



## **Memories of former pupils and teachers**



**Reg Whellock**

**(Pupil at the School 1926-1932)**

Reg was a faithful supporter of the OCA.

He sadly passed away in 2015.

Date: 19<sup>th</sup> July 2007

Present: Reg Whellock, Isabel MacLeod (Doreen Whellock)

RW: Where shall we start? School? If I suddenly get an “intellectual interlude” – as I now call “senior moments”, Doreen can be called on as my memory bank.

[IM: Where did you go to Primary School?] Primary? It wasn't called primary. [IM: Elementary?] It was Ingram Elementary [IM: That's what became Selhurst? At Thornton Heath?] Yes. Years ago I lived in Cranbrook Road, which is parallel with Northwood Road, which carries on up Spa Hill to Beulah Hill. When I was about eight years old, probably, my mother used to send me down Northwood Road with a little tiny miniature milk churn. I used to go to a farm at five o'clockish to get the milk. They were milking the cows then and I used to get two pints. I can't believe there was a farm there. Do you know where Ingram was? Well, at the end of Ingram Road there were fields, which became a bridleway, a vast area with a lot of allotments to the north, up to the woods and Beulah Hill, and it used to be my playground, with the fellow next door. There was a big pond in one place and we were fishing there for newts, someone brought a great crested newt out – about six inches long with a long crest and fiery underbelly, looking rather like an iguana, a dragon. We were horrified. Also I learned an expression. Bob and I were out there by this pond and the workmen were there and they'd got a little push railway up the hill to Beulah Hill, and they were doing some building, up beside the track – it wasn't a road and they were putting in a wall, probably some services. I heard one of them say “Old Bill's up there, dying for a drink”. We hadn't seen anyone dying, so we rushed up to find this person dying, but we never found anybody. So we went back down to the bottom and were on our way home when we saw an errand boy on a bicycle, which had a small wheel at the front and a big metal frame on which you could put a crate of beer. I discovered what “dying for a drink” meant!

I won a scholarship at the age of 12. We had two entries at 11+ and 12+. My birthday being in September meant that I went in late and they put me in 2B because 2A was already full up - with John Gooding and Ray Carter! So I stayed in the B form all the way through – so did Len Holbrook and “Baggy” Davenport and we all got Matric at the end of it. I went into the 6<sup>th</sup> Science with John Gooding, Alan Ford and a fellow called Harvey. John Gooding stayed on and became a government chemist. I went to University College where I read Zoology and Comparative Anatomy etc. Alan Ford went to Imperial where he got a Royal Scholarship and he studied Zoology there. We were great friends up until his death a few years ago.

Three vivid extra-curricular memories were when “Smiler” King took me on school trips abroad. I think Ray Carter was on all three. The first one was when we went to Paris and had about three nights in a hotel and then we went outside Paris and camped in the grounds of what we call a public school (a private school). We used to go into Paris and Fontainebleau. It was my first experience of camp. We didn't have the sort of camping gear you have now. We had a groundsheet and a blanket, which we did up with the pins that the Scots wear on their kilts: blanket pins. It was a wonderful experience and this was just before I took the equivalent of O levels, but more important I *wanted* to go on Smiler's subsequent camps. About two years later I went to Anney with him. That was an experience. We went up Mont Blanc. Next we went to Santander when I was about 18. I disagree with some of the figures that have appeared elsewhere. The one to Paris was four guineas, the one to Anney was seven guineas and the one to Santander was seven guineas all in. John Gooding was on that one because I had a photo of him fast asleep on board ship. It was amazing how Smiler took eighty people to Santander. He had some Rover Scouts as well. He used to go abroad in the holidays and suss these places out. I liked old Smiler, I thought he was wonderful. He gave me a love of travel. Then when I joined the Navy I never got out of the Atlantic or the North Sea, but I did experience travel in America and France. So I pay a tribute to Smiler.

Whilst I was at University I had to find other sources of income. One was as organist and Choirmaster at the church in Rockmount Road, Upper Norwood. I also used to play the organ at St John's in Upper Norwood, in Auckland Road. That had a wonderful organ, probably the third best organ in the whole of Croydon. I used to play in the afternoons for Sunday school. The last curate I remember was Brian Chapman, and the Vicar became the Bishop

of Gibraltar and went missing during the War. I ran across Brian Chapman, when I was doing my officer training, because he was chaplain to HMS King Alfred. It's amazing how you meet up with people.

In 1936 I had applied for the post of Biology master at King James VI Grammar School in Knaresborough, Yorkshire and it was a wonderful experience developing my teaching skills. I had some remarkable pupils. One of them, who is still alive, is a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was in the same lab as Watson and Crick, who got the Nobel Prize for DNA. The head of the lab was Perutz who got the Nobel Prize for work on haemoglobin. John Smith was working on nucleic acids in raspberries at the time. The others were all working with animals and DNA. John Smith was one who came with other sixth formers to a lumber camp that I ran in July, 1940. It was a beautiful site above Gouthwaite Reservoir near Pateley Bridge in Nidderdale.

Then the War broke out and I was reserved, and wasn't allowed to join up. But in 1940, in July I was de-reserved, so I had to join up. I wrote to the Admiralty and said that I understood that, as a University Graduate, I could get a Commission. They said "You are over 25, so you can't". I had to join up in 'bell-bottoms' as an Ordinary seaman, and after six weeks training I found myself on Atlantic convoys going over to Halifax, Nova Scotia, being lucky because we didn't lose a ship: whereas the convoy in front of us, at one time lost 54 ships in the forenoon. It was thoroughly boring looking for periscopes of U-boats and keeping a look-out for enemy aeroplanes. We never saw one once. I had a wonderful Warrant Officer Gunner in charge of all the armaments and he decided that with my experience of life, I suppose, and University I would do better in his office. So, I worked in the gunnery office and I slept at night underneath the battery of four 4" guns, anti aircraft guns. I worked on a mechanical calculating machine, there were seven of us, all feeding in – height of plane, bearing of plane, speed of plane, your own speed - and deciding what timing to put on the nosecap of the shell before you put it in the gun. That was my final job to do all that. He said I ought to apply for a commission so I became a CW, Commission and Warrant candidate, and we were called WC candidates in the messdeck!

At one stage we were patrolling in the Arctic Circle, which was an amazing experience: the Northern Lights and what I call the Music of the Spheres – a musical noise in the background, and seeing the pancake ice off Greenland. Then I woke up one morning and I came on deck where we were anchored in the bay in Iceland and there was a wonderful ship in front of us, called the Hood. They decided I should go on the Hood, with five others, to get experience. So we took our kit bags and hammocks and went aboard the Hood – six of us. We were shown around and then they decided they didn't want any of us. There were 1400 on the Hood and they were all getting very irritable because they hadn't been ashore for weeks. So we were sent back to our armed merchant cruiser. When we got to Halifax with the next convoy, on Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> May 1941, Empire Day, all the Union Jacks were at half mast. We said "What's all this"? They said, "The Hood went down this morning". That was three weeks after I had been on it. I had a lucky life.

When I left my armed merchant cruiser, HMS Chitral, in Greenock I was sent back to Chatham before I went for officer training and I was at Chatham dockyard when it was being bombed at night. They hadn't decided what they were going to do with me, and I was put on cleaning latrines. To avoid the bombs, I got out every night to stay in Gillingham with an aunt and uncle and came back in the morning. I decided the best thing to do was to carry a sheaf of papers to avoid getting other jobs to do. I also decided that I should go back to school to learn navigation and then I would keep out of the way of waste-of-time jobs: I wanted to learn something. I was with my sheaf of papers crossing, diagonally, the parade ground, pretty big, and there was another man crossing doing the same thing. We met in the middle and it was Doug Rathbone. Doug said he had a draft chit to HMS Malabar. I said I had been there for a couple of days. It was Bermuda, the dockyard. So I gave him some addresses

Then we got back to Greenock, the port for Glasgow, and they packed six of us off to HMS King Alfred, which was Lancing College, a land based ship and after a couple of months there, we were considered as trained in various skills, including navigation. We used to go to Shoreham for ship handling in a harbour there, and then for a final experience we went to Hove swimming pool building which was underground. That was the final part of training at HMS King Alfred. My great friend all through this was Patrick Troughton, the actor – one of those who played the role of Dr. Who. Patrick Troughton was quite small and there was a third fellow who worked for the LCC in County

Hall, and this other fellow and Patrick did a burlesque. I played the piano. Patrick dressed us up in old fashioned collars, 19<sup>th</sup> century, cut out of cardboard, fitted us up for a burlesque.

Patrick and I were sent to Fort William, and I decided that I wanted to go on "little ships" as they came into port more often. I didn't like these other ships that stuck at sea too long. So I joined Coastal Forces and was based at Lowestoft. MGBs and MTBs and MLs. I went on patrols looking for e-boats all the way round to Ramsgate and Portsmouth. I spent quite a lot of time at Ramsgate, which was very pleasant, and then in 1942, August, we had to have a refit at Harwich and we had a few alterations in the dockyard, and then we went up to Ipswich to have a clean up in dry dock, so I said, "Can I have a leave to go and get married?" I had a week off, came up to Yorkshire, got married and went back. I took Doreen with me. We had a week's honeymoon at the Old England at Lake Windermere. I understood it was the hotel where Seagrave and/or Campbell of Bluebird fame, used to stay when they raced on Coniston. Because my ship was still in dry dock, we also had a week at Ipswich, which was very pleasant, gave us extra time together. This was all in August.

Then Doreen went back, I rejoined my ship and I think we went round to the Isle of Wight. I was taken off the ship in Ramsgate and had an operation. When I recovered, which was fairly quick, they sent me to New York to bring back a ship. I was a spare Commanding Officer. In New York they debated for about a month what ship I should get and they sent me to a shipyard in Newport News, Virginia, where I accepted twelve ships under Lend-Lease and crewed them, and sent them off to various places. They were all anti submarine patrol boats. I sent eight to Jamaica, because they were looking for where the U boats were hiding in secluded bays, to give their men a run ashore: the idea was to catch them in their hideaways. And the four I had, I took to Bermuda. I had been to Bermuda for two days on the armed merchant cruiser before and made some good friends – including Gladys who was brought up near Mayday Hospital. She was a housekeeper and introduced me to her employer. I'm still in touch with the daughter who was 9 years old then.

I left Bermuda in July 1944 because there weren't any U boats there at that stage of the war. I managed to join up with a ship of the American Navy, and they dropped me off at Boston. I got the train to New York and came back on the Queen Mary with Winston Churchill, returning from the Quebec Conference. I know the date roughly because, as we approached Ireland, he broadcast to the whole ship's company, which included thousands of American soldiers who were coming to help with the push in Europe, and he said that we had had a terrible disaster at Arnhem. Arnhem was about September '44, and I got back to Glasgow, Gourrock on this occasion, and was then sent to Portsmouth as a spare Commanding Officer to take any small ship across to France that was needed. I did go to Le Havre, which was by then fairly peaceful, as they had driven the Germans almost to the Rhine. Then I got a telegram from the Admiralty. Just had three words on it "REQUEST YOUR RELEASE" I went to the Commanding Officer's at Portsmouth, and he told me that the country was getting worried about the lack of maths and science teachers in the schools in England. Churchill was reviewing the situation, and there was a recommendation that all scientists and mathematicians in the forces should be released. I was sent back to my school on 1<sup>st</sup> January 1945. Of course the War wasn't over. I was given a free demob suit when I returned to "civvy-street". In due course I received my war medals: 1939-45 Star, 1939-45 War Medal and the Atlantic Star with the France and Germany Clasp.

Early in 1945 National Savings held a special promotion **Warship Week** all over the country. Lord Mackintosh, in charge of National Savings, lived in Knaresborough and made sure the town would be active in raising a lot of savings. The local sponsor was Percy Doulton of cornflakes fame and I was the Royal Naval Officer who had to encourage the local population to dig deep into their pockets and buy NS certificates in that special week. The speeches in the Market Square were followed by a dinner for local dignitaries in the Town Hall.

In 1946 a job came up at John Ruskin in Tamworth Road, which was by then a Grammar School. I had to get Admiralty permission to apply for it and I was successful. We lived in Shirley. We moved into a house in Shirley in January 1947, near St John's Church. Our daughter was born in Yorkshire, March '46, so she was over a year old. John must have been on the way. I used to cycle because you couldn't buy a car in those days unless you had a reason for it, needed it for business. I eventually got a second hand Ford from the owner of the Shirley Poppy. I

think he was anxious to get rid of it because it wasn't a very good car. It was difficult to buy cars, although I had one all through the War, up on bricks, in my parents' garage, because they lived in Shirley too.

At Ruskin I was Head of Biology and I was there for 10 years down in Tamworth Road, then they moved up to Shirley, by the windmill near Shirley Hills. The architect designed the Biology Department and the garden and the pond all around my requirements, whereas in Tamworth Road I was in a pre-fab. I had a good time there. I wrote my text book, which was a great success. In 1946 September when I started in Croydon I had a phone call from Dr Boyd of Croydon Polytechnic. Would I teach the equivalent of A level in Biology or Zoology? So I taught there two nights a week for 17 years, and to my disgust there isn't a physical science course left in Croydon College, it's all MBAs, Nursing, Media Studies, and tons of IT. I am disgusted. How are we going to get our scientists for the future? Gordon Brown says he's spending a lot of money on the Universities, they advertise this, but for science you have to have labs, which are more expensive, so they used to give two times the grants that they gave for arts students, as they only needed libraries. Gordon Brown cut that to 1.7, and so many of the university science departments couldn't afford to go on. Thirty universities have given up their chemistry departments. I am pretty fed up about that.

In '46, when I went to Ruskin I saw an advert for Matric Examiners in Biology, London University. The Chief Examiner turned out to be one of my chief friends from University, Alan Dale. The other examiner was hopeless, so Alan and I had to get down to it and mark all the exam papers from Nigeria. Pretty cheap money because they weren't very good – the poor candidates were writing in a second language, of course. I decided to write my book: General Biology. I wrote it for my pupils at Ruskin. One day a book traveller from John Murray turned up, and he noticed this and said could he take it and see if they were interested? They called me to John Murray and said very sorry, we've decided there are too many biology books in our list at the moment. I daren't go to Alan Dale's publisher, Heinemann, because he was there. I was competing with him, I tried English Universities Press. I got a call up to see this young fellow, about 24 he was, tall blond fellow, little desk in the corner of a big office. He said, "I'm sorry we can't publish this" and sent me a letter of rejection – and his name was David Attenborough. I met David Attenborough many years later at a dinner at the Royal Society rooms and he apologised to me! Then a traveller came from Harraps and they published it. It was a good fillip for me.

By this time I had quite a lot of friends in the examining world. One of my friends who was a Biology master at Whitgift, said "Why don't you try Cambridge, I'm at Cambridge as well as London" I tried and they appointed me. In no time I was Chief Examiner, and I was Chief Examiner for 15 years. I had to run courses overseas. The first one was in India, I took Doreen with me and we had a fantastic time. The word Cambridge – you can go anywhere with that. We were invited to dinner to meet the Maharajah and the Maharani of Jaipur – he wanted to get his son in to Cambridge and he thought we could help. Contacts like that were marvellous. I went to India a second time, I went to Uganda, Kampala and I was working in Mackerere University for a few weeks. I went to Malaysia, to Kuala Lumpur several times running courses. With the word Cambridge behind you everyone wants to meet you. I met some fantastic people. I've since been back to India and Malaysia on holiday. All this experience of travel to far off places and my earlier travels with Smiler, and in the Navy, led me to plan many exotic holidays for my family.

When I was at Ruskin one of the French masters used to deliver cars for the Americans, Hillman Minxes, to Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Madrid, at weekends. The Americans would come over, run them for six weeks and then they had to be brought back and sold, second hand, in England - and he had to find drivers to do it. I went to Paris and brought one back. I made friends in Paris and the friendship has continued through my daughter. I got a yen for travelling. I met a tremendous number of people, through examining. My panel at Christmas on the Cambridge exams was about a hundred: that takes a bit of controlling. I spent most of my time checking examiners. I used to go up every August to Cambridge and spend about three weeks there, checking the marking and deciding whether they would be appointed again. Partly because of this I was put on a Ministry of Education panel where I had to vet and equate the seven examining boards at A level in Biology and in other sciences. I didn't personally check the papers for the other sciences. I was involved in deciding whether such a subject should be presented and whether the syllabus was suitable. For example, one Examining board wanted an examination in Photography, which I decided wasn't academic enough. It was called then the Secondary Schools Examinations Council.

When I left Ruskin I went to Wandsworth Comprehensive School – everyone told me I'd committed professional suicide by going to a Comprehensive School. I was head of Science. I had 21 teachers, or lecturers, 6 lab assistants and 13 labs/lecture rooms. Of course Wandsworth was very well known for its choir. It was ahead of Trinity. Trinity is now a wonderful choir. It was a fantastic school. I was allowed to appoint my own staff by the Head. I got on very well with the Head, a Yorkshireman. I had some super staff there.

When I went to Wandsworth I inherited six strapping lads who were all doing Zoology and Botany in the 6<sup>th</sup> Form. They were all in the rucker scrum. They asked me if teachers were not well paid. I said, "You can say that again". They said they all had a job that might appeal to me, two nights a week locally, no questions asked, no income tax, all above-board, paid for by the local Council. They thought I might like to earn a bit extra. They all had the job but wanted me to go with them. I asked, "What is the job?" "Washing bodies in the mortuary on Clapham Common." I said, "You can count me out!", so they all turned the job down! They all decided to take a Saturday morning job at Young's Brewery in Wandsworth High Street and didn't want me to help! The hooker, who is now a retired Professor of Geology, rang me up and said they had a lot of money because they had sold the rucker ground: the school is closed. As I took part in writing a chapter in a book on Wandsworth School and they wanted to publish it, they wanted to hold a dinner at the House of Commons and invited Doreen and me. They paid for the taxi too. We went and had a wonderful time.

From there I was appointed head of the McEntee Technical High School in Walthamstow, which was the biggest school in Walthamstow. I had Engineering, and Engineering Drawing. I had a wonderful Art Department and in the Sixth Form I had someone who taught Accountancy, and it was the biggest Department in the Sixth Form and the students all got through Accountancy A level in one year. I was invited by Schroders Bank to go up there for lunch one day and they introduced me to seventeen former pupils and they were all doing well. One had gone on to the Moscow Narodny Bank and he was on currency exchange for Russia. It was a very good and a happy experience for me, but I lived in Sanderstead and it was 18 miles over to Walthamstow through the Rotherhithe Tunnel and via Lea Bridge Road. It was in Walthamstow that I became a Rotarian.

Doreen was getting worried about my driving: 36 miles a day. When I began it was an hour and a half, but it was getting worse. Then I saw a job advertised for a Comprehensive School at Sutton: their first comprehensive school. Of course, I realised when I saw the other candidates that my experience at Wandsworth, and the headship of a Technical School which was a Grammar School as well, would help. So I opened the school in Sutton in competition with six Grammar Schools, which meant that I was only getting the "near cream", but I did insist that I should have a balanced intake. I had 200 children a year. We built up to 1200 pupils, which I think is too small. I don't think anything under 1500 is viable for a mixed ability place. Dulwich College had 1400 pupils. People said you shouldn't have big schools. They accept Dulwich College, but apply their criticisms only to Comprehensive Schools. And then Tony Blair labels them bog-standard, so everyone thinks a comprehensive school is bog-standard. At Greenshaw, when I left, I had 30 pupils a year going on to degree courses and people said, "That's not many - out of about 180 in the 6<sup>th</sup> Form". But our 6<sup>th</sup> Form included a Commercial section who weren't going to go to University. I had a wonderful Art Department. I got two into the Slade – brother and sister, without their having to take a Foundation Course.

Partly because of my textbook and partly because of my experience in examining I was able to attract a wonderful staff. We sent some pupils to Oxford and Cambridge, mainly Cambridge, although the first one went to Oxford. The latter pupil, a scientist took the part of "Oliver" at Wimbledon Theatre. I had quite a number who went to Cambridge, which delighted me because I always wanted to go myself - but didn't get a scholarship, so I couldn't go. The school made quite a name for itself. I retired in 1979 and they have had three headmasters since. The present one came from Milton Keynes and I think he has done quite well.

[IM: Which year did you go to Greenshaw?] I was appointed in '67, September '67. I had no school, no pupils, no secretary, no staff, nothing except a sea of mud and some iron girders. They gave me an office in the Education Department, in the attic and then they eventually found me a Secretary. I had to go round talking to men's clubs

and church groups to tell them what a comprehensive school was, and what we were proposing to do. So I had to advertise it, to get people interested. It was at this time that I was invited to join Sutton Rotary Club and this year will have been a member for forty years. Then I had to find the staff, get all the furniture in, all the textbooks. Doreen helped me with choosing the colours for the curtains in the Hall, and dining rooms etc. We had to devise a uniform for boys and girls and we had to find a badge for the school. Designing the badge was quite a thing. The chevron was because Greenshaw was on the top of a hill, backing on to St Helier Hospital, which you can see from Shirley Hills. In the Sutton coat of arms is the crossed keys of Chertsey Abbey, which extended right out to Sutton, so I decided to have the key of knowledge, and on the tines I have got GHS<sup>1</sup>, and then they thought the other quarter was a pawnbroker's sign with one ball missing, but it's supposed to be a governor! Do you know what a governor is on a machine? When the governor on a steam engine whirls faster, the two balls move outwards and higher by centrifugal force and regulate the speed of the engine. The symbol is used in heraldry for 'good government' – it's on the Coat of Arms for Bath University – but to me it's 'technology'.

Over at Walthamstow we were one of six schools which were written up for developing engineering, what they now call technology. These lads in their spare time were winning prizes. The one who developed a hovercraft used to practise in an underground passage under a roundabout. Another one developed apparatus for detecting underground metallic objects: they use them now for finding coins. It was wonderful what they did there – all got written up. So, I wanted technology at Greenshaw but all they gave me was an engineering workshop and a drawing office. Of course, I had woodwork but there again we did sculpture, mainly in wood. There was a wonderful member of staff who was a woodwork master, a wonderful sculptor. I've got one piece of his sculpture left. I was very proud of the school. It's still a fairly popular school, oversubscribed.

Also, I don't know whether you know this, but, if you live in Croydon, you can go to school in Bromley, or go to school in Dulwich, or you can go to Mitcham - or you can go to Sutton if you want to. In the same way I got people from Croydon, I got people from Mitcham or Morden. I think that's growing, the exchange, as more people find out. If they can't get a grammar school, they can get a school which includes some pupils with good academic ability and they will apply to Greenshaw. To begin with I insisted, that my catchment area was the whole of Sutton, which included Carshalton and Wallington and Cheam and so on. Exciting times.

[IM: You were saying earlier about your father. What job did he do?] He worked for an engineering firm that made pumps. They made the pumps for the Metropolitan Water Board reservoirs. There's a big one out at Hampton Court. You go through Hampton village, alongside the river where there is a left turn, and right on the corner there was a huge pumping station. These were enormous pumps that they were building and he was a shipping manager, which meant that he had to get them from the works in Newark where they were built, to Morocco, to Hampton, all over the world. When they carted them by lorry they had to have a police escort to clear the road because they took the breadth of the road. He would book the transport and when they got to the docks he would have arranged the shipping.

My mother was one of 15 in East Malling - they all did pretty well. I lost the last one in 2003. He was 105. I got all his War Medals – Legion of Honour, Distinguished Service Medal, from WW1 in 1916, Vimy Ridge: it was next to the Victoria Cross, so I've been told.

[IM: Was he a Croydon man?] He said he was born at that seaside resort "Berm-on-dsey". He used to tell me that we had someone who rowed in the Doggett Coat & Badge race. It's still rowed but it's very different. It's still rowed by six apprentices every year. Father used to tell me that we had an ancestor who rowed in the Doggett Coat and Badge, so I went to the Guildhall and said, "Can you tell me something about this company of Watermen and Lightermen". They gave me, on microfiche, all the members of Watermen and Lightermen Company from about 1790 up to WW1 and I started going through this. At 1805, I found John Whellock, and our name is spelt with an "h" and this was spelt the same way. I kept on getting Arthur Whellocks as it went up through the century and I got right up to the early nineteenth century. I have my grandfather's Freedom of the City of London and I've got a little

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<sup>1</sup> Greenshaw High School

book which is "Training for Apprentices" so I have decided that my grandfather must have been in it! He always promised to send me to the Bluecoat School down at Horsham. He went there when it was in London. But he was too slow, so my parents said, "You can go to Selhurst".

I tended to lose touch with the Old Croydonians because, when you go to University, you have to take part in University activities and I didn't have time for the Old Boys as well. When I decided to take a year's training for teaching, with practice at Whitgift (1935-36) I decided to join the Old Boys to play rugger. So I only had one year playing rugger for the Old Boys, not that I was very good, then I was in Yorkshire. I did try to keep in touch. Then when I came back from Yorkshire I joined the Old Boys. Of course Ray Carter and Eric Austin and a lot of others, Wally Camp, Doug and Geoff Rathbone had all been real supporters, so well-known, whereas Old Whellock wasn't known! It's only since the War that I've been able to be active attending meetings. I thoroughly enjoy them.