

place with him in the Main Hall, or on the top of Helvellyn in a January snowstorm (for he organised many holiday expeditions), or in the Fives Court (for he revived and ran this game, too), or if he discovered that your birthday fell on the same day as his—then his courteous and kindly manner made these encounters richly enjoyable. As a result, to many boys new interests and delights have been opened up and unexpected achievements made possible. Until last year Mr and Mrs King lived at Woodlands. There, over the years,

countless boys and staff have enjoyed a hospitality that was so warming and refreshing that one found it difficult to break away and go. A game of chess, refreshment after golf, recovery after a long Dorset walk, archaeological details to look up and check, or just talk and friendship. There Mrs King maintained a home that was indeed a part of the school; a harbour of good company, good talk and good fun. It is fortunate for us that their new home at Stourpaine is so easily accessible and that their departure from Bryanston is one of degree only.

SPEECHES AT THE OPENING OF **THE COADE HALL**

27th MAY, 1966

DR. G. UDALL, CHAIRMAN OF GOVERNORS

Dr. G. Udall, Chairman of the Governors:

Your Royal Highness, My Lord Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I believe, Sir, that on the occasion when you were installed as Chancellor of Edinburgh University, you had the pleasure of making your former Headmaster, Dr. Kurt Hahn, an honorary doctor of laws; and you are reported as having said: "It cannot be given to many to have the opportunity and desire to heap honours upon their former Headmasters." You will readily appreciate, therefore, what a delight it is for me to have this opportunity of honouring my former Headmaster, Thorold Coade; but, of course, it's not I but you who are heaping honours upon him by your gracious presence here today. He was a great Headmaster: and to me, as, indeed, to all his friends, it seems fitting that his memory should receive the approbation of the highest in the land. As an Old Boy, and on behalf of all his former pupils, I can never thank you sufficiently, sir, for this alone.

Yet I am equally indebted to your Royal Highness, speaking now on behalf of Bryanston, for honouring the School as well by this visit. I made bold to say that the memory of Thorold Coade merited the presence of even so distinguished a person as yourself. For ourselves, as a school, we would not claim so great a favour: I say this, not because we lack a proper pride in our School; but because, when we consider the enormous demands upon your time and energies, not only in this country, but throughout the world, it is humbling to think that you have so generously set aside the greater part of a day to visit us at Bryanston. We are immensely

privileged and proud to welcome you, sir, for you have made this a unique and splendid day, long to be remembered. We are grateful for this opportunity of showing you our school and its varied activities, and we trust that your visit will be enjoyable and your memory of Bryanston a happy one.

And now it is my pleasure to welcome the Lord Lieutenant and Mrs. Weld, the High Sheriff and Mrs. Gibson Fleming, Mrs. Kathleen Coade, and the many other distinguished guests, whom time does not permit me to name. Indeed, you are all most welcome, not only for your company which adds greatly to the gaiety any sense of occasion; but, since the majority of you have contributed to the Coade Hall Appeal, because it gives me the opportunity of thanking you once again for the open-handedness which has made this hall possible.

At the start of the Campaign, one hundred thousand pounds seemed a formidable height to scale; but I had not counted sufficiently upon your loyalty and warm-hearted generosity; nor upon the judgement and expertise of our fund-raising consultants; and I am happy to acknowledge our debt to them, metaphorically speaking, of course, and to say how pleased I am that the Managing Director and our Campaign Director are with us this afternoon. The Bursar tells me that the Appeal total this morning stands at £108,413 9s. 1d., and, which is particularly encouraging, that nearly £1,000 has come in during the last week.

In the Royal Navy, I believe they use the expression a "happy ship" to indicate one in which every member of the ship's company is both pleased and proud to serve. Similarly, I believe this to be a "happy hall", for it has been evident, stemming no doubt, from those felicitous and moving phrases spoken by Mrs. Coade when she laid the foundation stone, that those concerned

have been pleased and proud to build it, as must always happen when men are caught up in something greater than themselves. Their number is formidable, so that I cannot mention them individually: Architects, Quantity Surveyors and their Consultants; Contractors and Sub-Contractors; Clerk of the Works and building foreman—traditional trades and new technologies—they form a goodly host, as you can gather; and I am delighted to express our deep gratitude to all who have laboured with mind and hand to build this great hall.

A “happy ship” stems from a first-class captain: the co-ordinating genius of this “happy hall” has been the Chairman of the Building Sub-Committee. Often disappointed, but never defeated, his tireless energy and enthusiasm have been the main-stay of this great project; and it is entirely due to him that the hall is ship-shape for its Royal Inspection. With his innate modesty, he has begged me not to mention him by name; so, with characteristic British compromise, I have decided to mention him only by his christian name—although I’m delighted to let you into the secret that no other Governor has the initial K. I seriously doubt, Kenneth, whether this hall could have been built without you, and I welcome this chance of expressing my deep thanks to you for all that you have done for Bryanston.

Many men, far abler than I am—amongst them, I was interested to see, Dr. Kurt Hahn himself—have tried to express what Thorold Coade meant to them and what influence he had had upon their lives. Would that I had the ability to tell those of you, who never knew him, what manner of man he was. But, fortunately, for both you and me, his words can still speak for himself. As a labour of love, three Bryanston masters, who have chosen to remain anonymous, have edited the speeches and sermons of his working life here in a remarkable volume, appropriately entitled *The Burning Bow*. It is on sale here today, thanks to the great generosity of a former Bryanston parent and a publisher, whose son will soon, I believe, be coming to the school.

It is a serious book, dealing with the deeper aspects of education and—such was the essence of the man—it is focused upon God. But don’t let me paint a false picture; these are not the prosings of a pompous pedagogue. His mind was a rare marriage of wit and wisdom; his heart a compound of courage and compassion.

Of his wit, let me tell you one story of his, exemplifying his sense of the ridiculous. He used it on one occasion to illustrate how difficult it is for those who have not attained normality in the sense of maturity—themselves to be judges of it in others. “A woman entered the consulting room of a famous psycho-therapist, followed by an ostrich. On being asked by the consultant what was the matter with her, she said: “There’s nothing

wrong with me; it’s my husband: he thinks he’s an ostrich.”

Of his wisdom, you may see for yourselves, for the whole book reads marvellously well. But, perhaps, since this is a royal occasion, I would commend especially to you the two addresses given at School Prayers on February 6th and 7th, 1952, on the occasion of the death of His Majesty King George VI and the Accession of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II. Few men could have drawn so feelingly the distinction between “to rule” and “to reign”.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Mr. Udall, Ladies and Gentleman,

First of all, thank you very much indeed for your kind welcome. I could not help noticing the nautical expressions which you used to describe the way this Hall had been built (of course, I couldn’t help thinking of some other expressions about ships, which I hope this Hall will never be subjected to)—some ships are known to hog, others are known to sag—I don’t think it will happen here, and some ships are known as longships, and they are the ones where it takes a long time to get a drink! I think this Hall is not liable to be subjected to that hazard.

So when I was first invited to take part in the ceremony of opening Coade Hall I seemed to remember—it was some time ago and my memory may not be quite correct—I seemed to remember suggesting that the School should stage some suitable production in the new hall instead of this ceremony of speeches. I thought this was rather a good idea, as it would give the School a chance to show off its dramatic capabilities and, even more important, it would save me having to think of something to say. Well my suggestion, as you see, like so many other of my brilliant and original ideas . . . (apparently everybody is delighted they fall on deaf ears) but at least I did try to spare you the ordeal of listening to another speech. Although perhaps my suggestion did not fall entirely on deaf ears, because I see from the programme that others are going to be privileged to be entertained in this Hall, while I am made to look at something else! I suppose that if I had been vindictive by nature I would have composed a speech for this occasion lasting an hour or so, but fortunately for you all, I am much too idle to contemplate anything so exhausting.

I think I know enough about the financial problems of independent schools to realise what a tremendous achievement the building of this Hall represents and I am quite sure I speak for everyone here in offering congratu-

lations to the Governors and to all the generous people who have given money—including the chap who gave a penny!—to the architects, the builders and all the individuals who have had a hand in converting what was originally a good idea into this present reality. From what I have read and seen of Coade Hall it is quite obvious that it will be a very great practical addition to the cultural amenities of the School.

But I think it also has a rather wider significance. Whatever may have been the case in the old days, today the only tangible difference between public and state schools is that the former are boarding schools; and this means that it is much easier for them to develop the full range of extra-curricular activities. Generally speaking, there is little difference in the overall academic qualities—there may be a few variations in technique between subjects, but on the whole the pattern of classroom, teacher, homework (or prep.) and exams is more or less universal. No matter how brilliant the exam results may be, this pattern does not constitute an education. This system treats all children alike but people are not all alike: they are individuals with individual tastes and capabilities, and these can only emerge and develop in activities outside the inevitable regimentation of the classroom. And this process I think operates in two ways. It is only possible to make a choice of interesting and rewarding things to do, when you become aware that there are many alternatives—you can't very well decide you would like to do something if you have never heard of its existence. And secondly the process acts as a means of gaining experience of life. The pattern of relationships between parents and children, whether they are good or bad, are bound to be rather special: in the same way the relationships between teachers and pupils within the formal academic structure inevitably develop a particular quality. However, when it comes to sharing a common enthusiasm for some extra-curricular activity, relationships change completely and open up new fields, whose existence was previously unsuspected. Service to others can release springs of compassion which may last a lifetime. Adventure training is a most potent means of discovering some extremely useful and revealing facts about one's own endurance and response to stress. It is these factors which go to make a balanced individual with judgement and common sense, for which a quick brain and a retentive memory are no real substitutes.

Academic excellence is, of course, vitally important, but it only becomes really effective when it exists in a person who is capable of thinking for himself and making up his mind on the facts and the merits of the case. I rather get the impression that this is a pretty rare bird in this country at the moment, where we seem to be inclined to re-act by groups: all sorts of groups exist—I won't specify them in detail because someone is

bound to get offended, but you will have to imagine them: even the unconventional have to form groups. Each has a recognisable group mentality and frequently a predictable group re-action to a given situation and the result is that individual opinions are changed by membership of a group and not based on conscious thought or rational analysis. It sometimes looks to me as if people join a group merely to avoid the effort of individual thought and judgement. Having said that, I must add in all fairness that groups flourish in this country owing to a peculiar British characteristic, which is to assume that someone has a particular point of view because he appears to belong to a certain group. We like to classify people by type. We insist that it is the job which makes the man. For instance, talking about grouping people, you know what it is: all public school-boys are snobs, all their parents are rich reactionaries, all business men are Conservatives, all Grammar School boys are clever, all labourers are Socialists: all jobs have a place in the social order of precedence, status is more important than competence, and anyone with a title is a more or less likeable half-wit!

Well, if you think what I have said is rather too sweeping and provocative, I don't blame you. The main point of what I am saying is to congratulate the school on the opening of this new hall and to hope that Bryanston will continue to turn out intelligent individuals. And I think also, as it is rather a special occasion, perhaps I could ask the Headmaster, now that I have got him more or less at my mercy, whether he would consider giving an extra whole holiday, sometime to suit everybody.

THE HEADMASTER

Mr. Chairman, Your Royal Highness, My Lord Bishop, Snobs and Reactionaries: Sir, I bow to your will. I can do no other. The whole holiday will be added on to the half-term and will make an additional day, the Tuesday at the end of the weekend in June. I may say, I've rearranged the seating in the cars coming up from the playing fields so that I could take up this little matter with Major Duncan and see what his master's mind was on the subject. So I was prepared, Sir.

We thank you, Sir, for your wonderfully sympathetic words about what we are trying to do here. I even wondered whether the name of your school had been misquoted here and there; you seemed to know so well what we try to do here. We certainly have our conventional unconventional groups.

We are delighted that we can show you something of the School's varied activities. Perhaps I might be allowed to interpolate a word to say that your version of the correspondence between Buckingham Palace and

Bryanston was extraordinarily interesting to me. We have many activities that we are eager to show you; we have more for which there is no time; and we have a few, perhaps, we would rather not show you. Further there are places we are all proud to offer to your inspection: there are, I suppose, a few we try to hide—but I doubt, Sir, whether we shall succeed if your arrival is anything to go by.

It was only as your helicopter was descending so gracefully into our midst ruffling the hair of all the dignitaries that I realised that one of our less lovely areas so discreetly hidden from our earth-bound eyes by a screen of trees, may well have been the first solid evidence of Bryanston which you espied from aloft. At any rate, Sir, whether you saw it or not, you landed only 100 yards from our refuse dump.

Over 300 boys will be engaged in activities this afternoon, and we hope that you, Sir, and all our guests will be able to see something of the variety of these undertakings.

To very many here, ladies and gentlemen, this day must seem like the welcome end of a strenuous and purposeful journey. It really is a tremendous achievement to have seen this very ambitious project through to fulfilment. On behalf of the school—the staff and the boys—as well as on my own, I voice our thanks to the Governors, the campaign staff—indeed, all those who have toiled and have given time and money to achieve this memorial to my predecessor. The job is done. The task is finished. The Hall is built.

Whatever it may be to some, to us here at Bryanston this day is in no sense an end but the beginning of an exciting and challenging new phase in the life of the school. And not only of the school. As I said when Mrs. Coade laid the Foundation Stone, we very much hope that this place may become in due time something of a cultural focus for this part of the country.

The public schools have for a hundred years and more acknowledged a responsibility to provide leaders in all walks of life. But it seems to me that the leadership we are called upon to give today differs markedly from what was appropriate a hundred or even *fifty* years ago. We need a vision of what has been well called “the aristocracy of service”. The quality needed above all others—in science and technology, in industrial management as well as in government, the professions and the world of public affairs in general—the quality needed is imagination. Without it men become bigoted, blinkered and often unbelievably stupid. My hope is that in this Hall art in all its manifestations will kindle the imaginations and broaden the sympathies of all who share in any way in the activities which go on here. Imagination, vision and sheer hard work must go hand in hand.

As a community we, the school, shall be able to come together more easily. We shall share as a family in our drama and music, our films and lectures, in our worship and in our silence; through these the spirits of young and old will be enlarged to sympathy with all men. Let me quote Mrs. Coade’s moving words from her speech at the laying of the Foundation Stone: “To whatever so-called secular uses this Hall may be devoted, I am persuaded that it can be nevertheless a living temple of the Most High.”

This theatre is Thorold Coade’s memorial. But if there is one thing I know, it is this: he would never wish his name to preside over blocks of stone or piles of brick which are dead, lapidary, monumental. His vote was for life, and this place is to be vibrant with life, love, beauty, energy, tragedy, comedy and the enriching experience of shared creation and re-creation.

Something of what T.F.C. stood for and believed in is in the pages of this book to which the Chairman referred during his speech.

Sir, on behalf of the school I would ask you to accept this copy as a token of our gratitude to you for coming to Bryanston and making this day memorable for us all.



THE OPENING OF THE COADE HALL: A FRIVOLOUS COMPENDIUM

GEREMY MEYRICK

It's Duke's week. It's Duke's Day. Everything is Dukey! A curriculum of anxiety circulates round the entire crowd of onlookers, as they await his arrival. Several false alarms arose, fingers pointed into the sky, and imaginary helicopters could be heard coming from all directions. As the bright red helicopter made its first appearance to the awaiting boys of Bryanston, the great moment which everyone had been waiting for, was close at hand. How is he going to land? Is he going to crash? Who is going to throw the bomb? As it was he landed only 3 feet 2 inches off target. The rotorblades came to a standstill and the Duke descended from the machine. He had red shoe-laces. Funnily enough it hardly excited me when he got out of the helicopter; I walked up to the school quite relaxed, when suddenly excitement filled me. I rushed to the Porter's Office to ring up my parents.

1.25 p.m. Lunch; Omnivores got Chicken and Salad, then Fruit Cocktail and Undiluted Cream. Vegetarians got one boiled egg. The lunch was a bit above the average and I mentally tried to picture the Duke eating his food; but I gave it up, as it was too much of a strain.

The Duke although a fine speaker, I think, would have liked just to have opened the Coade Hall without a speech, and to have seen a play done by the Bryanston boys. I was prepared for an amusing but sarcastic speech from him. Mr Udall's speech was fairly formal, but the Duke's speech was very witty: he talked about the difference between State schools and Public Schools. He made a joke about us being snobs and our parents being reactionaries. This was met by hoots of laughter. Mr Fisher opened his speech by saying "Mr Chairman, Your Royal Highness, My Lord Bishop, Snobs and Reactionaries." If Mr Coade had been there, he would certainly have felt proud. During the ceremony I could not see much at all. The actual Opening of the Coade Hall seemed to take up a very short time of the Duke's visit, but this was all to the good, because he wanted to see the school as well.

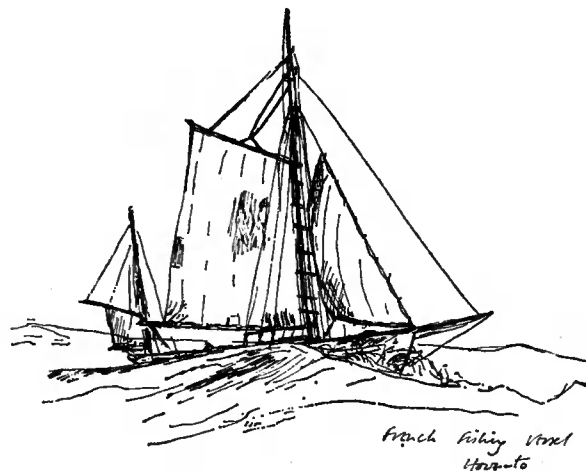
"If you touch that wire you'll kill yourself," came a voice out of the Rifle Hut turned Transmitter Station. His Royal Highness was due in 15 minutes. Sergeant Todd of the Royal Marines strutted back and forth behind the Butts, criticising his Cadets' efforts at bivouacing. Occasionally a parent would wander by, and the Sergeant would brace himself, turn to expose the three stripes, and lose his head in the clouds above.

The Science and the other exhibitions could not have been better. The Duke's tour included the Metalwork and Woodwork rooms, the Sculptorium, the Gymnasium, the Athletics, the Lifesaving, the Pioneering and the Rowing. I spent over a week preparing my chemistry exhibit for the Duke, but there was not time for him "to see everything". The timing was perfect. I think Mr Fisher was proud of the way everything ran so well. Some people said that he looked more relaxed than he does at Speech Days.

While speaking to Mr. Dingle after the Choir's performance he said he would have liked to have heard the Choir if he had been able to. Mr Dingle is going to send him a tape-recording of the Choir singing the "Hymn to St. Cecilia". It was interesting to see that the Duke did not react violently against the Press.

I first noticed two men standing vacantly near the Science Labs. while the Duke was there. When I looked again I saw a black leather strap leading from the left shoulder to the right armpit. I decided that this man was wearing a Burns-Martin Triple Draw Shoulder Holster. Could these men be a Body-Guard?

It did take a long time to reach the "free" tea: the mini-cakes were inevitable, but a little smaller than usual, if that is possible. The detective provided an eighteen-stone background, and was unnoticed. Eventually the time came for our noble visitor to leave. We escorted him to his helicopter, and gave him three spontaneous cheers before he climbed aboard and took off.



(Photographs by J.D.C., K.A.G. and Edward Tadros)

