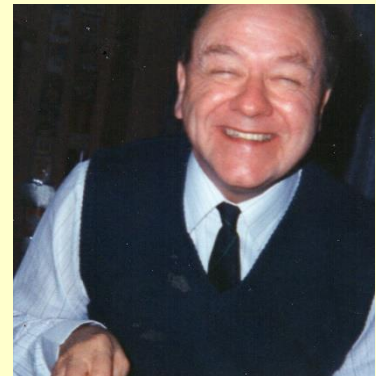




Virtual Centre for Late Antiquity
www.vcla.org.uk
Llandrindod Wells
Wales, UK

**LATE ANTIQUITY BOOK PRIZE
in memory of Bill Podmore**

**William ('Bill') Podmore (1933–2016)
much-loved history teacher**



Acknowledgements in scholarly books typically thank publishers, other subject matter experts and, not unusually, family and perhaps friends. Books deriving from doctoral dissertations will typically thank whoever advised the process and, quite probably, the examiners. Sometimes an inspirational undergraduate teacher might be recognized.

Our schoolteachers, by contrast, tend to be left behind. They are usually unsung.

Yet, before we reach university, a schoolteacher has often made a difference to our path along the way. That teacher is highly unlikely to have taught us Late Antiquity. But they might have encouraged us towards or within a broad discipline; or helped us to find a way of thinking; or exemplified a scholarly temperament, even a way of being in the world, on which we can continue to draw; or they helped to deliver us from a personal crisis; or they took practical steps that influenced our transition into the university life in which our interest in Late Antiquity unfolded. This might not be true for all of us; but it is probably true for most of us.

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The VCLA has a Section 60 exemption, and therefore does not have 'Ltd' (or equivalent) in its name. This is because the Articles of Association contain educational objects, and an asset lock that requires any surplus to be reinvested in those objects rather than being distributed to members.

For this reason, the VCLA's book prize is named in memory of William ('Bill') Podmore (1933-2016).

Bill Podmore, originally from Manchester, read Modern History at Balliol College, Oxford. During his National Service, having trained as a Russian speaker, he served in the Intelligence Corps. Bill kept up his Russian: he continued to enjoy rereading *War and Peace* in the original throughout his life. (A family story also has it that, in later years, on a visit to the USSR, Bill found himself unaccompanied by local minders. His Russian lacking any trace of a foreign accent, he was able to travel. The trip eventually ended with him being 'encouraged to leave with alacrity' by the authorities.)

After National Service, Bill took up school teaching, in due course arriving as Head of History at a school in north-west London, John Lyon School, in April 1970. He stayed there for 23 years and one term, retiring in 1993. From 1971 to 1987, he was Head of Sixth Form (the upper age group, from 16 to 18), assisting students with university applications. Over the same period, he was also a successful badminton coach, with 586 matches played and only 70 lost. He was then Senior Master from 1987 until retirement, overseeing a wide range of academic matters and continuing to support Oxbridge applications. Throughout his period in the school's senior management, he continued to be a formative influence in the classroom. Bill is warmly remembered in the school and by former students. His passing was met with numerous tributes, a memorial event, and the establishment from 2017 of an annual Bill Podmore Academic Excellence Prize, given to a student on Speech Day.

But the role of influential schoolteachers deserves, from time to time, to be recalled in later life, outside the school arena. It is a vote of thanks and an act of *pietas*. (Though we shan't insist, we hope that winners of the prize, and perhaps others, might find an opportunity to join us in recalling one or more of their schoolteachers.)

As a teacher, Bill was renowned for his emphasis on technical mastery, precision, and integrity of historical argument. He also conveyed a strong sense of reality, and was quick to puncture nonsense. But his deep knowledge and rigour were accompanied by wisdom, kindness, a sense of irony, and humour. The same qualities, widely remarked in tributes, expressed themselves in his badminton coaching. It was, of course, in his private life as a much-loved brother and uncle that Bill's down-to-earth good humour was most fully apparent.

The VCLA is grateful to members of Bill's family, in particular David J. Podmore, for images of Bill, information about his life, and support with this commemoration. The following pages collect anonymized tributes from former students and colleagues.



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Tributes to Bill Podmore
upon his passing
(anonymized; abbreviated)

KT (student, 1965–72)

He was a great influence on me.

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JU (student, 1965–72)

He was one of the greats: taught me a lot and not just history. Didn't recognise just how good a bloke he was until a good few years after we left.

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RA (student, 1965–72)

I was fortunate enough to have been taught by him at A level [GCE Advanced Level = final school system examinations at age 18] and he was a really excellent teacher. Indeed having studied history at university he was certainly of that calibre if not better.

He was also a very calm, affable and likeable presence in the school. He is not forgotten and will be much missed.

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PS (student, 1966–73)

I remember Bill with great affection as the John Lyon master who made the greatest contribution to my success in obtaining a place at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Although I had decided to apply to read Modern Languages and Law under the Tripos system, Bill willingly and generously supported me in my wish to take the Cambridge scholarship exams in History.

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RHC (student, 1966–73)

May I say what a true English Gentleman Bill was. He managed to make History come alive and I always looked forward to his lessons. I now regret having done Law rather than History at University but at least I enjoyed Legal History. May his memory be blessed by all those who were fortunate enough to know him.

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PC (student, 1968–74)

I won Middlesex U18 mixed courtesy of him! And an outstanding partner!!!!

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JD (student, 1968–75)

It is no great secret, to any of you who attended John Lyon during the early 1970's, that I was one of those whose school days were definitely not the happiest days of my life..... and then ... there was ... Dear Mr Podmore.

Whilst by no means one of his most successful prodigies, I was lucky enough to be amongst the 13 / 15 year olds who he taught to play badminton, and then nurtured to play in various Middlesex tournaments.

Whenever I think of Mr Podmore (I still struggle to be so familiar as to call him Bill!!) I am reminded of Matthew Syed's book, *Bounce* and his 10,000 hour rule. I assume there was nothing particularly gifted about boys who attended John Lyon in the 1970's, in relation to the sport of badminton, yet, many of us will remember how for several years, the Middlesex, under 13 / 14 and 15 teams were in the main, boys from our school.

Clearly with hindsight, I have no doubt this was largely because of Bill's love of the game, and his dedication to give up his time to coach so many of us. Be it lunch times, after school, or at weekends, he was there. Quiet, kind, supportive, helpful, without being overbearing, and, never appeared to judge....if we won or lost... he just insisted, we did our best..... and yet given his knowledge and stature in the game, I assume there was a fierce competitor within.

I am delighted to say I still have a couple of Middlesex team certificates, dating from 1973 and 1974 ...

There are other characteristics I recall of Mr Podmore. A physically small man, yet someone who never had to raise his voice to control a class, a man who I would enjoy listening to, when he told stories that caught my imagination in history.

Being a boy who found almost all aspects of education difficult at best, I was able to learn from Bill. For me he had that indescribable teaching gift I suspect no amount of qualifications can bestow. Sadly there were very few classes I looked forward to..... I can honestly say however, I never had that tummy ache of dread before one of Bill's classes!!!!!!

I emphasise these qualities, not because I somehow wish to offend those who loved their school days, but..... of course there were those of us, for who that was not reality, and it was fine men like Bill Podmore who ensured that there are a few subjects that left me interested..... and wanting to learn more..... History is one of those..... Thank you for that Bill. I am extremely grateful for your teaching and guidance.

... a fine man, a great teacher, and obviously an equably wonderful uncle.

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MF (student, 1969–76)

Bill was the kindest and greatest of men.

I pretty much owe all of my success academically at John Lyon and much of my success

in business and life after John Lyon to Bill.

He joined the school I believe when I was in the 2nd year i.e. 1970/71 and although he did not teach us history that year he came to our class and organised try outs for badminton.

I was one on the lucky ones who got accepted for the squad. I like Bill never managed to grow enough to get my eyes even half way up the net. However what I learnt from Bill in those months over that winter, lunchtimes twice a week and evenings after school twice a week stood me in great stead. For the first term we, none of us, hit a shuttlecock in anger. It was all preparation and study and preparation and study; repetition after repetition.

First it was movement, back and forth, sideways, back and forth sideways. Front to back, back to front. After four weeks we were given a shuttlecock to hit. Then serves; high and low. Then the clear; then the backhand clear; then the drop; the slow drop and the fast drop; and very finally the smash. We were both awed and bored. But every session we came back. You could try and miss one; Bill just looked at you and muttered 'I understand, but I would be disappointed....'. Who was going to chance that. No one.

Finally in the middle of the next term we actually played games. Not whole games, but half games to 8 points (different scoring then; you could only score I think off your own serve); and not without each game having a running commentary from Bill.

In the summer term when there was a lot of Cricket we played less, but we played. Next year we were to see if like at Manchester Grammar, the 'boys' had taken their lessons well.

Next year, and every year after, we schmeised everyone. I do not think I played in any school match over the next five years where we even came close to losing a match. And every year team that came after us whilst I was at school was the same.

Boy were we proud. We knew we knew the basics. Forward and back. Backward and forward. Technically we knew enough to always be better than the most skilled but untutored player. Bill made an invincible team through teaching of sheer brilliance. He inspired us and no Master, and I mean none, was respected at school more than he. He was committed to excellence, committed to his teams and we I hope were committed to Bill.

In the 3rd year, and for the remaining 5 years of my school life he was also my History teacher. I got top marks in only one subject, and that was History. I loved his lessons, didn't always agree with Bill's politics and so his view of History but he was so generous because he cared only that you marshalled the facts and correctly and exactly expressed them to support whatever argument you wanted to put.

But what was so generous, was that it was Bill who helped all the other Masters in the school, because it was he who taught us all, in his History lesson time, as to how to read each exam question, how to examine what was asked of us by way of answering correctly and how to structure those answers for maximum marks. It was back and front; back and forth, drop and clear, smash and fast drop all over again.

Only Bill taught us to look at the question and to work out what was really being asked. We thought it was useful for exams only, but when 22 of our year met this year for our

'Forty years on', it was Bill, almost to a man, who we credited by his teaching who had given us the most 'life' skills.

I had seen Bill only once since the end of my time at school. At Lords, about ten years ago when he and his fellow teacher [Mr N.] sat, quite by chance, next to me in the Members' Pavilion. Of course we chatted politely and spent more time on the poor England display than on reminiscing; it is hard to say a huge thank you to someone whom one knew so well and intimately so long ago who was from such a different generation even at that time.

I do hope Bill knew the respect and love we had for him, all of us I think ... He was for me as a young man the most important influence on my life other than my mother and father. I looked up to him.

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PM (student, 1969–76)

History was always my favourite subject at school and indeed I am still an avid reader of history books. I can attribute much of this down to Mr Podmore's enthusiasm and knowledge of his subject. ...

About 10 years ago I was invited to a small dinner for professional introducers at Coutts Bank and found myself sitting next to Douglas Hurd the former Government minister and the then Chairman or Deputy Chairman of Coutts. Douglas spent virtually the whole evening speaking with me about Nineteenth Century British political history (he had just written a book about Robert Peel and was clearly a serious history buff as indeed was I). Somewhere from the deepest recesses of my mind I was able to discourse such topics as Repeal of the Corn Law, Catholic Emancipation, the great Reform Act and the Tamworth Manifesto. Douglas said how much he had enjoyed our conversation (and indeed later sent me his book) but the thing that I remember most was him saying 'you must have been taught very well at school' and indeed I was and it was all down to Mr Podmore. All the lessons I had with him [at] 15–18 years between 1973–1976 must have lodged rock fast in my memory — I only wish my short-term memory was as good as my long-term. Mr Podmore was an excellent 'old school' (excuse the dreadful pun) teacher and I regret never having the opportunity later on in life to personally thank him for having schooled me so well.

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HS (student, 1970–77)

I loved his history lessons. I remember him perched on the staff desk just very calmly passing on his knowledge to us. ... He always struck me as a genuine, dedicated, approachable and wise man.

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JM (student, 1970–77)

Bill Podmore was a fantastic teacher of history. He was so enthusiastic and very kind too.

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GH (student, 1970–76)

I was one of the lucky people to be taught by Bill Podmore. I got a glimpse of his complex hinterland when I went on the school tour to Russia with him as leader in 1971. He explained that, ‘nobody need know that he spoke Russian’. He never expressed a political view in lessons, allowing us to draw our own conclusions. I have tried to live up to his amazingly high standards of behaviour in thought and action and hold him up as a beacon of humanist thoughtfulness. He was one of the finest educators I have ever met and had a profound effect on me.

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RMF (student, 1972–79)

Bill was my most inspiring teacher bar none. I remember like it was yesterday, our sixth form A level [GCE Advanced Level] set when he taught us not just history, but how to improve our academic style across the Board. I recall him asking us all what a ‘civil wrong’ was (in the context of the Trade Disputes Act of 1906 and his being amazed that none of us could answer ‘tort’, although goodness knows we were all racking our brains as to what it could mean! How he would have a wry smile to learn what I did for a living over the next 30 years (I am a lawyer of course)....

He was brilliant and the quintessential one off.

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IB (student, 1974–81)

I remember Bill well, although he only taught me for a couple of years (history was not one of my strongest subjects, which I think frustrated him at times!!!) Bill was always such a measured, quietly-spoken man with an eye for detail. On one occasion, the bell rang before he had completed his lesson with us. Quite out of character, he let slip a ‘minor expletive’ — under his breath, but audible enough for most of us to hear it! — he then, quickly composed himself and repeated ‘sugar’, a couple of times, in the hope that he had covered himself. Of course, he hadn’t, and he was reminded about it from time to time, but he always kept a straight face and flatly denied it!!! Another memory I have of Bill was of him going up or down the stairs to the monitors’ room/library and stopping to straighten the pictures on the wall — he was always very precise... only for one of the boys (often my friend [JH]!) to follow him and ‘unstraighten them’!!!

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JB (student, 1974–81)

He taught me from 1974–1981 at John Lyon and instilled in me a love of history which I still have. I was also in his Badminton squads, to which he devoted so much of his ‘spare’ time.

I always enjoyed his wry sense of humour, too!

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JDD'A (student, 1975–82)

When I was a pupil at John Lyon, Bill Podmore was held in high regard as history teacher, but the lasting impression he made, at least on me, was as school badminton coach.

He coached methodically, patiently, and with almost military precision, fostering some of the strongest players of the day. I clearly recall Sunday afternoon coaching sessions and regular after school and lunch time sessions during the week, all of which were on top of his normal work load as history master. Thanks to him, his tireless and rigorous coaching cultivated numerous high-calibre school players who competed strongly at county and regional level. He was, I hope, proud of what he achieved on the badminton court and I'm sure John Lyon was thankful and proud for what he brought to the school — both as a teacher and sports coach.

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GR (student, 1975–82)

He was an excellent teacher and I still remember his lessons today, including how he disliked the use of the word 'inevitable'. He gave me a lot of encouragement and support, for which I was very grateful.

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JS (student, 1975–81)

Bill taught me History.....in fact my favourite subject not the least because of his love of the subject matter. He also took the Badminton Team on our travels to away matches..... A good man and a devoted teacher ...

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FT (colleague, 1976–90)

I worked with Bill in the History Dept. at John Lyon from 1976 to 1990. He was the best and the kindest boss that anyone could wish to have, helping me and giving me so much support. I had much to learn about teaching and he was always there with advice and assistance, imparted in such a way that it was always affirmative. He was a real gentleman, and immensely (but unobtrusively) wise. I owe him so much, and there are many hundreds of his pupils who would say the same.

He was not only well respected by staff and pupils alike; he was loved by many of us. So quiet a man, but such a force for good.

... I was proud to count him as my friend.

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PM (student, 1976–83)

My memories of 'Poddy'.

As one of the least academic students he ever taught A level [GCE Advanced Level] History to. He always made his lessons interesting and I loved his classes. The set we had was hugely bright but he always made me feel part of it.

He was a great teacher and an excellent Badminton coach who took great pride in the squad's success.

He was always the first to congratulate me on a Monday morning if I'd scored goals or runs.

I loved the guy and had huge respect for him.

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GG (student, 1976–83)

I cannot speak highly enough of Bill. I will help where I can in trying to make sure his achievements are publicly acknowledged but many many students are driven every day by the benefits of his generous and great intelligence.

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SP (student, 1976–83)

Bill was a wonderful, inspirational man to whom I owe my entire career. I was a headstrong 15 year old determined to leave school at 16. When most people screamed at me, Bill sat me down calmly and spoke to me rationally, which did the trick. And of course as a teacher he was peerless.

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KP (student, 1976–83)

I was never any good at history but he made it fun for 2 of the 3 years I was taught it. He was a brilliant master in charge of school badminton when the school was winning almost everything going in the sport. He also loved his cricket, when in better health and happy retirement I would often see him at Lords in his favourite spot outside the pavilion; ground floor back to the wall.

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LE (student, 1977–84)

A quick note ... to say how much I liked 'Bill', and how much he meant to me. (He always was, and always will be, Mr Podmore to me.)

I liked school, but I didn't like the lessons. Indeed, I liked just about everything else apart from any lessons that involved reading and writing ... so I especially enjoyed football, music, art, and I formed a few lifelong friendships, and I even liked the school meals. In short, I didn't agree with school work, and school work didn't agree with me. And the only exception was History, though I still did as little history homework as I could possibly get away with, often less than that. Somehow Mr Podmore managed to get through to me, and in doing so gave me a lifelong passion for history. I didn't go to

uni, but still love reading history books, and get through one every week or two.

I fondly remember doing 'A' levels [GCE Advanced Level] crammed into his tiny little study, with the shelves loaded from floor to ceiling with books, with seven of us history boys, if my memory serves me correctly. Five of whom went on to Oxford and Cambridge. And the other two of us, the ones that weren't academic, have both ironically gone on to be the M.D.s of book businesses — a publishing company and a book distributor. He seemed to recognise a potential in me — and kindle an interest — where all the other teachers missed. (Though I am the first to recognise that this says more about me than it does about teaching professionals.) I feel sure that all seven of us in that history set would have the same feelings of reverence for Mr Podmore.

I have very few regrets in life. But I do wish...if I could have it all over again...that I could have handed in a few more of Mr Podmore's homework's on time, and that at least one of them would have been worth an A+ +.

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DC (student, 1977–82)

The main thing I remember about him was his amazing success with the badminton team. He was the David Brailsford of John Lyon sports, as I remember who coached the team to win many tournaments, county champions etc. I wasn't in the team but some of my friends were and I had the pleasure of reading out the results in Assembly. I also remember him as a very kind and scholarly man.

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HK (student, 1979–1986)

Bill Podmore was the teacher who brought history to life. A level history [GCE Advanced Level] classes in the top of the old school building did not solely teach the subject, they provided an opportunity to be challenged intellectually, and discuss what things meant not just what things happened.

Bill was a tough but totally fair master. Between us in the small class we'd hatch little plots to try and make him laugh but in a way full of respect and admiration, though I can remember as if it was yesterday when he suddenly exploded into uncontrollable giggles when something he could only describe as 'slapstick' had taken place outside.

Mainly because of Bill I developed a love of the subject and went on to study history and politics at Southampton University. He was a big influence on my early academic life ...

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IW (colleague, 1970–1993)

I worked with Bill for many years and am very sad to hear of his death as will be the countless boys he taught. He was, as I remember him, a quiet, self-contained, private person; a man of great integrity; a loyal and supportive colleague. He was extremely well-read in literature as well as in modern history and hence, quite a conversationalist! I remember having a chat with him about Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag*

Archipelago and being reminded that it was even more powerful in the original; I'd forgotten his work in Army Intelligence as a Russian translator.

A diminutive man, hardly an athletic figure, he was nonetheless a great student of sports and a meticulous technician in whatever recreation he pursued. Before he took over the coaching of badminton, the school had little success; but with him in charge, we had a formidable team including lads like [Jeremy G.] with extra-large right (service) arms and hands!

I never played golf with him but [Clem R.] and [John W.] tell me that he was a formidable player.

Many students of history will mourn him and remember him as their favourite to whom they owe a debt of gratitude for his wisdom, knowledge and encouragement.

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JSC (student, 1978–85)

I would like ... you to know ... the enormous affection in which he was held ...

I was at the School from 1978 to 1985 and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that he was a something of legend whose reputation went before him and to which we all enjoyed adding our own little angles. He taught me History O-level [GCE Ordinary Level] from 1981–1983 and such were the fame of his meticulous notes that an incoming master in 1984 practically bribed me to obtain my copies of Bill's notes. I remember that master's joy when I handed them over: it was as though I had given him the secret to eternal life.

His lessons on World War 1, the rise of Stalin and the inter-war period stayed with me to this day and indeed as an occasional economic historian of the inter-war period, I echo his judgements in my work. I remember him saying clearly that every 100 years or so the map of Europe gets re-drawn and I always took this remark subsequently to be a forecast of the end of the Soviet period. I also took an extended interest in Russian affairs in my first few years at the Bank of England and I enjoyed telling him of my trips there.

But what really made him stand apart were not his notes. But the way he would make us think. Famously in two games he devised on the Great Strike and on leaving the Gold Standard where he made boys play the roles of politicians, trade unionists or civil servants to see if we could avoid the strike or the exit from the gold standard. To this day, I work on the problems of designing monetary regimes. Everyone who attended these classes knew they were in the presence of genius. ... Thank you Bill.

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BK (student, 1978–85)

Mr Podmore made history relevant and interesting and I shall always be grateful for the time and dedication in first introducing me to Badminton and then training me to be quite adept at the sport. He was an important part of my early life and I am thankful for knowing him.

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BJ (student, 1980–87)

I have very fond memories of being taught History by him whilst I was at John Lyon. I remember him most for his kindness and dry sense of humour; and some of the best possible over-the-glasses withering looks when needed!

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GP (student, 1981–88)

[He] was a legend at the school, in that quiet, intense and deeply caring way only Mr Podmore could. His love of history, knowledge and learning were balanced perfectly, and you always knew he only wanted the best from the boys and wanted them to be inspired by the subjects and stories he taught. One of my favourites at JLS.

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JC (student, 1982–89)

He was a true scholar and a gentleman — quietly spoken, but with an incisive intellect and great kindness. Requiescat in pace.

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TC (student, 1983–88)

I vividly recall Mr Podmore being delighted with my 100% history paper back at the end of my first year at JL in 1984!

I remember him being one of my favourite teachers.

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IH (student, 1984–90)

Bill Podmore was undoubtedly the teacher who had the biggest impact on me in my time at John Lyon — I can picture him now in the room at the top of the Old Building, in his grey pinstripe suit and gown. Nearly 30 years later, I'm still enjoying history books thanks to him. Perhaps more significantly, his encouragement to read carefully and thoughtfully lead me to my career in law. I'm forever grateful.

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SR (student, 1984–89)

Bill Podmore was my both my History teacher and my badminton coach (with [Mr I.]) and was always very kind, caring and thoughtful towards all of his students. He was a very good man indeed ...

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DS (student, 1985–1992)

I was fortunate enough to be taught by Mr Podmore and although history was not my strongest subject, he was my favourite teacher for sure. I particularly remember learning about the Cold War during the fall of the Berlin Wall... he repeatedly said 'we live through interesting times' and how right he was. He was also one of the more 'traditional' teacher, always with a gown, who was respected by all.

A great teacher and a very nice man!

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TW (colleague, 1986–93)

... When I became Head of John Lyon in September 1986, Bill was a highly respected senior master who as Head of History had inspired many academic boys with a love of history. A great number of his A level students went on to read the subject at university and a considerable number at our best universities including Oxbridge. I know that many of them look back on their days being taught by Bill with great affection. He expected the highest academic rigour from his pupils and they respected him for that. I invited him to become Director of Studies as well as continue teaching history. He therefore oversaw the curriculum of the school and he did this with great care and organisation. I was continually grateful to him for his wise and considered advice.

Beyond his academic work Bill's love of badminton led him to coach and lead the school teams for many years and they achieved remarkable results winning Middlesex competitions on a regular basis. It was always a mystery to many of his colleagues how he achieved so much success!

In short, Bill was a much loved and admired schoolmaster whose ability and success was often hidden by his natural modesty.

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PS (student, 1986–93)

... Though Mr Podmore and I left John Lyon in the same year, he retiring and me going on to Oxford, I have never forgotten the help he gave me. [Bob S's] extra geography lessons undoubtedly got me through the Oxford entrance exam. However the patience, good humour and encouragement that Mr Podmore showed me in his 'prep' lessons is the only reason I was able to hold my own in the interview I eventually secured. I got a place, a degree and a job that was only advertised at Oxford and Cambridge, one that I still have, so I am very clear on who I owe for that. Mr Podmore was right at the top of the list. ...

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DA (student, 1986–93)

In the last few years I have scoured on-line, several times, for a mention of dear 'Mr. Podmore' (in Old Lyonian publications).

I imagined him curled up in a large armchair, dissecting the latest weighty tome with

a critical eye and an almost imperceptibly mischievous grin, or writing memoirs about the (far more racy) life (I imagined he had) before John Lyon.

Of all my teachers, he was the one most interested in imparting how to think and not what to think. The content seemed important but not half as much as showing us how we could use our brains and express our thoughts — clearly. I knew that experience was special at the time. The realisation has grown with each passing year (28 in total!) — perhaps as a function of seeing so many examples of how not to teach.

... A good man's passing should not go unmarked.

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AS (student, 1986–93)

I shall remember Bill, with great affection and gratitude, as a rare teacher. As well as being superbly knowledgeable and intelligent, he combined exceptional perception about people with true gentleness — a combination that made him, in a deeply abiding sense, a real mentor.

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