



The Gattton Association

Incorporating
The Maitland Association &
The Royal Albert Old Boys' Association

Autumn 2005

Chairman's Welcome

Dear Member,

Welcome to the Autumn Newsletter. It's with a heavy heart that I write this introduction. I was nominated and elected as Chairman of the Gattton Association by those at the 2005 AGM and, as such, I am following in the footsteps of our late Chairman, ex-teacher and friend, Malcolm Cl  roux. Malcolm chaired the Association for many years, and did a sterling job. I hope that, with the help of the Committee and members, I can continue the good work that Malcolm did for the Association, and in the same way take it forward into the future. He will be sadly missed, but long remembered.

Since this is my first opening for the newsletter, I would be interested in any comments you might have on style and content. Such comments can and will be used to improve future newsletters with the help of our joint News Editors.

A lot of commitment goes into making the Gattton Association work. All the Committee members are volunteers. The time they dedicate to the Association is out of their personal lives, and it is important for us all to have a balance. The Association has now turned the corner and, hopefully, you will see the benefits and improved services as we go forward with a fresher and newer look to our newsletters, which we hope will be interesting, informative and entertaining.

The only problem we have on that front, is that we cannot write all of the articles that you read, so your contributions to the newsletter are vital and will be gratefully appreciated. Funny anecdotes, memories, announcements, anything of interest to members and ex-colleagues would be of great use to the newsletter. We are trying to incorporate photographs into forthcoming editions and would appreciate any interesting photographs (with descriptions and names) that you feel would be of interest.

We welcome our new Membership Secretary, John Hounsom, who will be in charge of keeping our members' records current. As we are trying to keep all of our members informed of what is going on, we need to confirm your details. We need you to advise us of any changes of address or contact details to ensure that you receive all relevant information and updates.

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DIARY DATES FOR YOUR ATTENTION

November 11th 2005

Remembrance Sunday

December 2005

Carol Service

May 7th 2006

Founders Day

August 25th - 27th 2006

RE-UNION WEEKEND

September 24th 2006

Gattton Association Annual General Meeting

For full details see page 2 & 3.



Founders Day 2005

Founders Day was well attended, with a country fair taking place on the upper field, as was the main event, The Old Scholars Football match. The School team made a spirited start by scoring in the opening minutes. The Old Boys struck back soon after. The School then went on to score yet again to resume their lead. At this point, the Old boys realised that a game was on, and as such rose to the occasion and stepped up a gear. The Old Boys started to pile on the pressure, and soon the School succumbed to the onslaught and began to fade. The final score 6-2 to the 'Old Boys' (most of whom are in their late teens, early twenties). Well done to all who took part and attended. After the game, refreshments were enjoyed in the hospitality of the Staff Club. Thank you all for your support. Same time next year we will do it all over again. Come along and have a great day out with family and friends.

Reunion 2006.

Breaking News!!

Full details and booking form in this edition!!!

Good news!!!

We can confirm that the reunion will take place from Friday 25th to Sunday 27th August, which is the August Bank Holiday weekend. More details will be published in the next newsletter. We will need to hear, in advance, from all those who wish to attend so that provision can be made. Booking form is now available!!!

Thanks

I would like to thank the long standing members of the Committee who have decided to continue, and also thank the new members to the Committee. Thank you all for volunteering your time and efforts in support of the Association, for what is yet another challenging year in prospect. I would also like to thank the School, Headmaster and staff for their past and ongoing support of the Association, not forgetting printing and distributing the newsletter, both hard copy and email version. This is greatly appreciated by the members and invaluable to the Association.

Personally, I hope I can do the Association justice, and help it in its next phase of life. Thank you for your patience and please don't be afraid to contact us if you have any comments, complaints or ideas.

Best wishes,

Phil Wade
Chairman 2005

Posts

President
Chairman
Vice Chairman
Secretary
Treasurer
Membership Secretary
Publicity Officer
News Editor (Joint)
Merchandising
Events Co-ordinator
Events Co-ordinator
Archivist

Name

Ray Davies
Phil Wade
John Harrington
Peter Page
Ray Davies
John Hounsom
Phil Wade
Hyacinth Jones and Sue Gulliver
Alex Duffy
Chris Manns
Ian Baines
Ian Baines

Dates for your diary and attendance!

November 11th The eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month.

Remembrance Day this year will be on 11th November 10.15 for 10.30 in the chapel. Those wishing to attend please contact the school to book a seat.

The phone **01737 649041** to reserve a seat. See the headmasters report below.

December 2005

Carol Service

Sadly there will be no places for old scholars at the carol service, as there are only enough seats for pupils and staff.

May 7th 2006

Founders Day

See top of page 2 for an account of this year's great day out

August 25th - 27th 2006

Re-Union Weekend Confirmed

Yes, the Reunion dates have been confirmed. It will take place onsite over the weekend of 25th to 27th August, which is the Bank holiday weekend. Don't miss it. More info will be released

From the Headmaster.

On September 15th, Lord Adonis, Under secretary of State for Schools re-opened Rank-Weston House which is, after half a million pounds of refurbishment, the boarding facility for Juniors. Downstairs is co-educational, and there are two separate upstairs sleeping areas for girls and boys.

This means that all Primary and Secondary Boarding houses have now been completely refurbished and the only House which remains to be done is Gatton Hall, which currently houses the Sixth Form.

As from September 2005 the school has Specialist Sports College status. This will bring in extra money for new Sports Facilities and funding for an extra member of the PE Department.

With 680 pupils the school is now fuller than it has ever been. As a result it will not be possible to offer any spare spaces at the Carol Service to Old Scholars or even to Governors or Members of the Board of Management. I apologise for this, but the school is a victim of its own success.

Remembrance Day service is on 11th November at 10.30 am. For that Service our youngest pupils will not be attending so there will be space for any Scholars who wish to attend. No need to book places, please just turn up. There will be a cup of tea available afterwards.

Paul D Spencer Ellis
Headmaster

Did you know that.....

There is no fee to you for the wealth of experience and loving support available to you through the Gatton Association.

Here is an opportunity to be a part of something that may benefit you enormously.

The unique thing that you can share is your stories, both then and now.

We have all shared the experience, of spending chunks of time here, we are a special group of people who sometimes flew and sometimes floundered in this place.

Isn't it good to remember and smile?

Be encouraged to share your stories.

"It's all about connections" Mrs June Davies Sept 2005

Your editorial team "Eddie"

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IN MEMORY OF A FORGOTTEN GRAVE

MALCOLM RONALD HILL (1942 – 1952) Buried Highgate Cemetery (Grave ref: 121/22616)

To begin this narrative, it might first be appropriate for me to introduce myself; my name is Robert Anthony Hill. I was born at Ilkley, Yorkshire, on 22nd September 1944, my mother having been evacuated to there from her home at Winchmore Hill, North London, together with my elder brother Malcolm, because of the wartime conditions then prevailing. Malcolm, whose middle name was Ronald after our father, was almost exactly 2 years older than me, being born on 16th October 1942. At some later stage prior to the ending of the war, we returned to the family home at Winchmore Hill, which we shared with our grandparents.

My father was in the army during the war, in the D-Day landings at Normandy, and the resultant chase of retreating German forces through Western Europe. During 1945 whilst in Germany he met a young German woman with whom he formed a relationship; this relationship resulted in a child, the eventual knowledge of which, when it came to light in 1946, spelt the end of my parents' marriage, giving my mother no choice other than to instigate divorce proceedings. In a situation of much acrimony, the divorce was finalised in April 1947. In December 1947, my father then still being with the army, married the German woman at the BAOR base at Lunenburg, Germany. Around the time of the divorce, arrangements were made by my father's father, a person of some substance in the legal profession, for my brother and myself to be admitted to the Royal Alexandra and Albert School. After this point as far as I know all contact between my mother and my father and his family ceased, and apparently it was not long before the alimony payments awarded against my father for the maintenance of my brother and I, also ceased.

My brother, being two years older, commenced his schooling with the RAAS at Duxhurst; transferring to the newly-acquired Gatton Hall in around 1948. I followed in September 1949. My brother then went on to Bishopswood Camp in early 1950. We were separated for that year until early 1951 when I too went to Bishops wood . I was by then 7 and my brother was 9.

There were occasions when, because of the problems at home with our grandparents, whose home it was we shared, it was not possible for us to return home for the school holidays, and we had to remain at the school after all the other children had gone. Obviously we didn't realise the fullness of it then, but the wounds and other injuries incurred by our grandfather in the First World War were causing his health to deteriorate, and our grandmother, with a heart condition, was frequently ill too. They were also being harassed by the landlord of whose house they rented. Despite such things we two were happy, drawing on each other's nearness and companionship, especially after being separated for so much of the previous year.

I now come to the event which clouded my erstwhile happy childhood, affecting it and my later life profoundly, and which is the cause of this narrative.

On the morning of Tuesday, 25th November, I stood outside the dining-hall after breakfast waiting for my brother to emerge, as I did every morning. First one, then another boy told me that my brother had been taken ill in the small hours of that morning, and that he'd been taken to hospital in an ambulance. I at first thought it was some kind of a joke, but when it became

evident that my brother was not going to come out of the dining-hall, I began to get worried. At this point, and indeed right throughout the day, I was not informed in any way by any member of the staff. It was around 6pm that evening that word got around the school that my mother had arrived, and when I was then summonsed to the headmaster's bungalow I knew from my mother's distraught state, that something terrible had happened. My mother quite evidently found it impossible to break it to me that night, and it was not until the following morning that I was taken to one side by Mr Ellis Evans, and told the news that I was dreading.

The cause of death apparently had been a viral infection which attacked my brother's respiratory system; although an emergency tracheotomy operation was performed at the Royal Berkshire Hospital, it failed to save my brother, as he lost the fight in a matter of hours at 3pm that afternoon. Due both to the extreme suddenness of events, and because of my mother's impoverished circumstances, the school made the offer of having my brother buried in their plot at Highgate Cemetery, London. Whilst this was by no means what my mother would have preferred, under the circumstances she had little if any choice and she accepted. Thereafter, during my schooldays at the RAAS, no further mention of the matter was ever made, or referred to. At just eight years of age I was offered neither comfort nor counselling by the School - it really was a case of leaving me "to get on with it" in what I always presumed to be the tradition of that and previous eras.

In retrospect the only instances when any form of sympathy was shown to me were occasions, quite unofficial, when Mr Evans ("Taffy") invited me to his home nearby for tea on Sunday nights, when I recall quite a spread having been prepared by his wife. In those days it must not have been too easy, with many things still on ration, and I've never forgotten such kindness.

My first visit to my brother's grave at Highgate was in 1956; at that time I recall the cemetery being kept immaculate, with nicely mown lawns and hardly a tree in sight. It was still pretty much so in 1962 when on the 10th anniversary I paid my next visit. My mother came more frequently to tend the grave. She used to bring a tin of varnish for preserving the wooden cross memorial which was all she'd been able to afford, and although she'd paid the cemetery the sum of £10 per year for the upkeep of the plot, towards the end of the 1950s apparently they had staffing problems, which reflected in the decline in conditions. This caused my mother some concern but she kept up the payments nonetheless. She then started bringing scissors to trim the grass and weeds that were beginning to proliferate, and more latterly expressed concern as trees started taking over all around, due to the withdrawal of manpower in the cemetery, which had come under the control of Camden Borough Council. Matters were worsened by the building of a massive housing estate immediately adjacent to the cemetery, which indeed impinged upon a corner of the cemetery. Eventually due to a number of reasons, my mother felt unable to make any further visits. Some of the reasons were the distress caused by the increasing state of dereliction in the cemetery, and intimidation from the intrusion of certain characters who quite plainly originated from the nearby council housing estate. Also the journey from Ilford, where we then lived, was not an easy one. We frequently discussed these problems at home, unable to find an answer. The nearest we got to an answer was to replace the rapidly decaying wooden cross with a more enduring stone memorial, and then content ourselves with that. My stepfather derided my mother for spending money thus, and so it never got done in my mother's lifetime, for she unfortunately died in 1977.

In the mid-1970s plans were mooted to dispose of Highgate Cemetery for redevelopment. This was of course met with shock and dismay. It was however, heartening to learn of the formation of a group, spearheaded mainly by certain concerned Highgate residents, which became known

as "Friends of Highgate Cemetery" (FOHC) whose objective was to save and protect Highgate Cemetery from any such fate. The story of that success has been well recorded, and any further elucidation on my part here would be unnecessary, save that despite the overall success of things, the continued protection and preservation of Highgate Cemetery still, and probably always will, require funds. Although much of the labour and services are provided voluntarily, this cannot be relied upon indefinitely. On top of this is the ever-present security aspect emanating largely from the neighbours in the adjacent council estate. It has in recent years grown as a very considerable and on-going threat, requiring the need for security patrols, particularly at night, and even then things still occur; the cemetery is a vast place to patrol, and of course costs money.

In the course of any further discussions or negotiations, it may be helpful for me to provide the following details:

The plot of the Royal Alexandra & Albert School was originally referred to in the cemetery archives as being that of "The Corporation of The Orphan Working School of Haverstock Hill" (which we know nowadays more simply as "The Orphan Working School" or even more simply still, as the "O.W.S").

The plot, in the East Wing of Highgate Cemetery comprises six graves, numbers 22612 to 22617, inclusive, preceded by the generic number "121/"; thus my brother's grave is 121/22616.

From the photocopied records that I have, it would appear that each grave is some 18 feet in depth, by 2ft.6ins width. I have in these documents (copied from Highgate Cemetery archives) a seemingly complete list of the occupants, which of course goes back to the origins of the plot. Each grave appears to have at least 10 children buried therein, one literally on top of another. Whilst I have the names and dates of interment, other details such as age, are absent.

Robert Hill

BISHOPSWOOD

On a recent visit to Bishopswood, we discovered that the remaining school building, which we used for our 1996 & 2002 reunions, has now been demolished to be replaced by a Portacabin.

Also, we are in process of commissioning a water colour of Bishopswood, as it was, (an artist's impression) for display in Gatton Hall and any donations towards this would be welcome.

ERIC CLARKE (1940-48)



The Devil's Leap.



Like most schools we had initiation ceremonies for new boys, most of these were quite tame, although at the time they were frightening for a young lad. As in any school there was the group of more adventurous boys who thought up new crazy stunts in an effort to outdo anything tried previously, our school was no exception.

One of the most frightening stunts at the Royal Albert School was called the Devil's Leap.

Amongst the trees in the pine woods were two particularly tall trees some distance apart. The aim was to get these two trees swaying towards each other then the participant would stand on a topmost branch on one tree, swaying it to and fro. Another boy, in the other tree swaying that tree to and fro so that the two trees swayed towards each other, then swayed apart. The boy doing the stunt would launch himself towards the other tree and grab a branch before the tree swayed away and he plunged to the ground. Timing was crucial because the swaying action of one tree was necessary to catapult you across the gap. My younger brother Terry was one of the first to do this stunt. I arrived on the scene as he launched himself into space. My blood ran cold. It was a very long time before I plucked up enough stupidity to try this stunt. Even then it took me a long time to complete it. Having climbed to the top of the tree to have a quiet look just how far the leap was.

A crowd gathered while I was in the tree top and began urging me to jump, which I had no intention of doing. A boy had climbed the other tree and was busy getting it to sway. It would have been difficult to climb back down with a crowd of my peers watching. Other boys had climbed my tree and were starting to sway it in time with the other swaying tree. It would have taken more courage to climb back down and face them than to finish the leap. I took the coward's way out and launched myself towards the other tree to complete the Devil's Leap, my heart pounding like a steam hammer, my legs like jelly. Ray Chopin, who must have dreamed up this stunt, demonstrated how, even if you miss the target branch, you could break your fall by grabbing at the lesser branches as you hurtled downwards. He performed this feat with the agility of a chimpanzee and made it look so easy; the boy had nerves of steel. His feats of daring were topped whilst running away from the school. He went to the Maultway Bridge that crossed the railway line, climbing onto the parapet and jumping onto the top of a goods train passing underneath. He was arrested at Waterloo and returned unceremoniously to the school where he was caned and placed in solitary.

John Harrington-Heard
(Royal Albert School, Camberley 1947-51).



FROM A LAND DOWN UNDER

Receiving emails from school friends that I knew from first The Royal Albert, then Gatton Park sparks many memories and emotions. Many of us joined the armed services, and many like myself traveled the world on Merchant Ships. We all have many tales to tell, and would talk non-stop for weeks if we all got together. After leaving the sea I thought it would be easy to settle into a 'normal' life ashore. Working in the city of London and commuting home each day made me restless, I knew something had to change. One lunch time I took a stroll and passed Australia House and stopped to look in the window. On display were new homes and job opportunities; needless to say this made me excited. Within days an application was lodged for the ten pound assisted passage, a very expensive journey! Luckily my application was successful and to help pay this exorbitant amount, the house and car were sold. Then I was notified I would be flying to Perth, my destination choice. As I had never flown before this did not go down to well, but well meaning friends assured me all would be ok, as modern jets covered the longer routes. There were no tunnels to walk down; we were transported across the tarmac by bus. Going past some of the aircraft gave me butterflies, but when the bus stopped at an old looking Eagle Airways Turbo Prop my heart sank. Surely this wouldn't make it all the way to Australia, why oh why didn't they put me on ship.

As the plane took off and banked, the cockpit doors flew open to reveal the crew at the controls. I can still remember thinking this was the scene from an old movie and have never forgotten it. Our first stop was peaceful Beirut and getting to the airport in one piece made me happy. With a one-year-old baby son in my arms, who was a little upset with the travel arrangements like his Father, things were difficult. To help keep him amused I went through the doors onto the tarmac to watch the re-fueling, I didn't realize this was a no no. To my horror I had soldiers around me with guns pointed all screaming, "move". No one needed to scream, I was through the door like the old days at Gatton with the gamekeeper on our tail! Next stop Colombo; those days of course it was Ceylon. The runway had Palm Trees either side and looked great as we landed, we stepped off into tropical heat. The downside of our arrival was the burning of the airport terminal a few weeks prior, and a temporary corrugated iron structure in its place. The heat inside was unbearable, as my son was still not happy with the travel arrangements I was allowed to sit under a Palm Tree outside. On arrival at Perth Airport I was very happy of course and surprised the flight went so well. Outside of the terminal we were met by officials who made sure our accommodation etc was ready. The other striking part was the Australian Soldiers with typical slouch hats on at various points along the road, we then found we had landed on Anzac Day April 25th, the year 1967. So that is one anniversary we cannot forget. My workmates, who said I would return within two years, did not see the beautiful blue sky as we landed. I knew at that moment this was my new home.

Best Wishes,

John (Nobby) Cox Edinburgh House.
Email josa2@iinet.net.au

Letter from America

Kevin Lawton - Gloucester/Albert '72 '77

Thanks to our reckless news letter editor, I have been afforded the pleasure of penning a brief article recounting an experience in my adopted country.

I write this without bias or prejudice and recount the events honestly and as they occurred.

I live near Houston, Texas. Texas is the 2nd largest state in America the 1st is Alaska, Houston is the 4th largest city. The UK fits into Texas 3.5 times - it is a big place. England fits into California (another quiz answer).

That paints a picture now to the experience.

A scene recently reported and in full view of the watching public on local Houston T.V.



A car chase, not unlike OJ Simpson's is unfolding. Three heli-cams, 6 van-cams, at least 1000 rubber neckers (all desperate for prime position to report the exclusive scene as it unfolds) have gathered at "Custers last stand".

12 police officers - Houston's finest, surround the perpetrator in his SUV (4X4) completely encircling the vehicle in what can only be described as a "doughnut formation", firearms drawn and raised, pointed at the perp, like spokes on a wheel focused at the nut centre.

Time stands still, only the gesticulating sheriff and the yelling man on the load hauler "exit the vehicle mother f---r, hands on head, lay face down and eat dirt mother f---r!" offer the motionless perp any sanity. (Sorry, now trying to hard to be a creative writer).

It was 6pm and the bar was seated to capacity with all eyes on the perp. This was prime time T.V. Opinion was gathering momentum in the bar, nerves were jangling the other side of the screen.

The guy; Caucasian, mid 30's, 6'2" and 210lbs. judging by the jury stood around me he didn't stand a chance.

The perp had arrived at this tricky situation because he ran a red light and failed to stop his car at the request of an officer. He chose to out run the police car the gathering convoy of black and whites, heli cams, van cams and rubber neckers. For whatever reason, that was his decision.

Texas state uses a sobriety test for drivers that appear to be intoxicated - walk the chalk line, put a finger on your nose, say the alphabet backwards, stand on 1 leg facing west - that sort of thing. I thought perhaps he didn't fancy the test.

The final act is bizarre even awesome. Just to refresh - we have perp sat in SUV, 12 cops evenly spaced around the car about 10 meters away all pointing a gun. Shots were fired only by the cops, the perp was unhurt, 3 police were injured.



Only in America!

**Kevin Lawton
Gloucester / Albert 72 -77**

2004 Reunion

It seems ages ago that the reunion happened but I remember it clear as day. Here are my thoughts.

I thought the whole weekend was planned well; I liked the singing in chapel, both hymn bash on Saturday morning with Malcolm and the Sunday service, which brought back loads of memories.

I loved the disco and the meal on the Saturday evening, an excellent night!

I was sad that so many changes had happened such as the dorms etc... It just wasn't what I left all those years ago but then times change and we all move on.

It was a great weekend for meeting new people from all the different years and talking about their experiences and feelings of living within the school. Overall I had a fab time, I just needed to get over the differences and realise that times change.

The major disappointment was the lack of awareness of the reunions amongst old scholars and hence only 2 of us being present from our year. We would have gained so much more had there have been lots more people there and we probably wouldn't have wanted to come home either. It definitely needs advertising more and raising awareness. How? I am not so sure.

If there is anyway I can help, please let me know

Cheryl x x x

Cheryl Walmsey

I believe in miracles, don't you?

For most of my school life I have always been ill due to several problems since leaving school have been on loads of medication with frequent hospital visits. One day I was told, I will need a kidney transplant – never thought much about it just carried on like we do!! Until this year my kidneys started to fail, I was due to go into hospital for the tube to start dialysis. That was Monday 11th April, that got cancelled to Monday 18th April. On Wednesday 13th April at 11:30pm I got the call that every wants from transplant co-ordinator telling me they have a kidney, you would have though I had won the lottery!! So just to say to everyone out there, miracles do happen, don't give up and if you can please carry a donor card someone has saved my life, for which I am forever grateful. Anytime, anyone interested who needs to chat to just email etc. kind regards to all Ex-Gatton scholars.

Kim Hill (nee Williams)

Informal get-togethers!

40 years old but still having fun!

Kerry Induchney (nee Murphy) arranged a fantastic night in April 2005 for about 30 ex-scholars from 1980-81

A great time was had by all and Kerry wrote...

Thank you all for making a pleasant evening into a brilliant evening, I know that a few people felt a bit "awkward" at first, only to be expected after such a long time, but I felt as though as the evening wore on people let their guard down and enjoyed themselves, I hope so anyway. We will always have a special bond between us all and I will treasure that, life is sometimes filled with such sad events and hard times and if we are lucky enough to have a handful of true friends then we have a rich and happy life and I am proud to say that I think of all of you as friends so therefore I am a millionaire in the richness stakes.

God Bless you all and my kindest Regards to you all,

Love Kerry

"Memories come and go. Some remain forever. Some are blessed with the combination of happiness, fun, laughter and they really catch a moment - this will be one of those memories and it will last forever "

Just a quick note to add my thanks to Kerry and send a few pics from sat (and a couple of Paul Weller I have taken over the years as I am sure you must all be fans). Good to see you all, look after yourselves.

Allan Jones

I have now downloaded some pictures on the www.friendsreunited.co.uk website and they are under my profile. If you wish to have a copy, let me know which ones and I will send you them, the quality of the ones on the website have been reduced to enable me to post them. Surprisingly everyone looks sober!!!

Love Kerry

On behalf of the Committee may we take this opportunity to wish you
all a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

"The Editorial Team"



Registration Form

Please keep us informed of your current contact details, so that we can keep you up to date with ongoing news and events.

Please complete the form below and return it to our membership secretary at the address on the form, or via e-mail.

Gatton Association Registration Form

First Names:..... Surname:..... Former Name:.....

Address:.....
.....

Town:..... County..... Postcode:.....

Country:.....

Home Phone:..... Work Phone:..... Mobile:.....

Email Address:.....

Please remember to keep us informed of Postal or Email Address changes or our correspondence will not reach you.

Location attended (*tick as appropriate*):

Gatton Park Maitland Bishopswood Elmcroft Duxhurst Bedford Camberley

Other (please state).....

Last House(s) attended:.....

Years attended: from..... To.....

If you would prefer to receive Newsletters etc. by Email please tick the here:

Please return completed Registration Form to the Membership Co-ordinator:

John Hounsom, 38 Thackeray Avenue, Tilbury, Essex RM18 8HS

or

Email: johnhounsom@supanet.com

If you have any comments or suggestions you would like to pass back to us, please do so via John Hounsom at the address above.

Thank you.