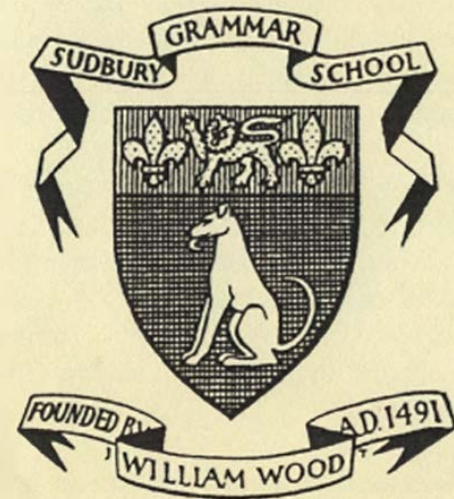


SUDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION



MAGAZINE  
January 2022

## Dates

**AGM:** Friday 25th March 2022 at Sudbury Football Club. 1200 for 12.30pm. AGM to be followed by a buffet lunch at 2.00pm

**May Event:** This will be at the Great War Huts Hawstead on Friday May 20th 2022. Arrival 1030; coffee, an introduction and a one hour site visit; buffet lunch at 1230 for which, members are asked to make a £7.50 donation; send bookings and donations to the Registrar.

**Celebration of 50th Anniversary of school closure:** A reunion lunch will be held on Friday 15th July 2022 at William Wood House, in the old dining hall. To get some ideas of numbers, check the A4 centre page or please advise David Webb (email: dave-afc@supanet.com) by the end of January 2022, of your interest in attending.

**Autumn Lunch:** Venue and speaker to be advised in the July 2022 magazine

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*Copy for the July 2022 issue should be sent to the Editor: robin.farbridge15@gmail.com  
Deadline is June 20th 2022*

The opinions expressed in the letters and articles in this magazine are those of the writers, who are responsible for the accuracy of the information contained within them.

## SUDBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

**Secretary:**  
[vacant]

**Registrar:**  
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### *OBA News*

At the date of this magazine, the evolution and control of the covid-18 virus and its siblings, is not clear. In the worst case, Omicron could force a further lockdown and hence the need for the use of Zoom. First, the meeting remembered five Old Boys deceased since the last AGM:

George Anthony Bowyer (Colonel) SGS 1940-48  
David John Goldsmith SGS 1955-60  
Philip John Kemp SGS 1940-46  
Peter Walter March SGS 1949-54  
Brian Roy Tatum SGS 1951-56

We were pleased to get together for lunch and a talk. After lengthy negotiations, our Social Secretary finally managed to arrange a live lunch for the Old Boys at the Bull in Long Melford, on October 1st. The Bull had relaxed social distancing conditions and this allowed twenty one Old Boys to gather and to socialise under real conditions with old friends; the Zoom experience was a distant memory.

Lunch was not, in the opinion of some of us, an outstanding example of the art of cookery. Nevertheless, over lunch we chattered freely and at high volume. Later, our guest speaker Mike Laflin (SGS 1953-60) treated us to a fascinating talk which consisted of two rather different parts.

Mike first told us some Laflin family history. First recorded in 1485, in Boxford church, is one Thomas Laythlyn, whose family was in the wooltrade and continued as weavers and dyers in Boxford up to the 1600s. We then heard about the many aspects of a long family history. We warmed perhaps to the 'skeleton in the cupboard' when great great

grandmother Hannah (1834-1915), unmarried, had 6 children with the local squire Robert Makens, despite having been apprised of the error of her ways. Mike's ancestors did distinguished war service, and endured both farming depression and farming success. Grandfather Russell (who farmed at Braggons from 1900) had a particularly adventurous son Frank who, after Perse School in Cambridge, joined the South African Mounted Police and later emigrated finally to Canada where he joined The Mounties. And it was at Braggons Farm Boxford where Mike arrived in 1942.

Mike then took us on his own adventures, through helping his father on Braggons Farm during WW2, an early aptitude with things mechanical, infant gun training (airgun at 5, 410 shotgun at 7), tractor and combine operation (combine driving at 7) all mixed in with ploughing competitions, clay pigeon shoots and rabbit shooting. While at SGS, he tells us of a difficult relationship with Bob Ellison, not assisted by Mike parking his TR2 in Ellie's parking space. After SGS, Mike enrolled at Shuttleworth, one of the top four agricultural colleges in the country at that time. There, a demanding curriculum ensured that he had a good agricultural education; the food was excellent too. He then told of marriage, various car crashes, farming and his agricultural contracting business (which lives on in his email: moleplough). There was much more; Laflin Canada branch sounded interesting as did the various minor disasters caused by over enthusiastic mole draining over service pipes. We will surely hear more from Mike.

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and send your donation, to the Registrar.

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**Annual Autumn Lunch:** Venue and speaker to be advised in the July 2022 magazine; the committee welcomes suggestions for venue and speakers.

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**Committee:** For health reasons, the Chairman has taken a leave of absence; the Social Secretary Michael Wheeler is Acting Chairman. Currently, the Secretary also has some health constraints and has resigned as Secretary but will remain for the time on the committee. The OBA therefore continues with a much depleted committee; we welcome nominations for Treasurer and Secretary.

**Membership & Connections:** Current paid up membership is 110. The recruitment efforts by the Registrar and by individual Old Boys, have had some moderate success; we warmly welcome these new members. Once again, we urge members to consider connection to the Internet, to allow their participation in virtual meetings and use of the OBA website.

**Magazine:** Copy for the current magazine has been rather limited and it is therefore the Editor's duty to make the usual threats, in particular that he may of necessity produce only one issue of the magazine annually. Nevertheless, the Editor thanks all contributors.

This issue has much interesting copy produced by Colin Garwood, dealing with his researches on Old Boys in WW1 and WW2. You will also hear from an avid supporter of Ipswich Town FC and an account of a school Easter trip to Mallorca as well as a much earlier Cadet tour

to Belgium. The Editor encourages Old Boys who went on school Easter trips and who did National Service, and there must be many, to tell us of their experiences.

The Editor's own interests are also on view, with a text about an interesting steam train engineer, and assorted grumbles about words.

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### Cadets: European Tours & Buttons

It is interesting to find, in an old edition of the School magazine (summer 1932), that a Cadet tour of Belgium was run in the school holidays. This was organised by the Warwick Cadet Committee under the auspices of the British Cadet Association, and led by Mr Angelbeck. The tour was to visit Ostend, Nicuport, Bruges, Furness, Zeebrugge and Ghent and would include a trip along the canal used by German submarines during the Great War. And as an inducement perhaps: 'time will be allowed for bathing'. That Gus Angelbeck led Cadet and School tours for at least 28 years is quite remarkable.

Gus also interested himself in cadet dress! As the government had forbidden the use of any military badges or buttons in 1932, the cadets at their own expense had to acquire their own buttons. They acquired new buttons made for the Public Secondary Schools Cadet Association which bore as a crest 'The Phoenix' which in Gus's words 'symbolises in an excellent manner the rise of the new Cadet Force from the former Cadet Association'. Presumably, prior to new button supply, the Cadet uniforms bore military buttons which had to be replaced. The War Office in 1932 must have been very busy!

*[extracted by R A Farbridge]*

### Where the OBA Magazine is Printed

For over ten years, the same printer has produced the Old Boys magazine and in that time, a well finished booklet has always emerged. And it has been produced not in a shiny print works with enormous automatic machines, but in a rather different and perhaps surprising environment.



The printworks is run by Frank who clearly loves motorbikes so much that he shares his premises with both printing equipment and with some magnificent machines (the picture shows the current stock, two Kawasakis and a Honda, all with 3 or 4 cylinders and all purchased second hand). He also has a three wheeled motorbike which he cannot fit into the print shop!

Frank refurbishes these motorbikes and then sells them. Maybe the printing work pays for spare parts for the motorcycles!

*R A Farbridge*

## Student Tour to Barcelona & Mallorca 1960

The Youth Travel Bureau, whose Director Cyril Malyon was an Old Boy of the school, organised SGS trips to Europe, generally of 16 days and in the Easter period. In April 1960, Mike Baker went on a school trip to Barcelona and Mallorca, led by Mr Angelbeck. An article Mike wrote about his trip was published in the TYB magazine and extracts from his text, with linking comment by the Editor, are given below.

*'We left school on Wed afternoon 30th March and journeyed to London in a coach, and there boarded a train on which our seats were reserved to Southampton Dock terminus, where we walked almost immediately on to the ship for the night crossing' [then to Le Havre and on to Paris]*

*'In Paris, Mr Malyon met us and took us on a very short tour of the city centre, before we went for a very good meal at a quiet and well-appointed restaurant.'*

*'On the overnight express from Paris to Barcelona, we had a compartment between 8 of us. Since we were schoolboys, we used our own ingenuity about the sleeping arrangements and made no bones about putting our feet up on the seats on the other side of the compartment' [on a similar trip made by the editor, some of his group attempted to fit into the carriage luggage rack!]*

[the party then journeyed on past Limoges in the Massif Centrale, to Perpignon and the Pyrenees and thence by comfortable bus over the Pyrenees via Gerona to Barcelona]

*'We were now in Spain and had our first sight of the Spanish police, who carry guns, and the border police who carry automatic sten guns....'*

[Their hotel in Barcelona was 'first class' except that some of the boys could not accustom themselves to the food, which was cooked in olive oil, and quite often flavoured with garlic] [they were in Barcelona at Easter time and so had a choice of going to a bullfight or a football match]

*'I think far more went to a bullfight, but about 6 of us went to see Barcelona v Real Madrid. A retrospective reminds me Barcelona won 3-1, but for Real. Dr Stefano, Ghento and Puskas were on the field. A huge, huge stadium*

*absolutely full! I gave away my programme some years ago, but even now regard that visit as having been something special!'*

[Trips were made from Barcelona, to the monastery and church at Montserrat, to the National Park for further church visit and then to Tibidado high above Barcelona.] *Most of the boys were astonished at the number of policemen around, and at the fact that they all seemed to carry guns'*

[The party then took a boat to Palma in Mallorca, thence to a very smart restaurant for breakfast. In Palma, they visited the Cathedral, market and two railway stations with old steam locos vintage 1910. Thence to a quiet village Deya, an artist's paradise on the mountain slopes with a beach close by and a YTB centre near the church. They stayed at a small hotel, the Villa Verde]

*'The hostess from the hotel.....welcomed us in her own form of English. At the VV, the meals were outside on the terrace which was very enjoyable, even though one evening there was quite a wind and leaves from the trees blew*



*Valledemosa, Mallorca*

*down into the soup and wine. The people of Deya lived by fruit farming, oranges, lemons, dates and olives, or else by fishing, but depended on the tourist trade to bring an alternative source of income.'*

[The party made a trip along the coast in local fishing boats and made three coach trips: to Valledemosa, of singing brothers fame and where Chopin once stayed;

to Soller for souvenir buying and to Manacor and Porto Cristo to visit the Caves of Drach]

*'These are marvellous caves, and illustrate the formation of stalactites and stalagmites perfectly. There is an underground lake on which they perform a concert, rowing backwards and forwards, with the musicians sitting in the boats. I should mention that where the lake is situated there is a large underground auditorium which must seat about a thousand people'*

[Of the walks in Deya area, he has few reservations, meals were very good, less so the tea]

*'we had nothing to complain about at all, but they haven't the slightest idea how to make a good cup of tea out there, and as someone remarked after visiting a restaurant in Porto Cristo, where a sign outside said 'Good Old English Tea', yes, and at good old Spanish prices'*

[finally the writer comments with enthusiasm on the holiday]

*'The holiday as a whole was a tremendous success and Mr Angelbeck, the master who led the tour, and who has led about 21 others, said that it was he believed, the most varied and the best tour he had been on'*

[Many of us remember these trips as exciting and rewarding and a means of expanding the horizons of the average SGS boy. Mike's narrative indicates a strong interest in food, astonishment at the carrying of arms by police, and some disappointment at the Spanish version of a cup of tea. But in 1960, I suppose that Brits on European journeys, expected everybody to speak English and understand tea making. I hope that things have changed since then!

The whole tour itinerary, including the visits to some quite beautiful Mallorcan villages, must have attracted Mr Anglebeck as a pleasant way to spend his Easter holiday]

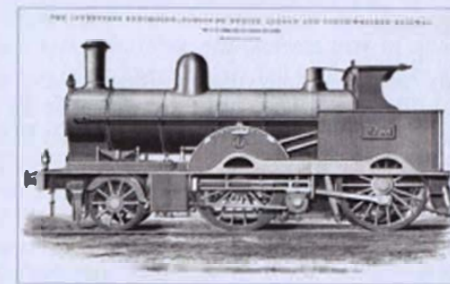
*Michael Baker (SGS 1954-61)  
[comments by the Editor]*

## Francis Webb; an interesting Victorian engineer

The Editor has long been interested in steam locomotives and in particular the men who engineered and managed the expansion of railways in UK. One was Francis Webb [1836-1906] an innovative engineer who took a major part in the development of steam railways while Chief Mechanical Engineer (CME) of the LNWR at Crewe, a post he held between 1871 and 1903.

Between 1874 and 1890, he produced efficient simple expansion engines of 0-6-0 and 0-8-0 type while in addition, he designed steam hammers, axle boxes, steam injectors, machine tools and steel locomotive boilers. And Webb would have been familiar with the use of compound expansion stationary engines for mine drainage.

In 1878, he seems to have become infected with the possibilities of compounding for steam locomotives and from 1882-98, Webb designed compounds, whose driving wheels were uncoupled [properly termed a 2-2-2-0 rather than a 2-4-0 configuration]. They had 3 cylinders, two outside of *high pressure* driving the rear driving wheels, and one inside *low pressure* cylinder driving the leading pair of driving wheels; steam from the high pressure cylinder passed to the low pressure cylinder before exhaust. These locomotives were used on the West Coast main line expresses but gave lots of trouble. The design was defective and often, the engine tried to start its train with the two pairs of driving wheels revolving in opposite directions! And as the driving wheels were uncoupled, his locos could not maintain speed with the trains of increasing weight,



*'Marchioness of Stafford' a LNWR 2-2-2-0 Compound. Shown at an 'Inventions Exhibition'*

so often a pilot engine had to be used to start the stalled compound locos. A 1885 design, a 3 cylinder loco of 2-2-2-2 configuration, exhibited an unpleasant fore and aft surging motion on starting and the poor passengers were swayed backwards and forwards. Few were built. Webb persisted with his compound designs when they were clearly defective yet his successor, George Whale, rapidly scrapped many of the compounds or converted them to simple expansion type; no compounds survived beyond 1908.

Webb is remembered as a stubborn and autocratic CME who persisted with compound express locomotives which had both poor erratic performance and high maintenance costs. Yet he was a brilliant and versatile engineer and administrator, keen to adopt new technology where he saw improved performance or economy.

And despite his busy career in railway engineering, Webb has another side as he was involved in local government in Cheshire, in philanthropy and was President of the Crewe Mechanics' Institution (where he took special interest in the advance the intellectual welfare of the students).

*R A Farbridge (SGS 1953-60)*

## Sudbury Grammar School...an alternative view

Most contributions to the OBA magazine are comprised entirely of happy recollections of life at the school or of former schoolmates' successes and contributions to society. Not everyone remembers school in the same way!

I arrived at SGS in 1964 to join the lower sixth form some five weeks into term, the History syllabus entirely different from that of my previous grammar school in Kent and finding that the school did not teach my third 'A' level subject, Economics, at all. This was more the result of my father's dicoterial incompetence than any sinister designs of the local education authority but it served however to confirm my view that I had arrived in a rural backwater. I didn't want to be in Suffolk or to live in Sudbury and I definitely did not want to be at SGS. The only redeeming feature of school life I could see was that I did not have to wear the hideous red and green blazer of the lower school. So, I embarked on a one-boy campaign of disaffection and non-co-operation. It seemed entirely mutual. At my first History lesson there was a sharp intake of breath from my peers when it was learned that I had merely scraped through my 'O' level and Stan Kay unhelpfully tried very hard and very publicly, to persuade me to give the subject up altogether. This did not seem to me an especially motivational approach.

My 'induction' interview consisted primarily of being castigated by Mr Ellison because my school uniform blazer had not arrived at the local stockist (probably the result of another paternal oversight) and because he did not think my grey v-neck a suitable alternative. Apart from that I was close questioned on my sporting prowess. Having established some credentials to his satisfaction I was rewarded with membership of Taylor house, of which he was House Master. He also asked about me joining the Cadet Corps, which at my age seemed bizarre. I told him I was a pacifist which, apart from being quite untrue, was like the proverbial red rag to the bullish Major. A very poor start and a prelude to several run-ins with staff about my liberal interpretation of school uniform policies. As a committed 'mod' (the only one in the school), my pointless and shallow obsession with modes of attire singled me out for attention. Navy blue bowling shoes, crew neck sweaters worn to disguise the absence of a tie and check, button-down Ben Sherman shirts did not go down well.

On the plus side, I soon formed friendships among classmates, notably other incomers such as Jack King, who went on to become a disc jockey on Radio Derby and then had a successful media career in Australia, and Gervais Lee, who went on to Sussex University before I lost track of him. I also got to know Dave Cant and Oscar Blandamer through a love of Blues music. Dave later played with some of the greatest British blues musicians, such as Alexis Komer and John Mayall, while Oscar had a long musical career, wrote the massive hit *Darlin*, recorded by everyone from Frankie Miller to Tom Jones, and he now lives in California. I established a degree of acceptance at SGS by way of sport, scoring freely for the first XI football team and winning the West Suffolk schools long jump, despite being the shortest competitor in the final. Ellison thought I was winding him up when he enquired about my result and wouldn't believe it until he had checked with the officials.

I was also friendly with Tommy Howe, who was in the year above me, and later briefly worked with me in the same company, Samuel Courtaulds, at Bocking in Essex. Tommy drove a light blue Ford Anglia in a very 'assertive' manner and the daily trip to and from work along winding country lanes was an interesting experience that I never fully got used to.

He was also my co-conspirator in a plot to prove (to my satisfaction) that Mr Kay was routinely and unfairly marking down my essays. I copied out, word for word, an essay by

Tommy which was an answer to a regularly set standard 'A' level question. Tommy had received an A from SAK in the previous academic year for this work. Sure enough my plagiarised effort came back as a C, with the comment that it lacked analytical rigour. I have always imagined that the phrase 'history repeating itself' was coined by 'A' level examiners who set from the same pool of questions year in and year out. For idle students the trick of course was to guess which parts of the syllabus would feature when your turn came round.

Was it all bad? No, not all. I was invited to join the Orphesians (school blues band) as drummer, at the expense of the incumbent, 'Wink' Martindale. I shamelessly orchestrated a guest sit-in on drums when the band was playing at the local cellar club. I think the coffee bar above was called the Zanzibar but I can't be sure. I believe Wink was a drummer in the school cadet corps but his skills didn't translate to the Blues all that well: not many marching tunes start life in the Mississippi delta. I also became Captain of the Football team, and Vice-Captain of House. I enjoyed the English lessons of the inspirational John Gibson and felt rather sorry for the well-meaning head Mr Strahan, whose regular chats to me were generally rebuffed in a fairly ungracious way, I regret to say.

I had some notable achievements. I was the only sports captain ever relieved of his duties; sacked by Ellison/Strahan for disciplinary issues: I was the only pupil banned from using the school library over my refusal to pay fines and was the instigator of the scurrilous non-prefects campaign. This involved impersonating prefects and publishing non-prefects lists of non-duties. This puerile behaviour reached its low point when I sent a class full of third years to the school hall for a non-existent announcement about the abolition of school uniform. I found some political allies in the shape of Robin Moss, Gervais Lee and Ted Woodgate. I remember fighting a mock election under the 'New Left' banner. A slightly bewildered Rodney Portwood was our candidate and he was unfairly fielded to present a rag-bag of incoherent policies on the school stage. I seem to remember we were roundly beaten by the Tories. Just like real life!

Well, I got my measly, token two 'A' levels, an A and a C. No prizes for guessing which was the History result. Despite the shining example set by my 1948 vintage peer, Prince Charles, who got into Cambridge with 2 "A" levels, I entered not the lofty portals of academia but the shabby offices of the textile business. It didn't last long and my chronic inability to work long-term inside any kind of institution or organisation took me on a tortuous route eventually to the only employer who would tolerate my approach: me.

Now happily retired I live not too far away in Norfolk, via stints in London, Derby, Watford and Buckingham and often visit Sudbury, usually to watch AFC Sudbury (I played for one of its founding teams, Sudbury Wanderers). Of the school, somewhat perversely, I have fond memories. I have no real idea why but probably because of the friends I made, the occasional experience of an inspirational teacher or an unexpected glimmer of insight. Most of all I think because although SGS and I had a deeply fraught relationship, it didn't kick me out, even though with three free periods on Thursday afternoon I simply awarded myself a reduced working week. Apparently this was well known in the staff room and unofficially sanctioned by the Head. To sum up I can't honestly say the school made me what I am today - I wouldn't blame that on anybody.

*Lester Dinnie (SGS 1964-66)*

## West Suffolk Boys Football

*Barrie Taylor (SGS 1952-57) sent in some newspaper cuttings telling of a famous victory; the images are not so sharp but Old Boys will remember most of the successful team.*

The West Suffolk Boys football team which beat Ipswich in the first leg of the Suffolk Intermediate Championship final at Portman Road on Thursday, is shown below:

Standing [left to right]; Lancaster, Reeve, and Smart; Corkindale, Hayward and Halls. Sitting: Warrie, Norton, Gringling, Taylor and Copping.



The West Suffolk Boys Success: Mr F G Banks, Chairman of Bury Town Football Club, presents the St Felix shield won by West Suffolk boys who beat Ipswich boys 3-1 in the second leg of the Suffolk Intermediate Championship final at Bury St Edmunds last week. West Suffolk boys won the first leg 3-2.



## The Rise & Rise of Ipswich Town FC (1955-1962)

For the 2020/2021 season, Ipswich Town are back playing in the third tier of English football (where they remain in the 2021-2022 season). The following is a piece remembering better times when the exploits of Crawford and Phillips made us proud to be Suffolk boys.

The club was admitted to the Football League Third Division South in time for the 1938/39 season. There they remained until promotion was won in 1953/54 followed by relegation the next season. In August 1955, enter the new manager, Alf Ramsey.

Ramsey had enjoyed a good playing career as a cultured full-back for Southampton, Spurs and England. As he was finishing as a player, he hoped to be retained by Spurs in a coaching capacity but Bill Nicholson, a fellow player, beat him to the job. Ipswich was an ideal place for someone like Ramsey, not a qualified coach, to start a managerial career. It was away from the spotlight, the press consisted only of the supportive *East Anglian*, and the Portman Road board was relaxed and not hirers and firers; Ipswich was also a country town and not dissimilar from where he grew up in the 1920s in rural Dagenham. Ramsey had made himself into a good player through diligent practice, hard work and studying the game. This influenced his management style which was to work quietly with players to improve their skills. He would never ask them to do things they couldn't do but he did expect them to be professional, know their job, do it right, practice diligently and work hard.

A key achievement halfway through the 1955/56 season was the conversion of Jimmy Leadbetter from an inside forward to a left winger but not just a conventional winger, more a wingback, which totally confused the opposing right back who hadn't a clue as to how to mark him. Leadbetter became a key part of the tactics, collecting the ball from defence, pulling his marker out of the opposing defence and firing accurate passes to his forwards.

In Ramsey's first season, Ipswich finished in third place. For the 1956/57 season he brought in Roy Bailey from Crystal Palace and



signed Larry Carberry when he completed his National Service, as well as seeing Ted Phillips return from Stowmarket where he had been on loan. Ipswich managed to win the Third Division South title on goal difference and so gained promotion to the Second Division. The three seasons to 1959/60 saw Ipswich finish 8th, 16th and 11th as Ramsey sought to strengthen the team. In 1958, summer madness must have struck Portsmouth FC because they let Ray Crawford go for £5,000. In 1959, Ramsey snapped up centre-half Andy Nelson from West Ham for £8,500. As the 1960/61 season approached, Ramsey was thinking his team could be promotion candidates. He brought in John Compton from Chelsea for £1,000, Billy Baxter from Scottish junior football and outside-right Roy Stephenson for £3,000 from Leicester City. Bargains all! (Tottenham paid A C Milan £99,999 to acquire Jimmy Greaves in 1961).

Ramsey now had the players to play his 4-2-4 formation, or should it be termed 4-4-2 or 4-3-3. He knew his side would be difficult to beat but would they score enough goals? Ipswich topped the league scoring 100 goals (Phillips 30, Crawford 40)! It meant promotion to the First Division. The national sporting press were mystified and agreed; no doubt about it - Ipswich would come straight back down!

Ramsey added just one more player, Doug Moran from Falkirk, before the 1961/62 season began. An opening 0-0 draw at Bolton was followed by a tremendous match at Burnley which Ipswich lost 4-3 but which convinced Ramsey and his team that they could more than hold their own in the First Division. Burnley, champions in 1960 and losing FA Cup finalists in 1961, together with Spurs, double winners in 1961, were considered the main contenders for the title and so it proved. One week later, Ipswich played Burnley at Portman Road and thumped them 6-2. Further highlights before Christmas were a thrilling 3-2 win at home against Spurs and the 4-1 win over Man Utd courtesy of 2 cracking shots by Ted Phillips which nearly broke the net. I was at the latter game, watching it mainly off my feet so packed was the crowd which surged backwards and forwards throughout. Was this a warning that a Hillsborough could happen?

At the turn of the year, Burnley led the league by a point from Spurs with Everton a point back and Ipswich in 4th, 3 points behind the leaders who had 2 games in hand. March saw Ipswich beat Spurs 3-1

at White Hart Lane and by the month end with 6 games left, Ipswich were sitting on top by 2 points from Burnley who nevertheless had 4 games in hand. The first match in April was a disaster; a 5-0 loss away to Man Utd. Two weeks later, Arsenal were the visitors to Portman Road and outplayed Ipswich for eighty minutes leading 2-0 but Town produced a grandstand finish and scraped a draw. I was at the match and Town were lucky to get a point. Three days later in the reverse fixture at Highbury, Town outplayed the Gunners to win 3-0. Meanwhile, Burnley had been faltering badly, taking just 6 points from their last 8 games.

On Saturday 28th April, as Ipswich ran out onto the pitch at Portman Road for their last match against Aston Villa, those present, which included me, did not know if Town would win the league. Burnley were 2 points adrift, but the Lancashire club had a game in hand and a far superior goal average. Moreover, Burnley were about to play a home fixture against already relegated Chelsea, which looked to be a certain 2 points for the Lancashire club. The Villa match was a nervy affair and a 0-0 draw seemed likely when halfway through the second half, two goals from Crawford in the space of five minutes settled it. We waited for the Burnley result and an almighty roar greeted the news that they had been held by Chelsea 1-1. *Yippee! Ipswich are Champions!*

How did this happen? Well, leaving aside Burnley's collapse, I believe most teams underestimated our Suffolk side; for example, Phillips was allowed too much room to line up his deadly shots. Ramsey was the key to how Town played; he created their style and he got the best out of his players. He was offered the job of England manager in October 1962 but served his Ipswich contract out working with the new manager Jackie Milburn until May '63. Did the style of his victorious England team of '66 have some similarities to '62 Ipswich?

The team of Bailey, Carberry, Compton, Baxter, Nelson, Elsworthy, Stephenson, Moran, Crawford, Phillips and Leadbetter was largely unchanged throughout the season; every one of them missed one or two games at most. Football is a team sport and a settled side holds a great advantage. Half the team holds a record which will probably

never be broken: Bailey, Carberry, Elsworthy, Phillips and Leadbetter are the only players in English football who have won 1st, 2nd and 3rd Division championship medals with the same club.

Crawford became the first Ipswich player to win a full England cap and should have been selected to go to the World Cup in Chile in 1962. In the Championship winning season, his partnership with Phillips yielded 61 out of the 93 league goals scored. Moran, who was an excellent buy, played in every league game, contributing 14 goals. Young Baxter was an energetic force throughout.

In truth, every player did well, however, if I had to pick a star it would have to be Ray Crawford, a centre-forward ahead of his time, mobile, good with his head, who could shoot with either foot, and who worked his socks off win, lose or draw. He was a nightmare to mark. Ask Leeds Utd when they came to Colchester in 1971!

*Mike Brent (SGS 1955-62)*

### **National Service**

National Service lasted from 1949 until 1963 when the last national servicemen were demobbed. Under the National Service Act, physically fit males between 17 and 21 were required to serve for 18 months (extended to 2 years during the 1950-53 Korean War) and then to serve on the Reserve List for 4 years.

After attending a medical and joining up, recruits were issued with their equipment, uniform (which often didn't fit) and boots. During 6 weeks basic training, conscripts were knocked into shape by sergeants under pressure to train them in as short a time as possible.

National Servicemen were not well paid. In 1948, basic pay for a conscript private was 28 shillings (£1.40) a week (compared to the average weekly wage in 1951 of eight pounds, eight shillings and six pence). Pay for conscripts rose to 38 shillings/week in 1960 when the average weekly wage for men in 1961 was 15 pounds, 10 shillings.

National Servicemen were deployed all over the world from Malaysia to Suez to Cyprus to Aden and many said that they enjoyed the chance to travel and to gain new skills. While National Service was a shock to the system for some, others relished the opportunities and experiences

it gave them. Bonds formed quickly between men from disparate backgrounds, thrown together in strange situations and strengthened by the discipline imposed on them from basic training onwards.

Many conscripts were critical of National Service; some wrote that they were dissipating their energies in utterly non-productive wasted activity, while NS did drain workers from the economy. NS was abolished in 1963.

There must be Old Boys who did National Service and would like to tell us of their memories of that time. One such Old Boy was Charlie Barber who has written a pamphlet, with photos, of his National Service and would be happy to email it to members on request.

*R A Farbridge*

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### **Class of 1945 - Missing person**

Recently I tried to remember the names of my fellow classmates who started at SGS in 1945. Our form mistress was Miss Molly Jones and we were based in the room behind the cloakrooms by the door leading from the bike sheds. The register was called in the morning and afternoon and my memory tells me that it ran: Ayers, Barnes, Beard, Brown, Butcher, Cansdale, Carter, Conroy, Daniel, Darking, Doidge, Harris, Howe, Jennings, Jolly, Kiddy, Macauley, Martin, Palfreyman, Rawlinson, Seabrook, Sutton, Townson, Turner and Wright, a total of 25. But the register contained 26 names so who am I not remembering? Gems of useless information such as the car registration numbers of "Cassy" Amos, "Angus" Angelbeck and "Jammy" Jamieson spring readily to mind (CAF232, DME666 and GNO269) but that last boy's name eludes me. Perhaps there is an old boy out there who can put my mind at rest.

An anomaly which occurred in 1950 was that I was the only boy in my form who could not sit the GCSEs as my birthday fell in December. I therefore had to stay at school to sit the exams a year later in the 1946 intake class. As for recalling the names in the register of this class, my memory fails miserably.

*Richard Conroy (SGS 1945-1951)*

## Marching On In Firm Endeavour: 1942

### Sergeant Benjamin James Dove 960650 Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve. Died 26<sup>th</sup> March 1942



Benjamin James Dove, known as Ben, was born on 12th October 1919, the son of Albert John and Jennie (née Hills) Dove. He had 2 older brothers Edward (SGS 1926-31) and Ronald. Edward was in full term service with the Fire Service in Colchester from the outbreak of war, Ronald served in the Royal Air Force and his sister Mary served in the

Auxiliary Territorial Service.

Ben's father was a well-known baker and caterer in the town. In 1917, he had purchased Ulmer's Bakery, from Mrs Ulmer who had been unable to carry on as her German husband had been interned and her skilled baker was called up for military service. The Dove family moved into 6 King Street, Sudbury (now Bychoice Estate Agents). The actual bakery was in the adjoining Dove's lane, now Old Bakery Mews. Albert produced 'Dove's Mother's Cake', popular all over the county. He was also a Town Councillor and a member of the Sudbury Trader's Association, a Trustee and a Deacon at Trinity Church. From the outbreak of war, he served as an air raid warden. On retirement in 1941, Ben's parents moved to Norfolk.

Ben attended SGS from September 1930 to November 1935. His first employment on leaving school was with Norman Green, Chartered Accountant and then as a clerk in the Borough Surveyors Office. The rather poor-quality picture of Ben is from a July 1939 newspaper report where he was the best man to a friend who also worked in the Surveyor's Office. He had plans to eventually work his way up to take the place of his boss. Like his father he took on civic duties; in 1937 he was recorder in a competition for local Fire brigades, in 1938 he acted as recorder in an ARP Exercise. In May 1940 he was appointed protem secretary of the Sudbury Swimming Club pending RAF service. It is believed that he enlisted in the RAF in June 1940.

Ben was a wireless operator/air gunner on Vickers Wellington II bombers. It has not been possible to find exactly when he joined No 12 Squadron but he was definitely with them on November 25th, 1941, when he was Wireless Operator on Wellington Z5370 on a raid to bomb Cherbourg, taking off at 1656h and returning at 2146h, having jettisoned their bombs as cloud obscured the target. His crew appears regularly in the Operations Record Book for the next four months.

In 1942 the squadron was based at RAF Binbrook, Lincolnshire, taking part in air attacks on German ports, Berlin and the Ruhr. Findon Row, another Sudbury man who is also remembered on the Sudbury War Memorial, served with the squadron at the same time as Ben.

At 2026h on March 25th, 1942, Wellington II W5371 took off carrying 1 x 1000lb bomb, 6 x 500lb, 2 x 250lb with 634 gallons of petrol to bomb Essen. The Operations Record Book shows Sgt B J Dove was the Wireless Telegraphist. This aircraft failed to return. Ben was reported missing and his body was washed ashore 18 months later.

He is buried in Amsterdam New Eastern Cemetery, Netherlands. Plot 85, Row C Grave 8. The dedication reads "In Proud Memory Of A Beloved Son And Brother. Remembered Always" Ben died aged 22, he had been engaged to a local girl and they had made plans for their wedding. Ben is also remembered on the Trinity Congregational Church Memorial, now in the United Reformed Church, School Street, Sudbury.

Ben's cousins included H Ray Hills (Jeweller, Mayor and Old Boy) and his brother Edward whose name is also on this memorial (see OBA magazine January 2017 page 4).



*Colin Garwood (SGS 1954-59)*

## Marching On In Firm Endeavour: 1941

### Feedback

I have had feedback about two Old Boys mentioned in the January 2021 magazine.

Mike Hickford (SGS 1955-60) had known an old gentleman who had been a friend of *James Dunn* who lost his life in January 1941. Mike also was familiar with Byfords, the corn merchants that James' father worked for; in his youth Mike was tasked by his grandfather to take payment to the office for the hire of sacks.

Just after our magazine had gone to press, an email from Lucy Kidd from Glemsford asked for information on *Bernard Harpur*, killed in action 29th June 1941. She has incorporated information from our article into a submission to the International Bomber Command Centre which is collecting and archiving information about bomber crews. She found further information which is reproduced below:

*On 29th June 1941, Hampden AD764 from 50 Squadron took off from Lindholme airfield at 17.55hrs to undertake a search of the North Sea in an attempt to locate the dingy containing Bernard and his crew. They located it at 19.12hrs and dropped a Lindholme rescue dingy near to it.*

*Shortly after dropping the dingy, the Hampden plane was attacked by four Me109s and over a five-minute period received several cannon and machine gunfire strikes before it was able to fly into cloud and lose the attacking aircraft. The Hampden pilot received an injury to the shoulder during the course of the attacks and, despite the aircraft's hydraulic system being damaged, the crew managed to land safely at Lindholme*

*Bernard was transferred into the Lindholme dingy and the crew were picked up by Royal Navy ship after three days afloat in an open dingy. However, Bernard died on Sunday 29th June 1941 shortly before rescue came on Monday 30th June.*

## Marching On In Firm Endeavour: continued

### Norman Ellis Gregory Warrant Officer 1473815.

#### RAF 101 Squadron

*An article in the Bury Free Press featured Norman who had spent VE Day 1945 in a Prisoner of War camp. In the course of several telephone conversations, I was able to hear about Norman's background and his war time experiences. This article deals with the period until he registered for National Service.*

Norman Ellis Gregory was born on 16th January 1922 in his parents' cottage at Isabell Colliery near Blyth, Northumberland. His father Ellis Gregory had enlisted at the age of 15 to join the Northumberland Fusiliers in 1915 but was discharged on Christmas Eve as being underage. The family understood he had a heart murmur though he lived to 91. He had worked as a caulker building submarines, originally riveted together so needed some type of sealer between the plates. He then ran a textile business, but this was dissolved during the depression, so he took employment at the colliery as a stonemason.

Norman remembers seeing uniformed ex-First World War soldiers in the streets, missing limbs, or blind and suffering from the effects of gas. One particular sad case had both legs amputated at the hip and moved about on a board affixed to a set of pram wheels. With little work available these men tried to make a living selling matches and boot laces. They hoped that generous patrons would pay the penny but not take the goods. These scenes later decided Norman to join the air force, a quick death as aircrew was preferable to mud and mutilation in the trenches or the cold sea. His father's brother had been a POW for 5 years, and when he returned 'his mind had gone'.

His mother's family had lost many members due to TB. After a visit to a friend who was working a carpenter for Ripper's joinery works at Sible Hedingham, the decision was made to move in 1930 when

Norman was 8, to the healthier climate of Suffolk. Originally settling in Lawshall, Norman was surprised that all the children wore shoes, as many as half the children in Northumberland were shoeless. Not only did he have a problem understanding the local dialect, the locals in turn struggled to understand him.

The family then moved to nearby Shimpling to a remotely located house, originally two farm cottages which had been knocked into one, the thatched roof removed and replaced by asbestos sheeting! As mains water was unknown in villages, Norman's father obtained two 80-gallon tanks previously used on a whaling ship, to catch the water from the roof. To prevent leaks, he painted the inside with lead paint!

Later they moved to 'Arosa' a house next door to the school. The school had been built by its fees were paid. His father then took over payment which was £4/0/0 per term, £12 per year.

Norman got to SGS by cycling, leaving at 7.45 to arrive at 8.50 in time for Assembly, and clocking up 100 miles a week. Starting on Thomas Halifax in 1841, who had left an endowment which had been mounting for a number of years. The schoolteacher was impressed by Norman's ability and with the help of the Vicar (Rev J Williamson) who was a trustee of the endowment, arranged for an entrance examination conducted by Mr Gillingham. Norman was successful and for two years hMay 7th 1935 he had made sufficient progress to go up to Form 2 in September. One drawback of attending SGS was that he saw little of his siblings. He was up, had breakfasted and was away before the others had got up. Similarly, they had had their tea by the time he arrived home at 5.00pm, and after tea he had homework to do. Many of the masters who taught Norman, Messrs Angelbeck, Amos, Kay, Ellison and others, would be familiar to Alumni from the 40s, 50s and 60s.

One master Norman admired was Mr Causton who taught chemistry and explained things very clearly. He frequently used the term 'for instance' and the class considered running a sweepstake on how many

times it was mentioned during a lesson. Charles Archibald Graham Causton had served as a Second lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, transferring to the Royal Air Force on its inauguration on April 1st 1918. His service record is very sketchy but does show he was found unfit to fly, without mentioning the reason. However, his funeral report showed that he had been in an air crash.

On April 16th 1938 Norman was knocked off his bicycle in Hawstead near Bury St Edmunds and spent the whole of summer term in the West Suffolk Hospital with a broken femur. When he returned to school Mr Causton was on sick leave and never returned; Mr Causton subsequently died in a hospital in Bristol on May 1st 1940, quite possibly from the after effects of an air crash.

Norman did not join the cadets; he was put off by the second-hand uniform. He was regularly 3rd in class lists but could never get ahead of Percy Fletcher or Kenneth Eady. His love of cycling at that time was the subject of an article in The Guardian on February 23rd 2015 which reported:

*Gregory first started accumulating mileage on two wheels when, as a lad, he rode 100 miles a week between the village where he lived and his grammar school in Sudbury. His first 100-mile day ride was a round trip to Huntingdon and back. In 1939 he made a spontaneous 1,700-mile cycle tour around the country.*

*"I was originally just going to Northumberland to visit relations," Gregory explained. "But when I got there, I decided I may as well go and have a look at Edinburgh. From there I thought I might as well go and have a look at John O'Groats. I just kept going."*

*It was quite an adventure. In the Cairngorms, Gregory recalls getting hold of a wild rabbit and cooking it up for other guests at the Tomintoul youth hostel. He was in the Highlands at the same time as Neville Chamberlain was on a fishing trip just weeks before the war broke out, although it was the swarms of bugs there that really left*

*an impression on him. After riding along the north coast, his route home took him across the Trossachs then via more relatives in Carlisle and Merseyside. "I left Birkenhead which was about 200 miles from home and arrived back on the second of September – the day before war broke out."*

Leaving school on July 27th 1940 with 5 credits in the Cambridge School certificate, he entered St Johns training college York, having decided to become a teacher with annual salary of £300 whereas tradesmen could only expect to earn £100. Most terms he cycled there and back.

When Norman registered for military service he was able to enlist in the RAF and continue his studies while doing part time air crew training with the Leeds University Air Squadron. When he and his colleagues joined the RAF fulltime their training meant they were Leading Aircraftsmen and paid at 7/6 a day as against half a crown paid to the people joining straight from civvy street.

*To be continued: Colin Garwood (SGS 1954-59)*

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### **Further Words Disliked**

- *Colourise:* as in to colour a black and white print. If a US import, then maybe spell it colorise!
- *Talk up;* does it mean speak, or talk louder?
- *Orthogonal;* used by IT professionals among others, to describe a closely similar/adjacent issue; from ortho: right handed, right side?
- *Disambiguate:* maybe means clarify

*The Editor*