

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL CAMBRIDGE

Also known as the Central Technical Grammar School for boys from 1953
(formerly the Upper Grade School) Park side, Cambridge 1913 - 1958.

A Record of collections and memories for
the Class of 1950-1955



Blazer Badge 1950 - 1955

A poem that will be understood by most of us of a certain age.

Back in the days of tanners and bobs,

when Mothers had patience and Fathers had jobs.

When football team families wore hand me down shoes,

and T.V gave only two channels to choose.

Back in the days of three penny bits,

when schools employed nurses to search for your nits.

When snowballs were harmless; ice slides were permitted

and all of your jumpers were warm and hand knitted.

Back in the days of hot ginger beers,

when children remained so for more than six years.

When children respected what older folks said,

and pot was a thing you kept under your bed.

Back in the days of Listen with Mother,

when neighbours were friendly and talked to each other.

When cars were so rare you could play in the street.

when Doctors made house calls; Police walked the beat.

Back in the days of Milligan's Goons,

when butter was butter and songs all had tunes.

It was dumplings for dinner and trifle for tea,

and your annual break was a day by the sea.

Back in the days of Dixon's Dock Green,

Crackerjack pens and Lyons ice cream.

When children could freely wear National Health glasses,
and teachers all stood at the FRONT of their classes.

Back in the days of rocking and reeling,

when mobiles were things that you hung from the ceiling.

When woodwork and pottery got taught in schools,
and everyone dreamed of a win on the pools.

Back in the days when I was a lad,

I can't help but smile for the fun that I had.

Hopscotch and roller skates; snowballs to lob.

back in the days of tanners and bobs.



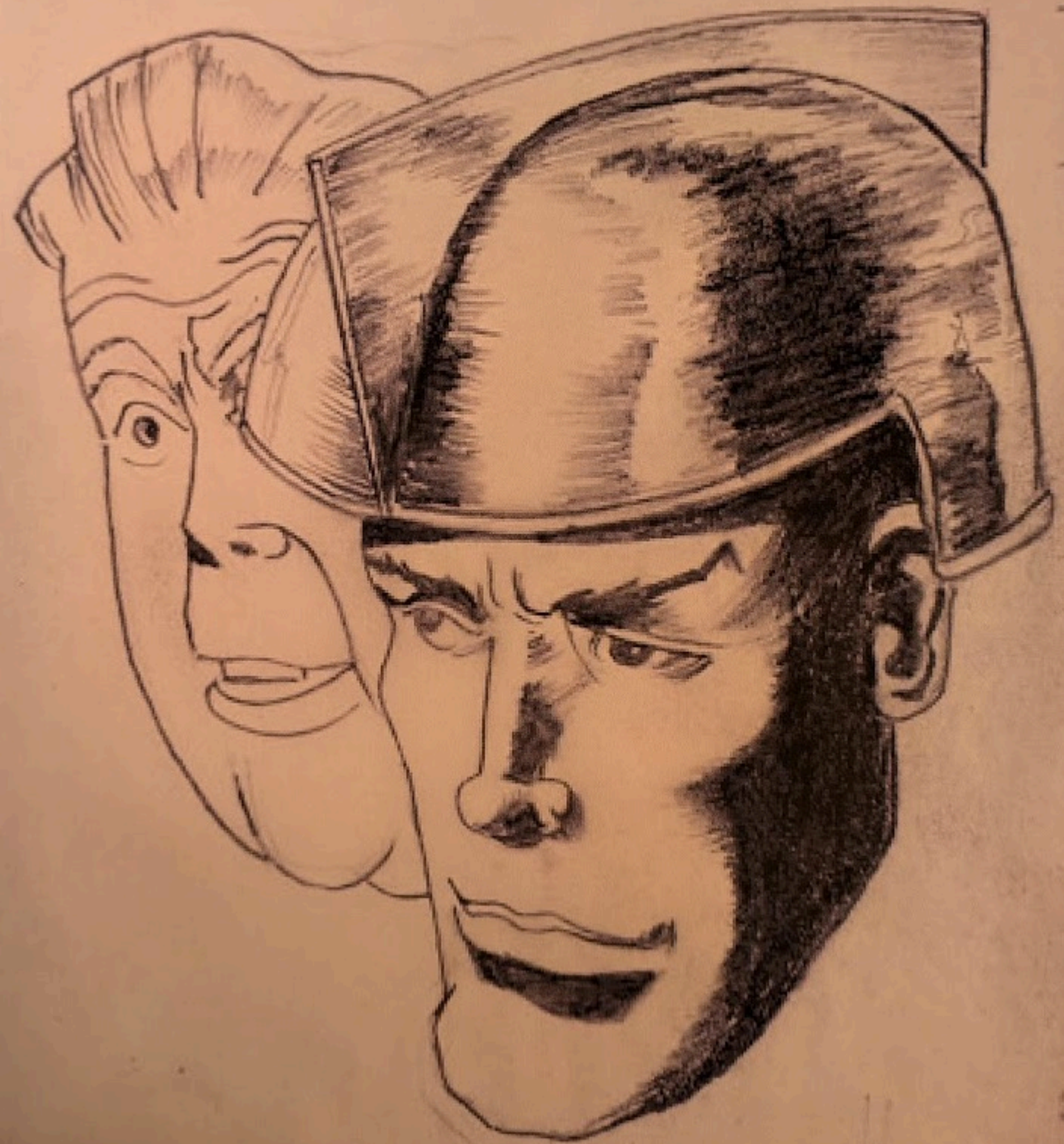
Nor were the cycle problems solved, as here in Sidney Street, October 1964. 'Sometimes . . . bikes are parked so closely in line that pedestrians cannot find space to cross over,' the newspaper had commented in 1934. 233211



Two old-established businesses ceased. Macintosh's ironmongers closed its Market Street shop in 1960, blaming congestion on Market Hill, and Matthew's grocers, Trinity Street, shut its doors for the last time in 1964. After 134 years they were no longer able to offer a traditional grocery service from a large city centre shop at the present rents. Tesco's opened in St Andrew's Street the same year but closed in 1983.

P.Mac.K62 25995

THE EAGLE 1951





To Celebrate the Life of



Dennis Newitt

19th April 1920 - 15th March 2012

St Andrew's Church, Stapleford
Thursday 29th March 2012 at 3.00 pm

SENTENCES AND OPENING PRAYERS

READING

Psalm 139: 1 - 13

HYMN

I Vow To Thee, My Country

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

READING by Ian Courts

TRIBUTE by Robert Courts

ADDRESS



HYMN

Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; to His feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour to our fathers, in distress;
praise Him still the same for ever, slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us; well our feeble frame He knows;
in His hands He gently bears us, rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels help us to adore Him; ye behold Him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before Him; dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

PRAYERS

COMMENDATION

BLESSING

THE INTERMENT WILL TAKE PLACE IN
STAPLEFORD CEMETERY AFTER THIS SERVICE.





The family thanks you for your presence here today and warmly invite you to join them for refreshments and to share wonderful memories of Dennis at
The Tree, Bar Lane, Stapleford CB22 5SS.

Donations to Alzheimer's Research UK and The Woodland Trust.



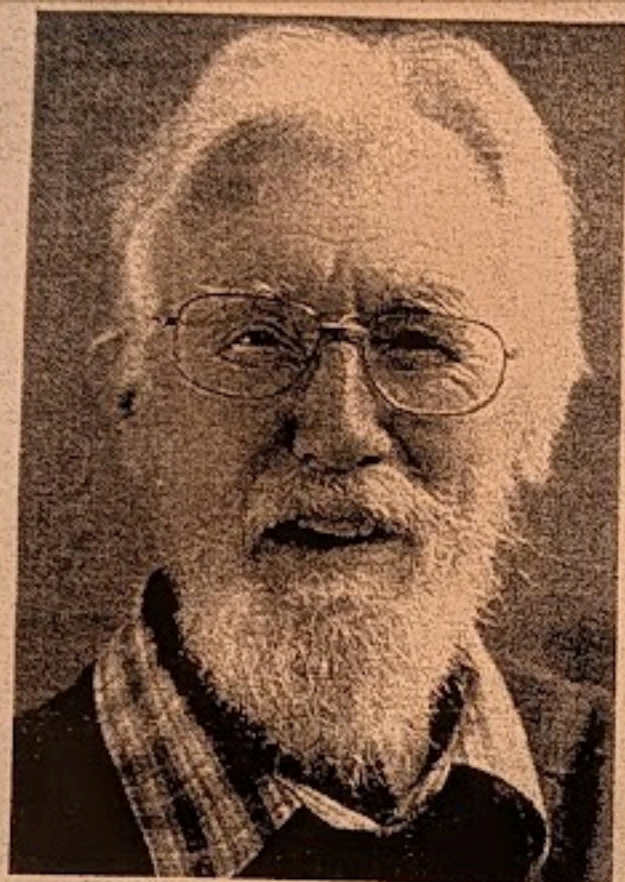
The **co-operative** funeralcare

34 James Street, Cambridge CB1 1HX
Tel: 01223 357046

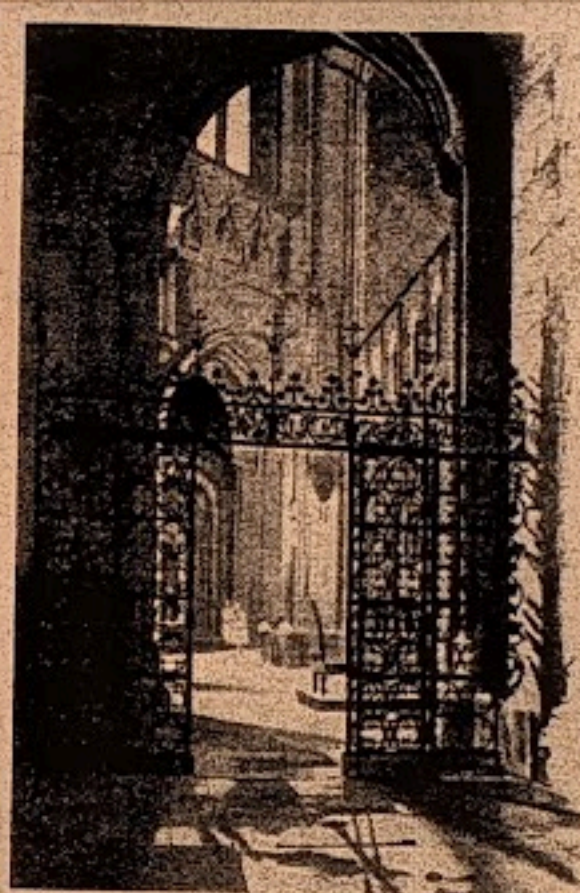
Richard Sell

RICHARD SELL, who died on 8 November 2008, had an advantage over me, his strict contemporary, in that he received a measure of art training before his enlistment in the army in 1942. He was therefore equipped to chart his way with detachment through his time in the Royal Indian Army Service Corps with a sketch-book and watercolours, the results of which were seen in a hastily arranged retrospective exhibition in Ely after he had been diagnosed with leukaemia.

Born in Berkhamsted in 1922, Richard lived in India from 1923-25 and 1928-30, before enrolling as a student at Chelsea School of Art, where he remained until 1941. In 1942 he joined the army and rose to the rank of captain, ending the war in Air Supply



Inspired draughtsmanship: Sell, and a lithograph from 1978



He became a member of the Sene-felder Group of artist-lithographers, and was the most patient craftsman I have ever known. He moved at his own sure, concentrated pace, a devotee of refinement, and this approach continued after he gave up all teaching in 1980.

Between sessions in his studio he liked nothing better than to be commissioned for pencil portraits, many of them of Cambridge University dignitaries. His sheer draughtsmanship was inspired. In that last retrospective, a recent drawing of his cat, spontaneous and strong, could have sold several times over. On visits and on holidays he worked with watercolours, but his forte was so obviously lithography, which benefited from his unhurried, firm approach. He stayed with his stones down the years, spurning metal plates. He liked complication, such as reflections in shop windows, and was prepared to stand on view for hours sketching the apparent contradictions in front of him, puzzled onlookers included. Carrying this into lithography often took many weeks.

Richard was honoured at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition of 1985 with the non-members' print prize and was further rewarded by the rapid dispersal of the other editions of his three prints on show. He made no attempts to find a dealer in London, although he was represented in several exhibitions there. He was ever drawn to the intricacies of ancient architecture and the "Cambridge Lace" ornamental wrought-iron work in Cambridge, where he lived for most of his life.

It was he who arranged, transported and hung a charity exhibition for three of us of a certain age a year ago last spring. Soon afterwards he was diagnosed with leukaemia - through which his patient demeanour changed not at all.

Anthony Day

If you would like to contribute an obituary of a friend, colleague or family member, please send a piece of no more than 500 words to Obituaries, 'The Independent', 191 Marsh Wall, London E14 9RS, by fax to 020 7005 2064 or by email to obituaries@independent.co.uk. We reserve the right to edit copy for length and style.

In Profile:

Readers have rushed to tell *Memories* about a much-loved teacher whose photo appeared in our *Remember the Face* feature last week, including Bernie Wallman of Great Shelford.



Who was the chap in the picture?

It was DB "Dick" Anriery, who was the geography master for many years at the old Central School at Parkside in Cambridge. This was before the move to Queen Edith's Way in about 1957, and the change of name to the Cambridgeshire Grammar School.

Was he a good teacher?

Dick was our form master during our years, 1950 to 1955. He was one of the best teachers you could ever wish to meet - 100 per cent committed to education, and he certainly fired me to a greater understanding of his subject.

Did he get involved in extra-curricular activities?

Yes - he gave freely of his time to run the photographic club, as well as being a leading light in the organisation and running of the school camps during the summer holidays.

Did you enjoy your time at the Central School?

It was a fine school during this time, under the headmastership of "Jock" Livingstone. They were of the "old school" and apart from formal education they also taught us right from wrong, a gift many of us still appreciate more than 50 years later. We still have informal gatherings of many of the surviving "boys" in our year.

Our thanks also to readers Mike Wisbey, Peter Amps, Andrew Gates and Bill Parr.

A local history doesn't have to make heavy reading. When Rowland Parker started to uncover new clues to his village's past, he built up a dramatic tale of murder, pillage and adultery. The book he wrote, *The Common Stream*, became a best-seller in hardback and is published this month as a paperback (Paladin, £1.25). *Leslie Geddes-Brown* reports.

Clues on the doorstep - the triumph of an amateur historian

Rowland Parker is an inch over six feet tall; the iron-hard oak beams in the living room of his Tudor cottage were an awkward two inches less. So, he says: "The 97th time I made contact a momentous decision was born: I decided to dig up the floor and lower it three inches."

That was the beginning of the end of 2000 years' nonentity for the Cambridgeshire village of Foxton. For, among the 66 barrowloads of chalk and soil Rowland Parker laboriously scraped from his floor was a small brass token dating to 1575, in mint condition, and a few sheep bones.

It was in that moment that the fascination of history gripped Rowland Parker, then a teacher of French at a Cambridge grammar school. It was the moment the work began which was to end with the publication of *The Common Stream*, a kindly study of all those common people that history seems to have forgotten. It was an instant bestseller, and last month it was the American History Book Club choice.

At the beginning, Rowland Parker just wanted to know who had lived in his house, what they were like and how they had lived. But soon the ordinary people he discovered in various ancient parchment rolls sprang vigorously to life.

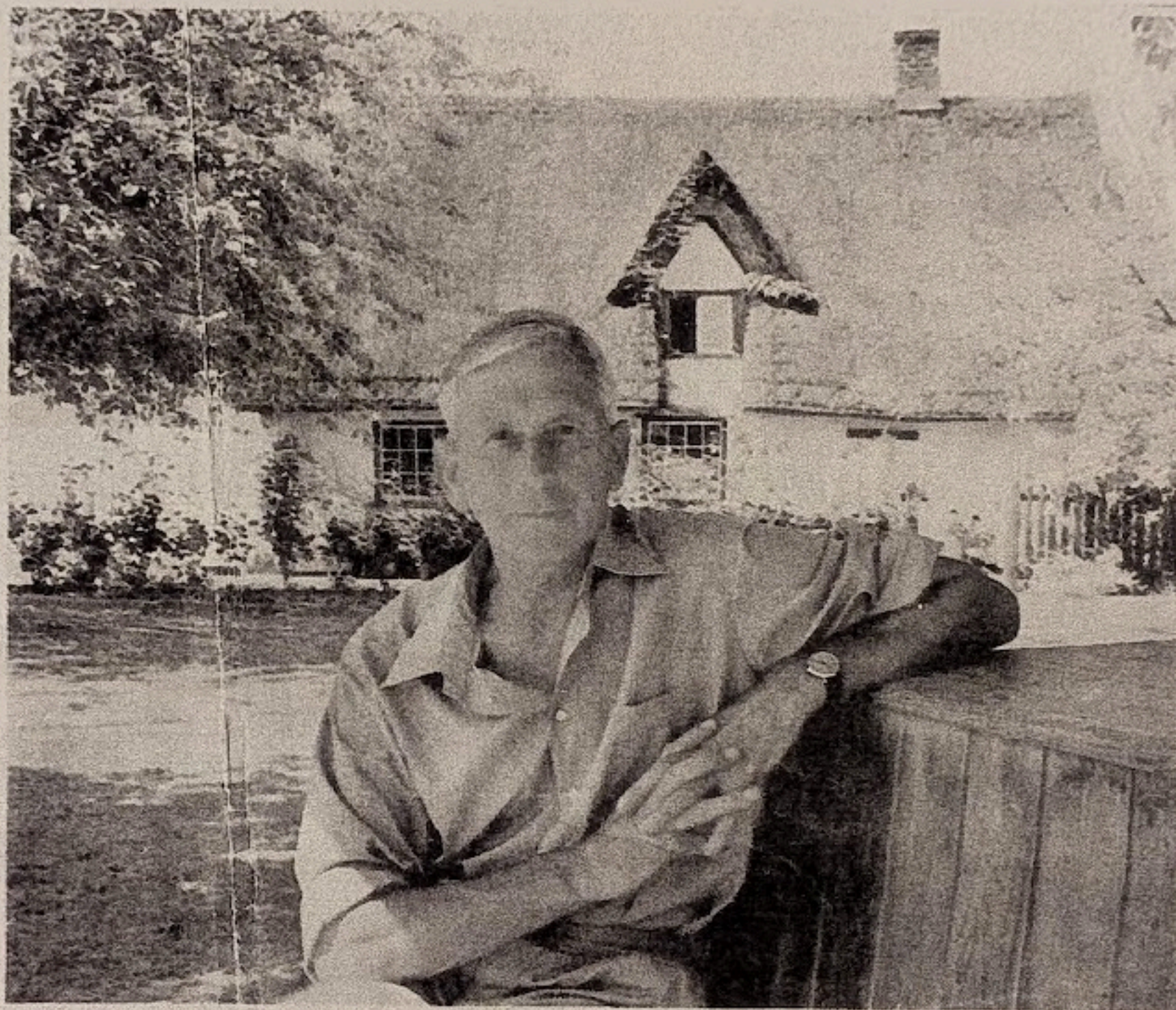
He really feels he knows the Roman officer who must have

died violently during Boadicea's revolt of A.D.62; who lived in a smart villa and ate an average of 24 oysters every week, including a greedy three dozen at a sitting because, deduced Parker, he wanted children.

Then there were the Rayners. John Rayner who lived in the 16th century became "my friend". John was one of the first of the huge Rayner family but he stands out as a 'sturdy, thrusting individualist'. A list of his transgressions from 'taking an oath negligently, fined 12d', to assaulting Richard Day and drawing blood, appear in the manor court rolls with satisfying regularity between 1540 and 1586.

The first Rayner appeared in the reign of Henry VII though Rayners were still in the village when Queen Victoria was on the throne. They left their mark, literally, all over the place—above a 17th-century fireplace, an 18th-century dovehouse, scratched in the grey chalk of the church and the pink brick of the malthouse. "They couldn't resist the temptation to write their names," says Parker fondly.

The Rayner family followed him through history as he pored over the four-foot-long parchments which describe the manor court proceedings. These marched, unbroken, in parchment and paper, roll and book, from 1494 to 1922 and provided the rock-bottom of his research. "It was



Rowland Parker hit his head on a low beam in his Tudor cottage: the blow led to a best seller

life in the raw; ale, the naughty girls of the village, it was all there."

Without these proceedings, Foxton was a village like 300 others within two ~~hours~~ drive with them, the village became a researcher's dream and Rowland Parker created his bestseller.

Today's villagers are resigned to their fame. Parker may walk into their houses and explain to a visitor where the furniture stood in 1500 or how, 400 years ago, a dungheap was deliberately flung outside a certain window.

Parker, too, accepts the fame which brings touring parties of Americans to the door, inter-

persed with villagers buying his tasty greenhouse tomatoes. But he now has the confidence of success which was all too lacking when he wrote his first book.

For *The Common Stream* was his second book. The first, the one which has his heart, is *The Cottage on the Green*, and is a friendly history of his own home from 1501 when Richard Peppercorn was fined 6s 8d for leaving his oak beams lying about.

Rowland Parker actually paid someone £340 to publish his first tome — and promptly lost all his money when the firm went bust. A second publisher took over the half-completed book and printed

500 copies which Parker also paid for. They sold out quickly and are now in hot demand.

The second book was a different story — it soared up the best-seller list. At a signing session in nearby Royston every copy sold in hours leaving a dismantled window display of Roman bricks which he'd dug up himself. The hardback ran to three editions, making up 10,500 copies, and was then brought out in the States. Now Paladin are producing a paperback. If it sells well, *The Common Stream* could run through 120,000 copies in less than five years — but the publishers are starting with a

cautious print-run of 30,000.

Parker is not actively working on anything new since research on the Iceni, who revolted with Boadicea, brought up nothing detailed enough for his kind of book. He's a happy man, though, taking life as it comes in a cottage cluttered with books, shards of Samian ware and a collection of old axe-heads from the Neolithic to mediaeval.



The cottage on the green . . . home to Rowland Parker

Obituary: Rowland Parker

The stream of history

VILLAGE histories abound, but when in 1975 *The Common Stream* was added to the profusion, it was immediately recognized as a wittily learned departure from the usual pattern. Rowland Parker will be remembered as a rural historian who breath to the names listed in parish records. Descended from a long line of Lincolnshire farmers, with his clear gaze and fresh complexion he looked like the kind of schoolmaster one remained indebted to for life. The last war took him to the Middle East, where he began his unique method of staring at the ground and observing the marks made by monotonous work, play and litigation.

In 1946 he and his wife settled in Foxton, Cambridgeshire, one of those many villages sited by an unnamed brook which, although rarely explored or even so much as mentioned by conventional historians, has for a millenium or more been the key to their existence. The life of Foxton's Town Book, flowing today as it did in Saxon times, refreshed history where Parker was concerned. He had a sharp and radical view of the past, reminding his reader that few of us over the centuries receive more than a listing in the births, marriages and deaths register, unless we get into some kind of trouble, a fact which distorts what really happens to us. This and the excessive documentation of some local bigwig.

The *Common Stream* also reminds us of that glorious late sixteenth and early seventeenth phenomenon known as *The Great Rebuilding*, when the yeomen of England put up most of the fine farmhouses which exist today. The book, published when Parker was 62, was deservedly showered with praise, for there had been nothing quite like it. It was swiftly followed by two more histories, *On The Road: The Papworth Story* (1977), and *Men of Dunwich* (1978), each, like *The Common Stream*, an eloquent

breathing of life into the archival dust.

These books combined a popular style with a daring interpretation of the old texts. They spoke of such things as the treading-out of the landscapes we still possess by animals, children, priests and labourers. *The Common Stream* is likely in its own way to be as influential as Richard Gough's *History of Myddle*, although those who decide to use it as a pattern should remember that Parker spent a quarter of a century just staring at Foxton before telling its tale. He liked what he called "my Papworth book", in which the idealism and practicalities of the famous settlement are lovingly described.

He was unaffectedly delighted with success and wrote to me, "The Stream is flowing merrily, and shows no sign of drying up."

Ronald Blythe
Rowland Parker, born 1912; died March 13

The books are entitled :

Cottage on the Green ...The Village of Foxton, Cambridgeshire 1973.

The Common Stream 1975

On The Road..the Papworth Village Settlement 1973

Men of Dunwich ..The lost Town 1978

BOYS NOT WANTED IN CAMP.

1. Those who think camping means sitting in a deck chair while other boys fetch things for them.
2. Those who are slackers.
3. Those who think others are slackers. These are the same as No. 2.
4. Greedy boys.
5. Those who think others are greedy (same boys as No. 4)
6. Those who can't eat this, and won't try that, and don't like the other.
7. Those who, when on orderly duty, try to give the smaller boys the most unpleasant work.
8. Boys who, when on a ramble, keep on enquiring every few minutes How much further is it? When do we have lunch?
9. (a) Boys who at the beginning of a ramble insist on showing how tough they are by streaking away ahead.
(b) Boys who halfway on a ramble are lagging hopelessly behind.

(Of course these are the same.)

GOOD CAMPERS.

1. Boys who are determined to enjoy every minute of their time in camp.
2. Boys who are determined to do nothing to spoil the enjoyment of others.
3. Boys who have the intelligence to see that making it a point of honour not to break camp rules is the same as Numbers 1 and 2.
4. Boys who can smile and whistle on a wet morning as cheerfully as when the sun is shining.
5. Boys who regard orderly duties as fun.
6. Boys who, when they see a job that needs to be done, get on with it before they are asked to do so.
7. Boys who instead of telling everyone how things ought to be done, SHOW them.
8. Boys who are man enough to see that mats, shoes and towels are dried the moment this becomes necessary.
9. Boys who, when on a ramble, don't try to show how tough they are by streaking on ahead, and holding up the party while they continually return from taking the wrong direction.
10. Boys who, when tired on a ramble, don't get on everybody's nerves by enquiring every few minutes, How much further is it? When do we have lunch?

All this, and much more, can be put into five words

BOYS WHO ARE GOOD CAMPERS.

WHAT TO TAKE WITH YOU.

The items marked * are absolutely necessary; the rest just necessary:

- * KITBAG (or SUITCASE), to hold the following items:
 - * BOOTS (or STOUT SHOES) - for hard wear.
 - * GYM-SHOES - for comfort in the evening.
 - * MACINTOSH (or CAPE) - with your name in.
 - * SHIRTS - one on, one in the bag.
 - * UNDERWEAR - one lot on, one in bag.
 - * SOCKS - two on, two pairs in bag.
 - * SHEET (or SHEET SLEEPING BAG.) - to double so that you do not actually contact the blankets which are provided.
 - * PILLOW-CASE - for the same reason.
 - * PYJAMAS
 - * HANKERCHIEFS - let Mum decide how many.
 - * TOOTH-BRUSH & PASTE
 - * SOAP & FLANNEL
 - * TOWELS - two small ones.
 - * PULLOVER - now don't forget this, for it can be very chilly on "them thar hills".
 - * SHORTS- (or spare SLACKS) in addition to what you wear on the journey.
 - * COMB, HAIR GREASE - if you use it.
 - * BATHING TRUNKS (fur lined, for preference).

Full time boys whill obviously require extra shirts, underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, towel, etc.

For everybody there are limited opportunities for washing for yourself say a towel or a few handkerchiefs etc.

Then there are things which every boy will need, but not every boy need bring. Get together in twos or threes beforehand to ensure the presence of such things as:-

WRITING MATERIALS (fountain pens will travel best in the pockets of your blazer, which you will wear on the journey of course).

BOOKS - not just Comics, but something you can read steadily on a wet evening.

MAPS - interesting, but not essential, for the leaders have them.

PACK OF CARDS - you never know; all the evenings may be wet.

AND ANYTHING WHICH I MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN - but definitely NOT catapults, airguns, a piano or the cat.



BRIAN (GING)
JANUARY

DAVID ELY

RALPH
OLSEN

MR
PARKER







CENTRAL SCHOOL CENTENARY 1912-2012

CENTENNIAL LUNCHEON



The Central School

at

THE UNIVERSITY ARMS HOTEL
CAMBRIDGE

WEDNESDAY 5th SEPTEMBER 2012



RALPH OLESEN

1950-55

Timetable

Grace
Robin Barlow

Register
Kay Blayney

School Lunch
See opposite

Loyal Toast
Nigel Neville

Toast to the Centenary of our School
Nigel Neville

Response
Andrew Hutchinson OBE
Principal, Parkside Academies

Final Toast
Robin Barlow

School Lunch

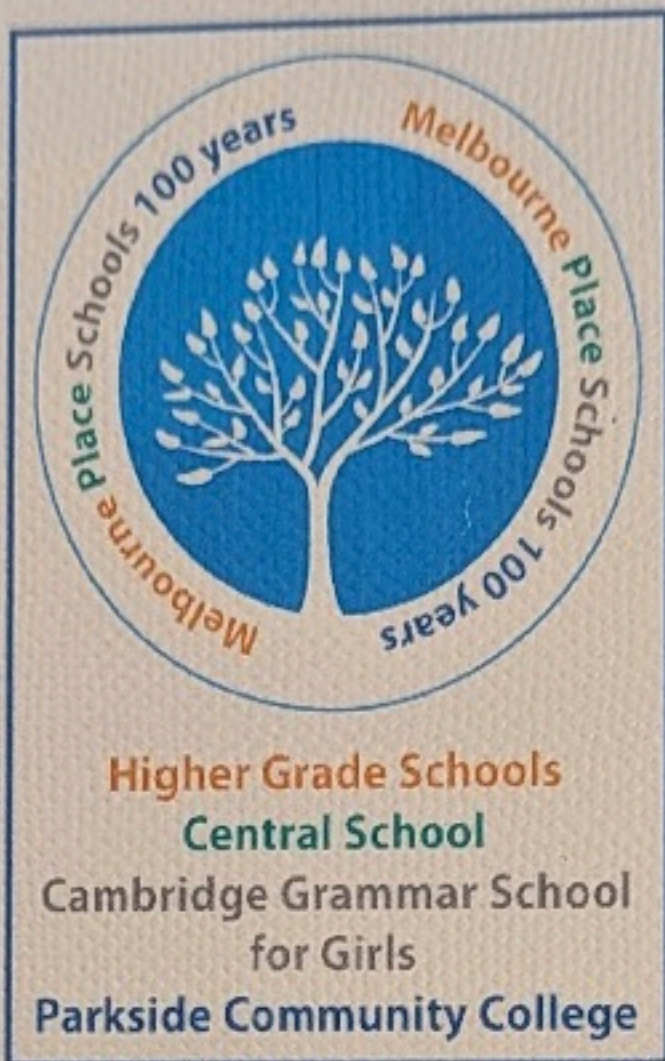
Pimms or Fruit Juice Reception Drink

Tian of Roasted Plum Tomato & Mozzarella with Pesto
Sauce

Grilled Supreme of Salmon with Roasted Fennel &
Chervil Sauce, Basil Cream, new potatoes and
selection of vegetables

Glazed Lemon Tart with Cornish Clotted Cream

Freshly Brewed Coffee or Tea & Mints



Please sign the commemorative book



