This reflection from the founding Crawfurd Housemaster at the end of his tenure is as true today as it was in 1943. As is often the case, it is in the looking back that we gain perspective and understanding. In this final year of my own tenure, it is with a sense of satisfaction that I look back on one of my first challenges, which was the conversion of Crawfurd from a boys’ house to a girls’ house in 2002. It is hugely satisfying to see how Crawfurd has continued to thrive and serve its young members so well. All Old Crawfurdians, both men and women, not all of whom have resided along the Terrace as they do today, share what Mr Hazelton best described as ‘the ideal plan’.

I hope the following recollections from Housemasters and Old Crawfurdians will prompt you to reflect on your education at Epsom College. If it has made a difference in your life, please consider the importance of preserving the same opportunities for future generations. Through the work of the Education Trust and the Old Epsomian Club, we seek and value the support of all members of the College community. Support can take the form of a written reflection like these, career guidance for a pupil, a donation, a legacy bequest or as an enthusiastic guest at an event, as you are today.

It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to this Crawfurd Reunion. I am pleased to give an especially warm welcome to three founding members of Crawfurd: Gerald Halnan (1936-39), John Priest (1936-39) and Ray Reynolds (1934-39). I thank you for your interest in and support for Epsom College.

With every good wish,

STEPHEN BORTHWICK, HEADMASTER

23rd June 2012
As I go out from this House I will write down one or two of the thoughts which crowd around.

Our life together, these first six years of the history of the House, has been very pleasant. We have been young and growing and keen. We have been a community making a new home, and traditions for those who come after. The spirit of a common enterprise has bound us. Our undertakings have multiplied bringing an increasing number of types of boys to contribute their part to the life of the House. This has helped us to appreciate each other: “On! On!” has been a good motto, and altogether life has been buoyant and light-hearted. The basis of our happiness has been mutual respect throughout the House. Old Boys will agree it has coloured our lives.

For half the time we have been at war. But in spite of troubles and difficulties of air raids, and travel and blackout, we have been more knit together than ever. The war has called from us our Prefects and Upper School earlier than from boarding houses, yet by our success in such a great variety of activities, we have gained an outstanding position in the school. It was a fitting comment from a Senior Master, when for the first time we brought home the rugger shield, that he had “never before seen the Final House Tie so won by team work.”

It is up to the present members of the House now to keep the stream flowing full. They must prolong this golden age. Then their successors must perpetuate it. Indeed, we should always be at the top as ours is the ideal plan. We have the best of both worlds – good homes and a good school working together.

So goodbye and good luck! I have enjoyed myself. Thank you for your enthusiasm and co-operation. Floreat Crawfurdia.
RAY REYNOLDS (1934-39)

The only incident I can recall was, having a car at school, I ran one of the Tuck Shop girls home one night. News of my heinous crime soon reached the HM and I was duly summoned to the Study where ‘Arnie’ gave me a lecture and six of the best (she wasn’t worth it!).

GERALD HALNAN (1936-39)

In 1936 I was transferred from Rosebery to Crawfurd, where a brand new building awaited. I was present at the inaugural opening ceremony, when the venerable Sir Raymond Crawfurd gave the opening speech. We were awestruck by our new surroundings; a snooker table, copious furniture and an extensive book case. Daily newspapers were provided, including The Daily Mirror, with its cartoon of ‘Jane’, that shapely young blond female was a favourite.

Edward Hazelton was introduced as our new Housemaster and a better choice could not have been made. A recent Cambridge graduate, he quickly became a father figure and a favourite uncle to us. Even now I can hardly believe he was only 27. ‘Shuffle’, as he was known, was a moderate disciplinarian, caning me once but always advising me well. On the athletics field I nearly speared him with a javelin, nothing personal of course!

Next in line of authority was Alan Parks, Head Prefect, who would later become Head of School. As a scholar, he went unchallenged. As an athlete, he was in the top cadre, right across the board. He seemed to enjoy applying the slipper and cane in the cause of discipline, but always with a smile – I should know! He cruised through Oxford and Guys Hospital, with honours and attainments bobbing in his wake, ultimately becoming President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Somehow, he found the time to serve in the Korean campaign.

Michael Stevens, another bright one making prefect at 16, left in 1939. Sadly he was killed in action in 1944 while serving as a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, another ‘candle in the wind’.

Geoffrey Galloway, son of the founder of Galloway Cough Cure Co., was delivered to the school gate in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce or by his stunning blond sister in her shining MG – we walked.

Warner Grubb, also in the Sixth, the older of the two American brothers, caused incredulous attention at the dining table when he sprinkled copious amounts of salt on his bananas. Warner continued his education at Harvard.

My friend, Richard Kendall, was a superb runner who also excelled as a scholar and left
me trailing far behind his mastery of Greek and Physics. Leaving school at the outbreak of war, he went on to distinguish himself by being awarded the DSO for his part in the sinking of the battleship Tirpitz by midget submarines. I caught up with him in the sixties when he was a pathologist at a Leicester hospital.

I recall Michael Smith dancing naked in the shower room, like a Dervish with his bath towel wound round his head as a turban. He was a lively lad, good at rugger but sadly killed in action in 1941 as Lieutenant in the Royal Sussex Regiment.

Another dozen names I can recall, whose faces are as clear in my mind as if it were yesterday, all destined for dedicated service in medicine and the forces. I count myself lucky and privileged to have been one of them, and have survived so long to tell the tale.

BARRY COLLINS (1939-43)

My parents first took me to Epsom College in July 1939. While they discussed various matters with Headmaster Powell, I was asked to help pupils fill sandbags. This initiation into hard labour, in many ways, characterised my time at the school during those war years.

As a day boy, life was demanding. I arrived in time for morning Chapel at 8am, followed by lessons at 8.30am. After lunch it was rugby or athletics until tea and then lessons until 6pm, followed by homework in the House until 6.45pm, when I then cycled home to do even more homework! I was not a very gifted pupil and failed to obtain matriculation and sat the whole exam again in December 1942. Unfortunately, I was ill and the Second Master, The Reverend Michael Robertson, ‘Pomp’ as he was known, came to my home to invigilate but I collapsed, which ended the matter. After leaving the College I maintained contact with ‘Pomp’ for some years.

My love for cricket made Summer Term my favourite time of year. To my everlasting regret, the year in which I was selected to play in the 1st XI, my parents, for financial reasons, required me to leave the College at the end of the Easter term in April 1943, so I never played for the team or on the splendid ground.

My close friends numbered Dennis Fisher, David Dent and Gordon Whittle. Dennis died a few years ago, David Dent lives in Australia and I lost contact with Gordon long ago. It all seems a double life ago.
During the war, piles of chalk were placed between the games pitches to stop German gliders landing on them. One autumn afternoon, whilst a first XV match was in play, several of us juniors played ‘king of the castle’ on one of them, instead of watching the match. We were stopped by a prefect and the next day a notice was pinned on the House notice board instructing us to report to Room 30 that evening. We each received a prefect’s caning, three of the best for ragging.

I can recall cycling to school one morning in 1944, at the height of the V1 flying bomb attacks. I was on the hill overlooking the College when I heard a doodle-bug approach. It was flying very low and looked like it might hit me, so I got off my bike and crouched on the road. Fortunately, its engine cut out and it turned on its side, but sadly landed on a nearby cottage, where a young mother and baby were killed.

Soberly suited in regulation grey flannel, black tie and a starched collar, I can recall my first day in Crawfurd hovering around the notice board at the entrance to the day room with other new boys. There was so much to learn that was not part of the curriculum but soon learned by suffering through rites of initiation as a new bug, worse still a day bug.

I followed in the footsteps of my older brother, Michael, who entered Crawfurd at the beginning of the war and rose to become Head of House. He left in the early war years to take commission in the Royal Engineers. His death in action on the Anzio beachhead in 1944 is commemorated on the Chapel War Memorial. The news reached me in ‘Brute’ Wallis’ class room in the form of a summons to the Headmaster at which my father broke the news and took me home.

It was not long after this that the onslaught of doodle-bugs began. Contemporaries will remember sheltering under desks, a doubtful precaution. Later it was V2s, stratospheric rockets that arrived without warning and exploded on impact. The only consolation was that hearing it, meant you were alive.

My time covered the reign of Arthur ‘Toad’ Ellis, a biologist of national distinction and an authority on frogs. Something of a recluse, he carried out his obligations without noticeable enthusiasm. After him came Bill Ashhurst, a teacher of Physics and very much a family man, who loathed corporal punishment and
brought an unaccustomed benevolence to the
classroom. He was out of the mould of public
school masters and brought a breath of the
wider world to our narrower outlook. I can
recall his deputy, Charlie Gaman, who was a
gentle gentleman wedded to botany, flight
lieutenant of the school’s air cadet and a
reluctant disciplinarian. He covered the grounds
on an ancient bike, referred to as his staff car.

Our sporting prowess was no less striven
for and boasted about than that of boarders.
There were giants among us. The Kendall
brothers dominated swimming while Jesty
(can’t remember his Christian name) mastered
middle and long distance running. I remember
the Carpenter brothers who annexed the
half back positions in the 1st XV. We lesser
mortal s made full use of squash, tennis and
fives courts. Jenkins, who had more cultural
pursuits, took the tenor parts in musical events.

I rose from House Prefect to School
Prefect and gained entry to the Bin, a narrow
elongated side room where one could enjoy
home brewed cocoa and burnt toast, and
the services of a fag to wash and sweep. As
School Prefect I had the duty of ringing the
Chapel bell and being served by lesser fry in
the dining room with access to an exclusive
sitting room, where even the Headmaster had
to knock before entering.

It was rumoured that the Headmaster
drew blood when beating and was known
as ‘Bloody Henry’, a gross libel. He was a
brilliant teacher, scholar, former Rugby Blue
and, as I came to know in later years, a
modest, cultured and highly respected man in
his calling. I can still see him sitting on a desk
and declaiming passages from The Odyssey
to a class of would-be scientists, destined
for medicine, to broaden and enrich their
appreciation of the classics. Crawfurd was
well within view of his house and it was not
unusual to catch sight of him in singlet and
slacks plying the axe on winter wood.

Now from the hazy gaze of some seventy
years, this Crawfurdian looks back with pride
and pleasure on those distant scenes and the
memories they still evoke.
Here is my rueful recollection.

Imagine the old Crawfurd dayroom, out towards what was then the tuck shop and armoury, with tables and chairs, a much loved half-size billiard table and a bookcase against a nearby wall.

Imagine a loud rumpus of boys that causes the bookcase to spring from its floor fixings and fall, like a domino into the billiard table with a loud crack as the slate splits in two.

Imagine my cries, the apparent cause of the rumpus, being savaged by the prefectorial cane.

Imagine the subsequent cry from my widowed mother at the cost of the required repairs.

Certainly the lowest point in my Epsom life, apart from ‘playing’ cricket, but that’s a story for another time.

The facilities in those days were somewhat different and comparatively basic from when my son was there in the 1980s. In the ’50s the dayroom just comprised the ground floor; the two rooms above being classrooms, rooms 31 and 32 which were used by ‘Brute’ Wallis and C.S.F. Oliver. Mind you, it could be that the latter came after the former died and that they both occupied the same room – the memory is not what it was.

The entrance to the dayroom was from the back, that is the side furthest from the Quad, and after entry one was confronted by the house notice board. Behind that in the middle of the room were the snooker table and the house library. To the left were three tables; one for the M4s, one for the U4s and the third for the fifth formers. The other end of the room contained two tables to accommodate the upper school with a small room in the corner, the Bin, where the prefects lived. There were stacks of lockers spread around the room, which contained books and personal belongings but there were no toyses or private study areas. For prep, or to do any work, you had to try and find some space on your table.

The changing facilities were in the boxroom across the way in what is now the College shop.

Our Housemaster, Bill Ashhurst, was recently described by someone as ‘one of the nicest men he had ever met’. Uncle Bill, as he was affectionately known to all, was certainly a kind and caring person. In my first term
we had the inter-house Novices’ Boxing Tournament where I was to face some pugilist from Fayrer who was a proficient boxer; whereas I was a very reluctant contender, at best. Needless to say the ‘bout’ was stopped by Sergeant Major Hancock after about ten seconds, which felt like ten minutes. The following day ‘Uncle Bill’ seeing me in the Quad, called me over to apologise for what had happened.

Many years after I had left, and after he had retired, I met Bill Ashhurst and in the course of conversation he told me of someone in Crawfurdford before my time and certain action he had to take. It was still troubling him whether he had made the right decision. He was a lovely man.
The notice board was used to encourage in-house competitions: there were certainly ladders for squash, fives and snooker with prizes for the top names at the end of each term. You moved up if you challenged him above you on the ladder and down by being beaten by him below. Crawfurd house had an athletics cup that I won by default in 1956. There were few members in the house at that time who enjoyed running, jumping or throwing.

Newspapers were delivered daily to the house and if a member of the Bin put them out on the senior table before lunch, they would make the slow journey anti-clockwise until by about 5.30pm they might have found their now tatty way to the junior house table. This is how I learnt to do the Daily Telegraph crossword, not by completing the one or two clues left undone, but by reasoning backwards how my betters had arrived at their answers.

Crawfurd junior boys had their own small dining room to the right off the main corridor with three small tables. The room probably sat about 24 with ‘Uncle Bill’ presiding and one prefect in rotation. The rest of Crawfurd occupied a long narrow table in Main Hall against the north wall, but whichever dining room you ate in you always filed in and sat in roll order. We lined up in the quad five minutes before meal time and processed in an orderly manner.

You go from prep school to public school as a large fish in a small pond, suddenly becoming a very small fish in an exceedingly large pond. At first the difference of one year in age seemed a totally insurmountable gap, but then without realising it you are immersed in to the way of Crawfurd and it becomes a super world. I thoroughly enjoyed my days at Epsom probably almost as much as HWFF was pleased to see me go! (I came across a box of my school reports safely stored away by mother in the loft recently).

That so many Crawfurdians of that era still keep in regular touch shows what a great house it was to be in.
hitchhike round the world. This evoked some laughter, but was in fact my genuine intention. In the end, I only managed to hitch round quite a lot of Europe, including Malta. More recently – some 44 years later – I completed a circumnavigation of the world which took over two years. I travelled over 31,000 nautical miles on two yachts and one catamaran, the latter being my favourite and most enjoyable of the three.

D A FENNER
HOUSEMASTER 1965-72

NIGEL GRIMSHAW (1965-70)

Headmaster, Duncan McCallum, feigned to be an acerbic Scot but possessed a distinctive sense of humour. He was fixated by hair length and carried a small ruler to measure whether sideburns exceeded an inch. He once found a Crawfurd contemporary walking into Epsom during the middle of the afternoon. When challenged by the Headmaster, Doug Mackie asserted: “Going into town, Sir, to get a really good haircut.” On another occasion, he espied me, bedecked with waist coat, gold watch chain and silk pocket handkerchief getting onto a decidedly old push bike. He exclaimed triumphantly: “I thought a chap like you would go home in a Bentley.” I explained that this was a second bike whilst my other was being repaired. When he later came to sit at the head of our table at lunch, he whooped.
enigmatically, “Grimshaw, yes, chap with seven bikes.” Then, peering over his horn-rim glasses at the still hirsute Doug, he protruded his lower lip and growled: “Mackie, man who needs the whole afternoon to get his hair cut.”

Housemaster, Derek A Fenner, was affectionately known as ‘Daffers’. He drove a VW campervan, a model which he did not imagine would soon become psychedelically adopted by the hippy movement. A gifted mathematician, he was an accomplished cricketer and a fine actor. Great fun was had with a House production of Peter Ustinov’s Romanoff and Juliet, which he directed with verve. As well as performing minor parts, a group of us built the set. We worked until the eleventh hour, energised by the seamless composition of the Beatles’ newly released, Abbey Road.

Under Derek’s aegis, the House flourished academically. Oxbridge awards were regularly dominated by the day houses and by Crawfurd, in particular.

In 1968, the interior of the House was substantially restructured with two upstairs classrooms being taken over by the House. A dayroom with snooker table and lockers dominated downstairs, with a study for the Prefects, whilst upstairs the seniors had their own area, a study room wallpapered with a ragtag assembly of colour magazine cuttings and a large desk in the centre. On one occasion lightning struck the building twice within a matter of seconds. A high voltage arc flashed across the room between a tall metal locker and a metal framed window, only just above the head of an incredulous Six Former.

Alongside our den was Derek’s office, outside of which there was always a queue of pupils. More often than not this was an encouraging experience, as he was punctilious about giving praise when due and, rare for that time, expected pupils to speak openly and freely.

Amongst the many notable characters that filled the staffroom at that time, was Second Master Alan ‘Pills’ Parker who merits special

**PAUL SMITH (1966-70)**

Paul Smith
mention. Ramrod straight back, a gimlet eye that missed nothing, finger clicking in time with each alternate footfall, and impeccably dressed, he cut an imposing figure as he swept from staffroom to classroom, gown billowing about him. Some detected in his manner a certain Whiggish hauteur. This was to miss the mark of the man; he had a rigorous intellect which he coupled with a sardonic sense of the ridiculous whilst always maintaining a passion for historical accuracy. Indeed it was in the inspiring nature of his teaching that he left his true mark. He imbued in pupils his deep love of his subject; not a few Crawfurdians owe their subsequent careers to his guiding influence.

**BRIAN ANGUS (1967-71)**

At the age of 58, I am part of the post-baby-boom generation. I spent my first year in Crawfurd, cycling from Banstead and serving as a not very successful Bin Fag. There was a need to form a third day boy house, Robinson. I succumbed to the temptation of being shown round the new premises by John Davidson-Kelly and thus became one of the pioneering ‘volunteers’. We were drawn equally from Crawfurd and from the ruffians who made up Rosebery, alongside the new intake. John had been Crawfurd’s Deputy Housemaster and was appointed Robinson Housemaster. Robinson’s spacious, gleaming accommodation demonstrated to us just how crowded Crawfurd had become.

Happy memories include Scouts, hockey, beehives, pottery and an ancient ‘Low Bridge’ double-decker bus. We were allowed to wear shirts in pastel colours, not just white, bowing to the prevailing pressures of fashion.

Despite a long association between Epsom College and Epsom & Ewell Borough, I was the first OE ever to become Mayor in 2004. Several special events at the College in that anniversary year form more recent happy memories shared with my Mayoress, Margaret.
CHRIS TREWHELLA
HOUSEMASTER 1972-80

As Head of a major department (biology) and with an impressive museum to look after, it was generally understood that becoming a Housemaster was not possible. Imagine my surprise when Derek Fenner left at the end of the Michaelmas term to become Second Master at Dauntsey’s school and it was suggested that I stood in for two terms, as a temporary measure. The two terms turned into eight years in which the occupants of Crawfurd looked after their Housemaster very well.

We were very lucky to have outstanding House tutors, John Streule, who went on to become a Scottish prep school Headmaster; David de Vile who became Robinson Housemaster and of course, Norman Rice whose subsequent career as Fayrer Housemaster, Head of Economics and Second Master will be known to many.

What highlights stick in my memory after 30 some odd years? Sitting in the day room going through tri-weeklies and offering people, who were struggling to improve their positions, a gamble to improve or face double the amount of lines! The final performance of Murder in the Red Barn, produced by Norman, when the Head of House was supposed to shoot the heroine but the gun malfunctioned and he had the presence of mind to strangle her instead, who incredibly was then able to
make her dying speech! Or when the House got fed up with a young man in the Upper Fourth and boot polished him from head to toe and then polished the result. A lady lab technician had to use lab alcohol to clean off the polish and there were one or two sensitive parts that stung!

House drill practice for the drill competition was greatly helped by memories from my own National Service; a cricket House match final when we had most of the 1st XI, the other umpire – not in the least biased – gave five LBWs in seven balls. Most of all, the kindness of the House when we had a severely disabled member and young people carried him to lessons and would swoop him up if he was outside when it rained. When the time came for him to leave, his ability to walk unaided upstairs to my study was rewarded with House colours.

Like all Houses we washed our dirty linen in the House and when asked to tell the truth I do not remember a Crawfurdian who failed to come clean, although one young man caught in a remote part of the grounds with matches and cigarettes assured me with a straight face that he was merely carrying them for someone else. There was one House dance when the young ladies from neighbouring schools threatened to boycott the dance, discreet enquiries revealed that if they were going to dress up they expected the Crawfurds to be in DJs if possible and they were!

One of the lasting lessons from my years with Crawfurds was the necessity to be deaf, blind, and elsewhere on some occasions.

**JOHN HUNT (1968-73)**

In year one I was very fortunate to be the fag for David Warren who was fairly undemanding and always generous at the end of term when payment was due. I like to feel my diligent making of toast and CCF kit polishing set him on his way to his current position as one of Britain’s leading diplomats!

**David Warren 1965-70**

At Crawfurds’ morning service, Tony Bales and I were designated to deliver a suitable reading. Tony and I interpreted ‘suitable’ to mean entertaining and found a wonderful piece about sheet metal workers in Punch, which was hilarious. What we failed to do was to practise reading it through thoroughly beforehand. We collapsed into hysterical laughter, tears rolling down our cheeks, struggling to complete it. Chris Trewhella chose to look the other way.

Chris’ pragmatic approach was further illustrated on the occasion of the Crawfurds’ House Christmas party, when we got the Head of House so drunk, he couldn’t stand. Chris suggested he be put in the showers for a long hot soak and two hours later he was still breathing and upright. The person shall remain nameless... tall, glasses...
As the majority of the Sixth Form members of the House were not particularly academic, we had time to play a lot of sport, do a great deal of partying and generally have a great time. It was a classic era for music, the bands of the time producing some superb albums, which provided a memorable backdrop.

IAN CUNLIFFE (1970-74)

I still laugh when I remember a quote made by a Wilsonian in a recent issue of the OE Magazine. When asked what it was like to return to his former House, which now serves girls, he commented, “It’s like discovering your favourite uncle had started dressing up in women’s clothes.”

I have very happy memories of my time in Crawfurd in the early 1970s, before Epsom had yet to experience the civilising influence of girls. Derek Fenner ensured that Crawfurd was always friendly and inclusive. I remember being delighted to be made Adrian ‘AD’ Allen’s fag, especially as he was the opening bowler for the 1st XI. He was always kind and approachable and even paid me for chores such as cleaning his Corps boots. Such characters were good role models for us younger boys.

When Derek became Headmaster of Dauntsey’s after my first two years, Chris Trewhella brought his own brand of good humoured authority to the House.

I was always happy to return to the Crawfurd dayroom or even the rather spartan box room. How I remember those bogs and showers! Again, the senior members never lorded it over the juniors. I remember Ross ‘H’ Howard being an inspirational Head of House who always encouraged us younger members.

Sport was always a high priority and it was good to play for House or school teams with people like Mike Ward, Phil Dickman, Mike Calloway, Barry Robinson, John Hunt and Andrew Shilston, many of whom I had known since prep school days.

As if to underline the democratic traditions
of Crawfurd, my final memory is of more laughter; while having to retrieve my trousers from a tree outside the tuck shop, having been ‘debagged’ by several senior members – and I was Head of House!

**JULIAN HOULSON**

**HOUSEMASTER 1980-89**

I write from Tenerife, an island where I now spend an increasing amount of time. It feels a million miles away from the leafy suburbs of Surrey. Much time has passed since I was at Epsom and my memory may not serve me well and I apologise if names and events are not completely correct.

It was with some trepidation, as a young Assistant Master, that I accepted the post of Housemaster and I thought it would be a good idea to set out some rules for the new regime. This was not universally welcome, especially by the senior section of the House, and gave rise to a number of sobriquets for myself, most of which were, unsurprisingly, not very complimentary. However, with the hectic pace of life in a boarding school these initial frictions soon disappeared and I also expect that ways were found to circumvent the directives!

The aspects of House life that are really memorable centre around the immense challenges that some of the boys undertook. The production and direction of house plays, the training of choirs and the organisation of house games were carried out virtually single-handedly by individual boys. Dominic Harvey was just one such example of someone who enthusiastically took on numerous challenges with great success.

Structurally the House remained the same over the ten years, consisting of two dayrooms, a small prefects’ room and a study for the Housemaster. Conditions in the dayrooms were fairly cramped and, of course, there was little privacy. In order to try to improve conditions inside the house, several fund raising activities were held. Perhaps the most successful was a sponsored cycle ride around the Surrey countryside, the proceeds from which were split equally between the school charity appeal and a new snooker table for the House. The support and involvement of parents in these events was invaluable.

During the summer terms I was often away from the House on cricketing duties and I was fortunate to have an able deputy in Richard Hartford to look after things in my absence. I am grateful that Richard remained with me throughout my time as Housemaster.

www.epsomcollege.org.uk
When I assumed my role as Crawfurd Housemaster in September 1988, I made this promise: The House Tutors and I would try to minimise the number of times we had to say ‘NO’. Generally, it was possible to keep our promise thanks to their willingness to conform to the simple standards of attitude and behaviour that I know parents would expect and appreciate. It is a pity though, and inevitable I suppose, that Housemasters should spend 90% of their time discussing disciplinary matters that apply to only 10% of the boys, as this small minority find it difficult to conform to the standards of the majority.

During my occupancy of the Housemaster’s study, I suppose Time and Tidiness would have been an appropriate motto for above my desk, as I never gave up encouraging the boys to arrive at all appointments punctually and to maintain a pride in their personal appearance. Some of the boys thought I nagged them. Well, the fact of the matter is that I nagged them as much as they needed nagging and I make no apologies for that! Moreover, I unashamedly admit that I urged boys to make hard choices between work and play – in short, to get the balance right.

There can be little doubt that the greatest successes and the most benefits from all that the College has to offer are derived by those who are willing to participate and show a very positive attitude to a broad spectrum of activities, and are prepared to work with consistency and determination to achieve their full potential.

What I and the tutors spent much of our time doing was trying to instil into our boys a real sense of decency, common sense and loyalty; a recognition that honesty is important; a respect for other people’s property; a hatred of any forms of bullying or intimidation; a whole-hearted commitment to what they are trying to achieve.

I was often asked, particularly having announced my retirement, to recount some of the most memorable events. So I will repeat here, in no particular order, those which I chose back in 1997:

- **Most terrifying:** House assembly on my very first day, having fluffed my lines on my first occasion as a boarding housemaster at my previous school!
- **Proudest:** Being invited to witness a previous Head of House presented with his Duke of Edinburgh’s Gold Award by Prince Philip.
- **Happiest:** Watching a superb athlete win the National School’s 1500m final, and then run for England in an international event the following week.
Most annoying: When Queens’ College, Cambridge, refused to accept an exceptional young man who would clearly have been such an asset to them.

Funniest: Seeing the captain of our senior rugby XV set up the ball for a conversion, only to see it knocked over by a tame blackbird!

Most humbling: Having to ask a junior boy to help me with a program on the house computer.

Most disappointing: Questioning boys who everyone knew had cheated in the cross-country or perpetrated some damage etc., and then hear them deny it.

I am grateful to Dr Simon Wade for staying the course with me as tutor; and on the whole, I enjoyed the experience. But nothing beats retirement!

SIMON HUGHES (1989-94)

I offer a collage of memories:

- Arriving for my first day and wondering why, given the size of the school, I had landed up in what appeared to be a small cottage.
- NKD (otherwise known as the 16th man) and his repeated encroachments onto the rugby pitch from the touchline.
- Breaktime in the smallest kitchen in human history, but appreciating the reliability of Dualit toasters.
- House assembly and the seating hierarchy in the lower day room – you know you’re bottom of the pile, if you’re on the battered table tennis table.

- The occasional scuffle over absolutely nothing in the upper dayroom, changing rooms, tuck shop, quad etc etc (you know who you are).
- Fire extinguishers (apparently) are not toys (again you know who you are).
- The great upper day room re-furb of 1990 which must have kept a chippie employed for the whole summer and created less available space for the occasional scuffles mentioned earlier.
- Alerting fellow Crawfurdians to the sight of a Wilson 6th former in his study with a White House girl, and shouting bawdy words of encouragement to him from the window.
- House ensemble competition time – and trying to understand the relevance of singing about ‘jolly boating weather...’
- There were some hilarious haircuts back in the early 90s. Ditto dress sense (camel coats, cardigans etc).

- I made some great friends – most of whom I’m still in contact with, and reminiscing with today.
SHUMIT DAS (1992-97)

My time in Crawfurd had several notable moments, some very difficult and others that still make me proud to this day. We achieved a lot as a House, winning two Lee Trophy awards for junior and senior shooting, winning the house rugby competition in our final year; various awards and events in everything from CCF to music and even dealing with the Crawfurd play, The Erpingham Camp which still baffles me as to how we managed to pull it off with essentially zero previous experience.

I still remember Graham Dixon, myself and our team of volunteers struggling to prepare the set in time for the production, whilst dressed like ninjas and trying to figure out how to clear all the props from the stage in the least intrusive and uncoordinated way that we could manage. I think Dr Wade really did his best to direct the whole thing in the way he did, whilst Mr Sheehan tried valiantly to enthuse everybody in the way of the actor. In the end we went the Hollywood way – when in doubt, throw in loads of special effects and explosions. Good effort!

Finally, I’ll leave you with Keith Douglas’ sage advice on trying new things: “It doesn’t matter if you don’t succeed the first time, just have a go”. I tell my graduate trainees this all the time. Strangely enough it applies to many things in life too – so just have a go!

GRAEME LODGE
HOUSEMASTER 1997-2003

Little did I know when I took over from Keith Douglas that my time as Housemaster would encompass some of the most significant changes in the history of Crawfurd House.

Whilst it had a prime location at the centre of the College, close to the Tuck Shop, the kindest way of appraising the facilities available to the boys when I arrived would be ‘cosy’: two large rooms, two small rooms, a kitchen large enough for one person to work in, and changing rooms in the building opposite, notorious for the temperature of the showers and as the principal haunt for the smokers in the school. It was clear that something needed to be done, and within my first year plans were afoot to improve the space available to make a better working environment. It took time to bring these plans to fruition and we survived a year of dust and noise as the building site that would become the Mackinder Building took shape. Eventually we had to move out as the new building was attached to the existing one and Crawfurd moved into the Holman Reading Room for most of the Summer Term. A rather wet summer then meant that the new building wasn’t ready for the start of the Michaelmas Term and we spent a cramped week based in Main Hall before we could move into the smart new facilities, of which we were all very proud. Two
days before we were finally due to move in, I realised that the new U4 study had a perfect view into the Wilson showers. This would no doubt have made this the most popular room in the House had the Works Department not set about frosting the Wilson windows.

Soon after this the decision was made that Crawfurd would become a Girls’ House as part of the move to co-education, with the growing Raven House taking over the new spaces created for the boys. It would be fair to say that, not surprisingly, the Crawfurd boys were unhappy about this. Whilst no new boys joined the House, the Sixth Formers were eventually allowed to remain from 2001-03, moving into part of the Newsom Building for the final year (the fourth venue for Crawfurd in as many years!).

But so much for the facilities, the most important thing about Crawfurd was the boys themselves – always full of surprises and usually eager to pursue their talents in a wide range of areas. Ed Prickett was a phenomenal athlete, David Pipe remains an outstanding musician, but all boys in Crawfurd during my time made a significant contribution to the life of the school. This made my job, and that of my tutors (Simon Wade, Geoff Simpson, and Roxanna Harrop), an immensely rewarding and enjoyable one. I enjoy receiving e-mails, meeting and hearing news of the boys that passed through Crawfurd during my years in the House. All seem to appreciate the education they received at Epsom College and to remember with particular fondness the special camaraderie and spirit of Crawfurd. I am delighted that Helen Keevil has made a point of nurturing this Crawfurd spirit in the girls as they have donned the famous purple and white stripes. The gender may have changed but it still means a lot to be, or to have been, a Crawfurdian.

HELEN KEEVIL
HOUSEMISTRESS SINCE 2003

HELEN KEEVIL

A warm welcome to you all back to Crawfurd House, although for many not as you remember it. Having witnessed the introduction and development of junior co-education at Epsom College since 1997, the year I started as a languages teacher here, I marvel at the high calibre of the young ladies who have
passed through this boarding house over the last 12 years, as well as the Crawfurdian gentlemen I taught in my first few years. I took over the house from Helen Paulett, who was first Housemistress of Crawfurd. She was instrumental in setting up the new house, and we all owe a lot to her for her hard work during this time. Since leaving Epsom, Helen has gone on to become a Deputy Head and is now married to my Common Room colleague, Iain McClure.

Since my appointment we have witnessed many changes to the structure of the building, including modernisation of IT rooms, shower suites and the construction of the coffee bar in the latest refurbishment. Yet we’ve managed to blend so many of the traditional features too such as the honours boards as you enter the front door up the main staircase, as well as Sir Raymond’s portrait in the Common Room.

There are currently 60 girls in residence, the majority boarding. Katie Patel, who for the Lent Term was promoted to Head of School, resides in the ‘Head of House flat’ above my study – a real privilege, whilst the present Head of House, Katie Adam, prefers a smaller single study along the main corridor, a popular room for U6th girls. The juxtaposition between the smaller studies along the old Terrace building with beautiful views across the campus and the newer larger rooms of threes and fours towards the back of the building, creates a very warm homely atmosphere somewhere between home and the school environment. The latest colour scheme chosen by the girls echoes the house colours of purple and white. They were keen to see this reflected in soft furnishings as well, intimated by the plethora of purple chairs and carpets everywhere!

The buzzing atmosphere in the house is hard to capture in words – lively, fun and constantly busy.

The girls are considerate, honest, respectful and happy, full of energy, enthusiasm and house spirit. There’s a great sense of pride in house competitions, the willingness to just have a go no matter what ability and our successes across sport, drama, music and academia are considerable. In 2011 we won the overall CCF cup on AGI Day – the first girls’ house to do so since full co-education began at the College. The House staff including the
Housekeeper and her team play an integral part in the smooth running of this house. They are invaluable in helping me to provide a supportive, caring and nurturing environment. The present tutor team is the dream team, working alongside an outstanding U6th this year leading by example in all walks of house and College life. Favourite memories over the last nine years would include hilarious sketches at my expense in the soirées, late night chats with U6th, pizza nights for the entire house following swimming galas – that’s a lot of pizza on one moped delivery, fire alarms at all hours both day and night – the smell of burned toast, a fire brigade visit in 2008 and a gas leak the following year involving an evacuation to the dining hall at 1am, my two young boys running around the corridors in their pyjamas both early mornings and during duty nights when I thought they were sleeping, taking part in the cross country with the girls on the Downs, cooking or eating take-away with the full boarders at the weekends. There are highs and lows throughout each term, yet when the house is empty during the holidays Thomas and Teddy will often say, “When are the girls coming back mummy? It’s too quiet without them.”

I feel very privileged to be leading this dynamic, talented, fortunate bunch of young ladies. It is so rewarding seeing them grow during the five years in my care, arriving as little girls and leaving as women ready for university or the world of work. It is a wonderful transition to have witnessed.

My vision for the future of Crawfurd would include consistently producing girls with confidence in an environment where they are being given the opportunities to excel whilst in the house and in their lives beyond. Their wisdom, energy, patience and tolerance for each other will prepare them for any walk of life. Enjoy this special day of celebration.
Educated at Winchester College and New College, Oxford, Sir Raymond was a brilliant teacher and became the Director of Medical Studies of King’s College. He first joined the Council of Epsom College in 1915 and served as Chairman from 1923-36. During his tenure he raised the standard of scholarship and made extraordinary contributions as a fundraiser. He almost single-handedly raised £27,000 to build and equip what was one of the finest sanatoriums in the country at the time. To honour his many contributions to Epsom College, the new boys’ day house that opened the same year of his retirement, was named Crawfurd House.