

# Trinity Old Scholars Association

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## Subscriptions

Thank you if you have renewed by Standing Order or other means. \*\* see Page 6 Your Membership card for the current year is enclosed. **IF YOU HAVE NOT RECEIVED ONE WITH THIS NEWSLETTER... your membership has expired and this is your last newsletter. Please now send £5.00 direct to me at 110 Reading Road, Finchampstead, Berks RG40 4RA. Cheque payable to**



Newsletter 10 – March 2008

The reminders of 50 years ago in the last Newsletter, have sent me on a memorial chase regarding our School. Searching through the numerous archives that we ourselves hold, has revealed a feast of interesting observations/articles by a multitude of people. Some were included in “Trinity a School with a Past”, many are in the School magazines dating from the early 30’s up until the late 50’s and early 60’s, and I make no apologies for publishing some of them in these newsletters, in this issue and those to come. They are a picture of an era which deserves remembering and can never be repeated.

However, whilst we can look back and cherish our past, there are still interesting happenings in the **NOW**, and if you have an interesting story about what you are doing now please let me have it. The first one from Josephine Broomfield (Coleman 41) appears on Page 5.

### SPURS FANS UNITE!

In troubled times true fans close ranks and talk of the glory days at White Hart Lane. Trinity seemed to have special links with Spurs, as we were at the other end of “The Lane”, and in the mid 50s I saw both Arthur Rowe and George Robb at the school, much to my amazement.

I first saw George Robb from the Boys Enclosure (6d or 1 shilling entrance fee) which overlooked the corner flag, and he would romp down the wing and centre for whoever was centre-forward at the time –Duquemin, Dunmore etc. Soon after I think George Robb played for England once or twice, such was Spurs ranking after their 1951 Championship and their revolutionary style of push-and-run passing game. I must have started going to Spurs around 1955 then more often 1957-61.

Slightly older Spurs fans in the Old Scholars will correct me, please, on any inaccurate detail, but I think I even briefly saw Eddie Baily of the old guard of 51 around 1955. Favourites of the mid 50s included Tommy Harmer, small but a clever ball player. Once, when Manchester United visited and Johnny Giles, their new tricky winger, was showing off his ball skills in the warm-up, our Tommy outdid him by juggling the ball for much longer, and the Spurs fans roared their approval.

Again, from behind our goal, I saw Bobby Charlton, as a new young thing, impress against Peter Baker at right back, but Peter made sure Bobby

was dumped in the mud after he crossed the ball with just a slightly late tackle. Bobby just looked at Peter in surprise, and with just a hint of sadness. There was another game against the Busby Babes, before the Munich Disaster,\* when we went 2-0 up in impressive style. I think it was under floodlights or it was a dark afternoon, but Manchester came back very strongly and it ended up 2-2, crowning a very skillful entertaining match, with very little fouling, as I remember.

Just before the double year of 1960-61, I went on a supporters coach to Leicester’s ground and watched Cliff Jones play well. I think we won but cannot remember the score. My real hero was Danny Blanchflower, who thrilled and amused the crowd with his silky and sometimes unorthodox skills. How I tried to copy him with disastrous results! I think he introduced the tricky skill of shaping to pass over to the left wing, but at the last moment he would bring his right foot round the other side of his left ankle, and chip it in the opposite direction across to the right wing. I have seen modern players like Gascoigne try to emulate this, but never so often and accurately as Danny.

The Spurs crowd had a reputation for being impatient with sloppy play, and always demanded attractive football. But even then, on a rare (only?) occasion when Danny was mis-placing passes from the start, someone near me shouted out “Give it to the Governor – he will mess it up for you!” Such was the affection for Danny that the crowd around me, many with flat caps on, found that very funny and laughed their heads off.

\* 50 years ago on the 6th February this year.

**Continued on page 2.....**

In later years I was able to go to the 1962 FA Cup final of Spurs v Burnley, and see Jimmy Greaves score, and Danny also scored from a penalty, with us winning 3-1.

My career, education and marriage stopped me seeing a lot more of Spurs, but I did return to Wembley on nine occasions in 1966 for the World Cup, and was there when England won the cup. Only recently David Stevens from my class and year, 1954, said he was there too!

My support for Spurs, even when I was moving round the country, was steadfast during the fallow years of the late 70s and the under-achievement since the 1991 FA Cup win. I will not fall out with other Tosa members by contrasting our style with Arsenal, except to say they have improved lately in the entertainment stakes!

My former class mate and school team mate (goalie), the late Ken Hogan (54) became an Arsenal fan and so was Melvyn Jarvis, but we somehow remained friends by ignoring it, or me teasing them about Arsenal being boring.

My old primary school friend from Garfield School and I talk on the phone at length several times a year about Spurs' progress, or lack of it, and endlessly talk about Spurs great history when we visit each other, to the despair of our wives, who just go shopping and leave us to it.

I have noticed on the website, and in newsletters, that there are a few Spurs fans around who admit it, including Ray Conner (54) who was a superb centre half for our school team in our year. If anyone wants to get in touch with me and form an action group of Spurs Supporters, I would be prepared to coordinate the inter-action., but I could get trampled in the rush!

As someone who chose Trinity partly because of its sports and soccer reputation, I was privileged to see Arthur Rowe and George Robb at close quarters, and see some older pupils with exceptional ball skills in the playground. If anyone can add earlier stories of the Spurs connection from their memories, or correct my version, please get in touch. Remember the singing of Glory, Glory, Alleluia when Spurs went marching on, especially on those European nights with huge scores against teams like Gornik and the like.

Peter Turner (1954) (trinity54pt@)toucansurf.net  
Or 01904 765857)

**Editors Note** I have only ever been to one football match, and that was on Boxing Day 1948 (or thereabouts) when I walked from Western Road baths (where I lived) to The Spurs Ground in Tottenham with a boy friend.

It was not my scene at all until three years ago.

I was raising funds for my Local Cancer charity and I had written to John Madejski (the Reading Chairman) asking for any donation to a big raffle we were organising. I was offered a football signed by all the players in the A team and Steve Coppell their manager, and then invited to go to their training ground to collect.

When I arrived, I was met and taken to the players' rest room and Canteen. They all came off the field and **before they did anything else**, spent some half an hour or so signing gifts and such like for the supporters who had written in.

I was told that John Madejski sets a big store by players making this sort of effort, and it is on his instruction that this happens on a regular weekly basis at their training ground. (Incidentally, this is walking distance from where I live). I was most impressed by their whole attitude to this. You may be interested to know, taking it a stage further, that Reading Footballer Wives did not want to be seen in the same light as some WAGS, and have held several events themselves to raise money for local charities.

I have become quite a fan myself of the Reading squad, and can even pick out a few of the players on TV.

### **Introducing.... Beryl Skinner or.... Just something different ...**

I thought it would be quite fun in this newsletter, to introduce myself to those of you who I have never met, and am probably only a name who chases you for money or puts this newsletter together!

Well, I certainly gave up on *that* idea, but what I *will* do is lead you into the next story, with a story of my own.

I have always been interested in alternatives, whether it be driving another route to somewhere, reading about homeopathy, wondering if there really are other life forms out there, what is Feng Shui, does acupuncture work etc. and then I discovered dowsing. I had always been fascinated by this ancient art having been taken on a dowsing trip with a friend, and seeing it actually work. (Oh yes... we really did find an underground stream!) . Whilst I would have liked to take it a stage further, and although I had experimented at home, there never seemed to be enough time to learn properly, so like many of the things I am sure we all do in life, this went on to a back boiler.

In 2006 I had a partial knee replacement, and my operation was 6 days before the Reading group Summer gathering, and I was taken to it on crutches. Whilst I was there, I remembered that Rosemary Haxeltine's (Langdon 51) husband Mike, was experimenting with dowsing for healing, and I invited him to dowse my leg. (Nothing improper, he actually did it with an audience, because there was a lot of interest).

We were both amazed that there was very little reaction to any part of my leg, until he dowsed my foot, and got quite a response. He was adamant that there was something

wrong, and I assured him that there wasn't. I know that Mike went home disappointed.

At this point, you should remember that after the operation, there was difficulty in bending my knee to its full capacity, but I had been working on it, and I certainly had been unable to even look at my feet at close quarters.

When I got up the next day, I thought I would try again, and this time I managed it... to bend my knee enough to look at the sole of my foot... THERE WAS THE BIGGEST, BLACKEST BRUISE I had ever seen. And this was what Mike had been picking up. I realised of course, that this was where my foot had been strapped down so that I could not move my leg it during the operation. I was delighted to confirm to Mike that he had been correct in his diagnosis.

Because it is such a fascinating subject, I thought I would ask Mike to give us some more details on its history, and here they are.

*Dowsers were brought from Germany in the 1600's to find minerals in England. Figures of Dowsers have been found in temples and caves, so dowsing is not new. Indeed it had been suppressed for hundreds of years with the early church wanting to keep the power of healing to its own but allowing water dowsing for crops that were dependant upon it.*

*Dowsing as a professional body celebrates 75 years of service to the community since it was formed in 1933 by Royal Engineers Officers to further the science/art of finding water. The UK body is called the British Society of Dowsers and it made up of a wide cross section of people from academics; archaeologists, farmers; gardeners; conventional medical people; architects, electronics specialists to every day mums and dads.*

*The Society has a Journal in which articles might range from healing horses to cosmic energy in our day-to-day lives. From archaeological finds to assessing the path of cancer along earth grid lines. From growing crops to methods of finding water (this is probably its most famous activity) Volunteer dowsers are taking part in the Village Water Project in Africa with great success. Dowsing covers a vast range of activities and is now associated with alternative medicine.*

*Dowsing is used in exploration work and accurate dowsers can command very high salaries. One important activity that is emerging is the use of dowsing and related skills to clear houses of bad energies i.e. the sick building syndrome where people become ill for no apparent reason. Dowsing can be used to plot positions of plants or check if a particular food is suitable for the person concerned.*

*Indeed one of the most important uses every day is that of testing food.*

Michael and Rosemary have said that dowsing has introduced them to some wonderful people, however Rosemary has forbidden Mike to talk about it at parties,

to relatives; or to the dog for more than five minutes in every month. However if any TOSAs want more information about dowsers or radiesthesia as it often scientifically known they can telephone Mike on 01252 541 639.

Mike is particularly interested in an experiment he has devised to show the effects of energies for "non-believers" which involves making a toy/gadget/ to show aetheric energy as a force.

If you are interested in "having a go" for a bit of fun, I will be publishing details in the next newsletter... Whatever you do... keep an open mind...

**My apologies to Yvonne Grammer whose apology for absence from the AGM was quoted as from "Audrey Grammer"... the record has been changed.**

**Continuing coincidences or what a small world from the last newsletter, Mick Osborn 47 relates..**

A group of us have been close friends since schooldays but for various reasons gradually drifted apart geographically but we met up whenever we could. They were all honorary aunts and uncles to the Osborn children and when our daughter married at Chester in 1987, they came to the wedding. Staying at the same hotel, we had such a good time that we decided to meet up the next year. It became a regular thing although not everybody could get to every occasion. We have visited most areas of the country and had one holiday at a chateau in France.

It was when we were at Ironbridge that things could have turned nasty.

Lodging at the same hotel was another group of people.

In our usual friendly way we explained that we were a group of old friends who were at school together at Trinity Grammar School in Wood Green. Horror of Horrors. the other group were similarly old friends - but from Glendale!

NO ! There were not two black eyes, a broken nose, or a cauliflower ear! Actually, our upbringing shone through. We had a good time in the lounge and showed that jaw, jaw was better than war, war. (Secretly we were friendly rivals and always did get on with each other. That is what, I believe, led to the amalgamation of the two old boys' football clubs. Wood Green Old Boys still has a few Trinity and Glendale scholars in their numbers, although I don't know how many are still playing.)

**Editor... anyone know ? now read page 9.**

**Keverne Weston at Trinity continued.....**

This, my third year at Trinity, was not a happy one. This year's form master, who taught us French, was a martinet called Mr. Kurt. He would shout, threaten, stride among the desks banging on them and hit us on the head with the board rubber. Far from frightening or subduing us, we became the worst-behaved class in the school and there was virtual anarchy in the classroom. I can remember throwing a chair across the room. Somehow, in the three years since I had left primary school, I had changed from being extremely introverted into an unruly, undisciplined lout in the making. Many of the others in the class were similarly badly behaved but not many had experienced the roller-coaster ride that my life had become with my mother's illness and the desertion of two fathers.

We had a new English teacher called Janet Hase, whose life we made a misery. She must have confided in Mrs. Naish, one of the senior teachers, for one day Mrs. Naish came in and, quietly told us exactly what she thought of us and asked us if we were proud of our treatment of the new, inexperienced, teacher. I wonder if she ever told Mr. Kurt that he should be held responsible for our behaviour for he was, undoubtedly, partly to blame. I think some of us apologised to Mrs. Hase and she and I became quite close for the remainder of the year and she was very encouraging to me.

I was by now anticipating taking my GCE 'O' Levels. I had continued absenting myself from the lessons that I did not like when I could, presuming, therefore, that I would not have to do exams in these subjects. I was taking English Language, English Literature, History, French and Art and passed them all, but five was not a very good total. Before this, to my horror, I found out that we had to take mock exams in other key subjects like Maths. Dreading this, I thought of a way of avoiding being exposed as innumerate. The mock Maths exam was to take place at the beginning of December. The weather in the preceding week was atrocious; it had been snowing and it was very foggy. I thought that I could get out of taking the Maths exam if I was ill, so, one morning I took the tube to Cockfosters and went into Hadley Woods, where I took off all my clothes.

I can't remember how long I cavorted in the fog, snow, and ice but when I got on the tube to go back to Wood Green, I received funny looks from other passengers. Seeing my reflection, I realised that I had slowly thawing icicles suspended from my eyebrows. Back in Wood Green, I went into The Jolly Butchers and bought my first alcoholic drink in a pub, a ginger wine, hoping it would warm me up, which it did. I waited to have a cold, flu, pneumonia .... something, anything, but I remained as fit as a fiddle and had to take the exam, an experience I have

managed to erase from my memory.

I was still tall and thin and tended to spend most of my time in my school uniform. Apart from the Teddy Boy look, I don't remember there being many interesting clothes from which to choose and most clothes were too big for me anyway. School uniform rules were quite strict and I got in trouble for wearing an orange jumper and was told that jumpers had to be grey. Mum quite liked knitting and I designed a jumper for her to make me for school. It was grey where it would show under my blazer but had a band of mauve and one of yellow around the chest which would not show unless I deliberately exposed it. I continued to make jokes in class, often at the teachers' expense and from being a solitary child I had developed into a slightly subversive teenager.

I had continued to do well enough in school in the subjects I liked and at the end of my fifth year had the five 'O' Levels to prove it. Many of my contemporaries were leaving and I contemplated doing the same. Although it was grammar school it was not taken as a matter of course that pupils would go into the sixth form and then into further education. I had a story published in the school magazine. We had been given some essay titles and I had chosen Washing Day. Trying to avoid the mundane, mine had been set in Italy where passionate women did their washing in the stream and fought over men. I gave the characters the names of lesser-known Italian film stars for authenticity. My English teacher, Mr. Johnson, had the story put into the magazine and cajoled me into going into Lower VI Arts. Having spent four years among the 'don't knows', this was indeed a compliment. 'Staying on', as it was usually referred to, was often dependent on a family's financial circumstances. Many could not afford to let bright children remain at school when they could be contributing to the family coffers. so I ended the fifth year regretful that I wouldn't see certain people again, but looking forward to concentrating on the subjects in which I was interested.

When September arrived, I was a sixth-former, in Lower VI Arts. We shared a classroom with Upper VI Arts. The same arrangement was in place for VI Science but there were more of them.

The time had come - a year before we were due to leave school - for us to think about a career as it was necessary to apply to colleges and universities almost a year before an anticipated start. Many of my classmates were applying to Teachers' Training Colleges and, as usual, not wanting to do the same as any group, I decided that was not for me. Instead, I would apply to The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA). I had organised a play-reading competition in which I played the dustman, Alfred Doolittle and Freddy Eynsford-Hill in Pygmalion, two nicely contrasting roles.....**more to follow... WHAT HAPPENED NEXT ?**

The following is a letter received from **Josephine Bloomfield (Coleman 41)** with her subscription. It is beautifully written in long hand, and cheered me up no end as this dreadful weather came upon us. I have Jose's permission to publish it.

6th January 2008

Dear Beryl

Apologies for being late with my subscription, it has been one of those weeks ! I find that there is almost as much to do after Christmas as there is before.

I have been decorating our village church (we live almost next door to it) for Christmas for the last 28 years and always do it a couple of days before the village carol service. On that particular morning, I put a foot on the top of the stairs, slipped, sat down and fell backwards, and slithered very gracefully full length on my back, from top to bottom. Fortunately I did not do too much damage, and managed to get the church decorated. I make my own red roses and carnations and they are in the church for anything up to six weeks and don't need watering. The service finished and everyone was moving down to the vestry for tea and mince pies when the lights went out. This year I had put extra candles everywhere (don't ask me why) **(Editor. Someone up there watching ?)** We could not get the lights on again but surprisingly, very few people left. We had our Cancer Consultants handing round trays of tea and the children with mince pies. Who would live in a town eh?

The weather here in Middle England is quite mild, we have only had a couple of minor frosts which have disappeared by the time we have had breakfast. We have very little snow here, and although Dennis feels the cold sometimes, I hardly ever do, probably because I have a thicker layer of fat than he does.

We have a lot of trees in our garden and looking out of the window now there is not a twig or a leaf on the evergreens moving and the sun has been shining all day—it is now 2.15 pm. There is a lot of wild life, about 15 wood pigeons in the ginko tree this morning, 2 magpies on the ground, blackbirds skittering about and tits and sparrows on the nut feeders. Two robins are sizing themselves up for a fight and a couple of squirrels. There were two hen pheasants and a cock who we couldn't see but could hear him, and a big black rooster from the farm next door standing in the middle of the lawn. The only things missing were our resident wild rabbits and the green woodpecker.

We wouldn't be able to continue to live here if I did not have my own car. The bus comes through the village once a week, so if you were to miss it, you would have a long wait for the next one.

I am not as active in the village as I used to be, although I am still President of the village Women's Institute—only because no one else will do it. I always have a stall at the village fete every year. Being a craft judge at local shows around the county I have to judge

paintings, so I took lessons for two years so that I would know what to look for. I now attend a creative writing class which is good fun—(have you ever tried writing a sonnet, or even translating one of Shakespeare's into everyday language ? There are strict rules.) I was tempted to do mine in cockney rhyming slang !! I have now been given a project to do researching the life of the man who was the vicar of our church in the early 1900's. I have made a start but it takes ages looking up old records and deciding what to extract. Keeps me out of mischief, but chance would be a fine thing.

Thank you for the newsletters, I really enjoy reading them, and I was pleased to see that Don has been made Life President. I also note that there is now a Committee and that Audrey & Roy Augood and Ron Bates are still active.

My best wishes to everyone for 2008.

Kindest regards

Jose

### Do you remember or "Get Fell In", (in ones).

At some time I believe Trinity had a Army Cadet Force but for some reason it had ceased to exist.

When L.A.Swindon. took over the headship he attempted to resurrect it. The boys were told to assemble one day after school and L.A.S. appeared with what looked like a high ranking officer from the War Office. (well, he had red tabs on his collar anyway). I seem to recall some of the masters who had seen war service were not too keen on the idea but were quite discreet and did not publicise their opinions until later.

L.A.S. introduced the speaker who explained the advantages of belonging to a Cadet Force and asked for comments.

Our headmaster was somewhat taken aback by the reaction and perhaps on reflection he may have wished he had researched the project first. Some of the senior boys responded by saying that most of the training offered by the Cadets was already covered by our own teachers or other organisations we belonged to. Map reading and PE/drill were some examples given. It was also pointed out that in a matter of months many of us would be called up for National Service and then receive the training mentioned.

As the meeting ended I heard L.A.S. apologising for the outspoken reception but the officer replied saying he would much rather the boys gave their honest opinion in the sensible way they had.

About six boys enrolled and it was hoped more would follow but it was not to be and eventually I think they transferred to another unit.

**Cecil Webb 45**

**Something I wish I had written.. Sent to me as an “internet” round robin and I would like to share it with you all..**

“The other day a young person asked me how I felt about being old. I was taken aback, for I do not think of myself as old. Upon seeing my reaction, she was immediately embarrassed, but I explained that it was an interesting question, and I would ponder it, and let her know.

Old Age, I decided, is a gift.

I am now, probably for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometime despair over my body, the wrinkles, the baggy eyes, and the sagging butt. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror (who looks like my mother!), but I don't agonize over those things for long.

I would never trade my amazing friends, my wonderful life for less grey hair or a flatter belly. As I've aged, I've become more kind to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend.

I don't chide myself for eating that extra biscuit, or for not making my bed, or for buying that silly cement ornament that I didn't need, but looks so avante garde on my patio. I am entitled to a treat, to be messy, to be extravagant.

I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4 AM and sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 60&70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love ... I will.

You can walk the beach in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and dive into the waves with abandon if you choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set.

They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And I eventually remember the important things.

Sure, over the years my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car?

But broken hearts are what give us strength and understanding and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning grey, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day. (If I feel like it) **Author Unknown**

**IMPORTANT CORRECTION.**

**Vic Manning (Archivist)** please note that email Address should be [demonic1984@thezone84.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:demonic1984@thezone84.fsnet.co.uk).

**Subscriptions.** As I finalise this newsletter there are 95 who have not renewed.

Please let me know if you do not intend to do so. Subscriptions are due on the 1st January. Your names will be removed from our mailing list at the end of March if your subscription for this year is not received by then. The Standing orders have been a great success, and really makes life easier for everyone in the long run.. If you would like to set up a Standing Order for the future , please use the form on page 9. In the meantime, please send me a cheque for £5. Unlike Direct Debits, we do not **take** money from your Account—you **send** us money from your Account .We have no access to your bank details.

Live simply.  
Love generously.  
Care deeply.  
Speak kindly.

**DOWN MEMORY LANE 1938 –1958**  
**Celebrating 70/60/50 years of**  
**Trinity County Grammar School Magazines**

### Editorial Spring Term 1938

Trams have before now been used as symbols of philosophical ideas. There is a famous limerick on free-will which speaks of trams moving "in predestinate grooves." The replacement by trolleybuses of the trams in Bounds Green Road on March 6 has not yet been, to our knowledge, the theme of any limerick, but it must have been the subject of many moralisings. They have been reflections on Progress. "So civilisation advances," we have said, "from better to best." And of course 'there have been improvements, which we in this School have not failed to notice. Those who work in rooms near the main road have appreciated the lessening of noise. Travellers on the route enjoy increased comfort, but for the present, at any rate, look in vain for the better service they were promised: The 'banana' route, as it used to be called, because the trams came in bunches, still deserves its old name. Evidently tram-drivers, even when shifted to trolleybuses, are sociable fellows and like to go about, in threes and fours. So, we still wait our fifteen and twenty minutes on a three-minute service. One change has puzzled us and caused us a little irritation. There used to be a tram-stop just outside the School-placed there for the School-which proved its convenience particularly in wet weather. Now there is no stop. The two stops we have the choice of are more than twice as far apart as some other' stops on the route. No wonder we feel we have not been treated, with that consideration which a public service must show towards the public. We have laid our complaint before the Transport Board. Meanwhile our hundreds of scholars feel that the removal of the tram stop, which was such a convenience to them, is unnecessary. "So Progress," we might reflect, "has its price." That is not a brilliant discovery of the fourth decade of the twentieth century, but it is a reflection whose truth age does little to wither or custom to stale. We have not yet seen all the price we are to pay for progress. Bounds Green Road is to be widened and in the widening we are to lose some of our playground. We shall not, lose much, and probably we shall not appreciably notice our loss. A number of the trees in Bounds Green Road are to be cut down. That is a more serious matter. Wood Green is a town which takes a justifiable pride in its open spaces and public gardens. We hope that Wood Green's traditions will be maintained and nothing unnecessarily done to spoil the beauty of one of the most attractive roads in the Borough.

### Editorial Summer Term 1948

#### THE SIXTH FORM

The most notable feature of the present School year has been the size of the Sixth Form. More boys and girls than at any time in the past are staying at School for an extra two years after Matriculation, and some of the differences this has made to our School life are recorded in the following pages. In Athletics and in Games the increase in the number of our older pupils has produced results easily seen; the difference in the quality of our classroom work and in the atmosphere of our community life is less easily measured, but is rated as no less important by those best qualified to judge. We have indeed cause for satisfaction that, at a time when the financial inducement to seek early employment is so strong, a number of boys and girls-and a number of parents -have resisted that temptation and have taken a longer view.

What is the value of a Sixth Form course? There is, first of all, the value to the individual. With the school-leaving age raised to fifteen, the boy or girl who leaves at sixteen is not markedly out of the crowd. If he or she stays till eighteen, the difference is very apparent. A trained mind is an adaptable mind. With the only certainty in the future the certainty that changes will take place, the trained, disciplined, adaptable mind of the Sixth Form scholar is bound to be an advantage. The experience of our old scholars in the war and post-war years have shown the truth of this statement

And then there is the value to the State. The importance of trained intelligence-indeed, its vital necessity-to a country in our geographical position and at our stage in development is obvious to all thinking men. The Government recognises this importance by the assistance it gives to Sixth Form courses and Sixth Form scholars. Perhaps not all parents sufficiently realise what financial help is available to them. In this matter enlightened self-interest and patriotism go hand in hand.

Next year our Sixth Form will be still larger, with the result that it can be divided into more sections, and can be better taught~ We rejoice in this increase. Sixth Form work is the chief business of a Grammar School.

## School Magazine Autumn Term 1948

### EXTRACTED FROM FORM REPORTS

Ia: One day IA hopes to be AI.  
 Ib: Never opens its mouth .  
 Ic: Camp Pye is good Tuck, which will not Paul for a Constable's lunch.  
 Id: Though only worth a Co(o)pper is plastered with Luck and Merrit.  
 IIa: We are not a bright lot, but we are pretty hot.  
 IIb: One holy person and 34 sinners.  
 IIc: Algebra Homework? Ask father.  
 IId: Good little boys and girls.  
 III Arts: Full of arts.  
 III Science: Thank goodness there is only one Page and not a bookful.  
 IIIa: There's a piano in our room, which every Friday tolls our doom.  
 IIIb: Draughts and breezes-Coughs and Sneezes.  
 IV Arts: Fog outside; "fogged" inside.  
 IVa: Plenty of logs, but still cold.  
 IVb: So much to say that it is incoherent.  
 V Science: Va:Vb:Vc: All so busy with "Mock-Matric" that they have no time to write Form reports. Obviously industrious students, who never waste a minute.  
 VI Arts Lower: " Life in the Sixth?" "It's all right; we're getting used to it."  
 VI Arts Upper: Full of 'arts, broken and about to be broken-so they say.  
 VI Science Lower: Just above the damned.  
 VI Science Upper: Thoughts turning to a higher plane.  
 VI Commercial: In spite of name, has no red petrol.

### SCHOOL VISITS AND EXCURSIONS

On July 14 a party of one hundred Fifth and Sixth Formers, accompanied by Miss Lodwig, Miss Parsons, Miss Tipping, Mr Hallworth, Mr Penney, and Mr Williams, joined one of the cruises round the London Docks organised by the Port of London Authority. They sailed from Tower Pier in " The Crested Eagle" at 2.30 p.m., and with a loud-speaker commentary en route went as far as the Royal Docks, which they entered through a lock, and sailed slowly past the vessels berthed there. After a very enjoyable trip they returned to Tower Pier at 6 p.m.  
 Having enjoyed Geography Field Classes during the year, members of Form V asked for a final "ramble" at the beginning of the summer holidays. This was held on July 28, and despite the very hot day forty scholars turned up.

The party, accompanied by Miss Tipping, Mr Hallworth, and Mr Williams, went by bus to Berkhamsted, and walked across country to Dunstable Downs, returning by bus from Dunstable. The ramble was notable for the new system devised by the Staff for the purchase and distribution of soft drinks, a system worked by J. Good, who, of course, appropriated the usual "rake-off." It was notable also for the success which attended Mr Hallworth and Mr Williams, who, to round off the field-work of the year, "persuaded" several over-active gentlemen to make an unusually close examination of the scarp edge of the chalk, some two miles due west of Dunstable.

On October 9 twelve scholars of Form V went on a geographical excursion to Whipsnade-Dunstable area. They were accompanied by Miss McShane and Mr Williams. In the warm sunny weather they spent an enjoyable and, it is hoped, profitable day.

On October 16 a party of scholars of Form VI, accompanied by Miss Jones, Miss Parsons, and Mr Williams took train to Knebworth, and walked through Codicote and Ayot St Lawrence to Wheathampstead (where they were joined by two enthusiastic cyclists, Mary and Shirley). From Wheathampstead the way lay through Brocket Park, in pouring rain, to Welwyn Garden City and home by rail. A grand day in spite of all.

The Special Service for scholars about to leave the Secondary Grammar Schools in the County of Middlesex, held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on July 12, was attended by a party of Sixth and Fifth Form scholars, accompanied by Mr Brandon.

Scholars of Forms V and VI saw the performance of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," given by the Children's Theatre at Hornsey Town Hall on October 15.

Eight members of Form VI, accompanied by Miss Tipping, Mr Eustance, and Mr Kurt, saw a performance of "The Medea" at the Globe Theatre on October 25.

Scholars in the Upper Forms taking music attended a concert given by the Musica da Camera Trio at White Hart Lane New School Hall on October 29. A smaller number attended the London Philharmonic Orchestra Concert at Hornsey Town Hall on December 8.

Scholars of Form VI, accompanied by Mr Dean, visited an exhibition of French Manuscripts and Books at the Book Club, Albemarle Street, on October 26.

**Editor—I wonder if Jack remembers what he spent his "rake-off" on ?**





### School Magazine July 1958

#### “IN RETROSPECT”

#### FIFTY YEARS A FOOTBALL CLUB

In 1908 Higher Grade Old Boys decided to form a Football Section. In 1958 Trinity Old Boys Football Club has celebrated it jubilee season.

Stated thus, history can be put into a nutshell; but perhaps this record of existence deserves something more than nutshell treatment, maybe a glance into the past and the future, “ Higher Grade,” of course, was Trinity's earliest title and, as is known, it had others before arriving at its present one.

The Old Boys Club of that day was a relatively small affair, but certainly not lacking in enthusiasm. Had it been, the Football Club would never have survived its first disastrous season. Wanting nothing in courage-or was it foolhardiness the Club entered the Wood Green League Competition; and season 1908/9 saw it finish well and truly at the bottom of its division.

The second season was a little better-not much; but as early as 1911 things had improved to such a degree that the Club finished joint holders of the Junior Section of the Wood Green Hospital Charity Competition after, if my memory serves me, two replays which resulted in drawn games. The following season they won the Senior Section of the same competition. Not bad going

having regard to their very inauspicious start so few years before,.

Little time was lost in getting going again after the end of the 1914-.18 war, and by 1922 the Club was at the top of Division II of the Wood Green League. So to 1939, and in the final of the local Hospital Charity Competition when war again intervened. Again, too, Trinity (as it had then become) began putting its house in order as quickly as possible after the cessation of hostilities.

In 1908 it had one Eleven; now it runs four. Its post-war successes have been numerous in Nemean League (of which it was a founder-member) and London Old Boys' Cup Competitions.

To mark the 50th year of its existence a very successful Dinner Dance was held at Firs Hall in April. The capacity of the hall was tested with an attendance of some 180, which included two founder-members of the Club in Jimmy Grint and Sid Langford. With Mr A. H. Dalrymple, the President, in the Chair, it was a great and thoroughly enjoyable evening.

#### *What of the future?*

So far as the Football Club is concerned, arrangements. are. made for again running four elevens in season 1958-59; but-and it might be a big "but "- players leaving the School must rally to their Old Boys Club. Team spirit and friendliness are there; A.F.A. Saturday-afternoon football provides first-class amateur sport. So, if you're Old Trinity and a footballer, why not join the Club with 50 years behind it? S.L.

**Editor—Did you join ? Send us your memory.**



### Standing Order Instruction

Please take or send to your Bank ... do not send to me.

To Manager.....(Bank) Branch.....

Please set up a Standing Order to:

T.O.S.A. Sort Code 30-91-11 Account No. 03469989 Reference .....  
(YourNameYear as example below)  
**BSKINNER1942**

Amount £5.00 (Five Pounds) Annually on 15th January commencing 2009 until further notice

Please debit my account No.....Sort Code.....

Signed.....

Since our last newsletter we have said  
goodbye to the following friends

**Ernest Chard (46)**  
**John D. Jenkins (46)**

Welcome to the following new members

Valerie Lewis (Barber) 47  
Don Turner 54  
Jack Burrows 47  
Gary Foster 53  
Philip Andrews 33

**Hatfield Peverel gathering 16th April**, I have had great difficulty in finding a suitable venue in HP that is recommended, so I have decided to go back to the Shoulder of Mutton at Aldham, situated on the A1124 Colchester to Halstead Road and 3 miles from the A12. Format will be the same... more than 15 people and they will do a buffet lunch for us. Less than 15 and we will have food a-la-carte. Cost per head for the buffet will be £12. including gratuities (buy your own drinks) If you are interested, please send a cheque payable to me to cover pp which will be returned on the day if we do not make 15 of us.

**LAST DAY FOR BOOKINGS is 9th April**

**Beryl Skinner**  
**110 Reading Road**  
**Finchampstead, Berks RG40 4RA**

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

**Year 54 will be celebrating 6..5 special** (work that one out) on Saturday the 19th April at Ye Olde Cherry Tree, Southgate.. New member Don Turner will be there. Contact Keverne Weston—020 8675 1925

**Bournemouth Reunion—All years -** Saturday 26th April. Contact Jill Deamer 01305 832597 or Vic Manning 01892 823945

**Reunions— Year 46** will be meeting at the Ramada Comet Hotel on Saturday 26th April. Contact John Glyn (Boys) on 01372 802576 or Margaret Driscoll (Girls) On 01327 350283

**Year 58 will be celebrating 50 years** in September at Finsbury Park  
Contact Anne Flanagan on 01425 616483 for more details

**School Reunion** Saturday 11th October at Ramada Comet Hotel, Hatfield.

**Year 48 will be celebrating 60 years at the School reunion make a note in your diary !**

**Year 50.** A special request from **Jeanne Zimmerman (Webb).**

‘Some of us will be having 70th Birthdays... why not join “old friends” and celebrate together at the Annual reunion.? **’Booking form with June/July Newsletter**

**My contact no 12th April—16th April is  
MOBILE 07717098653**

**And Finally—just to make you smile.....**

When a panel of doctors was asked to vote on adding a new wing to their hospital, the Allergists voted to scratch it and the Dermatologists advised not to make any rash moves.

The Gastroenterologists had sort of a gut feeling about it, but the Neurologists thought the administration had a lot of nerve, and the Obstetricians felt they were all labouring under a misconception.

The Ophthalmologists considered the idea short-sighted; the Pathologists yelled, "Over my dead body", while the Paediatricians said, "Oh, Grow up!"

The Psychiatrists thought the whole idea was madness, the Radiologists could see right through it, and the Surgeons decided to wash their hands of the whole thing.

The Internists thought it was a bitter pill to swallow, and the Plastic Surgeons said, "This puts a whole new face on the matter."

The Podiatrists thought it was a step forward, but the Urologists felt the scheme wouldn't hold water. The Anaesthesiologists thought the whole idea was a gas and the Cardiologists didn't have the heart to say no.

In the end, the Proctologists left the decision up to some ass in administration.

## Important Post-script to this newsletter

### The War Memorial

Great News.... Update from the AGM. Reg Rogers made contact with Ms Doda Panayiotou, the Headmistress of Nightingale School and took the samples of the proposed replacement Memorial Plaque. On the 26th February I met with Ms Doda and members of her staff. They had been horrified to learn the story of our original Memorial, and were fully supportive of having a replacement in the school.

This year there will be a new reception area by September, and they feel that this will be the appropriate place for the Memorial.

For those of you who were not at the AGM, the replacement will be very like the original, though slightly smaller— i.e.

**Brass Plaque 16.5” x 11.75”, etched detail and filled black with 4 counter-sunk holes, screws and caps mounted onto 1 off 18” x 13 ¼” solid oak backing board with mahogany or clear stain and wall fixings**

Final details will be agreed with the School/Memorial supplier.

The estimated cost will be £400 including art-work and fitting.

If you would like to make a donation towards the cost of this Memorial, please send to me with your cheque made out to T.O.S.A  
Please mark back of cheque with “MEMORIAL FUND”

Beryl Skinner  
110 Reading Road  
Finchampstead, Berks, RG40 4RA

### **Spring Lunch at Hatfield Peverel... page 10**

We have now located a suitable venue in Hatfield Peverel, and will now meet at  
The Wheatsheaf, The Green, Hatfield Peverel, CM3 2JF 01245 380330 at 12 noon for  
Lunch at 12.30 pm

Format will be the same... more than 15 people and they will do a buffet lunch for us—Cold meats, salad, Baked potatoes etc etc. Less than 15 and we will have food a-la-carte. Cost per head for the buffet will be £10. including gratuities (buy your own drinks) If you are interested, please send a cheque payable to me to cover per person which will be returned on the day if we do not make 15 of us.

**LAST DAY FOR BOOKINGS is 9th April**



On the 26<sup>th</sup> February, I was delighted to accompany **Kemal (Kim) Ghafur 1951** when he visited Nightingale Primary School (which now occupies the Trinity building) to talk to pupils about “going to school in the 1950’s.”

Together with **Alan Johnson (50)** we were the intrepid Three Musketeers – Kim complete in school uniform (long trousers of course) together with Mortar Board and Gown, Alan with school cap /prefects badge, and me with a borrowed prefects badge – the nearest I ever came. (Photos on the website)

Kim had managed to put together a fantastic array of memorabilia from that era :-

School captain's eagle. Gown and Mortar Board which he wore, much to the amusement of the audience and on display were his Trinity Report Book; Hymn Book; school drama photos (Admetus) football; cricket; tennis; prefects (Kim and Alan); class photos; Latin; English Lit. and General Science exercise books; Coronation programme for Wood Green; Intimate Theatre Palmers Green Programme; Primary school exercise books ;Report Book. Meccano plane; original boxed set; and book; Hornby clockwork train (which whizzed across the hall); Wells Tin Clockwork Trolley Bus; set of Dinky Racing Cars; School Friend; Film Fun; Rainbow comics; ABC Ritz and Gaumont and Famous Five badges. Old money and Ration Books; 40s wooden jigsaw puzzle; 40s toy tin sword; Rupert and School Girls Annals; 1953 Coronation spoon.

The children (approximate 60) and their teachers, were fascinated by the stories Kim related, and were very keen to answer the questions he put for fun, when the one who answered correctly, won a prize. A short history of their school was given and they were made aware of the foundation stone and also the link to Woodside High which now stands on the old playing field. They could not believe that farthings were used to raise money in 1933 for the 100 trees planted.

A good afternoon was enjoyed by all.

**29th February**

**Help !!!!!**

## **OVERDUE SUBSCRIPTIONS**

**If you have set up a Standing Order since 5th January with instructions to your bank to Pay £5.00 IMMEDIATELY, and then Annually on ....etc. and you have not received a membership card with this newsletter, please check with your Bank that they have, in fact, followed these Instructions. There are still 90 members who have not renewed—many of whom I have emailed reminders.**