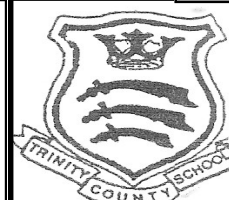


Trinity Old Scholars Association

www.tosa.homestead.com



As I put together this newsletter there is a major crisis due to the terrible weather we are all experiencing this summer. Many parts of the UK are flooded and I hope that all of you are safe and well, wherever you are. Newsletter is being distributed early because of holidays and also to remind you of the October Reunion see page 8. We need to know numbers for accommodation and also to purchase the wine !!!

Newsletter 8 September 2007

Here's some contact news from Overseas Members. John Hulcoop (41) writes from Canada

We lived at 5 Bounds Green Road—in a very large flat above the gas showrooms. My dad was in charge of that depot and all the offices and the warehouse. It was right across the road from St Michael's Church. Peggy and I both went to St Michael's Infants School, then the Elementary School across from Trinity, and then to Trinity. Being so close to the school, our "house" was a genuine meeting place, not only for Peggy's friends, and mine, but also for a number of the staff who use to drop by after school for tea—my mum was a great cook. She came from the north (Newcastle) and was always baking. Henry Saunders (Music master), Miss Martin (later Mrs Bonney—French mistress), the gym mistress, blonde haired, Wendy -----? all used to visit. I wrote about some of it in the Trinity book.

Peter Townsend (46) now lives in the USA and his news is :

I have been learning to ride and getting accustomed to horses generally over the last 18 months. As I am tall, I was unable to find a 14h Icey in Western Washington where I live.. My first horse, Thytur, arrived on May 1, 2007 in very good shape from Southern California. He is a black 14h gelding, almost 6 years old and imported from Iceland in September 2006.

I rode him in California, along road, trail, hill, through a stream and in the arena and he performed well. I did not go for the flying pace, but had it demonstrated! I also rode 3 other tall geldings.

Thytur has a good personality, takes a distinct interest in everything and is a hit with the other horses and their owners at the stable. I plan on riding him on the trail with maybe some short endurance rides and maybe for some driving. I will use an English saddle. I spent a lot of time visiting California, learning Icelandic horse care. I am now sorting out saddle needs and will need to be careful on choice as Thytur will fill out and put muscles on in the next year or two. This has been more work than I planned on, but a lot of fun too! To make up for it, I get outdoors a lot, have plenty of exercise, see gorgeous local off road scenery, make new friends, and have a new buddy for life. Not too shabby a trade-off.

Editors Note. What a fantastic way to spend your retirement. We were delighted to meet up with Peter when he visited us to see Barry's motorcycles and chat about their pro's and cons.. We have a lovely photo of him on Barry's Manx Norton something of a different ride !

I need more stories—let me have them. In the next newsletter... Keverne Weston (54) recalls his days at Trinity and Jean France (Woodhouse 38) has some memories to share.

The School Building. On a very recent visit to Wood Green , **John Cattermole (49)** spotted that the building is surrounded by scaffolding (hopefully they are doing work to preserve !).

The Final Part of Tony Mould's Story

Towards the end of the war, before D-Day, letters from Kent were censored, because it was in the front line.

Identity cards were given out as soon as war was declared, but rationing did not start until 1940. Bread, butter, meat, sugar cheese, eggs and so on were then rationed. Dried eggs from America were supplied for the ration, unless you registered to keep chickens, in which case a small ration of chicken meal was given, but no egg allowance. We could only buy 'The National Loaf'. It was made with less refined flour and looked grey in colour, but was later said to be more nutritional than white bread. Clothing and furniture were also rationed, but there were no sweets or imported fruit, such as bananas and oranges, and, of course, there was no petrol available. A total blackout was imposed, which was difficult to achieve, because fabric was rationed. Many windows, for example those on tube trains, were criss-crossed with strips of sticky paper. This was intended to prevent flying glass in case of nearby explosion.

Another historic event that I witnessed was the inauguration of the 'Free French' movement by General De Gaulle. It was in a theatre in the Charing Cross road in London. A French film was shown of Louis 14th eating tomatoes for the first time. When the French patriotic fervour had been roused, the tall General himself strode onto the stage and addressed the audience. I do not now remember the details, but the Free French forces were well and truly launched that Sunday afternoon.

Near the end of the war, too, the pilotless low flying V1 flying bombs came over, with their unmistakable harsh-sounding pulsating propulsion engine. I watched and made a drawing of the first V1 that I saw, and it was pronounced accurate by the local Royal Observer Corps. It was alarming to hear a V1's engine stop, because the machine would then quickly dive to the ground and explode. The popular name of 'doodlebug' did not reflect this fear. Eight thousand of these aerial bombs landed on London, causing many casualties and much damage. In the summer holidays I returned to pick fruit in Kent. I still have a distaste for plums! While up the ladders we watched the new jet fighters nudge and tip over the flying bombs. Spent cannon shell cases flew about, too. Although I did not realise it at the time, I was living through a farming revolution. Tractors were coming into use, and the horse, that essential ingredient of farming life, was going out.

Later, the V2 rockets came. We heard the second V2 to fall on London (the first was on Chiswick). It landed on the Highgate Magistrates' Court at 6:00 am on a weekday. V2 rockets were profoundly different from the V1; they hit the ground and exploded before the sound of their transit arrived, because they were super-sonic. The sound was just the passage of the rocket through the air, as their engines had cut out soon after take-off. Often their vapour trails could be seen, high in the sky. They therefore gave rise to even more anxiety than the Flying Bombs, because they arrived and exploded without any prior warning sound.

At the end of the war ended we moved again, to Friern Barnet. Evacuation had put me a year behind at school and I sought to delay my call-up at an appeal hearing in Wormwood Scrubs prison, but without success. At midnight on 3rd. August 1947 I left platform 13 in Euston station for Liverpool, en route for Maghull. That was ten days before India became a republic. Then came two years service in Omagh, Barnard Castle, Woolwich barracks and Germany, which included manning a 25 pounder gun at the frontier during the Berlin air lift. During my time in the Army the socialist government had been very active in making fundamental changes in Britain. The National Health Service had been set up; the railways had been nationalised; the Town and Country Planning Act had come into force on 1 July 1948; the coal mining industry had been nationalised; British Steel had appeared, and the Education Act was in place. **Some change!**

Editors Note : This certainly sparked some memories for me of life during WWII, of which three were spent at Trinity. I always envied those who were evacuated to Hatfield Peveral and who had returned during the year that I started—the best I got was with Wood Green Schools Evacuees to Leicester and that was only for three months during 1943 and it was awful... I ran away. Who recalls the Civic Restaurant in Commerce Road where you could get a very good meal and save on your rations ? I used to go there during the school holidays, because my Mum was working in Acton doing Munitions and Dad was in Civil Defence (in those days it was called ARP) when he wasn't working for WGBC (Wood Green Borough Council)

More Memories of School and the Cinema.**Ken Harris (43) writes:**

It is always nice to have old memories reawakened by the articles written by those who enjoyed (or suffered) the delights of attending Trinity Grammar (as it was in my day) School. I was especially interested by two of the articles that appeared.

The first was the report of the trip to the cinema that the writer thought took place in about 1952. While this was after my time at the school, having left in December 1948, I do remember that the whole school went on an organised visit to see 'Scott of the Antarctic' at the Gaumont Cinema in 1948. Also in that article mention was made to the Rex cinema in Station Road. This was known to all as 'The Flea Pit'. The writer may have forgotten that there was also the Regal Cinema located somewhere in the Turnpike Lane area.

The second article that brought back memories was that written by Tony Mould in which he refers to Mr Ellison, the Chemistry Master, being known as 'Stinks'. To all of my generation he was known as 'Snodge' Ellison on account of the shape of his nose. In fact he was also known by that name by my late cousin, Brian Harris, who started at Trinity in 1935. Then there were other nicknames that come to mind, the first obviously being 'Dokker' for the revered Head Master, Doctor Jones. Some others that I can remember were:

'Daddy' Dinmore, General Science, whose catch phrase 'are you interested' was used frequently throughout the course of every lesson.

'Twinkle' Taunt, Maths.

'Soapy' Saunders, Music, who was obsessed with the cleanliness of the boys' necks.

'Charlie' Chick, Woodwork, my favourite subject, who used to come to school on his pre-war Francis Barnett, hand gear change, motorcycle.

'Dixie' Dean, French, who was also an accomplished piano player.

'Potty Peter' Peacock, History.

'Dope' Brandon, English, who certainly wasn't.

I am sure that other old scholars will remember ones I have forgotten.

Among other things that come to mind about the male staff was Mr Eric Williams, Geography, who turned up on his first day at the school dressed in his R.A.F. officers uniform. We never

did get to know about his wartime experiences. He was a great favourite with the girls.

I am not aware of any of the female staff having nicknames but you always had to address them as 'Madam' whether they were married or single. This invariably got shortened to 'Mam' and every so often we were reminded that it should be 'Madam'. We were also given instructions on how we should raise our school caps when meeting any of the staff when off school premises. I wonder what the present generation of scholars would think of that?

As far as the female staff were concerned there was always doubts cast as to the relationship between Miss Andrews, Maths, and Miss Aldridge, First Year Form Mistress, who apparently lived together and certainly always arrived together, after petrol restrictions were lifted, in Miss Andrews's A40 Austin. It was certainly a more innocent age in which we lived at that time.

Last, but not least, there was Miss Hallam, Geography, who started at the school in the same year as me and who was obviously quite young although, to an eleven year old, seemed very grown up. She had a very nice figure that was certainly not obscured by the tight jumpers that she wore. In the course of one lesson, when standing facing us at the front of the class and trying to get over some information about a particular item, she came out with the expression 'there are two points that I want you to grasp'. Needless to say there were quite a few sniggers from the more sexually aware male members of the class.

I think I have said quite enough, and probably too much, so will finish with my thanks to all those who made the Trinity Experience one that we shall never completely forget.

Regards,

Ken Harris 43

Kemal Ghafur (51) remind us of trips to the Gaumont.

The Gaumont Wood Green and Saturday Morning Pictures

The Gaumont was built as the 'Gaumont Palace' and opened in the Broadway High Road Wood Green on 26 March

1934 .The Architects were WE Trent and Ernest F Tulley. There were 2556 seats. It was renamed the 'Gaumont 'around 1937. It was renamed the 'Odeon' in September 1962 and thereafter became mini cinemas in 1973 . The creation as a Top Rank Bingo Hall in 1995 had the advantage of the Stalls and Circle being restored to their original splendour in the Auditorium

I went there from the 1950s and recall my Trinity colleague Terry Burns advising me to go in the 1/9d 's at least, when taking a young lady! I remember it especially in 1961 as the first time I took my future wife Sandy to the cinema –The film was Disney's 'The Lady and the Tramp.'

In the 40s and 50s I went to Saturday morning pictures (6d) at The Ritz ,Bowes Road and The Coronation ('Flea Pit') High Road New Southgate on Saturday afternoons. I have the Saturday morning cinema 'ABC Minors' badge of the Ritz and that of the Gaumont (I would welcome the Odeon badge to complete the set!). Each cinema had its song 'We are the Boys and Girls of GB; We're Minors of the ABC..' (Ritz) and 'We come along on Saturday morning greeting everybody with a smile.' (Odeon)

There was always a film cartoon or Laurel and Hardy and a serial .The serial 'cheated' as Bill Boyd or Gene Autry would appear to fall off a cliff at the end of one episode and miraculously avoid falling off the cliff the following week! Happy days- walking home with a bag of chips.

The Sign 'Gaumont Palace' was repainted in the 90s thus making the Wood Green Gaumont the only cinema to retain its original name in the UK!

In the 1970s when John Travolta and the B'Gees hit the nation Sandy and I did Saturday Night Fever dance lessons upstairs at the Gaumont Wood Green. We loved it 'Night Fever" How Deep Is Your Love' etc .There must have been 200-300 doing lessons! Afterwards we would have a cool drink in the Chase Tavern Southgate.

And Peter Hamlin (51) has the last word
(Peter now lives in Switzerland)

I went to the ABC cinema in Enfield and also paid 6d to see the Saturday morning children's films. We had Uncle Sam and he also played the Wurlitzer organ.

Cliff Richards (Harry Webb) was an up and coming star with the Shadows (Hank B. Marvin) and Bill Haley had just entered the scene with Rock Around the Clock (made famous by Tony Hancock's radio sketch).

Here's some more nostalgia... but in today's Jargon from Abbott and Costello...Page 5

**There is a destiny that makes us Brothers
No-one goes his way alone
All that we send into the hearts of others
Comes back into our own,**

Welcome to the following new members :-

**Derek Ridout 47 now living in the USA -
He will be attending the October reunion..
Will you ?**

Jean France (Woodhouse) 38

John Gray (41)

David Kellard (49)

John Goulding (40)

And we said goodbye to the following friends

Ron Fairchild 1943

Lloyd Holden 1944

So who spotted the very un-deliberate mistake on the Membership card ? I hope you do NOT expire before the end of 2007 or 2008 etc—I am down for expiry 2007 with most of you, so we would all be in good company.

Of course, you all spotted that Six-Five Special was first seen in 1957...whoops ! **Sorry Jack !**

If you plan to set up a Standing Order for your subscription and haven't yet done so, please take or send your form direct to your own bank and not to me. Don't worry if you have mislaid the form, another one will be published in the December newsletter.

Thanks to those who have already done so

Live today to the fullest because tomorrow is not promised.

You have to be old enough to remember Abbott and Costello, and too old to REALLY understand computers, to fully appreciate this. For those of us who sometimes get flustered by our computers, read on...

If Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were alive today, their infamous sketch, "Who's on First?" might have turned out something like this:

COSTELLO CALLS TO BUY A COMPUTER FROM ABBOTT

ABBOTT: Super Duper computer store. Can I help you?

COSTELLO: Thanks. I'm setting up an office in my den and I'm thinking about buying a computer.

ABBOTT: Mac?

COSTELLO: No, the name's Lou.

ABBOTT: Your computer?

COSTELLO: I don't own a computer. I want to buy one.

ABBOTT: Mac?

COSTELLO: I told you, my name's Lou.

ABBOTT: What about Windows?

COSTELLO: Why? Will it get stuffy in here?

ABBOTT: Do you want a computer with Windows?

COSTELLO: I don't know. What will I see when I look at the windows?

ABBOTT: Wallpaper.

COSTELLO: Never mind the windows.. I need a computer and software.

ABBOTT: Software for Windows?

COSTELLO: No. On the computer! I need something I can use to write proposals, track expenses and run my business. What do you have?

ABBOTT: Office.
COSTELLO:!! Yeah, for my office. Can you recommend anything?

ABBOTT: I just did.

COSTELLO: You just did what?

ABBOTT: Recommended something.

COSTELLO: You recommended something?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: For my office?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: OK, what did you recommend for my office?

ABBOTT: Office.

COSTELLO: Yes, for my office!

ABBOTT: I recommend Office with Windows.

COSTELLO: I already have an office with windows! OK, let's just say I'm sitting at my computer and I want to type a proposal. What do I need?

ABBOTT: Word.

COSTELLO: What word?

ABBOTT: Word in Office.

COSTELLO: The only word in office is office.

ABBOTT: The Word in Office for Windows.

COSTELLO: Which word in office for windows?

ABBOTT: The Word you get when you click the blue "W".

COSTELLO: I'm going to click your blue "W" if you don't start with some straight answers. What about financial bookkeeping? You

have anything I can track my money with?

ABBOTT: Money.

COSTELLO: That's right. What do you have?

ABBOTT: Money.

COSTELLO: I need money to track my money?

ABBOTT: It comes bundled with your computer.

COSTELLO: What's bundled with my computer?

ABBOTT: Money.

COSTELLO: Money comes with my computer?

ABBOTT: Yes. No extra charge.

COSTELLO: I get a bundle of money with my computer? How much?

ABBOTT: One copy.

COSTELLO: Isn't it illegal to copy money?

ABBOTT: Microsoft gave us a license to copy Money.

COSTELLO: They can give you a license to copy money?

ABBOTT: Why not? THEY OWN IT! (A few days later)

ABBOTT: Super Duper computer store. Can I help you?

COSTELLO: How do I turn my computer off?

ABBOTT: Click on "START"

This reminds me of my early days in Computers. I had bought a new one and could not find the "on" button. When I called the help line I was told to "lift the flap".. And there it was ! **Daft or not ?**

Here's something different from Ron Bates (42).

The fifteen years I spent with Pan American Airways has created some interest - in particular as it was a significant period in the growth of the airline industry and hence this article.

First, the background to my joining Pan Am.

Like a number of Trinity males I had no clear idea of a career - in particular as I knew time was short between leaving the sixth form and joining the army. Most of my army time was spent as an instructor at the School of Infantry where all nationalities were represented. Shortly before I left the army an American Colonel asked what I intended to do. He offered to pave the way with a job at the American Embassy and I joined their Travel Dept.

Shortly after joining the Embassy, my work colleague left to join Pan Am. He appeared one day in this very glamorous uniform and told me he was given two tailored uniforms, a black trench coat and six white shirts, cap, etc. renewed every two years. To a married man, with a baby and an ex-Trinity wife using her old stockings to recycle our tealeaves - in an effort to pay the mortgage - the free clothing sounded fantastic and so I joined Pan Am on the ticket counter of the Piccadilly office.

In those days, 1952, the airline industry was regarded as glamorous and job vacancies were swamped with applications - hence relatively low pay and long hours. The basic hours were 9 - 6 Monday to Friday, 9 - 1 on Saturdays and once a month all day both Saturday and Sunday. No overtime but, if you worked a weekend you had the following Saturday off. We were also open 365 days in the year! On Sundays you worked alone and my most memorable occasion was going downstairs to open the glass doors and finding an anti American protestor had shoveled a cwt of horse manure through the letterbox.

A little about Pan Am. Founded in 1927 they were the largest airline in the world and flew to virtually every country in the world. First to fly the Atlantic, First to fly the Pacific, First Round-the-World, First with Tourist Flights and so it goes on. Employees included well-known names including Charles Lindbergh - first solo over the Atlantic, Charles Blair - first solo over the North Pole - his story became a book and a film starring Humphrey Bogart. He also married a film star called Maureen O'Hara. Many of the Captains, who were regarded

as gods, ran profitable businesses on the side - one I met ran a Big Game Hunting Company with Ernest Hemmingway and a Captain Zimmerman founded a Company called Dynarod!

Back to me. Two weeks after joining the ticket counter I woke up in St George's Hospital. I had passed out with stress and exhaustion. There was a fuel strike, no planes were able to fly, no time to train this newcomer and I was one of the erks on the counter facing six deep passengers screaming their heads off day after day. Luckily when I returned from hospital two days later the strike was over. At least I had intensive on-the-job training, which benefited me, and three years later I was the Manager. I had the most fantastic team and we achieved the highest level of commendations and the lowest complaint level. The latter was achieved by a little "engineering". I had an attractive young lady called Lillian. If we had a complaint, Lillian went into the back office and piled on the mascara. Within two minutes of facing the passenger she was able to manufacture tears and there was no male who could bear the sight of the black streaks running down her face - complaint over!

During this three-year period we had the renowned London pea soup fog. I went to work as normal one day and came home three days later wearing the same shirt, underwear, etc. All flights had been diverted to Hurn Airport, outside Bournemouth, and we were sent to handle the flights until the fog cleared - which took three days. Hurn was hardly geared to handle international flights and was a little like Casey Court. When a plane landed, we kept the passengers on board while one of us went out to the main road to stop a local bus. With a "drink" persuasion we had the driver divert the bus, complete with some local passengers, out on the runway and loaded our passengers. On arrival at Customs /Immigration we asked the old dears with their shopping bags to remain on board while we disembarked our passengers and they could continue to Bournemouth~ We worked twelve hours on and twelve hours off and were paid a per diem. Everyone being short of money, we booked double rooms in a boarding house and slept sideways, six to a bed, fully clothed males and females. We must have stunk.

In 1955 Pan Am decided to set up a Sales/Service

Training department and chose Western Europe Division as the guinea pig. A gentleman from Division Headquarters was given the task and, with my army training experience, I initially became his assistant. Over the next fifteen years we grew like Topsy, taking on the Atlantic Division, then the Overseas Division and then finally worked for the Pan Am System responsible for training of all staff other than flight crew - some 23,000 employees from all over the world. We operated out of London with Training Schools in London and Hong Kong and Field Training Supervisors responsible for their areas of the world.

I was obviously travelling a great deal and, to put this in perspective, my early flights to New York on a Boeing Stratocruiser took 22 hours with landings in Shannon and Gander. A Hong Kong trip in a DC4 took a day and a half arriving with a very sore piece of anatomy. By comparison, towards the end of my time, it was not unusual for me to leave in the morning visit Frankfurt, Berlin, Stuttgart and be home that evening.

Two of my outstanding memories were the transition from propeller to jet and the introduction of computers. The transition to jets was a formidable training task for everyone from Commissary, Weight and Balance, Operations, Ground Handling, Passenger Service, Cargo, etc. For some years before jets, in anticipation, we daily flew a non-existent, paper jet between London and New York in addition to the regular propeller service. Load factors, with a much higher passenger and cargo content were calculated, weather and diversion factors were considered, ground handling allowed for - as it applied to that particular day. This "ghost" exercise materially helped prepare for the big day. Bearing in mind staff had not even seen these jets and flying time from New York to London was being decreased from 14 hours to 6 hours with a much bigger load - seriously affecting handling - we went to Boeing in Seattle and filmed hours of 32 mm film. This was then cut to produce a series of 10-minute training films for the various departments and training schedules designed around the films.

Prior to the introduction of computers our prime method of communication was by telex and we had our own cables under the Atlantic. This, combined with manual recording of reservations, was to

undergo a major change and the new Panamac Computer system gave a transatlantic response time of two seconds and instant reservation detail. It was also an era of appalling ignorance! I had been on an IBM course in up-state New York and was at the old Idlewild Airport awaiting a flight back to New York. A Manager I knew said I should go over to the Cargo Sheds to see the chaos. We had just had a new Vice-President for the Atlantic Division. He was a retired USAF General who had overseen the Burma Airlift during the war and therefore felt he knew all about shipping cargo and there he was in action! IBM had delivered the Main Frame Computer to be shipped to London. From memory it was some 30 feet by 10 feet and too big to fit the hold. As I arrived he was screaming at the staff they should do what he did in Burma and cut it in half with a blowtorch and re weld it when it arrived in London! Can you imagine what this did to a multi-million piece of equipment? It gets worse - its costly replacement was shipped by sea and arrived before the new computer building was completed. It was stored outside with a tarpaulin over it! Another costly replacement ensued but we did learn the hard way.

Juan Trippe, President and founder of Pan Am, retired when the Pan Am Building was completed in New York and the new Board decided all Headquarter functions were to be centralised in the new building. I was not prepared to move and left the company. Sadly over the following years Pan Am went into decline for a number of reasons and the final blow was Lockerbie. It was certainly a unique period for me and the comradeship formed in those pioneer days still continues today and I still meet-up with many of the people I worked with.

Lessons in Life By Regina Brett

The Plain Dealer, Cleveland , Ohio

Life isn't fair, but it's still good.
 Life is too short to waste time hating anyone.
 Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.
 Pay off your credit cards every month.
 You don't have to win every argument. Agree to disagree.
 It's OK to get angry with God. He can take it.
 When it comes to chocolate, resistance is futile.

* * * * *
 * **FORTHCOMING EVENT** *
 * **REUNION DINNER ON** *
 * **SATURDAY 13th October at** *
 * **The Ramada Hotel (formerly** *
 * **the Comet) at Hatfield. We** *
 * **are celebrating the 47'ers 60th** *
 * **anniversary** *
 * **You are not too late. Reception** *
 * **6pm for 7pm.** *
 * **Return your booking form NOW** *
 * **Dress code—be comfortable** *
 * **Dinner Jacket is optional as is** *
 * **Party frocks ! Your choice.** *
 * **PLEASE NOTE. AFTER 24th** *
 * **September Contact Roy/Audrey** *
 * **Augood for dinner on 0208—886-** *
 * **1188 and send them your deposit.** *
 * **Then contact Hotel direct if you** *
 * **want Accommodation and let them** *
 * **know you are with the Trinity** *
 * **Contingent! Talk to Marge Purden** *
 * **on 01707-252403** *
 * **IMPORTANT — Don't forget the** *
 * **AGM AT 4.30 pm. also at the** *
 * **Ramada. You do not have to** *
 * **attend the dinner to come and it** *
 * **is your opportunity to have your** *
 * **say. Elect your committee.** *
 * * * * *

Are you a Veteran ? Did you serve in HM Forces or the Home Guard before 31.12.1994 ? If so, did you know that you are entitled to The HM Armed Forces Veterans Badge. (Men and Women) You can download the application form at www.veterans-uk.info/vets_badge or telephone the free phone helpline on 0800 169 2277 (uk only) Or +44 1253 866043 (overseas) **This applies to everyone who did National Service as well as the professionals !**

Further News of the War Memorial

We are awaiting a decision from St. Michaels church as to whether they will allocate us a much larger area where we could put a memorial which has the 55 names engraved and which would be legible. You may like to know that the church is now kept locked and you can only access by appointment or for services.

First signs are not looking good.

We hope to have this decision by the AGM

It may be that we would have to have some further thoughts as to where this memorial should be placed.

Anne Flanagan (58) writes

I recently had a book from the library called "Lost Lines of London" by Nigel Welbourn, about railway lines with some in our area.

Below is some information about these lines which may be interesting to members.

On an underground map dated 1939, there were various proposed lines for the North London area. One such line was from Finsbury Park with stations at Stroud Green, Crouch End, Highgate, Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill and finishing at Alexandra Palace. This line was operated by GNR and it was planned to integrate this with the underground system as part of the Northern Line but following World War II it did not proceed. The branch to Alexandra Palace via Crouch End closed to passengers in 1954. Freight remained on this line until October 1970. Members may remember that before the Victoria Line was built in the mid sixties, there was a short Northern Line branch from Moorgate to Finsbury Park. This was taken over by British rail and the line then went above ground from Drayton Park to join the main lines to Hertford North and Welwyn Garden City. The old Northern platforms became the new Victoria line Platforms at Finsbury Park.

Editors Note I well remember the line to Moorgate. My first job when I came out of the WRNS was as a teleprinter operator for stockbrokers on the Stock Exchange and I used the station everyday.

Remember : Friends are quiet Angels who lift our wings when we have forgotten how to fly