

Thank you Mr President and members of the Old Philologists for inviting me to talk about my father, KD Crook, and St Marylebone's. It was a surprising and touching matter that you wanted to recall a man who started here 81 years ago and retired 43 years ago. You knew him in the classroom, which I never did, but maybe I can add something to your picture of him. Although I never was taught here or did my teaching at the school, I feel as if I knew a phantom version, which at quite a few points made contact with the reality.

This was largely through my father, who taught here for 38 years and retired as Second Master in 1971. KD's energetic activities, his stories of his daily round at St Marylebone's and his involvement of me in what might be loosely called its extra-mural activities made sure of that. I was a ready listener and participant. Maybe that is why to some extent my own career followed his. I was a National Service officer in the Royal Signals, I graduated from Selwyn College Cambridge and I taught for seven years at the Perse School before entering the university sector and getting a PhD. Even there, there were similarities, for I combined teaching with an increasingly heavy load of administration.

KD left a huge pile of papers from which I have had to select, so I pass over cordial letters from his colleagues and former pupils: teasing from Peggy Bryce, the school secretary, drily humorous from Edwin Frisby, the pre-war Second Master, witty Latin and warm fellow feeling from Kingston Derry, stoically upbeat and generous from Francis Warre-Cornish. Most schoolboys have no idea of the lives of their masters outside the classroom and few would guess at the camaraderie of these men. So talking about KD means also talking about his circle of friends among masters and boys and also what the school was like in a period beginning 80 years ago. It's a nostalgia trip but also a historical snapshot.

Here are some early photos to defamiliarise your picture of him. KD captioned the photo of him bowling on rough long grass as that "underhand chap". He always enjoyed a pun. Describing the other two photos, he writes that he is "quelling the rising of the plebs". This is some team game, possibly hockey, where you begin by standing by your tent. Despite Westminster's "plebgate", a Latin master, whose favourite authors were P.G. Wodehouse and Ian Hay, needs no excuse for this humorous taunt.

KD came from a family of mill workers in Darcey Lever, on the outskirts of Bolton. His father broke with the family by entering the church and his disappointed father (in other words KD's grandfather), who had hoped to set up his own mill using the labour of his sons, cursed him. They were uncompromising these Lancastrians. There was little money in this breakaway family, but KD won a poor boys' scholarship to Christ's Hospital (1918-24). The welcome letter required new boys to be free of ringworm, have two bibles and give no gratuities to the servants. The following year William (later Sir William) Hamilton Fyfe arrived as Headmaster (1919-30) and he altered the school's direction from the discovery method, which often failed to cover the whole syllabus, to one leading to better success in the exams. Fyfe told of how a boy had been caned for giving a perfectly correct answer because he had got it out of a book and had not discovered it through experiment. However, the approach of finding things out for yourself left its mark on KD's teaching at St Marylebone's. After Housey, KD gained an Open Exhibition at Selwyn College, Cambridge. There he read both Classics and English (1926-29) and Fyfe wrote to him congratulating him on his success.

He went regularly to the Festival Theatre to see the experimental productions of millionaire racehorse owner, Terence Gray, and a soloist from Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, later famous as a choreographer and director of the Royal Ballet, Ninette de Valois. It opened in 1926 with *The Oresteia*. The Lord Chamberlain banned their later production of *Salome*. Ninette de Valois was cross and did three of her dances anyway at the next shows. The theatre closed for good in 1939 but KD saw it in the glory days of Terence Gray and I have his programmes for 1926-28. They are sprightly and clubbable, and tell patrons "You are welcome to smoke your pipe, if you have one." They also announce, "There are no Rules and Regulations in the Festival Theatre." KD appreciated that, as he was unstuffy and not hidebound by rules.

KD and his colleagues, page 2 of 9, 24/04/2014. By Keith Crook.

It may surprise you to know that the Senior Dean sent him a stiff note requesting him to be more regular in his attendance at chapel. (6.3.28)

The cast list for the programme was printed on transparent paper so that in the dark you could hold it up to the footlights and read it.

In Long Vac Terms we can see his energy in earning his keep, extending his experience abroad and his early organising skills. KD acted as a courier in Europe for Swan's Tours. When he was in Paris a famous cartoonist of the twenties, called Xim, sketched this image of him at the top of the Eiffel Tower. I found it with KD's handmade notebook, which worked out different hotels and itineraries for various couples who belonged to a group of tourists in Ostend. In it he carefully arranged stops for sodas and ices as well. Timetabling seemed to be in his blood.

His first job was from 1929-33. He taught at Chigwell, not Felsted as your records say. He was housemaster and senior Classics master. He felt the Classics lived through literature and he became a frequent supporter of Bradfield College's Greek theatre in 1931. This was the year he met my mother, Sue, and, in 1933, he married her. To earn extra money, he became an examiner and then team leader for the Latin and Greek exams of the Board of the Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate. This continued through his school career and kept him in constant touch with the standards required by the university teachers on the Board. His attitude was to award merit wherever he found it, so that when a Nigerian translated an exam piece from Caesar's *Gallic Wars* with a perfect transcription from *Gulliver's Travels*, the bit about "*Quinbus Flestrin*, the man mountain", he gave the candidate two marks. Also in 1933, he applied for a job to teach Classics at St Marylebone's.

From this point in my story, almost all of my images will be from the marvellous past of St Marylebone's. Figuratively, I hope to tear down the barricades that cut it from the community in 1981. Please let me know of any photos you would like copied for your archives.

This is how the school looked pre-war, in 1939. This photograph is the source of the iconic linocut on the cover of *The Philologist*. It is very like the architect's drawing, but the chimney in the photo seems taller and the roadside turret rises less elegantly than in the drawing.

Here is a less familiar side view, looking down Lisson Grove. There's an office block there now. It's called Jerome House after an old boy, J.K. Jerome.

Then what was in 1939 the Library

and last the Assembly Hall which became the Library in 1957 (TP Su 1957, 31).

This is where cricket and rugby were played at Sudbury Hill.

KD thought it was very important to have Greek as well as Latin in the school. He wished boys to understand the civilisation that lay behind the languages. He pressed the headmaster to let him introduce it, if he got the job. The headmaster was the legendary Philip Wayne. I am fairly certain these photos extracted from a staff photo were taken in 1934. For if you compare them with the next slide of 1939 you will see both men look older. KD greying and Wayne balder.

If this is correct, then the undated school photo from which I took the first pairing is from 1934 and the earliest school record I have and, maybe, one for the school archive. Perhaps this school photo is another one you would like.

The 1934 photo is very clear but the resolution here may not do it justice. It should help identify prewar old boys.

To return to KD and the headmaster. Wayne went out of his way in a series of friendly letters to recruit KD, even telegramming him to ensure no time was wasted. "Greek set assured ... please confirm finally ... so that I may decline other candidates ... Wayne." (13 April 1933.) Wayne, characteristically, was all

KD and his colleagues, page 3 of 9, 24/04/2014. By Keith Crook.

for the educational innovation of teaching Greek. He may have invented the queue of other candidates in his eagerness to recruit this man.

What strikes me in Wayne's letters and in many later interchanges of the community of St Marylebone's is how it is so natural to speak in human terms. Nowadays it is common for the language of contract and officialese to obscure such things. KD had agreed to take over a scout troop. Wayne later called it "founding" the scout troop (8 Apr 37) although it had been run by Mr Wing. Wayne wrote, "I am heartily glad that you have taken the plunge. It is going to mean a claim on free hours in your early married days..." That is a humane remark. I especially appreciate it, as I too took over school scouts as a newly married man. But, of course, then in the letter comes the canny headmaster who wants to get as much as he can for his money: "... but it is going to be work which you will afterwards look back on with pride and satisfaction. And I believe that that kind of pride makes ones wife proud and happy too." KD responded by "earning his ticket", as they called taking an arduous course at the Boy Scouts HQ in Gilwell Park before coming to St Marylebone's and qualifying for the highly regarded Wood badge for the advanced leadership of scouts.

The Common Room might have guffawed at Wayne's glossing over of the obvious strains on the newly weds, when saying KD's wife would be proud, while admitting that service did bring its own reward. As Francis Warre-Cornish has said, "before the war, the Master's Common Room was exceedingly lively" (OM, 35) The staff included many gifted teachers, who formed firm friendships that went beyond the school and into after years. KD, at 80 years old, recalled "I made all sorts of friends, friends among colleagues and friends among the boys, and it was marvellous." His colleagues had a healthy scepticism of anything smacking of pomposity or false logic and were ready to guy the ridiculous. This gaiety spilled over into the classrooms. Canon Alan Holloway has told how KD had gone from a classroom, seeming to have left the boys to their own devices. Before they got noisy, "his face appeared low down near the floor round the half open door," grinning at them.

This fraternity resumed after the awful interruption of the World War II. In the post war years, the teachers lived in gusto and much mutual respect that made St Marylebone's more than a place of work, some lunching at the Stingo (salad, cheese and a Double Diamond) and browsing for second hand books at Duley's in Bell Street. Rory Hands called the Common Room "the most stimulating body of schoolmasters" (OM 68).

I want to mention three particular friends of KD just to give a sense of the variety of these talented men.

Neville Rogers was a gifted linguist who joined the Common Room in 1939 and remained to care for the school during the evacuation into Cornwall during the war. He was called up in the RAF in 1941 and served in Africa and Italy. When eventually all came back together in London, KD recalled he had colleagues laughing in tears with his accounts of the school in Cornwall. (TP Spr 1957, 3)

Neville helped the Keats Shelley House in Rome to refinance its museum in 1949 by compiling and contributing to a fund-raising book in which he told of how its holdings were hidden in Monte Cassino from the Nazis during the war. He gained a Leverhulme Award in 1952 to edit the Shelley manuscripts, newly deposited at the Bodleian, Oxford. He was encouraged by Maurice Bowra, the Vice Chancellor of Oxford, and HW Garrod, the Oxford Professor of Poetry. He ended up a professor in Ohio University, Athens. He frequently wrote to KD and, when he was in Oxford, recounted how St Marylebone's boys, such as David Woolf and Anastasios Christodoulou were faring in the university, after doing their National Service. And told how he got them introductions to Partisan friends in Italy. He had an acerbic wit, direct manner and warm friendship. He told KD he would like him to write up his method of teaching Greek (Neville called it the "Crook Greek Method") and he would approach OUP to get it published. And he kept KD informed of the progress of his work at the Bodleian and sent him a copy of his first major

KD and his colleagues, page 4 of 9, 24/04/2014. By Keith Crook.

study, *Shelley at Work*, as soon as it was published. I think the unascribed appreciation of Neville in *The Philologist* is by KD.

Rory Hands, as you all know, was a St Marylebone's pupil and he had just left school in 1937. He wrote to KD enthusiastically about the Pont du Gard and of France rivalling Italy in its Roman antiquities. This is a postcard he sent. It is enclosed in a letter that begins "Dear Sir," and ends "Yours sincerely" but Rory's warmth shows through. He had cycled 70 miles in Provence to get photos of Roman remains for KD's Latin lessons. Later, now a member of the Common Room, he invited KD and Sue to his wedding in 1947 and in turn he and Kate became godparents of my younger sister, Bridget, who was born that year. KD remembered his cheeriness, "when I was in the Common Room on my fiftieth birthday, Rory Hands sailed in and said 'ha! hallo, Kenneth: congratulations. Half way!'" Rory went on to become Headmaster of Chiswick School. In retirement, KD and Sue and Rory and Kate maintained a close and sociable contact. Rory gave a warmly appreciative funeral address at KD's memorial.

Harold Llewellyn Smith taught at St Marylebone's pre-war from 1931. After a period of illness in 1939 and helping to administer the school in Portreath, he enlisted in the Scots Guards to fight in the Normandy campaign advancing to the river Elbe. He was awarded an MC. He returned for a term to St Marylebone's in 1950 (TP Su 50, 214) and then in 1955 as headmaster for 15 years, during which time KD became his deputy or "Second Master". "Llew," as our family learned to call him, became his best friend.

It's a piece of luck that KD had this school photo of 1950, since that is the source of one of my photos of Llew before he went to be Headmaster at Bec School, Tooting. In 1950, Wayne, recalling Llew's devotion to the school dating from 1931, wrote how he had impressed the boys during this brief period of return with "his honesty of purpose, kindness and keen minded enterprise". He was the "best kind of schoolmaster". (TP Su 1950, 215.) This was before there was any idea of Llew becoming Wayne's successor.

These two photos are stamped on the back with the name of the *Hornsey Journal* and, I guess, must be from about 1965. I say 1965 because it shows the mini Traveller, which came out in 1962, and the striped traffic lights, which were replaced after the Worboys committee changed the design in 1965. The article they went with may be something your archivist may want to chase up. Llew was short-sighted without his glasses and KD told me how he had intervened in a street fight in Marylebone, in the time when it was a rough area in the last days of a gangster known as Jack Spot. The first thing Llew did was to take off his spectacles, losing sight of his targets, and then he made a deliberate thing of putting them in his pocket to show he meant business. He was a burly man and it was enough to send the roughs packing. He had wanted to retire in 1969 but put it off for a year for the sake of finding the right Headmaster in Patrick Hutton.

When KD was about to retire, Llew came back secretly, hid from his sight and painted him a picture of the front of the school, which meant so much to both of them. He was a good artist, who devised a method of using his bike handlebars as a support for a drawing pad on which he used one of those new fangled biros (1943-5), which did not run when you applied a colour wash.

The school used this one for a greetings card. In retirement, Llew and KD exchanged newsy letters, gifts and had occasional meetings right up to a few days before Llew's death on the last of his many excursions into France.

They both were committed Christians and in 1956 KD suggested the school motto should be "Ex animo tanquam deo." Here you can see on the school calendar that the design was developed in two stages, first with a plain beehive and then in a garter encircling a beehive. KD was recalling St Paul whom he much admired. "(Whatsoever ye do, do it) heartily as to the Lord".

KD and Llew went to Oberammergau together in 1970. Llew could get no postcards of the village so he sent a thank you cum birthday card with a painting instead. He apologised, "I have had to rely on Memory plus Invention. I am afraid that there is... too much of the latter!"

Llew frequently invited sixth formers to take a trip with him abroad. When I won a school travel bursary in 1957, he invited me to join a party of St Marylebone's boys (J.D. Kutas, A. Marson, Nicholas Tigg and Gordon Eynon) and a relatively new master, G.H. May, to visit Paris, Versailles and Chartres.

I knew of Brian Vickers before he knew of me. Early in the game, I learned how KD hoped to encourage his academic ability but I did not meet him until long after we both had graduated at Cambridge and without young children we exchanged invitations and played "rabbit's ears". KD gave him an intensive Latin course to help him matriculate at Cambridge. During his undergraduate years, a local university controversy put Brian's name in the public domain and Llew wrote to me for information. Like many of the teachers, he cared how former pupils continued in their lives. They were individuals and connected to him. KD has told how he and the headmaster used to play a kind of pelmanism with photos of newly arrived boys in order to learn who they were without delay.

That was another thing I noticed about the school: the maturity of most of the boys and the easy interchange with the teachers, who were not regarded as a separate and odd species behind a glass partition. Without intruding on either's private spaces, they got along very well. In one year, 1951, KD had four exceptional classics pupils who won university awards: Ronald Day (d. 16 Apr 2006), David Woolf, Gerald Margolis and Anastasios Christodoulou (d. 20 May 2002), who became Foundation Secretary of the Open University. Some wrote for guidance, one agonising about the duty to kill on active National Service. Later, those at Oxford invited him up in 1953 to stay in the King's Arms, be dined out and entertained. He accepted gladly. They made cordial visits to KD from then on. David Woolf told me about Grierson's anthology of metaphysical poets and bought me a copy. "Doulu" brought his family with him to visit in later years and agreed to be an executor of KD's will.

Stepping back in time, I want to mention the war. In 1937, at the age of 31, KD was looking to buy his first house in Watford and I have his brochures. This one from the estate agency, Rice, shows a variety of mock Tudor homes advertised as "a story told in a golden dream by a maiden fair in a garden of roses". You would not believe there was the Great Depression or any anxiety about the world situation. It just goes to show how variable conditions were. While elsewhere there is homelessness and suffering, there's a surprising optimism in a mini boom in housing in London.

Rice's houses combined nostalgia with solid security. The cheapest was a semi with timbered gables and Palladian windows and lattice panes. Rice emphasise its closeness to London with Harry Beck's underground map which was still a new thing (it was brought out in 1933). Its classic clarity celebrated the attractive ease and ordered simplicity of modern travel in the great metropolis. However, KD could not afford the asking price for the house of £950. So he rented a house in Bushey where I was born in the following year. Then came the war.

KD had become an army officer in the Cambridge University OTC and joined the regular army reserve in 1930, probably as an insurance against becoming jobless in the Depression, and it would be relevant experience to recommend him if he joined the Rhodesia police, and it would also prove useful in a school with cadets. It meant spending two weeks every year with soldiers in Colchester. So he was one of the first to be called up. He was drafted to the Royal Signals barracks in Canterbury where the first bombs fell and he sent his family to a safer place, while he was sent to Cherbourg, just before the retreat from Dunkirk.

KD and his colleagues, page 6 of 9, 24/04/2014. By Keith Crook.

During the war, the rest of his family lived at eight addresses in six years, ending up in Felsted in Essex.

Recently I found a rare yellow War Office pass and discovered that he had been involved in setting up the communications of Churchill's Cabinet War Rooms, after his return from France. The date, 4 July 1940, suggests this was fundamental to how it developed. Chamberlain had used the rooms only once for a cabinet meeting but, a month before, in May 1940, Churchill said "This is the room from which I will direct the war." So KD was in the War Rooms at the very beginning of Churchill's use of them.

General Nalder, who became responsible in 1940 for the organisation of the Royal Signals, wrote in the official history: "By progressive stages Signals took over the provision and operation of the whole of the communications of the War Office and the static system serving the Army in the United Kingdom, with the exception of the War Office telephone exchanges." The equipment was hopelessly out of date and insufficient, having been provided by the civil organisations. By September 1940 the Blitz had begun and the War Rooms were much used. KD was a Captain when he got the pass and was promoted by December 1940 to a Major. He was put in command until 1942 of Signals for the Home Forces in southeast England. This is where the invasion was expected and there was an under-provision of men and equipment.

During this period Sue was not able to visit him. He wrote on 18 July 1940 "instructions have gone forth that wives are not to be brought into the Corps area (let alone our village)." "Our village"? That stands out for me as significant. I think he operated from a little-known army camp in Hertfordshire, which was partly under canvas and a no-go area. I think this photo may be of the camp. Near it was a railway station. Long gone; axed by Beeching! You could get to London Liverpool Street and the War Rooms in 75 minutes or take a short motor drive to another station and then take 42 minutes to King's Cross. Nothing, so far as I know, was ever said in the family about this secret work. "Careless talk costs lives." In addition, secrecy meant that it could not count towards promotion or an increase in status. The official army summary conceals his work from 1940 to 1943 in a cryptic and generalised note of his being responsible for 500 men. Elsewhere it is detailed, giving names and job descriptions.

Maybe at this point it is good to lighten things by showing him on a camel by the pyramids! In 1942, KD's division was sent to Cairo after the battles of Alamein (1-22 Jul, 23 Oct-11 Nov 1942) to be part of the push into Italy.

He was sent to a castle outside Naples where he set up a School of Signals to train soldiers in wireless, telegraphy and telecomms. Vesuvius erupted soon after his arrival.

With a strong cadre of officers and NCO's he had to reduce a course of 4 weeks to one of 2 weeks. This was essential for a grim reason. Allied casualties in the Italian campaign totalled 320,000, ensuring a constant daily need for more trained soldiers to maintain communications. KD was Mentioned in Despatches for this work. Maybe his rapid Latin courses sprang from this experience too.

In 1945, a letter of his from Italy shows the exhilaration of experiencing the normal after the stress of war. He had driven an army truck to Anzio on a project to get the superior wood from the command trenches to make a sailing boat to occupy and entertain his company of instructors while waiting to be demobbed. A typical KD idea I might say. In the letter you can hear his delight at being back to normal. "So quiet now that the war has left it behind. We camped for the night in a wood of pine trees that stretches along the shore. Isn't the smell of pine resin grand. Birds were singing joyously; butterflies, moths & all kinds of insects in profusion; lizards & snakes (grass); sandy soil; wildflowers — and the sea."

KD and his colleagues, page 7 of 9, 24/04/2014. By Keith Crook.

After this, the bleakness of austerity Britain. Thirty-nine years old and still renting a house and with the grimness of war in the back of his mind. Ex comrades were writing to him in similar situations asking how they could get on the housing ladder. KD took up where he left off at St Marylebone's. Austerity Britain seems to have cut down his photography in the late forties but here he is refereeing rugby from your archives. He also took on being the Careers Master and the oversight of Religious Education.

In 1946 he was form master of V A and Housemaster of Abbott until 1950 and they won the house championship in 1948. There are 27 boys in this photo but they seem to be of different ages. Maybe they are scouts in mufti or members of Abbott House. John Turner last year remembered his return to the classroom like this: "Remember Latin For Today – each new Latin teacher entered and asked where we'd got to – they all got the same reply – Ceres and Proserpina. We got to know that chapter quite well! But then Major Ken Crook returned and all was very quickly back and in order! Often still in his khaki army shirt and tie." I think this photo is from 1946. KD is wearing the army regulation tie and shirt.

One result of our moving houses was that I did not know who was this strange man who returned in 1945. You may imagine the deflating effect on KD. I treasure the memory of his sorting out his post-war feelings by going to a local wood yard and sawing old rafters into play bricks for his children. KD had read about this in H.G. Wells's *Floor Games*, 1911. It was a good antidote, to become absorbed in physical work that had a pleasurable outcome.

For the next 7 years, KD spent almost 6 hours of each working day in his travels to and from Marylebone. That meant getting up at 5.30 in the morning and returning home about 8.40 in the evening at the earliest, unless he stayed on for after school activities, which he often did. He always spoke against what he called the "overtime mentality". Again the family saw little of him, for he had work to do after his supper. His travel arrangements evoke an age not dominated by the car. He had been forced to sell his Austin Cabriolet to make ends meet and, anyway, where was the petrol? So in the morning he would cycle 1.5 miles to another village green, put the bike in a bushy tree and clamber down this bank by the railway bridge you see here. He would flag down the LNER freight train to Bishop's Stortford, for there was no early passenger connection, put on his gardening gloves and grab the sooty handholds of the guard's van in which he would ride. The gloves would go in his attaché case in order for him to arrive as a respectable schoolmaster. The Bishop's Stortford train took him to Liverpool Street and then he went by underground to Edgware. Others have noticed that he was never late for assembly.

The cost of travel was a severe drain on his finances. This monthly season cost £4 9s 3d which is about £148.

On 13th December 1945 KD, remembered his pre war travel from Bushey. The estate agent's underground map said "no more than 30 minutes" to London. And then it was short walk with his case, as seen in this photo by a street photographer. Beside it is the photographer's ticket, inviting him to send for a copy. He wrote to Homefinders to send him details of a house to let unfurnished "within reach of St Marylebone Station... preferably no nearer than Harrow. The Watford-Chorley Wood-Wendover line is particularly suitable." I have circled this on the map. He said his current daily journey took too much time and "is proving a considerable physical strain as well". He went on. "If there is no immediate prospect of success... I would then feel compelled to seek a change of employment." He was equipped to be a headmaster, but these jobs were scarce. He stayed on. After 7 years of this, he cut down his travel time to 2 hours a day when he moved to Chelmsford and began to pay a mortgage on his first owned house at the age of 46.

Scouting was another matter he had to pick up on his return. He had run the 18th St Marylebone Scout troop before the war and made camps in Norfolk, the Lake District and Herefordshire. He was responsible for the boys' travel and here is a nostalgic photo of them waiting for a train at Liverpool

KD and his colleagues, page 8 of 9, 24/04/2014. By Keith Crook.

Street station as it used to be in 1935. The Diglea camping permit for Snettisham shows that it was a permanent site. It was a favourite one.

What a considerable venture camping had been: making scouts self-reliant in cooking, felling trees, building bridges, going on hikes, sailing, signalling,

visiting historic places such as Sandringham and Castle Rising here; and at another time and place, Tintern Abbey and Cannop colliery. As you see I have drawn on photo albums that he made after each of their camp activities, recording names with photos, to create a sense of a scouting tradition.

The troop had flourished. He trained up Patrol Leaders. Here he is with four PLs meeting other scouts and scout masters from the Marylebone area at Gilwell. This is a good example of how the school was embedded in the London community.

The camping equipment he had in 1935 had become in need of refurbishment. In these photos you see two types of tent; "The Patrol" on the left, and "The Stormhaven" on the right behind the trek cart. 1952 was a time of rationing and scarcity, so he recruited me to help restore these tents. I can still smell the Cuprinol I used to reproof them on the back lawn of our house. He bought War Department surplus stretchers from Chelmsford's Wood Street dump and we took out and shaved down the wooden bearers to become tent poles.

Our family tested the equipment out by living in the tents for a week by a sea wall of the River Blackwater. And that was our summer holiday!... He then reverted to working out with coloured chinagraph pencils the complicated, sudoko-like chart to timetable classes in the cramped accommodation of St Marylebone's. Classes were constantly switching rooms to meet the needs of the curriculum. He also marked the summer scripts from Cambridge Syndicate and I checked the clerking with him.

KD always had a soft spot for the England of chivalric history and pastoral beauty. In 1937 he gave Sue Kipling's celebration of Englishness, Puck of Pook's Hill. This 1940 propaganda leaflet was among his papers showing the now well known picture postcard view of Finchingfield in Essex. It suggests that we were not only fighting for our folk, especially the kiddies, but for rural England. I think KD's enthusiasm for outdoor tasks and living in a natural environment was given a great impetus by the feelings he had in Italy at the end of the war. It was an enthusiasm for the countryside that energised his work at Forest Green and with the scouts.

It had earlier promptings. In 1938 he bought *Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life, Travel, and Exploration* second-hand at 10/6 from Blackwells. Written by a cavalry surgeon who was in the Crimean war, it covers a huge range of practical activities to help you survive in exotic places. Many plates are crowded with activities, illustrating distinct techniques such as those of boat building here. The book was published thirty years before KD was born and his readiness to delve into the past did give the impression of his being an old-fashioned man. However his boat building expedition in Anzio in 1945 did raise morale. So he had a point!

In 1939 St Marylebone's teaching at Forest Green was announced in the prospectus as an "important educational experiment". Wayne wrote to KD (8 Aug 34; about camping), "The thing is, to take it at its fullest meaning, that the boys will have deep-seated impression and memory of good-fellowship in youth in lovely surroundings..." After the war it was firmly part of the school's ethos, although political troubles regarding the future of St Marylebone's were brewing. I remember a BBC broadcast in October 1948, in which Wayne and KD spoke up for this aspect of the school as part of the campaign to retain its independent status in face of the possible merger with the Bell Street School (proposed 1947, McNeal 48). The programme was called "Meet the People" and meant for the London Regional service.

A 1948 notebook of KD's has many long and inventive lists of projects boys might be involved in. They all have an educational intention with an emphasis on the boys finding out things for themselves, just as at Christ's Hospital. Here are just a few:

“Make a plant census of three distinct areas: estate, approach lane and woodland. (He prepared the kind of chart you would expect from a Latin master, describing such things as palmate, pinnate, spatulate, umbellifer.)

Examine tombstones as a potential source of evidence.

Make three surveys of the whole estate, scale 1/100, and compare results to see causes of error. (He knew human frailty.)

What causes old chimneys to lean and what kind of brick bonds are there in the locality? (This was part of a quick fire quiz.)”

To keep the place in repair, he organised service teams of boys who had to distemper the Mill interior, concrete the urinal, construct litter bins and recondition tools. (No one was too posh to soil his hands.)

In 1961, ten years before he retired, he and Sue began to plan for that time when together they would, according to Wayne, “afterwards look back in pride and satisfaction”. They bought a Georgian farmhouse near the creeks of the Blackwater where they had courted. It meant once again a long journey of 90 miles to London for those ten years.

Alas, that we cannot secure the future. Two years before he retired in 1971, Sue died and, in 1975, so did Llew. KD said of Sue that “she always wanted me to be at my best. I have stood on her shoulders and I wish she was here.”

Note concerning abbreviated references

McNeal

OM

TP

St Marylebone Grammar School, EGB McNeal, 1979

Old Masters, Ted McNeal, 1996, page

The Philologist, quarter, year, page

Personal letters are referenced by date