

# Trinity Old Scholars Association

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Editor—Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 1942 Telephone 0118 9730589

Proof Reader—Peter Turner 1954 Telephone 01904 765257

1898



1962

Will you be there ?.....  
And we have more than four attending !



## Attendees so far (as at 4th August)

Dinah Ireland 27 with Daughter  
Reg Rogers 34  
Chas Stancer 40  
Frank Gray 41  
Jeffrey Burke 41 with Angeline  
Roy Augood 41  
Tony Judkins 41  
Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 42  
Les Brooks 42  
Derek Hale 43  
Tony Chaston 43  
Rosemary De Rossi (Willson) 43  
Pauline Beckford (Croxon) 43  
Tony Churchman 44  
Audrey Augood (Latter) 44  
Joy Riley (Thompson) 44 with Eric  
Irene Hale (Briers) 45  
Alan Rutter 46  
John Glyn 46 with Anne  
Colin Moor 46  
Jacqueline Slater (Croxon) 46  
Peter Sinfield 47  
Peter Zimmerman 47  
Alan Rogers 47  
Mick Osborn 47  
Margaret Prater (Chaplin) 47  
Ann Thompson (Caven) 47  
Janet Smith (Willson) 47  
Les Mead 48  
Marion Mankelow (Paul) 48  
Roger Pye 48 with Pat  
John Hill 48 with Maureen  
Janet Deller (Evans) 48  
Margaret McGinn (Stretton) 48 with John  
Marcia West (Penfold) 49  
Jeanne Zimmerman (Webb) 50  
Kim Ghafur 51 with Sandy  
John Andrews 51

Rosemary Haxeltine (Langdon) 51 with Mike  
Mary Davies (Parker-Smith) 51  
Roger Smedley 51 with Mary  
Les Cook 51 with Janice  
Tarik Ghafur 53 with Lorna  
Alan Gardner 53  
Ron Linsell 53  
Janice Thompson (Churchman) 53  
Janet Parsons (Martin) 53  
Philip Rawlings 53  
David Gillett 53  
Patricia Croxon 54  
Penny Gillett (Johnson) 55

We are particularly pleased to welcome Old Scholars and their partners who may not have attended before, and will enjoy meeting you all on the 11th October.

Where are all you 48'ers .. We were going to make this a special night for you, your 60th Anniversary... you don't know what you will miss. \*Peter Turner will send you a booking form if you have mislaid it . Telephone 01904 765257

### LATE BOOKINGS

We may only accept **bookings** up until 30th September, and in any case, we cannot guarantee Hotel rooms if you are booking late. After **15th September**, please contact Ramada direct to book your accommodation. Telephone -01707 252403—Amy Hollis— Events quote TRINITY.

You will still need to send a booking form with your cheque for dinner to either Reg Rogers or Roy Augood depending whether you are Dinner only or with accommodation (we need this for our records. Please tick "booked" box in Accommodation section if you have done this.)

\*See above for getting the form.

Reunion enquiries Reg Rogers on 0208 3669427

## The War Memorial\*\*\*\*\* see page 6

As I write this (29th June), we are still awaiting confirmation when the builders will start work on the new reception area in the school so that we can arrange to have the memorial mounted and organise some kind of ceremony. You will all be aware that I have been very deeply involved in this exercise, and from my involvement, have had the opportunity to learn more about those who so tragically lost their lives. Of course, I was well aware of the mention they all got in the book, Trinity a School with a Past, repeated from the "In Memoriam" booklet printed at the time of the original dedication ceremony, and when I first received my copy of the book, I thought "how nice to repeat that", glossed over the entries and paid no more attention to them.

However, since this project became a reality, I have taken the time to read every entry in detail, and even worked out the probable age—it was an eye-opener !

Here they are:

Jack Akers	23	Reginald Jenkins	27
John Allen	27	Donald Loyd	21
Kenneth Babington-Browne	23	Graham Macdonald	23
Edward Backhouse	20	John Mitchell	21
Tom Banks	38	Ronald Moody	25
Estelle Belasco	16	Ronald Moore	23
Peter Bligh	21	Victor Morriss	25
David Brush	20	Robert Munson	25
Arthur Carnehan	24	Malcolm Oxley	24
Henry Catch	21	Donald Penn	29
George Ceeney	21	Donald Pitt	23
Ernest Cowell	25	Albert Randell	26
Dennis Crowsley	21	Charles Richardson	33
Eric Curtis	21	Richard Rilstone	25
Victor Davies	26	Herbert Roberts	24
Geoffrey Deans	24	Richard Selby	32
Alan Downer	21	Vivien Sellwood	33
Ronald Evans	22	Vera Sharman	28
Leslie Finch	31	James Sills	24
John French	21	Brian Songest	24
Leslie Gordon	30	Ronald Soper	25
John Gosney	20	Charles Strowbridge	24
James Grint	20	Joyce Strowbridge	16
William Habgood	23	Frederick Thorpe	26
Eric Hardman	29	Victor Turner	19
Bertram Headland	20	Ronald Watts	22
Norman Howe	19	Mavis Webb	11
William Hughes	22	Leslie Williams	30

Everyone, of course, had a tragic ending, but some are particularly poignant.

Mavis Webb aged 11 had only been at Trinity a week when a V2 fell on her home killing all the family.

Joyce Strowbridge 16 was evacuated to St.Albans to stay with her uncle (an old scholar) and family, and died when a direct hit on the house killed them all.

Estelle Belasco at 16 was killed with her mother and sister, by a V2 rocket.

Vivien Sellwood was killed on the 15th March 1941 by a bomb which fell on a bus.. Strangely, Vera Sharman died on the 15th March 1941 in similar circumstances, having collapsed after receiving a blood transfusion. It is possible that this was the same incident. I wonder if they knew each other.

Particularly interesting is the action surrounding Frederick Thorpe. A detailed account from a crew member follows. Frederick received a Mention in Despatches for distinguished service, and I will never understand why this man was not given a medal, albeit posthumously. In the "In Memorium" booklet, owned by Frederick's nephew, Dr .Jones. has written against Frederick's entry "Greater love hath no man than this"

**This is an abbreviation of an interview with Pilot-Officer Raoul De F Jenner, a Canadian who was on the flight with Sergeant Frederick Thorpe.**

We flew from England in a four-engined Stirling – destination Dusseldorf. It was quiet on the way to the target but not for long. Jerry had at least 500 searchlights playing all over the sky, and we were weaving and doing our best to dodge them.

After dropping flares and incendiaries, we went in again to take photographs, and this time they got us, the flak came up in buckets and the first thing that happened was that our main petrol tank was hit on the starboard side, and the petrol seeped out into the fuselage.

Then our port inner engine was hit. The prop flew loose and came smashing back on the mid-turret. We had just recovered from that when the port outer engine caught it. The whole engine dropped loose from the frame and we were left with just the two starboard engines operating. Even that wasn't too happy, for the starboard inner had developed what the engineer called airlocks, and kept cutting in and out. When the skipper saw the situation, he ordered us to bale out, but Dusseldorf did not seem a healthy spot in which to bale out at that moment, so we sold the skipper the idea of staying with the kite for as long as we could.

He ordered us to jettison everything we could to make sure we wouldn't have to bale out and the first thing that went was our parachutes. Everything that was loose in the kite went, we even jettisoned the front and upper guns, but kept the rear so that if anyone came up behind us, we were not be entirely sitting birds. The flight engineer was doing amazing job, switching from tank to tank, and the fact that the starboard-tank had been holed did not make his job any easier. By this time the whole fuselage was just loaded with petrol. The fumes were terrific but we were all too excited to be sick.

Our wireless had gone unserviceable, and our return to base was in the hands of our navigator, who laid out a course between the known defences of the Dutch coast. A lone searchlight began to look for us, but by this time we had dropped to about 150 ft and it was above where we were. We got through and were out to sea but the speed of the aircraft had slowed down to no more than 140 miles per hour. We were lucky, we had an engineer who was a wizard and a skipper who could keep anything flying that was capable of being airborne so somehow they got us over the coast of England.

However, with the radio unserviceable we were unable to send our recognition signals or contact our base, and the next thing we saw, were British searchlights looking for us. We had managed to get about 1000 feet altitude, so we fired our colours of the day with Very lights and that

got us through the British defences. At about that time, the starboard inner engine finally quit and that proved too much even for our flight engineer. The only thing we could try to do was land.

Belly-landings, even in favourable conditions are no picnic, but with us the circumstances were far from favourable. The Skipper dropped the flaps but only the starboard one came down. That threw us off level once more, but somehow or other Skipper managed to get her levelled off again and we came crashing in. We slid for about 25 feet and then the aircraft came to a rest with its back broken, bent almost double like a boomerang. On the crash, the starboard inner engine ripped out and dropped to the ground where it lay burning, right beside the break. With the fuselage filled with fumes, fire and explosion were inevitable. I was first out as I was stationed right beside the break, so I yelled that everyone should get out as quickly as they could. Everyone managed to do so except the rear-gunner. When he didn't show up, I started back with the engineer, Sergt. "Spud" Mallet, and the bomb-aimer Sergt. Fred Thorpe. They went in through the escape hatch, and I went in through the break in the fuselage. We had just got in and were on our way towards the rear-gunner when a huge tongue of flame ran through the machine under my legs. There was an explosion.

Mallet and Thorpe were both killed. For some reason which I will never know, I was blown out of the aircraft and landed on my feet about 20 yards away. Although I was dazed I wasn't hurt and I didn't feel any pain. So I started back in after the rear-gunner. He had been trapped by pieces of his harness being caught on broken struts and spars. His flying clothes were on fire, but I was able to jerk him loose and carry him out. I ripped off as many of his clothes as I could and managed to beat out the rest of the flames. Strangely enough, I did not even get singed.

**Editor – What an amazing story. I have managed to piece together the crew ...**

**Skipper – Paddy Trench awarded D.S.O. for his actions in this flight.**

**Navigator – Pilot Officer Selman**

**Air-gunner – Pilot Officer Raoul Jenner – awarded George Cross**

**Rear-Gunner – Bill Glendenning**

**Bomb-Aimer – Sgt Frederick Thorpe –**

**Citation reads :**

**“By the King's order, the name of Sergeant F. A.Thorpe, Royal Air Force was published in the London Gazette on 1 January 1943 as mentioned in a Despatch for Distinguished Service. I am charged to record His Majesty's high appreciation - Archibald Sinclair—Secretary of State for Air”**

**Flight Engineer – Sgt, "Spud" Mallet (Hopefully also received a Mention in Despatch but not confirmed)**

I suppose I should have held over the following stories until 2009 when a lot of us will remember September 1939 and what was to follow. I am sure you will find them of great interest now.

To wet your appetites, here is an excerpt from Eric Cooper's book 'Clipped Wings—"Junior's War" 1939-1945'. Eric joined Trinity in 1934—was evacuated to Hatfield Peverel—joined the RAF, became a Pilot Officer and flew Wellingtons. On the 25th June 1942, he flew in "Bomber" Harris's second thousand bomber raid on Germany. Unfortunately, he was not to return home until 1945. This is part of the story.

He was shot down on his way to the target and ended up in Stalag Luft III. Unfortunately Eric's book is at present out of print, but it makes interesting reading.

### Enemy Territory

When it got light I hid up and examined my escape kit. There was no compass. There was a small hacksaw blade encased in rubber. I tried hanging it on a length of dry grass, and it gave a constant direction reading which showed it was magnetised and would do as a compass, but it was very unstable in a breeze. There were maps but I did not know where I was starting from. There were some Horlicks tablets and I decided to eat one every six hours. There was also a rubber bag for water, but no source of water. I was sure I was in Germany so I just travelled at night in a westerly direction towards the Dutch border.

Grain fields were good for hiding - if you zigzagged in, it covered your tracks. There were cornflowers everywhere. One day with light rain I found shelter in a wood. It was thickest next to a field, but there I found myself ringed by inquisitive cows, which might have given away my presence. Early one morning I ventured into a chicken coop and found an egg, but when I got back to my hiding place discovered it was a china egg to encourage the hens to lay. Water was a problem, but one night I had a drink from a pond and filled my water bag. By day I could see it was full of little swimming things.

After four more nights, hiding up in the day and not sleeping for fear of discovery, I came across what looked like a man-made trench with water in the bottom. I thought this must be the frontier, though a small bridge over it did not appear to have a guard - but this was in the depths of the country.

On the other side I found some potatoes (generally speaking it was the wrong time of year for harvesting food, apart from tiny wild strawberries). I also had a drink of cream from the top of a churn by a road. I then hid, to wait for daylight because there was a curfew in the occupied countries. I actually slept for twenty minutes.

The next day at a crossroads I found a magnificent sign post with many places and distances on it from which by my maps I could plot my position. But in order that I could go away and study this information I had to write it all down. I was not familiar with German or Dutch, whatever it was. While I was doing this I spotted a man leading a bull and watching me. I panicked, ran and hid - after a zigzag path into a grain field. To hide even better I crossed the road to another field. He was still there watching! I must have been crazy with

fatigue.

Soon there was shouting. Men were beating through the cornfield and found me. They were soldiers so I surrendered - put my hands up high and stood up. They were pointing their guns at me and searching me. One of them felt a suspicious lump in my pocket - the potatoes - but he had difficulty getting his hand in. I went to help him but had a gun poked in my back so put my hands up again - fast.

They marched me off to the neighbouring POW camp for eastern Europeans from which they had been called. I was put in a solitary cell and when the guard left there was a chorus of foreign languages, apparently from occupants of similar cells, wanting to know who I was. I said in English that I didn't understand. Another temporary British resident in the cells asked how the war was going? "Don't know, too busy trying to fight it," I replied.

The Commandant called for me, said he loved England and asked if there was still marmalade for breakfast there. Just by being a prisoner I felt guilty - not *about* anything. Just guilty.

Of course there were things for me to feel guilty about, but this was different.....

The following was written by Eric in 1939 and appeared in the Hatfield Peverel Trinity School magazine

### Reverie

..  
 Where are the old, familiar faces  
 That used to throng around?  
 Where, ah! where can the living form  
 Of that shady glimpse be found?  
 Fast fleeting shadow of a friend  
 Stay here; let's see you smile  
 And talk and laugh and run and play:  
 Stay here a little while.  
 I want to live again with you  
 Those happy, carefree hours  
 When joyfully we laughed and played  
 Among the beds of flowers.  
 Fast fleeting shadow, why so shy?  
 Why hover in the shades?  
 Come forward! Let me see you - clear,  
 Before the memory fades.  
 The shadows of old, familiar faces  
 Darken day by day;  
 One by one the candles dim, And slowly fade away.

## FATE LENDS A HAND

Few are touched by the hand of God or finger of destiny but one such person is the evergreen 84 year old Maurice Featherstone. Who would have thought that Maurice, who was born in Brixton, South London would have come to Gibraltar where he was instructed in counter sabotage by Lionel 'Buster' Crabb, married a Gibraltarian girl and became journalist, politician, Minister and Gibraltarian.

Soon after his birth his family moved to Bounds Green in North London. Maurice, passed the 11 +, was educated at Trinity Grammar School, Wood Green, matriculated in seven subjects and joined ICI. The Second World War started and as he was in a reserved occupation but wanted to do his bit to defeat Hitler he volunteered to join the Merchant Navy in 1941. Alas fate decided otherwise and after sailing to Mauritius without incident his next journey while returning from India resulted in his ship being torpedoed between the Azores and Madeira.

After seven days in a lifeboat he and his comrades were picked up by a Portuguese warship and taken to Madeira where they remained for five weeks. Maurice says that no one in the lifeboat had any doubt that they would not make the coast and thought at some point the boat would hit Africa. They had a sixth sense that the current and wind were moving the boat in the right direction and not out into the Atlantic. In fact they did better by being rescued and taken to Madeira rather than a point unknown on the African coast.

One day the 19 year old Featherstone was invited to a tea party at which were present some Gibraltarian evacuees: one of whom was Irene de Torres. It was love at first sight but soon he had to leave Madeira for England and this posed the question - would he ever see Irene again?

Fate intervened and from Lisbon he was taken to Gibraltar to be sent home. Maurice realised that he would be in Irene's home town and decided to volunteer for work on the Rock so that when the war was over and the Gibraltarians returned from their evacuation he would be reunited with his girlfriend. In the meantime the romance was continued by letter.

As Featherstone was a strong swimmer, a job was found as a counter sabotage agent diver and he was trained for this role by the legendary 'Buster' Crabb. He considered the experienced Royal Navy frogman, with his bright ginger beard, who looked like the old man of the sea when he came up from diving, a good leader and excellent teacher.

Maurice left the Merchant Navy and became a War Department employee. There were 32 counter sabotage agents of whom 16 were divers. The other 16 used to accompany the ships to ensure that, when in Spanish ports no one, in particular stevedores,

would come on board and leave behind bombs and mines to detonate when inside Gibraltar harbour. The 16 divers would descend to examine the ship's hull, especially the bilge keel, to ensure no limpet mines had been clamped on.

The ships used to sail from Gibraltar to Seville, Barcelona, Huelva and Melilla and then return to the Rock. The squad had absolutely nothing to do with Buster Crabb's sterling work in removing Italian limpet mines which enemy divers had attached to ships while in Gibraltar harbour.

The counter sabotage agents were divided into teams enabling many cargo ships to be monitored, preventing them from being sabotaged and so enabling them to return to the Rock with their vital cargoes. They were the unsung heroes of the War. There were no Gibraltarians as the squad consisted of English men who had arrived on the Rock in similar circumstance to Maurice but no one else has such a valid reason for staying in what might have been a very dangerous location had Operation Felix come about.

Despite being a close knit squad its members did not keep in touch with each other or Buster Crabb after the war. It is not known whether Buster ever returned to the Rock but he was awarded an OBE for his work in clearing mines from the ports of Livorno and Venice.

Irene returned to her Rock at the end of hostilities and the couple were married on the Rock in 1945 and the newly married Featherstone needed a job. He decided to become a journalist and Esmond Ryan appointed him a sub-editor at the *Gibraltar Chronicle* where he remained for five years. Now a fully fledged man of the press he started up his own paper, the *Gibraltar Telegraph*. It turned out that founder members of the AACR political party would drop in for discussions about their ambitions to achieve basic civil rights for the returning Gibraltarians.

Eventually the *Gibraltar Telegraph* became the *Gibraltar Post* which with others, Maurice ran for a decade.

Up to this point he had not shown any inclination towards politics but was swayed by all the ideas being bandied around and it was suggested he should join the party, which he did in 1952. In 1956 he stood for election to the City Council where the AACR had a majority. He remembers the formidable Dorothy Ellicot who was the first female elected politician and she was a member of the Opposition.

In 1969 he was elected to the House of Assembly as a member of the Opposition, but the AACR won the 1972 election and he was appointed Minister of Education. During this period he took the decision to do away with the Grammar School and introduce single sex comprehensive education. The Christian Brothers had decided to leave Gibraltar before this decision had been taken and indeed provided all possible help to get the new system up and running. Compared to the system in the UK, comprehensive education on the Rock has been an outstanding success.

The Gibraltarian teachers ran a successful campaign which led to parity of salaries with those in England

.....cont page 6

The university scheme was started in 1973, allowing any Gibraltarian who secured a university place to be given a generous allowance which even paid for airfares. In the past there had only been two scholarships: one Government, the other provided by the John Mackintosh Trust. In his time the number averaged about 40 a year. Maurice is delighted that his Education Ordinance remains in force today; no mean achievement.

A change is as good as a tonic and in 1976 he became Minister of Public Works where he remained for seven years during this time he was responsible for building the girls' comprehensive. St Paul's school, St. Martin's school and the bridge across Winston Churchill Avenue. Another change followed; this time four years as Minister of Health, which was a total contrast to his previous portfolios.

What is incredible is that until 1970 Maurice was a registered English man and despite being married to a Gibraltarian, and being a Minister, the rules did not permit him to become a Gibraltarian. There were absolutely no exceptions to the regulation - anyone applying to be a registered Gibraltarian had to reside on the Rock for 25 years. Even then it was not automatic and the potential Gibraltarian had to go before a committee where the applicant had to show ties with Gibraltar. So it was not until 1970 that he became a Gibraltarian which also bestowed Gibraltarian identity onto his children.

Maurice retired from politics in 1996 and he says he has enjoyed a life which has always been interesting and he is delighted Gibraltar remains a happy place in which to live. He is proud that today Gibraltarians enjoy a Parliament, virtual autonomy and have been decolonised. These were but aspirations when he joined the AACR all those years ago.

It is fascinating that this amazing story only happened because of a successful torpedo hit which resulted in him meeting Irene De Torres at a tea party in Madeira. Without this intervention Maurice would never have reached the Rock and Gibraltar would be that much poorer.

Mike Brufal—Gibraltar Magazine December 2007

**Here is one of the nicest stories about our links. Patricia Meilleur (Cole 51) (now residing in Canada) relates at my request—**

Our children have listened so intently and with great interest about all my escapades at Trinity and how it was such a great school and fellow students, etc.etc....When we all picked up the new Doberman puppy from the airport some three years ago, Sean and Tara told us her name was **TRINITY**. She has just had 10 puppies..... Mum and babies are doing well

**Welcome to the following new members**

**Audrey Barnett (Busby) 49**

**James Rout 50**

**Peter Kenway 52**

**Maurice Featherstone 34**

**Alan Holman 53**

**Richard Paramor 50**

**Jean Blackwell (Fairbrother) 46**

**Joyce Mayhew (Andrews) 35**

**Bill Bhagat 53**

**David Gillett 53**

**Penny Gillett (Johnson) 55**

**Susan Carter (Brownless) 58**

**Philip Rawlings 53**

#### **The War Memorial.**

**We now have a date for the War Memorial which will coincide with the official opening of the new reception area at Nightingale Primary School.**

**This is Wednesday, 24th September at 2 pm.**

**Because of limited space, attendance is by invitation only and everyone who has donated to the memorial will have received their invitation to attend. If you haven't already done so, please RSVP now.**

#### **CLASS REUNIONS.**

**1958 Group reunion in September has been cancelled for this year.**

**Peter Turner is now the Co-ordinator for the 54's. Many thanks to Keverne Weston for his work in the past.**

**Can you become a class co-ordinator ? We need you !**

#### **DID YOU KNOW ?**

Peel a banana from the bottom and you won't have to pick the little 'stringy things' off of it. That's how the primates do it.

Take your bananas apart when you get home from the store. If you leave them connected at the stem, they ripen faster.

Store your opened chunks of cheese in aluminium foil. It will stay fresh much longer and not mould!

### Trinity Lawyer Becomes A Barrister Again

**Kemal (Kim) John Ghafur (51)** has recently been re-admitted as a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn. He was called to the Bar in 1963. Although a scholarship from the Inn was in the offing and a pupillage place available, Kim decided to switch to becoming a solicitor that meant applying to be voluntarily disbarred. After a 23-year career with the GLC and LRB (London Residuary Body) as mainly a solicitor advocate in the magistrates courts; county courts and at planning Inquiries, including a spell in Parliamentary work, he retired from advocacy. (Kim notes it is now possible for an advocate solicitor to wear a wig in courts as well as magistrates)

After taking part in the County Hall Inquiry 1990, a place at a leading London Planning Chambers was offered to specialise in local government cases but he decided to call it a day. Returning as a Barrister is like 'coming home' said Kim who added "I have my wig and gown and my father's wig tin\* which will now have my name over his.

To become a barrister again meant petitioning the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn and providing a Certificate of Good Standing from the Law Society.

Kim says

'I am looking forward to enjoying being a barrister again –lunching at the Great Hall-where I used to eat my legally required Dinners- and take coffee in the vaults under the Great Hall. There are great traditions connected to Lincoln's Inn including not having to stand for Royalty when dining. The Lincoln's Inn dinners used to end with a glass of potent port from the wine cellars. Some of its illustrious members included Sir Thomas More; John Dunne (the poet); and the great judge Lord Denning (who gave me my Solicitors' Certificate)

I have already re-visited the magnificent library and indulged myself by looking up a recent legal article I wrote for the Journal of Planning and Environment Law about memorable Inquiries when I was an advocate. These included cases against leading QCs such as Graham Eyre; Frank Layfield; and David Glidewell. I was involved in hospital developments (St Mary's Paddington) Piccadilly (Sackville Street); Covent Garden and Coin Street (South Bank). That particular case went all the way via the High Court and Court of Appeal to the House of Lords. I was also involved in the GLC (Money) Bill 1975 and The Health And Safety At Work Bill later the 1974 Act which meant my going to both Houses of Parliament on a regular basis.

I was fortunate enough to be seconded by the UNO and the Italian Government to draft planning laws for Addis

Ababa in Ethiopia. I used to sit on committees at the Department of the Environment relating to the drafting of planning regulations for London. I was also very fortunate to lecture for the British Council/Kings College London European Lawyers Scheme on London Planning laws for several years. It was through this that I met the present Lord Chief Justice Lord Phillips. There was also an annual intake of law students from Syracuse University USA working in our offices to learn about our legal system. The Treasurer of the Inn who signed my re-admission certificate was my former tutor on Saturday mornings at Lincoln's Inn and he and I were opposing advocates on a Covent Garden Inquiry many years later. I once appeared against Lincoln's Inn at a planning Inquiry and had to cross-examine that great architect Sir Hugh Casson as well as the Benchers.

#### \*Editor's Note.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that the majority of Kim's career was as a barrister in all but name at some 80 courts and venues in London, so it is just that he has returned to the Bar.

For those of you who are not aware, Kim was helpful in putting together the TOSA constitution, some four/five years ago and is the Co-ordinator for the 51 group.

**Of course, I was very intrigued by Kim's statement with regard to his father's wig, so with a lot of encouragement, I persuaded him to give me some further details relating to his family history. Here is his answer**

I am the second generation of barristers in the family. My late father was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn who, as an orphan had come from the former British India via the USA and not only mastered English but also Latin in order to qualify. He practised from chambers in King's Bench Walk in the Temple in London (where I remember visiting as a boy) and specialised in criminal law. He often had cases at the Old Bailey. I still have his wig tin, which is my earliest legal memory together with seeing legal instructions known as 'briefs to counsel' tied in ribbon on the front room table. He met my mother at The Kingsway (Methodist) Hall, Holborn during a debate with the late Rev. Donald Soper. He greatly admired the education system in England and was happy to bring up his family here. He died in 1958 the year I took my A levels and followed him into the legal profession.

**Last DATE for December newsletter..  
15th November.**

**Contact Telephone nos.**

**Beryl Skinner 0118 9730589 (I am away on  
Holiday 6—20th September ).**

**Peter Turner 01904 765257 will field any queries  
in my absence.**

**Reunion enquiries—Reg Rogers on 0208 3669427**

## SPURS FANS UNITE!

Peter Turner's reminiscences about Spurs in the March newsletter and Eric Riley's recollections of the glory days of Spurs at White Hart Lane were excellent, together with those of Alan Rogers. They brought back memories for me from an even earlier age.

I remember the first time I went to White Hart Lane in 1943. In those days, Spurs shared their ground with Arsenal as Highbury was requisitioned for wartime purposes. Consequently, as youngsters we saw both teams play on alternate weekends. For me the highlight was the match between Spurs and Arsenal.

At that time, regulars in the Spurs team included Chisholm, Ron Burgess, Roy White, A.H Gibbons, Pat Beasley, George Ludford and Ward. Most were in uniform and sometimes players were borrowed from other clubs when duty called. In desperate circumstances, a tannoy message would be sent before the match started for a spectator with some football talent to come forward to fill the breach!

Those playing for Arsenal often included Ted Drake, Cliff Bastin, Eddie Hapgood, George Male and Leslie and Denis Compton. The tussle between Denis Compton on the left wing and Lt. (Home Guard) Ward, Spurs right back, was something not to be missed!

By the end of 1943, Spurs were at the top of the Southern League Table. Sonny Walters made his debut for the team on Christmas Day and helped to defeat West Ham who were in second place. Arsenal were fifth and Chelsea eighth.

In those days, few seats were available and for popular matches huge crowds squeezed into the ground. Nevertheless, a friendly atmosphere prevailed and often adults helped youngsters to move forward to get a better view of the action.

All this motivated Spurs fans at Trinity to succeed against other schools such as Glendale, Southgate County, Woodhouse and Edmonton County. For me, the Champion comic generated further enthusiasm with the exploits of Breezy Nelson and his Dreadnoughts, a wartime football team made up from military personnel. On other pages, Rockfist Rogan RAF reigned supreme! Sadly, those days of the local brass band playing during the interval have long since gone. The entry fees are no longer just 6d or a shilling and home grown players born and bred in Tottenham are a relic of the past. How times have changed!

**Bob Good (1941- 1946)**

We are indebted to John Rout (50) for passing on some Magazines for the Archives .

I sourced the following from Sports News No 2. dated 21 March 1951, a monthly magazine produced by pupils and sold for 2d.

Sales Ron Bishop, Publicity A. Sears and Cecil Webb (a regular contributor to this newsletter) with chief reporters Jean Marlow and Roger Thurgood,

## ARTICLE BY ARTHUR ROWE.

### TEAM WORK AND TEAM SPIRIT.

There is no doubt that the most potent factors in any football XI's success - or for that matter, for success in any team game, are team work and team spirit.

These factors are in no way related to the skill of the players, and therefore each player, irrespective of his skill, can contribute equally and easily towards seeing that HIS team have got teamwork and team-spirit.

Now let us see what we mean exactly by teamwork. This surely, is the appreciation of the method of play that the team, and the responsible person, has decided shall be adopted. It is essential that each individual, irrespective of his skill, shall conform to the method, so that all can play their varying parts and blend as a team.

It will be readily agreed that eleven men working conscientiously to an agreed method, will always be able to do any job more effectively and easily than eleven men working as units. As it is with everyday jobs, so it is with football. Therefore we must ask the individual to subject and ally his ability to that of his team.

Team spirit is rather more difficult to define - - It is the intensity of purpose, nay the courage, the will to win, of a team. And as of a team, so it must be of each and every player. Nothing short of a completeness of effort, rigid determination to win, will be of any use if we wish to succeed. And do we wish to win? Of course we do, we all love to win -- and there is nothing wrong in this desire, or in being a good winner. We love a good loser, but we love and admire a good winner also. As long as we observe the rules, and more important perhaps, the spirit of the game, then let us go out and fight to win. To win is the just reward of honest and superior effort, so let us not be shy about it. Now what shall be the rewards of working and playing, with teamwork and teamspirit?

First, the individual, who willingly subjects his ability into that of the team method, will find that the added support of his teammates in their collective method, will in all probability make him a better player individually.... .. Odd but true.

Now the reward for energy, and determination fully used, in the desire to win -- nothing tangible perhaps, but a grand feeling of having done a real job -- no ifs or buts, just. a nice feeling inside, and a friendship and fellowship within your team -- that is, indeed, a wonderful thing.

And believe me, my subject is one that is very vital in this game of football. It can never be discussed enough.

**Arthur Rowe. Team Manager Tottenham Hotspur 1951**

### **And the final word...December 1951**

**The Headmaster has engaged Mr J. Wade of the Arsenal F.C. to give six coaching lessons next term to Form 4 Football Team (Undefeated so far) Spurs supporters—no sabotage, please.**



## THAT REMINDS ME....

The March newsletter had an article from the 1948 Magazine about pupils visiting dockland. I was in the third year and it would not have occurred to me that I would spend some of my life on the river and in the docks with HM Customs and Excise.

The environment was hazardous. Health and Safety had not been invented. My life insurance was 'weighted'. Pre-war colleagues had had to show they could handle a rowing boat on the tides. We were fortunate in having launches with ex navy crew.

Although docks and river were the life line of London they could also cause death. Peter Ackroyd heads a chapter in his Thames book, 'The River of Death'.

Early in my career a ship's steward was swept away on the tide. His body washed up weeks later down river. Some jumped into the Thames to end it all. Colleagues heard shouting one night and found a man had jumped off London Bridge and changed his mind. He was taken to the river police and any sightings of dead bodies were reported to them. We lost a colleague who one night fell into the Royal Docks.

A sad end for an ex POW.

We prevented a young seaman from jumping into the river when he attempted to smuggle 80,000 cigarettes. In court our guv'n'r suggested to the bench that they might like to use their discretion. They accepted the advice and imposed a five pounds fine.

As well as combating smuggling we carried out work for other departments. We measured deck cargo and assessed oil in unregistered spaces for payment of light dues; reported any unsafe timber deck cargoes to the Board of Trade, and detained ships for them

We also had responsibilities to the Min of Ag, Home Office, Health Authorities etc.

There were happy endings. On river patrol one evening we saw a young lady at a wharf. Hours later she was still there and we steered over to speak to her. She threatened to jump in the river. We alerted the river police and they had the same result. A skipper on an empty pleasure boat realised the situation and made to tie up at the wharf. He grabbed the girl and handed her to the police. A week later I saw her sitting in a city square reading. She looked a lot calmer.

One dark evening we investigated an unusual shape across the river and found a young boy in a canoe. He was paddling hard but the tide was so strong he was not moving. We took him and his canoe aboard and gave him a hot drink. He had floated down river with the tide

and then tried to paddle back against it. His sister had been looking after him but her boyfriend had called and the lad slipped away. We telephoned her, and she with boyfriend collected the lad. His father fetched the canoe the next day.

Once I went from being popular to the reverse in a week. As we boarded a ship at New Fresh Wharf there were two shore workers about to leave. They had been mooring the ship and the Captain had expressed his thanks in the usual way. Looking at them climbing ashore they seemed the worse for wear. My guv'n'r told me to get them safely ashore and he started the formalities for a fresh arrival. Staggering off down Lower Thames Street they called to me, 'thanks guv. You're a gent.' They looked as though they belonged in a Dickens' novel. One in a black overcoat and a seaman's cap. The other in a fawn coat tied around the middle with string.

A week later they were mooring a ship on a Rotherhithe wharf. When they saw us they dodged out of sight and we heard them ditching bottles in the river. A quick 'rub down' followed but we were too late and they were annoyed at losing their contraband. As they made their way ashore one told me what he would do if he saw me off duty! (censored). Sudden fog descended one night on our way back from Dagenham Jetty. Visibility was nil and I went to the wheelhouse to add extra ears and eyes; a black hull appeared yards from our bows. A collier was moored on buoys and we decided to tie up and wait for daylight. A face over the ship's side asked who we were, 'Customs.' He asked where we were going, 'Woolwich Pier but the fog is too thick.' He was a river pilot needing a lift ashore. He jumped down, stood in the bows and I relayed his instructions to the skipper as he took us safely back to our berth.

Smuggling involved tobacco goods, spirits and watches. Industrial disputes, bulk containers etc caused closure of wharves and docks Meanwhile airports expanded, demanding our presence, as drug smuggling was increasing. Trinity prepared us for different employments as well as war service and post war conscription.

## What happened to you? Cecil Webb 45.

### Special Announcement.

At the end of this newsletter, is a list of current Members of the Association. Who knows—you may find someone you did not realise was a member. If you do not wish your details passed on please let us know.

In any event, we will **not** pass these on to anyone other than a **Member** of the Association.

### Trinity Old Scholars awards to Nightingale Primary School.

**On 23rd July, Reg Rogers 34 our President, together with Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 42, Judith Neville (Crook) 52, Kim Ghafur 51, Alan Johnson 51 and David Deamer 37, attended the end of year awards at Nightingale. What a happy experience that was. It was so rewarding to see the children being recognised for good work, behaviour etc. throughout their school year and did they enjoy themselves ! The presentation of the two awards from the Association was made by Reg Rogers, after an introductory talk by Beryl about Trinity Grammar School, and the very important link that we have with the building, and now with the school itself. The awards were a framed Certificate of Merit, together with a DVD of Encarta Encyclopaedia and also a DVD of Encarta Reference Library, for both of the pupils chosen by the teachers.**

**We were very impressed by the boy and girl who were leaving to continue their education at Secondary level and the reasons they were chosen. We can only hope that they will take all the opportunities offered to them in the future, regardless of any obstacle that may be put in their path. Which leads to the next story (observation ?) from Don Turner 54**

Scholars from times past include two malcontents who later gained great distinction a century before us.

**Charles Darwin**, the son of a successful Physician, regarded his seven years' classical education at Shrewsbury Grammar School in the 1820s as a blank, wasted time. Darwin's masters thought him little better than a dunce. The headmaster rebuked Darwin's outside interest in chemistry as idleness.

After Shrewsbury Grammar School and misplaced paternal guidance, Darwin spent five years at university studying for degrees that did not interest him: medicine at Edinburgh, then classics at Cambridge. Recreationally, however, he enjoyed country pursuits and became an expert marksman.

Darwin had a thirst for knowledge by discovery, not mere learning. He developed a keen interest in natural history and geology from an early age, which intensified informally at both universities with encouragement from academics in natural sciences who befriended him. At seventeen he made his first discovery of specific larvae, which he reported to the Plinian Society.

Darwin's real education began in 1831 at the age of twenty-two when, having managed to get an ordinary B.A. classics degree to become a parson, he instead joined the Admiralty's HMS Beagle as its naturalist. This unusual opportunity arose from a strong introductory recommendation by the tutor in botany at Christ's College. A five years' circumnavigation of the world led to Darwin's momentous publication of the 'Origin of Species' in 1859 at the age of fifty.

**Charles Dickens**, in 1823 at the age of eleven, spent four months working in a blacking warehouse until his father and family were released from the Marshalsea debtors' prison. Dickens had fended for himself in a room nearby, a humiliating experience that marked him for life.

Dickens' education quickly resumed, against his mother's wishes, as a day pupil at Wellington House Academy in

Hampstead Road, London, but this lasted less than three years. The Academy enjoyed a good reputation in the neighbourhood. School began at seven o'clock in the morning! Dickens had a cheerful disposition, a reputation for questionable pranks, won a prize in Latin, but received unremarkable training.

Headmaster William Jones, proprietor and no great scholar, was a sadist addicted to the cane and ruler, particularly with boarders who were less likely to take tales home. Dickens own memories of this school are far from complimentary. He regarded the outwardly respectable headmaster as the most ignorant, worst-tempered man he had ever met, preoccupied with income at the expense of education.

Dickens' knowledge of the English language was apparently acquired by long and patient study after leaving school. On his eighteenth birthday, the earliest date allowed, Dickens obtained a reader's ticket at the British Museum, where he met other intellectuals. Dickens' father, an impecunious Micawberish clerk in the Navy Pay Office, claimed his son educated himself.

Removed from Wellington House Academy at barely fifteen years of age in 1827, Dickens joined a firm of solicitors as office boy. He swiftly progressed to court reporter and then star parliamentary reporter before embarking on his published literary career in 1833, aged just twenty-one, to become the nation's most celebrated Victorian author.

On the comparative education of Darwin and Dickens, one born into affluence and the other eventual childhood poverty, the common thread may be that: "until the accident of reputation arises genius is of no avail" (Richard Jefferies, 1887, 'Amaryll is at the Fair').

All the stories in this newsletter confirm that you can do anything if you put your mind to it.

Learning is not just something you do at school. We start to learn as soon as we are born and we continue until we are no more.

What we do with what we learn is another matter.....