

Trinity Old Scholars Association

www.tosa.homestead.com email: trinityn22@waitrose.com

Website and Newsletter Editor : Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 42

Proof Reader : Peter Turner (54)



Newsletter June 2008

Many thanks to

1. Everyone who donated to the replacement School War Memorial. You were so generous, that we have received over £500 that should cover costs.
 2. Those who are receiving this newsletter because you have paid your subscription.
 3. Those who write me such really nice letters... I really wish I could answer them all personally.
and last but by no means least on behalf of us all
- A really **BIG** thank you to Sir Ernie Harrison, for another generous donation to the Association funds.
Beryl

'Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance!' and on that happy note .. welcome to the 11th 11-page newsletter...containing lots of interesting bits and pieces from the past, and some good ones from the present. In particular, I draw your attention to the booking form at the end of this newsletter, for the School Reunion. This year we are going to celebrate with the 48'ers their 60th anniversary of joining Trinity, and with the 50's intake.. some of whom are celebrating 70th birthdays.

PLEASE PLEASE LET US HAVE YOUR BOOKING FORMS EARLY, WE WILL NOT CASH YOUR CHEQUES UNTIL SEPTEMBER BUT WE DO NEED TO ORGANISE THE SEATING ARRANGEMENTS. REG WAS STILL DOING THIS ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DINNER LAST YEAR.

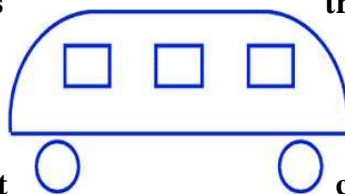
In this issue :

Old Scholars from 54 were celebrating their 6...5 specials, and on that note, I have found a write-up from Jack Good in an old school Magazine which tells the true story of just that programme! Enjoy!

2. A follow-up from the visit to Nightingale School and here's a test for YOU ... can you do better than Class 5S?

Which way is the bus

travelling Left or Right



Don't

cheat answer is on Page 3

Deadline for the September newsletter will be 10th August. Please let me have your stories. If you have WORD, please use font Times New Roman size 11, and if you send by e-mail please let me have it as an attachment. Otherwise, old fashioned handwriting will do and I will convert. Send to 110 Reading Road, Finchampstead, Berks, RG40 4RA

Spurs United.....

I attended Tottenham Grammar School between the years 1943 – 48. I am grateful to Beryl for allowing me a guest spot in this newsletter. Incidentally my wife is a member of TOSA, the former Joyce (she prefers Joy) Thompson, who was at Trinity between 1944 – 49.

I am writing because I can fill in some of the details following Peter Turner's article about Spurs in the last newsletter.

During the war Arsenal's ground at Highbury was taken over for military purposes. For a short while Joy's father was posted there. Spurs and Arsenal shared the ground at White Hart Lane. Thus it was that on my first visit on 24th October 1942 I saw Arsenal beat Reading 4 – 1. The following Saturday I had my first glimpse of Spurs in a 1 – 1 draw with Chelsea. At the time clubs fielded many guest players. In order to avoid undue travel professional players turned out for the club nearest to their service postings. Aldershot had a team of internationals but they never blended into an effective unit. I actually saw Stanley Matthews play for Arsenal against Millwall.

A graphic memory of the period was seeing a doodlebug fly low over the ground with a match in progress and head towards my home! It landed in Wood Green, I would guess in the general direction of Trinity. Play continued as if nothing had happened.

Spurs had a fairly decent side; you could say the birth pangs of their "push and run" era. They won the so-called Football League south Championship in successive seasons, 43 – 44 and 44 - -45.

Peter Turner mentioned a visit of George Robb to Trinity. I met George several times through cricket. I played for North London and George for Highgate. The two grounds adjoined. George also played for the Spurs cricket team. More than anything I remember his fielding in the covers. He was very fast and covered so much ground that he practically cut off our supply of runs in that area.

George played amateur football for Finchley and he represented Great Britain in the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki. His early days for Spurs were as an amateur and on turning professional he formed a dangerous left wing partnership with Eddie Bailey until the 55/56 season when Bailey bowed out but George continued until 58/59.

I believe George won only one full cap for England. He may have been considered lucky to get into the team due to other players being injured but he was decidedly unlucky that the opponents were Hungary. They ended a few England careers with a 6 – 3 victory at Wembley. George used to write a column in one of the London evening papers at the time and he was quick to acknowledge that the cream of English football had been taken apart.

The arrival of Alf Ramsey was the final piece of the "push and run" jigsaw and his tactical awareness subsequently served him well as the manager of Ipswich

and England. Alf was a wonderful kicker of a dead ball and scored consistently from penalties for Spurs and England. He must turn in his grave that England's modern players have lost so many shoot-outs.

I saw the Spurs clinch promotion in 1950 when they played Preston. The visitors led 2 – 0 at half time, the second goal being scored from a penalty by some chap called Tom Finney! Spurs eventually won 3 – 2.

From then on I followed the Spurs but saw little of them as I moved out of the area. I did see the Double team live on several occasions and often on television. More recently my outstanding memories are the 1981 cup final replay when Ricky Villa scored his incredible winning goal almost under my nose, and the UEFA cup final in 1984 against Anderlact. This involved a penalty shoot-out but the Spurs won on saves rather than successful kicks.

Trinity's other visitor, Arthur Rowe used to say, "Make it simple, make it quick" (i.e. push and run)

I hope I have not gone on for too long but I must be allowed a brief footnote.

Spurs F.C. was formed by boys from Tottenham Grammar School in 1882. **Editor ...whoops ! But what a good job they did it.**

Eric Riley—Tottenham Grammar School

And keeping it in the family, here is Joy's follow-up to their visit to Gambia reported in an earlier newsletter.

Eric and I visited The Gambia twice in 2007. On both occasions we caught up with Abdoulie, the boy we are sponsoring through school. He is now eight and has left the nursery school and is in a primary school now. He only goes to school in the afternoon and as we visited in the morning we went to his house to meet the rest of his family. They live in a traditional African compound which comprises a walled off area containing a long building which is divided into four or five dwellings. Usually each consists of a living room and a bedroom or two behind. The 'kitchen' is in a separate hut and often is communal. Abdoulie has 3 brothers and 2 sisters and he is the next to youngest. There were many children in the compound and it was difficult to work out just which belonged to his family. We had taken some small gifts of food – coffee, sugar, jam etc and in return they picked oranges for us off the tree in the compound. They were too fibrous to eat but we were pleasantly surprised at how sweet their juice was.

We also visited the nursery school and took them the usual array of pens and pencils etc. When we had gone in January I had taken some wall charts A is for apple, B is for ball and 1 dog, 2 cats etc. The headmaster had been extremely pleased with these and

over the summer I made some on the computer making sure that I used words that I knew African children would know. The original chart had 'I is for Igloo' and even the headmaster did not know what an igloo was and I don't think he believed me when I told him! The school has had some improvements since we were last there. There are paintings on the walls depicting various common objects including a person with his body parts labelled. The label for his hand pointed to the arm but everything else was right! Once again all the children sang for us when we went into the classrooms or counted or recited the alphabet. We do enjoy going to this school as our welcome is so warm.

We have already booked again for next November and want to visit Abdoulie's primary school as well to see what that is like. I have already started my collection of things to take. Thank goodness we don't need many clothes so I can use all the luggage allowance and then come home with a virtually empty suitcase!

Joy Riley (Thompson)

AND FROM ALAN ROGERS (47)

I started at Trinity in 1947 so my Spurs watching days started in time to include the Great team of 51 whose team picture still has pride of place on my study wall. My own personal hero was Ted Ditchburn who inspired me to try to emulate him (fat chance I had of that) but I did manage to make the School's first XI. This enabled me to meet George Robb who, you may remember, was an amateur who played for the full England team. He was a teacher at a School in Finchley. One day we played them at home and they arrived one man short so George played for them in his usual position on the left wing. He treated us quite gently but I well remember one shot from him. He must have been about 35 yards out, which was almost a long range shot with the balls we had in those days, and with virtually no backlift he hit it straight at me. It was quite easy to catch it on my chest but the effortless power in the shot made me think that it was going straight through me. This is the only occasion that I know of when I played on the same pitch with such an illustrious player. However a friend of mine, Ron Bishop, did play for the School against Edmonton Latymer and had to mark Johnnie Haynes.

I still have close contact with several of my contemporaries from the class of 47 who with one exception are all Spurs fans. (Terry Hayne, Les Mead, Mick Osborn, Brian Surrige) recently we were treated to see a match from the Bill Nicholson Hospitality Suite, which was so different to the Boys' Enclosure of our youth.

It was so nice to enjoy, once again, the thrill of success at Wembley.

Trinity and Nightingale School.

Firstly, the Memorial. Work is now in hand and will be finished in time for placing in the new Reception Area in Nightingale, during the summer school holidays. Arrangements cannot be finalised until we know the date the builders will actually hand-over.

Following our visit in February, when Kim Ghafur gave that memorable talk to Class 5, he has received 48 letters of thanks from the children, of which some are reproduced on pages 9 and 10 of this newsletter

We were so impressed with these letters that your Committee felt that it would be appropriate to forge our links with the school even further. We have, therefore, offered this year, an award of £25 to a Girl and a Boy, who had made the best effort during their final year at Nightingale. We have said that we would like this award to take the form of a book/books which would assist them in the next stage of their education. The Head Teacher Ms Doda Panayiotou, has agreed that the purchase will be supervised by a teacher.

We hope that this can be an annual event, and this will be on the agenda at AGM for discussion.

Which way is the bus travelling ? The answer is it is travelling to the right. How do we know ? Because you cannot see the door which allows you on to the bus.

A SPECIAL Poem for Senior Citizens Courtesy Bill Kenny 42

**A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyse myself
One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop
A little white one that I take
Goes to my hands so thy won't shake
The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not
The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.
The capsules tell me not the wheeze
Or cough or choke or even sneeze.
The red ones, smallest of them all
Go to my blood so I won't fall.
The youngest ones, so big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night
Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills
But what I'd really like to know
Is what tells each one where to go.**

Trinity School Magazine – July 1958

" SIX FIVE SPECIAL "

The seeds of the "SIX FIVE SPECIAL" idea were sown in a little cinema in Islington. The film showing was "Rock around the Clock" and at that time I was an actor who had been rehearsing nearby-I decided to have a look at this film which was attracting so much publicity. This new kind of popular music was much more exciting than anything that had gone before, I felt much more healthy too. I have always loathed the sentimental slush of commercial ballads, whether of the vintage of "Because" or "My Special Angel," and this new stuff, simple and repetitive as it may be, talks of alligators rather than turtle doves!

What a reception it got from the audience. Most of the time I was undecided whether to look at the screen or at the auditorium; this dilemma was the more worrying on the next occasion on which I met rock n' roll-Tommy Steele's first appearance at the Finsbury Park Empire. It seemed that if only one could find a way of seeing both artist and audience at one and the same time, a wonderful medium of entertainment would have been discovered. The answer ?-TELEVISION ; when Ronnie Waldman suggested that as a stop gap, I should produce half an hour for teenagers, this was what I had in mind.

Josephine Douglas was asked to produce, in the preceding half hour, a programme called "House Magazine" (which she had done before), but she couldn't stand the idea of producing it again and I couldn't stand the idea of sharing a studio. It seemed an impossible burden to halve the area, halve rehearsal time and so on, so we amalgamated, though despite our friendship then and now the amalgamation of our professional personalities was an uneasy one. Jo's idea was a magazine programme of items to interest the teenager - fashions, film stars, sport, travel, youth club. activities with classical music interspersed with popular music: each item to have a separate setting with as much film as possible. If there was to be an audience, then of course it should be set in one block, well out of the way of the cameras and set-this was all logical and would probably have made a good show, but unfortunately, I was obsessed with another idea. This was the creating of excitement; I wanted to get real live pictures of what went on in the cinema at Islington and at the Finsbury Park Empire. With this in mind I designed a set which would contain both audience and artists - in other words, the audience would be in front of the cameras and would be free to do as it liked. Moreover, the set was in one piece, so that cameras could shoot from almost any angle with-

out " shooting off."

The technicians thought I was crazy-the kids would tear the place to pieces-it would be impossible to see anything on the camera; Ronnie Waldman confirmed that the whole of my scheme was madness and I was told to redesign the set. Luckily, the designer was the only one on my side and we conspired to produce a set which would, in plan, satisfy the critics and yet would suit our purposes by a simple re-adjustment in the studio. The fateful day of the first programme arrived, I had the set rearranged and Jo Douglas went pale and enquired what would happen if Ronnie Waldman were to arrive in the studio. We pressed on as it was too late to turn back and, sure enough, R.W. rolled in during rehearsals, came up to the control room and said he was very pleased with our progress, despite the fact that the place was seething with jivers. So the first hurdle was overcome.

There were many differences of opinion over various aspects of the production of the show; my wish to introduce a boy who was just beginning his career, and who is now a famous star on six programmes, met with strong disapproval on the grounds that six appearances on Six Five Special would kill his career. As it turned out, the boy was sought after by every other programme and indeed there are not many shows which can afford his fee!

The feud which had existed between producers finally ended amicably and ultimately I was left with the complete production of the programmes. Just as everything connected with Six Five Special has been treated to a certain amount of sensational publicity, so my leaving the B.B.C. was blown up to oversize proportions. What actually happened was that my contract expired at the end of December, 1957 and, as the B.B.C. were unable to accede to my requests for expansion of my activities to stage shows, films and writing, I decided to seek other fields in which to widen my experience.

Six Five Special was a grand experiment; good, hectic fun while it lasted and I still enjoy watching my friends Jo, Pete and Freddy carrying on with the good work.

Jack Good.

Welcome to new members -

Leslie Simmonds. 1935

Stan Leveridge 46

Shirley Barber (Caiger) 46

Ray Blunt (Harris) 46

Jaqueline Slater (Croxon) 46

Pauline Beckford (Croxon) 44

Patricia Timlin (Croxon) 54

Alan Johnson 50

Pauline Johnson (Rust) 55

REUNION NEWS starting with 1954's

Reporter—Peter Turner

I have to report another extremely successful event on 20th April at Ye Olde Cherry Tree, Southgate when we managed to match the numbers attending our first reunion in 2003. The 25 present had a wonderful time. Those unable to come missed a real treat. Apologies from Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 42 our Website and Newsletter Editor.

NEW FACES

The reunion exceeded our expectations when several new contacts were able to come at short notice, including Hazel Cotsford (now Andrews), Tony Aves, Brian Woodhall and Myra Stanbury, over here from Australia on a visit.

Don Turner and Geraldine Richards (now Warrant) came for the first time. Barbara Dunbar (now Coe) was found recently in Spain, but was unable to come at short notice, but promises to come next year (old friends can be put in contact meanwhile).

Don Turner made the trip into a long weekend, re-searching his old church and school, St Michael's, and his old Wood Green haunts, plus his birthplace near Hatfield. Other pupils might like to make it a life enhancing project in a similar fashion next year.

RETURNERS & OLD FAITHFULS:

Some who had come once to the 2003 reunion came again, like Sandra Negus (now Bacon), John Mercer, John Knights (1955) and Marshall Wright, all very welcome. Other returners after an one visit included Georgina Hurst (now Huber & a friend of Myra) and Alan Willett.

The faithful regulars like Keverne Weston, Jean Frances, Dorothy Peters, Barry Wilkinson, Malcolm Sell, David Crease, Tony Heaton and Bob Bowes, Ray & Elaine Conner all made it again, making it a real friendly occasion.

I was lucky to see several old class mates like Tony Heaton and John Mercer for the first time in 48 years. Please correct me if some details are slightly incorrect - sign of a rusty mind.

CLUE MASTERMINDS:

Special thanks to people like Rob Bowes and Keverne for supplying vital clues to trace new faces like Tony Aves, and also to Tony Aves for turning up at very short notice (three days!). Keep the clues coming and we could have even more new faces next year.

David Stevens was unable to come because of his son needed an urgent back operation. We wish him and family a speedy recovery.

Barry Wilkinson turned up despite a chest infection, displaying his usual Trinity loyalty and determination - thanks Barry.

MISSING PERSONS

Past regulars we missed, perhaps because of the relatively short notice, included Peter Haines, Sue Binning (now Rimmer), and Valerie Kearey (now Dickson). Janet Manchester (now Charles) came in 2003 but was

unable to come this year.

Lastly a special thanks to Keverne Weston for keeping the reunion going when interest was flagging, and to Dorothy Peters, still in Wood Green, and attending the main Old Scholars events in North London for a long time. Magnificent torch bearers, keeping the flame alive!

Former pupils we have addresses for, but have not yet come, include James Grayston, Marion Cribb, Pat Maguire (now Cohen), Sandra Stockley (now Fleming), Carolyn Selkirk (now Ryde), Keith Patchett, Geoffrey Morsley, Keith Sellwood, Barry Livingstone and John Douglas.

If anyone has special influence on these "shy" pupils, and manages to persuade them to come will receive some sort of prize next year.

Please keep the untraced list of former pupils under your pillows, in case a clue comes to you in a dream -

(suggest you include paper & pencil to write it down at once), Extra copies of this list can be supplied on request at any time.

ON HOLIDAY

Janet Creasy (now Dutton), John Solder and Alan Barter were going on holiday and could not attend, but sent their best wishes to old friends.

NEWSLETTER?

I am considering sending out an Occasional Newsletter by email later in the year, so any news items and snippets of information,

please let me know for inclusion.

2009 EVENT - When?

Please everyone, keep in touch and make next year even more spectacular. I will book the function room to make the pub less crowded.

Suggestions for a time more suitable for them are very welcome, especially from those abroad like Fred Tippett, Elaine Dulley (now Snowdon), Doreen Elam (now Patel) and Vic Deeble in Australia (email not working).

Any mistakes /omissions are all my own work. Thanks again to Keverne - he is the real hero!

Peter Turner

Class of 1946 Reunion-26th April 2008

Twenty classmates attended the 9th reunion at the RAMADA Hotel, Hatfield and Beryl Skinner, the Association's Secretary/Treasurer joined us as our guest. Unfortunately, Margaret Driscoll (Bridgeman) our joint organiser was unable to join us due to ill health but hopefully will be with us in 2009.

After lunch, Beryl gave us an up to date report on the replacement war memorial plaque which is to be installed in the old school building later this year. Also the gathering was entertained(at enormous expense) by Len Crouch, one of our number, whose sleight of hand kept us all guessing. The function was as usual a happy, friendly occasion and we look forward to the 25th April next year. Please note this in your diaries.

John Glyn (Joint Organiser)

Attendees at the 46'ers gathering

George Brett	Bridget Barling
Ron Bishop	Ray Blunt (Harris)
Jean Blackwell (Fairbrother)	Shirley Barber (Caiger)
Len Crouch	Pat Beckingham (Connock)
John Glyn	Sheila Dinnis (Ashton)
Stan Leveridge	Jean Luftig (Leslie)
Colin Moor	Peggy Pickering (Denton)
Alan Rutter	Anne Rossi (Wright)
Victor Whymark	Jacqueline Slater (Croxon)
Doreen Stoddart (Dunstan)	Sylvia Turnham (Boyes)

Footnote from Editor.

To all 46'ers... it was an absolute delight for me to join you, and put faces to names who I have never met, and renewed friendships with those I have met before. Thank you for inviting me.

The Colchester gathering 16th April at Hatfield Peverel

Attendees

Audrey Augood (Latter) 44	Roy Augood 41
Derek Coleman 42	Doris Chennells (Barling)42
Barbara Goddard (Pegrum) 44	Beryl Ivatt (Cole) 38
Derek Ridout 43	Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 42
Chas Stancer 40	Vic Ware 36
Ann Coleman (Guest)	Sheila Dumayne (Guest)
Joyce Fitch (Guest)	Geoff Ivatt (Guest)
Doreen Mills (Guest)	Sylvia Mills (Guest)
Barry Stickland (Guest)	

This year we met at the Wheatsheaf in Hatfield Peverel and what a magical day that turned out to be. 11 Old Scholars with their guests enjoyed a sumptuous buffet lunch prepared by mine hosts Debbie and David Smith in a private room "The Barn". This had been decorated in Trinity School colours, with orange and blue balloons flying from the tables. Fantastic!

Needless to say, there was lots of jaw-jaw with the meeting old friends and making new ones.

It was particularly nice to meet Derek Ridout after (we think), 63 years or so. Of course, Audrey Augood, Derek and I reminisced about our early childhood when we lived in the same road, exchanged comics on Saturday mornings, got up to the usual mischief playing "canon", tobogganing in Ally Pally, and generally doing what all of us did in those long ago, not-to-be forgotten, days. Talks with Barbara Goddard reminded us of coming home from school, to stop off at her parent's bakery, hopefully to pick up a cake or two to munch on the way. These were the days of rationing, so the odd cake was a real treat. Always good to meet up with Doris Chennells who was actually in my class and, in 1947, was one of

Vb girls who played truant after Matric exams and went to Durnsford Road swimming pool instead. I admit to nothing!

Beryl Ivatt with husband Geoff, travelled by Underground and Liverpool Street to join us. A medal there is needed I think.

We were also able to welcome two new members to the gathering, namely Chas Stancer and Vic Ware, we hope to see more of them in the future. Vic now lives in Hatfield Peverel.

Chas, having been one of our evacuees, reminisced with our other guest Joyce Fitch, who has lived in HP all her life and was there when the school arrived in 1939. She has written a book (several to be exact) about HP, and Trinity is mentioned in her first one about HP School.

We were able to have a short walk to look at the Priory (now a private dwelling), which Roy Augood remembered when visiting his older brother who had been one the evacuees to HP. Was there a lake in the grounds then ?

Finally, *Extraordinary* is the understatement describing the meeting between two of our guests when they introduced themselves, remarking, "Do I know you? I think I do." It turned out that Ann Coleman (Derek's wife) and Doreen Mills had both been at Noel Park Senior School, shared the same friends, some of who had lost touch... I understand that there is now going to be a gathering of Noel Park Old Scholars! Ann's maiden name is Checkley.. anyone else have a connection? Another guest, Sylvia Mills, who went to St Michaels Infants/Junior School, reminded us that they used to take shelter in the Trinity building, during the air raids. Date for next year ..Wednesday 22nd April ...put it in your diary.

I will try to arrange a visit to the Priory.

Photographs from all these events appear on our website and can be accessed by the link from Recommended Reading on the Home Page

And a last minute note from Chas Stancer

Our very enjoyable visit to Hatfield Peverel and the superb buffet lunch in the Wheatsheaf Pub was gilded by the presence of a very special guest.

We were joined by a lady, Mrs. Joyce Fitch, nee Pease, whose forbears had lived in the village for generations, and who had attended the local school, before moving to a Secondary School in nearby Witham, returning eventually, to become a teacher and latterly, Head Mistress.

She asked if I had been with Trinity at the Priory. I said I had and that I had thoroughly enjoyed my time there, the surroundings and particularly the fun I had

enjoyed with the lady with whom I was billeted, a Mrs. Gilder, living at 31, New Road. Her husband was serving in the Royal Air Force at the time, as I remember.

Nevertheless, she had kindly taken me in, an evacuee from London, although already having a son Eric and a daughter Mary to look after.

With Double British Summer Time the evenings were bright until past ten o'clock in the summer. Long evenings full of conversation and joking and home made ginger beer.

Getting us up in time to walk to school was a problem for Mrs. Gilder.

Sadly, Joyce told me that Eric Gilder had died just a few weeks ago.

Joyce then left me, I supposed to talk to the other Trinitarians but was soon back with a copy of her book and there they were, page 72, standing with a teacher outside the front door of number thirty one, Mary and Eric Gilder !

I asked her if she thought it possible that we might visit the Priory but it appeared that the lovely old place and park had recently been sold again for over a million and a half pounds and was currently out of bounds.

Apart from a lot more buildings on the periphery of the village the main difference I noted was the almost continual volume of traffic past the Wheatsheaf on it's way to Maldon and the river.

A totally enjoyable visit amongst thoroughly enjoyable companions. Naturally, I intend to be at any future gatherings that Beryl organises in the village and next time I hope to find the allotment that took me and Alan Bennett so much digging to tame."

Our attachments to Trinity can set up even more memories of childhood, so at this point I will bring some thoughts from Lesley Baldry (Jennings 53), who responded from a telephone conversation we had recently and writes :

Dear Beryl

It was good to talk to you especially about Rhodes Avenue and 3rd A.P. We mentioned Miss Lorraine, that got me thinking and a few others sprang to mind—well filtered though ! They may ring a few bells.

Miss Hankin (Cook)

Teachers—Mr Baxter

Mrs Simpson

Miss Davey

Miss Yates

Guides Kath Peacock

Jennifer Suckling

Elocution lessons—Freda Parfect

Piano Lessons—Miss Helliwell (YES I WENT TOO)

Also Ballet Lessons next door to St.Saviours church

Happy days, happy memories.

Lesley

News from Overseas

Patricia Meilleur (nee Cole) (51) writes, from Priddis, Alberta

Dear Beryl

Had a surprise telephone call from Peter Townsend (46 Seattle), a couple of weeks ago. He'd been in U.K. on a bereavement visit...seems he recalled me talking about my Dad having been a prisoner-of-war on Borneo (in Japanese hands) and not having returned...all the prisoners were mal-treated and killed off either during incarceration or after the war had ended during an awful Death March. Apparently Peter's Uncle had also been a prisoner on Borneo but at another camp...So Peter was interested to know more about my Dad's story. Sad indeed.

It took me two years to research his regiment leaving England and tracing the steps leading to the capture and imprisonment. In 1984 my brother, his wife, myself and my husband made a 'pilgrimage' to the Far East, visiting the places where my Dad and his fellow troops would have been....culminating on Borneo itself and the site of the camp. albeit subject to a huge roadway being built in the area at the time of our visit. We trekked the jungle paths where the men would have been led by their Japanese captors. Traumatic needless to say. Had an interesting encounter with a Mother Orang-utan clutching a babe in her arms and a youngster holding her hand as they 'strolled' along the jungle path. We kept our eyes fixed ahead!! There were snakes, lizards, screaming monkeys, and of course, the dreaded leeches...We all came out of the clearings dripping blood.

We travelled to Labuan (near Brunei) where the War graves are....found my Dad's grave and laid a wreath of roses. Of course, there are many more stories I could recount about this trip...but this will suffice for now. Out of interest, Beryl, **there were a couple of girls in my form at Trinity whose fathers were Japanese prisoners-of war.** *So there we are ,Beryl....

Will be in touch and trust you are well. We've had awful weather here in Alberta...seems as if winter will not leave us...fingers crossed for sunshine and warm temps...ski-ing is over...so guess we'll have to think really hard on boating and water related sports... ..

Regards. Patricia

* anyone know who they were ?

To make you smile

Because they had no reservations at a busy restaurant, an elderly couple were told that they would have to wait 45 minutes for a table.

“Young man, we’re both over 90 years old” the husband said, “and we may not have 45 minutes”

They were seated immediately.

8 Continuing... Keverne Weston (54) at Trinity

There had been a verse-speaking competition that I had won and, with my ability to imitate Kenneth Connor, Kenneth Williams, characters from The Goon Show, Irene Handl and Hylda Baker, I had a rather inflated idea of my thespian potential. Mum surprised me by giving me her support, however, at the audition, my rendition of Hamlet's soliloquy and a speech of Alfred Doolittle's did not secure me a place at RADA. A little learning is said to be a dangerous thing and this must also be true of a little talent. I'd have to think again - but not yet.

My form teacher, who was also one of my English teachers, Mr. Johnson, was very supportive of my efforts. A new headmaster had taken over when Mr. Swinden had retired. His name was Dalrymple and he was exceedingly unpopular. The school had been featured in the national press because an effigy of Dalrymple had been burned in the playground and various other pranks of an unusually – for that time – anarchic nature, had taken place. The reason for this was that the popular Games mistress was leaving and the sixth form girls had collected money for a present. They gave the money to the headmaster and asked him to buy the present. He said that he had forbidden collections, would not buy a present, nor would he give back the money. I did not learn many of these details until years later.

I managed to fall foul of Dalrymple at about the same time. While the Upper Sixth were doing the 'A' levels and could not perform their duties as prefects, we in the Lower Sixth became temporary prefects in their place. This was a dry run for the following year, when most of us would be prefects. Traditionally, there was a 'social' at the end of July for the older pupils but Dalrymple cancelled it. Jean Meeuwissen and I organised a temporary prefects' strike as a protest. Needless to say, when September came, neither of us were made prefects.

The last few months at school were important as we were preparing for our 'A'-Levels. It was decreed that nobody would be allowed to take four subjects and those that had begun the sixth form aiming to do this had to give up one subject. I abandoned Art, feeling that it would have less value in the future and continued with English, History and French.

I worked hardest at English, as this was my favourite subject and I was glad that 'A'-Level English was entirely based on literature, for I had not enjoyed English Language very much when we took our 'O'-Levels. I still don't know what 'parsing' is. To encourage our enjoyment of drama there had been several theatre trips to The Old Vic. This was in the period immediately prior to Laurence Olivier's reign, when The National Theatre began there. We saw a very young Judi Dench in The Merry Wives of Windsor and Twelfth Night, and a very bad production of Macbeth, one of our set texts, starring Michael

Hordern and Beatrix Lehmann. I also saw Shaw's St. Joan, starring Barbara Jefford, and enjoyed this very much. In French, we were studying Anouilh's version of Joan's life, L'Alouette, which I disliked intensely. I wrote a very critical essay of the play and received a high mark, giving me false confidence. A knack for following through an argument when criticising literature was not as important as learning all the grammar I discovered when I came to take the French exam.

When I was due to leave Trinity I had no idea what I would do. I told people I needed to think what I would do and no one knew of my failed attempt to get into RADA. On the whole I had been happy at Trinity. Socialising had been slightly difficult but I had made friends and not been unpopular or bullied. My final school report contained a gem of understatement: 'Throughout his school career, Keverne has been highly selective, perhaps too much so'. So I had been missed when I absented myself from lessons. A few weeks after I left school, the 'A'-Level results were posted on a notice board outside the gates. I had passed English and History, but failed French. The following term, on Prize Day, I went to receive the prize for English. When I had won the equivalent prize after the 'O'-Levels, I had raised eyebrows by choosing the novel The Best of Everything as my prize, a pot-boiler in the tradition of Peyton Place. This time I made a far more respectable choice, James Joyce's Ulysses, which took me more than one attempt to read.

After Trinity
 A few weeks at home and my mother ordered me to get a job. Office work was always available so I took myself off and ended up working for Friends' Provident and Century Life Office for three incredibly boring years. My Trinity friend, Mildred Stroud was at Whitelands Teachers' Training College and enjoying it very much. She told me I had been stupid in resisting going to college when we left Trinity. I thought about it then started applying to Teachers' Colleges. At the same time, Jean Meeuwissen, decided she would apply also. During the same week we were both interviewed at Trent Park Training College, However, whoever was interviewed first did not warn the other: the interviewer was Mr Dalrymple. Our hated Headmaster had now surfaced here. No doubt when he saw Jean and me he remembered that it was us who had organised the temporary prefects' strike because he had cancelled one of the few social events that the school arranged for the older pupils. Needless to say we didn't get in. Eventually I was accepted at a college for mature students. I was twenty-two. I loved college and taught in a housing estate school on the St Helier Estate, Carshalton. Did a joint honours degree at Goldsmiths' then became Deputy Head of a school in East Dulwich, acting as Head from time to time. Left there after teaching for twenty-two years to become an Archivist in a film Stills Library (my hobby!). Now retired..... and writing.

Keverne is organiser of the 54's group activities.

Letters to Kim Ghafur 51 —just as they were written (unexpurgated, warts and all)

Dear Kim Ghafur

Thank you for coming to our school and teaching us about head boy and head girl. It was very entrusting to know about that and that you were head boy and thank you for telling us what it felt like to be head boy and that you had to recite a poem every morning at 9 o'clock in assembly. It was nice to know that girls were apart from boys.

From Raffeam

Dear Mr Ghafur

Thank you for coming to Nightingale Primary School for sharing us what had happened in the olden days. The school wasn't called Nightingale Primary School, it was called Trinity Grammar School. You told us about your exercise books and how you can decorate it with stencils, well unfortunately we can't do that. The one thing that I'll never forget is when you said that you were head boy and when you were head boy or girl you read the bible at assemblies. Can I ask you a question ? Well, what did you do when you get in trouble? That's all from me !

Love from Deniz x o x o x o x o x o

Dear Mr Ghafur

It was a great pleasure seeing you and listening to your information you told us about but there was one thing that didn't leave my mind well. I loved when you talked about being head boy and head girl. I wish they still did that.

From Melissa 5S

Dear Mr Ghafur

It was a great pleasure of you coming to our school.. I mean your school !!! It was interesting how you told us how the school looked and how it was in 1945. My favourite part was when you told us there was a sweet shop in the hall at playtime and if you brought something the money is used for a good cause. The best part was the dancing a boy and a girl but the girl could never say no to a boy. One question. If you get in trouble how are your detention? That's all from me

From Moyin

Dear Kim Ghafur

I love it that someone like you came to our school in the 1950's and you can still remember everything about this school. Thank you sooo much. There is a question I would like to ask you. Do you still remember how you do the fox trot? In our school today: colouring pencils, no tuck shops, plays, no dancing as foxtrott, no really strict teachers , no boxing and boys and girls together.

Thank you so much and I appreciate you coming to our school. Now I am going to treasure my memories here and keep my exercise books and when I am old and grey like you, I'll come here and tell children my day at School life at School

Thank you

X Rebecca

Dear Mr Ghafur,

I would thank you for historic memories. thank you for Historic. I enjoyed the stories. The songs were interesting. I really liked the toys. thank you very much for everything it was so enjoyable. You are a very good teacher... I really enjoyed everything thank you very much.. I hope you had a good day Mr Ghafur. We enjoyed everything. Thank you Mr Ghafur

Your faithfully

From **Melanie**

Dear Mr Ghafur

Thank you for coming to our school and telling us wonderful things about Trinity Grammar School. I was very interested when you told us about head boys and girls and you were a head boy. Now in schools we don't have head boys and girls. It must be very good to be head boy of the school. You must be proud of being the head of school so must your family and friends. I wanted to ask a question. Who chose the head boy or girl

From **Alysun in 5S**

Dear Mr Ghafur,

I would like to say a enormous thank you that came especially to us and shown us all the stuff that are about 100 years old and it's not a normal history it's all Historic memories and that Tuesday you can't believe how i liked it: have never seen stuff that much historic and you are a great man and your friends now i would like to say a special thank you for all the pictures that you brought to us and all the toys and the little buses and it was fun when you putted the key in the bus and it just went under the stage in his own direction and i like the books that you used and the pictures i just can't believe how historic Nightingale Primary School and if i was going to count how many people was in Nightingale Primary School: just wouldn't know how to because what i have heard from you: got that much information that i just wouldn't fit them in the paper. So, again i am really excited until i see you again .

Yours faithfully

Nicole.

Editor's Note. I have purposely not corrected spelling or grammar, as the enthusiasm in these letters would have been lost. . I wish there had been room to publish them all. I loved them. How were you aged 9 going on 10 ? Kim awarded some prizes to writers of selected letters, e.g. interesting; drawings; best writing etc.

What is the connection between 'Windy Day' and 'Mon Chapeau'? - well, ask David Deamer! However, let's rewind to the beginning --

The 14th Bournemouth Reunion started on Friday 24th April, with the Reunion dinner on 25th - which was a very hot, sunny day.

After the usual Saturday evening welcome, Vic reported the sad loss of Reg Hanks, who died on 6 January 2008. He would have attained the age of 92 on 15 January 2008. He was a regular at Bournemouth.

Vic reported on an official visit, as TOSA Archivist, that he made to Bruce Castle Museum. They have a lot of Trinity records stored in their archives and it was quite fascinating to have a rummage through the material stored there (which unfortunately cannot be removed). Further visits will be necessary to take a full inventory.

Over the years our school had numerous clubs and societies involving many activities - a popular one being camping. Geraldine read out details of the stores taken for one trip to Pegwell Bay - the quantities were astronomical and included one cwt. of corned beef - I don't believe it!!

When the original Association was formed all those years ago, because the School was situated in Bounds Green Road it was suggested that the old scholars be called 'Old Bounders'! They are, of course, now known as 'TOSA'S' - so no difference there then!!

This being our 14th reunion, you would expect the number of stories to reduce, but no, we have not run out of steam yet! Teachers and former scholars again featured. This year the memories were moving towards the 'amorous' and 'erogenous' zone! I can't mention any names, but there were a lot of sighs and glints in the eyes of our male guests as they reminisced over certain girls! - ding dong!!

This year Les Grafton kicked off with some idle thoughts (taken from the June 2007 Newsletter), which made us think that 'Experience is the thing you have left when everything else has gone'. Seems to fit the bill (only joking ! !)

We all learnt an easy way to make money. Putting a farthing on to the railway line it turns into a penny - and that's 300% increase!!

Beryl Ivatt brought along a well-presented book on Hatfield Peverel where Trinity is mentioned - especially the formidable Dr. Jones, whose reputation had gone before him! It sounded a bit like St. Trinian's when two double-decker buses full of children descended there in 1939.

Once again we had a very good time. Members got to know more about each other, and the whole atmosphere was very pleasant. Our format and the friendly hotel may not be everyone's cup of tea, but it has been established over the years and is enjoyed by those who attend. Therefore, the Bournemouth reunion comes with a health warning - you need a sense of humour to attend!

Those attending included: Mrs. Jill Deamer whose late husband Lee started it all, David Deamer 35, Reg Rogers 34, Geraldine and Vic Manning 49, Mr. & Mrs. Nobby Clark 34, Mr. & Mrs Les Waugh 33, Mr. & Mrs. Les.Grafton 40, Mrs. Kathleen Saunders (Brandle 32), Mr. & Mrs.Philip Glyn 32 and Mrs.Beryl Ivatt (Cole 38) with husband Geoff.

Next year's reunion will be on 25/26/27 April when we hope to see everyone again (and more

A brief history of Reginald (Reg) Hanks 1916- 2008

Reg was born within the sound of Bow Bells in the East End of London near The Mile End Road and his parents moved to 23 Clyde Road, Wood Green. He gained a scholarship to attend Trinity School from where he matriculated. He should have gone to a University, but unfortunately it was never suggested to him, either by teachers or his parents. Before the 2nd World war Reg was working for the Lyons Corner House Restaurants producing designs as a draughtsman. Reg married Renee Mills in 1940, who realised that he needed some higher qualifications so she spoke to her uncle who was a professional electrical engineer for some ideas. Reg then worked for Cable and Wireless and eventually the Ministry of Works. He was not allowed to join up when the war started, but was told that he could design ammunition factories instead. During 1941-2 he spent time in Southport and Wrexham before returning to Outram Road, studying at evening classes to obtain a National Certificate in Electrical Engineering. In 1947 he had a transfer to Newcastle upon Tyne as head of the drawing office looking after government property in Yorkshire, the Lake District and Northumberland.

He continued his evening studies and qualified to become an AMIEE (Associate Member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers).

In 1951 Reg then transferred from the Ministry of Works to the Ministry of Supply and joined AWRE Aldermaston as their youngest professional engineer. He was very much involved in the design of special buildings and electrical equipment for scientific teams to develop Britain's nuclear deterrent.

Whilst living in Newbury, Reg and Renee ran youth clubs and he built 22ft cabin cruiser which was used on the Thames and the Kennet and Avon Canal. In their spare time they worked together maintaining one of the Newbury canal locks and won a cup for the best maintained lock.

He retired in 1978 after working at the AWRE for 27 years and moved to Barton on Sea in Hampshire with Renee. She sadly passed away in 1997. He was an excellent old time and ballroom dancer and later an enthusiastic bridge player.

Reg was very proud of his family and leaves a daughter Christine, a son Barry, 6 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren.