

ST ALBANS SCHOOL IN THE 1950s A RECOLLECTION

Taken from the Autobiography of

Dr Anthony Walton Harrison-Barbet

12th March 1939 – 29th May 2009

As for the next stage of my education it seems that Miss Harpur (of Montpellier College) had suggested to Dad that I be sent to Highgate or St Albans, both schools of high repute, and this time Miss Harpur's recommendations proved to be more reliable. Unusually I think I myself may have had some say in the final decision. At any rate, St Albans was chosen. Perhaps the school's history and environment influenced us both. Founded well before the Norman conquest the school occupied sites close to the Abbey Church and Cathedral continuously – apart from the period from about 1540, when it ceased to function as a consequence of the dissolution of the monasteries, until its refoundation probably in 1570 if not earlier. From then on it was housed within the Lady Chapel until 1871 when it was moved into the great fourteenth century Gateway, to the west of which the buildings of the modern school are located. I suppose I had already developed a feel for antiquity and architecture at Montpellier College; and certainly St Albans had much to commend it in this respect: the City for its Roman remains (Theatre, Hypocaust, Wall), the Cathedral with its impressive Norman tower and Gothic nave, and of course the school itself for its academic standing. In the 1950s it was in the top rank of English schools and has remained so to the present day. Indeed the 'fifties were to be vintage years – though hardly through any contribution I may have made. A year or two ahead of me was Colin Renfrew, destined to become one of Britain's top archaeologists, Disney Professor at Cambridge and Master of Jesus College (and now Lord Kaimsthorn). A couple of years below me was Stephen Hawking, now a world-famous cosmologist, author of *A Brief History of Time* and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge (a Chair once occupied by Newton). Between such twin peaks my own achievements were to be relatively insignificant. But I was to flourish in that environment – described in Gribben and White's book about Hawking as "perfect for cultivating natural talent".



School House (at left)



The Abbey Gateway

In the 'fifties St Albans was a Direct Grant school, although the Headmaster was a member of the Public Schools' Headmasters' Conference, and consequently there was a variety of

admissions procedures. Many pupils were selected on the basis of the local authority '11+' examination, but the majority were accepted on the basis of the school's own entrance examination or the Prep. Schools' Common Entrance examination at 13+. For boarders it was often a matter of interview and an informal test; and thus it was for me. So early in 1950, full of apprehension, I arrived in School House to face W. T. Marsh, O.B.E., M.A. a former classical scholar of Queen's College, Cambridge, and one of the school's most outstanding headmasters of recent times, perhaps even since the refoundation.



Upper Yard and Old Assembly Hall

The interview took place in his study in School House early in 1950. Fortunately, my answers to a few general knowledge and algebra questions must have satisfied him that I had sufficient *nous* to be able to cope with the rigours of the school curriculum, for I was duly offered a place. In his letter to my father dated 1st March he wrote: "I hope your young man will be happy and successful with us. I discovered that he had plenty of quick wits about him but that he is not overfond of games, and he said he liked being a boarder which is a great point towards happiness!" This summed me up pretty accurately, although I am not sure I could have been quite so positive about boarding. But I suppose I had by now become accustomed to being away from home; and in any case life in School House must have seemed more attractive than anything I had experienced as a boarder at Montpelier. Or perhaps I was not excited about the alternative of daily bus journeys to and from Cockfosters. At any rate I entered St Albans School at the beginning of the summer term. And, looking back, although I could not have appreciated it at the time, I see my six years as a boarder in School House as a happy, stable, and enormously influential period of my life.

I was quite content with the daily routine. We were called by the Matron at 7.30, breakfast was at eight, and then after bed-making and tidying up it was off to school for Assembly at nine. Hymns were sung lustily by the six hundred or so crammed into the Hall and around the gallery, and the School Prayer (dating back to the refoundation) was read by a prefect. In the presence of the Headmaster this was generally a stressful experience for the reader; if any mistake was made he would be required to start over from the beginning. Several times a week the morning assembly was held in the Cathedral, thus giving us the opportunity to hear some splendid organ music – I remember in particular Bach's Toccata and Fugue (not to everybody's taste of course). Break time after the first two classes was spent back in the House. We also had our mid-day meals there – except on Saturdays when we had our lunch in the day-boys' canteen. It was then we appreciated the high quality of House food. Classes ended at four; we were then free until tea at five; and this was followed by prep. in the Big Lecture Room of the Science Block. We then had supper and some more free time until bed. The older boys had a further prep. session.

The school uniform was basic – grey suits (short trousers initially: we were allowed ‘longs’ in, I think, the Second or Third Form) and the multicoloured school tie. In the summer we could wear a similarly striped blazer (blue and black with thinner red and yellow lines). Boarders could also wear boaters with a striped boater band. Today it would be considered pretentious, but I loved having one perched on my head when I went down to the Belmont field to swim or play cricket.

Our dormitories (euphemistically named after hotels – Ritz, Savoy, Dorchester) were tolerable, albeit bare and almost unheated. The brick walls were painted light and dark green, and the beds were comfortable enough. We could read or chat before lights out. One year a few of us got hooked on crystal sets, which we made in matchboxes. The aerial was attached to the bedsprings, the earth to the water pipe. (This must have been about the time that Hawking, a day-boy, was building his own computer. That’s a measure of the difference!) There were two common rooms in the House: the JCR on the ground floor contained a library (of which I as House librarian made full use) and a billiards table. We also had board games and daily newspapers. The SCR on the first floor was for the Sixth Formers and was much grander, offering individual desks and bookshelves. The house prefects had their own studies. Evening prayers were held in the JCR – usually conducted by WTM. A strict order of seniority dictated our position in the line, which extended around the room, and similarly determined which table we sat at in the dining room. But despite this regimentation we were allowed a fair degree of liberty. We could go ‘up town’ once a week to purchase a ‘fruit order’, worth one shilling, from Osbornes at the top of George Street to add to the stock of food from home, which we stored in our tuck-boxes. On Sundays we enjoyed a lie-in and late breakfast, except for those who had been confirmed who would attend the early communion service instead of the eleven o’clock which Marsh called the ‘Harry Tate’ service. (Harry Tate, a music hall comedian, was a bit before my time but I think the reference had something to do with the repeated standing up and sitting down.) After church and locker inspection we could go to Hodges or to ‘Ma Pigott’s’, the little sweet shop opposite at the bottom of George Street, to get our sixpenny-worth of sherbet, liquorice sticks, or toffees. There was a radio in both the JCR and SCR. An exciting in-vogue serial at that time was *Journey into Space*, which most of us listened to regularly. On Sunday afternoons we were free to wander – in the Orchard, down Abbey Mill Lane to the lake, King Harry Lane, and beyond. My favourite walks were along the banks of the River Ver in the grounds of Gorhambury to watch the herons, and then tea in Sally Lunn’s. In the summer there was also swimming – the pool was located at Belmont field opposite Woollams (the School’s other boarding house, a large Georgian or Victorian building at the bottom of Holywell Hill). We also had access to the ‘workshop’ in the lower yard, which many of us would use for making models – especially aeroplanes driven by small petrol motors and made of balsa wood. I also used it one year for breeding silkworms; someone in the House had brought some eggs back as there was a mulberry tree at the top of the orchard. There were also chores. Sunday was the Irish maids’ day off; and we had to take it in turns to help Mrs Marsh in the School House kitchen. Shelling peas was the usual activity. And frequently we would have to go down to Belmont to pick fruit.

Compared to today’s generation we were no doubt naïve and unsophisticated, our tastes simple. Some of the seniors, however, did occasionally venture further to experience the high life of some of the local hostelrys – risking the serious displeasure of Marsh if found out. I

recollect those summer days with great affection, and those great bells of the Cathedral which rang the hours and, if I remember correctly, played several tunes as well. But I am not sure whether the carillon had at that time yet been restored. Even now the sound of church bells transports me back to my childhood and I experience exquisite Proustian nostalgia. This is not to say that we in School House did not look forward to the end of term – the excitement of packing, trunks to be sent by rail PLA (Passenger Luggage in Advance). A visit to the Odeon cinema (Marsh, ever the Hellenist, insisted on putting the stress on the ‘e’, pronouncing it as ‘Odayon’) was usually arranged for the night before we departed for home.



The Cathedral and Abbey Church of St Alban

As for games, there was always something going on. There were two or three afternoons a week scheduled for Rugby football in the winter and spring terms, and for athletics, cricket, tennis, or swimming in the summer. Throughout the year there was also PT in the Hall. Additionally we had the opportunity for basketball in the upper playground, and there were occasional cross-country runs. (In my first year many of these games sessions were in fact spent stone-picking on the new King Harry Lane field.) I lived up to expectations, participating fully but showing no great competence. This was arguably a handicap in the House where considerable emphasis was laid on sporting prowess. There was always great rivalry in competitions between the various ‘houses’. Teams from School House, urged on by Marsh, and from Woollams, generally emerged victorious against the day-boys.

I did not find myself in any of these teams. I do not of course want to give the impression that I was physically feeble. I did eventually acquire some basic skills in Rugby. And when fourteen or fifteen I showed some interest and minimal ability in the High Jump (perhaps hoping to build on my ‘achievement’ at Montpellier College). Together with another School House boy (who eventually went on to break the school record in this event and then to win a blue at Oxford) I received special coaching from the Housemaster John Willé. I also learned to swim. All boys aimed at passing the two-lengths test in the usually cold open-air pool down at the Belmont field. It was of course quite unacceptable for a School House boy not to have achieved this minimum standard; and I was privileged (honoured?) to receive personal instruction from WTM, who stood in the pool wearing an old-fashioned black one-piece over the shoulder swimming costume and exhorting me to swim. Non-swimmers generally learned by using the ‘dog-paddle’ stroke, and it was not long before I successfully completed the two-lengths unaided and was allowed to wear red instead of blue trunks as an indication that I was unlikely to sink in the deep end without trace. I think Marsh said something like “Swim, boy, swim”: the boy duly swam. In due course I could do a passable crawl (others did indeed pass

me; I was never very fast). As for cricket and tennis, they were definitely not my kind of sport. It was patently clear I still had no eye for the ball.

School House was of course no holiday camp. The formidable WTM ran a tight ship – as one would expect of a former Royal Navy Lieutenant-Commander (a nickname for him commonly used in the school during the ‘forties was. “Stoker Bill”). Described by many Old Boys as absolutely terrifying, he terrified my parents too. In my second year it became evident to some of the staff that I was myopic. Marsh rang my parents. “Marsh here. The boy can’t see; come and get him”, he barked peremptorily down the telephone. They did so, and were relieved to find I had not been struck blind. After I had been fitted with spectacles by my local optician my father rang Marsh to inquire whether I might stay the weekend at home. “What! No, he must return at once”, was the uncompromising reply. But there was a human side to Marsh. (As I grew older and particularly after I had left school I came to appreciate that he was essentially a kind and fair person.) I remember at the end of one Christmas term, when various individuals or dormitory groups put on the customary entertainments. I rather fancied myself on the mouth organ and ‘composed’ a somewhat cacophonous and pretentious piece as a background to the story of some Greek myth obligingly narrated by a fellow inmate. Next morning at breakfast, when issuing train tickets, Marsh greeted me: “How’s Stravinsky?”. As a classicist he may have appreciated the story, but clearly he was not a devotee of the avant-garde. Gilbert and Sullivan was much more to his liking.

Life in the House for the most part was thus not uncongenial. But we did of course operate within a disciplined framework. And much of the responsibility for maintaining ‘law and order’ was devolved to the house prefects. While the use of the cane was confined to WTM (rarely) and the housemasters (more frequently), many of the prefects were quite expert in applying the back of a hairbrush to pyjama covered buttocks. There was also some ‘fagging’, but this was not on the scale of anything that occurred in schools such as Eton, Harrow, or Winchester. The duties of the juniors were confined to such menial tasks as washing the seniors’ Rugby kit in the footbaths of the changing room next to the JCR, and occasionally preparing tea and toast. On the whole, however, provided we toed the line, we were generally fortunate with the housemasters and matrons responsible for our well-being. John Willé in particular comes to mind. He was an outstanding maths teacher in the school and totally committed to his responsibilities in School House, ably assisted by O. C. Buck. On my first day he appointed Alastair Buchanan to be my ‘shadow’ – to acquaint me with the House routine and to suffer vicariously for any misdemeanour I might commit. The system seemed to work. I don’t think I caused AB any grief. Indeed I don’t recall any ‘shadows’ being punished for the sins of others. For those of us who needed a more maternal figure to turn to when we had problems (though we probably did not admit it to each other) Miss Hertz the senior matron was always there. Mrs Marsh was equally kind but perhaps less approachable – too close to WTM to be a confidante.

As in the House so in the wider context of the school Prefects wielded a great deal of power. Being called ‘up-pres’, having to stand before the ‘big men’ seated around a large table, was always an unpleasant experience for offenders. I myself never received corporal punishment. The worst was having to write a long essay for being late for Assembly (in my first term, I think), on the subject “Wood as the medium of artistic expression”. I am not sure that

at the time I fully understood what this meant, but whatever I turned in must have been acceptable, for I heard nothing further.

The day boys were organized into five 'houses' – Abbey, Breakspeare, Debenham, Pemberton, and Shirley. Breakspeare was the name of the only English Pope, Adrian IV, who had received his early education at the pre-reformation School in the 12th Century; Debenham and Pemberton were also named after famous former pupils; while James Shirley was the 17th century poet, who had been for a time Headmaster of the School. (Quite recently the houses were renamed – Hawking, Renfrew, Hampson and Marsh.) I settled quickly enough into school life, but my first term was not easy. Forms were streamed (A, B, and C). I was placed in 1A. However, being only just eleven I was well below the average age of the class and found it a bit of struggle to keep pace. At the end of that summer term I was thirtieth out of thirty-three in the examinations. It was therefore decided – sensibly – that I should remain in the First Form for another year. From then on all went well. A year later I was seventh out of thirty-one and in the top ten in nearly all subjects. I enjoyed French and Latin, and also English (for our O level syllabus we studied Scott's *Guy Mannering* and Shakespeare's *The Tempest* – I remember particularly a visit with my class to see the play at the Regent's Park open air theatre; it rained most of the time). It soon became clear that I had particular aptitude for chemistry, and a friendly rivalry gradually developed between myself and another pupil, Anthony Foster. One or other of us generally came top in that subject in examinations or form order. (He went on to win a scholarship and then get a degree in Natural Sciences at Cambridge. He later became an Anglican Priest.) The grounding I received at St Albans was excellent, and of course I was continuing to 'experiment' in my own laboratory at home during the holidays. I enjoyed a wide range of 'constructive' hobbies and made such items as rubber band tanks from cotton-reels and a primitive photocopier using gelatine.

When the time came for me to take the G.C.E. in 1955, in Form 5A, I was well enough prepared and passed in both Elementary and Additional Maths, as well as in Chemistry, Physics, English Language, English Literature, French, and Geography – in fact in all the subjects I had sat for. (At that time there was no grading system: one either passed or failed, so I have no idea how well or badly I had passed. And there was no biology; in those unenlightened days O level biology tended to be an option for the B and C stream boys who were deemed less able to cope with the natural sciences.) Dad was of course thrilled. I remember clearly him reading out the results from downstairs when I was still in bed one morning during the summer holidays. That became a talking point for him among his friends and business acquaintances for many days afterwards. He clearly felt his investment had been a good one, and his pleasure no doubt reflected his own lack of opportunity in his own childhood – through no fault of his own of course.



St Albans, Class 5A Summer 55
[Self: middle row, seventh from right!]

Much of my success was due to the teaching staff. Over the years since the First Form I had passed through many hands. But as far as specific preparation for O levels was concerned a few masters deserve specific mention. Geoffrey Pryke was outstanding for physics and chemistry. He had himself been a boy at the school and returned to teach after he had taken his degree. We were fortunate too in having P. R. Heather for English. He was the author of several textbooks and instilled in us a sound grasp of grammar and a sensitivity to vocabulary. J. R. Stephenson taught French excellently. I also was given a sound grounding in Latin by A. J. Coles, though I did not sit the O level examination at this stage. Westgarth-Walker was our geography master. (He frequently delighted in reminding us of the cold baths and cross-country runs he had experienced as a boy at Sedbergh.)

The move from the Third to the Fourth Form marked the transition from Lower to Upper school. This was also the time when we were obliged to join the Combined Cadet Force – as was the case in most independent and many grammar schools then. Theoretically the day boys did have a choice. If they did not want to play at being soldiers they could elect to do work around the school grounds. But Marsh always took a pretty dim view of what he regarded as acts of rebellion – however conscientious the objectors may have been – and he made sure that the alternatives to parades and military exercises were as unpleasant as he could make them. I myself did not have a choice; all members of School House ‘joined up’ as soon as they reached the Fourth Form. Thereafter once a week when we got up in the morning we would put on our uniform (khaki, light blue, or dark blue, depending on whether we were in the army, air, or naval section). Much time was usually spent the evening before in one of the corps rooms next to the day boys’ dining hall, putting khaki on our gaiters, duroglit on our belt buckles, ironing the creases in our trousers to an almost razor-sharp degree, and ‘spit and polishing’ our boots after using the hot spoon. School was normal during the morning, but in the afternoon the whole corps would parade in the Upper Yard and then march off for various schemes, map-reading training, rifle practice, or what have you. I, having elected to go with the majority to join the army section, was happy enough about the set-up. It was entertaining in its own way, and was probably good for me in terms of self-discipline and general character development. Moreover, from the very beginning I was interested in becoming a member of the band. As with the corps as a whole the reputation of the St Albans C.C.F. corps of drums and bugles was high, and over the years many inter-school competitions had been won at summer camps. Belonging to the band carried some prestige among the school corps community. I decided to learn to play the side drum. A member of the band showed me the basics. Thereafter it was a matter of practice and waiting for a vacancy. I was admitted in 1955 and went to that year’s camp at Tidworth on Salisbury Plain. I remember that week particularly well for the hard palliasses we had to sleep on in our tents, the meals at the NAAFI, the night schemes, and the army food – great steaming cauldrons of porridge, bacon and eggs, rather disgusting tea; and my glasses got broken soon after my arrival, which was inconvenient, to say the least. I do not think there was a band competition that year, but we were elected by the powers that be to march the whole contingent of all participating schools out of camp at the end of the allotted period. The school band was also regularly called upon by the civic authorities to perform in the city centre on Remembrance Day and in the cathedral on the

Sunday, when after a drum roll the solo bugler would sound the last post. It was always a moving ceremony.



Corps Camp, Salisbury Plain 1955
(me again – back row extreme left)

My association with the cathedral was not confined to playing the drum. When I was eleven or twelve I joined the school choir. Under the tutelage of the excellent music master, C. P. P. Burton, who was also the cathedral organist and a composer in his own right, we sang on big occasions such as Founders' Day and the Carol Service. It was always a proud moment for Mum and Dad to witness the procession of the staff up the aisle wearing their gowns and hoods and to see me in my red cassock with the others in the choir stalls. Our singing *In Dulce Jubilo* is still fresh in my mind. The standard was high though not as high as that achieved by more recent school choirs. I was of course a treble. Some of the senior members were masters. Particularly memorable were Bob Tanner the art master, who had a wonderful bass voice, and Barry Phillips, a high tenor, who was also an Old Albanian and later an assistant housemaster in School House. (He used to keep us in fits in the dormitory with his stories and imitations.)

Our wider musical education was also provided for in the normal school curriculum. We had regular lessons in basic theory and singing from Peter Burton. He was something of a martinet but gave us a good grounding. (Sadly he lost his life in 1957 in attempting to save a boy from drowning; it seems Peter had only one lung.) I also started to learn to play the piano; Mum and Dad were quite keen on this – until funds began to run low. This did not worry me, however, as I displayed no great talent and lessons from a visiting teacher used up valuable free time. Nevertheless, it was at this time that I came to love listening to music. There was an ancient gramophone in the BLR which we boarders could use. The collection was pretty small, consisting in the main of extracts from operas, Gilbert and Sullivan, and such pieces as Ravel's *Pavane pour une infante défunte*, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Flight of the Bumble Bee* (all on 78s). But they stimulated my interest. There were also visits to performances of *The Gondoliers*, *Trial by Jury*, and so on at Watford Town Hall, which for some of us in School House were high points of winter terms. And on one occasion we were taken to a prom at the Albert Hall by Geoffrey

Pryke. Dad too had a small collection of records at home which I listened to avidly during the holidays: Rachmaninov's wonderful second piano concerto, Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro for Strings*, Vaughan Williams' *Greensleeves* and *Variations on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*, for example, and several operatic arias sung by Joan Hammond. He also took me once to a performance of *Eugene Onegin* at Sadler's Wells. This was followed by a visit to a Chinese restaurant where I sampled li-chees for the first time.

Throughout these years I also spent a great deal of time reading. My supposed early precocity was not sustained – though I do remember ploughing through Thackeray's *Pendennis* (a school prize awarded to my grandfather Sydney in 1902) when I was about eight. But I remained voracious in this respect and no doubt lacking in discrimination. Biggles books were enjoyed as much as Rider Haggard's splendid *King Solomon's Mines*, *She*, and *Ayesha*; there were Orczy's *Scarlet Pimpernel* stories, novels by Arnold Bennett, and Arthur Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons*; and many others. All these were to be found in School House library or in the public library at home. And of course there was *The Eagle* with its stories of the adventures of Dan Dare fighting the Mekon on other planets – this chimed in well with *Journey into Space* on Sundays. The holidays also gave me plenty of opportunity to widen my experience. The Piccadilly Line started at Cockfosters, so central London was only an hour away. I availed of this facility regularly, visiting the British Museum, the Science Museum, and other places of interest. In 1951 there was the Festival of Britain – the Battersea Funfair, and a great variety of exciting exhibitions. And of course there were the Saturday childrens' cinema programmes in East Barnet and later in Southgate. Every Saturday I would pay my six pence or whatever it was to sit entranced through Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello, *Lassie*, cowboys and indians, and much more besides. Thus was my imagination stimulated from the age of eleven or so into my early teens. There were also visits to Granny Barbet – again I used the underground, to Wood Green – who generally gave me custard and jellies made in a mould the shape of a rabbit.

Inevitably there were further changes at home. I think it was in 1952 that my parents decided to sell the house and move a few miles away to Chase Road, Oakwood. Dad was beginning to experience financial difficulties with the business and the move was intended to ease the situation somewhat. In the event it did not. I gather that, perhaps due to poor surveying, flaws in the building (dry rot, I think) were discovered, and this necessitated a considerable expenditure. Some three years later, they were on the move again, this time to 48 Howard Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.

1955 was a busy year for me: O levels, Corps Camp, and also a memorable school trip to Paris organized by Mr Stephenson. We visited all the major tourist sites, including the Palais de Versailles and the Palais de la Découverte, which I think had the value of pi to many hundred of decimal places inscribed around the roof of the building. And on my return to school that September it was to the Lower Sixth to start work in preparation for A levels in Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry. Chemistry totally absorbed me. I continued to experiment in the garage in my new house and became intensely interested in analytical chemistry. I spent many hours in Croydon public library, to which I cycled from Coulsdon, reading up in the subject – well beyond the A level syllabus. Indeed, to become an analytical chemist became a career objective. Physics, however, I found more demanding – because of my mathematics. I had of course passed both Elementary and Additional Mathematics O level examinations, but I was

finding the A level maths course heavy going. It was only many years later that I came to realise that being near the bottom of the A stream in this subject at St Albans did not mean I was totally incompetent; the standards were very high. And the teaching too was of a high calibre: John Willé and Harry Schofield (both of whom taught me) could claim much of the credit for a steady stream of awards in mathematics and the natural sciences to St Albans pupils at Oxford and Cambridge, and to successes at Imperial College, London and other universities over many years. Nevertheless, my own relative lack of ability was proving to be a handicap at this early stage of Sixth Form work.

It is quite possible that I would have improved, and the prospect of good A levels had not been ruled out at this stage. Unfortunately, my academic future was not to be decided at St Albans. Shortly before the end of the Christmas term Dad told me that I would be leaving. His financial circumstances made it no longer possible for him to pay the school fees. Looking at it from the vantage point of adult life I have no doubt that this was a foolish decision. Knowing the state of his business (an error had been made by his accountant which resulted in a substantial payment having to be made to the Inland Revenue), how much more sensible it would have been for him to have bought a house in St Albans, from which he could easily have commuted to London, and which would have enabled me to continue at the school as a day-boy – thereby saving boarding fees. Instead I now found myself saying goodbye to staff and fellow pupils, bidding farewell to the ancient Abbey Gateway and to School House, and in the spring term starting at a new school at a crucial stage in my school career.

Taken from the Autobiography of Anthony Walton Harrison-Barbet, 2008

Edited by his daughter **Clíona Dando**, 2009

Clíona Dando
42 Lake Road
Verwood
Dorset
BH31 6BX

Tel: 01202 826 308

E-mail: d7ndo@talktalk.net