

Trinity Old Scholars Association

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1898



1962

On Saturday 11th October, the following old scholars gathered for an extremely successful Annual Reunion. They were joined by husbands, wives, partners and friends, to celebrate the 60th Anniversary of the 48'ers. However, those stalwart few were outnumbered by the 51's and 53's who were cajoled by the Ghafur brothers (Kim and Tarik) with Tarik beating his brother for the most "b-ms" on seats ! We were delighted to see such a converse gathering, with everyone mixing and matching. In particular, it was good to see Don and Yvonne Grammer who have missed the past few reunions as they had been off on their travels and we cannot forget Dinah Ireland, our oldest scholar, 92 years young who was able to be with us again.

Newsletter December 2008 No 13

27 Dinah Ireland (Kain)
34 Reg Rogers
Les Waugh
35 David Deamer
37 John Snellgrove
Don Grammer
38 Beryl Ivatt (Cole)
39 Yvonne Grammer
40 Marjorie Bell (Humphreys)
Charles Stancer
41 Roy Augood
Bob Good
Frank Gray
Jeffrey Burke
Tony Judkins
42 Beryl Skinner (Hayter)
Derek Coleman
Doris Chennells (Barling)
Bill Kenny
Derek Jones
43 Derek Hale
Tony Chaston
Rosemary De Rossi (Willson)
Pauline Beckford (Croxon)
44 Tony Churchman
Audrey Augood (Latter)
Joy Riley (Thompson)
Derek and Betty Lines (Green)
Barbara Goddard (Pegrum)
45 Irene Hale (Briers)
Ron Bishop
46 Alan Rutter
Doreen Stoddart (Dunstan)
Patricia Beckingham (Connock)
John Glyn
Colin Moor
Jacqueline Slater (Croxon)

47 Peter Zimmerman
Peter Sinfield
Alan Rogers
Mick Osborn
Ken Bicknell
Margaret Prater (Chaplin)
Ann Thompson (Caven)
Janet Smith (Willson)
Valerie Churchman (Ebbs)
48 Keith Lilliwhite
Marion Manktelow (Paul)
Roger Pye
John Hill
Janet Deller (Evans)
Margaret McGinn (Stretton)
Marcia West (Penfold)
50 Jeanne Zimmerman (Webb)
Alan Johnson
51 Kim Ghafur
John Andrews
Rosemary Haxeltine (Langdon)
Mary Davies (Parker-Smith)
Roger Smedley
Les Cook
Helen Wigmore (Harrow)
Colin Hale
52 Judith Neville (Crook)
53 Tarik Ghafur
Alan Gardner
Janice Thompson (Churchman)
Janet Parsons (Martin)
Philip Rawlings
David Gillett
John Jones
Peter Watson
Richard McDermott
54 Patricia Croxon
55 Penny Gillett (Johnson)
56 Pauline Johnson (Rust)



Unveiling: Colin Howe, Peter O'Brien (nephew of Fred Thorpe) Marjorie Gladwin; Bruce Howe (together with Colin Howe, brothers and sister of Norman Howe) and Mick Osborn (a member of the Association and cousin of Alan Downer) Picture: Tony Gay

Never forgotten

FAMILIES of former Wood Green school pupils who died in the Second World War gathered for an emotional unveiling of a replacement plaque in their memory. The plaque for 56 former Trinity Grammar School pupils has been installed in the new reception area of Nightingale Primary School, Bounds Green Road - the former site of the school, which closed in 1962.

Beryl Skinner, of Trinity Old Scholars Association, which organised the replacement for the original plaque, said afterwards: "It was fantastic, there's no other word for it, and *very* emotional, to be perfectly honest."

The ceremony on 26th September was attended by family members of three of the 56 pupils, whose names are on the plaque -

Frederick Thorpe, Norman Howe and Alan Downer - and 22 members of the Association.

The plaque was welcomed by the families.

"It meant a lot because it was *very* sad when we found out the original memorial had been disposed of some years ago," said Mr O'Brien, nephew of Frederick Thorpe.

Extract from Tottenham, Wood Green and Hornsey Journal 2nd October 2008.

Note from Editor

We are indebted to Nightingale Primary School for allowing us to share in the opening of their new Reception area. which will be a great asset both to pupils and staff .

I know that a great number of you, including myself, were wondering how the Trinity school building, became Nightingale Primary. It seems that the original Nightingale School, was indeed in Nightingale Road, but had become too small for its occupants and needed a great deal of work to bring it up to standard. Haringey Council decided to close the school and move everyone into our old building, but retain the name Nightingale.

STOP PRESS.. SEE PAGES ... 8/9/10

ITS THAT TIME OF YEAR !

It is that time of year, when I need to remind you that subscriptions will be due on the 1st January. Many of you have already set up standing orders. If you are not sure, then please check your Bank Statement after 30th January, when all standing Orders should have been processed.

If yours does not appear, then you have not set one up. PLEASE then **send your cheque for £5.00** to me, payable to TOSA.

Please address your envelope to TOSA as this helps keep TOSA separate from my other post.

My address is

TOSA

110 Reading Road, Finchampstead, Berks RG40 4RA

The following members have already paid for 2009

Allison Richard	1941
Bishop Derek	1942
Brooks Les	1940
Carter Maureen	1947
Chalkey John	1943
Chant Ben	1941
Clelland Pamela	1933
Coleman Derek	1942
Driver Patricia	1943
Featherstone Maurice	1935
Goodwin Jackie	1958
Hale Colin	1951
Harremoes Joan	1942
Jones John R.	1953
Lee Gwen I	1948
Lindfield Alan	1943
McDermott R.	1951
Moody Jackie	1951
Newmark Doris	1940 (Clarke) NEW member
Preece Jim	1934
Pritchard Eddie	1942
Ring David	1943
Saunders Kathleen	1932
Suffield R	1953
Taylor Nobby	1946
Townsend Peter	1946
Wilkinson Barry	1954
Williams Sheila	1937
Wilson Margaret	1939

Membership cards for 2009 will be sent out with the March newsletter.

**JOIN US FOR A CHRISTMAS LUNCH ON
MONDAY 15th December at
Bush Hill Park Golf Club. You must pre-book.**

Telephone Reg Rogers on 0208 3669427

Cost is £21.00 per head.

DON'T LEAVE IT UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE !

MINUTES OF TOSA AGM MEETING
HELD AT RAMADA COMET HOTEL HATFIELD
ON 11TH OCTOBER 2008

Present

Beryl Ivatt (Cole)	Geoffrey Ivatt (guest)	Mary Davies (Parker-Smith)
John Glyn	Joy Riley (Thompson)	Judith Neville (Crook)
Alan Gardner	Beryl Skinner (Hayter)	Peter Zimmerman
Jeanne Zimmerman (Webb)	Doreen Stoddart (Dunstan)	Roy Augood
Jan Deller (Evans)	Reg Rogers	Marion Manktelow (Paul)
Chas Stancer	Les Cook	Derek Coleman
John Snellgrove	Ron Bishop	Roger Pye
Pat Pye (guest)	Doris Chennells (Barling)	Colin Moor

Apologies for absence

Audrey Augood (Latter); Ron Bates; Vic Manning; Jose Gillard (Payne); Dorothy Peters; Peter Turner; Fred Brailey; Grace Brown (Wardell)

The meeting started at 4.35 pm .

1. The President Reg Rogers welcomed everybody and thanked Beryl Skinner for organising the replacement of the War Memorial in the new Reception area at our old school building (renamed Nightingale Primary School).
2. Beryl Skinner was appointed Chairman of the meeting.
3. Minutes of AGM 2007 were approved .
Proposed by Peter Zimmerman Seconded by John Snellgrove

Matters Arising

4. Beryl gave a report on the War Memorial and the unveiling

Treasurer's report.

5. Members present were given a copy of the accounts and reported that the Association was financially healthy. The accounts had been examined by Colin Marr (1951).

Proposed by Ron Bishop seconded Derek Coleman

There were no dissents.

6. Appoint committee for 2008/2009

The following are prepared to remain

Beryl Skinner 1942 John Glyn 1946 Vic Manning 1949 Judith Neville 1952 Fred Brailey 1950

Mary Davies 1951 Peter Turner 1954

Beryl thanked Peter and Jeanne Zimmerman for all their support on the committee and accepted their resignation.

Margaret McGinn (Stretton) 1948 was appointed to the committee.

There were no dissents

Proposals.

7. The bond with Nightingale has become very strong and Beryl proposed that the presentation of £25 to the selected boy and girl from the school to be an annual event subject to sufficient funds being available. It was agreed by everyone that the Committee could use their discretion with regard to the amount spent.

Proposed by Chas Stancer and seconded by Reg Rogers.

There were no dissents.

Any other business.

Members asked about visits to tour the school. Reg Rogers will arrange.

John Snellgrove thanked the chairman and the meeting closed at 5.15 pm.

Members- if anyone would like a copy of the accounts. Please send me a SAE.

Down Memory Lane with Keverne Weston (54)

Like most children, my earliest cinema outings were to see Walt Disney full-

length cartoons, such as 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs', 'Sleeping Beauty', 'Cinderella' and 'Bambi'. I enjoyed them but, when I saw my first film containing actors, that's all I wanted from then on. I saw 'Sitting Pretty' when I was about five and still remember the scene where the baby-sitter, the effete Clifton Webb, tips a bowl of cereal over the head of the difficult baby in his charge. However, the most indelible impression was created by the leading lady, the feisty Irish actress, Maureen O'Hara, who had been discovered by Charles Laughton and given the female lead in his film, 'Jamaica Inn'. I frequently peruse the listings magazines hoping to find that one of her films, so far unseen, is being shown on television. I have seen fifty of her fifty-six films and she remains my favourite.

Following my discovery of the beautiful Maureen, I was occasionally taken to the cinema and I do remember seeing 'The Adventures of P.C.49' and 'Seven Brides for Seven Brothers'. I didn't think I was taken often enough. When I became eleven, I was allowed to go on my own and I would often attend three times a week as several cinemas had different film on Sundays and some changed their programme mid-week; there was a plethora of choice and I could sometimes catch up on old films I'd missed. 'Lady and the Tramp' was the last Disney cartoon I saw. Since then I have never been interested in seeing animated films and this surprises many people who tell me that modern animation is wonderful. This may be true, but you can't like everything and I don't like science fiction films either.

When I began my independent cinema excursions I would see films with a 'U' certificate, mostly comedies, thus catching Norman Wisdom at his peak and the tail-end of the Abbott and Costello films. Unfortunately the comedies that appealed to me more had ceased to be made and I was only aware of some of these personalities because I took the comic 'Film Fun'. George Formby, Will Hay, the Aldwych farceurs led by Tom Walls, Old Mother Riley and Gracie Fields became great favourites of mine when I caught up with them on television showings of their films years later. I enjoyed westerns, comedies and musicals; thrillers, horror film and dramas. I didn't go to see war films at the time but have enjoyed British war films more recently finding the stiff upper lips of John Mills, Richard Attenborough, Jack Hawkins & Co. of more interest than the exploits in American war films, which I often fail to understand. Incidentally, Jack Hawkins, who had begun acting in films and on the stage before he even left Trinity, did not become a star until the early 1950s, when he appeared in 'The Cruel Sea'.

Wood Green and the surrounding suburbs were very well served for cinemas in the 1950s. The Wood Green Gaumont, later the Odeon and now, I believe, a bank, showed mainstream releases made by Twentieth Century Fox, Paramount, Columbia, R-K-O Radio, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation and some from minor studios. At Turnpike Lane was The Ritz, which was part of the ABC Circuit which showed films made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, Associated British Pathe and a few others. ABC Film Review could be purchased at ABC cinemas for 6d and it only featured films that would be shown on that circuit. These 'chains' all showed the same film, in one auditorium, for just one week, no matter how successful it was. Occasionally there would be long queues for popular films. A film would open in the West End, usually on a Thursday, and be reviewed in all three of the evening papers, The Star, The Evening News and The Evening Standard. I read these avidly, planning what I would go to see. Unlike today, one could not see a new film in one's local cinema immediately it opened. After its West End run, which would depend on its popularity, the film would be released to the suburbs. North West London had each film for one week and it then went to North East London. Although Wood Green was due North and neither West nor East, we got the films during the second week of its release. South London had to wait until the week after that. I wondered if by the third week the prints were less than pristine. If so, they must have been really awful by the time the film reached the provinces.

There were far more cinemas in those days and only a couple of miles away from Wood Green Gaumont was The Palmadium (sic), at Palmers Green, which showed the same films as the Gaumont. The Capitol, at Winchmore Hill, now an office building called Capitol House, showed the same films as The Ritz at Turnpike Lane; but, sometimes the Sunday films were different. The smaller, independent cinemas could be more interesting. A few yards away from The Palmadium in Palmers Green, almost opposite the department store (gone, of course) Evans and Davies, was The Queens. The Queens always showed two films, known as 'double bills.' Sometimes both films would be old and sometimes there would be a new film supported by a re-release. The Rex, in Station Road, Wood Green, yards from the former Wood Green Library, also showed double bills, often re-issuing popular films from the past. Occasionally, The Rex would show a film that had not been given a very wide release and had been neglected by the major circuits. I lapped up these. At Duckett's Common, Turnpike Lane could be found The Regal which often showed 'sand and sandal epics', featuring Steve Reeves or other muscle-men or Art House continental films. I saw some of my first Ingmar Bergman films at The Regal. This cinema had had a chequered career opening in 1910 as The Premier Electronic Theatre; becoming The Regal in 1941; The Essoldo in 1959

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Vogue Bingo after that before reverting to use as a cinema for a short time in 1964, when it was known as The Curzon. Subsequently, it became an Evangelical Church. I have no idea what the building is used for now or if it is still there.

Slightly further away, in Green Lanes, near where Harringay Stadium used to be was The Coliseum, again specialising in double bills of old films. I went there very seldom as I had plenty of choice nearer to where I lived and it was one cinema that warranted the description, 'flea-pit'. The local paper announced that The Coliseum was showing the old Humphrey Bogart film, 'The Desperate Hours', so I went to see it, accompanied by my grandmother. In the late 1950s many 'X' films were being shown. Naturally, cinema-going adolescents such as myself considered it a challenge and a necessity to get in to see these films so, from the age of thirteen I made sure that I saw as many of these adult films as I could. I certainly didn't look sixteen and it is amazing that I got in as often as I did. I think the first 'X' film I saw was 'Yield to the Night' - Diana Dors' finest hour, which was a thinly-disguised version of the story of Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in Britain. Another memorable film was 'Les Diaboliques', which I did find truly frightening. (SPOILER ALERT! DO NOT READ THE NEXT BIT IF YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN THIS FILM AND WOULD LIKE TO.)

In the film, re-titled 'The Fiends' in this country, a wife, played by Vera Clouzot and a mistress, played by Simone Signoret, seemingly conspire to kill their abusive husband/lover. The wife, who has a weak heart, goes into the bathroom and is terrified when she discovers the body of her husband lying in the bath, which is full of water. She and his mistress had buried the body after killing him, she thought. While she is aghast he rises slowly from the water and reaches up to his apparently sightless eyes and squeezes out his eyeballs. His wife has a fatal heart attack which was the plan all along. No other film scared me as much until I went with my Trinity friend, Michael Formoy to see 'Psycho'.

As this was the time continental films became popular, I went to as many of these as possible. There seemed to be two distinct categories; on the one hand there were those with, for the day, a high sexual content. 'Love is My Profession', 'Too Bad She's Bad' and 'Bread, Love and Jealousy' were just three starring, respectively, the great continental sex-symbols, Brigitte Bardot (now an Animal Rights Activist and crypto-fascist); Sophia Loren (still working and an 'international treasure') and Gina Lollobrigida (now a photographer). The other main category could be described as 'Art House' and Britain was seeing the early films of Federico Fellini, Andrzej Wajda, Michelangelo Antonioni and Ingmar Bergman. I gave Jean-Luc Godard a try but couldn't stand him, preferring other members of the French 'Nouvelle Vague' such as Claude Chabrol and Francois Truffaut.

It wasn't always plain sailing getting into see these films. On one occasion, aged thirteen, I went to the cashier at The Rex and asked for a ticket, paying adults' price, of course. "How old are you?" demanded the cashier. "Sixteen", of course, was the answer. She let me in, for, after all, two shillings and sixpence was not to be sneezed at for the sake of an irritating little bye-law. The following week I went to The Rex to see a 'U' film and found the same woman at the cash desk. We had the same conversation and I had to assure her I was sixteen in case she remembered I'd said so the previous week. For the next three years, instead of getting in to see 'U' films for one shilling, I had to pay full price, so I was sixteen for a very long time!

I occasionally went to the cinema with other Trinity pupils, mostly with Keith Patchett, but I also went with Pat Wilson, Michael Formoy and Geraldine Richards and occasionally bumped into Barry Livingstone and Jeanette Slaughter. I remember I encountered Jeanette at The Rex when I went to see 'South Pacific'. Jeanette was seeing it too, afterwards staying on to see 'The Ten Commandments'. Together the films would have been more than six hours long. Much later a large group from Trinity went to see 'Ben-Hur'. Strangely, we went again a year later. It was Pat Wilson who told me that she listed every film she saw, mentioning the director, year of production and actors as well as the title. I'd never thought of doing this until Pat mentioned it but I have been doing it ever since.

When I returned from a cinema visit I would often regale my grandmother with details of the entire plot; if her eyes ever glazed over I never noticed. When I was nineteen, more adventurous and going further afield I took Gran to the West End see How the West Was Won, one of the first films to be shown in Cinerama. It was a very long film, giving employment to Debbie Reynolds, George Peppard, Carroll Baker, Henry Fonda, James Stewart and many more. I think I was very lucky to develop my love for the cinema when I had so much choice. Although I still watch films on television and subscribe to www.lovefilms.com, it was infinitely better to see films as they were meant to be seen, in the cinema. It would have been a shame to see 'Gone with the Wind', 'The Third Man' or 'Casablanca' on television for the first time, rather than with an audience. As I moved away from Wood Green I found just as many in the Balham area where I settled down but, during the 1960s and 1970s most of my childhood haunts and their replacements in South London disappeared, much to my regret. Today Wood Green has a multiplex on what used to be Spouters' Corner, opposite the Underground Station. There is a multiplex in Streatham, near where I live, but I seldom go as they only seem to show what I call 'Crash! Bang! Wallop!' films. Instead I go to The Clapham Picture House where one can be hopeful of finding some vestiges of culture along with the ubiquitous pop-corn. At eighteen I had attended an audition for 'Double Your Money', the television quiz programme, which I never watched but wanted to be on. I did not pass the audition because I could not say who T. E. B. Clarke was. He turned out to be the writer of some of the Ealing comedies.

Years later there was a television quiz programme called 'Movie Buff of the Year' and I was successful in getting on this, even lasting to the second round, when I was easily beaten.

A few months ago Ray Conner and his wife, the former Elaine Stubbings, who were both in my class at Trinity were visiting. Ray and I had a discussion about a film, each of us asserting he was right about some detail. "But, films are my life!" was my plaintive cry and then we all fell about laughing. Ray makes me squirm, deservedly so, when he reminds me of this, but, it's true, nevertheless.

Editors Note –that brought back some memories.

I remember seeing "The Fiends" and oh yes.. It really made me jump as did "Psycho". If any of you have not yet seen "Mama Mia".. DO SO... or watch out for it on TV... a real feel-good film.. which we don't get a lot of these days.

Welcome to new member Dave Allen 1958 and already I have got him writing a piece for us

A Christmas tale from old Bow Street!

It's a sure sign that Christmas is coming when you start seeing more adverts on the telly for drink. At present there is an advert on for Bell's whisky. That reminded me of our own Inspector Bell in the early 1970s. I'm sure he was part of that family. He was a larger than life figure in every sense. A huge man with a huge head, huge nose and even bigger voice. He was known by the nickname 'Bluto', after the Popeye character. He was also known to fly into a rage on occasions, especially when he was the subject of a campaign by the 'phantom raspberry blower' over the Personal Radio system. Mr Bell would be prone to sending out very long and loud messages over the radio. Once he had concluded his message with the signature "Charlie Bravo One, out!", the phantom raspberry blower would strike with a well placed rasp for all to hear. This happened every time. I was in the control room one day when Mr Bell leaned over my shoulder, grabbed the mike and proceeded to send out one of his messages. At the end of his message I waited for the inevitable. Yes. The phantom struck again. This provoked an explosion within Mr Bell who made the fatal mistake of shouting down the radio, "If I find out who's doing that he'll be on report! Charlie Bravo One, out!" It was too good an opportunity for the phantom to miss. Yep! He did it again. Now, Mr Bell was doing a complete Basil Fawlty while the rest of us in the reserve room were stuffing handkerchiefs in our mouths to suppress the giggles. No-one ever found out who the phantom really was, but I have my suspicions. I could be persuaded to reveal the name for a pint of Guinness. Happy days.

Dave Allen, 1958

More to make you smile

Angels by children

I only know the names of two angels. Hark and Harold.= Gregory, 5

Everybody's got it all wrong. Angels don't wear halos anymore. I forget why, but scientists are working on it. =Olive, 9

It's not easy to become an angel! First, you die. Then you go to heaven, then there's still the flight training to go through. And then you got to agree to wear those angel clothes. =Matthew, 9

Angels work for God and watch over kids when God has to go do something else. =Mitchell, 7

My guardian angel helps me with math, but he's not much good for science. =Henry, 8

Angels don't eat, but they drink milk from holy cows. =Jack, 6

Angels talk all the way while they're flying you up to heaven. The basic message is where you went wrong before you got dead. =Daniel, 9

When an angel gets mad, he takes a deep breath and counts to ten. And when he lets out his breath, somewhere there's a tornado. =Reagan, 10

Angels have a lot to do and they keep very busy. If you lose a tooth, an angel comes in through your window and leaves money under your pillow. Then when it gets cold, angels go north for the winter. =Sara, 6

Angels live in cloud houses made by God and his son, who's a very good carpenter. =Jared, 8

All angels are girls because they gotta wear dresses and boys didn't go for it. =Antonio, 9

My angel is my grandma who died last year. She got a big head start on helping me while she was still down here on earth. =Katelynn, 9

Some of the angels are in charge of helping heal sick animals and pets. And if they don't make the animals get better, they help the kid get over it. =Vicki, 8

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY...2009

22nd January Reading Group New Year Lunch details will be circulated or contact Beryl for Booking form.

22nd April. Spring lunch at Hatfield Peverel. Booking form with March newsletter.

25th April—Bournemouth Reunion—contact Jill Deamer on 01305 832597 for booking form

46'ers reunion 25th April at Ramada Hatfield Details circulated or contact John Glyn 01372 802576

51's Reunion... to be advised .details will be circulated by Kim Ghafur

54's Reunion... sometime in May—Peter Turner

**As this year ends, continuing
DOWN MEMORY LANE 1938 –1958
Celebrating 70/60/50 years of
Trinity County Grammar School Magazines**

IN THIS YEAR OF 90 YEARS REMEMBRANCE, the following extracts from 1938 are particularly meaningful, and now proves that humanity has not learned very much since those years.

Summer Term 1938

Some schools, may be able to follow the traditional path of learning in a seclusion undisturbed by changes in this hurrying world. But for us such calm is unattainable, and it may be that we do not wish for it. We have often written, here of changes and rumours of change, and have expressed no regret at our inability to escape from them. Rather we have taken pleasure in being close to the origin of changes and seeing at first hand the amazing developments of our: age. This Editorial deals with the same theme of changes in a changing world. One of the most valuable reforms of recent years has been the increase in the number of paid holidays-an increase which has of course by no means come to an end. With paid holidays, has arisen the question of "staggered holidays." Here the fixed School term, based on the University year and on University examinations, proves a difficulty. But the Universities are not immoveable, and we may see before long the date of the General School Examination and the Higher School Examination changed from midsummer. And with that change would come a re-organisation of the school terms. What the new arrangement will be nobody knows yet" but that there will be a change, and before long, is certain. We can look forward to that change in the confident belief that it will be a change for the better. To another change we can look forward only with the gravest, misgiving. Air Raid Precautions will affect us as they will affect every school in or near London. That so much thought and energy should have to be devoted to them is a bitter comment on European civilisation, and it is well to bear in mind how bitter that comment really is. Plans are being worked out for the evacuation, in what is euphemistically called an " emergency," of school-children from London. All boys and girls whose parents are willing will be sent out of the danger zone. Where will our scholars be sent ? What will happen to the school? Here is a change we anticipate with no pleasure. But to the possibility of this change, as to the possibility of other changes, it would be foolish to close our eyes.

Cont: dates for your diary 2009

**School Reunion... Saturday 17th October
Details to be confirmed**

Autumn Term 1938

Untroubled in a troubled world, our scholars continued their studies this term while their parents were puzzling over evacuation schemes and while news was almost hourly reaching the School of old boys being called up for military service. Not quite untroubled, for some of the senior boys were themselves taking a part in Air Raid Precautions. And later, in the peace which must seem to so many peoples in Europe very different from the peace they had hoped was intended for them, our scholars continued their mathematics, their art, their literature in a world which was full for them of kindness and goodwill. How much do they know of the fate of other boys and girls? Do they continue to the end of their school days in the belief that home and school are the real world in miniature? Or has there crept into their minds some of that chill fear of barbarity which every thinking Englishman feels to-day as he remembers the suffering of the Spaniards, the Czechs, the Jews? We do not know the answer. We could hope that our younger scholars, at any rate, see nothing and hear nothing but what is of good report. Of our senior scholars we are not so sure. It will be their turn soon to deal with the cruelty of Europe; all too soon, perhaps, they will have to pay the price of their elders' mistakes. They may be watching. And if they are, they will be appalled at what they see. 'They will not be willing to believe that the organised ferocity in which some nations are indulging can be the true expression of the peoples they have tried to look on as neighbours. At this season they may recall an old and beautiful story of a Child Who was born in a land not more disturbed then than it is now. Thousands of children of His race are to-day homeless as He was homeless. That is a bitter commentary on nineteen centuries' achievement. We have given up talking of progress. The most selfless men of our day describe what they are doing for the human race as "rescue" or "salvage" work. But there will soon be nothing to rescue unless we can maintain that spirit of freedom, of toleration, of humanity in which alone, we believe, the human spirit can develop. Perhaps it is well that our scholars are growing up untroubled in a troubled world; they are at least growing up unharmed.

Extracted from School reports**Spring 1948**

Ia We are not bright sparks, so we don't get many marks.

Ib We have a lot of macs to wear but they will wear us out first:

Ic We've got plenty of Colls but we're still frozen stiff.

Id You have to be clean to be godly, if you can't be godly be clean.

Iia Our maths is a-Mayes.ing.

Iib Iib is our name, Eustan(ce) is our station,
Oh, how sad we'll be when there's alteration.

Iic The Smith goes and Old Mother Riley's daughter comes.

Iid It always rains on Sunday, but we get Wain all the week.

III Arts: 31 minds but only 3 'earts!

III Science: A Penney for a piece of Peacock Pie.

IIIa: One Wintle and 28 shrimps.

IIIb: We're all in a " Mayes" now we've lost our Ince."

IV: Science: Taunted about our Maths, we've left our Brand on English and should Make-a-lane to French success.

IVa We've all got glum faces, 'cos the masters hold 4 a's

IVb 23 workers and 1 drone

IVc: Macs keep the Wain off

Va : " Gagged."

Vb: Ma tricked us into it.

Vc: We came, we saw, we gave it up.

Vd Twenty-two ice bergs, but a lot of hot air.

Ve Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

VIa Dislikes its geographical position on the summit of Vesuvius.

VIb: Among whose intellectual ranks a mistress was reduced to a student.

VIc Two's company, "freeze" not.

and after this, shall we have no more puns on Staff names for a term or two?)

Christmas Fair 1957

It was with very great pleasure that we received the invitation from the Headmaster to take an active part in the Christmas Fair, which was to be staged in the School last December. The various sections of the Old Scholars' Association were approached to see if they would be willing to provide some assistance in the way of donating prizes for a super raffle and, as many of you know, they all made a splendid contribution towards the eventual success of the evening. Mr Mackey, with his usual exuberance, had several meetings with our small sub-committee and any suggestions put forward by Old Scholars for money-making rackets, were quickly seized upon and adapted to suit the prevailing conditions!

After some discussion, it was decided that the Old Scholars should run a treasure island stall with really decent prizes and we most gratefully acknowledge the assistance given us by Mr Mackey in his capacity as chief scrounger, for finding for us the necessary sand, baseboards and whatnot. Ron Bishop, Mick Osborne and Sid Fullbrook worked like Trojans to get the thing ready and Jean Fairbrother stayed up till all hours of the night assisting these painters, decorators, carpenters and general handymen to get the stall props ready in time. I am sure that the O.T.S.A. can be proud of this first effort to assist the School in such a function and we were really glad to have been given the opportunity of fostering the good relations which have always existed between Trinity and its Old Scholars' Association.

Editor's note.

History repeats itself in a strange way.

TOSA now has its link with our Old School albeit named Nightingale Primary and with much younger pupils. However, I am sure that some of the "spirit" of the building, and our relationship with the school will progress and continue in the future. See below....

The Memorial. The BBC were initially interested in the story of our memorial, and were thinking of attending the unveiling, and then decided to do something with the School on the 10th November. However, that never materialized either **BUT** in the meantime, Nightingale had decided to mark the 90th anniversary of the Armistice, if they could put something suitable together. ...and they did ! On Thursday 6th, I got a message inviting us to attend, managed to rally a few Old Scholars at short notice—Audrey and Roy Augood, Fred Brailey, Grace Brown, Dorothy Peters, Beryl and Geoff Ivatt and Diana Lane. and acquired a Poppy wreath.

I was delighted to be invited to do the introduction.

Here is an imaginary conversation between a Grandma and her grandchildren (played by year 5 and dressed up in their pyjamas) with a Power Point presentation of photos of the period interspersed at the appropriate moment. I hope you enjoy reading the slightly abbreviated version ...

School enter to Glen Miller's "In the mood."
Recording of Neville Chamberlain's announcement that we were at war with Germany and the sound of a siren.

Introduction by Beryl Skinner

90 years ago, at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, the guns of WW1 fell silent after 4 years of conflict. At the time the war with Germany was described as "the war to end all wars" but sadly, that was not to be and the Second World War saw millions more lose their lives between 1939 and 1945.

Every year, on the nearest Sunday to the 11th November people from all over the world gather at their local war memorials to remember not only all those who lost their lives in the two world wars but also the more recent casualties of modern warfare that sadly still go on in our world today and may even be the reason why some of your families came to this country.

This is an opportunity for both public and private remembrance and to express our hopes for peace. The services make no distinction between race and colour or religion and here in London the Queen leads the main service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall.

Some of you have met pupils from the Trinity Old Scholars Association who visited the school when we had the new memorial put up on the wall in reception. We would like to remember those who gave their lives so that we could have the freedom we enjoy and sometimes take for granted today. What follows is a scene inspired by a conversation that actually took place between Mrs Bennett and her father and which hopefully will teach you about those very dark days in our history and help us not to forget.

Beryl leaves stage

Remembrance Assembly

Grandma sitting in an armchair, staring down at a fairly large box. Children enter wearing their night clothes and carrying teddies etc.

Child 1 What you doing Grandma?

Grandma Remembering ..

Child 1 Have you forgotten something then?

Grandma No love. Just the opposite there's some things you never forget even if you're very old like me.

Child 1 Like what?

Grandma Special things, important things, the kind of things you keep in your heart.

(Child pauses to consider but can't resist the lure of the box).

Child 2 What's in the box?

Grandma Precious things that help me to remember.

Child 2 Can we see them?

Grandma Isn't it past your bedtime?

All children Oh please!!!

Grandma Oh alright then, make yourselves comfortable and we'll have a peek.

Grandma then pulls out Grandpa's medals and gives them to the child.

Child 3 Ooh! This is a medal, were you in the Olympics?

Grandpa No Your Grandpa didn't win it for any sport. Your Grandpa got it because he fought for his country in the war. All the men were called up and they had to go.

Child 4 What about you?

Grandma We were not married then but we were sweethearts and I didn't like being a long way away from him.

Child 4 Where was Grandpa?

Grandma All over the place. He had to go wherever he was sent and sometimes he only had a few hours notice before he went to a foreign country because the whole world was fighting.

Child 4 Did he phone you?

Grandma No son. There were no phones on the battlefields but we used to write letters to each other and I've still got them here.

(Grandma reaches into the box and pulls out a small bundle of faded and dog eared letters tied up with blue ribbon).

Child 5 There's not many of them.

Grandma There used to be more but my house was bombed in the blitz and I lost a lot of things.

Child 5 What's the blitz?

Grandma Well a gentleman called Mr Hitler wanted to invade Britain and he thought we would let him if he bombed all our cities. He sent lots of planes over at night and they dropped bombs everywhere. One night the whole of the city was burning, apart from St Paul's cathedral. I was out fire watching that night and I had to wear a funny hat.

Grandma delves into her box and pulls out a tin hat.

child 5 that is a funny hat, it's made of metal.

Child puts on hat and sinks down under the weight.

Grandma it's heavy isn't it? That's deliberate, so if things fall on your head they won't hurt you.

Child 6 Were you in the house when it got bombed?

Grandma No. I was down the underground sleeping on the platform with lots of other people.

Child 6 What were you doing down the underground?

Grandma Well we knew the planes were coming, a very loud siren would go off and everyone ran to the nearest place they felt safe in. Some people had their own air raid shelters in the garden at home and other people had one inside but a lot of folk didn't have either and so they wet to the tube because it was deep underground and they felt safer there. People fell in love down there, babies were born down there and people used to sing the pop songs of the day to drown out the noise of the bombing.

Child 6 How did you know when the bombs had stopped?

Grandma There would be another siren which sounded the "All Clear!"

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Then everyone would go about their business again. Sometimes when folk got back to their street after an air raid their house was no longer there and the neighbours houses would have all the windows blown out because of the blast. The planes would usually come at night and we had to have special black out blinds at the windows so the pilots couldn't see any lights that would help them to see where to drop their bombs. On nights when there was a full moon everyone worried 'cos the pilots could see better.

Child 7 Did the shops stay open during the war?

Grandma Yes it was business as usual but food was rationed and there were long queues.

Grandma rummages in his box and extracts a ration book.

Grandma We all had to have one of these little books with lots of coupons inside for things that were hard to get, like sugar, tea, butter, bread, eggs and bacon. When you went to the shop you were only allowed a small amount of the foods that were rationed and you had to make them last until the next coupon was due. We had to be very creative in the kitchen and we all started growing our own vegetables in our gardens and allotments. The government told us to "Dig for Victory" and there were posters up everywhere encouraging us to do just that. But there were some foods that we just couldn't get hold of at all, like chocolate for instance.

All children (aghast) What, no chocolate?

Grandma 'fraid not. Times were hard and we all had to do our bit. While the men were away fighting, the women had to "Keep the home fires burning."

People didn't throw things away in case it might come in handy for something else.

A saying at the time was "make do and mend" which meant you had to do the best you could with what you had. Ladies used to wear stockings in those days with seams up the back. When they could no longer get nylons they used something called gravy browning to paint the seams on their bare legs so it looked like they were wearing stockings. There were a lot of wobbly seams in those days, especially mine.

Child 7 When did you get married?

Grandma April 1942. Your Grandpa was home on leave for 48 hours so he married in his uniform and I had a home made wedding dress.

I was lucky I worked where I did otherwise I may not have had a dress at all because clothing was rationed too.

Child 7 What do you mean?

Grandma Well I worked in a factory making parachutes for the troops. The parachutes were made out of silk because they had to be light but strong. I managed to find a spare bit of silk lying around that wasn't being used and I made myself a dress out of that.

Child 8 That was lucky!

Child 8 Did the children still have to go to the school while the war was on?

Grandma Certainly they did, even the ones who'd been evacuated.

Child 8 What does that mean?

Grandma Well, the government thought it would be best if the children were sent to the countryside away from the big cities where the bombs were dropping all the time, so they packed them off to live with complete strangers. It wasn't always happy memories they came back with but at least they came back, unlike my brother.

Child 9 What happened, did he get lost?

Grandma No. He was killed in France fighting the Germans. (**Grandma pulls out a faded telegram and passes it to her grandson**). This was how we heard the news.

Child 9 But this is just a tatty old scrap of paper.

Grandma It's a telegram. During the war that's how people got told if their loved ones had died or were missing in action. People came to hate the sight of the telegraph boy coming up the path because it usually meant bad news.

(**Grandma wipes a tear away and looks into the distance**).

Child 10 What else is in your box?

Grandma Just some old photos we can look at another time. Oh and this. (**Pulls out a poppy/wreath**).

Child 10 I know what that is, you wear them on Remembrance Day and you have two minutes silence.

Grandma Yes, that's right. You know all these things help me to remember but the silence helps me most of all.

All children Then perhaps we should have our own two minutes silence now.

Whole school is invited to stand and observe the Two minute silence which is broken by a recording of The Last Post. The stage children with their Headmistress accompany Trinity Old Scholars to Reception where we place the wreath at our memorial.

School exit hall to a recording of Dame Vera Lynn's

I HOPE YOU HAVE BEEN ABLE TO IMAGINE THE SCENE...the stage children particularly were an absolute delight... average age 9 years, and the whole school were very attentive and quiet during the proceedings. We were able to do a "question and answers" session with year 5 afterwards, and they were obviously extremely interested in *our* lives during the war. Child-like, they were somewhat disappointed because none of *us* knew anyone who had been blown up !!



I would like to congratulate Mrs Chris Bennett from Nightingale, who wrote the script and put together the Power Point screen presentation, the background music, and provided the 39-45 memorabilia from her own family archive.