

JIM WALLACE COMPLETE 2020 – FOR WEBSITE

Teacher Jim Wallace – Trinity 1951-1955 (James Malcolm Wallace, born 1927)

Jim Wallace was a popular teacher at Trinity who came to London from his native New Zealand to study and spent several years as History teacher and Rugby coach. He played for the Southgate based Saracens, and returned to New Zealand in late 1955 and met his future bride on the sea journey home. He became assistant principal head of the prestigious Wanganui Collegiate and caretaker head for a while. Jim became a national rugby selector and wrote two books on rugby coaching. This article includes items on Jim in the school magazine, form class photos, press notices on his death in 2004 and extracts from his autobiography written for his grandchildren and used in the Trinity Old Scholars Newsletter.

The box of delights included Jim's personal biography written in a very personal style for his grandchildren, so he starts most sentences "Grandpa." Here are some extracts from – "A Prejudice or Two: Grandpa's Musings on His 20th Century", published in 2004 by the Wallace family soon after Jim died. The style is very conversational & not meant to be strictly grammatical, so I hope many former pupils will enjoy it. There are just a few editor's notes.

(Acknowledgements are due to Richard Bourne of Wanganui Collegiate School Museum for facilitating these memories).

FINAL NOTES – Many old scholars, male and female, have good memories of Jim Wallace, and the happy sequel to this was that Jim met his future wife on the ship home to New Zealand, Roma Pascoe, an Australian Beauty Queen, and they were married a year later in January 1957. Jim Wallace became a legend at his school, rising to Deputy Head, fathered four girls, and was also a Rugby player and revolutionary coach of advanced skills and tactics, and he is still famous in Rugby and New Zealand circles.



Photo by Colin Hale





Jim Wallace and his 1954-1955 Form 1A

Excerpts from the Trinity school magazine follow:

RESIGNATION OF MR J. WALLACE, B.A.

Mr Wallace first came to us as a student in training from King's College, London. We were quick to appreciate his good qualities, and his appointment to the Staff in September, 1951 gave us all great pleasure. In the class-room, where he has brought a fresh and scholarly approach to the teaching of his subject, history, on the sports field, where his prowess in athletics and games has been placed unstintingly at the service of our boys, and in the Staff-room, where his colleagues have welcomed and valued his friendliness and help in the solving of our common problems, he has served the School faithfully and well. No more than this need be said to express our regret at his going. But we should not be human if we did not tell him that we have enjoyed his company and liked the man for what he was in himself, and that we wish him every happiness in his new post at the Collegiate School, Wanganui, in his native New Zealand.

AN UNUSUAL FAREWELL

At the end of Mr Wallace's last day at School, an Assembly was held at which the boys' Captain, V. C. Manning, expressed appreciation of his work here and their regret that he was leaving us. As a token of their good wishes for the future, he presented him on behalf of the School with a leather writing-case. In his reply Mr Wallace said how much he had enjoyed being here, urged us to give more to the School than we took from it, and asked us to realise how strong were the ties which bound his own country, New Zealand, and other parts of the Commonwealth to the Mother Country.

Then occurred the unusual—indeed, unprecedented—event of the afternoon. The girls' Captain, Margaret Litherland, reminded us that on his voyage to New Zealand Mr Wallace would "cross the Line," and we felt that ceremonies appropriate to that stage of his journey might well be anticipated. Then there rushed on to the platform King Neptune and his court, seven piratical-looking ruffians (whom we took to be prefects in disguise) who attacked Mr Wallace, bound him to a chair with a stout rope, half-covered him with towels, and barbered and shaved him with gusto and large and crude instruments. The soap, applied with a white-wash brush, was removed with a soda-water syphon! Mr Wallace took the joke with his usual good humour, and as a memento of the occasion was given the "sacred" razor signed by all who took part.

THE STAFF'S GOOD WISHES

After these high jinks, the Staff's farewell was more decorous. At a Staff meeting, the Head Master on behalf of his colleagues presented Mr Wallace with three books of his own choice: J. M. Thompson's "Napoleon Bonaparte, His Rise and Fall," Bacharach's "The Musical Companion," and "The Oxford Companion to English Literature." Our sense of loss at Mr Wallace's departure was expressed at this meeting, and more informally the next evening at a party at their home to which the Senior Master and Mrs Ellison invited members of the Staff.

Autumn 1955 Report of Jim's Farewell

Tribute in the Wanganui Chronicle newspaper by David Ogilvie

Four All Blacks took the chance to say thank you to a Wanganui Collegiate rugby icon yesterday, at the same time celebrating the 100th birthday of the ground they learned their serious rugby on. The late Jim Wallace, known internationally for his rugby brain and especially his ability to innovate, was remembered with a memorial seat overlooking the main collegiate rugby ground, which saw its first rugby a century ago.

The late Jim Wallace, known internationally for his rugby brain and especially his ability to innovate, was remembered with a memorial seat overlooking the main collegiate rugby ground, which saw its first rugby a century ago. Former World Cup-winning captain David Kirk and early 1970s lock Sam Strahan, mid 1980s halfback Andrew Donald and early '80s inside back Andy Jeffery banded together to donate the bench, and the occasion was part of the start of the famous Quadrangular tournament yesterday. Former World Cup-winning captain David Kirk and early '70s lock Sam Strachan, (mid-1980s) halfback Andrew Donald and early 1980s inside back Andy Jeffery banded together to donate y. Fellow All Blacks Mark Irwin (mid-1950s) and Roger Boon (early 1960s) also attended.

Kirk, a sharp rugby brain himself, clearly had great fondness for Wallace and his skills: *"He was a big influence on my life, for a couple of reasons - he was a very good rugby coach, he coached the first XV and was very encouraging throughout my rugby career - and he was very technical, very good at analysing skills required in your position. He was also good at building that sense of individual responsibility and purpose. He was very much one for taking*

responsibility for your own actions - and also the need for practice." He was also Kirk's housemaster for five years.

Lock forward Strachan, one who locked many scrums with the great Colin Meads at his side, says Wallace was "*one of the best rugby brains I've ever been associated with, although I probably didn't fully appreciate it at the time. Being a teenager I didn't think very deeply at the time about tactics and things - but Jim did .I guess he instilled a lot of those things in at a very early age, although one didn't realise it at the time. He was such a pleasant fellow as well.*"



Jim in play mode

Trinity Old Scholars Association Newsletter 30: Spring 2014

References about Trinity in his autobiography A Prejudice or Two:

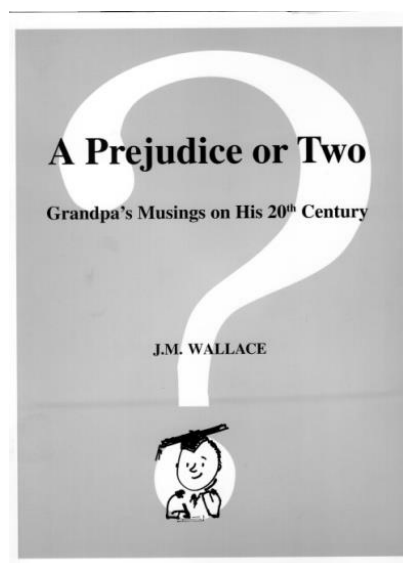
JIM WALLACE, a favourite Trinity teacher, WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

The answer is in three parts, all very interesting to those who remember him from 1950 to 1955. On the voyage home to New Zealand he met his future wife; he became a favourite teacher & deputy head at a prestigious public school, & was soon a famous rugby player & influential coach by changing the style of the national game.

How did it happen?

Peter Brown, a Trinity pupil from year 1951, and a former deputy Liberal Party Leader of New Zealand, alerted me to the fame of Jim Wallace in his native country. I contacted the school and was sent a generous amount of material about Jim by Richard Bourne of Wanganui Collegiate School Museum, for which much thanks are due.

This box of delights included Jim's personal biography written in a very personal style for his grandchildren, so he starts most sentences "Grandpa." Here are some extracts from – "A Prejudice or Two: Grandpa's Musings on His 20th Century", published in 2004 by the Wallace family soon after Jim died. The style is very conversational & not meant to be strictly grammatical, so I hope many former pupils will enjoy it. There are just a few editor's notes.



Front cover of Jim's autobiography for his grandchildren

Extracts from autobiography:

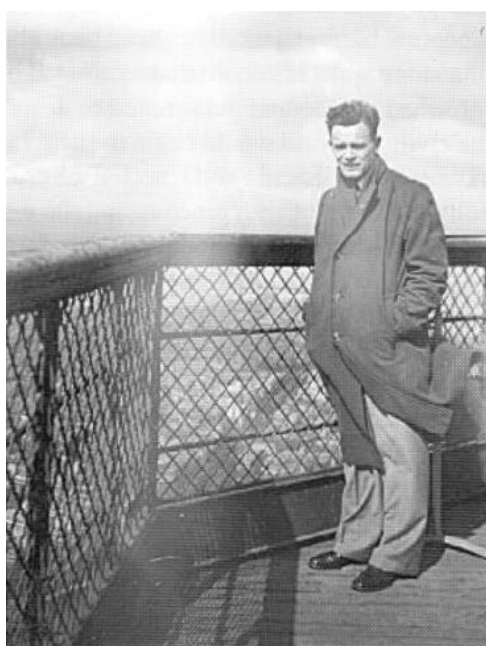
Teaching Practice at Trinity & Job Offer by Mr Swinden. It was a good year for many reasons. One was that, for my teaching practice in Terms I and III, I was allocated to what I soon considered a splendid school, Trinity Grammar School in North Middlesex, Forms I to VI. The staff were welcoming, friendly, conscientious, able, qualified. Head of History Department, Herbert L. Peacock, was charming and into writing history textbooks, Miss McRae, the classic, traditional schoolmistress. In her final year before retirement she animated Grandpa to marvel at her sheer historical knowledge and professional expertise. An overconfident new graduate (Editor - Jim was 23) had not quite expected this. Grandpa learnt a lot from the two. At Trinity we taught in a Victorian storied, brick edifice, many fewer and smaller windows, no aesthetic outlook other than dark clouds. At the end of a happy year the Headmaster, a rather lugubrious Mr L.A. Swinden, offered me Miss McRae's job. Now this was tricky. He knew that I was intending to return to the South Pacific. If Grandpa were to accept, would Grandpa give the school a number of years? I eventually donated four years and one term and Mr Swinden did not grizzle when the final donation was my resignation.



a sight of a bedtime story: le Château de la Roche, Upper Loire.

French Trip at Easter with Mr McErlean & Miss Kay - Every year I taught at Trinity Grammar School, Middlesex, a good proportion of the 4th Form students in French spent three weeks at Easter at Roanne in the Upper Loire in the Beaujolais, west of Lyon. In the summer their French school billets came to London for their turn – to improve their English the hard or easy way. There needed to be activities organised. Ah, an afternoon's tennis at the Trinity courts for one thing. It doesn't really work, All the English pupils, because of their games periods etc, could at least make a fist of it; alas, only a few, a small proportion of the Gallics. For the first Easter holidays at Trinity Grammar Grandpa was invited to accompany Mr McErlean & Miss Edna Kay, two teachers of French, with thirty Fourth Formers to Roanne in the Beaujolais on the Loire as it emerges from the lower hills of the Massif Central, eighty kilometres west of Lyon.

One day on a “une bicyclette`a louer” Grandpa laboured quite a distance up the narrow Loire gorge on a two-wheeled track worn in the earth. It was warm. Under my shorts I wore my togs in a bit of hope of finding a decent pool. Ah, I spotted a challenge. There I would swim across the river & back. Swimming easily, comfortably, Grandpa reached the narrow section where the current was strongest. My best Australian crawl went into urgent action. I had swum the mighty Loire. Back at the hotel his wet seat aroused the concern of Mme Troisgros. Where had I been swimming? Monsieur! Did I not realise that many people had been drowned at that rocky point?! Three at the end of the summer! It was more than tres dangereux. C’est le sable, Monsieur. (Editor – sable is quick sands). McErlean, Kay & Wallace were frequently invited to visit our pupils’ billets. One host was a little worried at first because his young 4th Form Englishman, Bennett, seemed a bit unsettled.

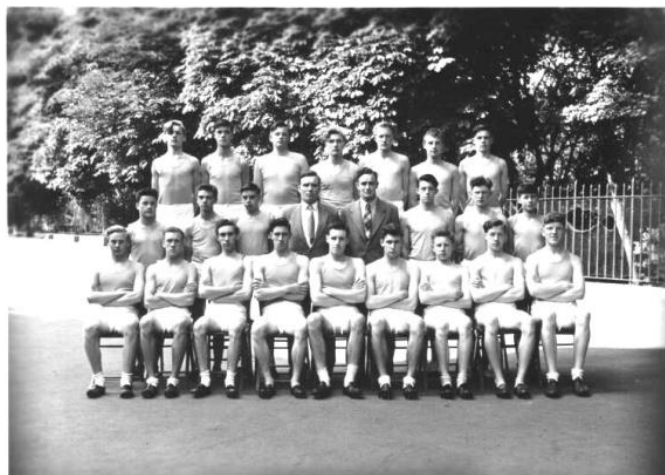


Top of the Eiffel Tower, 1951.

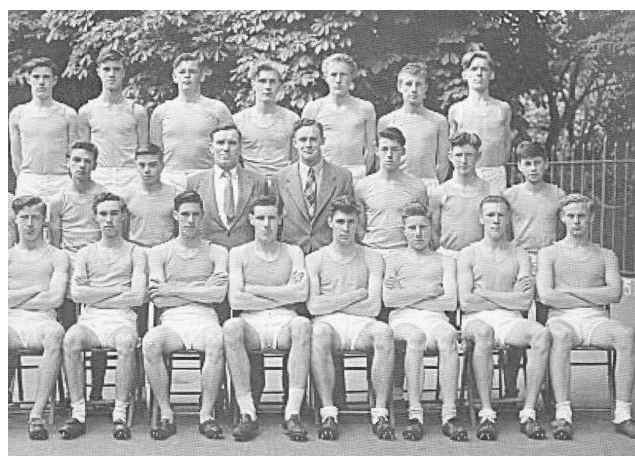
Athletics – Dick Mackey’s Fine Record - At Trinity Grammar School Grandpa began to appreciate, much reinforced in later years, the significance and value of coaching in sport. I have mentioned the PE master, the late Dick Mackey, paratrooper survivor of Arnhem. He discharged a biting blend of enthusiasm for athletics in particular and of skill knowledge. Mackey’s athletics individuals and relay teams dominated North Middlesex Grammar sports and achieved success at the highest English school level. Joining the school as an athlete who had at least put his running-shoe steps on some famous European tracks behind, rather well behind, Olympic stars, I felt I knew a bit about it all. I discovered I didn’t. Mackey bravely, as I later realised, allowed me to coach the Under 14, 4 x 111 yds relay group for a start. After I’d made my first blue in transfer of technical knowledge he began to get me right, to coach me (nicely) how to coach, to learn that considerable, or raw, or only moderate talent could be vastly enhanced. On page 179 there is a photo of the 1954 school athletics team, entitled Trinity Grammar School Athletics – Dick Mackey, Grandpa and Boys. Included are Alan Stokes, Alan Holman & other familiar faces, 1954 or 1955. (Editor- this is similar but not identical with the Tosa website photo on Trinity Pics - 1954 Athletics. Some of the boys have exchanged places. I have corresponded with Alan Stokes about this).



1953 Athletics Team



1954 Athletics Team with Mr Mackey



Grammar School Athletics: Dick Mackey, Grandpa and boys.

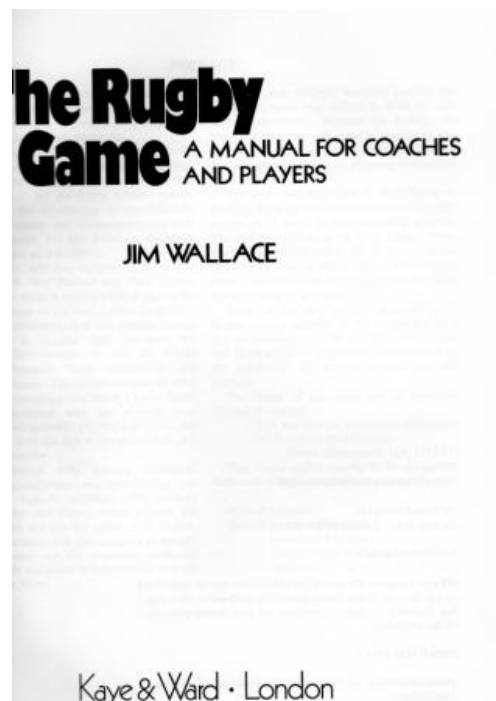
Rugby - You do meet a problem or two, Grandpa's first teaching position was at Trinity Grammar School, in Middlesex, England – or have I said that already? The academic staff contained many rugby cognoscenti but the School winter game was soccer, compulsory of course: a compulsion never challenged in those faraway, heathen days. The PE master, however, Welsh patriot and Arnhem paratroop survivor (Editor - Dick Mackey), felt that rugby should also be experienced in a full life, with compulsion applied, no one demurred. This was 1950. My 4th Form team is contesting its first inter-school match, against a rugby-playing school. I prepare them mentally! Now you will receive some violent and painful bumps, more than you are used to. Don't feel sorry for yourself; get up and get on with it. Early on our speedy wing-three-quarter, Griffiths, is bowled over. When you've indulged in rugby coaching for a while you can pick the nature of an injury a mile away. But Griffiths gets up and gets on with it. I walk on to the field to the referee: Griffiths has a broken collar bone. (Editor - this was Roy Griffiths, 1951 pupil, who attended our 2012 reunion).

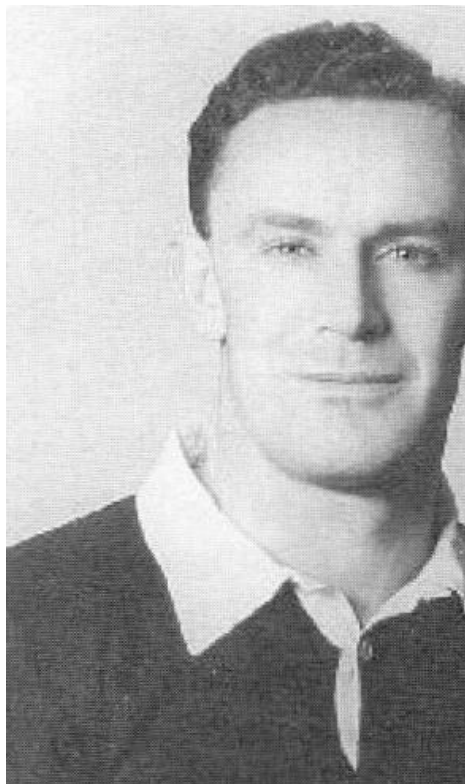
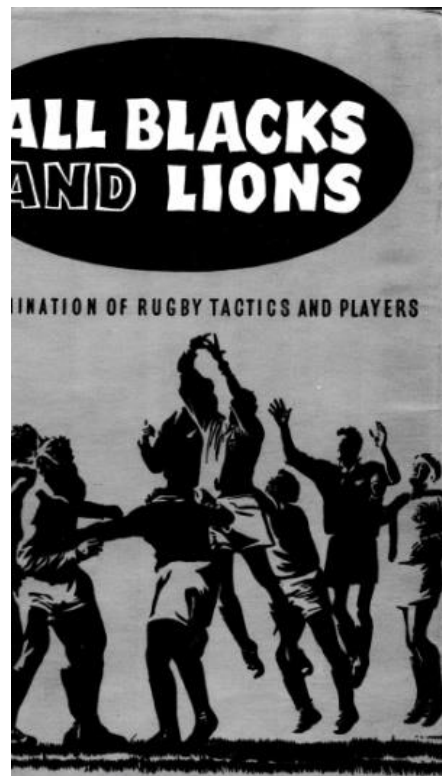
Pupils Tease him in Class about a Cricket Score - I entered a buoyant class one morning. Far, far away in Auckland the NZ cricket team was overnight dismissed for the total, the total, of 26 by England. Every conceivable reference to "26" had been exhausted at my Kiwi expense till finally I called Enough, and we had to get on with our work. It involved a session with slides on a period of European history. In the darkened room Grandpa flipped over the slides at regular intervals. Then, as from a ghost, came an anonymous voice in the blackness - Please Sir, what is that symbol in the bottom corner? We all peered. In very small letters it was (slide number) "26".

Saying Goodbye to My Trinity Friends. I had better get back to Trinity – or leave it for Wanganui Collegiate School 12,000 miles away in my native New Zealand. "It was sad to depart Trinity Grammar. They, the pupils and the staff were good friends".



Author Jim Wallace







J. M. WALLACE is a typical New Zealander in that he was born in one district (the West Coast), grew up in four others (Wellington, Palmerston North, Hamilton, Whangarei) and now resides in a sixth (Wanganui). It is his experience as a Rugby player that is less according to pattern, for it is a rare New Zealander who has played *with* British club and county teams as well as against them, or is constrained to make a serious examination of the game and to publish his conclusions.

Jim Wallace played his British Rugby for London University, Saracens and Middlesex during the years 1951 to 1955. While completing a degree at Kings College, University of London, he alternated winters of Rugby with summers of track and cricket. He ran the 440 yards and 400 metres for London University, generally as second string to Olympic champion Arthur Wint, and was team secretary of the London New Zealand Cricket Club for several seasons.

Returning to New Zealand in 1956, Wallace played first five-eighth for Kaierau club, Wanganui province and a North Island XV. An injury in the provincial match against the Springboks put an end to widespread speculation that he would, or should, be selected to play for New Zealand. Terry McLean described him then as "a most interesting and intelligent player, one of the best fielded in the position by a New Zealand team opposing the Springboks".

Wallace has also represented Wanganui on the cricket field. A schoolmaster, he taught at Trinity Grammar School, Middlesex, from 1951-55, and has been a member of the staff of Wanganui Collegiate School for the past three years.

Book Cover Blurp

(His Soccer Moment, Staff v Pupils Match, & Scores with a Mis-Kick) - But I've hardly played any official games of soccer. The Staff at Trinity Grammar versus the useful School XI is my greatest memory. PE master waited till the optimum rainy week, a ground monumentally heavy from January downpour and many relative disadvantages to the School XI. The Staff XI comprised canny and experienced middle aged performers. All Poms are attuned to soccer; Grandpa, probably the youngest and quite the fittest at the time, involved in quite high level rugger (Editor – Saracens of Southgate), pranced on the left wing. My instructions were simple. We shall take it up the right and centre the ball to the goal mouth. You, Jim, will be there to boot it in. (Only delivered in more sophisticated soccer parlance.) Early on, before quagmire took over, Bowen or Williams or Mackey, or someone from the right put in a beautiful centering kick. Grandpa in perfect position. Of course, Grandpa let fly with a smashing right foot. The School goalkeeper skilfully anticipated the direction of the intended slam. Alas for him. My hopeless mis-kick dribbled into the net in the other corner. We were ahead 1-0.

The Ally Pally Broadcasts – The World's First Classroom Broadcasts. Mr Swinden allocated Grandpa another interesting assignment. In May 1952, the BBC presented for four weeks, the World's first television broadcasts to schools. There were five or six schools in the experiment; one Grammar School (Trinity), the remainder Middlesex Secondary Modern Schools, all of us in the vicinity of the existing television HQ at Ally Pally, Alexandra Palace. Grandpa's History class was 2.10pm on 9 May, second on 16 May, 23 May, final episode 30 May.

The Eleven Plus Study. The eleven-plus was more than just an agony for middle class parents, who, if junior failed, felt the pressure to provide minor public school fees so that he or she could sooner or later have a crack at Ordinary School Certificates (or even beyond). In about my third year at Trinity, Headmaster Swinden offered Grandpa the opportunity to study and analyse the eleven-plus examination results of the pupils currently at the school. I had thought they were confidential and they possibly were. Grandpa was nevertheless struck by at least two points. The first was that the order of the entry list for Form I (the eleven – plus marks) bore uncertain relation to the apparent orders of the same pupils by Form V and School Certificate Ordinary Level. Those near the top after five years at Trinity Grammar appeared to Grandpa to be the most conscientious, the most purposeful, the most thorough students, the most attentive.

The School Inspection & A Last Minute Substitute After a lapse of ten years Her Majesty's Inspectors arrived at Trinity Grammar for an intensive week's work. They were impressive, academic people. Prior to their invasion Headmaster Swinden advised the staff that there could not possibly be any kind of leave or absence during that dedicated week. A hard yakka week. On Tuesday Grandpa is called by the Middlesex RFU. Could I play the next day, rival injured? Chief Inspector is a ruggerman to his toenails: of course I had to go. Trinity staff bemused but not begrudging. In that week, too, Grandpa was due an interview with Mr John Bruce Lockhart for the Wanganui job. Back into action my scholarly History inspectorial expert advised me never to be hesitant to offer a strong Antipodean perspective.

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Romance and Marriage



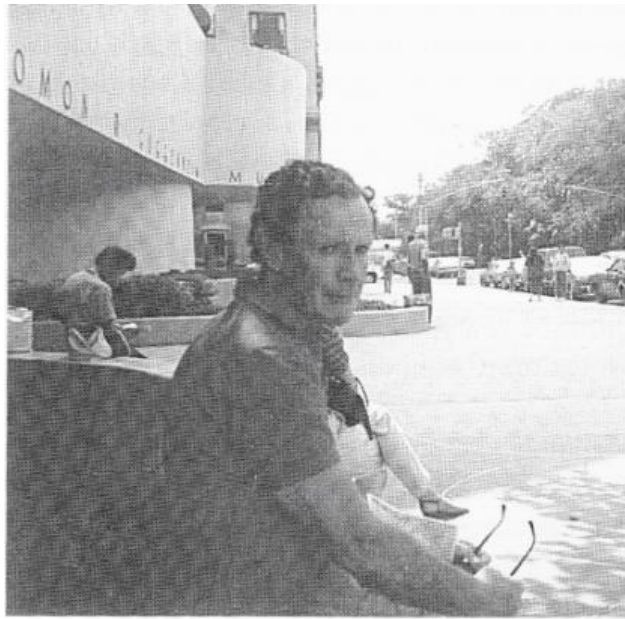
Most important day of the
year: 5 January 1957.



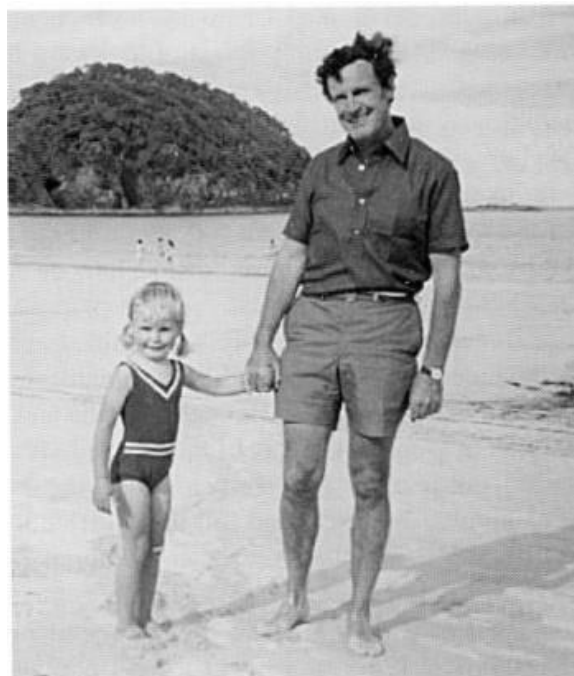
Happy for the ceremony to begin:
Great Grandma Mabel Pascoe, John
Pascoe, Great Grandma Thyrza
Wallace.



Wedding Bells



*A hot day in New York at the Guggenheim,
1985.*



*Grandpa and Belinda at wonderful
Matapouri Beach.*



*One of those happy visits to Putiki marae, 1986. HRH Prince Edward, Grandpa Jim, Head Boy Hamish Leslie, Grandma Roma.
(Photo courtesy of Wanganui Newspapers.)*



A great occasion for Grandpa and Grandma: Collegiate School Supporters' Dinner 2000: Jonathan Hensman (HM), Bridget Kirk, Roma, Andrew Jefferd.



Uncle Mark receives the CBE flanked by son Mark and Grandpa



Svetlana and Grandpa in the Kremlin, Moscow.



At the 1998 Inter-collegiate rugby Tournament.



Blessings. April, 2004.