

IN MEMORIAM

WITH MERCHANTS' TALES

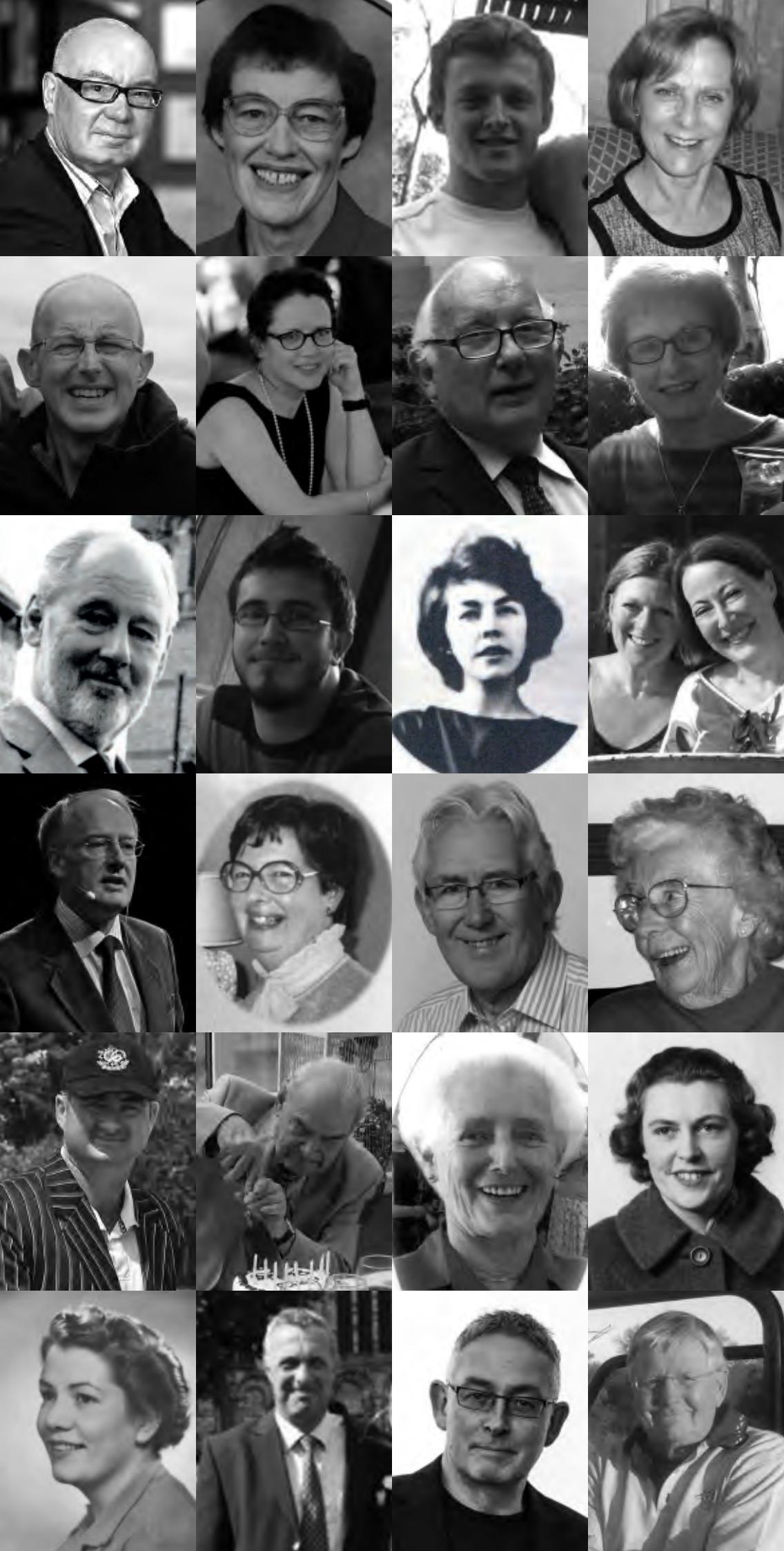
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SPRING 2018



MERCHANT
TAYLORS'
SCHOOLS

For Boys and Girls
aged 4 to 18 years





Welcome to our In Memoriam Supplement

It is with sincere sympathy that we remember the lives of the alumni, staff, former staff and other community members that we have lost over the last 18 months. We send our condolences to their families and friends.

'In Memoriam' articles are traditionally included within the main edition of Merchants' Tales but due to the delay in publication we have gathered many contributions and felt it was fitting to publish these in a separate booklet.

We always welcome any information offered about those who have passed away. Please feel free to contact us using the details below.

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**MERCHANT
TAYLORS'
SCHOOLS**

For boys and girls
aged 4-18 years

Remembering our Old Boys

The lives of deceased Old Boys are remembered at each Old Boys' Council Meeting and at the Association's AGM. The names listed below are for those Old Boys whose passing has been notified to the Association in either the current or previous presidential years. Our sincere condolences go to their families.

AT SCHOOL

Frank D Cole	1932-37
Geoffrey B Edwards	1943-50
Robert Glover	1944-51
John Abell	1944-53
Frank Houghton	1946-56
Mark Peter Edwards	1984-91
Walter Holmes	1940-49
Richard Chown	1952-60
James Coyne	1998-03
Louis Simpson	2013-17
John Polglase	1955-63
Dr Bernard James	1946-54
Donald Stewart	1940-47
William Aitken	1939-43
Adrian Forshaw	1945-48
Raymond Platt	1935-42
James Clayton	1955-62
Geoffrey Cornwall	1931-37
Malcolm Chapman	1944-50
Robert Aldridge	1951-55
Colin Joy	1975-82
Myles Constantine	1985-90
Michael Rank	1961-62
Brian Winhall	1944-53
Keith Allen	1942-45
Graham Cunningham	2004-11
Wade Neil	2009-16
Harold Rich	1935-43
J Malcolm Worthington	1931-38
J Anthony Stevenson	1945-52
R Harris	1944-47
H Gadd	1938-45
Derek Wilkinson	1954-61
Michael Grundy	1956-65
Will 'Billy' Reay	1933-39
Bryan Tattersall	1942-49
Ian Whittaker	1958-65
Graham Whittaker	1951-58

Bryan Christopher Corrigan

1950 Leaver

Died peacefully, aged 84
- 8th February 2017

Born in Great Crosby on August 19th 1932, Bryan was the son of James Christopher Corrigan and his wife Daphne Hilda Corrigan. He attended MTS from 1942 - 50, along with older brother Sydney (1938 - 47) and unfortunately lost his father during the



Second World War who served as captain on a Merchant Navy ship. Despite this, he was academically successful during his time at MTS, being appointed a pro-monitor in 1949 and serving on the committee of the debating society with Brian Goodman.

Upon completing his studies he became articled to T Raymond Robinson in 1951 to train as a chartered surveyor. He served in the Royal Air Force from 1955 - 57 as part of his National Service, and later moved to London as a surveyor. He made his home in Chelsea and was a generous supporter of the Chelsea Society. He eventually became a partner of the firm he worked for, Matthews and Goodman, where he served with distinction for many years.

Bryan was a generous donor to the schools, and was a regular attendee of many functions over the years, from Old Boys' Dinners to the John Harrison Society Luncheon in London. His funeral was held at Christ Church, Chelsea, and was conducted by the Rev Dr Brian Leathard. He is remembered fondly, and will be sadly missed.

Colin McFie

Remembering our Old Boys

Alastair Hall Swayn

1964 Leaver

Alastair Swayn, who died on 4 August 2016 of brain cancer, left his distinctive mark on Australia's national capital, Canberra, through his many striking and innovative public and private buildings designed in his role as director of Daryl Jackson Alastair Swayn Architects. As the inaugural Australian Capital Territory Government Architect, Alastair ensured that design and contemporary thinking was at the fore of decision-making in creating Canberra as a small 'new world city'. As Professorial fellow in Architecture of the University of Canberra he was widely recognised as a distinguished teacher and mentor.

The boldness and imaginativeness of his vision are reflected in some of the city's most distinctive buildings such as the Brindabella Business Park, the Centre for Arab and Islamic Studies at the Australian National University, the Singapore High Commission, and many others.

Alastair Hall Swayn was born on 8 December 1944 in the small Scottish coal mining port of Methil in Fife. With



Liverpool Polytechnic. His final year project, designing a new ferry terminal for Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, earned him an additional year at the college to study computer-aided design of housing.

In December 1972, he emigrated to Australia, and was employed by the architectural firm of Collard Clarke and Jackson, in Sydney. He moved to the Canberra office in 1975, beginning his 40-year association with the capital city.

Alastair worked with Collards on iconic projects such as the Department of Health building before moving in 1978 to Daryl Jackson Architects to take over the Australian Public Service Commission building

His belief that all people are born equal and have a right to be heard is evident in many of his building designs.

its industrial maritime feel, the town marked the start of Alastair's lifelong love of ships and industrial architecture.

In 1948 Alastair and his parents moved to Liverpool, where his father, Frank, managed the British Cunard Line's laundry service. As a young boy, Alastair would accompany him aboard some of the line's famous ships such as the Mauretania and Caroni. The Art Deco interiors of these and other luxury liners inspired an abiding interest in the form.

At Merchant Taylors', Alastair showed a flair for architectural drawing, and he went on to study architecture at

project. This project was the beginning of a perfect union. Daryl Jackson had not done a project on this scale before, and Alastair had experience with large commercial projects.

In 1987 the Canberra partnership Daryl Jackson Alastair Swayn was formed. As the practice's reputation for award-winning projects grew, more major public works projects followed, including the Australian Institute of Sport swimming pool and indoor running track complexes and the CSIRO Discovery Centre.

Alastair's Scottish heritage and strong family values informed much

of his work. His belief that all people are born equal and have a right to be heard is evident in many of his building designs which treat workers and visitors equitably and eschew a sense of hierarchy. A common feature is a generous, naturally lit atrium—reminiscent of the structure of ocean liners—that distributes light through open-plan work areas.

Alastair drew inspiration from many sources, including Mexican architect Luis Barragán and Spanish architect Ricardo Bofill. From Barragán he developed his ideas of breaking down the building volume and allowing the structure to blend into its landscape, while adding a sense of intrigue and openness to the façade. Bofill's use of robust colours also became a Swayn trademark, demonstrated on a grand scale throughout the Brindabella Business Park, the largest group of office buildings by one architect in Australia.

An enthusiastic traveller, Alastair drew on influences from many places and cultures, from the Arabic architecture of Morocco to the development of nineteenth-century industrial design in British and American cities. From his days at the Polytechnic he was absorbed by Scandinavian architecture and design, and regularly visited Scandinavia to familiarise himself with the latest ideas.

Alastair's five-year appointment as the inaugural ACT Government Architect in 2010 reinforced and provided an outlet for his ideas for Canberra as a city and the need for built environments of quality and substance to enhance health, wellbeing and overall liveability. He firmly believed that 'green' buildings



In Memoriam

create significant economic benefits for both business and community, and serve to define the culture of places.

He delighted in mentoring young architects and designers. This has resulted in Daryl Jackson Alastair Swain morphing recently into DJAS, led by a team of four of his mentees.

A natural teacher, it became obvious that he should teach formally, first as a final-year tutor of young architects at the University of Canberra and, from 2010, as professorial fellow in Architecture, a post he held until late 2015.

Alastair had a great gift for friendship, and the warmth and regard in which he was held, personally and professionally, was reflected in the constant stream of visitors in his final months. He died surrounded by friends and colleagues.

His estate forms the basis of the Alastair Swain Foundation that will

fund research into domestic and office architecture in Australia.

The Australian Capital Territory government marked his death by announcing the establishment of an annual internship for a recent graduate architect in his name.

Colour and light, design and function, purpose and good management, humour and optimism, acceptance and inclusion—these mark the quality of the man and his architecture.

A book of his work will shortly be available at the school library.

In January 2017, Alastair was honoured with the following award:
OFFICER (AO) IN THE GENERAL DIVISION OF THE ORDER OF AUSTRALIA Australia Day 2017

The late Mr Alastair Hall SWAYN,
(With effect from 23 May 2016)

Late of Kambah ACT 2902



For distinguished service to architecture in the Australian Capital Territory, through executive roles with professional architectural institutes, and to the community.

Libby Amiel and Brian Candler,
executors of Alastair's estate



Remembering our Old Boys

Francis Alexander (Frank) Noble

1932 Leaver

Francis Alexander Noble, or Frank as he much preferred to be called, was born on July 7th 1916 at the beginning of the Battle of The Somme. His parents lived in Formby and he retained his links to this neighbourhood all his life. He attended Formby College and then Crosby Preparatory School entering Merchant Taylors' School in September 1925. He won his form prize in 1929, rose to the rank of Sargent in the Cadet Corps and obtained the Oxford and Cambridge School Certificate before leaving school in 1932.

From 1934-39 Frank worked for the Inland Revenue and became a Senior Tax Officer. With the onset of World War 2, during 1939-40 he was recruited to be a driver with the West Lancs RASC, a TA regiment. In 1940 he was commissioned in the King's Regiment where he served till 1946 rising to the rank of Captain. In 1942-43 he was on the staff of the Isle of Man Garrison as Adjutant and was billeted at The Bowling Green Hotel in

Douglas. This is where he met his first wife: her mother ran the hotel.

His son, George, was born before the end of the war and Frank returned to the hotel in 1946 after he was demobbed. For two years he helped to manage the hotel then he returned to his roots in Formby. His wife and son joined him but the marriage did not work out.

Back in Formby, Frank went to work as a Tax Consultant at a Liverpool Firm of Chartered Accountants and took his exams both as a Chartered Secretary and a Chartered Accountant. He became a Partner and was one of the leading Tax Experts in Liverpool, retiring in 1981.

He enjoyed playing tennis and was a member of Formby Lawn Tennis Club for a good part of his life. He was Treasurer from 1954 to 1976 and Captain for 4 years. Later they made him Life President. He was credited with "moulding the Formby Lawn Tennis Club into the successful club you see today".

Since before the war, Frank had known Jean Mary Scott, a good golfer. They married in 1959. They enjoyed spending time in the Lake District and shared a love of Scotland through which Frank was able to pursue his



interest in railways. Frank loved good food accompanied by a glass of red wine and it was sad that health difficulties, including an inability to swallow, eventually deprived him of the pleasure of eating out.

Frank passed away on Friday, July 1st 2016 just 6 days before his 100th birthday and the small party that his son had arranged for him. He had, however, a good long life with many years to enjoy his retirement, a loving wife, good friends and some wonderful neighbours.

With thanks to George Noble, Frank's son, and Trevor Hildrey, the Boys' School archivist, for their contributions towards this tribute.

Patrick (Pat) Myall

1962 Leaver



It is with great sadness that I let Patrick's friends and contemporaries know that he died on the island of Cyprus in January 2016. Shortly after retiring he, along with his wife Mary, had decided to take advantage of the Island's wonderful climate and the proximity of extended family.

Unfortunately he fought a number of chronic illnesses over his final years. They dictated that he shuttled back and forth to the United Kingdom on numerous occasions, thus allowing him to spend time with his children and grandchildren whom he loved dearly. He was a happy man with a puckish sense of humour which he exercised to the full.

As a brother he was unsurpassed and will linger in my memory for ever.

Bob Myall - 1958 leaver

In Memoriam

Louis Simpson

2017



In January last year the whole school community was devastated by the loss of Year 9 pupil Louis Simpson, who died in a tragic accident. A Service of Thanksgiving was held in June to remember and give thanks for his life. The service was held in St Faith's Church, Crosby and was planned and prepared with great love by Louis's friends in Year 9 - they had reflected on their friend who had such an impact on them and with whom they shared laughter, joy, fun and also difficult times. The Girls' Middle School Chamber Choir's rendition of 'You'll Never Walk Alone', one of Louis' favourite Liverpool anthems, was particularly poignant.

After the service, a tree was planted in Louis' memory on the Boys' School site in the presence of his family and friends. Recently flowers were placed by the tree to mark the anniversary of his death.



Remembering our Old Boys

Ed Jones

1983 Leaver

Deceased 10th March 2016



FROM IAN KERR 1977-83

Ed Jones ("Eddie") and I grew up literally around the corner from each other in Crosby and ran along parallel paths at school from the age of 5 at Forefield Lane through our time at MTS, leaving in 1983. We shared many experiences through school and after and it was amazing to see the old photos on display at Ed's 50th birthday do at Twickenham last year, including one of he and I as Laurel and Hardy at a VSU concert (guess who was whom - we were not VSU members but were persuaded to take part as penance for some schoolboy misdemeanour). Ed was the scorer for the MTS first XI and mastered the Bill Frindall method which gave a pretty good pointer to his eye for detail and numbers that would serve him well in his career in IT. Being part of the school Cricket team meant lots of long away games, great times spent together, lots of laughs and a pretty negative impact on our A-level results (I have never understood why exams are in the Cricket season!).

Ed took all this in his stride and went on to have a stellar career at Logica/CGI where I know he was held in extremely high regard. I have very few regrets in life but one is that Ed and I lost touch for a number of years only to reconnect fairly recently when in catching up he told me of his

illness. I have been amazed by the positivity and total focus that Ed and his wonderful family have shown in battling through, and the incredible work done to raise not just money, but the profile of brain tumours as an under focused area of medicine. This is a horribly cruel disease that no-one could have fought harder than Ed. When we met up again he asked me if I was surprised how far he had gone in his career in running the public sector business at CGI. I was not surprised at all having seen his determination at close hand in taking on many challenges and all with a unique sense of humour. A truly great lad that will be sadly missed.

FROM JON BOND 1977-83

I met Ed "Eddie" Jones on my first day at school and we became friends throughout our schooldays, lost touch for a while after school and reconnected, to my great pleasure, later in life - in Ed's case, sadly, towards the end of his life. Whilst at school we had many happy times



Ed and I also enjoyed hitting golf balls in my back garden. On one occasion, he hit the sweetest 7 iron, which flew down the garden 150 yards and landed on the greenhouse roof, miraculously without breaking

Being part of the school Cricket team meant lots of long away games, great times spent together, lots of laughs and a pretty negative impact on our A-level results.

around the cricket pitch. I say "around", as neither of us was particularly gifted in the cricket playing department, but at least Ed was helpful, by acting as scorer, compiling impressively detailed and accurate statistics about each game. I was 12th man, which mainly involved watching the game.



anything. It must have hit the frame. It was probably the best 7 iron Ed ever hit, but the one he enjoyed the least.

As we walked those 150 yards, all the colour drained from his face and he was very relieved too that no damage was done.

The nicest thing Ed told me when we reconnected was that his successful career in IT had been inspired by attending talks by my father at the Merchants' Computer Club in the early 1980s. My father is still passionate about electrical engineering and computers and was absolutely delighted to discover that this passion had inspired a successful career. Although Ed was taken from us too soon, it was a privilege and pleasure to know him and to be one of his friends.

In Memoriam

Lee Newhall

The Tenacious Hero
2009 Leaver

MTS 2009 LEAVER



I distinctly remember Lee & I being shown around the amazing building that was, and still is, Merchant Taylors' thinking "what a dream" - then being overcome with a sense of home. Sure enough Lee was successful in securing himself a place here. However, during the summer holidays, he was diagnosed with Crohn's Disease. I really felt for him

became extremely ill. Although this was his GCSE year, he studied at home and achieved As and Bs in all 10 subjects, ignoring the pleas of his teachers to drop many subjects due to falling so far behind. This was never an option for Lee.

Lee failed to complete A Level study at MTS but passed 4 A Levels at South Sefton 6th form College after several re-starts of years' study. During these years depression had set in due to all he had been through. Following various forms of therapy, various medications and trips to A&E, rather than giving up on life, this made him determined to find effective help for himself and quickly realised many others would be in the same position.

Through this he found his passion for NLP (Neuro-Linguistic Programming) i.e. the dynamics between mind and language and how their interplay affects our body and behaviour. He studied relentlessly, going to the very core of its original concept. He read extensively, watched lectures and studied linguistics alongside psychology and hypnosis. He wanted so much to master his craft and make a positive difference to people's lives.

Lee never wanted to be the centre of attention but you were always at the centre of his.

starting a new school pumped up with steroids and a nasogastric tube stuck to his face! Lee had no trouble in making friends in spite of this and his extremely quiet nature. Unfortunately this illness became progressively worse. Although his persistent absence was a worry, his health reached a crisis point and at 15 he underwent major, life-changing surgery. This was much to Lee's annoyance as he had researched the disease and the effects of food on the body so much that he was convinced he could cure himself. He was not afraid to experiment on himself and I must admit one 'trial' did not cure him but certainly did not aggravate his symptoms! Maybe he was on to something! Alas, time ran out as he

He firmly believed NLP was the answer. Lee went to Croydon and achieved practitioner status in NLP and passed a Counselling Concepts course back home. He then went to York University and, whilst studying psychology, he attended another counselling course and achieved a Distinction in Chinese Mandarin but returned home following a severe bout of depression.

Lee sadly passed away on 5 September 2016. Lee's motivation was not to seek fame and fortune but I can say that unbeknown to him, he achieved his ambition of being a positive impact on everyone he met. He practised out his studies in real life situations with astounding success. I have numerous hand written tributes

from his friends. Lee never wanted to be the centre of attention but you were always at the centre of his. We played guitar all through the night - now that is my profession. Lee would turn an average day into one you would treasure forever; Lee never failed to bring joy and laughter and would brighten any room. He was kind, funny, intelligent and considerate: his family confirm this. He always had a smile and a kind word for everyone. His friend was right when he said 'we will all be far richer to emulate his fantastic ways.'

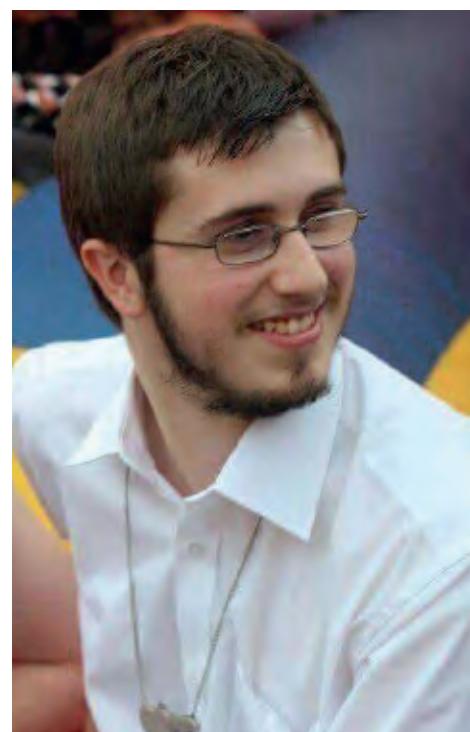
*His Suffering made him compassionate
Compassion gave him strength
Strength made him positive
Positivity gave him determination
Determination made him a success.*

His intellect and wisdom were astounding. These, along with his courageous yet caring and gentle nature, made him truly remarkable.

Everlasting peace Lee - There is a light and it never goes out.

Lee Newhall, the unassuming tenacious hero, adored by everyone who had the pleasure to know him.

Prepared by Lee's mother, Paula Newhall



Remembering our Old Boys

Donald Peter Iddon

1974 Leaver



Lists of names on the Honours' Boards are a focal point for visitors to the Boys' School as this helps to refresh memories of team and class mates. On the Heads of School Board is the name of Donald Peter Iddon, who preferred to be called Peter. During his time as a pupil, both his personal qualities for potential leadership and sporting prowess were identified. In addition to being voted Head of School he was also Head of House.

To describe him as 'a good all-rounder' perhaps does not do him justice. His talents and contribution to school life are better appreciated by sharing some of his achievements: 1st XV Colours, 1st XI Colours, Athletics Half Colours, the Fay Challenge Cup (Open 200m), Holmes Cup (shared) for best all-rounder, the Dawbarn Prize for Integrity, the Alty Cup (for greatest contribution to rugby, cricket and athletics) and a Mellor Essay commendation. He was also a Sergeant in the Army Section of the CCF and Chairman of the Sixth Form Union. The illustrations show Peter with his rugby and cricket team mates as they appear in The

Crosbeian magazine and the word 'excellent' is used with regularity in descriptions of his bowling and rugby talent.

Peter gained a degree in Physical Education and Sports Sciences from Loughborough College. His sporting credentials extended beyond school. He played rugby for Waterloo, Loughborough College and Worcester Rugby Club and cricket for English Universities and 2nd XI for Lancashire. He represented the UAU in both sports.

Peter's career was spent undertaking a variety of roles at The King's School Worcester. As you would expect, he was very involved in sport, as Master in Charge of Cricket and Coach of various rugby XVs, as well as for a time, the U14 Basketball Team. Over the years he had various responsibilities including 4th Form Tutor, Head of Boys' Games, Housemaster of Hostel House, Special Needs coordinator... he was an enormously influential figure at The King's School. He has been described by a colleague, as a true 'Schoolmaster'. He wasn't one for the latest fad or piece of technology preferring 'to fulfil his duties in the classroom with a commitment and application that never faltered'. He spent countless hours at the playing fields where he was possibly at his

happiest. He was also an inspirational teacher of English, very much a traditionalist, believing that language should be cherished and respected.

Peter, with his much loved wife, Anita, and children Kate and Harry, ran Hostel House at The King's School for eight years and Choir House in the last year of boarding. He did this with firmness, fairness and emotional intelligence which made these Boarding Houses happy places to be. His great organisational skills were put to use in arranging sporting and cultural activities for both the sports teams and the boarders.

A friend and colleague described him as 'a true gentlemen'. 'He was a man of complete integrity who believed that there were proper ways to behave and it was important to instill those values in our pupils'. He was witty, kind and had a great sense of loyalty.

'Pete was simply one of the nicest people that you could ever hope to meet'.

He passed away peacefully on 21st June 2016.

With thanks to Peter's colleagues at The King's School, Worcester, whose words and detail of Peter's adult life have contributed to this article.



Back row: T. J. Robson; S. Ward; D. Watt; I. W. Poole; B. M. Pearson; N. G. Tarleton; D. P. Iddon; R. J. McBeath; P. M. Ashcroft.
Front row: N. Frobisher; P. Taylor; P. Duncalf; N. Traynor; C. J. Rowe (*Captain*); D. M. Redhead; P. J. Roderick; M. Dyson, P. R. Dobson.

Dave Tootill

1963 Leaver



Old Boy and friend Chris Delaney writes:

Dave was one of those annoying chaps who was good at everything without seeming to try very hard.

Dave attended MTS Crosby from 1956 to 63. He then went to St John's College, Oxford (1963 to 66) where he obtained an MA in Classics. After graduation, he worked for a number of years at Price Waterhouse Coopers, plus a spell with the Zambian copper mine companies, before eventually settling in Johannesburg, South Africa. He then started his own company which focused on logistics, supply chain optimisation and the management of inventory control production systems.

Dave was married to Marion who lives in Johannesburg and their son is a sports coach who lives in the USA. Dave's sister, Mrs. Sue Williamson, lives in Crosby. He owned a holiday cottage at Umdloti near Durban.

The last time I saw Dave was when we met in February 2016 at Wanderers in Jo'burg for lunch, after my wife and I had been to the Centurion cricket ground in Pretoria the previous day to watch England lose their one day match against South Africa. Dave had a very analytical mind and as the beers went down we were able to discuss England's shortcomings in the greatest detail!

Dave was supremely good at sport - rugby, cricket and football. He is the only Old Boy of MTS, Crosby to have won a Blue at soccer. He was the wicket keeper for the cricket team which uniquely won every single match against other schools during the 1963 season, without even a single drawn game. Dave was a lifelong Everton supporter.

Since Dave passed away in March, after a short illness, there have been many tributes received from his 1963 MTS cricket team mates - starting with Brian Carpenter, captain of the MTS 1963 cricket team:

Really shocked to hear about Dave. We spent much time together at uni - mainly in the nets when I could never get him out, apart from the odd LBW. He should have opened to give a bit of solidarity at the top of the order! For all his quiet demeanour he had a steely determination evident when he achieved his soccer blue amid much competition for the fullback position. It was through his soccer links that we went together to the three FA cup finals (1964, 1965, and most memorable of all 1966). So many memories now flooding back - a really sad day.

SOME OTHER TRIBUTES ARE:

We were in 2C and Lower Remove for the first two years sitting in adjacent desks until we opted for different O level subjects. I spent many hours at his place kicking a football or practising cricket, particularly when he was starting out as a wicket-keeper. We both were regular members of the large gang of mostly MTS who played soccer incessantly in Victoria Park, and also played tennis there occasionally. He was so good at soccer, despite the embargo at MTS. I never recall getting past him, or ever getting the ball off him, but it was

great to hear about his Blue at Oxford. With Dave, Walter Herriot and J B Williams, it was a tough place to be not very good at soccer. (Peter Thomas)

We can immediately remember Dave's humour, intelligence and enthusiasm for life.

I can still see the image of his wicket-keeping prowess-reliable, sometimes mercurial, and his rugby exploits as well. He will be missed. (John Chellingworth)

Dave had not changed from my memory of him at school. A very important member of our team, unassuming but always gave his best. You did not notice Dave behind the stumps but that showed his great skill. I know soccer was his first love but he still showed enormous skill on the Rugby field, switching from feet skills to hand skills - no problem. (Richard Norris)

I am sure he could have turned his hand to any sport and although he would probably have succeeded at it, I could never imagine he would have been a boxing champion! I have had the 'privilege' of meeting several exceptional sportsmen, most of them, full of themselves, Dave was still so modest. (Michael Grundy)



My memories of Dave go back to summers in Victoria Park- cricket and footie with our mates. He was a great sportsman and will be sadly missed. (Ferdie Gardner)

Dave was a lovely guy, and so very talented in a number of sports.

He possessed that lovely calm external presence, making one wish to know the deeper Dave Tootill. We shall miss him. The last few years have emphasised the value of friendship, and the importance of opportunities taken. None of us know what is around the corner. To those who have sadly left us we owe them fond farewells. (Robin Cox)



In Memoriam

Phil Clift (aka Sayer)

1970 Leaver

DIED 14 APRIL 2016



From very humble beginnings, Phil became a legend in his lifetime through his work in media and voiceover projects. Born in a bedsit in Norwich to a mother who'd already given away her first baby, his wonderful mind earned him a scholarship to board at Merchant Taylors', where he was quickly marked for Oxford or Cambridge. Friends remember his quick wit and repartee, his popularity among the young ladies at the Girls' School, his ability even then to mimic the stars of the day, and his success within the debating society. He and Chris James became lifelong friends when Phil waited behind on a cold rugby field so that Chris didn't have to wait there alone after school. That kindness and generosity lasted a lifetime, and in 50 years they never fell out... except about Chris' taste in haircuts and trousers.

But Merseybeat and driving tractors on local farms were far more interesting than the intricacies of Latin verbs, and Phil left school with no 'A' levels, and a despairing father telling him he'd never make a living from knowing all the names of the Swinging Blue Jeans.

After a string of jobs with few prospects, he joined Chris down in Watford. There he met his first wife, Mary, and the sights and sounds of Bailey's Nightclub. That's where his talent for filling silences with gentle

patter or making the audience roar with laughter became evident, as he introduced the big stars of the day such as Tommy Cooper or Bob Monkhouse. Later he would head to Israel to present his first radio shows on The Voice of Peace - a pirate station anchored off Tel Aviv, promoting peace between Israel and Palestine. After three months he returned to the UK to present music on UBN, an industrial radio station, and then moved to Piccadilly Radio where he is still remembered as a hard working team member and a brilliant presenter - slick, and technically excellent.

By then he had changed his radio name from Clift to Sayer - his stepfather's name - because Clift sounded unclear on AM frequency radio.

Phil and Mary settled in Bolton, and their children, Richard and Joanna, were born in the early 80s. On the work front, he had experience at continuity announcing with Granada TV, did shifts on Red Rose Radio in Preston and landed a job as a BBC regional newsreader when breakfast television began in 1983. He loved his time at the Beeb. Phil and Mary divorced but he stayed living locally and enjoyed his role as a weekend Dad.

For ten years he read the news, presented his own daily radio show, and was respected and admired. During this time he would experience the breakdown of a second marriage and, when his contract with the BBC was not renewed, he found himself without a job, without a wife and struggling to cope. He sought help, had a year of therapy in which he came to terms with his unhappy childhood, began building up a solid contacts book for voiceover work, studied for a psychology degree, and even found himself unexpectedly a single Dad to his two teenage children.

Business ebbed and flowed - sometimes he was in full employment, sometimes he was penniless, but as a different person post-therapy, he didn't mind others knowing of his struggles. He met me during a period of hardship - in fact, on the fire escape during a cigarette break when we were both picking up a bit of extra freelance

work at Tower FM in Bolton - and that hour of exchanging life stories quite quickly became fourteen years of sharing memories together, as well as joining forces in business and becoming two of the most famous anonymous voices all over the UK and beyond, on the London Underground. We both shared the same values, the same sense of humour, and despite the 25-year age gap, we were of like minds. We married in 2002 and our twin sons, Alex and Ben, came along three years later.

In work, Phil is remembered as a true professional - someone with no big ego, but helpful, friendly, always willing to share advice, and with an ability to verbally transform the 'ordinary' into the 'extraordinary'. In private, his life was often chaotic, but he was a loving parent, insistent on grammatical excellence, and an avid collector of records, pinball machines, bits of wire and ancient computer components that may yet come in handy. His music trivia knowledge was second to none, and hours were spent in the car listening to Dad FM. Bowie's song 'Kooks' became the parenting manual for our twins.

Phil found his faith in his early forties and enjoyed being a keen member of the church where he married me (and where his funeral was held) and was an enthusiastic parent governor at our school.

In later life, his adopted sister would also seek him out and, in the last few years, they found great comfort in one another.

Phil shared an obituary on Radio 4's Last Word with Victoria Wood and Prince, which would have astounded him. One of his friends who was hoping to attend the funeral had to miss it due to a cancelled train: the voice that told her this was Phil's.

The love he shared in life was reflected in the beautiful send-off he had. No matter where Phil's children, grandchildren, friends and numerous acquaintances go in life, they will be reminded of him and his unique qualities in those three important little words:

Mind The Gap

Elinor Hamilton

Remembering our Old Boys

Mark Peter Edwards

1991 Leaver

29th June 1973 - 5th August 2017



Mark Peter Edwards - MTS Crosby 1984 to 1991.

Mark was sadly taken from us too early, on 5th August 2017, aged 44. Mark joined the school at 11, joining his new friends in Mr. Bailey's form (2B). He made the most of his time at MTS, representing his house (Harrisons) and the school at all age groups in various sports teams (Rugby, Cricket and Swimming), demonstrated his thespian skills on more than a number of occasions in house plays and school productions and was an a keen member of the Army Section of the CCF.

During his school Rugby career Mark's innate 'footballing abilities' combined with a distinct lack of pace and stamina saw him operate predominantly in the 2nd row, although he eventually found his way to where he always believed his talents were best suited - as an all action (some may say greedy) No. 8, captaining an incredibly successful School 2nd XV in his final year.

Cricket was where Mark excelled at school; his sheer determination to improve his technique and skills saw him dedicate hours in the nets and was rewarded with a swift elevation in his mid-teens from playing age group to senior cricket, gaining the seldom achieved feat of making his First XI debut in Lower 5th, retaining his place in the side for his remaining school years and being awarded full cricket colours.

Following school Mark attended De Montfort University in Leicester and went on to build a successful and well respected career in the world of International Shipping and Logistics, taking in an 8 year spell as an expat in Hong Kong, a wonderful period of time that he and his family thoroughly enjoyed. His love of sport played a major part in Mark's life, following his beloved Everton, along with playing Sunday league Football for Dingwall, rugby, at Waterloo and Honk Kong CC, cricket at Northern CC and Hong Kong CC, having the honour of becoming Captain of Northern in 2002 and more laterally golf at West Lancs GC.

MTS certainly fostered Mark's great passion for sport but his great love was family. The importance of a strong and close family was clearly important to Mark and shone through in the love and support had for and with his family Anna, Beth, Alex and Tori. Despite his crazy jet set life he always found time to be there for Anna and the girls and support them in their pursuits. His attitude was always to play hard, play fair, play to win and enjoy every moment of it. Merchant Taylors' School should be very proud of the part it played in his development as a sportsman, and as a leader of men. He will be missed, but never forgotten.

In remembrance of Mark and his life long love of sport his Stepfather, his Godfather and three of his close friends have inaugurated The Mark Edwards Foundation.

The purpose of the Foundation is to assist young people in the



achievement and development of amateur sporting excellence and health, by using the funds collected to be distributed as grants for clothing, equipment, sports education, coaching, mentoring and club membership fees as appropriate. This will be achieved through the collection of donations from family and friends and anyone who wishes to help.

Young sportsmen and women will benefit from the Charity that bears Mark's name and his enthusiasm and passion for sport, nurtured at MTS, will live on. Several promises of donations have already been received, and the Foundation will be applying to the Charities Commission in the next few months to establish itself going forward.



Graham Cunningham

2011 Leaver



A few words about Merchant Taylors' Old Boy, Graham Cunningham, who sadly passed away on 3rd September 2017.

Graham followed in older brother Andrew's footsteps, joining the school from Forefield Junior School in 2004 and successfully completed his studies through Sixth Form where he studied Economics, Mathematics and Geography.



Graham was a keen sportsman and represented the school in a number of fields most notably athletics, cricket and rugby. It was in athletics in the 100m, 200m and long jump that saw



America and more closer to home geography trips to Hull and Bowness. These trips were always eventful and never short of a few laughs with many stories best remaining untold.

A popular, kindhearted, witty & cheeky character who had many friends across the school.

Graham achieved his first sports tie, soon followed by his full colours in Rugby. It was Graham's electric pace and quick feet that made him the perfect winger, and regularly one of the top try scorers throughout his year group. This all accumulated in reaching a Lancashire Cup Final in Upper Sixth Form which has to be put down to numerous lunchtime training sessions, fuelled by a Hampers' Vienna.

There were many school trips over the years to California, Meymac, South

Aside from his sporting achievements Graham was highly academic and secured his first choice place at Newcastle University to study Economics in 2011. After a successful degree he graduated in 2014 and returned back to Liverpool to pursue a career in Finance.

A popular, kindhearted, witty and cheeky character who had many friends across the Schools. He will be deeply missed and fondly remembered by his classmates.

Prepared by Graham's classmates





Town Office
Welfare Unit
Library
Careers Office
Police



Remembering our Old Girls

The details listed below are for those Old Girls whose passing has been notified to the Association in either the current or previous presidential years. Our sincere condolences go to their families.

AMOS Mollie Dorothy (Nee Atkins 1945-52) died on 10th May 2017 in Wellington, New Zealand following a stroke in January. Mollie spent many years in New Zealand married to a sheep farmer and kept in touch with Margaret Williams (nee Lucas). Mollie's son notified Margaret of Mollie's death. Mollie's brother, Bishop Peter Atkins (MTOB) lives in Auckland N.Z.

ASQUITH Anne (Nee Morton 1958-65) died on 5th September 2016 in Liverpool of lung cancer, as informed by her friend Sue McKillop (Nee Blackledge 1976-83). Anne's daughter Deborah Hadwin attended MTGS Sixth form 1990-1992 and now lives in Bristol.

BREAR Joan (1937- 45) of Waterloo; a 'lost member' has been recorded as having died on 19th August 2008. No further details available.

BROTHERTON Eileen Adela Charlotte (1932-40) died on 12th August 2015 after a full and active life, a matter of days after being admitted to Dorset County Hospital. Sister to Rita (see below) - reported by Rob Cyphus, her nephew.

CAIN Avril Ninette (Nee Over 1958-65) died on 8th January 2017 after suffering with M.S. & COPD and being housebound for 2 years. Reported by her son Robin. Avril was back living in the same house she lived in, in Waterloo, when at school.

CHEVIS Lois Francis (Nee Birch 1933-41) of Haslemere, died on 24th December 2015 aged 91, sister to Sheila Paton.

CLAYTON Sheila V. (1945-52) of Scarborough, died on 24th December 2016 as reported by Sheila Duncan

CLUCAS Jean Rosen (Nee Cairns 1948-55) died between 2016-2017. Mail returned marked 'Deceased' but no further details obtainable yet. Married Martin of 'Clucas Seeds' family in Ormskirk. Any further details welcome please.

CYPHUS Dorus 'Rita' (Nee Brotherton 1934-40) died on 11th November 2015 following heart problems over a prolonged period but her death came when it was believed she was making a recovery, so her son Rob reported.

DOWNEY Niccola (Nee Greaves 1962-71) died on 20th August 2015 of cancer, after a brave and dignified fight in Willerby near her sister. As reported by her husband Malcolm.

DRURY Vera 'Avril' (1941-48) died shortly after her 85th Birthday in April 2016 as reported by Margaret Owers.

FLEMING Dawn (Nee Metcalfe 1928-35) died in a Nursing home on 4th April 2017 as notified from her solicitor.

GODDARD M.B.B.S. Sally Georgina (Nee Hanson 1944 -53) died on 3rd March 2017 as reported by her husband DR Peter Goddard. Sally qualified in 1958 with the Gold Medal at Charing Cross Medical School and practised as a Pathologist obtaining Fellowship of the Royal College of Pathologists as Dr Sally Hanson.

JACKSON Kathleen M (1928-35) died 1st July 2008 aged 89, as confirmed by Pam Dunn of Annandale Nursing Home.

LOUDEN Dr. Lois Mary Robertson (1948-56) of Lancaster. No date of death available but notified by a typed note 'Addressee Deceased' on the last mailing in early 2016. Any further details welcome.

LUCAS Mary M. (Nee Turner 1939-45) died on 19th May 2016 aged 88 as informed by her nephew Ian Turner, son of Julie.

MCCALLION Jean (Nee Frazer 1944-51) on 29th March 2016 as reported by Sheila Duncan.

MORTON Christine 'Chris' (Nee Walker 1954-61) died suddenly at home on 14th April 2017 after a short illness. Sister to Martin MTOB.

MUSKER Margaret Phyllis (Nee Woods 1941-46) died very suddenly on 19th December 2016 aged 88, while out with some relatives. Margaret was one of our 'Cornflower Girls' Group, who reported her death.

NEVISON Joan Anne (Nee MacLeod 1943-50) died on 9th September 2016 as reported by her son Ian MTOB.

ORRITT Nora (Nee Freeman 1936-43) died on 14th March 2017 aged 91 as reported by her son Dr Stephen Orritt.

PARKER Daphne (Nee Mahon 1944-52) died on 15th May 2016 in St Nicholas' Care Home. Cousin to Jean Smith and Rosemary Lambert.

SQUIRES Lilian (Nee Rayton 1939-47) died in hospital on 11th January 2017, with her daughters Sally and Jane beside her as reported by Jan Eaton and Margaret Williams.

WILLIAMS Phyllis Stanton (Nee Smith 1926-31) died in April 1997 in Horncastle, Lincs. As informed by her niece Maureen Andrews (Nee Smith 1946-53) after reading the Lost Old Girls' List.

WILLIAMS Jean Allison (Nee Smith 1940-44) was a 'Lost Member' but her niece Susan Pettican (Nee Almond) saw her name in the last newsletter and emailed us to say Jean died quite a while ago in Ludlow, Shropshire. Susan's mother, Joan Marjorie Almond (Nee Cameron) says that her husband Reginald William Almond (Ex MTBS 1938) also died after battling cancer, on 10th October 2013.

WILSON Sheila McQuiston (1947-54) died aged 80 on 21st March 2017 in Dundonald. No further details.

In Memoriam

Chris Morton

(née Walker)

1961 Leaver

Chris Morton (née Walker, 1954-61) was born on 22nd March 1943 to Kit (Nee Reynolds 1930-37) (an Old Girl) and Geoff, and died on 14th April 2017 in the early hours of the morning.

She was brought up in Brooke Road West, and apart from a short time spent in the United States, lived in Waterloo for the rest of her life.

Margaret Brown (née Seed) and Sue Graham (née Bateson) wrote:

Chris and Sue met aged five at Stanfield and remained good friends for the next sixty nine years. They also met Margaret and Isobel Derricourt (née MacDougall) on entering the main school to form the 'gang of four' as they were known to the rest of the Walker family. Together they joined the Girl Guides, Chris eventually becoming a Queens Guide. Later they went Youth Hostelling together in her beloved Wales, Lake District and Switzerland.

She was an ardent supporter of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (where she met Ralph), going on the Aldermaston march in 1961 with Margaret. This was the start of a lifetime of interest and involvement in left-wing politics, which was shared by her much-loved husband Ralph (an Old Boy), a teacher and lecturer who later became professor and director of the School of the Built Environment at Liverpool John Moores University.

After their marriage, they spent a formative exchange year in America, both working in Long Island, before starting the family which became so important to her. She always carried the most recent photographs of her children Kate, Peter and Leon and was keen to hear about the families of friends and colleagues.



Her training as an Occupational Therapist was only the beginning of a career which was remarkable for its length and variety. After retiring as a senior social services manager in Sefton, with responsibility for the development and organisation of mental health daycare centres, she continued her involvement in the voluntary social housing sector, including as a very active national board member of the Habinteg Housing Association, providing housing for disabled people integrated into new housing developments. She also after retirement worked for Merseycare as a panel member conducting managers' appeals for patients detained under the Mental Health Act. Here, as in her other career roles, she was very highly regarded, acting as a mentor for new panel members. Her great quality was her approachability and ability to put people at ease. Her abilities as a listener were legendary: as a work colleague put it she exemplified the principle that "one has two ears but only one mouth".

Underlying this rich variety was a fundamental interest in and concern for people, both inside and outside work. Examples of this were her care for Sue (whose father died shortly before her twelfth birthday) and her interest in and love for her expanding family, including her grandchildren Lauren, Conor, Oscar and Jasper. Distance was no object in supporting her family - she would surely have become eligible for frequent flyer status as her daughter Kate lived with her children in the Netherlands!

She was an accomplished photographer and keen traveller visiting amongst other places Italy, Peru, Ecuador, Turkey, Morocco, Uzbekistan, and Albania, some of these with Margaret after Ralph's sad and untimely death. Her love of walking was accompanied by her encyclopaedic knowledge of wildlife.

During these visits she enjoyed adding to her knowledge of culture, art, architecture and political systems. Widely read, she also enjoyed all kinds of music, especially classical piano.

She will be sorely missed by the very many people whose quality of life was enhanced by her care and concern, and especially by her family and those whose lives were greatly enriched by her friendship.

EXCERPTS FROM MARTIN WALKER'S (1958 - 65) EULOGY (CHRIS' BROTHER)

As David Copperfield (the Dickens character, not the magician) put it "To begin my life with the beginning of my life" so, in Chris's case, on 22nd March 1943 - right in the middle of World War II, when everything was rationed, from sweets to Christian names; that is the only possible explanation for the fact that, with two grandfathers called Thomas George Reuben Reynolds and Arthur Percy Ravenscroft Walker (aka Grandpa Tim), my sister and I should have ended up as just Christine and Martin Walker!

Dad having survived the horrors of Dunkirk aged just 26, and the North African campaign against Rommel, came home from the war to meet his three year old daughter for the very first time. We grew up together in Crosby, then Waterloo where Chris lived her entire life, but we had many family holidays with Mum and Dad, usually in the Lakes, often in the rain in a leaky caravan, filled with the distinctive holiday aromas of wet clothes, plastic Pakamacs and the unique smell of Calor gas mantles.

One of my happiest memories will be when I welcomed Chris to Underscar - our timeshare apartment overlooking Derwentwater, as recently as January this year, it rained a bit, but we spent some quality time together on her first visit in 40 years to the Lake District. After marrying Ralph in 1962, Chris soon became an international traveller, starting with her trip on Queen Elizabeth to New York in 1965, when she worked as an Occupational

Remembering our Old Girls

Therapist at Pilgrim Hospital, while Ralph was on a Fulbright teaching scholarship; that visit marked the beginning of her lifelong association with so many American friends and colleagues.

Her first choice holiday destination was, however, always Tyn Y Ceunant near Dolgellau, where she will now

join Ralph for one last time on the slopes of Cader Idris. After the kids left home, her globetrotting with Ralph increased dramatically ranging from the Inca Trail and Macchu Picchu to the Crusader castle of Krak Des Chevaliers in Syria.

I will also remember her as my 'big sister', although as the years passed,

she DID seem to be getting smaller; and I have almost forgiven her and my mother for my acting debut as a five year old spider, as we won a fancy dress competition somewhere in Crosby; Chris was (of course) dressed by Mum as Miss Muffet!

Martin Walker (Old Crosbeian)

Margaret Musker (née Woods) 1933 Leaver



THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP

I met Margaret at the end of 1939 as a new pupil at Merchant Taylors' School in Crosby. It was wartime, a period of threats of evacuation, air raids and half-day school. I had just moved up from London with my family; we both lived outside Crosby so would often meet in each others homes at times. As we grew older both of us decided we would like to teach so after taking school certificate and enjoying a year in the Sixth Form, Margaret entered St Katherine's College, and I Edge Hill College.

We both returned as qualified primary school teachers with jobs in Liverpool, Margaret and I were then able to enjoy several short holidays in London, staying at the Regent Palace Hotel and being entertained by my father who worked there at the time. The Royal Court Theatre on a Friday night was a favourite place to be and we also spent several holidays in Cumbria with Margaret's previous college landlady.

As time went on we both met our future husbands, married and settled down to family life; our children were born and I have a lovely memory of visiting Stan and Margaret's farm with my boys. My eldest son loved to camp on their site and I remember Margaret would make sure they were well fed.

Our husbands, Stan and Fred got on very well together and as our families grew older and left home we would often holiday together. The next milestone was when our grandchildren were born, we have a video of our first grandchildren, William and Lauren, playing with Stan on the farm.

Margaret and Stan retired to their cottage on the caravan site and farm that they ran and as we had also retired, we again enjoyed days of holiday together. After Stan was killed in a tragic car accident, Margaret was left alone except for Phyllis and her family. Fred and I supported her as best we could and included her in our days out, usually to car boot sales!



Four years ago my husband died and we supported one another, meeting one day a week in Liverpool or Ormskirk for lunch, shopping and a long chat. We spoke to each other on the phone, usually for an hour long call as we were both alone.

This year started well, but slowly Margaret's health deteriorated and our outings and then phone calls stopped. I do miss her as a very dear friend over the years, but we were both so lucky to have such a long and constant friendship.

Kathleen Callcott

In Memoriam

Daphne Parker (née Mahon) 1952 Leaver



My cousin Daphne died on 15th May 2016 after a long illness.

Daphne started school at St Luke's, Halsall, and won a scholarship to Merchant Taylors' where she was a pupil from 1944 to 1952. She went on to read French and German at Westfield College, London. This was followed by teacher training at Homerton College, Cambridge. She taught in Europe for some time before returning to work at Wirral Girls' Grammar School, Waterloo Park Girls' School, Chesterfield High School and Warwick Bolam High School.

After taking early retirement from teaching, Daphne married John Parker in May 1985. Together they were to share many interests: gardens of all kinds, the RSPB and The National Trust, working as volunteers at Rufford Old Hall. Daphne also became a Blue Badge Liverpool Guide, where her knowledge of languages was a great asset.

Daphne had always enjoyed holidays in the Lake District with family and school friends. Now, with John, in their 'camper van', she was able to visit friends in this country and abroad. Friends were very important to Daphne. She visited them and entertained them, and kept up a voluminous correspondence over many years. She even had a 'library' of all birthday and Christmas cards received, and her replies! She had a true feeling for words.

Daphne had a wide range of interests and a great love of travel and nature. She contributed to a great many

Charities, being especially generous to those concerning medical research, children, seafarers, the environment and local churches.

Her bubbly sense of humour and hearty chuckle always made her a lively companion to her many friends and family.

Jean Smith née Mahon
MTGS 1943-1952

DAPHNE'S LEGACY

The Christmas cards I sent to my MTGS school friends - Eunice Bagshaw, Daphne Mahon, Shirley de-Snoo, Doreen Thompson and Julie Wild - in 1984 announced that I, Dilys Williams, husband Peter and our family had just moved to Lincolnshire after living in Scotland for the past 14 years and I wondered if we might meet up for a weekend reunion.

With two school teachers and a dinner lady in our midst, it was decided that the February half-term would be suitable and London would be a good venue as we were scattered around the country.

This proved very enjoyable and became an annual event continuing each year until 2010 - the 10th reunion held in Dublin, and the rest in various parts of London with the Russell Square area becoming the most popular. Format was as follows: arrive hotel Saturday lunchtime, theatre in the evening, Sunday 9.30 service in choir stalls at Westminster Abbey, walk in park, cinema 3pm, gossip and photos in hotel room Sunday evening. Shops and exhibitions Monday, leaving for home early evening. It worked very well with the odd year when someone would be missing for various reasons, but would be there the following year.

Daphne was still single in 1985 and over the next years met and married John Parker. She retired from teaching, they bought a camper van and holidayed in France with John being introduced to her many friends acquired while studying and teaching there. She started suffering with arthritis and found dipping in and out of the London Underground painful, and after 3 or 4 reunions no longer accompanied us but always received a card from us with our doings recorded.

By 2010, our last reunion in London, Daphne had been widowed and had developed dementia which necessitated her being cared for in a nursing home. Autumn 2014 saw us deciding to meet again, this time in Liverpool. It was every bit as successful as we repeated the visit to Liverpool the following year in April. We were sad to learn that Daphne died in May 2016 and 3 of us were able to attend her funeral in Crosby. We were dumbfounded to be told that she had left five of us money that was to be spent on a weekend away in her memory.

We decided it would be better to go sooner rather than later as our husbands were becoming somewhat fragile. Doreen had lived in Guernsey for many years and had always had the most difficult journey to meet us in London. Her husband was in hospital on the island so we developed a cunning plan to enable her to join us in Jersey for the whole day on the Sunday. The rest of us made our flight reservations to arrive in Jersey on a Friday, meeting at the hotel between 1pm and 2pm.

Here things began to unravel. Shirley developed a stomach upset which prevented her from catching her flight from Gatwick and there was no subsequent seat available on any of the weekend flights, so we were down to 3 until Sunday. Eunice, Julie and I flew in from Birmingham, Liverpool and Doncaster and went to the theatre as arranged - the show was about John Lennon and the fans seated around us were delighted to learn that we had all been born and lived in Liverpool. Saturday we had a very good guided tour around the island which was most interesting and so pretty.

Dor was to arrive at our hotel by 10.30am - a 15 minute flight from Guernsey - literally up and then down! Unfortunately, the flight was delayed and she arrived instead at 1pm. We had lunch, caught up with our news and in no time, it was 5.30pm and time for her to return to the airport for a 6.30 flight. Again, more delays, with her eventually arriving back at Guernsey after 10pm. We three returned home on Monday and yes, our three separate flights were all delayed! It unfortunately turned out to be a disastrous week-end but what a lovely thoughtful idea of Daphne's to give each of us such a generous gift.

Dilys Harvey.

Remembering our Old Girls

Muriel Elwood Clulee

(née Wilson)

1940 Leaver

Muriel Elwood Clulee (Nee Wilson) lived most of her life in Formby, her family had Wilson's Garage. I first met Muriel in 1969 when I was recently married and my husband Barrie was the youngest Rotarian in the country. Phil Clulee, Muriel's husband, was a founder member of the Formby Rotary club, so we met them on one of the first Formby Christmas Rotary Carol Wagon sessions in 1969. We soon found out that Muriel was one of

the first wives who hosted the soup and sandwich 'counting up' evenings at the end of each Carol Wagon trip round the houses. This was because with each evening session's early start, most of the collectors had volunteered to come straight from work without their tea! We needed to count up the night's takings and put the carol wagon to bed after we finished the 3 hour collection session at 9pm. Muriel was always cheerful and although deaf in later years she still had a sense of humour and was full of fun. We didn't have an Inner Wheel club then in Formby for the Rotary wives so Muriel helped to found the Formby Rotary Fellowship

that met monthly in each other's houses to support our husbands and get to know each other socially.

Muriel was usually the first to suggest ideas or volunteer if help was needed. Phil and Muriel moved to Southport several years ago but kept in contact with their Rotarian friends.

Unfortunately Phil died before Muriel and eventually Muriel had to go into a nursing home where she died very suddenly. We missed her over the past few years. She leaves a son John and his partner.

Judith Hawkins

Daphne Maltpress

(née Smith)

1960 Leaver

MALTPRESS, Daphne Gordon (Nee Smith) 1953-60. (Twin to Leslie MTOB)

Daphne died suddenly while travelling through Abu Dhabi on Tuesday, 6th May 2014, aged 73 years.

She will be sadly missed by her family and by those who knew her through teaching at The Perse School in Cambridge from 1980 to 1993 and her voluntary work in Guyana and Ghana.

She spent the last ten years living in Ireland where she taught meditation and spirituality. According to her wishes, a funeral service was held in Abu Dhabi.

(as reported by her friend Diane Ashworth)

Nora Margaret Orritt (Née Freeman)

1943 Leaver



Died peacefully, aged 91
14th March 2017

Born in December 1925 in Myers Road, Crosby - Nora was the youngest of seven siblings, five of whom attended Merchant Taylors' Schools. Her father, Commander CP Freeman

attended Merchant Taylors' Schools as a boy, often telling mother of the time his class marched from the Old Merchant Taylors' School to the 'newly-opened' Merchant Taylors' Boys School in 1874. With strong ties to the School and Nora's mother being acquainted with Miss Fordham, headmistress of the Girls school at the time, it was hardly surprising she started at Merchant Taylors' Girls School in 1933-4. Unfortunately, this was a difficult period, with her mother dying aged 45 in 1933 and World War 2 looming, but Nora had a big family for support and enjoyed school, winning form prizes and developing a liking for literature. She wasn't just academically successful but also enjoyed sport, playing netball, hockey, and cricket, and developing an interest in rugby, all of which she passed on to her children and grandchildren in later years.

Nora left Merchant Taylors' School in 1943, commencing orthopaedic nursing at Oswestry Orthopaedic Hospital, helping nurse the returning wounded soldiers and qualifying as a

physiotherapist. After working locally Nora moved to St Thomas' Hospital in London as a lecturer in Physiotherapy. In 1952, following her work at St Thomas', she was invited over to Saskatoon in Saskatchewan, Canada, where she helped set up and develop a physiotherapy department in the newly built University Hospital. Following the death of her father in 1957, Nora returned to physiotherapy in Oswestry. It was there where she met my father, 10 years her younger, a toy-boy, but they were smitten and their marriage lasted 52 very happy years!

On reflection, Nora was an inspiration, passing on much she had learnt at Merchant Taylors' School and in her own life to our family. A stable loving family life, a deep Christian faith, the love of sport, academic success and never being afraid of trying new things or travelling. Last year, three of her grandchildren played for regional representative teams in rugby, cricket and hockey in New Zealand!

Gordon Orritt

Niccola (Niccy) Downey 1971 Leaver



Merchant Taylors' was able to provide much more than a formal education for Niccy. The joint sixth form ballroom dancing and A level lessons found her a wonderful, gentle and caring husband in Malcolm. They married on 23 August 1975 and were devastated when they learnt they were unable to have the children they desired.

After moving to the edge of Lancashire in Bescar, where Malcolm and Niccy enjoyed 12 idyllic years of rural living in a cosy cottage with a 5 acre field and their two Chocolate Labradors, Tara and Pippa, Niccy joined the local ladies Monday Club and became a committee member of the Lancashire W.I. The latter drew on her attributes as an organiser and ability to extract, with her commanding presence, the best qualities from members and took huge pleasure in being able to help in particular, the older ladies of rural Lancashire.

Even after moving back nearer to civilisation - well, nearer to shops at least - she continued joining groups. The 'Quality Street' Girls from Ainsdale will all vouch for her enthusiasm even through her illness. Niccy was a volunteer with 'Sefton Talking Newspapers'. She loved singing and music and belonged to four choirs and a chimes group.

Niccola (I'm sure you ALL know it's spelt with TWO C's) Downey was born Niccola Elizabeth Yvonne Greaves, to doting parents, Bruce and Joyce on 27 March 1953, three years and a day after her sister Lyn.

At Merchant Taylors' School, Niccy was pensive and studious although she would deny this. She was offered a place to study engineering, at what was then known as UMIST in Manchester. It would not be taken up. She loved home and would never leave until the day she married.

She loved singing and music and belonged to four choirs and a chimes group.

Dad, Bruce, insisted on a 'post 'A level' secretarial course in Liverpool which ensured her employment; firstly in the Liverpool tax office but most enjoyably in the American Consulate in the city as secretary to the Consul. After other positions, culminating in administering to a small private school in Crosby, she pursued many varied hobbies and interests with vigour.

Niccy and Lyn, often with Joyce, would regularly get together, despite living at opposite ends of the M62. They enjoyed jaunts into the Lancashire countryside, laughing, arguing and enjoying just being family together. This was repeated around North Ferriby in East Yorkshire, Lyn's home territory. It was Niccy's hope that when Malcolm stopped working, they and mum, Joyce, would move over to East Yorkshire.

Niccy was found to be ill in January of 2015 and she learned only in March that her prognosis was not great. Niccy was able to Internet-locate a suitable property only a few minutes' drive from Lyn's home and Malcolm completed all the negotiations in record time. Niccy suffered unexpected and serious reactions to her medication but, through the medical care and help of both Southport Hospital the wonderful Queenscourt Hospice, she improved enough to make the journey, fulfilling her dream to live nearer her sister. It lasted only a short 7 days sadly, when Niccy again became unexpectedly seriously ill and was then transferred to another marvellous Hospice, Dove House, Hull. With Malcolm constantly at her side and her family visiting when treatment allowed, she was cared for wonderfully.

There is no doubt she was greatly loved by those who knew her. Her energy and commitment to her friends was a joy to see. She was also committed to her Christian faith and beliefs and we should all be thankful that she is at now peace with God.

Remembering our Old Girls

Dr Ruth Kennedy

1975 Leaver



Ruth was one of the girls who came to school on the bus from Ormskirk.

She was and remained great friends with Sara and Alison Beazley who travelled on the bus too. They tell me that Ruth was a very popular girl and I am not surprised. She loved sports,

Ruth was a compassionate and caring doctor and had a devoted following in the community which she served. It is a testament to her care that so many of her patients attended her funeral. She was also a GP trainer for most of her career.

She always had a great sense of fun and was very fond of the great outdoors, so it was no surprise when she became a Guide leader in her local pack at Dore.

She met her husband Mike [an engineer] through their love of walking and climbing and they married in January 1989. She and her brother Nick were extremely close and her nephews, Peter [former MTBS pupil] and Tim loved her dearly.

In February 2016, Ruth retired and soon afterwards, so did Mike. They had planned a carefree retirement exploring Scotland and beyond in their new camper van. However, very soon, it became apparent that Ruth was unwell and in August 2016, she was diagnosed with an aggressive and terminal brain tumour. There was no hope of a cure so she declined any treatment.

She always had a great sense of fun and was very fond of the great outdoors.

and the theatricals which provided an opportunity to meet the students from the boys' school. She was a Harrison scholar and was elected Head Girl in 1974-5. Alison still has the speech she made at Speech Day. I am told she was very nervous about mispronouncing the guest speaker's name which was 'Mr Oliver Van Oss'.

She then went to Liverpool University to study medicine. She frequently attended the student reunions in Liverpool. Once qualified, she moved to Sheffield to become a GP. She spent some time practising in rural Canada but returned to Sheffield. She remained there for 30 years in the same practice which was in a deprived area of that city. She became a partner.

Mike cared for her at home with love and devotion.

She always appeared cheerful but she must have felt that what was happening to her was very unfair as she had always led such a healthy lifestyle.

She died from a brain tumour on 24/02/17 at home. She had just enjoyed a jolly lunch with Mike, her brother Nick, me [her sister-in-law] and Peter. She had seen her dear friend Sarah Beazley that very morning, and was in company with her former partner in the practice when she unexpectedly collapsed and died.

Her funeral was attended by so many people that the crematorium was

overflowing, which demonstrates the love that those knew her had for her.

She brought joy to everyone who knew her and she will be very much missed and mourned.



Written by Heather Kennedy
[sister-in-law]

Sheila Clayton

1952 Leaver

Sheila was born in Scarborough with extended family living near her. Her father, who had been in the Merchant Navy, gained employment with a firm who became part of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Company. The family moved to Crosby, and Sheila became a pupil at Merchant Taylors' School in 1945. The School had a massive impact on her life, not just for her education, but in forming lifelong friendships. She has always been particularly close to the Leigh family (Joyce Ewbank).

Academically she excelled; she also loved singing in the school choir, and was keen on sports – especially cricket. MTGS with its wonderful ethos meant much to Sheila, and her schooldays were always remembered with pleasure, gratitude and affection. Whilst at school, her heart remained in Yorkshire, and each summer she returned to Scarborough.

In 1952 she went to Gypsy Hill College. After training, she taught for a short time in Liverpool, but then relocated to London. She had met Pat at college, and whilst living together in Streatham, they worked in a variety of schools in the area. Sheila's qualities as a natural leader soon became apparent, and she eventually became headteacher of a large school in Brixton which had huge social issues. She dealt with them confidently and with great skill.

After many years of working in London, Sheila and Pat decided to relocate to Yorkshire in 1974. Pat became headteacher of a school in Bridlington and Sheila headteacher of the Flamborough School. Their journeys to school were a vast contrast to those in London. They bought the beautiful St Mary's



Cottage, which was in need of much renovation. Sheila lived there for the rest of her life.

Very sadly, in 1979 Pat died unexpectedly. This was a difficult time, but Sheila was supported by new friends in Ebberston. Some years later Sheila was forced to take early retirement on health grounds. She then began (on a small scale) to breed cattle, at first Friesians and then Limousins. This became a big part of her life for many years. Fortunately, she sold her last cows before the devastating foot and mouth epidemic in 2001.

There were so many aspects to Sheila's life. She was devoted to St Mary's Church, where she served for many years as Churchwarden. Recently, she was responsible for liaising with surveyors and craftsmen when developments and renovations took place at the church. The result is a fitting memorial to her vision and devotion. She served as lay chair for the deanery and was a member of the diocesan synod for many years. Her involvement with the local Conservative party included more committee work, electioneering and fundraising with friends. She loved theatre and music (Opera North and Ryedale Festival), lectures and tours with NADFAS, RSPB, John Lewis, gardening and growing many fruits

and vegetables. The Archers and Any Questions were among her favourite radio programmes, listened to probably with a glass of malt whisky in her hand.

Her mother lived in her own home near Scarborough until she was 99 years old. She died only shortly before her 100th birthday. One or two years later Sheila's brother Stuart died from cancer. It was with great sadness that she realised she had no living relatives.

Sheila was always fully committed to all she did. She could be forthright and independent but was also passionate, thoughtful, very caring and generous. Her faith was resolute and trusting – she bravely faced the devastating news of her cancer. Her demeanour was a shining Christian example to us all. Sheila was hugely loyal to all her friends who have been privileged to have known and loved her. We are left with so many happy memories.

Barbara Guest (Shoesmith)



Remembering our Old Girls

Moira Shannon

1979 Leaver



The two of us in Barcelona to celebrate 50 years of friendship, August 2016

It is with great sadness that I report the passing of Moira Shannon in October 2017 (MTGS Old Girl 1972 - 1979)

Moira was an outstanding pupil at school, excelling particularly in English, French and History. She won many subject prizes over the years and I remember her proudly receiving them on stage at the Annual Speech Day at the Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool.

In addition to her academic studies she was a keen member of the debating society at school and

participated in many joint debates with the Boys school. She was also an active member of the dramatic society, including a memorable performance in a joint production of *The Crucible* with St Mary's Boys' School.

During her time at Merchants' she was a popular and sociable girl with a wide circle of friends, many of whom she stayed in contact with thanks to the class reunions that have taken place in recent years.

After leaving school she spent a gap year in Vienna learning German and revelling in the city's rich cultural offering, before going up to Clare College, Cambridge to study Law in 1980.

By all accounts, at University she combined her academic studies with a rather busy social life and still found time to row for the College.

After graduating with a 2.I she moved to London to complete her studies with a year at Law School. She subsequently joined Linklaters as an articled clerk, and remained with them for seven years, including a year on secondment with Hale and Dorr in Boston.

In 1991, she moved to Shell as an in-house lawyer and forged a long and successful career there, travelling all over the world, including to Brazil, Australia and Malaysia, and making

many international friends amongst her Shell colleagues. She rose to become Associate General Counsel. For the last three years she had served as a Shell Pension Fund Trustee. Moira celebrated 25 years at Shell last year.

Moira was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer early in 2017. With great courage and determination, she underwent repeated chemotherapy and radiotherapy, supported by the love and devotion of her family and close friends. Tragically, the disease proved to be incurable and Moira died on October 18th. She leaves a husband and two sons.

The funeral service in London was attended by a huge number of people, including ex-MTGS girls, fellow students from Cambridge and associates from Shell, a tribute to how many friends and colleagues valued her stimulating company, highly-developed sense of humour and wise advice.

Lesley Meadows

She combined her academic studies with a rather busy social life and still found time to row for the College.



Ms Sian Tickle

1983 Leaver



During November and December of 2017, as I was visiting Sian at Aintree Hospital, and then later at Woodlands, we had some really interesting and deep conversations that I will treasure forever. We laughed, we came close to tears, but throughout it all she was so strong, so brave. Indeed it was Sian comforting me when the realisation of how serious her condition had become started to dawn on me. It was during one of those conversations, that she asked me to speak at her funeral, and suggested that I talk about Le Petit Prince by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

Here follows an abridged version of what I said on that sad day at the memorial service kindly hosted by the school:

The Little Prince, or Le Petit Prince as we first knew him when studying French at school, is an incredible book which remained one of Sian's favourites throughout her life.

In it, a pilot was forced to land in the Sahara and he met a little prince. They shared stories of his journey that brought him from Asteroid B612 to earth.

Through these stories we learnt many things, like how as grownups, we lose sight of what is important because we are all too busy to stop and think.

The book conveyed an important moral lesson, in that life is only worth living when it is lived for others, not for oneself.

When the pilot later recounted the tales of The Little Prince, he said

"If I try to describe him here, it is to make sure that I shall never forget him. If I forget him, I may become like the grownups who are no longer interested in anything but figures"

This is reference to the business man that The Little Prince met on his travels, who was only concerned with matters of consequence and had no time for anyone or anything other than counting, even though he had lost sight of the reason for all the counting. I'm sure many of us can relate to that, being so engrossed in work that we lose sight of what is important in life.

But I know that one of Sian's favourite stories of The Little Prince was his encounter with the Fox (Monsieur Le Renard)

The fox is the one who taught the Little Prince what it means to be tamed by someone, in other words, to grow to love people and their uniqueness. Once you have shared that love, you are somehow changed, and you cannot forget the effect that they have had on your life.

"It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye - you become responsible for what you have tamed"



By this we learn that Life is meaningful when it is filled with caring relationships.

The amount of people, from all parts of Sian's life, that attended the memorial service was testament to the love and care that Sian showed,

not only to her family and friends, but also her colleagues and students, in the many school productions she has been involved in, along with helping out on school trips and the Duke of Edinburgh awards. I learnt from other people talking that day, of just how loved and respected she truly was.

I will never forget Sian; I have many happy memories of us growing up together.

Growing up, Sian was like my big sister. As she said when she introduced me to people, we were friends before we were born, as our mothers chatted in the playground waiting to pick up our big brothers Stan and Graham.

We went to play group together, Infants and Juniors at Crosby Road North, and then on to Merchant Taylors' School for Girls. Forever in the same class as each other.

Being 5 months older, Sian always got to try things first, like Brownies and Dancing, and I soon followed in her footsteps, although the dancing was definitely not for me!

- I remember many a sleepover in Buttermere Gardens where Sian grew up.
- Dressing up as an Elephant for a Fancy Dress Parade with a papier mache head made by our parents - Sian was the front of course, leaving me to bring up the rear.
- The Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977 and the party on the Green in Buttermere Gardens, where we were allowed to sit at the kids' table and the adults left us in peace (although I know now it was actually the other way round).
- Visiting her Grandad's sweet shop on St Johns Road.
- Sunday school outings to Trentham Gardens
- The Bike rides as we ventured further afield on our own.
- The time spent at All Saints, as not only were we at Brownies together, but her mum, Molly, was Akela, as my Dad, Ken, was Scoutleader.

Remembering our Old Girls

- We all spent many a weekend at Waterloo Sailing Club with her Dad, Stan teaching us how to help sail a dinghy, mind you, think we were more of a hindrance than a help. But we had such fun.
- The night we missed our last bus home from town as we hung around after the concert to meet Bono from U2, having earlier met the support band, The Alarm - a night that was to truly change my life as I still follow The Alarm now (and her brother Stan still gets the credit for that one!).

These memories will stay with me forever.

After university, we went our separate ways on the journey of life, making the 'matters of consequence' more important than sparing the time to share with each other, as we gave in to being grownups. Well partly in my case, as I think it is always good to try not to grow up completely! And then on to our new roles as mothers to Ben (Sian), and Paul and Sarah (me). However we were always there for each other throughout our lives when the need arose.

Sian was, and always will be, a massive part of my childhood, as were the whole family, and I thank them for the many happy memories.

She was so very brave and strong to the end.

RIP my big sister, my friend, sleep tight. Everytime I hear the stars laughing, I will remember you.

Sue Owens 1983 Leaver

FOND MEMORIES OF A MUCH MISSED COLLEAGUE

Sian and I were unlikely friends. We disagreed about some of the most fundamental things in life; she hated Gilbert and Sullivan operas which hurt me deeply, she was a veggie and I am most definitely not, and we had very different views on politics, and religion. However, it turned out that what we had in common was much more significant than all those things; the main thing we agreed on was that David Tennant was the best Doctor Who, but that Matt Smith was not bad

as a replacement! I count myself very fortunate and blessed that for the past 13 years we shared a number of passions and had an enormous number of giggles.

Sian firmly believed in giving students the opportunity to learn outside the classroom and organised trips to theatres all over the country including to Stratford, Salford and Leeds. Some of these were to enhance understanding of texts being studied, some to show professional versions of an up and coming school production, and some for pure enjoyment. None of the students or staff will forget the trips to New York, the highlight of last one was undoubtedly taking part in a workshop with some of the cast of the Lion King and seeing the show on Broadway. She was also generous with her time in accompanying trips of other departments especially Classics and History. She always won the game of who could bring the smallest bag and then had the biggest extra luggage for her cameras. We were always on the look-out for new patches and button badges for her camera bag.

Sian was a huge part of the DofE team allowing girls to develop important skills in camping and navigation, teamwork and resilience. She was unfailingly cheerful, encouraging and kind, and that was just to the staff. She was an expert in getting girls to resolve problems and taught them invaluable lessons like don't leave your boots outside your tent in the rain, and you really don't need to carry a hairdryer.

Her generosity and determination to help others was most evident in her sustained support for projects in Sierra Leone and in the number of charity running events she took part in; 5ks, Muddy Runs, Santa Dashes, runs for the Hillsborough 96 and Rhys Jones, despite being in pain herself from arthritis. Some she walked, some she partly ran and she continued to register for these even when she was ill. She mainly ran these to raise money for Cancer charities in memory of our good friend and colleague Debbie Butler and then most recently for her dad, Stan. It was

because of her example that a large group of us were inspired to join Team Tickle and walk or run the Liverpool Race for Life in June and it was fantastic that she was able to join us on the day. Because she was used to giving to others, she did not find it easy to accept help but she was truly grateful to all those volunteered for the Clatterbridge Shuttle Bus in the summer or sent messages and visited while she was in hospital.

Of course we think of her as a gifted director, set designer, costume designer and all those other behind the scenes things because she was self-effacing and did not like to be centre stage. She encouraged the students to be the ones to showcase their talents and provided the environment for them to do so. However, she was also a wonderful actress and had a beautiful voice which most people did not hear. The cast of Crucible were among the honoured few.

It is probably for the Joint School Productions that most people will remember Sian. I cannot begin to count the number of students including my own daughters, who have been given confidence, a sense of inclusion and belonging, pride and absolute joy through being part of the Dram Fam. Every show family developed their own in-jokes which they still talk about years later (Crouching Squirrel, Hidden Badger!)

For those of us in the show team, the months and weeks before show were frantic and chaotic with Sian having new ideas for costumes, props, scenery, lighting and additions to the cast almost up to the week of the show. But it was all worth it in show week when all of her plans came together. I think that the bonds of the Dram Fam are the strongest ties of all.

So Skippy would like to thank Sian for all the passions she allowed me to share and say to her Allons-y, Geronimo, and always carry a Jammy Dodger in your pocket because you never know when you are going to need a Tardis self-destruct button.

Caroline Grindley



In Memoriam

Remembering our former staff and other members of the community

Christine Parr

1970 – 1990



An obituary is a difficult task; writing one for a much admired colleague and later much loved friend, is a mountain to climb.

Chris (née Marsden) graduated from Girton College Cambridge in 1954 with a double first in Natural Sciences. She went on to St Thomas' Hospital Biochemistry Dept. She returned to the North in 1956 being awarded an M.Sc by the University of London. She began work at Waterloo Park School and married Brian Parr in 1958. Christopher and Elizabeth were born in the following years.

After part time teaching she began work full time at MTGS in 1970. She was appointed Senior Mistress in 1976 and became the School's first Deputy Head in 1981.

I first met Chris in 1987 when she 'interviewed' me as a candidate to succeed Margaret Davies. She was pleasant, fair, rigorous and thorough. Looking back I realise how very importantly the governors regarded her opinion.

With this ability she brought other outstanding personal attributes. One colleague wrote "among all my memories of working at MTGS, Chris stands out as someone whom I could both like and respect for every kind of reason; for her academic rigour which

we took so much for granted, her constantly outstanding administration skills which she made seem entirely effortless and for her unfailing personal integrity and quiet kindness."

Yes Chris was an outstanding Deputy Head, but, and equally important, she was a loving daughter, wife, mother and grandmother.

A friend observed "I only met Chris on a few occasions but she left an indelible impression on me. She was invariably smiling with a sense of goodwill and attentive to those around. On one occasion, at a local restaurant, I remember her surrounded by her grandchildren - the centre of attention. They were full of laughter, chatter, respect and affection. I was very struck by her place in their lives."

In the academic year 1988-89 Chris lost both her mother and her husband, Brian, and gained her first grandchild, William. As a result she postponed her retirement which was a great benefit both to myself and to the School.

Chris stands out as someone whom I could both like and respect for every kind of reason.

She organised some unique moments in the school's history. The 100th anniversary which we all, pupils, parents, staff and friends shared with the Archbishop of Canterbury in Liverpool Cathedral in 1988 stands out. I later discovered Chris had managed to acquire the actual copy of the Archbishop Runcie's speech that day - special words. She also masterminded the Royal visit of the Duke and Duchess of York in 1988.

In the many letters and cards received after Chris's death some observations are repeated - her smile, her sense of humour, meticulous attention to detail, generosity, integrity and elegance.

During her 23 years of retirement she designed and planted 2 gardens from scratch, or should I say mud and stone!

Her determination to master all aspects of IT (putting me to shame) and her love of music - following her Grade 8 violin at school - were all aspects of these very active years, as was her regular attendance at Church reflecting her quiet Christian faith. She gained further fulfilment from being a loving grandmother to her 5 grandchildren.

She and I walked and explored the Dolomites and Drakensburg, Alps and Pyrenees, Andes and Himalayas, Arctic to Antarctic, and the Tropics. We saw many sights and sites of this wonderful world we all inhabit, all described in her detailed logs and diaries and illustrated by her wonderful photographs.

Appropriate, therefore, to finish with an appreciation from an American student who passed us on the Everest trail. As he loped past the 14 of us, he noticed Chris - who was at 79, many years older than the rest of the party.

He stopped, "Excuse me ma'am; can I ask you how old you are?" On being informed, he shouted with disbelief and wonder - "God bless you ma'am, God bless you!", and he picked her up in a big hug.

A wonderful memory of a very special daughter, wife, mother, grandmother, colleague and friend.

Jane Panton
October 2016.



John Kemsley Smallcombe (JKS)

Assistant Master
MTBS 1963 - 1988

Having been appointed to teach geography and to take responsibility for careers, John and his wife, Barbara, moved from the south of England to 54 Coronation Drive, Crosby in the summer of 1963. For the next five decades JKS was to become a familiar figure in the local area, often to be seen riding his 'sit up and beg' bicycle in the vicinity of the College Road shops.

Born in Sittingbourne, Kent, JKS was the middle child of three siblings. His younger sister, Jean, moved to south eastern Australia many years ago and was, in the last two years, delighted to be able to chat with her brother via the use of Skype.

JKS attended Chippenham Grammar School where he was Head Boy. Always an enthusiastic sportsman he enjoyed many outdoor pursuits and, on leaving school, he joined the Forces towards the end of the Second World War and trained as a pilot. He spent time in the Far East in a number of places, including Rangoon, and, for a period, worked as a code-decipherer.

Some of the happiest years of JKS' life were spent at the University of Cambridge. As an undergraduate of Peterhouse he enjoyed an active social life, taking part in plays, attending balls and competing on the sports field. During holidays skiing trips were taken abroad with friends, and horse riding and mountain climbing were also enjoyed.

On leaving Cambridge JKS worked at Harrods and then for a furniture company, Horrockses, before deciding to go to Bristol to qualify for a teaching certificate.

Throughout his time at Merchant Taylors' Boys' School JKS enjoyed maintaining close links with his alma mater and, in his role as Careers Master, was instrumental in organising boys' visits to his old college of Peterhouse and in his support of the Old Crosbeian Cambridge Dinners. Many pupils were given valuable help and encouragement by JKS in the careers guidance he gave at school and his wisdom and sagacity were much appreciated and valued.

JKS' contribution to the life of MTS was not limited to the areas of geography and careers. An active and enthusiastic sportsman, he assisted with junior rugby teams and in the years following the opening of the swimming pool showed a strong commitment to swimming and to the John Harrison Club. His first-hand experience of flying also proved invaluable in the work and leadership he gave to the Air Force Section of the school's Combined Cadet Force. For many years cadets benefited greatly from his considerable knowledge and expertise.

JKS' home and social life were also of immense importance to him. A close friend and colleague on the MTS staff was the Art Master, Trevor Hughes, with whom JKS enjoyed many bicycle outings, riding along the Leeds Liverpool canal towpaths, often involving refreshment breaks for cool beers carried in the basket of JKS' bike. Holiday coach excursions the length and breadth of Britain were a

feature of John and Barbara's married life and cultural trips to Theatre Clwyd with another good friend and colleague, John Kent, and wife, Mary, were much enjoyed.

In retirement, with another close friend and former colleague, Charles Bailey, the two travelled by train to places where they could go walking for miles, enjoying the fresh air and attractive scenery of the English countryside. Dedicated to help improve the quality of life of those less fortunate and privileged than himself, JKS became involved with adult literacy and numeracy classes held at the Cambridge Road, Waterloo Centre. As well as the important voluntary work he did as a Samaritan, at the age of seventy four JKS enrolled on a counselling course at John Moore's University. This coincided with the then Prime Minister's wife, Cherie Blair, becoming Chancellor of JMU. As the most senior student on the campus JKS was asked to make a speech and, years later, revealed a hand written note from Mrs Blair saying how wonderful it was to have met him and how inspiring his speech had been. She signed off with "Much Love, Cherie Blair". JKS completed the counselling course and went on to put it to good use in the help and support he was able to give to others.

All those who met him or knew him well, recognized JKS as being a quintessential gentleman. Following Barbara's death in November 2014, and over the last two years of his life, JKS lived with increasing dementia and received twenty four hour care. Lorna Cooney, his chief carer, who became a close and trusted companion to JKS wrote, "The time I spent with John will remain a special time in my life and that's because of the gentleman John was. He was old school, a man who exuded charm and sophistication irrespective of whatever situation in which he would find himself. John had this natural ability to hold a room, to command attention without uttering a word. This was the man who still tipped his hat if he passed a lady. A man who at

and other members of the community'

ninety years of age would stand aside to let a mum pushing a pram go ahead of him through a door, despite the fact that it was difficult for him to stand. A man who never forgot to express his gratitude for any gesture of help or support offered him. A man with a wicked sense of humour and a sparkle in his eye. Lorna further observes, "John was also diagnosed with end stage kidney failure and the medical team that supported John throughout that time, were wonderful. John's charm and

charisma played a part in this. He had a way about him that made people want to do the best they could by him, simply because of the person he was."

Even past the age of eighty, JKS' passion for swimming never waned. In the company of former colleagues, Phil Judge and Dave Blower, he maintained his round the year routine of three early morning swims of forty lengths in the school pool.

Attended by family, friends and former colleagues, JKS' funeral was at Thornton Crematorium on 24th November, 2016. On Saturday 10th December, the anniversary of Barbara and John's wedding in St Peter's Church, Woolton, their ashes were scattered among the sand dunes of Crosby's beach, a place they had so often enjoyed walking together, accompanied by their dog, Dougan.

Photo from The Crosbeian 1988, on his retirement.

Eloise Cook

(née Wilson)

MTGS 1972 - 1974

Eloise Cook taught at MTGS from September 1972 to July 1974. She moved to Cheshire and finished her career at Stretford Grammar, but always said that Merchant Taylors' School was her favourite.

She went to Carlisle High School from where she gained a scholarship to London University, attending Queen

Mary College and obtaining a degree in French and Latin. After a year at the Institute of Education, her first post was at the Henrietta Barnett School in North London. She worked in a variety of schools in England and Scotland following her husband Peter's career in the NHS. She loved teaching and got on well with her colleagues and until recently was still in touch with Sybil Thomas and Gillian Banks. Her later years were spent in Norwich, where her younger daughter lives. She died in January at the age of 91. Her daughters, Jane (left 1969) and Jo (left 1971) are both Old Girls of the School.



Merchant Taylors' Schools

John Sutcliffe

MTBS 2013 – 2016

John, who served as a Governor from 2013 to December 2016, died from a long-term illness on 2 January 2017.

His connection with the School stemmed from the time his son Jonathan attended the Boys' School. A successful business man, having formed his own Chartered Engineering Company in Liverpool in 1985, he was also Chairman of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce from 2011 until 2016.

On the Board he served with distinction as the Chair of the Estates Committee helping the School successfully complete a number of large projects during his term of office. His practical, common sense approach and cheerful humour will be missed by his fellow Governors and staff alike.

Steve Wilkinson
(Friend and Governor)



In Memoriam

Remembering our former staff and other members of the community

Jeremy Le Poidevin

MTBS 1980 - 1986



Merchant Taylors' Schools

Born August 16th 1954

Died November 13th 2016, age 62

Although his tenure at MTBS was relatively short, "J Le P" is well and fondly remembered by colleagues and pupils alike as an inspiring and dedicated English teacher, hockey coach and producer of some outstanding school plays. In the words of one of his brothers "He was a warm-hearted, generous, enthusiastic and insanely active person" and from a member of staff "One of the most valued colleagues I ever had".

In 1980 he was convalescing after knee surgery and arrived at school a few weeks into the term. He was walking on crutches, unfortunately billeted on the top floor of the boarding house, but immediately threw himself into life at MTBS.

He will be particularly remembered for the plays and musicals he produced, including:

The Ghost Train - a comedy suspense thriller with eerie sound effects

Hamp - a gripping and compelling drama set during WWI; Jeremy

himself took the lead role of Private John Hamp, a shell shocked and trusting young man from Lancashire who is court-martialled for desertion

Smike - a pop musical with a time-travelling theme, an adaptation of an extract from Charles Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat - memorable for the choreographic workouts, given to the cast by Margaret Mann, said to be more exhausting than a 1st XV training session; and for the gold painted Sinclair C5 electric three-wheeler used as the chariot in the finale and test driven by Jeremy up and down the main corridor in the dead of night.

He also inaugurated the Staff Revue persuading colleagues to take part in a surprise performance of various comedy sketches to an audience of the whole school. Jeremy performed in a sketch in which he shaved, using a cut-throat razor, accompanied by the accelerating music of "In the Hall of The Mountain King" and ever increasing volumes of theatrical blood.

Jeremy was born in Derby, raised in Uttoxeter and educated at Smallwood Manor Prep School and Repton before reading English at the University of York.

Prior to joining MTBS he taught for three years at Colston's School in Bristol and from MTBS went on to Silcoates in Wakefield. He met his future wife Cheryl while in Crosby and conducted a long distance courtship from Wakefield before proposing and marrying in 1991.

Towards the end of each stage of his teaching career he would get "itchy feet" and look for new challenges beyond teaching. In 1995, Jeremy finally realised this long held desire for a new adventure. He and Cheryl bought a small and run down business called Practical Magic; essentially a mail order business supplying props to children's entertainers, in reality a name and a garage full of plastic accessories.

Sixteen years ago, after starring in the BBC's *Escape to the Country*, he and Cheryl moved to Gadlas, near Ellesmere in Shropshire. From here they built Practical Magic into a premier dealership for children's entertainers worldwide, designing and manufacturing many unique tricks and effects. They travelled throughout the UK and ventured to Europe and the USA to attend and lecture at trade shows and conventions. His video demonstrations of products and routines have been invaluable to both aspiring and experienced magicians and along with his hilarious Fireside Chats are still available to view by following the videos link on the menu bar of the website www.practical-magic.com.

To try to sum up Jeremy's all too short time with us is difficult. Teacher and Magic Dealer ... this is not even the tip of the iceberg. Polymath is a label that sits comfortably upon Jeremy, for he truly was a man of wide knowledge and learning. He had interests in stamp and coin collecting, literature, art, the natural world, football (as a lifelong Stoke supporter) and music - notably Bob Dylan, The Beatles, Leonard Cohen and Thea Gilmore along with Gregorian chant and the more standard classical repertoire; in the last few years he had become a competent guitar player, accompanying himself to his favourite songs.

Gone too soon and sadly missed, but those of us who knew Jeremy are all better off for having known him and he will certainly live on through our memories.

Stephen J Williams
Former teacher at MTBS





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