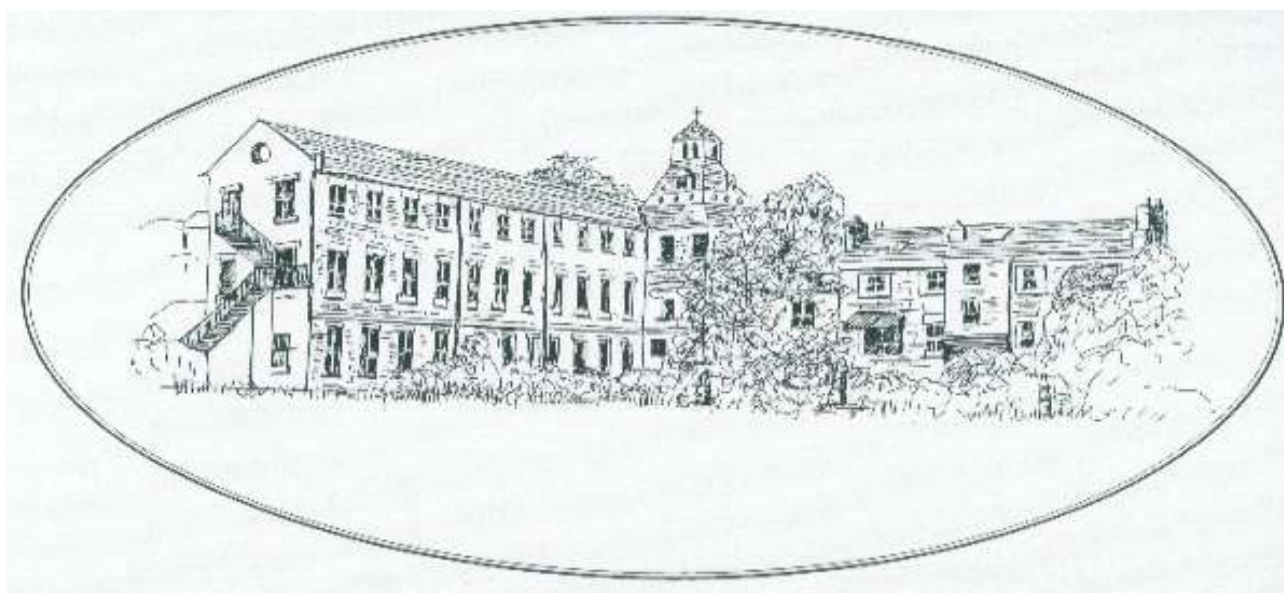


# Clapper

**The Newsletter of the Clapham Old Xaverians' Association**

**Summer 2011**



**Concordia res parvae crescunt**

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**E**ditorial

Once again I find myself having to apologise for the delay in finalising an issue of Clapper. I had intended to send this issue out before the Annual Remembrance Day Mass in November. Having failed to meet that deadline, I actually prepared an editorial wishing readers a Happy Christmas. Unable to complete everything before the last date for delivery before Christmas, I then set my sights on sending out an issue before the Chairman's Luncheon in January. It is now June and I must thank everyone who has contributed to this issue, particularly those who met my demanding deadlines, and commend them and the readers for their patience.

This issue contains articles and recollections from very different eras at Clapham College, but I hope that they reflect the values imparted by the Xavarian Brothers and the devoted lay staff at the College.

## **C**hairman's Report: 21st October 2010

The 2010 Remembrance Day Mass was well attended and provided Old Boys with an opportunity to meet Stella Flannery, the new principal of St. Francis Xavier College. The Chairman's Luncheon in January 2010 was the most popular so far with good food, excellent speeches and the usual friendly atmosphere. Thanks are due to **Eddie O'Brien** and Mick Power for all their hard work in organising the event and ensuring that it ran so smoothly on the day. The 400 Club continued to make a useful contribution to Association funds thanks to the generosity of its members and the efforts of Colin Garvey. I am also grateful to the Honorary Treasurer, Seamus Burke, who has produced a clear set of accounts for tonight's meeting. Yet again, I must thank our Secretary, **Eddie O'Brien**, for the outstanding work he has done for the Association throughout the year.

It was another good year at Norbury thanks to the sterling work of Mick Power and all those involved in running the clubhouse: Steve Parker, Lisa and Jackie. The finances of the Football Section were a model of clarity and I am extremely grateful to Paul Bailey and the team captains for their cooperation and efforts. I look forward to the improvement in the section's finances continuing. More success on the field would be an added bonus. Sincere thanks to Spencer McGuire and Mike Garvey. There was an encouraging start to the Cricket season before holidays, injuries and Ramadan took their toll. A new pitch will be needed next year and this will probably have an effect on the section's finances. I would like to thank Damian Costello, Matt Benedict and Joseph Mansi for their efforts. The Golf Day in June, organised by Paul Hixson, was well attended and another success. A second Hall of Fame night at

Norbury again drew a good crowd and I am grateful to Colin Garvey, who originated and masterminded this event.

*Brendan Williams, Chairman*

## Cricket Report for 2010 Season

At the end of the last cricket season Tom Benedict stepped down from the captaincy of the Clapham 1<sup>st</sup> XI after a number of successful years in charge. There was only one man who could possibly take over this temperamental, mouthy, exasperating, occasionally brilliant team. Unfortunately he wasn't available so I was asked to do it.

Like all big decisions taken around the world I asked those people closest to me what to do. The overriding response was 'You would be mad to do it'. I had previously captained St Joseph's Year 7s to title glory so felt well equipped for the task. I had big plans for nets, fielding drills, fitness work, catching practice. They lasted precisely the amount of time it took to walk into the gym at Dulwich College to discover it wouldn't happen. Although we did get double figures to a couple of sessions which was encouraging!

New captain, same old Clapham.

My target for the new season was to improve on the previous year of 7 wins 5 losses and 5<sup>th</sup> position. Also we had come bottom of the Sportsmanship table in the division by some way. Whether this was merited or due to previous reputation I don't know. A couple of months before the season Tom Benedict got an offer of work in America, it was a big blow to be without him for the season and prompted a surprisingly unenthusiastic Tom Maslona to really encourage his Captain by saying 'We will do well to win one game!'

There was some good news before the season though as we got a sponsorship deal from the Selkirk pub next to the ground although I am sure you all heard about it from Damo wandering around Balham drunk one Friday night telling everyone 'He's got a Monkey'.

15<sup>th</sup> May – Home – v Englefield Green

So after a good pre-season the action started. Due to not playing the season before I had never experienced the Fishponds wicket although I had heard a lot about it from the rest of the team, mostly exasperation and resignation we were playing there again!

I certainly increased my popularity as Captain by winning the toss and bowling first which proved the perfect decision on an early season Fishponds wicket! The first wicket of the season also brought possibly the best catch of the season. The batsman nicking Matt Benedict to 1<sup>st</sup> slip where Brendan Walsh dived full length to his right

and plucked the ball out the air.

A great spell of bowling from Matt Benedict taking 6-31 and Kevin Horkan helping himself to 3 wickets for 1 run off 5 overs meant we were only chasing 66 for victory. The odd ball was keeping low off the pitch but Englefield didn't help themselves, in fact we definitely had the worst of the luck as we were soon 6 for 2 with both wickets falling to balls that pitched and rolled. 27 from Damien Costello and 16 not out from Brendan Walsh eased our nerves and we won by 6 wickets.... and were in the pub by 5pm! Our new sponsors the Selkirk were very happy with the extra couple of hours they got out of us.

*Englefield Green 65 all out (Benedict M 6-31) Clapham 66-4*

22<sup>nd</sup> May – Home – **v St Luke's**

Fishponds again! This time I lost the toss and we were asked to bat and at 45-4 it looked like another low scoring affair until a fantastic 123 run partnership between Richard MacIntosh and Matt Benedict changed the game as we managed to set a target of 186.

A target that didn't look as good as I thought when St Luke's were 51-0 off 7 overs but bringing on Lord Macintosh brought a wicket in his first over and St Luke's quickly collapsed to 83-5. This brought around a period of blocking that wasn't going down too well with Tom Maslona. At the start of the over he was gently encouraging the batsman to play some shots, however after three play and misses he changed tack and decided to just talk the batsman through how to hit the ball with his bat, which next ball the batsman did, straight into the hands of Tom at 1<sup>st</sup> slip. A split second later the 'I talked you out' dance was born and can be seen in clubs up and down the country replacing the 'Rio' and the 'making the sandwich'.

*Clapham 185 -7 (Macintosh 71\*, Benedict M 57) St Lukes 106 all out (Macintosh 4-25)*

5<sup>th</sup> June – Away – Beddington Village

When we were netting Damo kept mentioning a mate of his brother's who wanted to play that had played State Cricket back in Australia and had been clocked at over 80mph. Damo was sober at the time so it was slightly believable! Jay McCulloch turned up to one net and bowled a bit wayward as he hadn't bowled for a couple of years but he bowled fast. He also kept moaning he couldn't get any rhythm as the gym wasn't long enough for his full run up. I took all this as a positive sign. Unfortunately the next weekend he got hit by a car and was out for three months!!

He was fit and available for our third game though so we got him in. I wasn't sure about opening the bowling with him due to his time away from the game but I won the toss and bowled first and he opened. After two overs he had 2 wickets and the home team were 10 -2. Things weren't looking so good after 15 overs though with Beddington 80-2. After originally thinking I would take Jay off after 7 overs I decided to give him one more and it worked brilliantly with him taking two wickets in the

over. For the first time in the season we needed to turn to our fifth bowler James Clarke and he slowed down the scoring rate and took two wickets, he also bowled to a field with a short leg and silly point! We ended up bowling Beddington out for 131 with another highlight Luke Milner taking a diving catch in front of **Tom's** face at 1<sup>st</sup> slip. If he had dropped it he never would have heard the end of it from Tom. With as strong a batting line up as Clapham has seen for a while we set about the easy task of getting the runs, so being 100-5 **definitely wasn't part of the plan!** Ritchie Mac saw us home along with Matt with Ritchie playing some of the best drives you will ever see off their opening bowler.

So 3 wins out of 3, 3 wins more than somebody predicted! Up next was Old Royalists.

*Beddington Village 131 all out (McCulloch 4-41) Clapham 136-5 (Macintosh 36\*)*

12<sup>th</sup> June – Home – Old Royalists

What can be better than winning against the only other unbeaten team in the league then watching England dispatch USA with ruthless efficiency in their first World Cup game..... if only I knew the truth as I woke up on Saturday morning!

We lost the toss and were asked to bowl first which we had no problem with on what looked like a standard Fishponds wicket even though the sun was shining. Royalists **batting** could best be described as 'not going to die wondering' and so they scored quickly, with a bit of luck but lost regular wickets. The game exploded into life in the second over with Jay getting a bit of bounce striking the Royalists skipper on the arm and being caught behind. The slips went up as it looked out from their view and were disappointed when it was given not out. No one more so than Damo who walked down towards the batsman from slip and told him to 'Take a Walk'. The incident was quickly resolved and was joked about during the drinks break with the batsmen and umpires.... Although they still wrote a report on it and gave us our lowest sportsmanship mark of the season! It would have been a bit easier to take if they hadn't turned up late, borrowed our wicket keeping gear and beaten us!

At 120-4 came the turning point of the match. With their skipper on 50 he edged behind and a regulation nick was grassed. He went on to get a 121 before he was brilliantly caught at long on by Luke Hampton off James Clarke. I say brilliantly caught because he still managed to get the decision despite catching the ball, running in to join the celebration and almost tripping over the boundary marker! Maybe we did deserve that 2 for Sportsmanship.... Anyway in chasing 264 we capitulated to 94 **all out. After getting off to a slow start we just couldn't cope with their spin attack and were deservedly beaten.** Then Rob Green made our day even better.

*Old Royalists 263 all out (MacIntosh 5-41) Clapham 94 all out (Macintosh 34)*

19<sup>th</sup> June – Away – Balham & Tooting

The sign of a good side is how they respond to defeat and adversity. We were without Ritchie Mac **who had been fantastic in the last 3 games and without an injured 'two wicket' Horkan.** How would we respond?

By being 92-9 of course! Matt and myself put on 50 for the 4<sup>th</sup> wicket but we played really poorly, until Naeem Khan and James Clarke put on 50 for the last wicket to get us to a target, Naeem with 33 not out.

I don't know what it was as we took the field but everyone was up for it, everyone was in the zone... it must have been the expletive ridden Churchillian speech I gave, surely?!

Matt got the ball rolling by bowling their captain and a few words to send him off added to the spicy atmosphere. The 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> wickets were almost carbon copies of each other in that they both edged behind, both caught in front of 1<sup>st</sup> slip by Luke Milner, the keeper, and both refused to walk and still protested their innocence as they were walking off, increasing the atmosphere again. Next an LBW appeal from Matt was turned down by the umpire with the words 'rubbish!' A heated argument ensued, tension going up again. So, next ball what did Matt do a) bowl a bouncer b) bowl a beamer.... Shame on you all! The answer was of course c) bowl on a good length on middle stump! The ball got worked away to leg and they ran two... well one and a half as the batsman didn't even bother running the full length for the first run, a fact that I pointed out to the umpire who had no answer. I gambled and bowled Matt and Naeem through to the end of their allotted 10 over spells, Matt finishing with 2 for 25 and Naeem 3 for 21. Balham were 52 for 5 off 20 overs and the atmosphere was electric. A run out from Izzy Quereshi (yes, honestly!) sparked more celebrations, every wicket going down was celebrated massively by the whole team, it was fantastic stuff. Balham put on a partnership taking them up to 90 for 6, including another edge behind this time not given although the umpire nodded his head but didn't put his finger up after he got a stare from the batsman. Balham's other opening batsman was still in and was the vital wicket. Just short of his 50 he cut the ball to point where a diving Brendan Walsh caught the ball an inch off the floor sparking more wild celebrations. The last 3 wickets fell quickly and an amazing victory was ours. The spirit in the field during this match was unbelievable with Matt and Naeem bowling brilliantly. The 31 overs we were in the field is definitely one of the highlights of my Clapham career not with the bat.

*Clapham 142 all out (Benedict 35, Khan N 33\*) Balham 101 all out (Usman 3-17)*

3<sup>rd</sup> July – Away – Putney

2<sup>nd</sup> v 3<sup>rd</sup> in the league on a hot day at Putney is always a guarantee for runs and that's what happened. After jinxing myself on tour the previous week by telling John McGuire that it has been really easy getting a team out we inevitably struggled and Ray Clarke was called in on the Saturday morning.

A quick start was just what was needed and we were 48-0 off 8 overs. We were then 50 for 2 in bizarre circumstances as Ray Clarke going in at no.3 was run out while he was backing up at the non strikers end. Looking into the sky he 'saw a helicopter and plane and they looked a bit close to each other'. The opposition had no such sympathy for the inhabitants of the airborne vehicles and promptly ran Ray out!

Tom Maslona batted fantastically for his 62, pulling superbly against some of the quickest bowlers in the League. We lost momentum when he was out, my rejigging of the batting order not helping and Matt getting out for 49 with eight overs left. We stumbled to 215 all out when we should have got 240.

We didn't bowl particularly well to start with but after a vital breakthrough came another season highlight. Their no.3 batsman clipped a low full toss off his legs like a tracer bullet. Travelling 3 inches off the floor all the way to the boundary, apart from halfway to the boundary Ray Clarke, having freshly WD 40'd his knees, dived low to his right and took an unbelievable one handed catch.

At 61-3 we dropped their no.4 and no.5 batsmen and it ended up costing us. Both catches you would have expected to be taken 9 times out of 10. Unfortunately this wasn't one of the 9 occasions. James came out of keeping to bowl and took two wickets to give us hope with Tom Maslona getting two stumpings but Putney eventually needed two to win with four wickets left. Two wickets in two balls from Naeem gave us brief hope but Putney held their nerve.

This was definitely a game we threw away. Winning the game would have put us 2<sup>nd</sup>, but we dropped to 4<sup>th</sup> with our 2 losses coming against the top two teams, games we will look back on and think we could have won.

*Clapham 215 all out (Maslona 62, Benedict 49) Putney 216-8 (Clarke J 2-30)*

10<sup>th</sup> July – Home – Hersham

Looking at the fixture list I felt we had to win the next 4 games to have any chance of going up. A good place to start was by going back to Fortress Fishponds.

Having been put in to bat we were given a great start by Tom Maslona and Damien Costello putting on 87. Problems with the bat continued though as we couldn't push on and ended up with 194 all out. The only double figures apart from the opening partnership came from Josh Dickinson (21) and Kev Horkan (18\*).

Again our bowling attack carried us through with Matt Benedict taking 4 wickets and the returning Jay McCulloch after missing the last two games took 2-8. Hersham were bowled out in 27 overs and the Selkirk enjoyed another extended session from the team.

*Clapham 194 all out (Costello 66) Putney 113 all out (Benedict 4-32)*

17<sup>th</sup> July – Away – **Sheen Park 'A'**

Almost the whole season our bowling had overshadowed the batting. In 7 games we only had 4 fifties, whereas with the bowling Putney were the only team we had not bowled out.

The batsman had their chance in this game though as we bowled awfully. We bowled more full tosses than we had in the whole season to date, with Tom Maslona clapping another full toss near the end of the innings as that brought the 'hundred' up. Jay showed again how important he was taking 3 for 33.

Two good partnerships between Luke Hampton and Damo and myself and Ritchie Mac got us in to a good position at 150 for 3 before we had a wobble. With 40 needed off 10 overs with six wickets left we refused to make it easy. An important 26 from Naeem took us to the brink before Jay hit the winning boundary having been dropped the over before.

It was a good batting display until the last ten overs and showed we can chase down scores of over 200.

*Sheen Park A 208 all out (McCulloch 3-33) Clapham 209-8 (MacIntosh 64, Costello 51)*

24<sup>th</sup> July – Away – Putney A

Back to Putney which always means a sunny day and loads of runs, not this time though as we managed to get ourselves to 10-3 after winning the toss and batting. We did recover slightly thanks to myself and Brendan Walsh scoring runs that we had promised all season but not delivered on. We ended up all out for 174 which was a very disappointing total on a good batting track in the sunshine.

We were a bit loose to begin with but took regular wickets getting Putney to 54-4, the 4<sup>th</sup> wicket a fantastic one handed diving catch by Josh who was keeping low to his left. We relaxed a bit after that and at 116-4 I was starting to worry slightly before James Clarke took a much needed and nerveless skier running round from mid off. 116-4 become 129-9 with Josh taking a brilliant catch down the legside standing up to Kev Horkan (**who took..... 2 wickets!!**). **A last wicket partnership took Putney to within 20 of their target but Jay in his last over got the wicket with Bren taking a smart catch at silly point. The fact I had moved myself from there to put Bren in was another superb piece of captaincy!**

*Clapham 174 all out (Walsh 60) Putney A 153 all out (McCulloch 3-46)*

31<sup>st</sup> July – Home – Norwood Exiles

Going for 4 wins out of 4, at home and bowling first against a team in the relegation zone, surely it was a certainty. **It didn't look so certain at 93-2 off 20 overs but 4 wickets for Ritchie Mac and Kev Horkan helping his average no end by taking 3 – 0 off 8 balls meant we skittled out Norwood for 111 off 25 overs.** James Clarke kept in this match and in taking 4 catches was quickly catching up with Tom Maslona for most catches in the season, Tom stating his aim before the season started to get into the book for most catches. This provided an interesting sub-plot for the rest of the matches.

A lightning fast West Indian off a long run up caused some cause for concern and when he sent a couple of balls whizzing past the nose of Damo **our task didn't look so easy.** Luckily he was also very inconsistent and Tom and Damo latched on to anything loose. A superb hundred partnership almost took us home before Damo managed to **get himself out just before the end to the 'chucker who comes on at the end of a match to get a bowl and allow the game to finish quickly'.** It was a great partnership

that played some hostile bowling very well, shame no one clapped at 100....

The match was completed after 40 overs and as we walked into the Selkirk the £ signs were in the eyes of one happy owner.

*Norwood Exiles 111 all out (MacIntosh 4-27) Clapham 112-1 (Costello 48, Maslona 29\*)*

At the end of July we were in 4<sup>th</sup> place in the League having won 8 and lost 2 of our matches. The two we lost were to the top 2 teams. The games we had left were to the teams in 3<sup>rd</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> so it was a very important time for us to push on and prove how good we were by finishing in the top 3. Unfortunately injuries, holidays and Ramadam cost us a lot of players.

7<sup>th</sup> August – Away – Morden

It's the start of August so of course its hammering down with rain, just make sure you don't lose the toss..... Ok so you have lost the toss just hope you are in a good position after 20 overs as that constitutes a game.... 40-5 off 20... today is not going to be a good day!

We went back on 90 minutes later having managed to negotiate 38 overs a side in a hope that stringing the match out would give it time to rain again. It didn't rain again, to all our joy, the sun came out. We dug deep and batted well though, Josh and Ray Clarke getting us close to 100 before some late hitting by a debutant, Aussie of course, got us to 115 for 9. Andrew Cussiter, Cuss, Mike Cussey, Mrs Cricket, was a good addition to the team and provided us with some good late momentum. Morden were by far the best bowling attack that we faced all year and when I asked their skipper afterwards why they are not higher (6<sup>th</sup>) he said it's the first time all of them have been available. Lucky us.

Two early wickets for 'two wickets' Horkan got our tails up and Jay McCulloch bowled a fabulous spell with the Morden batsman backing away and playing and missing constantly. A bit more luck and we would have won. A fit Matt bowling off a full run and we would have won. They just couldn't handle the pace. Jay deserved a lot more than his 3 for 42 and a few lusty swings got them close to the target.

Needing 9 to win with 4 wickets left I brought on Cuss to have a bowl to see what he was like as we would need him over the coming weeks. His second ball got hit back over his head for 4 prompting the tail-end batsman to shout over to his departed batsman that's how its done. Next ball he was bowled prompting, as you can imagine, a few words from us. The last ball of the over brought another wicket and Morden needed 2 to win with 2 wickets left. James Clarke to bowl and I kept Long On out as I knew they would go for it. They did, unfortunately the ball dropped just short of Luke Hampton running in.

The match was full of chat by both teams, constant talking between balls at the batsmen, some of it close to over stepping the mark but at the end of the game we all had a drink and a laugh together. It's the way the game should be played and there is

not enough of it.

*Clapham 115 - 9 (Dickinson 26) Morden 116 - 8 (McCulloch 3 - 42)*

14<sup>th</sup> July – Home – Whyteleafe

To have any chance of being promoted we had to win this game and again there was rain in the air. I won the toss, fielded first and was confident we could bowl them out and chase a target before the rain came. Unfortunately that's not the way things worked as we put down some difficult chances and bowled generally too short to the small boundary, as well as Jay only bowling medium pace for some explicable reason. Tom tried his best to get him fired up but the medium pacer jibes didn't work and it was all going wrong against the team one place above us as they strolled to 160-0. The old adage one wicket brings two has been in play many times this season when we have looked to be struggling, in some cases one wicket has brought five, six and seven wickets. Here one wicket brought ten as we fought back superbly. **Damo's** bowling career came to a shuddering halt last year against Whyteleafe and he was given his chance here of redemption. Like Saul on the Road to Damascus he turned from a non believer into Terry Alderman bowling to Graham Gooch in 1989. He was reborn and after a year of waiting he had his revenge. We bowled Whyteleafe out for 239 and had the momentum, confidence and belief that we would win. With rain starting to fall our task was to get to 107 off 20 overs to be in a winning position. At 36 for 0 off 6 overs the rain came in abandoning the game and our hopes of promotion were gone. As if to mock us the sun came out and there was nothing but blue skies as we sat in the Selkirk, unfortunately Fishponds has never been known as a 'draining ground' and I didn't foresee anyway we were going to get back on unlike at Morden the week before.

*Whyteleafe 239 all out (Costello 4-14) Clapham 36 - 0 Maslona 12 catches, Clarke 10*

21<sup>st</sup> August – Away – Surrey Seamers

The last time I played Surrey Seamers Matt & Joe Benedict got accused of racism and I scored a match winning 50. This is the memory I still want of my last match against Surrey Seamers as I strive to banish this match from my memory. Giving everyone directions to the wrong ground and only having ten men is never a good start but at least I won the toss. Damo hitting three 4's in the first over briefly raised my spirits. It was pretty much downhill from there though although I was pleased with my own innings, even though I only got 17 I saw off the opening bowlers and refused to give my wicket away much like when I was scoring runs 3 – 4 years ago. James Clarke scored 31 at the end and batted really well, we all know he can bat when he concentrates and should be more ambitious in demanding to go up the order. This match also saw a return to the first team of Ben Benedict and he rolled back the years as he dispatched the opening bowler back over his head for four as if he couldn't believe how much he had troubled us earlier.

The target we set was never enough with the bowling options we had. Once again Jay was the star bowler, getting his rhythm back after the week before and at 4-2 we had a chance. As against Morden, Jay was **unlucky not to take more wickets** but we couldn't build any pressure at the other end and Seamers romped home.

*Clapham 147 all out (Costello/Clarke 31) Surrey Seamers 148-2 (McCulloch 2 - 33)*

*Maslona 12 catches, Clarke 11*

4<sup>th</sup> September – Home – Bec Old Boys

Officially our home game but played at Bec's ground our season that started out with so much promise, slowly, torturously was coming to an end. Many people were playing for personal milestones plus we had the catches situation but turning up with only 9 men confidence of gaining the win was low. I had to win the toss and bat, which I did and although we were 30 – 0 off 15 overs it was actually very good batting by Damo and Tom against some excellent bowling and set a platform we could go from with all our wickets intact. Ritchie Mac was back after missing the whole of August and starting the game with 251 runs scored a 50 to get him over the 300 runs barrier. We were all out for 174, as on a few occasions this season just short of a batting bonus point (you get points for 60, 90, 120, 150 & 180 runs), **which doesn't matter when you win** but is something we need to think about when we are out in the middle.

We needed early wickets and they didn't come. The batsmen hitting the ball in gaps and manoeuvring the fields. James Clarke came on and a full toss was hit high, high in the air down to Tom Maslona at long on who was never going to drop it. Tom 13 James 11. Kev Horkan picked up his standard two wickets, the second one a bit of brilliant captaincy although Tom **didn't seem too happy!** James was fielding in the covers and for no particular reason I moved him 5 yards to his left, next ball he took the catch as the ball was hammered straight to him at head height, he would have stood no chance if it wasn't straight at him. **Its great when a plan comes together.** Tom 13 James 12. The next over James was bowling and the ball was driven back to him at head height to his left but due to the bruise from the previous catch he couldn't cling on. There was a sharp intake of breath by Tom at mid on which I was like to think was disappointment at his team mate dropping it but the jury is open!

*Clapham 174 all out (McIntosh 52) Bec Old Boys 175-4 (Horkan 2-51) Maslona 13 catches, Clarke 12*

We ended the season winning 8 losing 5 and coming 5<sup>th</sup> in the League. A slight improvement on last year although it could have been so much better.

We have shown we are a very good, talented side. We are in Division 1, do no training and were close to promotion. If we had took our chances we would have won 9 out of our opening 10 games, although if you don't practice you are going to drop catches it just depends how important they are. Having said this with no practice we fielded and caught better than I have seen a Clapham side do for a long time. As you will see from

the report, scores and statistics we need to score more runs and not rely on an excellent bowling attack so often. Eight 50's in 13 league games is not good enough and I believe the last hundred was four years ago. The batsmen we have are good enough and throughout the season looked great but the big scores rarely came.

Jay McCulloch was a fantastic addition to the team and carried the attack tremendously on more than one occasion, Richard MacIntosh scored over 300 runs and took over 20 wickets underlining what a fantastic season he had and how important he is to the team. Matt when fit bowls some devastating spells and Kev will always get you two wickets. Naeem is always economical never getting the amount of wickets he deserves and James Clarke is a wicket taker who just needs to add consistency. Damo scored over 300 runs opening the batting, Tom scored over 200 runs, the rest of us were just too inconsistent, myself, Brendan, Luke Hampton. Josh another new addition kept well and as a left handed bat offers us something different and as always Luke Milner kept fantastically and kept the dressing room buzzing with his banter until he unfortunately got injured in mid July.

We have a very good squad which when everyone is available is a nightmare to pick from but when a few players are missing we don't always have the depth to cope, playing the last couple of games without 11 men.

It was a fantastic season up until the end of July but the results since leave a bitter taste after all the hard work and effort we have put in. I don't really know how I feel about the season at the moment as the last few games are still so fresh in the mind. I guess we won 8 more games than were predicted so maybe it was a success after all!

*Joe Mansi*

**A** Boy Called Curry  
I read **Colin Garvey's** obituary of Dennis Hook with some interest. I did not in fact know him personally as my brother, Douglas, did. However my attention was drawn to the reference to a boy called Curry, who I did most certainly know very well.

To begin at the beginning , to quote Dylan Thomas, my brother was evacuated with the school shortly after war was declared. At seven, I was too young, and thus destined to be exported to Canada as thousands of others were. Instead U-boats got stuck into the convoys and two ships carrying children went down so my Mother changed the decision , and thus after nearly a year I joined Douglas.

We were in a three-bed roomed house, No 111 Hammerwood Road, Amhurst Wood, and by "we", I refer to Mr & Mrs Arthur Thorniest, their two daughters Irene And

Connie, Douglas and I, Frankie Curry, and one other boy whose name I don't recall. Naturally we all four had to pile into one bedroom. Frankie was a lovely guy, very friendly towards me, which was unusual in kids with such an age difference, and he had a tremendous sense of fun.

I was till too young for the college, so I went somewhat reluctantly, to the village school where I didn't fit in terribly well, but children adapt. I joined the college the following year, and some six month's later we moved to Hartfield where Mother had bought a bungalow.

The day before the disaster, Frankie and Douglas had a somewhat loose arrangement; if the weather was good next day it would be tennis, and if it wasn't, they would go to the film. Their interpretations of the conditions differed and Douglas chose tennis.

This is what happened; an Me110, on its way to London, was attacked by a Spitfire, The German did two things: first he turned tail, and secondly, since he was carrying a serious piece of ordnance, probably a thousand-pounder, he divested himself of this handicap as an act of self-preservation. This missile it was, that headed directly for the Whitehall Theatre in East Grinstead blowing it, and almost everyone in it, to pieces.

It was about six o'clock that evening that mother came home, brimming over with nervous energy to announce "**Frankie's been killed**". Where she'd been, and how she knew neither of us have any idea.

I visited the scene of carnage with a friend the next morning. Anyone who knows the town will know that the high street is uphill, from the London end, with the Whitehall on the left at about halfway. It the turns sharply left, and this bit was called "the Top of the Town".

Arriving at this last named, where the bus stops, we crossed over, went down a small side street, and the "L" shape of the town seemed to have vanished, the whole place was wide open, a few rather precarious walls were standing, and there were simply acres of rubble. Immediately opposite, stood George VI, and his Queen, looking suitably sympathetic, but it does illustrate the enormity of the tragedy to bring them down with such speed.

The following day, Monday, I stopped off to visit Mrs Thorniest to offer my condolences. She was not alone, for sitting with her was a tearful and distraught Mrs Curry.

A boy of eleven is totally ill equipped to deal with such a situation; this one was anyway. The poor lady sensed my discomfort, and was quite charming to me. We had a cup of tea together, it doesn't solve anything, but we're British, so that's what we do. Having nothing constructive to contribute, I left this sad and desperate scene, such is war.

Wartime censorship allowed the local press to report 190 deaths, believe me, it was at least double that.

The funeral took place in the town a few days later with Douglas as one of the pall bearer and looking very smart in his ATC uniform. All the school were there, it seemed a big funeral, and to-day it would have found its way onto the front page of the "Times", but this was war and life becomes seriously devalued.

As to the strafing, this was quite commonplace, and there was one famous occasion when Brother Xavier (I believe it was he) was cycling down one of the roads towards the station and decided enough was enough. He got off his bike and although I do not know the actual words, it was something to the effect that Our Lord should do something about it.

I thought it worthwhile recording the above as I do believe that Frankie Curry was the only attendee of Clapham College not to have survived the war.

*Michael Hadida*

**T**he Stan Miller Trophy 11th June 2010

This year's Golf Day was again held at the Darent Valley Golf Club and attracted a field of 21 golfers. Amongst those attending were Dave Leathem, Dave Murtagh, Eamonn Taggart, Spencer McGuire, Andy McDonald, Brendan Walsh, Tom Judge and Peter Keenan. There were three father & son combinations. John & Joe Mansi, Chris & Paul Smith and Paul & James Hixson. We also had two rookies this year, Philip Schwenk and Frank Hixson and several most welcome guest competitors.

Once again the weather at the start of the week was poor and the forecast for Friday was not good. However we were blessed with reasonable weather on the day and although there had been very heavy rain on the course during the night by the time

we teed off the conditions were perfect.

Having consumed the bacon rolls the Stableford competition got under way and once again the scoring was very good. I myself arrived at the 18th tee having already accumulated 36 points. The eighteenth is a 190 yard par three and hosts the nearest the pin competition. Short of the green I managed to pitch on only to see the ball roll off the back of the green. I chipped back to within 2 feet and should have knocked in the putt for two points but I missed it and not only that I stretched across the hole to knock the ball in only to miss that one as well. I walked off without scoring to be told by Chris Smith that the best score was my brother Frank with 37 points. I am sure you can imagine how delighted I was for him! **Frank's** score included an eagle on the par five 16th by pitching in from the fairway with an in off **Philip Schwenk's** ball earning him 5 points as a result.

The competition over we adjourned to the bar for our meal and the prize giving. Frank collected The Stan Miller Trophy plus a bottle of champagne. Bottles of champagne also went to Dan Baldock for the best guest score and to James Hixson for the nearest the pin on the long par three. James had hit his tee shot to within six feet and walked off with a four. Unfortunately he putts like his Dad!

My thanks to all those who attended and made it such an enjoyable day. My special thanks also to Chris Smith who collected the cards, checked the scores and worked out the winners.

If you are interested in taking part in future golf events please let me know. I can be contacted on 0208 658 6341 or [paul@tomhixson.co.uk](mailto:paul@tomhixson.co.uk).

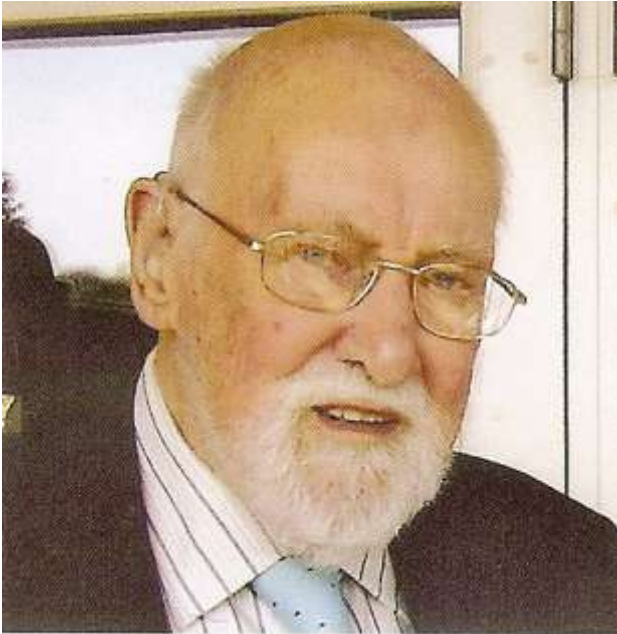
*Paul Hixson*

## **O**bituaries

### Brian Daniel Lawlor(1922-2010)

Brian died on the 14th May after a long battle with a heart condition. Brian attended the College between 1933 and 1938 in which year he left and went to work for the Battersea Borough Council. At the outbreak of war he joined the Local Defence

Volunteers (later the Home Guard) where he was the youngest member of his unit. He had some hilarious tales to tell of his time there many of which would have provided material for the script writers of Dad's Army. On one occasion when he was on guard duty he called the whole unit out because he believed that something floating in the Thames was a dead German parachutist - in fact it was a large log!



From guarding Battersea power station he was called up in 1940 into the RAF but to his great disappointment his eyesight was not good enough for aircrew duties so he spent most of the war helping to service aircraft in Bomber Command.

On demobilisation in 1946, he returned to his old job but transferred to the London Electricity Board where his personal attributes when dealing with people soon marked him out for a career in customer relations.

Brian was very keen on amateur dramatics and not only produced and acted in plays for the LEB but also performed the same function for the parishioners of St. Vincent

de Pauls at Altenburg Gardens where he was a central figure in running the youth club.

Brian took early retirement in 1980 and, with his wife Sheila, started a successful business selling historical prints. He also became interested in the world of art and he could often be seen going from one sale room to another buying and selling paintings.

Brian and Sheila were a devoted couple and travelled extensively around the world especially to Australia where Sheila's daughter lives. His passionate interest in horse racing went down well with his many Australian friends -including the local parish priest! In recent years Brian's health problems forced him and his wife to sell their business, but in spite of several spells in hospital he still managed to be his cheerful self giving pleasure not only to his family but also to his many friends. To those who had the privilege of knowing him, he will be sadly missed. R.I.P.

*Gerard Burgess*

Fr. Michael Aust

Michael was baptised in the Church of Our Lady of Victories and made his First Communion at the church Of St. Thomas Becket, West Hill, Wandsworth, where he attended the local elementary school, St. Joseph's. On the outbreak of war in 1939 the

school went to Reading; Michael was there until he went to Clapham College, The school was then at East Grinstead and only moved to Taunton when the German flying bombs came over. **Michael's** brother, Derek, remained in London where he attended the Oratory School. He was killed (aged 18) by a bomb that hit the fire station



opposite St. Thomas; Church. Towards the end of the war Clapham College came back to London and Michael stayed there until starting work in the City. He worked in graphic arts and took courses in art and photography at the Regent Street polytechnic. His father came home after serving in the RAF. Michael did National Service in the Royal Army Service Corps, training at Aldershot and in West Germany, where he worked in field records in the Statistical branch, later being moved to headquarters in the department known as G-Plans (Tactical & Statistical) Map Work. While at Rhine Army Headquarters, he was asked to take charge of the Cub Scout Pack as he himself had been a scout leader. After two years in the army, he returned to the UK and worked in advertising, including two years in New York. While there he was asked to be UK

representative for a group of American companies, part of the Rodin Products Corporation. On return to London, he did promotional/sales work and organised a show at the American Trade Center in London. After work establishing sales in Europe, the companies decided to set up a base in London. Michael saw this as an opportunity to take up another vocation. He applied and was accepted for training in ministry. The Bishop, Michael Bowen, asked him to go to Rome, to Beda College, and four years later he was ordained at the Church of Our Lady and St. Peter, Leatherhead, where he had done his Deacon service. Work in various places came next and parishes included Haywards Heath, Redhill, Ewell and West Grinstead. In 1980 both his parents died. Having conducted the funeral rites, he took a break and found the time to do evangelisation work with various groups (perhaps the most fruitful of his work). Open heart surgery brought this to a halt, but after recovery he was asked to do supply work and to be based in Epsom. He worked in many different places and came to see the urgent need for renewal in the Church. He worked at this up until his retirement and well beyond.

Give thanks to the Lord for his love endures forever.

Fr. Gerard Lorriman

Gerald Lorriman, who died on the 21st February this year aged 96, was born at Tynemouth on 1st February 1915. His father was a primary school headmaster who, during the First World War, served in the Royal Navy working on sonar methods of

detecting submarines. One of **Gerard's** earliest memories was of being taken by his father to see the surrendered German fleet anchored in the Firth of Forth - shortly before it scuttled itself in Scapa Flow.

Gerard was educated by the Xaverian Brothers at Clapham College. He decided to take a medical degree and graduated in 1937 from the University of Durham. On the outbreak of war he joined the Royal Army Medical Corp and served with the Eighth Army in North Africa and Italy, being appointed MBE.

In 1945, he married Maria Adele, the daughter of a doctor who had served as a parliamentary representative for Lucca before Mussolini came to power. They settled in Newcastle-upon-Tyne after the war, where Gerard worked as a medical tutor at the Royal Victoria Infirmary. In 1959, after working at the Brompton Hospital, London, Gerard joined the Treasury Medical Service and was appointed Principal Medical Officer and Medical Advisor to the Diplomatic Service.

After the death of his wife in 1970, he applied to join the Jesuits and took his first vows at the Loyola Retreat Centre, Rainhill in 1974. He studied Theology at Heythrop College in London and at the Gregorian University in Rome. On returning to Britain he worked at St. Aloysius's Church in Glasgow, before completing further studies in the United States.

In Rome Gerard had become friendly with a South African Jesuit who suggested that after his ordination he might become Catholic chaplain at the Groote Schuur Hospital in Cape Town. This he did in 1983. It was there, the following year that he met Fr. Des Curran, the parish priest of Guguletu who was about to go to England on two weeks' leave. It was agreed that Gerard should celebrate Sunday Masses in his absence and he enjoyed the experience so much that he applied to become Fr. Curran's assistant. When the parish was divided in 1986, he became parish priest of the new parish of Nyanga, one of the oldest townships in Cape Town. He moved into its newly-built church of St. Mary's in 1987 becoming at the same time Catholic chaplain to Robben Island. While leading the funeral procession of four black Africans who had been killed in clashes with the South African police, he confronted armoured personnel carriers. The photograph of this event proved to be one of the iconic images of the anti-apartheid. Acts of bravery such as his served to strengthen the perception of anti-apartheid as a



moral cause, sapping the morale of South African white ruling elite and dramatising the conflict to the rest of the world. His stand contributed to a process that culminated in South Africa first free election in 1994, Apart from a three year period at St. Joseph's College in Rondebosch, he remained at Nyanga until 2008. He is survived by his son and daughter.

**J**oshua McGuire: the battle against leukaemia continues

If you are thinking of raising money for charity or have a couple of pounds to give then please consider supporting the Ellenor Lions Hospice (<http://www.lionshospice.co.uk>) .

Older readers may remember me, Spencer McGuire, and my brother Gary as John **McGuire's** sons. From the age of six we used to come to watch our father play football and cricket. In reality, we seldom watched, preferring instead to amuse ourselves playing hockey or five-a-side football. Younger readers will probably know that I am Captain and Honorary Secretary of the Football Club.

On the 11th August 2008 my son Josh had recently turned three. He had not been feeling well and, other tests having proved negative, gave a blood sample at about 9.00



am .We were preparing to go on holiday and I was beginning to get annoyed with Lea, my wife, as she was not fully committed to helping me pack the car. I only understood why when the doctor's secretary rang at about 11:00 am to say that Joshua had leukaemia and that we should take him to hospital immediately.

We dropped everything, left our other two children with their grandmother and took Josh

straight to Queen Elizabeth hospital. The nurse was very sympathetic but worryingly honest: this was the first leukemia patient he had seen and the hospital were frantically ringing around Great Ormond Street, the Marsden and St. George's for advice about what to do next. It was a long day. Josh needed to be transferred to St. George's, but required a blood transfusion before he could be moved. We had to wait for blood had to be sent from St. George's so it was past midnight before he was trans-

ferred.

The next day, Tuesday, was memorable for a doctor trying in vain to get a line into Josh's vein, stabbing him many times before giving up. Josh, crying throughout, simply apologized as if it was his fault. Eventually it was decided that he should be sedated. Unfortunately, the first dose was not strong enough and he needed to be sedated a second time with a stronger dose before the line could be put in. It was an unnecessary ordeal that might easily have been avoided!

Lea and Josh spent nearly 3 weeks in St. George's. The only "good" news being that he had Acute Lymphoblastic Leukaemia. This is the most common form of leukaemia and we were told that he had an 80% chance of full recovery.

The early treatment was very intensive: chemotherapy and steroids rendering him unable to walk for a while. The side effects of the steroids were a huge increase in appetite (and consequently his size) together with terrible mood swings, turning him into a stropky three year old teenager.

Without the support of both sets of grandparents we would have been unable to look after our other children, James and Grace, with Josh in the hospital.

The first year entailed intensive chemotherapy in order to clear the disease, and administered orally as well as via injections into his spine. His immune system was destroyed and due to this and bad luck he picked up infections requiring stays in hospital that would last for at least a week until the infection was cleared. It almost felt as though he and Lea would be in hospital for a week, home for a week and then back to hospital again. At one stage, whilst she was chatting with a nurse, a doctor recognized Lea and asked her which department she worked in only to be told that she was the mother of a patient!

After 5 months, the good news was that he was in remission. The bad news was that this was still only the early stages of a 3 year marathon. It was not until after over 12 months of treatment that his dosage dropped to a less intensive level. Even so he still needs an oral dose daily; chemo injected straight into his bloodstream every three weeks and directly into his spine, under a general anesthetic, at the Marsden every three months.

Since autumn 2009 and the less intensive treatment, Josh has only had to stay in hos-

pital three times: the October half term, December and earlier last summer. His hair has been lost, grown back and lost again. However, in the last year it had returned more glorious than before, a darker colour and curly and to such an extent that it had to be cut.

Throughout, Josh has a weekly blood test. Fortunately, the Ellenor Lions Hospice provides 24/7 support, so a nurse visits each week to take the sample and deliver it to Queen Mary's Hospital in Sidcup for testing. In addition, they are on call for any problems or queries we may have and provide respite in the form of child minders to look after all 3 children for a few hours each week to give us a break. They also provide counselling for us and the other children and even went to the children's school to speak to their teachers. This constant support together with coffee mornings and family events help lift the shadow cast over the family.

The treatment is due to end in November 2011. A light at the end of a very long tunnel, but we still have to be wary mainly of infections as the immune system is still kept on the floor.

Despite everything, Josh managed to start school in September 2009, just over a year after diagnosis. He is progressing well even though he missed much pre-schooling/nursery. He copes with his treatment as part of his everyday life and is a hero and example to us all.

If Josh's story has touched you, do think about becoming a Blood Donor (<http://www.blood.co.uk>) as Josh has benefitted from many an "armful" and if you are under 40 please consider joining the Anthony Nolan register (<http://www.anthonynolan.org>). We were lucky that Josh did not require a bone marrow transplant, but there are many out there not so lucky.

We are extremely grateful for the many messages of support we have received and would appreciate your support in the future: to us as a family; by giving blood; offering bone marrow or anything you can do for the Ellenor Lions Hospice as they have done so much for us.

*Spencer McGuire*

# C

## lapham Old Xaverians Cricket Club Tour: Edinburgh 2010

Tourists: Ben Avery, Ben Benedict, Matthew Benedict, Ray Clarke, Damien Costello, Hugh Richard Kettle, **Dave 'Brick top' Leathem**, Joe Mansi, Chris McDermott, John McGuire, Simon Pickering, Connor Rooney, Taxi Tim Salter, Richard Williams & John Wybar.

A tale of Scottish accents, Callards and of course, wenching

Thursday 24th June 2010 - Tour Begins

The tourists convened in the Bree Louise public house, in close proximity to Euston



Station. Whilst suitably preparing for an overnight train ride the lads were greeted to rumours that Brendan Walsh was joining the tour party as a ticket had become available, however these rumours did not materialize and the lads drank the drink that had been bought for him. As the time to board the train became ever closer, beverages for the journey were

obtained in milk bottles and Damo decided to stow away in the boot of local resident's car. The unfortunate driver had driven away along Eversholt Street before Damo made his presence known and was returned to us (some might say unfortunately). The time spent in the Bree Louise drinking 8% cider (and his mini road trip) appeared to account for Damo being threatened with his journey being terminated at Preston as he stumbled to his seat next to a mother and her child. Those that were still awake thought that he was practicing his Scottish when they kept hearing him say "Hughie" but no, it was landing on her lap.....

As one can imagine this theory was later challenged by Damo himself, who claimed he'd had an adverse reaction to his hay fever tablets.

Friday 25th June -Edinburgh

The tourists arrived bright and early in Edinburgh town centre; however their arrival



was not without controversy. One member of the tour party was not present and the rest of the group was greeted with the real possibility that he could be stranded in Preston. However he was found asleep in his cricket whites. Yes, Damo was still with us.

We headed to a Wetherspoon's pub by the name of the 'Standing Order.' A very clever tourist later pointed out

that if this pub wanted to update it should re-name itself 'Direct Debit.' But this did not last long as when the staff saw the effects the hay fever tablets had had on Damo the group was asked to leave the pub at 07:34.

Regardless of this little hiccup this is Edinburgh and there must be pubs like this everywhere, Picko (a local) got a phone call and he recommended a bar with local character(s) the choice was no ordinary pub, it was called the 'Penny Black'. It appeared to take 24-hour drinking to a new level and heavy metal was blasted out 8.30a.m. The general consensus from the cricketers was that this was not adequate pre-match preparations so they should swiftly move on, but Mr McGuire pulled rank and up the narrow stairs (with Cricket Kit) we went, leaving a few of the youngsters to visit Costa



Coffee. There was nowhere comfortable to sit so we stood and ordered 7 pints of SKOL, and watched the locals dribbling, the hard men using the pool cues as tooth picks and head butting each other. This visit lasted a minute and a half before drinks were downed and we escaped.

We were a man down. Had he been eaten in the Penny Black.....? Were we worried? Damo had gone, this was perfect. The next stop was back to a more familiar setting for the lads of the 'Standing Order' and breakfast was consumed, with news coming through that there was a strange man dressed in his cricket whites asleep on a park bench in the middle of Edinburgh. Relief over, and the arrival of Dave Leatham in the pub. As the day progressed, not quite everyone shared this relief for **Damo's** welfare.

With the afternoon's Twenty20 match against Penicuik at the forefront of everyone's minds, the tourists checked into their accommodation at Edinburgh University to relax. Roommates John Wybar and Richard Kettle took the idea of team bonding a bit too far and put their beds together to make a double (was this to help with the dabbing?). Later that afternoon COXA's recent rich vein of form in the league was not replicated north of the border and the nine man Penicuik cruised to victory.

After a quick turn around the next destination was to Edinburgh town centre to sample some of the night life. There was great joy as it was discovered that the world famous Dicken's Cider was sold on tap in these parts (a favourite of the girls). After a long day of travelling everyone decided to call it a day and head back to the accommodation via Istanbul Kebabs. The next morning it emerged that Hammo had decided to continue the party and in-fact went retro.

Saturday 26th June - Espionage

A second fried breakfast of the tour fed some hungry mouths and helped to sooth any sore heads. At breakfast it became apparent that one of the tour party was missing again. Breakfast was his preferred meal of the day, (closely followed by lunch and dinner) and with his phone switched off it could only mean he was wenching. You can never find a taxi when you need one....

Saturday was a day set aside for sightseeing and watching football. A walk into town allowed a closer look at Arthur's Seat, can't believe that some of the boys thought that kissing it would bring them good luck..... no that is a stone in Ireland. Once in town some of the more sophisticated tour members took it upon themselves to partake in a whisky tasting mission while the others conveniently found a pub, and a couple thought it would fun to ride the Venga Bus – This was full of men in singlets, leather shorts, and moustaches that immediately preceded a Military Parade. You go guys....

Later that evening more of Edinburgh's nightlife was sampled and this time the destination the Grassmarket, which was later branded the Brassmarket. While out Dave introduced himself to all those who had not known him as 'Mad Boy' and we sat in a large beer garden enjoying the long night, the beers and the aroma of **Dave's** cigar. This pleasure was interrupted by a local young entrepreneur. He saw an opportunity to sell 24 cigars. He approached Dave and engaged in conversation, you could hear this guy's chat. He was talking about the fine leaves of his cigars, their Colombian origins, the loving way in which they were wrapped, the size, and their smooth texture. He ignored all our efforts to get him to leave during his patter but he insisted. We were all getting bored of this berk after 15 or so minutes, so after a deep tug on his cigar Dave slowly exhaled what seemed a never ending chain of smoke in his direction and says "You have forgotten one vital ingredient my friend..... (pause.. tug on cigar and more smoke from Dave)..... The Price" laughter started, but when the reply was £500 it erupted. He duly left and Dave was christened '**Brick Top**' Leathem.

The party continued to Edinburgh's top nightspot 'Espionage.' The tourists partied late into the evening however, two key tour members had departed in order to be alone (Richard Williams and Joe Mansi). The party was drawing to a close and the night was not complete without Damo having a macho-off with a local and Richard Kettle on the receiving end of a punch to the chest. This was also the evening when the debutant tourist John Wybar lost all sense of direction and went on a two and a half hour walk to get home.

Sunday 27th June - Winners and Losers

Sunday saw the COXA touring XI travel to Holycross for an afternoon of Cricket captained by our very own Simon Pickering who is now living in Scotland. Having lost the toss and preparing to field, there was a scurry for kit and typically some of our players had no Callards. The opposition were asked if they could assist, and loan a few pairs of Callards for the day, only for us to be told that they did not know what Callards were. "Trousers", said the captain. "Arrrr up here we call them

Winners” (stony faces in the Clapham dressing room) Winners, we were repeating. “Oh aye”. “They be Winners and Losers” Scottish rhyming slang for troooooouers. A phrase which became prominent in the back end of the tour, and that evening some of the Clapham boys wore their best pair of ‘Winners’ out for the night. COXA were also winners that day (despite Ray Clarke fielding for the other team whilst umpiring at square leg). The victory over Holycross was attributable to some important contributions with the bat from Matt Benedict, Luke Hampton and Richard Kettle. In the field Clapham were unstoppable with wickets for Richard Williams with great encouragement from 1st slip, some very testing maidens from Connor Rooney and a spirited fielding performance from John Wybar. A conspiracy theory about the win was that the boys upped their performance as a young lady from breakfast turned up to cheer them on.



In true tour style, the win was celebrated with endeavour. In the Holycross clubhouse everyone was greeted with a rendition on the Vuvuzela of Professor Green’s latest hit, which was very much a tour anthem. The evening took us back to the Grassmarket and The White Hart Inn where a local banjo player was performing. Connor Rooney enjoyed the performance so much he bought some official merchandise.

#### Monday 28th June - Homecoming

The final morning of tour saw John McGuire and Ray Clarke share a round of golf apparently paid for by Joe Mansi. The morning continued with yet another fried breakfast, and a rumour circulated that Ben Benedict had been ejected from the campus student bar the previous day for singing too loudly. With some time to kill before the train, Ray and Hugh suggested the touring party headed to The Standing Order for one last job.

Rumours that sharing a room had brought John Wybar and Richard Kettle closer together seemed to be true as they decided to take each other on a candle lit 3 course meal before the journey. Luckily this time around on the train there were no threats of being ejected at Preston and the journey was made seemingly shorter by a few rounds of cards with two Australians whose destination was also SW17.

*Chris McDermott & Matthew Benedict*

**H**all of Fame, 2010

COXA's second Hall of Fame evening attracted possibly 70 Old Boys to Norbury. Lisa had provided excellent food, and Mick a barrel of Whit-

stable. It was a great evening with two highlights. Alan Webber, John Mansi, Frank Barretta, Dave Leathem, John McGowan, Tom McLoughlin, Bernie Mensah and Eddie O'Brien were inducted into the Hall of Fame. The other highlight was the singing. Wilson Bowers, of course, sang American Pie, but was outshone by Dave Murtagh. Just when Dave thought he'd won Mick Garvey's excellent raffle, he pulled out his prize - "Sing a Song". Helped by Eamonn Taggart, he sang Eidelweiss, an old dressing room song?

Others attending were - Liz and Paul Megyessi, Briony Webber and Kev Horkan, Tony Amura, Kieran Brady, Pete Brown, Colin Brown and family, Mick Burke, Mick Collins, Pat Burke, Jim Burke (came from Liverpool), Franco Cornelli, Joe Davorn, Adie de Coursey, Paul Hixson, John Leathem and family, John McGuire, Gary McGuire, Spencer McGuire, Will Opong, Henry Pinsent, Colin Garvey, Connor Rooney, Tom Purcell (came from South Africa!), Paul Tehan, Brendan Williams and family, Richard Williams, Dan Condon, Derek Mensah, Joe Mansi, Vic Roszkowski, Mick Power, Rio Bogle, Scotty McDonald, Roy Hartnett, Matt Benedict, Ben Benedict, Andy McDonald, Richard Kettle, Matt Renton, James Clarke, James Brown, Jack Leathem, Seamus Burke, Chris Kavanagh and Paul Davis plus Jackie and her daughter behind the bar.

Thanks to Mick Power, Steve Parker, Lisa, and Jackie, who did all the work, and to Brendan Williams our favourite M.C.

### *Colin Garvey*

## C oncordia Project

I have carried our old school motto with me throughout my life – Concordia (Res Parvae Crescunt) or working together is what it is all about. It is also the name of my project in Zanzibar by which I am assisting a small rural school called K/Dimbani, located in the south of the island.



The project started from a chance meeting with the head of three schools in the area while I was on a cruise in 2005 to celebrate my 60th birthday. His name is Haji R'dhan and at the time he was running one of the schools called K/Dimbani (actually it's Kizimkazi Dimbani, hence the shortened name) Asking to look over his school, I was impressed by their endeavours. They were rebuilding the school from what they could gather from a collecting box kept near the beach. Their government pays the teachers' wages

but they have to run the school on what they can collect.

If I informed you that the locals live on an average of \$300 a year or less than \$6 a week, that only 50% of houses have a basic latrine and that health provision is almost non-existent then I was unable to return home just shaking my head and saying what a shame. It does not need to be like this if ordinary people bypass Governments and do things themselves.

I had to do something and so I agreed with Haji that I would undertake an annual fundraiser for them on my return. It has resulted in an annual donation of \$4,000 for the school infrastructure.

The funding comes from my “Friends of K/D school”, i.e. those who donate £2 or more a month, as well as collecting boxes dotted around West Somerset; fundraising by the Minehead Male Voice Choir, who donate the proceeds of an annual concert (I sing baritone); coffee mornings etc. The funding is channelled through the Dar es Salaam Lions’ Club to ensure the project is overseen locally and importantly, every penny raised goes to the school. The support I have received has been overwhelming.

I was back in Zanzibar this summer on my 65th. birthday to review the progress being made. Concordia was in full swing :

Minehead Lions have donated a much needed well for the school

Dar es Salaam Lions were operating a health camp for the village by providing free dental treatment, eye inspections and glasses (30 were referred for free cataract treatment) and blood pressure and diabetic checks. This will become a regular event

Both clubs are now twinning and will co-operate on the health and sanitation aspect of the Concordia Project

The Friends inspected the new teacher accommodation which they had funded. A further donation was made which has been used to provide a broadband connection ( we can now exchange reports and photos). It has also replaced the admin block roof which leaked like a sieve. We have set up a further 5 year plan to build a large teaching block for a laboratory, library and three more classes together with a boundary wall around the school to keep out developers.

Riverside school in Wiltshire provided a laptop and Ravensbourne school in London provided a digital camera. We are now receiving a wealth of information as the project unfolds

Not to be outdone, the Porlock Women’s Fellowship knitted 47 teddies for the younger children

A chance meeting with the manager of a health and sanitation firm resulted in a donation of a 2,000 litre water tank for the school



On the way many other people have become involved and what started as the Friends of K/D school has now blossomed into a full partnership with the two Lions Clubs and the support of two schools.

What is all this leading to you may ask? Well, while I was there I visited the other schools and while it was agreed that the first \$4,000

raised will always go to the K/D school, I said I would try raise funding for the other schools. I am already planning some more fundraising events and will be developing a new PowerPoint presentation to meet this new commitment.

I must confess, that I would be overjoyed if the involvement of the Old Xaverians could help with this project. If you feel that you would like to support the Concordia Project as a Friend by making a monthly donation of £2; distributing some collecting tins or organising a coffee morning, I would be very pleased to hear from you and happy to send you the latest. PowerPoint presentation on the project

*Stephen Fitzgerald*

telephone 01643 862289 or e-mail [fitzgerald@seapoint.co.uk](mailto:fitzgerald@seapoint.co.uk))

## **A**nnual Remembrance Day Mass

Last year's Remembrance Day Mass took place on Sunday, 14th November in the College Chapel. It was attended by Paul and Mrs Barber, Matt Benedict, Ben Benedict, Colin Brown & his young son, Bernard Farrell, Colin Garvey, Ted & Sheila Hayter, John Keenan, David Leathem, Philip & Mrs Leeder, Scotty MacDonald, Tom McLoughlin, Harry Mellor, Tony & June Morrish, John Noulton, Eddie O'Brien, Mick Power, Vic Roszkowski, David Rowles, Bernard Ryan, Brian & Jackie Sanders, David Sanders, Philip Sanders, Bernard Schwenck, Peter Serafinowicz, Eamonn Taggart & family, Eric Tope, and Brendan Williams.

The celebrant was Fr. Eric Mead, who is currently parish priest of St. Anne's, Cliftonville, and the reader was Tony Morrish.

In a delightfully discursive homily Fr. Mead touched on the fact that, until the appointment of Archbishop Peter Smith, none of the Archbishops of Southwark or Westminster had shared the same Christian name. Archbishop Smith, his contemporary at Clapham College, however shared the name Peter with the legendary Archbishop Peter Amigo. This led on to a fund of stories, some undoubtedly apocryphal, about how Archbishop Amigo encouraged vocations to the priesthood by telling young boys that that they would one day be priests in his diocese. My favourite was the one about the altar boy whose lack of enthusiasm on receiving this information at the end of a parochial visitation prompted the Archbishop to appeal to the parish priest for confirmation. The parish priest, no doubt wearied by the rigours of the visitation, is rumoured to have replied, “Why not your Grace, after all you ordained his father”. On a more serious note, Fr. Mead recalled that the College had a remarkable record in fostering vocations to the priesthood. There had been four in his year: Frs. Terry Creech, Laurence Richardson, Andrew McQuiggan and himself. He finished by exhorting us all to pray earnestly for more vocations and that St. Francis Xavier Sixth Form College might be a similar source of vocations. Refreshments were served in the College after Mass before many of the attendees retired to the Oliver Plunkett Club. This year’s Mass will be on Sunday, 13th November.

# 4

00 Club

The table below contains the names of recent 400 Club winners.

	£100	£50	£25
April	F.Barretta	P. Schwenk	J.Burke
May	L.Myatt	P.West	B.Casey
June	D.Leathem	D.Murtagh	D.Hadida
July	D.Conneely	J.Burke	T.McLoughlin
August	A.Griffin	A.Amura	P.Burke
September	A.Amura	J.Davorn	D.Nathan
October	F. Ryan	A. McPherson	18 Club
November	G. Hudson	P. Hixson	T. Cain
December	E. Tope	T. Purcell	J. Conner
January	E. Kearns	J. Sheridan	S. Burke
February	J. McGuire	J. Davorn	18 Club

The 400 Club is a useful source of income for the Association. A ticket only costs £12.00 a year. Although it is called the 400 Club there are currently only about 100 members holding about 300 tickets. So why not join and boost the Association’s

revenue?

You can join by

- sending me a cheque made out to COXA each year or
- by Direct Debit quoting the following information  
*Alliance and Leicester Commercial Bank, Bootle, Merseyside, GIR 0AA*  
*Sort Code 72 03 54*  
*Account Number: 583056903*  
*Account Name Clapham Old Xaverians Association Sports and Social Club*

Whichever method you choose, please let me know

Colin Garvey, 84 Norbury Hill, London SW16 RT  
or 020-8764-0313  
or mrcolingarvey@aol.com

*Colin Garvey*

**F**riday Club

The Friday continues to meet on the second Friday of alternate months. The next meeting of the Friday Club will be on the 8th July 2011 at the Alleyn's Head, West Dulwich. Meetings start at about 8:00 pm. If you would like to be reminded nearer the time please let me know.

*Brian Sanders*

**M**embership

I am pleased to welcome Colin Luke, Brian Baldock, Alan White, Paul Barretta, Peter Flaherty, Denzil Mascarenhas, Roy Hartnett, Jan Czezowski and Ron Kirby as Life members of the Association.

Life Members			
Brian Baldock	Mick Duffy	Phil Leeder	Peter Pozzoni
Paul Barber	Brian Earp	Jan Luba	David Price
Kevin Barnaville	John Egan	Colin Luke	Brian Pryke
Paul Barreta	Tom Ennis	Mike Lynch	Tom Purcell
Philip Barrington	Bernard E Farrell	Nigel Lynch	S P Quick
Matthew Benedict	Lorcan Farrelly	Scotty MacDonald	Dennis Quin
Richard Benson	P J Fitzgerald	Mick Magee	John Quirk
Terence Boley	Stephen Fitzgerald	Joseph Mansi	John Rayer
Peter Bonthron	Terry Fitzgerald	John V Mansi	Kevin Ridge
W L Booth	Gerard Fitzpatrick	David Martin	Phil Roderick-Jones
Jean Bouchard	Peter Flaherty	Denzil Mascarenhas	Connor Rooney
Wilson Bowers	John Freddi	Brian McDermott	Vic Roszkowski
Martin Boyd	Peter Fry	John McGowan	Gerald C Rowe
Andrew Brannon	Patrick Furey	Martin McGrath	Joe Rowe
Mick Brien	Jim Gallagher	Martin McGrath	David Rowles
R C Brookes	Colin Garvey	Will McGrath	John Rudd
Francis Browne	Sean Gavigan	John McGuire	Frank Ryan
Gerard Burgess	Tony Gilford	Tom McLoughlin	Michael Ryan
James Burke	John Gilhooly	John McNicholas	Patrick Ryan
Michael Burke	Mike Grice	Jim McQueeney	Gerry Salmon
Patrick Burke	Philip Gunn	Mick Meade	Tony Sanchez
Seamus Burke	Bill Haley	Chris Megoran	Andrew Sanders
Michael Butler	Richard Harris	David Mellor	Brian Sanders
Paul Butler	Roy Hartnett	Harry Mellor	David Sanders
Brian Campbell	Ted Hayter	David Miles	Ben Schwenk
Nino Caraccio	Hugh Hickland	Laurence Milligan	Phil Schwenk
Terry Carroll	D A Hicks	Julian Minghi	Peter Serafinowicz
Kevin Cassandro	Tim Higgins	Gerry Morrison	Guy Sheppard
Joseph Cernuschi	Frank Hixson	Lawrence Mullane	John Sheridan
Lt.Col. F Cetri	Paul Hixson	Robert Murphy	Paul Shimell
Jim Chambers	Tim Hixson	Matthew Murtagh	Chris Smith
Rich Clark	Briony Horkan	David W Nathan	Paul Smith
Terry Clegg	Jim Howard	John Norton	Robert Speight
Kevin Clouther	Rysard Hryniewicz	John Noulton	Eamonn Taggart

The cost of Life membership varies with age as shown below:

Life Membership concluded			
Aidan Coletta	Peter J Hughes	Sean O'Connell	Gerard Taggart
John Coletta	Peter Hurst	Tom O'Dee	Paul Tehan
Mike Collins	Barry James	Mick O'Mara	Eric Tope
W C Collins	John F Jones	Anthony O'Shea	C Truss
R T Collins	Trevor Jones	Mick O'Shea	R A Tuft
Daniel Condon	Tom Judge	Mick O'Sullivan	Mick Ware
Derek Cooper	John A Keen	A C Page	Alan Webber
Andrew Cordani	Peter Keen	Derek J Penfold	Michael J Weir
Malcolm Corey	John Keenan	Will Pepper	Paul West
Franco Cornelli	Peter Keenan	John Pettley	R F Westwood
Ted Corrigan	Peter Kelleher	R F Pierce	Brian P White
Terry Cremins	Allen Kelly	Henry Pinsent	Dr Alan White
A V Crichton-Smith	Ron Kirby	Bernard Plummer	Arthur Williams
Lyndon Davis	L Larkin	Len Powell	John Williams
Adie De Coursey	B E Lawrence	Mick Powell	Brendan Williams
Tad Dippel	David Leathem	Mick Power	Peter Wills
David Donnelly	John Leathem		

80 or over £10.00

70 or over £20.00

60 or over £30.00

50 or over £50.00

Under 50 £75.00

An Annual Subscription costs £5.00 .

Annual Subscription			
Tony Amura	John F Coll	Anthony A Griffin	Alec Morrish
Frank Barretta	Mark A Conneely	Douglas H Hadida	Anthony J Morrish
John Boyd	Jim Connor	Michael R Hadida	David A Murtagh
Keiron F H Brady	Paul D Cousins	Michael Hayland	David W Nathan
John Brandon	Nick Crean	John Henderson	Rob E O'Brien
Andrew Brannon	Kev Curtin	Mik Hodges	Mick O'Flynn
Prof. Ray V Brooks	Joe Davorn	Peter Hounslow	Kevin Ridge
Peter Brown	Peter Doran	Kevin Howard	John Ryan
John Bunce	John Egan	Richard Januszewski	Chris Scott
Patrick Burke	Martin F Farrell	Frank J Jordan	Andrew S Tworkowski

Annual Subscription concluded			
Frank Burkhard	Martin Fowler	Paul Kanssen	David Walters
Terry P Cain	AJ Frost	Brendan Kearns	Michael J Weir
Lynn Carpenter	Alan E Fulker	Tim J Kelly	Paul West
Paul Carter	Sean Gavigan	Bill Kidd	Dr Alan White
Brian Casey	Michael Gibbons	Phil Leeder	Kevin Williamson
Jim Chambers	John Gilhooly	Robert Maxwell	Peter Wills
Tony Cleather	Mick Gowan	Paul A Meggyesi	John Window

*Alec Morrish, Membership Secretary*

## Personalia

Peter Wills tells me that his fourth grandchild, John Peter Wills, was born in Shanghai on Sept 28th 2009. Peter and his wife Carole visited Shanghai in March 2010 and found him thriving. This was their ninth, and probably last, visit to China as their son Paul and daughter-in-law Jackie returned to England with John Peter and his sister Jasmine in November and are now living in Old Coulsdon near Peter's daughter Jane, son-in-law Gary and their children, Rebecca and James.

Ted Hayter tells me that he was privileged to attend the wedding of Jackie Hall and Brian Sanders on Saturday, 16th October. It was a lovely day, the bride wore a beautiful dress, Brian looked elegant beyond belief and Ted and Rudolf Massara sat through a very moving Nuptial Mass with lovely singing and a final kiss between Brian and the bride to see them on their way to the reception in the conservatory at the Horniman Museum. Excellent food, wine and speeches with a great deal of conviviality for many hours. Phil Leeder, **Brian's** brother was in good form as were **Brian's** four sons, who all went to Clapham College. Stephen had travelled from Canada, Andrew took the photographs, David provided the excellent wine and Phillip looked young, fit and ready to run another marathon. The happy couple began their married life waltzing in Vienna, Congratulations to them both.



As the last issue of Clapper was sent out, Philip Barington was in Mexico City, waiting to see if his return flight to London would be held

up by the volcanic ash cloud. He had spent the 6 months travelling around Central America, re-visiting a lot of the old Mayan sites to see how much impact tourism has made over the last decade. The Starbucks now perched on top of the Jaguar Pyramid at Tikal, Guatemala suggested that the situation may be worse than he anticipated! He also stopped off at Utila island off the coast of Honduras, and qualified as a PADI Scuba DiveMaster but cannot adequately explain why when asked. However, he says it was enormous fun, so perhaps that will have to stand as the sole justification.

Fr Michael Creech shared this photograph of the Xaverian Brothers which was pub-



lished in the last issue of Clapper with Fr Mario Sanderson, parish priest of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Mayfield. Fr Mario thinks that the photograph was taken at a Jubilee celebration at Mayfield sometime in the 1950s. He believes that Brothers Antoninus, Camillus, Gregory, Robert, Matthias, Mario, Bonaventure, John Vianney, Plunkett, Henry, Felix, Ambrose, Pius, Chad and Romuald (a visiting American) are standing in the back row and Brendan, Kevin, Aidan and Charles are kneeling in the front row.

**Tom O'Dee** was made redundant and took early retirement after a long career in IT at the end of 2009. Fortunately, he was able to fall back on the Open University degree he gained 2008. He has been accepted on a PGCE Secondary course at St. Mary's University College, Strawberry Hill and hopes to start teaching Mathematics in June 2011 at the ripe old age of 57.

Congratulations to Fr Terry Creech who has been rewarded with the Medallion

d'Honor for his many years faithful service to pilgrims at the French shrine in Lourdes.



Julian Minghi and his wife Lee are spending ever more time in the UK since Julian retired from the geography faculty at the University of South Carolina, with four trips in 2009 and four more last year. Married In early September 1960 in Washington DC, they chose to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary at Lake Bled, Slovenia, joined by about 30 friends and family members. In September 2009, Julian was a keynote speaker at an international conference on Borderscapes in Trapani, Sicily and managed to survive a Ryanair flight to get there! In October/November last year – as he has done for several years – Julian will be giving several lectures in the “Boundaries” course, part of the MA programme in Geopolitics, Territory and Security at King’s College, London. Back in the States, Julian continues as an active board member of the South Carolina Funeral Consumers Alliance – a volunteer group trying to protect the public from exploitation by the funeral industry.

Peter and Ann Hughes have entertained Julian and Lee Minghi during their recent visits to the London. Peter and Ann were also among the guests at Julian and **Lee’s** Golden Wedding Celebration in Lake Bled, Slovenia this September 2010.

Brian Campbell tells me that he retired in July 2009 after 44 yrs of teaching, finally calling it a day at Havant Sixth Form College, near Portsmouth. His first job was in Middleton, near Manchester, where he met his wife, Kathy, then 4 years in Zambia where their daughter, Briony, was born, From Luanshya, Zambia to Fareham in

Hampshire, where their son Stuart was born, and finally, Havant. Kathy worked firstly, as a dispenser in Zambia, and then in Social Services in the UK. Brian has been a lifelong season ticket holder at Charlton Athletic and they have been involved in parish life wherever they have lived which has proved to be very rewarding, both spiritually and socially. Towards the end of his teaching career, Brian was involved with the British Council and led groups of students on two visits to China. Now retired, he is in travelling mode and has been to Madrid several times (their daughter lives there) as well as California and Poland. He was planning to visit New Zealand earlier this year.

Edmund Hodges writes, "I started in East Grinstead in 1942, one of the small group with Br. Nicholas in the Lutyens designed house, Barton St. Mary, nipping up to London some weekends. The third of four brothers at Clapham, I had some standards to maintain. But I was no athlete and my brother Bernard had been 'Victor Ludorum' and gone on to do Physics at Oxford!



I am surprised to read of 'initiation ceremonies' in 1956. We had a war on in 1942 so did not need such things, perhaps. But I remember the Cinema bombing and visiting the Burns Hospital and the 'doodlebugs' being chased overhead as we ran out on the tennis court to watch. And cycling to a crashed bomber in Ashurst Wood and collecting Cannon Shells, one of which sadly took off my brother Dennis's finger tips when he hit it with a brick on a stone bench. Michael Straiton has his own incredible Cannon Shell story.



Br. Xavier we called "Zavvy" or (Savez-vous) and Br Alphonse was affectionately "Doggy". Br. Dunstan sent us out gathering herbs to make his tobacco. We tried our own version and I have never smoked since. Mr Bharrier was secretly called "Knob" after the brass door handle lobbed about the room behind his back as he wrote on the board. Moving to Taunton we shared a building with an open-air Girls' School and used the playing fields of King's College.

Returning eventually to Clapham, I was off sick with Appendicitis and had to drop back a year, but I managed to go with Br. Joseph and the party to Stans, Switzerland in 1947.

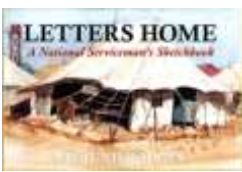


There had been no Art or Music on the timetable during the War and in 1948 we were still offered no Art and Music above Year 3. So, after O Levels, encouraged by Mr Escott, the Geography master, I left and went to Art School in Hammersmith. My studies were interrupted

by National Service in 1954 and I found myself in Egypt and Cyprus, from where I managed a solo trip to Jerusalem, sketching and writing all the time I was in the Army.

Qualifying as an Art Teacher I actually spent a term on Teaching Practice at Clapham, still with poor facilities. I then spent the next 27 years in a 'flagship Comprehensive' running nine specialist Art Rooms, including a pottery !

After demob I edited the letters I had been sending to my parents describing my life in the Army and travels to the Holy Places, simply to keep the memories, which I have since been able to share with my children. It was an incredible experience to be a lone British Tourist in Jerusalem in 1956, quite apart from the military experiences I was having.



Some fifty years later I was urged to show the letters and sketches to a publisher, which resulted in a small book being published in 2009. "Letters Home, A National Serviceman's Sketchbook" ISBN 1-84683-072-9

Barry James, who lives just outside Eastbourne, wrote to say that he was particularly interested in the item about the Beachy Head Marathon which his son-in-law had competed in 2008, and also the punishment methods of Messrs Blight and Bharrier. The article on the Evacuation filled in a few gaps, as it was just within living memory when he was at the College, and he has seen the grave at Mayfield of the unfortunate boy killed in the Cinema bombing. Barry married a Derbyshire farmer's daughter which for a College Old Boy must have been a singular achievement, and over the years has been able to visit her relatives in and around Bakewell and Ashbourne. He even worked on the farm occasionally, but is relieved to say this has not happened recently!

John Bunce wrote in May last year to say that he was one of six artists from the Chobham Art Group who would be exhibiting their work at the 10th Surrey Artists



Open Studio event at the Cobham Community Centre. His work was also exhibited in October when the Woking Society of Arts held their first open exhibit at the Lightbox Gallery in Woking. I mentioned this to Phil Leeder at last year's Remembrance Day Mass, who told me that he had attended similar exhibitions of **John's** work in pre-

vious years and could confirm that it was of a commendably high standard and well worth the journey.

Tom Purcell, who travelled from South Africa to attend the Chairman's Luncheon in 2009 and the last year's Hall of Fame, reports that he has reinvented himself as a speaker, master of ceremonies and broadcaster. He presents a short sports report on Saturday mornings and provided a radio commentary for blind listeners on all the World Cup matches held in Cape Town.

Brian Smith a contemporary of Dave Rowles and Brian Sanders, who now lives on a farm a few miles south of Montreal, has re-established contact with his old friends after a gap of several decades. Brian moved to Canada in August 1958 and spent six years in the Royal Canadian Air Force becoming a Canadian citizen in June 1964. On leaving the service he spent some time teaching English in Spain before returning to Canada and taking up a teaching post at Concordia University in Montreal. He took early retirement in 1992 and is kept busy growing and freezing vegetables, mowing his lawn and maintaining the farm buildings.

**Eddie O'Brien** has sent me a copy of a recent parish newsletter that contains an article by Canon James Cronin a former pupil of the College and Dean of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark since 1992. The Canon describes the Cathedral as an inner-city parish, which is either rich or poor, with nothing in between, and his work organising large events for the Archdiocese of Southwark and fostering inter-faith relations. His success in this latter role augurs well for his appointment by the



Congregation for the Evangelisation of Peoples as the next National Director of Missio, part of the worldwide network of Pontifical Missionary Societies. Canon Cronin will take up his new appointment during the summer. We wish him every success in this valuable work.

John Cole, who was at the College from 1962 to 1968 while Bro. Peter was headmaster, emailed to say that he had stumbled across the COXA website and was struck by how many familiar names from the past jumped out at him. He was taught by, among others, Brian Sanders, Bill Kidd, Terry Clegg and Cecil Pocock. He was a contemporary of John Mansi and pretty sure that Tony Griffin, Peter Flaherty and Paul Tehan were fellow alphas. He moved from London some years ago and is now living on the Staffordshire/Derbyshire borders near the Peak District. He plans to keep an eye on the website and sends his best wishes to all his contemporaries.

Congratulations to Mick and Jean Weir who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary last year.

During the run-up to this year's Chairman's Luncheon, Tony Curtis emailed from Australia to say that he and his wife were well but getting older. He is looking forward to going onto the Australian Pension Bonus Scheme and receiving a lump sum payment in the near future. However, providing his contract is renewed he will carry on teaching and with his Research & Development projects. He sends his best wishes to all his old friends from the College.



Frank Jordan has moved from Cyprus and is now living and working in Belfast. Frank appeared in an edition of the BBC programme Countryfile earlier this year and could be seen, with Matt Baker the presenter, planting a Bevoir Oak in Minnowburn

Colin Garvey writes:

*Our year group from the College meets up every year at the Chairman's Lunch - sometimes 18 of us. We also meet from time to time in the Falcon at Clapham Junction. Invariably stories from school are told and re-told. These are some of my favourites.*

*In the early 60s our A level History group was waiting in the Small Arts room in Hollywood for Cecil Pocock to arrive. I went out to look for him. I came back in the room and said "No sign of Pokey." To my horror I saw Cecil sitting at the teacher's desk. with that bristling moustache, but with a half smile he said "Now look here, Garvey, in 20 years time you may be able to call me Mr. Pocock Sir, or Pocock, or even Cecil, but, Garvey, you will never, I repeat never, be able to call me Pokey." What a guy!*

*One time when I was a prefect, I went into Brother Peter's office, only to find him counting the building Fund on the desk (all sixpences!) I asked him something. He replied "Not now, Garvey, I've only got 2 pairs of hands." In my innocence I said "Don't you mean one pair of hands, Brother?" He looked at me sarcastically over his glasses, and didn't say a word. He enjoyed seeing me fall into the trap. I was kippered.*

*My memories of Bill Blight's Maths lessons are similar to **Wilson Bowers'** - I felt I had come in halfway through and had missed the explanation. One day one of our class asked him, "Please, sir, what's a binomial?" Bill knew very well, but retorted, "What's that got to do with porridge?"*

*Mr. Sheppee was a nice chap, if a little shy. He pronounced his rs like Pontius Pilate in the Life of Brian (this was years before) We tried to get him to say words with an r in. One day he shouted, "heaven knows I've twied, but all you do is laugh when I say pawabolar." We were weeping with laughter.*

*My favourite line of all came when I'd returned to Clapham in the 70s to teach. Dave Leathem and Paul West had a friend called Nicholas Nabokov, a lad with the most evil grin you ever saw. He once said to me in class, "Sir, are you married?" "Yes, I am." "But, sir, do you love her?" said with that evil leer. How could you keep a straight face?*

**Colin's** recollections reminded of my first experience's of Brother Peter's idiosyncratic sense of humour. When I started at the College in 1953, Brother Peter was briefly the form master of 1 alpha before succeeding Brother Joseph as headmaster, He also taught us Latin. One day he momentarily stopped imparting basic grammar, fixed me with a quizzical look and asked me if I had an older brother. Enjoying the sudden

attention, I confirmed rather proudly that I had. He then asked me if his name was Corrish, the name of a boy then in the fifth form. Bemused by the joke, I assured him very seriously that my brother and I shared the same surname. Smiling briefly he suggested that Corrish might be my cousin before continuing with the lesson....



Martin Farrell advised me that the episode of Eggheads which he described in a previous issue of Clapper was likely to be re-broadcast in August last year. He mentioned that he had managed to slip in a reference to Clapham College and suggested that I look out for it.

The occasional meetings at the Falcon mentioned by Colin Garvey are convened by Rich Clarke who flies in from Norway for the occasions. **Rich's** wife, Liv, is so thrilled by this arrangement that while he was over here last year she took the opportunity to buy herself a three-quarter length mink coat.

Lynn Carpenter, who attended this year's Luncheon at the Oval, has moved from Sutton to the bucolic delights of Sandwich.

Colin Garvey was among the mourners at the funeral of Brenda Gowan at Woking Crematorium last October. Our prayers and sympathy are with Mick Gowan at the loss of his wife and best friend after a long and bravely borne illness.

Dave Mackey has written to recall that he played in goal for all Old Boy elevens between 1978 and 1982. He remembers Dave Leathem, Dave Murtagh, Ray Murphy, Wilson Bowers etc. As a pupil at the College he remembers that the school 1st XI played in the All England schools final at Selhurst Park and earned a two all draw. This May is the 30th anniversary of the game and he hoped to organise some sort of reunion. As far as he can remember the team consisted of John Clynch, Tony McGarahan, Steve Curtis, Steve O'Neill, Brendan Costello, Roberto Petrozzi, Chimzie Anuwanyu, Tony Heath, Tony Jimenez, Ray Gibbs and himself. The team was managed by Graham Hudson and Carl Egan and subs included Mick Cusack and Julian Ramerios.

Gerry Morrison tells me that as a freelance Sports TV Director/Producer, he has had a busy year. As well as the usual stints at the Derby, Grand National, Royal Ascot, Badminton and Wimbledon, he has worked further afield. He has travelled to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia to help with the re-launch of Saudi TV's Horse Racing coverage; to Delhi for the Commonwealth Games covering Hockey; and to the Olympic Headquarters in Madrid, to help put together plans for the Equestrian Event in Greenwich for the 2012 Olympics, which he is directing.

I was delighted to receive an email from Len Luckhurst, one of my contemporaries. He stumbled across the COXA website via Wikipedia and another former pupil from the fifties, Pat McDermott. He is still in close contact with Mike Scott, who was in my form. Pat is living in Germany, Mike is living in England and Len has been living in Sweden for almost 50 yrs. Len is still teaching in the Department of Art Education

at Konsfack University College of Arts, Craft and Design, Stockholm but this could be his final year. Len and Mike both enjoyed this year's Chairman's Luncheon.

John Rudd tells me that he came across Terry Sewell on Friends Reunited awhile ago. Terry has recently retired and is living in Folkestone. John had been intending to track down Brian Cannon, another classmate. Unfortunately he learnt from Terry that Brian passed away quite suddenly in 2009. May he rest in peace.

Readers with a good memory may recall this photograph provided by Fr. Michael



Creech, which appeared in the Winter 2008 edition of this newsletter. Ron Kirby who started at the College in 1951, thinks that he may have been on the right of the picture. Ron is now retired and lives in Barton-on-Sea, Hampshire. He belongs to the Probus Club of the New Forest, arranges walks for them and would be willing to show any members of the Association,

who fancy a day out, around. To my surprise, Ron tells me that he attended my old



primary school, St. Joseph's, Camberwell, and that he was taught by the legendary Miss Rodley, who taught numerous future Clapham Xaverians including Colin Luke, Paddy Sullivan, David McBrien, Alan Shanks, David Carter, John Bunce, David Mellor, Michael Clements, Harry Purbrick, Stan Miller and myself. In later life Ron enjoyed an interesting career in the nascent computing industry starting on the ground breaking LEO (Lyons Electronic Office) computer at Cadby Hall, the headquarters of J. Lyons & Co, before moving to Scotland to join Honeywell where he taught Honeywell Service Engineers.

Gerard Burgess writes: *I left the College in 1951 and, after National Service in the RAF, married and had a son and two daughters. I now have nine grandchildren varying in age from eight to twenty-four: three of whom attend Downside, the Benedictine school near Bath. Harry, my eldest grandson, went to Marlborough College and Newcastle University before graduating from Sandhurst and following in his father into the Light Dragoons. Harry has already completed one tour in Afghanistan and is due for another this year. I retired in 1992 after a stimulating and interesting career in HM Customs and Excise. Then for thirteen years, I was the VAT advisor to the National Farmers Union. During my retirement my wife and I have travelled widely. Currently, I enjoy a game of golf a couple of times a week and am a keen bridge player. Some of us from the class of '51 still gather each year at the Royal Automobile*

*Club in Pall Mall for a reunion lunch and long may our good fortune last.*

John McKenna, one of Gerard's contemporaries writes from New Brunswick: *"I am working part-time for the Lieutenant-Governor of the province of New Brunswick, The Honourable Graydon Nicholas, who is Her Majesty's Representative here. He was appointed about a year ago and was at Buckingham Palace recently to meet with Queen Elizabeth."*

Mick Gowan, Colin Garvey and I were guests of Mike and Claudia Turvey when they were in London last summer and again earlier this year. On the former occasion we were joined by Cecil Pocock.

Malcolm Corey sent me his personal memories of the late Fr. Michael Aust: *"I met Michael Aust for the first time when I started at Clapham College in East Grinstead, in what turned out to be the last school year before the evacuation to Taunton. We lived, at home, about 300 yards apart and near the church on West Hill, Wandsworth, variously called St. Thomas of Canterbury or St. Thomas à Becket.*

*I returned home at weekends every three or four weeks and we usually made the return journey together, via Clapham Junction station, early on Monday mornings. It was one such journey that we were approaching East Grinstead station and I was provided with a lasting memory of Michael. He was two or three years above me and was holding my school cap out of the train window, as one does. He was threatening to let it go, when to his amazement he did.*

*On arrival at the station two sheepish schoolboys asked and got permission to walk back along the trackside to find my cap about 200/300 yards away. On the train it had seemed more like a mile. I don't think that Health & Safety were much in evidence then.*

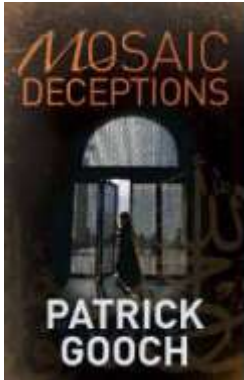
*I always remembered how Michael stayed with me and generously gave his support and retrieved the situation. I remember questioning whether or not I would have performed so admirably if the situation had been reversed.*

*In the Order of Service for his funeral mass mention is made of his brother Derek who was killed, when the fire station opposite the West Hill church was bombed. A memorial plaque naming those killed has been installed in recent years in front of the station. I met Michael and Derek's mother, for the first time, some years after the bombing, but never realised until two years ago that she too was working in the fire station when it was bombed. She was buried in the rubble, but was rescued and survived."*

Every year a number of Old Boys travel considerable distances to attend the Chairman's Luncheon. This year was no exception, but unfortunately one Old Boy made the journey only to find himself prevented by illness from making the final stage of the journey to the Oval. Colin Luke, despite having had major surgery in recent years, was determined to undertake the flight from the Cayman Islands to meet old friends at the Luncheon. His cousin, who met him at Heathrow, told me that he was alarmed to see Colin visibly suffering as he was wheeled into the arrivals lounge. Unable to come to the Luncheon, Colin returned to the Cayman Islands earlier than planned, where he was advised by his doctor that he was fortunate to have survived a pulmonary embolism that could have killed him. I have spoken to Colin several times

since and am pleased to report that he has now recovered, is in good spirits and looking forward to attending the Luncheon in the near future.

Patrick Gooch writes: As an `Old Boy` (1948-55) - certainly in terms of age – I was delighted to renew the acquaintance of many I haven't seen for almost fifty years at the Chairman's lunch . Not one of them had changed... at least not in spirit! Since retiring at seventy, and passing the business reins to my elder son, I started on yet another career – writing novels. The years between renewing COXA friendships have treated me very kindly. I have worked as a marketing professional for international companies, as the chief executive of a British government-inspired trade council and have lectured at the Central School of Art and Design. I was awarded the `Commander of Civil Merit` by King Juan Carlos of Spain for my work promoting Spanish cuisine. Married with two sons, I live close to the Ashdown forest in East Sussex. My second book *Mosaic Deceptions* was published earlier this year and is available online and from all good bookshops.



Tony Jimenez, a former Vice-President of Newcastle United with responsibility for player recruitment, has emerged as a member of the board of Charlton Athletic FC following its acquisition by CAFC Holdings Limited.

Congratulations to Matt Benedict who was married in Brooklyn Bridge Park at 2 pm on 11th September last year, The wedding reception was at Galapagos Art Space, and the lucky lady was Rachel Johnson.



I notice from a letter that he wrote to the Guardian about the 150th anniversary of the birth of Rabindranath Tagore that Karl Sabbagh, who was the guest speaker at a recent Chairman's Luncheon, is now the Managing Director of the Hesperus Press. An independent publisher of classic and contemporary authors, the Hesperus Press has published some 300 works.

## **T**he Chairman's Luncheon

This year's Luncheon was attended by over two hundred Old Boys and their guests. This year everyone was able to proceed directly to the England Suite, so there was ample time to socialise and enjoy a free a drink, or two, before sitting down to eat. The three course luncheon was very enjoyable, although one Old Boy subsequently offered to do the catering himself in future and suggested that there should be more vegetables. The inimitable Colin Garvey welcomed the guests with his usual blend of good natured humour. Anyone who has been the butt of his cleverly constructed myths in previous years might have been waiting anxiously as he welcomed our guest of honour, Archbishop Peter Smith. However, there was no need to worry and the Archbishop's letter of thanks showed that he thoroughly enjoyed the warm welcome he received and appreciated **Colin's** introduction. Mark Gay, the guest speaker was witty and very informative about his experiences as a Sports Lawyer and his speech was perfectly timed for a well fed and oiled audience. Brendan Williams conducted the now traditional game of heads or tails with his usual aplomb and succeeded in raising valuable funds for the Association and sending Richard Hrynkiewicz home considerably better off. As in previous years, conversations continued for many hours as old friendships and acquaintances were renewed.

Thanks as always are due to **Eddie O'Brien** and Mick Power for all the hard work they put into organising this event.

## **A**'s and Alpha's

It was encouraging to hear that Ed Urbanski (A) remembered me and enjoyed reading my recent submissions to Clapper. Even in such a small school, the Alphas and the A's did not mingle completely and become well acquainted., mainly due to being taught in our forms with no setting until the 5th year, when those who had adequately passed O-level Maths or English Language were put into combined classes taking Additional Maths and English Literature, which is when Ed and I were class mates. Those of us who played in school or house football or cricket teams did get to know a select few from the other form, and there was of course the 4th year Paris trip which in my case (an Alpha) introduced me to A's, with two of whom I still keep in touch, albeit sporadically. (Kevin Cassandro, Charlie

Efford, and I meet up every few months and attempt to spend more on dinner than the previous outing; the target is now north of £400.)

Actually, my first awareness of the A's was in the first week, when bands of 2nd and 3rd years started interrogating first years at break: "You, your name Wilson?" Clearly they were seeking an A as there was no Wilson in 1 Alpha, Zazzi following Smith. The reason for this interest was, we discovered eventually, that Wilson was a Christian name; it seemed that such did not exist in the universe of certain older boys. I never did ask Bowers what happened to him once identified. So, A's could have funny first names....

We had different subject teachers, reasonably so to provide teaching continuity but reducing common experiences. The Easter 1965 Paris trip did certainly break barriers; several boys were hauled to the local Cop Shop having been caught shoplifting during our trip to Les Grands Magasins. Stores in London were then still of the counter-with-goods-and-assistant-behind style, rather than having goods openly on display for unattended inspection by customers. I recall that it was mainly LP's being shoved up jumpers which was spotted by in-store plain clothes cochons. Even though larcenous propensities in Catholic school kids had not been eliminated, you would think that being Grammar school boys suspicions would have been aroused; it was just far too easy. Cecil Pocock and Brian Sanders had to spend a number of hours exercising their excellent French to extract their pupils from le merd. I have no idea how CP and BS managed this; they certainly did not want to discuss the matter, and how they prevented Xaverian transfers to Devil's Island. As far as I can recall the culprits were mostly A's... so, mix with A's and you are heading towards a life of crime....

My other memory of encountering an unfamiliar A was when we formed a school cross-country team in the 4th year, giving competitive winter sports opportunities to those of running but not footballing ability. Richard Hryniewicz was an A who joined the team, and seeing his picture in a recent Clapper reminded me of this incident. Richard's father was a pilot in the RAF during the war - leader of a Polish Squadron even I think - and apparently Richard would come to school occasionally with selected items from an extensive home arsenal. We had been to an inter-school run at Greenwich Park and afterwards we were walking back alongside the high spiked railings of the Park down to Maze Hill station, when some local urchins inside the Park decided to volley abuse at the presumed posh kids in their poncy blue blazers, from their apparent position of safety. We rebuked and then ignored these irritants for a while, after which Richard had had enough; he stopped, put his kit bag on the pavement and from it removed a second world war Luger, and levelled it through the spikes at our young tormentors. "Blood running cold" does not do justice to their rapid change of outlook and likely longevity. Hmm, interesting I thought: A's come to school "tooled up". Needless to say, it was explained to me later that Richard was unique in this respect.

Once in the Sixth Form of course, Alpha's and A's were as one, collaborating even on "The Cavendish Tales", an extra-curricular literary opus of some quality. Charlie Doble and "Hattie" Jacques (A's), and Paul Zazzi and Gerry Salmon (Alpha's) come to mind as the authors. Modelled on Chaucer's great and bawdy work and concerned with lunchtime meanderings on the streets of SW11, it deserves a Clapper article with full publication; suffice to say that mention of strumpets in The Lombard Café - at the bottom of Balham Hill and a regular lunchtime hangout - had Signora Lombardi, when foolishly shown the work, visiting the school complaining to Brother Peter about his pupils and their libellous writings concerning her daughter. I think that Gerry Salmon has the original manuscript still? And what did Bro. Peter have to say to the Johnnies in question?

*Mick Duffy (Alpha and Charterhouse)*

## **F**rench with Tears

Bro Hugh taught us French in the first three years, he was a slightly built man, always neat and tidy, even dapper, if you can be dapper in a black habit. On reflection I see him as having a walk like Hercule Poirot disguised by the habit.



I liked Bro. Hugh, he always treated us with respect being endlessly patient with our poor efforts to come to terms with a new language. I think we got on, although I was a poor student I did try. Once Bro. Hugh asked the class to give him the name of the French underground during the Second World War, My hand was up in a flash. In shock Hugh pointed at me "Le Metro, Brother!" He laughed and I later heard that my joke went round the staffroom.

We students sat in rows at separate desks, and I remember one occasion when I got into trouble with Bro. Hugh. Behind me sat Emerson, Now Emerson was very good at Maths and Sciences but had no facility for Languages, in French he never bothered to pay much attention but looked for ways of passing the time. On the day in question he decided he would poke me in the back with his ruler. As I was concentrating on the lesson I was irritated and turned round in an effort to make Emerson stop. Bro. Hugh called my name telling me to stop bothering Emerson and face the front. I was incensed and worse still Emerson was sniggering away and still poking me in the back, I turned to swipe at my tormentor but Bro. Hugh having turned back from the blackboard saw me swing my arm, "Hixson, detention for you, see me at the end of the lesson!" I was mortified, I rarely got into trouble and I knew that I would have to explain my late arrival home, which would bring more, from my parents.

At the end of the lesson I tried to explain to Bro Hugh but he didn't want to know. I went looking for Emerson. At lunch break I found him outside the Gym, Emerson thought the whole business very amusing, until I threatened to punch his head. Adopting an exaggerated pugilistic pose Emerson danced on his toes "Come on then!" In those days, I was quite a fit lad, I played football, cricket, enjoyed running, but I was never a fighter, any sign of trouble and I was off. Emerson did not play any sport unless he had to and was generally considered a pratt. He was taller than I but probably weighed half as much. Emerson long of face, spotty, big nose, permanent dew-drop, Emerson was easy meat. But someone had taught him the basics of self-defence. Someone had realised that Emerson was the kind of boy who would need to defend himself against aggression. Someone must have guessed that with his looks and big nose he would be a target. I called him some choice names and swung a punch, determined to knock off that dewdrop, Emerson danced out of reach and bounced into range putting an educated straight left over my guard and onto my forehead. "That's it, you bastard!" I screamed and swung again, Emerson high on his toes, ducked underneath and landed a blow of his own. This was not going as planned, a crowd of boys had gathered, "Fight! Fight! Fight!" Try as I might I could not land a punch, he was making me look rather stupid. "Emerson, you bastard, you got me detention!" Emerson smirked and ducked away, wildly flailing I tried to grab him but to no avail, he was quick to spot the danger. So it went on, me trying to land a decisive blow and failing, he keeping out of reach. With no blood being spilt our audience drifted off in search of other diversions. The bell rang for afternoon classes, hurling insults and vague threats Emerson and I went our separate ways. I was still seething at the injustice of being given a detention after such provocation. He I suspect was happy at avoiding my attempted thrashing. During the afternoon I continued to seethe, and tried to think of some way of getting my own back. After the last class I made my way to the room where detentions were held. "What are you here for, Hixson?" asked the master. I explained that it was all a mistake, a great injustice. It did me no good and I spent an hour going through my French homework before being allowed to leave. Worse still I had to tell my parents why I was late home and received no sympathy at all. That night my mood darkened and by the time I reached college I was not speaking or responding to anyone. It was Wednesday, sports in the afternoon, Norbury was flooded and this meant a cross-country run, which nobody enjoyed, a jog round the outside of the common, nothing too strenuous. I saw Emerson in the gym as we changed into our running gear. A master was supervising so nothing but a blistering stare from me passed between us. Some fellows asked if I was OK, I said nothing. "What's up with you, moody bastard!" We did say "bastard" a lot back then. We were led across the road to the start and the master sent us off. At once I charged to the front and sprinted away at 440 yards pace leaving the others trailing. I had decided this would be how I would show them, they would realise that I was on a mission, by winning I would regain the respect I had lost, they would understand the injustice I had suffered. By storming away I would prove that I was in the right and that Emerson was a rotten bastard. I could hear the others calling to me

to slow down, so I put on a spurt, they speeded up and I, head down increased my speed. My stomach was churning, legs were burning, heart pounding, I wiped away my tears as I sobbed great breaths. On and on I plunged driving myself forward, but it was not going to work. Johnny Barrett a useful runner, short but quick, usually in the first two or three had closed up and ran alongside. "Frank! What's up? There's no need to go mad today." I tried to ignore him and ploughed on head down, but he could see my tears and asked what was wrong. Still running as hard as I could I started to tell the story, of Emerson, detention, how angry I was. All the emotion flooded out and as I spoke, a wave of relief washed over me, a great weight was lifted, Barrett counselled well. "Don't worry about Emerson he's a wanker, He's not worth it, not worth getting worried about!"

(I could write for EastEnders). At that moment we heard shouts and laughing behind us. Barratt saw the situation, turned and raced off. I had been so busy talking we'd gone the wrong way! The wrong side of the pond. Barratt had rejoined the leading group, I exhausted from the run and my emotional confession tried to make up the lost ground. Once again the tears welled up, my head was exploding. In the distance I saw the leaders passing the finish. I tried to sprint staggered over the line well down the field and flung myself to the ground, totally shattered. Lying face down chest heaving I opened my eyes to see a pair of grubby plimsolls, pale hairless mud spattered legs without muscle, faded blue shorts, scrappy vest over a weak chest. It was Emerson, lopsided smirk, dewdrop intact. A triumphant Emerson. I had been beaten by B\*\*\*\* Emerson!

*PS Apologies to Michael Emerson, like most of the boys who did not play sport the Old Boys passed him by. I am sure that we made our peace.*

*Frank Hixson 1957/63*



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