

Trinity Old Scholars Association

www.tosa.homestead.com



I wonder how many of you spotted the spelling error for Barnes Wallis—not that it would have made much difference because I know that you all knew who we were writing about. Thanks too for your many kind remarks about the newsletters which I could not do if were not for you - just keep your stories coming. We do not have the luxury of a proof reader—so you will have to excuse any errors.

Important Announcement

Live in Essex ? Suffolk ? Or parts near? Old Scholars “buffet lunch” Wednesday 25th April at 12.00 noon for 12.30 at The Shoulder of Mutton, Aldham, Nr Colchester, Essex... see details on booking form enclosed. I must have numbers by 14th April at the latest, when I will be travelling to Essex on holiday and will hopefully see you there. Everyone welcome.

A little bird told me -

The following is a citation that was read at the Presentation evening held on Monday 6th March 2006 that gained Doreen Stoddart (Dunstan 46) the Mid-Bedfordshire Area Adult

Cup

Quote

“DOREEN STODDART

Doreen is from Ampthill and is here this evening nominated for her tireless work for the community over 40 years in a number of capacities and also for a variety of organisations. Since the 1960s Doreen has worked tirelessly and hard to raise funds for many projects in Ampthill for them to become reality. Also, since that time, she has served on many and various Committees, taking a full and active part in their management. She has been Ampthill Netball Club’s Treasurer in an honorary capacity for over 20 years. Her commitment to the town is also demonstrated by the work for the Annual Gala Festival where she has served as Treasurer for the Festival Committee since its inception 25 years ago. She can also be seen tending her Allotment in Ampthill to a high standard. Despite personal setbacks in the last 5 years Doreen has continued to serve the community. Her support and dedication for the well-being of the community in Ampthill is, and always has been, exemplary.

COUNTY AWARDS CEREMONY HELD AT ST. ANDREW’S CHURCH HALL, KIMBOLTON ROAD, BEDFORD ON SUNDAY 2ND APRIL 2006

Doreen, representing Mid Bedfordshire attended this Ceremony which was attended by Mayors and dignitaries from across the County of Bedfordshire. The Ceremony was also attended by Area Cup winners from North, East and South Bedfordshire. Their tireless and amazing achievements in various ways for people, groups and charities were recognised during the afternoon and each proudly received from the High Sheriff, framed embroidered High Sheriff Badges to mark the occasion. The afternoon included splendid Musical entertainment by the Bedfordshire Wootton Upper School and concluded with tea taken with the High Sheriff. Indeed, a very proud and well deserved day for Doreen.

Anne Lowe – 6.12.06

for the former High Sheriff of Bedfordshire Mrs Angela Farmbrough DL

Editors Note—We would like to add our congratulations to Doreen for her achievement in receiving this award and thanks to the High Sheriff ‘s office for their permission to reprint the citation.

Newsletter 6 March 2007

Forthcoming Events 2007

10th March 48'ers at Enfield Town Club 12 noon

Contact Roger Pye on 01908 542440

21st April Bournemouth

Contact Jill Deamer on 01305 832597 or

Vic Manning on 01892 823945 for details

25th April—All Classes at Shoulder of Mutton, Aldham, Nr Colchester Essex see attached Booking Form

28th April—46'ers at Ramada Jarvis Hotel 11 am

20th May—58'ers St Andrews Parish Centre, Enfield **contact Anne Flanagan** 01425 616483

People News

Reading Group were delighted to meet new members **Rob and Velma Reed**, together with **Ray O'Connor** and his wife Eileen at the Christmas get-together.

Needless to say there were many reminiscences, and Velma disclosed how she did not do well at mathematics because she was terrified of the teacher who made her feel so "stupid". I understood her feelings having suffered a similar fate with the same teacher—I even played truant to avoid her classes—and wrote my own sick notes when I hadn't managed to do my homework or been unable to get help from a friend. My report book highlights my failures during those fateful months. It is amazing how many of us went on to make successful careers in spite of all those hurdles.

Here is a delightful story from **Les Brooks who writes** -

A poem written for the Newsletter, the subject matter being "Mr Chick and a Tea-pot stand" reminded me - I still have my teapot stand and also a rather presentable chess or draught board. If I remember correctly, Mr. Chick first taught us to make wood joints and the first object to be made was a broom holder. When I sold my parents' House in 1999 -it was still hanging in an alcove off the main passage through the house. Some seven years ago, my youngest grandson came to stay during a school holiday and while he was staying said he would like my help to make something useful for the family and so we made a broom holder. My son at that time was a dog handler in the Police Force and the floor of the dog's kennel had to be removed once a week and scrubbed with a yard broom.

The yard broom still hangs on the broom holder which is fastened to the garage door and has been used weekly since we made it seven years ago. **I raise my glass to Mr. Chick –**

woodwork teacher extraordinaire.

And a memory from **Cyril Webb writes**....

I was pleased to receive the last newsletter, as I am unable to go online at the moment. My computer is complaining about its age and it needs careful handling.

The item about the

trees on the playing field interested me because when I started at Trinity in 1945 it was never mentioned even though some of the staff involved were still teaching there. Perhaps a lot of the trees disappeared when allotments were dug during the war and others were lost when the new tennis courts were constructed.

I seem to recall there were a few trees over the far side of the field by the long jump pit. Somehow twelve years after planting the venture seems to have been forgotten or perhaps I didn't listen if we were told about it. Whatever trees still existed I suppose we just accepted as being there and never realised there was a history behind them. At the time of the planting it was well covered by the press.

Wood Green had many small parks and gardens and I remember you told me your father built some of the walls around them. There was of course Tunnel Gardens but also others at the corner of Palace Gate and Crescent Road, the top of Palace Gate and Alexander Park Road, the corner of Albert Road and Durnsford Road and the one by the Congregational Church - to name but a few. My mother used to say Wood Green was aptly named because of the open spaces but the last time I saw these gardens they were in a pretty poor state.

Something else that used to get press coverage was the school grumble meeting. The Evening News and other papers used to pick up the details from the Wood Green Herald. I wonder if this was another unique venture by Trinity.

My sister recently visited Steeple Bumpstead where Rhodes Avenue School was evacuated to in 1939. She found the cottage where she sat the 11 plus exam. There was no other place available in the village. She passed for Trinity but my parents were offered a free place for her at Glendale which they accepted. By the time I got to Trinity fees had been abolished.

Anyway we left the village in the early summer of 1940 because the chapel we had been using as a school was bombed and my mother was concerned about the standard of care my brother and I were receiving from our host family. Miss Lorraine advised my mother to 'bring them home'. Thus my sister took her place at Glendale and we went back to Rhodes Avenue just in time for the blitz.

Please noteif you have not yet paid your subscription this will be your last newsletter and no further reminders. Please send £5 cheque payable to TOSA to

Mrs B.D. Skinner

110 Reading Road; Finchampstead; Berks RG40 4RA

Telephone 0118 9730589. Or email trinityn22@waitrose.com

Thought for today

Remember: You don't stop laughing because you grow old, You grow old because you stop laughing. And here's one to make you laugh

The School Reunion

Every ten years, as summertime nears,
An announcement arrives in the mail,
A reunion is planned; it'll be really grand;
Make plans to attend without fail.
I'll never forget the first time we met;
We tried so hard to impress.
We drove fancy cars, smoked big cigars,
and wore our most elegant dress.

It was quite an affair; the whole school was there.
It was held at a fancy hotel.
We wined, and we dined, and we acted refined,
and everyone thought it was swell.
They took a class picture, a curious mixture
Of beehives, crew cuts and wide ties.
Tall, short, or skinny, the style was the mini;
You never saw so many thighs.

At our next get-together, no one cared whether
They impressed their classmates or not.
The mood was informal, a whole lot more normal;
By this time we'd all gone to pot.
By the fortieth year, it was abundantly clear,
We were definitely over the hill.
Those who weren't dead had to crawl out of bed,
And be home in time for their pill.

And now I can't wait; they've just set the date;
Our fiftieth is coming, I'm told.
It should be a ball, they've rented a hall
At the Shady Rest Home for the old.
Repairs have been made on my hearing aid;
My pacemaker's been turned up on high.
My wheelchair is oiled, and my teeth have been
boiled;
And I've bought a new wig and glass eye.

I'm feeling quite hearty, and I'm ready to party
I'm going to dance 'til dawn's early light.
It'll be lots of fun; But I just hope that there's one
Other person who can make it that night.

Author Unknown

**The above does not apply to TOSA's of course
BUT our big annual reunion is on 13th October at
the Ramada Hotel Hatfield as usual. **Booking form
will be with the next newsletter . Make a note now in
your diary and return your booking form early.
We will be celebrating the 60th anniversary of 47'ers
joining Trinity. Do you have any photos ?****

Trinity War Memorial. Those of you who attended the AGM will be aware that there was lengthy discussion as to whether we should consider a replica/ replacement Memorial at the School (Nightingale) or perhaps at St Michaels church. It was also suggested that the donation made by Sir Ernie Harrison be used to part fund this.

I have been in touch with Sir Ernie, and he has confirmed that the donation was intended to "keep the Association alive and kicking" but has indicated that we can contact him if the project proceeds.

Before we consider this, we would need to obtain permission from (a) School Authorities or (b) Church Wardens. ...**BUT....even before this happens**, we need to know your thoughts on the matter.

For this reason, there is a voting form at the end of this Newsletter, and it is very important that you return to us.

What you should consider is:

For.. Our memorial has been destroyed and efforts should be made for its replacement. (We will need to raise funds).

Against.. The memorial no longer means anything to the ongoing generations and only has significance to Old Scholars of Trinity County Grammar School which no longer exists.

Once we have your votes, your Committee can then consider how to go ahead. It may be that we would not get permission or the cost is too prohibitive, but we need your help in making a decision. Please note that although you are asked to sign the form, your vote will remain confidential. Joint members each get a vote.

Welcome to the following new members who have joined since Christmas

Audrey Hardwick(Frost—37)

Ron Vale (58)

Derek Bishop (42)

Laurie Boyall (46)

Alan Tombs (49)

Raymond Walker (58) now in Australia

Rita Woods (Barnett 46) now in Australia and who has made contact with long lost friend Doris Willis (Redding 46)

Tony Mould (41) who writes

The article about the gasometer was most interesting. It is surprising how bits of history fit together. Barnes Wallis, mentioned in the article, tested his bouncing bomb theory at the Building Research Station at Garston, near Watford, where later I worked. A model of the Mohne dam was built there in concrete and blasted with a small explosive charge. The model is still there in a stream. Later, I met a family in Germany who were still upset about the Guy Gibson raid, as they had lived downstream of the dam.

The article about the DC to AC electricity change in Wood Green was news to me. We had moved later than that to Braemar Avenue, off Bounds Green Road. I certainly remember the tall Hulford family.

More People News

.... Cont from page 3 How interesting it is when people write down their earlier memories. I myself have several thousand words recorded about my school years.

By the time I returned from two years of wartime evacuation my parents had moved to live near Kenwood House. Dr. Jones agreed to let me start at Trinity. but I needed three different bus journeys each day to reach it, via the Archway and Turnpike Lane. Yes, there were fresh bombings to be seen daily on the way to school, but the thirty three pubs that I passed on the way seemed to interest me more. **Tony Mould**

Editor's Note... I have encouraged Tony to let me have sight of his words ... and they make interesting reading... first instalment Page 6

From Vancouver Island, Canada

I found the website on New Years Eve 2005 and it has taken me a whole year to get around to writing. Just what Miss Tipping used to accuse me of: Procrastination! It seems the class which started in 1945 all suffer from the same malady. In all the comments the only one I saw from 45 was from Les Lilly who was one of the stars of our soccer and cricket teams. I played for the school teams but where are the others? Clive Carrol, Roy Jury, Ivor Sitton, Dave Slater et al. I remember going to Lords with Les Lilly for a Test Match, getting rained out and seeing a Busby Berkley movie instead. Where is Brian Frietag who was my best friend in 4th and 5th form? I wonder how many former Trinity scholars really know how good was the education we got. I found out when I came to Canada in 55, working in a bank alongside university grads who had nothing like the depth of knowledge that we got in high school.

Soccer and cricket player, swimmer, mediocre student and member of St. Andrews.....**Lee Gilmour 45**

Just for a minute, forget everything stressful and read this.....

Close your eyes and go back in time...to a time before the Internet...
Before semi-automatic guns, joy-riders and crack cocaine.... Before SEGA, Playstation or Super Nintendo...
I'm talking about Hide and Seek in the park.

The corner shop, Jam Roly Poly, Butterscotch, Hopscotch, Skipping, Handstands, Football with an old can.. Beano, Dandy, Buster, Twinkle and Dennis the Menace. Hula Hoops, jumping the stream, building dams. The smell of the sun and fresh cut grass. Bazooka Joe bubble gum. 99 ice cream with a flake, or a screwball on a warm summer afternoon from a van that plays a tune.

Saturday morning pictures. Roy Rogers, Children's Film Foundation, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry, The Bowery Boys, Tweetie pie and Sylvester, ABC Minors, Gaumont British Junior Club who sang

We come along on Saturday morning
Greeting everybody with a smile
We come along on Saturday morning
Knowing it's all worthwhile.

As members of the GB Club
We all intend to be
Good citizens when we grow up
And champions of the free.

We come along on Saturday morning
Greeting everybody with a smile smile
smile
Greeting everybody with a smile.
(followed by a big cheer).

Its Monday Its 5 o'clock. It's Children's Hour with Uncle Mac
When around the corner seemed far away and going into town seemed like going somewhere.
Earwigs, wasps, stinging nettles and bee stings.
Sticky fingers. Playing Marbles. Ball bearings. Big 'uns and little 'uns. Cops and Robbers, Cowboys and Indians, and Zorro.
Climbing trees. Making igloos out of snow banks.
Walking to school, no matter what the weather.
Running till you were out of breath,
laughing so hard that your stomach hurt.
Jumping on the bed. Pillow fights.
Spinning around on roundabouts, getting dizzy and falling down was cause for giggles.
Being tired from playing....**remember that?**
The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team.
Water balloons were the ultimate weapons.
Football cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle. Choppers and Grifters.
Eating raw jelly. Orange squash ice pops. Vimto and Jubly lollies **Remember when...**You could see sparrows in London on a daily basis. There were two types of trainers - girls and boys, and Dunlop Green Flash - and the only time you wore them at School was for P.E. (and they were called gym shoes or if you are older - plimsolls)
You knew everyone in your street - and so did your parents.

.....cont Page 5

It wasn't odd to have two or three 'best' friends.
You didn't sleep a wink on Christmas Eve.
When nobody owned a purebred dog.
When a bob was decent pocket money. When you'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny.
When nearly everyone's mum was at home when the kids got there. When any parent could discipline any kid, or feed him or use him to carry groceries and nobody, not even the kid, thought a thing of it.
When being sent to the head's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited a misbehaving pupil at home.
Basically, we were in fear for our lives but it wasn't because of drive-by shootings, drugs, gangs etc. Parents and grandparents were a much bigger threat and some of us are still afraid of them. Older siblings were the worst tormentors, but also the fiercest protectors.
If you can remember most or all of these, then you have LIVED..... Join the Gang !

I am indebted to Judith Neville (Crook 51) who was a member of the Gaumont Wood Green Children's Choir for researching the details of the club and reminding me of the song we used to sing.

So ...where were you and what were you doing in 1957 ..is it really 50 years ago ... here's a reminder

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1957-1958

BOYS
Captain: Kemal Ghafur. Vice-Captain: T. Burn.
Prefects: A. Gale, Peter Hamblin, Anthony Jones, P. Droy, B.Rimmer, Colin Marr, D. Bentley, Michael Martin, E. Piper. P. Kenway.

GIRLS
Captain: Thelma Hodgson. Vice-Captain: Angela Hunt.
Prefects: Marion Eveleigh, Mary Parker-Smith (now Davies), Pamela Cotsford (now Tompkins), Joan Moxon, Patricia Thraves, Jill Carter, Monica Maynard, Maureen Harrison, Reba Brockett, Irene Lowson.
Those in **bold** are members of the Association but where are the others ??? If you know, tell them about us

Here's a thought..... a friend has a "DECADENT JAR" and over the year has been saving £2 coins. They are now holidaying in the Dominican Republic on their savings... I am getting decadent immediately !

Are you aware.. From April 2008, over 11 million older and disabled people in England will now be able to take advantage of free off-peak bus travel in every area of the country. Whether using the bus locally, or when visiting other parts of the country, this announcement means older and disabled people can travel for free. More freedom and more choice for millions of people. The Government will be supporting this with funding of up to £250m. The scheme applies to off peak (From 9.30am Monday to Friday and all day weekends and bank holidays) in England. The Government will be consulting local government and the bus industry on the detailed arrangements for implementation later this year.

The following is for information only, and is not intended a political statement or the like.

In case you do not already know, there is an e-mail petition to the Prime Minister calling on him to scrap the Inheritance Tax. It takes 40% of whatever is over £285,000 when you die. If you own your own home then most likely your estate is over that limit already. Add your savings to that. You paid tax when you earned your money and you'll be taxed again on it when you die. That's double taxation! And it reduces what you can leave to your children, or charity or whatever you named in your will.
When Inheritance Tax was first introduced the limit was set to catch only the super-rich, the very wealthy amongst us, but the limit has not been raised with inflation and the rise in house prices and now it hits even the less than well off. Some people who always lived at home with their mother or father are having to sell their home to pay the tax. Figures in the press say that in 1997 the Tax raised £1.6 million a year, now it raises £3.6 billion and is forecast to reach £5 billion by 2011. What a jump!
If you want to sign go to <http://petitions.pm.gov.uk/ihtcrusade>

Don't add www. The petition website was started by Downing Street last November as "an experiment in using new technology for direct democracy". After "signing" the petition you will receive an e-mail from Downing Street asking you to confirm that your entry is genuine.
If you do not have access to the internet.. Get your Sons/daughters/grandchildren to do it !

 **HEAD BOY LOSES HIS EAGLE**
Kemal Ghafur(51) has lost his Head Boy Eagle Badge and would like to replicate. If you can help please contact Kemal on 01992 462471 or email johnghafur@hotmail.co.uk
Kemal also collects memorabilia from the 1951 Festival of Britain..
What have you tucked away ?

Memories of childhood by Tony Mould (1941)

The year when I was born, 1929, was infamous because the American stock market crashed on 29th. October, which resulted in disastrous economic decline and unemployment worldwide.

We had moved to 3 The Towers, Braemar Avenue, off Bounds Green Road, when I was six. The far end of the road was blocked by Palace Gates railway station, built in 1878. I attended St. Michael's Infants School, next to the parish church. The stone walled school was opened in 1859 and demolished in 1956, together with the adjacent Fishmongers' almshouses, to make way for the new Civic Centre. It was in that school that we made cardboard model railway engines. Milk bottle tops were used for the wheels. These cardboard tops were pressed into the neck of the bottle to seal it. They were taken from the one third of a pint bottles that we were given each day. I also remember using a small wooden-framed slate on which to write.

Later, I attended St. Michael's Church of England junior school, across the road from the infant's school. The Headmistress was Miss Forsdike. She taught me elegant cursive handwriting, although that influence seems now to have vanished! There is no memory of any of my other teachers in infant or junior school. However, I do remember that the washbasins, two or three of them in a row, were in a short dark corridor, and had intricate blue flower patterns fired into them. They must have been made in the 19th century. The lavatories, as was customary in all of my schools, were outside in the playground.

Other memories abound of that time. There was a craze for yo-yos, with young men demonstrating and selling them outside the school gates. Walt Disney films arrived, such as Snow White, and Donald Duck in 'The Band Concert'. Then there was Shirley Temple singing 'Animal crackers in my soup', and Alan Jones singing 'The donkey serenade'. Another memory is of the silver Jubilee of George V and Queen Mary. At school we were all given a jubilee mug as a souvenir.

Free milk was introduced into schools in 1946. Before that, a small charge was made for the characteristic $\frac{1}{3}$ of a pint bottle. I remember all of the bottles being stood in a row around the centrally placed heating stove in St. Michael's junior school, to take the chill off them by morning break time. I did not like the luke-warm milk. That dislike of warm milk has persisted. The junior school was next to the very large and imposing parish hall, beyond which was the vicarage.

At the onset of war my parents and I went to the school opposite Bounds Green underground station to collect our gas masks and have them fitted. The feeling they gave when worn, of being closed in and needing positively to take a breath, was not a pleasant one.

My Sunday school teacher was a young man whose name is now completely forgotten. He took some of us out in his car, which I seem to remember as a Morris 8, with a soft top that was folded down. I do clearly remember that he had a cuckoo whistle fitted to it that he activated to startle girls that we passed. There was also a mass outing of Sunday school members to Clacton. I remember sitting with many others at a long table, having tea. In my case I carefully placed the jam jar full of small crabs under my chair. They did reach home, but sadly all died later.

The world's first television transmitter was built on the Alexandra Palace, within sight. The steel mast, from which horizontal arms were extended, was erected on the north-east tower of the building. That was in 1936. Coming home each day from school I used to look to see if another arm was in position. It usually was. The first programme was broadcast on the 2nd November of that year.

The Crystal Palace in South London was burned down in December 1936. I did not see the fire, but remember the dramatic pictures in the newspaper the next day.

Still before the War, Dad took me one day to the races at Epsom. Next day I drew a picture of jockeys as pin men on pin shaped racehorses, so they must have known where I had been. Later, I drew a similar picture and with it won a consolation prize from the Sunday Dispatch. My name was in print! The prize was a book; its details not now remembered.

While still in the junior school I joined the cubs. There was excitement when I took my telephone test correctly and returned the money to Arkela, the cub mistress, because I pressed button B and was rewarded with two pence. A previous user had not got through and had neglected to get their money back. Button A was pressed when the person at the other end answered, and then the money fell into the box and the caller could be heard by the other person.

War stopped any progression to camping or to becoming a scout.

to be continued.....

**Trinity Old Scholars Association
Buffet Lunch on Wednesday 25th April 2007
noon for 12.30 pm
The Shoulder of Mutton
Halstead Road
Aldham, Colchester
Essex, CO6 3LL
Telephone: 01206-240464**

Situated on the A1124 road from Colchester to Halstead 3 miles from the main A12, by the village of Ford Street, the Shoulder of Mutton, is a delightful country pub. with a lovely garden with a riverside area. Large Car Park.

Members together with their husbands, wives, partners are invited to join us and renew old friendships. **If less than 15 persons, the food will be a-la-carte, and your cheques will be returned on the day.**

Cold Meat Buffet
Ham/Roast Beef/Chicken Breast/Corned Beef/Prawns in Shell
New Potatoes/Coleslaw/Potato Salad
Mixed Salad
Roll and Butter

Chocolate Gateau
Strawberry Gateau

Coffee

Price £12.00 per head (including gratuities)

Buffet Lunch 25 April 2007

Please reserve..... Place (s) Cheque for..... enclosed payable to B.D. Skinner

Name.....

Telephone No.....

Email Address.....

Please return to me at 110 Reading Road, Finchampstead, Berks RG40 4RA by 14TH APRIL

Trinity War Memorial

Please delete as necessary:

(a) I agree that efforts should be made to replace

(b) I do not agree that efforts should be made to replace

Signed.....

Signed Joint.....

Please return to

Beryl Skinner

110 Reading Road

Finchampstead, Berks, RG40 4RA

Please return by 14th April 2007