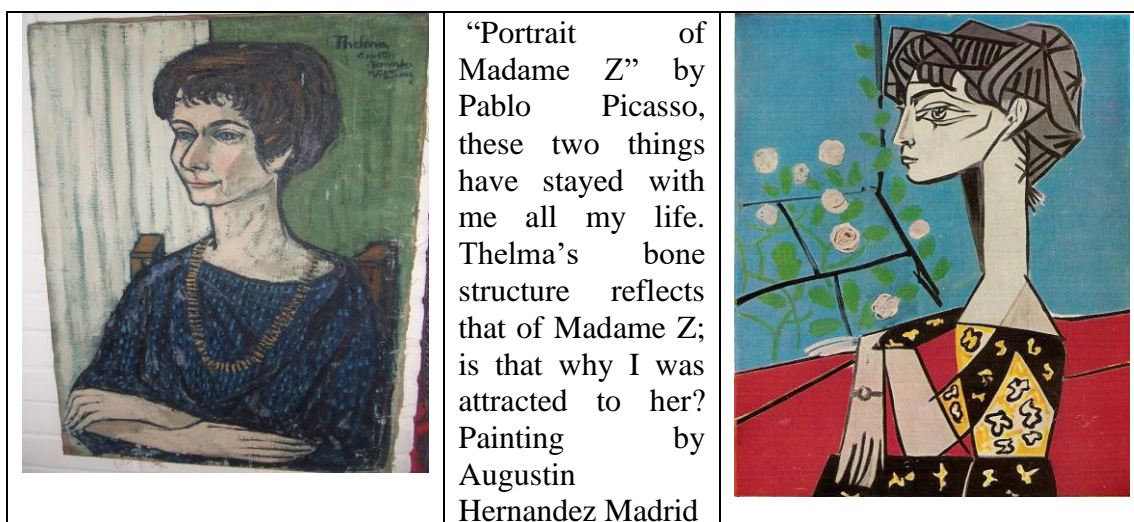


Chapter 13

King's Canterbury and 28 St Gabriels' Rd. were now my world. King's I came to live with, and I think it me. St Gabriels' was "home".

The juniors made their study room on the ground floor their social club, play area, study and personal space. We each had a desk, tuck box below and shelf above; it is significant that today I cannot remember who sat next to me. There are two things that I always had on my desk; the trunk fish I had caught, dried and painted in Mauritius and a post card



The dormitories were Ok but the beds very bad: iron bedsteads with lattice-work bed-springs and a mattress; they usually sagged terribly in the middle, I cannot remember if one was allocated a bed or if it was first come, first served. I got my fair share of both good and bad but I think everyone had mostly bad.

The matron looked after our medical needs and presumably ran the house from the point of view of cleaning, laundry and so on but pastoral care was just not in it. We sank or swam. If we had problems I don't know to whom we were supposed to take them to, probably the Housemaster. I can not think of anyone who had any "problems", we probably all had them but were not supposed to express them.

One who did have problems was Nicholson II from Newcastle, he was bullied and I am sorry to say that I did my fair share too—I disliked the fellow for no reason at all!

Some of the people:

Apcar—of Ukrainian descent unknown

AEH Bates, slight lisp, blondish and got on well with girls I think. He ended up as an accountant in Bermuda. The sons of Bates the famous author were also in Linacre but AEH (pronounced in a cockney manner) was not one of them

Bewley I think he died in West Indies. He brought us Rock and Roll from Jamaica before Bill Hailey's Rock Around The Clock.

John Drew; son of an editor of The Express Newspaper. He was clever with words, had a religious conviction and was a "good" person. I contacted him in 2008 and hope that we stay in touch. He writes poetry.

Duerinckx: Belgian.

“Flea” Elliott joined the forces and served in Sandgate barracks near Folkestone.

Mark Finburg did law and married Derachi from Iran, had two lovely daughters and I got a Christmas card from him this year (2008). Mark is a Black Belt at judo; he used to play a bit of trombone and race saloon cars. I saw something of him after we had left school. His brother was a Jaguar specialist and unfortunately lost an eye in an accident at his garage. I liked his parents; they were Jewish and his father had a chain of launderettes. Mark and Derachi passed through Guildford once and called on us at Churchill Road, I was pleased to see him.

Mark spent a year in Iran, must have been in the era of The Shah. He practiced law there but when one of his clients was dissatisfied with the result of a case Mark took on, the client pulled a knife and threatened to kill him. Their stay in Iran came to an end. I am looking forward to seeing him again.

“Mucky” Murphy from Fernhurst in the New Forest.

Out of alphabetical order is Lilley. He was a friend, he went on to work for a printer (De La Rue) and then became self employed. Why we were friends I have no idea, I don’t think we had much in common. We met up again about fifteen years ago and we have called in on him in Warminster a couple of times. He had a stroke in November 2008 and may still be in hospital.

As one progressed one went higher up the building under the roof—it was cold there.

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