returned to MPC and continued as a 2D supervisor. I worked on a few more Harry Potter movies; a few Narnia movies; Godzilla,; was personally nominated for an Emmy for my work on the TV series Rome and got to work on an award winning episode of Game of Thrones. At around that time I also moved away from being an artist/supervisor and began to take a more management role as head of the compositing dept. for MPC. This meant I taught other compositors how to do the 2D supervisor role as well as helping to determine the future software and pipeline that we would need to run to stay at the very cutting edge of VFX. I also hire every compositor that we need in London. It was then that MPC was awarded the work on Jungle Book. This was without doubt the hardest show that MPC had ever done and stretched our pipeline to the absolute limit. Personally, I had to ensure that every image that left MPC was scrutinised to the highest level, that the team I built to do it were capable of achieving it and that we had developed the tools that would allow us to do it. Having done this and been personally involved in the look development for many of the characters and environment, I feel that this was probably my greatest achievement too. So although it was the second time I had been involved in an Oscar winning film, The Jungle Book felt like a show I had personally contributed significantly to.

And that is where I am today. MPC as a company is continuing its partnership with Disney and we are working on Live Action versions of both The Lion King and Dumbo.

Every day I get to go to work and play around with images and work on some of the best films being made in the world today. I can think of way worse things to do.

If any current King's pupils or younger King's alumni were to be interested in doing something similar to myself then I'd be happy to go into detail about how best to go about it. Please contact the school's Alumni Office who can put you in touch with me.

Nostalgia

A number of Old King's Scholars have been in contact regarding items of nostalgia mentioned in our last issue. Below is a summary of their memories.

From Laurie Bowman (OKS 1955)

Abbey Gateway

The lower ground floor had the Prefects' Room on the right, King's was short of space and this room was sometimes used as an exam room for small groups. I sat 'O' level Art retake there in 1953.

Upstairs there was the Geography room which Mr Bentley had as his empire. You even had film strips or slides – advanced for the 1950s - and a library of geography books.

The room above the arch was a store room where I can remember props etc. for school plays were stored. Before and after school boys often congregated and mixed with boys from the choir school. Many in the 3rd year onwards were ex-choristers leaving the choir school when their voices broke.

Festival of Britain

We stayed in tents in Chigwell, Essex and went to the South Bank Festival site by tube. All a novelty in 1951. There was also another exhibition in Manchester. This was a day trip using the Cheshire Lines railway from the Northgate station.

From David Latham (OKS 1961)

I'm replying to the request in the article about the Abbey Gateway in the latest edition of the CAOKS Newsletter "does anyone remember how the space was used when the School was based in town". I remember well the use of the "Annexe" as it was called.

On the ground floor was the Prefects Room overlooking Abbey Square and in the lobby opposite the Prefects Room was the Tuck Shop.

On the first floor was the Geography Room where Mr JP Bentley held forth; but I don't remember any other class rooms in the Annexe. The heating in the Geography Room left much to be desired - one meagre ceramic mantle gas fire in front of which would stand Mr Bentley in three piece suit and gown. In response to complaints about the cold weather he would reply "Cold boy! Cold is when you p*ss and its ice before it hits the ground - that's cold!" Mr Bentley had fought with the White Russian Army in WW1 and had more than one colourful way of describing cold weather.

The rooms in the Gateway itself were not used by the School as far as I can recollect.

The 1955 Autumn Term edition of the School Magazine has the following note in the section *School News in a Minute*:

"During the early part of the summer holidays, volunteers assisted Mr Siddall in the construction of a permanent Tuck Shop in the Annexe. The Prefects wish to thank all who participated. At the time of going to press, the profits for the term stood at about £45. This sum will go to help finance many School activities."

I don't know what School fees were in 1955 but they would make an interesting comparison. The Tuck Shop was run by the Prefects, orders, payments, staffing etc. until the School moved to its present site in April 1960 when Mrs Clamp took over its running in a purpose made building. The Shop was open during morning break and lunch time but not after School. During my time as a Prefect in the old buildings I was Buyer and subsequently Treasurer which was of much interest and fascination to University interviewers!

From David King (OKS 1953)

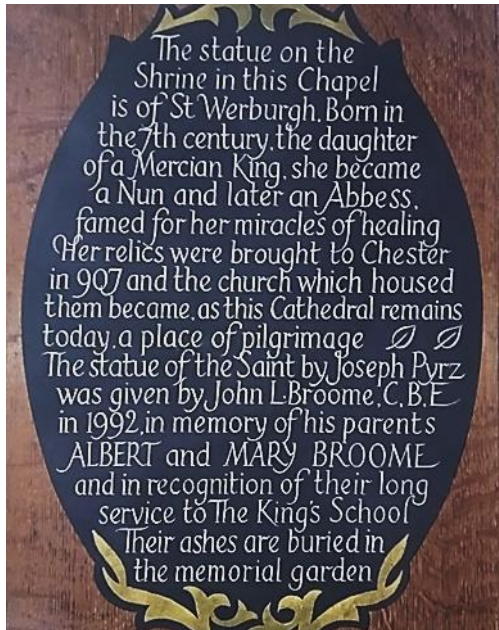
The photograph of the assembled company in front of a bus was taken at the 1951 British Grand Prix. I don't remember much of the Abbey Gateway but seem to recall that the tuck shop was in the yard. At the top of the steps under the gate there was a door marked 'CAOKS'



David has also reminded us of a large memorial window in the South transept of the cathedral that commemorates the war dead of those who attended Arnold House.



The cathedral has many evidential links to school. Also shown here is a plaque that can be found at the entrance to the Lady Chapel.



Reminiscences from Hugh Aldred

We are grateful to Duncan Aldred for sending us the following recollections by his father whose death is recorded elsewhere in this issue.

The experiences at the School during the War Time have prompted me to resurrect some disjointed memories of a yet earlier time namely 1932/38 when thoughts of war barely crossed our minds.

There was quite a group of us with homes in Prestatyn who travelled to school daily by train and we used to walk via The Kaleyards to Abbey Square. This was not regarded as much of a problem as the trains were punctual and fast.

What was more of a trial was Games on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons on the playing fields at Lache Lane — a much longer distance from the station. However on attaining age 15 (and being able to swim a quarter mile) one was permitted the alternative of the Rowing Club (which operated from Royal Chester Boathouse) and I still recall the feeling of elation at being allowed to do something I really enjoyed in place of the drudgery associated with Lache Lane.

While on the train journey, apart from such diversions as bombarding fellow pupils on the corresponding train from Mold with apple cores etc, we used to play quite serious Contract Bridge. This taught us the merit of playing quickly; the last deal was permitted provided we had not entered the Northgate Tunnels and we would complete the bidding and play of the cards before stopping in Chester Station (two minutes perhaps).

Various City Centre Cafes provided a schoolboys lunch at 1/- for meat, two veg and sweet or sometimes we consumed our own sandwiches in the four minus form room at the top of the turret at the SE corner of the Old School. This might be accompanied by games of pontoon with the bets in matches but as stakes of a full box were allowed the liability could soon mount up.

The Head Master, CW Baty, was a strict disciplinarian; he taught Latin in the fifth form which subject was a prerequisite for Oxbridge entry and it is much to his credit that he succeeded in enabling at least one quite disinterested candidate to pass the relevant exam. I think that at that time it was only the Head Master who administered the cane. Other disciplinary sanctions were Detentions and, in particular, Lines (the repeated writing out of useless verbiage).

The sixth form was housed in No 1 Abbey Square and the atmosphere was much more relaxed with a friendly camaraderie between staff and pupils.

One master there who I recall in particular was Mr Beverley (The Beaver) who had a wonderful ability to instil enthusiasm for mathematics; but I suppose by then our studies were confined to subjects we enjoyed and we had begun to appreciate the merit of learning for its own sake.

2018 Reunions

Over the coming year, the School's Alumni Office will be hosting a number of special reunions that will reflect on your shared past and look forward to an exciting future.

- 1968 Reunion** Saturday, 24th February (11.30 - 2.30pm)
- 1978 Reunion** Saturday, 24th February (6-10pm)
- 1958 Reunion** Saturday, 17th March (11.30-2.30pm)
- 1998 Reunion** Saturday, 17th March (6-10pm)
- 2008 Reunion** Saturday, 19th May (6-10pm)

For more information on the above reunions and to book please call Liz Gwyther on 01244 689492 or email her at eeg@kingschester.co.uk

Forthcoming Events

HEADLINE EVENTS:

152ND ANNUAL DINNER

Saturday 24 March 2018 at 6.30 pm. The Assembly Room, Town Hall, Chester.

Reception 6.30 pm. Dinner 7.30 pm

Reservations can be made now - online booking is via Eventbrite: [CAOKS 152nd Annual Dinner](https://caoks-152-annual-dinner.eventbrite.co.uk) (or <https://caoks-152-annual-dinner.eventbrite.co.uk> if you are not viewing the Online Newsletter).

Contact the Dinner Secretary, Robin Hardi
robinhardi@yahoo.co.uk

PRESIDENT'S LONDON DINNER -

Thursday 10 May 2018 - meeting up at 6.45 pm

In the prestigious 'Gallery Mess' at the Saatchi Gallery, Duke of York Square, King's Road, Chelsea, London SW3 4RY. <http://www.saatchigallery.com/gallerymess/> 3 mins walk from Sloane Square Underground.

Reservations and your menu choice will be through Eventbrite from April onwards. Google 'Eventbrite.co.uk', enter CAOKS in the first box, and London UK in the second, then click on the fourth box to find the listing.

Contact Alan Vallance (London and SE rep.)
alan.vallance65@gmail.com or Olivia Whitlam
olivia.whitlam@hotmail.co.uk

OTHER EVENTS (A-Z):

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Thursday 24 May 2018 at 6.30 pm. The King's School

Pre-booked supper is served after the meeting at 8.00 pm.

Agenda is available on the School website from 1 May 2018. Contact Adrian Ackroyd adrian.a.ackroyd@gmail.com

BOWLS AND SUPPER

Friday 15 June 2018 from 6.00 pm. The Goshawk Inn, Station Road, Mouldsworth, Cheshire CH3 8AJ

A relaxing and convivial evening in the glorious Cheshire countryside. Partners and friends most welcome. Two-a-side knockout competition then your choice of supper in the pub. Excellent food! Probably the best social event in our calendar!

Contact Jeremy Lloyd 01244 323548 (H)
jemandjennyllloyd@aol.com

CRICKET: CAOKS v School 1st XI

Monday 2 July 2018 at 11.30 am (provisional date)

The Annual match for the Urn containing the "Ashes" of the old cricket pavilion. Spectators are very welcome - we always get a warm reception from the School and it is always an exciting and well-matched encounter.

Players please register your interest with David Atkin 07979 523943 davidedwardatkin@gmail.com

GOLF AND SUPPER

Friday 6 July 2018 from 1.30 pm. Chester Golf Club

Tee times from 1.30 pm. Dinner & prize-giving after golf. Around £40 pp. Dinner only £12. Guests more than welcome

Dress code: Golf attire then jacket & tie for dinner.

Contact Mark Thorp mtcaoks@outlook.com 07979 700337

RACE MEETING AND LUNCH

Saturday 21 April 2018. Bangor-on-Dee.

To book contact Will Lamb 01244 534830 (H)
sixhitter@hotmail.com

ROWING – Alumni VIII's v School VIII's

Wednesday 4 July 2018 at 5.00 pm

BBQ and drinks at the KSRC Boathouse. Spectators most welcome.

Alumni Rowers contact Liz or Gina in the first instance alumniteam@kingschester.co.uk

OKS Updates

Brian Harris

Brian Harris (OKS 1951) now lives in Handbridge. He has had an interesting career as a schoolmaster and headmaster as well as being ordained. Brian is member of the Chester Diocesan Guild of Church Bellringers

Brian recently visited King's and met with Ant Hopkinson and Liz Gwyther from the school's Alumni Office. They all enjoyed a great afternoon mulling over old school photographs and discussing Brian's recollections of various teachers and classmates.

Bryn Hughes

Bryn Hughes (OKS 1969) writes from Staffordshire.

Having moved to Staffordshire, I am encouraged to take part in Old Boys' activities again. Reflecting on my pupil days has reminded me of the comprehensive legacy into my life by my years at Kings. I skippered the 2nd X1 at football, and I've become an FA coach and run county schools' teams. Playing 1st eleven cricket triggered club league cricket involvement until I was 57 years old. Keith Lysons might have been disappointed that I played chess for two counties but soon took up bridge in my mid-twenties. I enjoyed fell walking trips to the Lake District and Snowdonia from school and still spend most of my holidays in Keswick. Looking back, gratefully, Kings prepared me for life, not just work.

I was convinced that I wanted to teach from the age of thirteen. I taught maths for twelve years in two schools. Both had rich experiences; my first school in Cheltenham was very strong, academically and in sport. We brought the football team to play Kings for a few years. My second school in Witney was a real challenge as head of department. Backed by an outstanding senior team, I saw the passes at 16 years old roughly double.

At the age of 34, I was seconded for a year to Keble College, to undertake a master's degree in management and leadership.

My thesis was in the management of change, looking particularly at how the national teaching of maths report (Cockcroft) had been implemented. I left teaching soon afterwards and moved into management consultancy. My prime field is to large churches, missions and charities. Most leaders of churches have loads of Greek and Hebrew, and no training in people skills, yet work with quite complex organisations. Other work has included the oil industry, housing associations and the coffee business.

Over the last thirty years I have visited thirty different countries with work and written three books. Many teachers do not believe that their experience is easily transferable; I've been fortunate enough to have two outstanding mentors (One was head of management training for Shell International and the other for the BBC). Over time, I have delivered less management training courses and undertaken more one to one mentoring; in all sectors, this appears to be uneconomic but probably yields greater results.

I was not an outstanding academic at Kings, but the first section of this article is written very sincerely. Captaincy in sport and chess, solo opportunities with the choir and operatic society and two terms as head boy gave me plenty of confidence to communicate publically.

John Oates

John Oates (OKS 1969) is chairman of the Mid-Cheshire Line Rail Users' Association (MCRUA).

MCRUA is a rail user group with over 500 members. It is active in representing the interests of passengers on the Mid Cheshire Line from Chester to Manchester and those travelling between Crewe and Liverpool.

Martin Bradshaw

Dr Martin Bradshaw (OKS 1966) writes from Marple.

At our local school here in Marple my children were taught languages by Mrs Wrigley, wife of John Wrigley who taught me French at Kings. He came to meet me at one of the parent's evenings to reminisce. I believe that he died recently. The Maths teacher at the school was Richard Craggs. He went to Kings Macclesfield and was captain of Cheshire schools when I played for the 1st eleven.

J M Bawden is a near neighbour. He was born in April 1950 and started at Arnold House. In my Blue Book he was in Mr Garnett's class Alpha as J M Bawden in 1959/1960.

The other local old boys I'm aware of are Roger Page who was my Dentist until he retired recently. He must be 5 or 6 years younger than me. Also D I G (Digger) Morgan who worked in my design team when I was at ICL Computers. He was about 8 years older than me and might be dead now. I think he had an older brother who was a GP in Romiley.

Baty Overseas Voluntary Service Award

Stanley Parker OKS: My time in Borneo



My journey to Borneo began the only way it could – sandwiched between two men who were colleagues with bodily odour issues and an acute fondness for Malaysian Airways complimentary Chardonnay.

I arrived to a brick wall of heat and musky scents, and was introduced to the family I'd be staying with for a month. I first met the mother of the family, Suzie-lyn who warmly greeted me and introduced me to her young sons aged 7 and 4 as their 'big brother'. The family's English was limited, though I knew they were very happy to have me in their home – which soon became to feel like my own home, and they like my new family. I was taken almost immediately across the road to the grandparents' house, of which I soon became aware was the families' social hub. I was greeted by a myriad of animals roaming freely around the premises.

The grandparents were and remain the two nicest people I have ever met. They immediately made me feel welcome with a cup of Malaysian coffee, a tin of biscuits and a conversation about the newly appointed Donald Trump.

Monday morning came and I was first introduced to The Pacos Trust, a Non-Governmental Organisation that aims to empower indigenous communities economically and educationally – with whom I would be spending a month. Much like the grandmothers home, the Pacos building was home to an array of animals including turtles, geese and a kitten that inhabited Pacos' model farm – a mini oasis situated on the outskirts of Dongongon town.

It was then I learnt of the work I'd be carrying out during my month with Pacos; visiting 4 different villages over 2 weeks.

The first village we visited was Tambatuon, an indigenous village nestled at the foot of Mount Kinabalu, South East Asia's highest mountain, accessible by a single 30 minute long dirt track. The real knowing of how secluded this village was only came to me when my translator, Anje, remarked how she hoped there were no landslides on the road which would trap us in. This village was nearly destroyed by the 2014 earthquake which killed a group of villagers. The village was a mix of newly built concrete and metal constructions, decorated with the surviving wooden buildings.

We were staying with Jaquis, a soldier who had retired back to his birth village to start a family and through the Pacos Trust, learnt to become a bee farmer. The first thing that struck me about this village was how intensely beautiful both the land and people were, as though the people reflected their surroundings – fitting, considering they live solely off what the land produces. A tour of the village of rickety bridges found a small, tucked away shack where villagers were making banana chips to sell at market. It only took a matter of seconds before I was being offered handfuls of the delicacy, and bags to take home! Another thing that struck me, and which I later found is a representative for the whole of Sabah, is that people are extremely friendly and will smile at you without knowing you.



Evenings in the village of Tambatuon consisted of 4 generations coming together for a large meal of rice, vegetables, meat and fruit all handpicked or hunted that day. The great-grandparents would always be passing down handicraft skills to the younger generations, after supper.

Pacos was able to educate Tambatuon in SRI (system of rice intensification), a new organic way of farming which requires much less water and results in a far greater yield – all the while using less chemicals. During my time with the village, I was able to spend a full day in the heat working on every step of SRI farming, from ploughing the fields for planting the seedlings to harvesting the rice. At one stage, however, I did notice that Anje was retracing my steps and replanting the seedlings I'd placed down!

I was tasked with creating new concept packaging for the rice and a strategy for marketing alongside. Given that the villagers and their devotion to the land they live off was the first thing that struck me about the village, I decided to use them as the centre focus for marketing their rice. To capture their spirit, we filmed a few Heads of Houses carrying out each process of SRI farming, and describing how each step is carried out so their passion was shown throughout. Following an evening of a shocking performance in a village football match, we ventured home. What I've taken away from this village is the importance of family and community when working together. Living off the land is a clear example of how mankind are naturally better suited working together, as the rewards reaped are far greater than if working individually, a message Western civilisation should emulate.

The importance of community bonds had never felt so strong when I returned to my new family to find an extended family member had passed away during my visit to the village, and there would be a funeral at the grandparents' house that evening of which I had the pleasure of attending. That weekend I visited the Sepilok

Sun Bear and Orang-utan sanctuary – where they rescue the critically endangered species from domestic capture. The following week was our visit to Pensiangan, one of Borneo's most remote inhabited locations, located in the middle of the jungle. After a long 8 hour car ride, 2 of which were up a wet-clay (causing lots of hydroplaning) and overgrown jungle track, we arrived to a precarious footbridge disappearing into the night over a tumbling river, but were greeted with wild boar stew and fresh pineapple.

The morning came earlier than I would've liked. Sleeping on the floor of communal wooden long-house with no windows and doors matched by an obscene amount of noisy cockerels, don't create the perfect sleeping conditions! The villagers here were in stark contrast to those of Tambatuon; they had never seen a white person before. I wasn't greeted with the same warmth and friendliness, yet with a colder and an unsure nervousness reflected by their lack of communicating with me (via my translator). The children soon warmed and would play Grandmas Footsteps, yet the air of the parents never left. Perhaps children are more open to new experiences.



It was on a tour of the village that I saw the bear. Anje and a few local village girls were showing me the Community Learning Centre who's construction Pacos had helped fund. Inside this oversized wooden structure were classes for 3 different age groups. Each consisting of only 4 pupils sat on donated desks, writing with materials donated by Pacos. It was heart-warming and somewhat nostalgic seeing the children singing the English alphabet, when I felt so far away from home. On our walk back, via the local church at the top of the village's largest hill, I was looking at the traditional housing and the simplicity of its design – when Anje asked if I wanted to see a baby Sun Bear. I was initially confused at this question, given mere days before I had visited the Sun Bear rehabilitation centre, so knew that Sun Bears prefer to live in high trees and away from human civilisation.

However, it quickly dawned on me that maybe the hunters of the village had found the baby during one of their hunts, and brought it back as their own. My worst fears were realised when I saw a tiny black shape contained within a very small wire cage – clearly meant for a Rooster. Not only that, I noticed the baby bear was positioned on top of an ants nest and was fed only starch water and scraps from the Longhouse – despite needing a balance diet of insects and fresh fruit.

I knew that I couldn't leave this bear.

Under the false pretence of calling my parents, I climbed back up the church hill whilst praying for signal in this remote land. Fortunately, even the remotest parts of the world aren't out of the reach of modern technology and I was able to call the Sepilok Sun Bear Rehabilitation Sanctuary. However, I was disappointed. Half of me expected helicopters and a team of Indiana Jones rangers to swarm down on the village and rescue the poor bear – within the hour.

However, the lady on the phone told me in simple English that most of the team were on holiday due to Chinese New Year. So I had to leave the bear, but not before a tearful final goodbye where it was grasping at my fingers - which my grandmother later described as 'reaching for the hand of hope'.



After travelling down the river and staying with several other villages for the rest of the week – I returned home with a strong determination to help this bear.

That weekend I had the privilege of attending a village wedding, at which the locals took great pride in showering me with their homemade rice wine ... I was not a pretty sight the next day. This weekend was also the start of the Chinese New Year, meaning I was fortunate to experience the whole community coming together with lots of home cooked food, fireworks and lion dancing.

The next two weeks I was based at Pacos compiling the data collated on the 4 villages to create a report, on opportunities to benefit the villages economically. However, all-the-while I was relaying to the Sun Bear Centre how they needed to act quickly – and then where they could find the bear. The biggest difficulty was sourcing directions. I was reluctant to tell Pacos of my plans as I know they'd want to protect the villagers (capturing a Sun Bear is an offence). I managed to locate the village on map and was able to give simple directions to the Wildlife Rescuers.

My month with Pacos ended with a presentation to all the Pacos staff and the Tambatuon villagers who made the 2 hour journey. Unfortunately, I was presenting with a rather rouge complexion following second degree sun burn all over my body except my thighs, and a trip to the hospital for injections and steroids; the lowest and most painful 5 days of my life.



The villagers and Pacos have since adopted my ideas, and following a teary farewell – I left Pacos. Having to say goodbye to my new Borneo family was exceptionally difficult. They had quickly become my new family and their house felt like a home to me – despite its lack of amenities.

I travelled to Sabah's capital – Kota Kinabalu – where I met with a group of fellow gap year students working together on a programme organised by Camps International – the same organisation who'd planned my time with Pacos. Honestly I felt resentful about leaving my family, having had an experience of a life time. These feelings were put on hold however. After weeks of encouraging the rescue team to act quickly, I finally received word that the bear had been rescued. A team of Sabah's Wild Life Rescuers had travelled down over night and rescued her early in the morning but found she was severely underweight and required immediate attention.

Yet soon I felt the juxtaposition of relief at the rescue of the bear, and then the guilt over the penalties the villagers would face; but the pictures I was sent of the rescuers holding the bear soon evaporated those feelings.

Meeting with the group of gap year travellers was difficult – which I hadn't appreciated. Having not seen a fellow Westerner, and being a single party, for a month meant I had to quickly adapt to being part of a group of teenagers and the politics entailed. However I took pleasure that my experience seemed to be the envy of the group!

These 2 weeks were to be spent carry out project work in camps around Sabah. We travelled north to Camp Bongkud where my final 2 weeks were spent continuing the construction of a village kindergarten and constructing a concrete market square in the village centre. Seeing the progression of our work during the time was really encouraging, and speaking with the locals and listening to how much they benefited from our efforts was heart-warming.

Having a designated market square means the village will attract market traders from neighbouring villages, thus benefitting all. The Camp was run by Eve, one of the most kind, genuine and friendly people I've ever met who welcomed us with traditional Bongkud dancing and singing by the local villagers.



Thankfully, before my flight home, I was able to visit the zoo that the newly named Sikala was being treated at – before moving north to the Rehabilitation Centre. The first time I met her, in the village, I saw a small timid creature that barely moved. Now I saw a much larger bear roaring and climbing around her enclosure.

The long journey home was not a smooth operation - beginning with a taxi not showing up, a rush hour traffic jam, a 9½ hr wait at Kuala Lumpur airport followed by a 12 hr flight.

After being greeted with the 'Love Actually' like scene of my parents standing, beaming and waiting for me - I was informed that the car had broken down on the drive to Heathrow – meaning I suffered a 45 minute tube journey followed by a 2 hr. train journey back to Chester.

Looking back, nearly 6 months later, this was the best experience of my life. The first thing that comes to mind when remembering my time in Borneo is the people. Never have I been treated with such kindness, welcome and interest by people I barely knew – than with the locals I met in Borneo and the way they treated me is how all humans should act towards each other.

Maybe I shouldn't have judged those 2 Chardonnay drinking colleagues so quickly.

CAOKS Events

Bowls

A small group enjoyed a very pleasant evening at The Goshawk with a keenly contested event followed by a well-earned meal. Thanks to Jeremy Lloyd for once again organising the evening.



Paul Consterdine presents the bowls trophy to Jen and Jeremy Lloyd

Snooker

The City Club once again hosted our annual dinner with Chester Grammar School alumni followed by a flying snooker competition. CAOKS won the event 7 games to 5 and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all



Mark Thorp receives the trophy from the Grammar School captain

Sunshine at Bangor-on-Dee

The CAOKS Annual Race Day took place on Saturday, 25th March at the lovely rural setting of Bangor-on-Dee. As usual, we occupied two tables of ten in the spacious glass-fronted Paddock Restaurant, which overlooked the Parade Ring and the course itself. Horseradish were the caterers and they provided us with a splendid lunch and excellent service. The highlight of the day was the weather, which offered beautiful spring sunshine over the lush green racecourse.

One of the plus points of attending a CAOKS event is that you meet a number of Old King's Scholars, where you have the opportunity to enjoy a good chat and reminisce about their time at the King's School. Certainly there was a great mix of people with the most senior person being Graham Roberts from Oswestry and several former pupils from my own age group including local farmer Bert Lister with his wife Selene and 'Masher' MacKenzie accompanied by his lovely daughter. In addition, another Cheshire farmer Mike Allwood attended his first race meeting with Sandy, his American wife, who commented that the sunshine was 'just like Florida.' John Crook and his wife Barbara travelled over from Shrewsbury, while Bob Butcher and his partner Annette had the short journey from Wrexham.

There were a couple of absences on the day including my wife Elaine, who had broken her ankle in two places and an old Form C classmate of mine, Ricky Korff, who got his dates mixed up. Let's hope both can join us next year.

The racing was exciting with many close finishes and the occasional fall near the winning post but the winners were spread fairly evenly amongst the group.

Looking forward to the next race meeting, which is planned for Saturday, 21st April 2018.

~ Will Lamb

CAOKS Golf Day July 7th 2017



Will Lamb (top) and Mickey Moore receive their trophies from the organiser, Bob Butcher

The CAOKS annual golf day was held on Friday July 7th at Wrexham Golf Club. Thirteen intrepid members were present on what was a perfect day for golf, being warm, dry and only a light breeze.

Following lunch, the round began at 1.45 and was followed by a gathering in the bar, an evening meal and the prize giving. The victor and recipient of the grand trophy was Willie Lamb with an excellent score of 35 points on what was a challenging course. There were also prizes for nearest the pin and longest drive.

Results:

1st. Willie Lamb 35 points

2nd. Bob Butcher 33 points

3rd. Mickey Moore 32 points

Nearest the pin. Bob Butcher

Longest Drive. Mickey Moore

Alumni and Staff v School Boat Races 2017



It was wonderful to see so many pupils, parents, Old King's Scholars and supporters turn out for our second annual Alumni and Staff v School Boat Races.

Our Boathouse was buzzing with activity as all involved enjoyed the warm weather and some rather nail-biting races. Many stories, recollections and updates were shared over a wholesome BBQ which added to the convivial feel of the evening.

A touch of gravitas was brought to proceedings with the addition of two new trophies kindly donated by The Chester Association of Old King's Scholars. These trophies are to be awarded annually to the winners of the Alumni v School First VIII race and Alumnae v School First VIII race.



The evening proved the perfect opportunity for our coaching staff to present current pupils with many accolades, awards and several Full and Half Colours.

Our new Senior Rowing Club Exec were announced as Millie Medland, Natasha Groome, Tom Ramsbottom, Amelia Standing with the new captain of boats, Jess Proctor-Crozier.

Max Wood was awarded The Priory Cup for attainment and effort during his first year of rowing.

Half Colours were awarded to Tom Ramsbottom, Rob Clark, Jake Kitchen, Jess Proctor-Crozier, Natasha Groome, Isabel Beardwood, Millie Medland and Amelia Standing.

Full Colours were awarded to Lora Hunt, Stanley Moir, Wilf Le Brocq, Charles Smith, Ben Samarji and Iwan Bulkeley.

Commenting on the event, Ant Hopkinson, the School's Director of Development, said

"It was fantastic to be able to host an event for our alumni who continue to demonstrate a fantastic amount of loyalty and pride for our Boat Club. It is far too easy for us, at times, to take for granted the opportunities that current pupils continue to garner as a result of the sacrifices and generosity of our former pupils. Our alumni are key to the ongoing success of rowing at King's. I hope all who attended the races, either spectating or competing, had a thoroughly enjoyable evening."

Everyone who has rowed at King's shares common bonds. Bonds built during gruelling workouts and early morning practices, travelling to regattas, studying for exams and winning championships.

These are bonds that can last a lifetime. Former King's rowers are active in businesses worldwide and contribute to their communities at all levels. Several have gone on to race – and win – on the international stage.

The school is keen to continue to build upon the relationships it has with its former sports men and women. It is hoped this event and other such events which cater for our sporting alumni will go from strength to strength. If you have any suggestions then please do not hesitate to get in touch with the school's Alumni Office.

In forthcoming months, the school will embark upon the construction of a new £4.5m state-of-the-art Sports Centre.

In due course we also hope to transform our Boathouse but this can only be achieved with the help and support of our community. If you'd like to find out more or to donate to this worthy cause please contact Ant Hopkinson on 01244 689 494 or at amh@kingschester.co.uk

The evening's race results are shown below:

- King's Staff & Coaches BEAT School composite crew (1 length)
- Alumnae 1st VIII BEAT School 1st VIII Girls (by a canvas)
- School House Regatta Winners BEAT Alumnae VIII (by a canvas)
- Alumni 1st VIII BEAT School 1st VIII Boys (¾ length)
- An Alumni 2nd VIII composite crew also raced against the School's 2nd VIII Boys, the result was a draw!

CAOKS vs School Cricket Match, 3rd July 2017



CAOKS skipper David Atkin won the toss and decided to bat on what looked like a decent wicket. Glenn Coppack and Guy Dunbavand got the innings off to a solid start, adding 22 before the former skied one to the keeper. Despite not playing any cricket, Guy looked very comfortable at the crease and was joined by Tom Jones. They added a brisk 24 before Tom was lbw to one that kept very low, which brought Jon Connerty to the crease. Fresh from a business trip to Europe and a 5am start to get to the School in time for the start, he looked remarkably solid but was unlucky to drag one onto his stumps for a 5-ball duck. Ian Thistlewood, Sanjoy Banergee and Ric Vaughan-Davies all came and went for single figures, leaving the innings in a slight spot of bother at 91-6 before lunch. As Guy coasted to 50*, he needed some partners and he found them in Ric Bengree and Josh Duckworth. Initially extremely concerned about batting anywhere (let alone in the middle order), Ric grew in confidence in the run up to lunch and was disappointed to get out just afterwards for 13, having added a vital 32 runs with Guy.

Enter Josh Duckworth, who whilst keeping Guy company and rotating the strike well, also scored some valuable runs himself, punishing anything short. Josh's efforts also allowed Guy to go to a magnificent 100 - considering he hasn't played any cricket this summer, he made batting look incredibly easy and is now 174 not out from his last two outings vs the School! The skipper declared on 185-7 after 48 overs, with Guy finishing 103* and Josh 24*.

The School openers were pinned back in the early overs by the pace and accuracy of Ed Peel and Kate Coppack, both of whom picked up a wicket to leave the School 25-2. As the hardness of the new ball wore off, the skipper turned to Josh Duckworth, who took two wickets in his opening few overs to restrict the School to 73-4.

The School's captain then joined the well-set S Sethi and things began to look ominous for CAOKS, however another wicket for Josh brought the former pupils back into the game. David Atkin, batting as a guest for the School at number seven, came and went without troubling the scorers too much - undone by a fantastic yorker by Josh (or did he leave a straight one?). When Ric Vaughan-Davies picked up a wicket - it only bounced twice before the popping crease) to leave the School 111-7, the CAOKS side had their tails up and could smell victory. However, messers Jackson and Marsden had other ideas, adding 49 for the 8th wicket and 38 for the 9th to help S Sethi get the School over the line to win by two wickets.

S Sethi scored a magnificent 108* to lead the School home and claim his position on the honours board for the highest score of the season. Both innings were remarkably similar, as noted by scorer Saul Marks, with crucial late order partnerships with one player going on to the magical three figures for each side. Congratulations (again) to the School on another victory. Maybe next year!

On behalf of the CAOKS team, we would like to thank the School for their very generous hospitality and look forward to next year's match.

CAOKS Innings:

† GM Coppack	c Thompson	b Jones	10	(23)
GT Dunbavand	not out		103	(138)
TRM Jones	lbw	b Jackson	11	(15)
JRM Connerty		b Jackson	0	(5)
*2 IS Thistlewood		b Verity	5	(11)
SK Banerjee	st Thompson	b Verity	2	(14)
RP Vaughan-Davies	c Jackson	b Adapala	1	(8)
RJ Bengree		b Verity	13	(31)
JM Duckworth	not out		24	(51)
Extras (9w, 1nb, 3b, 3lb)			16	
Total (for 7 wkts, 48.0 overs, declared)			185	

Did not bat: Miss KL Coppack, *1 DE Atkin, EJ Peel (arrived late & only played second innings).

King's Bowling:

	O	M	R	W
AG Waddelove	10	0	37	0
OF Jones	5	1	18	1
DRH Verity	18	2	63	3
CF Jackson	4	1	19	2
A Adapala	5	2	18	1
TH Rofe	1	0	3	0
WM Richards	1	0	3	0
AH Davies (OKS)	4	0	18	0

Fall of Wickets:

1	22	Coppack (Dunbavand 6*)
2	46	Jones (Dunbavand 20*)
3	46	Connerty (Dunbavand 20*)
4	70	Thistlewood (Dunbavand 37*)
5	81	Banerjee (Dunbavand 43*)
6	91	Vaughan-Davies (Dunbavand 51*)
7	123	Bengree (Dunbavand 68*)

King's Innings:

† SE Thompson		b Peel	4	(4)
S Sethi	not out		108	(112)
AH Davies (OKS)	c Dunbavand	b Coppack	5	(12)
OF Jones		b Duckworth	15	(37)
WM Richards	lbw	b Duckworth	2	(5)
* AG Waddelove	st Coppack	b Duckworth	6	(21)
DE Atkin (OKS)		b Duckworth	1	(4)
A Adapala		b Vaughan-Davies	0	(2)
CF Jackson		b Peel	17	(17)
FW Marsden	not out		20	(13)
Extras (3w, 2nb, 1b, 4lb)			10	
Total (for 8 wkts, 37.3 overs)			188	

Did not bat: DRH Verity, TH Rofe (acted as emergency Twelfth Man when FW Marsden taken ill & only played first innings).

CAOKS Bowling:

	O	M	R	W
Miss KL Coppack	10	0	45	1
EJ Peel	11.3	2	48	2
JM Duckworth	7	0	28	4
DE Atkin	2	0	4	0
JRM Connerty	3	0	21	0
RP Vaughan-Davies	2	0	17	1
SK Banerjee	2	0	20	0

Fall of Wickets:

1	14	Thompson (Sethi 8*)
2	25	Davies (Sethi 14*)
3	69	Jones (Sethi 39*)
4	73	Richards (Sethi 41*)
5	97	Waddelove (Sethi 58*)
6	99	Atkin (Sethi 59*)
7	111	Adapala (Sethi 71*)
8	150	Jackson (Sethi 91*)

RESULT: KING'S WIN BY 2 WICKETS

Saul Marks
Scorer

Obituaries

Terry Collier

Although Terry and I were both in the same school year, our paths didn't cross all that often. Mainly, I suspect, because Terry was always in the 'Upper' somethings - Upper Third, Upper Fourth and Upper Fifth, whilst I inhabited the more humble rooms occupied by the 'Lower' Third, Fourth and Fifth!

Terry kept a keen wicket during summer terms at school until his eyesight let him down, and played a good game of football during the season. He was also involved - with other unknown persons - in the peculiar custom of rolling up a poor unfortunate younger scholar in the Library carpet. Does anyone remember why?

In between his scholastic efforts, which were nothing to be ashamed of, Terry's main interest was Formula 1. Eventually, as with most young men of his era, Terry received his invitation from the Queen to spend two years doing National Service in the Army, not, as Terry would have liked, in a far off camp in the sunny tropics, but in a sometimes sunny base in Gloucester.

The end of 1956 found Terry employed by John Summers, the steel works in Shotton which eventually became British Steel. His first post was in the Lab and then as the Personnel Management Training Officer, a period of time known by Terry as his hard hat years!

It was about this time that Terry's two sons joined the local Scout group and my friendship with Terry began. He found an interest in Scouting which was to last for the rest of his life. His contribution to Scouting was amazing and he served as Group Chairman for his local group, Chairman of Chester District Executive Committee, a member of Cheshire County Scout Executive and was a Vice President of Chester District and awarded the Scout Medal of Merit.

~ David King OKS

Andrew Lydiard QC

It is with great sadness that we announce that Andrew Lydiard QC, who retired from the Bar due to ill health last year, died peacefully in his sleep at home on 22nd February.

Andrew joined Brick Court Chambers in 1998 having formerly been at 5 Bell Yard.

As a junior he had a large aviation and insurance law practice that he took into silk in 2003, but he also always managed to find time in assisting the Bar Pro Bono Unit to help those who had no other access to justice. He was appointed as a Recorder in 2011.

He will be greatly missed by his colleagues in chambers and his many friends in the profession.

~ Paul Consterdine

Stephen W. A. Smith

Stephen W. A. Smith has died aged 70. He was one of the three Smith brothers (with John and Nicholas) from Frodsham who were at King's in the 1950/60's. Nicholas was President of CAOKS some years ago

Peter McLoughlin

Born 19th April 1967, died 29th January 2017, aged 49 years. At The School 1975-1985.

Peter joined Bircham Dyson Bell as a partner in June 2003, having graduated from Cambridge University and completed his training at Clifford Chance. He had more than 20 years' experience in the corporate law field. Peter specialised in advising both public and private companies on acquisitions, joint ventures, reorganisations, equity and debt funding as well as flotations. His extensive experience was recognised by many in his profession, and he has been quoted by Legal 500 for his 'superb' knowledge and someone valued for his 'sound' advice.

Peter leaves behind his wife Catherine and his boys, Christian, William and Richard. A funeral and memorial service were held on Monday 13th February 2017.

Below are extracts of interest to fellow alumni from the Eulogy given by his dear friend, Richard Poustie OKS. The last time that Richard and Peter met was for dinner on 20th December 2016, Peter had brought along a copy of a recent CAOKS newsletter containing the obituary of their former teacher Keith Lysons.

"I don't know a great deal about the first few years of his life but he would often talk about how happy his early childhood had been and from my first few visits to the McLoughlin household in Cowhey Close in Chester it was obvious how close-knit a family Jeff, Bette, Suzanne, Peter and David were.

Peter would relish, look forward to and talk animatedly about the regular visits to and of his grandparents and it was clear how much he cherished family meals and special occasions.

I first met Peter in 1978 when entering the Senior School of the King's School Chester, where Peter had already made a significant academic and sporting impact in the Junior School. I was told, just the other day, by Suzanne that it was here that Peter's competitive instinct, in particular in vying with Alistair Doxat-Pratt for who would finish top of the class in nearly all subjects, began to surface.

Peter and I got on immediately and within 2 or 3 years we had become best friends, a state which has continued to this day. At school Peter was every bit as academic as I was lazy. We were pretty inseparable, except that is in German, where we were, in fact, physically separated when it became apparent that my German prose translation was uncannily similar to Peter's.

Peter was equally proficient in the humanities and the sciences, something really quite uncommon, and I think it was this very rounded academic curiosity and understanding that sat at the root of the man Peter became and whom we all loved. He was a first-class sportsman, an all-rounder who was very good at football and even better, of course, at cricket. He represented the school 1st XI at a young age and became one of very few boys who achieved the rare feat of scoring a century for the school, a fact recorded in the 1985 edition of Wisden. It was in the latter years of school that we began to come across girls, and I'm pretty sure that Peter, amongst whose many talents, singing could not be listed, only joined Alistair and me in the school production of *The Gondoliers* because of the 50% quotient of Queens School girls in the cast. Around this time we had also started regularly walking into the city centre of Chester in the evenings, crawling around the pubs or going to parties together; and, in later years Peter – whose memory of those days was vastly superior to mine – would tease me mercilessly about the number of times he had had to talk me out of throwing myself off the Grosvenor Bridge and into the Dee on the walk home whenever some latest romantic adventure or other had ended unsatisfactorily.

I remember fondly the two of us being christened, during a canal boat holiday with the headmaster [Roger Wickson] and 8 other boys, Laurel and Hardy on account of our closeness; the slim, elegant Peter of course cast in the role of Stan Laurel to my, somewhat less slim, Oliver Hardy. A year or so later, in the Autumn of 1985, having achieved, of course, top grades in his A-levels, Peter went up to read Natural Sciences at Trinity Hall in Cambridge.

As a "Natsci", Peter majored in Chemistry, and whether or not he administered the peroxide personally, what can only be described as the "bad hair" era began. Amongst his college friends the young Mr McLoughlin became known as "Pete The Perm", as a succession of increasingly bouffant arrangements gradually gave way to a goatee beard and then a handle-bar moustache.

Peter was in his element on the sports field, representing Trinity Hall in the 1st XI for both Football and Cricket and becoming college Cricket Captain for the 1987-88 Season. It was during this latter time at Cambridge that Peter came to the view that his future career did not lie in the sciences, and he set his mind on studying Law – the true embodiment of everything that's excellent.

And so, upon graduating, he made his way back to Chester and Law College. It was there, within the four walls of no. 10 Willowherb Close, that Peter encountered, amongst his three housemates, not only a lifelong friend in Andrew Lafferty, but also his bride-to-be in Catherine. Peter graduated from law school with distinction and moved down to London where he joined Clifford Chance and a brilliant career ensued.

Outside of work Peter spoke relatively little about his career to friends and family alike and I know I am not alone in having formed a wholly inaccurate impression how much his work meant to him and how much he meant to his colleagues. As such it has been extremely revealing and wonderful over the last week or so to learn, not only how much professional respect Peter commanded, but also just quite how deeply held he was in the affection of so many colleagues and clients. Time and again colleagues and clients have described Peter as someone who went above and beyond the call of duty, not only to help out peers but also to nurture, mentor and train younger members of staff.

Peter's had a continuing passion for cricket. I played with him at school, against him at Cambridge and then with him again for 25 years for Elthorne Cricket Club. A brilliant right-handed opening batsman, Peter was also, in earlier years a talented slow-left arm bowler and it was because of this suit that Southgate had promoted him to the first eleven with the words "I hope he's as good as the last lad"; the last lad being Phil Tufnell who had moved on to join Middlesex.

But it was as an opening batsman that Peter will be remembered. Elegant, composed, languid and unflappable at the crease, his trademark shot being the lofted straight drive back over the bowler's head for four, often very early in his innings to get him going.

He scored many centuries for Elthorne and frequently topped the club's batting averages.

He was a brave batsman and never wore a helmet despite taking a few nasty blows over the years. There is a particular photograph of Peter, sitting in Bournemouth General Hospital alongside Mike Hendy; still in his whites but covered in blood stains and bandages, having taken a full-on blow, just above the eye, when playing forward to a ball, from the Poole opening quickie, which reared up off a full length. Gordon McLeod recalls that he knew it was bad news when the ball, rather than glancing off Peter down to silly point or square leg, instead flew right back down the pitch to the bowler. That was Peter's technique for you, always presenting the full face. Later that evening, his team-mates having not only carried on with the game, but also got well and truly stuck into the after-match festivities, Peter returned to the bosom of his, reasonably inebriated Elthorne colleagues, sober and unflappable to be greeted by the call, from one such team-mate, of "Oi, Cyclops, over 'ere!"

Peter was known amongst his team-mates for both his deep knowledge of the game, his decency and his sense of fair play. There is a lovely story of a game against Grimsdyke at the Wilf Slack Memorial ground, not far from here, that Nick and I remember well. Early in our innings, the Grimsdyke opening bowler sent down a leg-side long hop which unfortunately Peter failed to get bat on but which brushed his pad and went down to long-leg for two easy leg byes. On returning to his crease, the septuagenarian umpire asked Peter whether he had got any bat on it. Unlike a few of his other team-mates (no names mentioned) who would happily have claimed a couple of free runs early in an innings, Peter shook his head and said "no Sir" he had not. "In that case Sir" said the short-sighted cove "you are out LBW", to the horror and astonishment of the Elthorne contingent, when the ball clearly wouldn't have hit another set. "Thank you" said Peter cordially, and strode off the pitch without a murmur of rancour or disappointment. I'm not sure many of us could have managed that. This characterised the man I knew so well.

But together, Peter and I liked nothing better than to meet up for a drink and a meal, roughly once a month, usually at the Victoria pub and Nor Jahan restaurant in Paddington, where, over a few beers and a curry we would regularly put the world to rights. The last time I saw him, for a beer and curry in Paddington on the 20th December 2016, we were talking about the possibility of organising a joint 50th birthday do of some sort this April, and were also looking forward to the idea of playing tennis together again, for the first time in 25 years.

I left him, that night in December, with that gleam in his eye, that sparkle; fun-loving, slightly mischievous, optimistic, kind, compassionate and deeply loving.

I think this is how we all remember our dear, lovely Peter."

Colin Stockton

Colin Stockton (universally and affectionately known as 'Stocky') died on 11th June 2017, aged 83.

A Cestrian by birth he attended both Arnold House and the senior school from 1942 until 1950.

After leaving school he joined his father Reg, himself an old boy and a past president of the CAOKS, in the firm of Chartered Accountants Messrs Haswell and Stockton and apart from an unwelcome yet compulsory two years' service in the RAF between 1952 and 1954 he remained a well-known and respected Accountant in Chester until his retirement well into his seventies.

Colin leaves his wife Margaret, a son Andrew who also attended the King's School and his daughter Wendy. He has five grandsons all of whom were and are devoted to him and his many and varied accounts of experiences of cricket and football, of national service, of sea fishing of national hunt racing etc.

In his professional life and after his father's death he practised as a sole professional in Stanley Place and thereafter in partnership with Don Lockley in the firm of Lockley and Stockton in Liverpool Road and ultimately and finally in the firm of Tollitt and Stockton in Nicholas Street.

He was throughout his professional life well known and much respected with a varied and extensive clientele many of whom were clients for very many years.

It was as a sportsman that most friends and colleagues will savour his memory. He played for Chester Boughton Hall for forty years and for the early part of that time football for Chester Nomads Football Club. He was captain of Boughton Hall for several years and a dedicated servant of both clubs. I and countless others will remember him as a loyal and consistent friend and colleague whose name and reputation will forever be synonymous with good humour and team spirit. His generous hospitality to friends and to opposition teams alike was legendary, a quality that will forever form an indelible part of his legacy.

Apart from football and cricket Stocky had a well indulged love of sea fishing particularly in Scotland in the Western Isles and also of National Hunt racing a passion which he enjoyed immensely with his son Andrew and on occasions with Margaret his wife most especially at Cheltenham.

Stocky was exceptional company and will be greatly missed by his family and many friends.

~ Robin Jones

Hugh Aldred

Hugh was born in 1920 in Eccles, Manchester. He attended The King's School, Chester from 1932-1938 and went on to study Natural Sciences at Downing College, Cambridge. On graduating from Cambridge, during the war, he was commissioned to work as a chemist for ICI in Manchester and at the end of the war, he joined his father at E. Noel Humphreys & Co, a firm of Chartered Accountants based in Chester. He qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1950 and subsequently became a Partner at the firm before setting up his own practice in 1971. He was an active part of the Chester business community for many years until his retirement in the mid 1980's, providing financial services and advice to many local businesses. He was also the General Secretary to the Chester and District Chamber of Trade for 29 years and Honorary Secretary, and later Chairman, of The Chester & North Wales Society of Chartered Accountants.

Outside of work he was a keen participant in many activities. Having learned and enjoyed rowing at school he pursued the sport at Cambridge and subsequently at Agecroft Rowing Club in Manchester which he successfully captained in 1946 culminating in an invitation to participate in trials for the Great Britain team for the 1947 Olympics. He was a keen golfer at both Chester Golf Club, where he became club champion in 1957 and later at Eaton Golf Club and Royal St David's Golf Club. When he wasn't rowing or playing golf, he was often to be found on the banks of the River Dee with a fishing rod in hand, or in various bridge clubs around Chester and Waverton.

Hugh died in September 2017 at the age of 96 after a short illness. He is predeceased by his wife, Diana and younger brother, John (who attended King's Chester 1936-42). He is survived by his two children, Grace and Duncan (who attended King's Chester 1970-80) and by six grandchildren.

Lt Colonel T. H. Ridgway



We regret to announce the death of Lt. Colonel Tom Ridgway, who died recently at the age of 82. He is famed as a pioneer of free-fall parachuting and one of the first people to develop the technique in Britain.

In the early 1960s he formed the Royal Corps of Transport Parachute Club. He then established the Silver Stars, the RCT's (later Royal Logistic Corps) Parachute Display Team. This was the first of such teams in the British Army and pre-dated the Parachute Regiment's team, the Red Devils. The Team was closely associated with and raised funds for Cheshire Homes, the charity named after Leonard Cheshire VC.

Thomas Harold Ridgway was born in the British Military Hospital, Tidworth, on November 29 1934. His father was an officer in the Royal Army Service Corps (RASC) and, on the outbreak of the Second World War, young Tom was evacuated from Palestine to South Africa.

He went to Durban Preparatory High School and, after returning to England, to King's School, Chester. In 1955, after attending Sandhurst, he was commissioned into the RASC and commanded a transport platoon in BAOR. Subsequently, his career took him to Hong Kong, where he served with the Gurkas; to United Arab Emirates, where he was the ground liaison officer with the RAF at Sharjah; to Australia where he was seconded to the Australian Army School of Transportation. He fulfilled several posts England before retiring from the army in 1989.

Tom Ridgway arrived at King's in 1949, where he was a distinguished gymnast and oarsman. He was possessed of a good sense of humour and strong leadership qualities, but, like most of the oarsmen, admits to no academic pretensions.

In 1952 Ridgeway was instrumental in getting the Boat Club starting on its upward trajectory, by introducing to Chester business man, John F Lowe (OKS) the idea that he might like to become involved with the School rowing squad. JF Lowe was an inspiring coach and later became a generous benefactor; he arranged the support of Royal Chester Rowing Club in the loan of a clinker VIII, permitting the School's first foray into the mainstream world of eight-oared rowing. After little more than a term's training as an VIII, the crew, as the first schoolboy boat to enter the North of England Head of the River Race, beat RCRC to win the Clinker Pennant. This was in 1953 when Ridgeway was Captain of Boats. The crew went on to have a successful regatta season in the VIII and IVs. There had been rowing at King's since 1883 but little success had resulted. The 1953 crew provided our first competitive success; this was built upon by further wins of the Clinker

Pennant in 1955 and '56, culminating in our winning the "Head" outright in 1959.



The 'FIRST' School VIII in 1953.
Back row, l to r: Mr. W. V. Tidswell, Mr. J. F. Lowe, R. Bowcock, J. A. Simmons, J. A. Melling, M. W. Heath, C. P. Oliver, Mr. G. R. Tolliday. front row, l to r: W. P. Adams, H. R. Ploszek, T. M. Barratt, T. H. Ridgeway, N. A. Jones.



The 'FIRST' School VIII in 1953.
Back row, l to r: Mr. W. V. Tidswell, Mr. J. F. Lowe, R. Bowcock, J. A. Simmons, J. A. Melling, M. W. Heath, C. P. Oliver, Mr. G. R. Tolliday. front row, l to r: W. P. Adams, H. R. Ploszek, T. M. Barratt, T. H. Ridgeway, N. A. Jones.

Ridgeway, left school during the summer term of 1953, a week after winning twice at Hereford regatta, having been accepted into RMA Sandhurst as an officer cadet. Before leaving, however, and on his last day of school he was made a prefect.

He felt that honour was thereby satisfied, but was rather pleased that he had no opportunity to cause any trouble. A story from his later Army career perhaps illustrates the latter point. One evening, on an exercise overseas, he returned to the officers' mess to find that the bar was shut and protected by a heavy metal door. Undeterred, he blew the door off its hinges with plastic explosive, poured drinks all round and wrote, in chalk on the wrecked door, a bar chit for the drinks and the damage.

~ David Wilkes

Jon D'Arcy

Passed away peacefully, recently. Despite his battle with MND Jon attended School events until quite recently.

Bishop John Wraw

Passed away in the summer. John was at King's between 1970 and 1977 and was a stalwart of the rowing club in his time at King's. He was also a keen bridge player at school.

We also fondly remember

- 👑 Derek Gibson
- 👑 Harold Morris
- 👑 Anthony (Tony) Ryan
- 👑 Denis Chambers
- 👑 Jon Leleu
- 👑 David Morgan (DM) Evans

LEST WE FORGET



*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.*

Remembering those OKS who died in the later months of 1917.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 👑 Hugh Brierley | 👑 Thomas Hutchings |
| 👑 Roger Brierley | 👑 Edward Kendall |
| 👑 R. Dutton | 👑 Colin Laird |
| 👑 Arthur Evans | 👑 Gordon Martin |

Reflections of a Crossbatter

When did I first play for the Crossbatters? I thought it was 1964 against Octel when I had a goodish knock in the 30's but then JB, who has all the scorebooks informs me it was in 1963 – July 23rd to be exact - against Bowaters, in a 16 over knockout. I scored precisely 5, the only solace being that I was the fourth top scorer and scored 4 more than JB himself! The next match, the one I thought was my first, was against Octel and I scored 50 not out, again according to JB. How could I forget that?

But it was the date of July 14 that was really important – the date when I effectively became a Crossbatter. The Crossbatters were playing Northwich that Sunday and I was playing for Northwich. I had heard about the Crossbatters from my friend Clive Hulme who had been invited to play and I knew Martin Evans and Charlie Combes, former classmates of mine, had played for them as well. Their cricketing reputations were much greater than mine.

Although I played for the school first team, with some success, in the fourth form when John Reidford was captain, my father's serious illness over several years – he was to pass away in August 1963 - restricted my cricket development but I had joined Northwich Cricket Club in early 1963 in an effort to restart my cricket career. I was picked to play against the Crossbatters. JB records I bowled 3 overs, leg-spinning-donkey-drops were probably the right description of them, though I took (or bought) quite a few wickets in the Manchester Association with them, but I liked to think I was a batsman.

After the game it was great to renew friendships with old boys and because I was willing, young, and available, not to mention mobile, I was delighted to be invited to play in the Bowaters game and the rest, as they say, is history (with a small h). I was continually impressed by the calibre of the side we could put out. We had good batting, capable of scoring runs in a hurry when it counted, strong bowling (fast and spin), and a couple of good all-rounders. Our low average age, at least compared to our opposition, usually meant our fielding was sound.

Knock-out competitions were generally the only times when selection for the team was primarily on merit. The rest of the time Phil Campey, the Captain and others would huddle together and select the team for the next match taking into account the availability of players, the desire to give everyone a game, and the quality of the opposition, a process that worked remarkably well mostly because we trusted each other. The captains I initially played under, Tom Bateman, and JB himself fostered a great team spirit and I looked forward to Sundays with eager anticipation.

My cricketing contributions to the team were fairly modest but I do recall one innings of mine that made me smile. At Sale (probably 1964 or 1965 but JB can check) with Martin Evans, a wonderful opening batsman who accumulated a lot of runs, at the other end, we put on about 49 for the partnership and I, hogging the bowling no doubt, scored 48 of them!

I enjoyed our Sunday games, especially those in North Wales, the tension and excitement of the knock-outs at Boughton Hall and Northwich. We won one knockout competition as I recall (or did we? – JB to the rescue), and in 1967 we even had 3 home matches at Boughton Hall thanks to the collective efforts of parents, wives, girlfriends and others.

I became Captain in 1966 and was also Captain in 1967 not because I had been stupendously successful the year before but my Captain's season in 1966 had been cut short by an appendix operation with subsequent complications, Cibby stepping into the breach for the first half of the season, and my team mates thought I should have another "turn" at a full season.

The Crossbatters owed a lot to Chester Road. At one time Malcom Brewis lived on one side of me and the Guthries on the other. JB was just across the road and Cibby lived on Chester Road in Sandiway. Cibby and Clive Hulme were my usual passengers in my mini often joined by JB until his courtship of Carole took off, and his preference for our companionship mysteriously waned. Our experiences travelling home became legendary and I recall once we returned to Northwich from Whitchurch via Shrewsbury. I just couldn't get good navigators in those days! The cause was probably exiting a roundabout too early or too late. The roundabout of life can be like that too.

I played for the Crossbatters for 6 years before I went to Canada and played cricket for another ten years with a nomadic team of actors. Crossbatters came at a great time in my life and I look back on my Crossbatter experience with considerable pleasure and affection. What made it very special for me was: the camaraderie stemming from common experiences and values; the opportunity for younger boys like me to get to know the Burdekins and Campeys (not to mention the Birchalls and Reidfords), who were almost semi-gods/heroes to us at school; and the opportunity to have adult relationships with former teachers like TC, PG, and JLH, who subsequently became friends.

In its original form Crossbatters couldn't last for ever, and the amalgamation with Boughton Hall was a wise move, but for a few years it was a bright comet flashing across the cricketing sky of Cheshire and the North-West. Rather than be sad that it came to an end we should wonder and be grateful that it ever happened at all.

~ Chris Chorlton

About Us.

CAOKS is the social and professional Association for former King's Chester students founded in 1865. CAOKS is run by former pupils for the benefit of former pupils. CAOKS is wholly autonomous and all King's alumni are welcome to become part of "The Association".

As the principal function of CAOKS is to promote inclusivity, friendship and interaction among the alumni various social events are promoted as well as providing members with an exclusive and very active "CAOKS Group" on the professional networking site LinkedIn. All alumni, whether members or not, are welcome to join in with these CAOKS organised activities. An Events Card and Year Book is published annually and regular Newsletters keep members in this country and abroad informed.

Although functioning independently of the School one of our aims is to support the foundation of 1541 that created the King's School. Thus each year the Association gives significant assistance to the School Community including:

- ★ funding the Baty Overseas Voluntary Service Award
- ★ awarding the Old King's Scholars' Exhibition which is given to the most outstanding student going up to university
- ★ recognition of individual achievements on the sports field with awards at School Prize Giving

Officers

★ President

Olivia Whitlam (2003) olivia.whitlam@hotmail.co.uk

★ Vice Presidents

Ben Kapur (2004) 07740 351765 (M) 01244 671572 (H) benjaminpkapur@gmail.com

Mike Sayer (2002) 07507 846782 (W) mike.sayer@bentley.co.uk

★ Hon. Secretary

Adrian Ackroyd (1974) 01244 390819 (H) adrian.a.ackroyd@gmail.com

★ Hon. Treasurer

Mark Thorp (1981) mtcaoks@outlook.com

★ Dinner Secretary

Robin Hardi (1987) 07798 700496 (M) robinhardi@yahoo.co.uk

★ Junior Vice Presidents

Ben Paxton (2015)

Kartik Upadhyay (2013)

Arthur Jebb (2012)

Siobhan Barnard (2011)

Oscar Hayward (2010)

Rhodri Owen (2006)

Laurence Ankers (2015)

Emily Moss (2013)

Miranda Harle (2012)

Joe Benson (2011)

Lauren Phillips (2007)

Ben Crooks (2005)

Megan Poole (2015)

Will Marshall (2013)

Luke Howarth (2012)

Peter Johnstone (2011)

Will Orchard (2007)

General Committee Members

- ★ Peter Bernie (1976) 01244 570050 (H) 07836 567490 (M)
- ★ Paul Consterdine (2001) 01978 853796 (H) paulconsterdine@btinternet.com
- ★ Steve Downey 01244 689533 (W) stevedowney@kingschester.co.uk
- ★ Will Lamb (1971) 01244 534830 (H) sixhitter@hotmail.com
- ★ Jeremy Lloyd (1963) 01244 323548 (H) jemandjennyllloyd@aol.com
- ★ Robin Hardi (1987) 07798 700496 robinhardi@yahoo.co.uk
- ★ Michael Hurlleston (1981) mike.hurlleston@rbs.co.uk (W)
- ★ Kate Phillipson (2010) 07947-648039 (H) kate_phillipson@hotmail.co.uk
- ★ James Szerdy (1983) james.szerdy@dwf.co.uk (W)
- ★ David Wilkes (1967) djwilkes1@gmail.com
- ★ Alan Vallance (1983) alan.vallance65@gmail.com (London and South East contact point)

Exhibition Fund Trustees

- ★ The Lord Mayor of Chester
- ★ W. S. D. Lamb Esq.
- ★ Hon. Treasurer of The Association
- ★ The Sheriff of Chester
- ★ The President of The Association
- ★ Hon. Secretary of The Association

Alternative school rules 1957!

Amendments to the school rules compiled by a group of Upper 5th formers who posted them on to the Headmaster's personal notice board as a reaction to what they thought to be juvenile rules. This is a copy (the original included the headmaster's signature forged).

Extract from School Rule book of 1881

"Boys are strictly forbidden to bring to School or to have in their possession at School any pistols, cannon or firearms."

SOME AMENDMENTS:

1. Boys must not:
 - (a) be bald.
 - (b) bring their relatives to school.
 - (c) Spit at the Bishop.
 - (d) affix toilet paper to the main notice board without the signature of a master.
 - (e) swim in the canal during break.
 - (f) play melody spoons on the cycle shed roof.
 - (g) set fire to other boys desks.
 - (h) driverto school on concrete mixers or camels
 - (i) come to school wearing kilts turbans track-suits saris or thigh-lengh fishing boots unless at the expressed desire of a master
 - (j) leave porridge under the Library carpet.
 - (k) eat school coke.
 - (l) knock visitors about.
2. Bugger is forbidden during prayers.
3. Caps must be worn on the head.
4. Boys must:
 - (a) fill their pens between 9.20 and 9.25, 10.15 and 10.53., 12.55 and 1.05.
 - (b) come to school
 - (c) remember QUEEN VICTORIA
 - (d) wear their clothes at the appropriate angle.
5. Bombs and fire-arms must not be carried in the main school.
6. Boys should take care to avoid Masters bicycles when parking their cars.
7. Boys should share their poker winnings with the Staff.