

Trinity Old Scholars Association

www.tosa.homestead.com

Email: trinityn22@hotmail.co.uk

Website and Newsletter Editor : Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 42

Telephone 0118 9730589

Proof Reader : Peter Turner (54)



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It is with regret that I have to advise all members that today we lost a great friend of the Association. I know you will all join me in sending our condolences to the family of Sir Ernest Harrison (1937) OBE who passed away early today.

He was born on the 11th May 1926 in Hackney, the son of a casual dock-worker (hard times during the 30's getting 2 days work if you were lucky). His mother made neckties to supplement the family income. The family eventually moved to Wood Green, where he won a scholarship and joined Trinity County School. In 1939 he was evacuated with the school to Hatfield Peverel, and was well known for several moves of billet. He was an enthusiastic footballer, and eventually became a shareholder in Arsenal football club. Leaving school with academic success in mathematics, he was steered into a career in Accountancy with his studies interrupted by a spell in the Fleet Air Arm. Qualifying as a Chartered Accountant in 1950, he joined Racal Electronics in 1951, where he spent the next 48 years taking the company from strength to strength until its break-up in 1999. Outmanoeuvring Cellnet in 1983 he acquired the first licence for mobile phones when few could have forecast the potential for growth, invented Vodaphone and built it into the success it has become. He was renowned for his leadership skills in management and on retirement, leaving well alone. His other progeny was Chubb Security floated in 1992.

With his success in business and subsequent retirement he was able to turn his skills to other fields.

He was Chairman of the Royal Free Hospital Cancer Research Trust.

An elected member of the Jockey Club (Individuals are elected on their knowledge and experience of horse-racing and the contribution they are able to make in the Jockey club achieving their aims)

An Honorary Fellow of University College London

A Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Scrivenors of the City of London

There is a portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

He was a Life Member of Trinity Old Scholars Association and will be best remembered by his contemporaries of year 37, for his annual gatherings at the Dorchester hotel and his involvement in the publishing of Trinity—A School with a Past.

Sir Ernest leaves a wife and five children.

There will be a private family funeral.

Details of any Memorial Service will be announced later

Newsletter—March 2009

Doctor Jones – a remote disciplinarian and enlightened educator?

I am sorry to say that I have never shared the adulation that seems to be afforded to Doc Jones when we exchange our school day memories at our reunions. I was evacuated (aged 8) a week after the war started in September 39 from my home in New Southgate to stay with a friend of the family in Pontypool, South Wales. There I attended the local village school where the headmaster (perhaps the only master!) was kindly and encouraging and where all the pupils, including me seemed to flourish. The Welsh children sat for an entrance at the local grammar school at aged 10, and I duly gained a place. In July 1941 my parents decided that it was safe for me to return to London, as Cardiff and Swansea had also received attention from the Luftwaffe, and with the worst of the Blitz over, I was as safe there as in Pontypool.

So it was that in mid October 1941, there being no places at Minchenden, Southgate County, or Friern Barnet, I started school at Trinity, well after the commencement of the term and a trolley bus ride from home. I remember that I joined a class (1d) in mid-progress and to my shame, I cried. Nobody, thankfully, took any notice nor teased me about it afterwards.

It was not surprising then, that after my experience of the primary school headmaster, I should find Dokker an intimidating figure. A tall, portly (bottom two waistcoat buttons unfastenable!) figure, enveloped in a voluminous black gown, stern of visage and loud of voice. "Come y'ere boy!" was his hair-raising command to anyone who, unaware of his presence, was running along the corridor, and which we delighted in mimicking when safely amongst ourselves. Imperious in manner, he seemed to me to be pompous and overbearing.

He was certainly a disciplinarian from whom I think the whole school benefited, but I also think that he was completely remote from his pupils until the sixth form. A great pity for those who left after Matriculation.

For example, I can only remember two occasions when I had personal contact (of different kinds) with Dokker. The first in 1d when I received a well deserved caning. I had been larking about with a boy sitting at the desk in front, and I had my arm around his neck.

He let out an almighty yell of protest just as Dokker was passing by. He also got caned for "making such a noise" If you are reading this, please accept my apologies.

The second occasion was when he stood in for an absent teacher. There was a sudden hush as he made an unexpected entrance to our classroom and the squeaking of the chalk on blackboard was the only sound as he wrote "THIS WINDOW IS MADE WITH TOUGHENED GLASS" and asked "what is wrong with this notice?" Silence followed.

Eventually he announced triumphantly "this window is made OF toughened glass" and crossed out the

offending word and wrote in the correction. The humour of such a theatrical performance was not lost on myself and my desk partner Bob Good who was miming a round of applause whilst keeping a straight face.

Some of you may remember that in the early part of the war, London Transport glued woven netting over the windows, with openings to see through, as a protection from flying glass caused by bomb blast. When, in the case of the front windows on the upper deck of the Trolley buses running along Bounds Green Road and thus familiar to staff and pupils of Trinity, toughened glass was used instead, and the notice was to reassure passengers.

Nevertheless, this minute lesson on the importance of verbal accuracy made an impression. In fact, semantic nit-picking became second nature to me as a Quantity Surveyor when careless descriptions of work for which prices were required from builders in competition, could give rise to spurious claims for "extras". However, it occurred to me as a consequence, that Dokker's correction was wrong, and that London Transport's original wording was accurate because the window in question comprised metal and glass, so it was made with glass and not of glass. What a pity I cannot meet him now, and we both could have a laugh about it or perhaps not! Did he have a sense of humour when the laugh was on him?

The more serious consequence of his forbidding manner and remoteness as far as I was concerned and perhaps many like me, was that it did not occur to me to consult him when I made the important decision to leave school at 15½ albeit with a good matriculation result. What puzzles me still, is why a headmaster of his undoubted ability and devotion to the development of the school (as related by John Kemp in Don Grammer's splendid compilation "Trinity a School with a Past" which I must confess, I have only just read in detail) did not institute a practice whereby all prospective school leavers were interviewed by him or their form master/mistress. I would have thought that it was the duty of any headmaster, and particularly an enlightened educator to ensure that leavers were aware of the benefit of staying on if that was the case in relation to their career choice.

In my case it caused no harm because it all ended happily ever after, and I was fortunate in the large number of subjects I studied without early specialisation due, I assume, to Doctor Jones' decision on the curriculum. I am not so sure about my contemporaries, and would like their opinions.

Tony Judkins – 1941.

Picking up on the subject of words—did you know that the Oxford English Dictionary lists no fewer than fourteen adjectives for the word FINE, six as a noun, and two as an adverb. It fills two full pages and takes 5000 words of description. Courtesy Bill Bryson "Mother Tongue". I stumbled across this book in my local charity shop, and like all of his books, is a jolly good read.

BS

That reminds meDown Memory Lane

Colin Marr (51) writes

TOSA'S will know the Wood Green Jazz Club that flourished in the Bourne Hall, which was the function room at the back of the Fishmongers Arms on the corner of Trinity Road, in the late 1950s. Although I wasn't into 'traditional jazz' of that era, I went there many times and the atmosphere there was fantastic! It so happens that an amazing short film was made there, which has been difficult to see for many years, but it's now viewable online on a Channel 4 website devoted to early documentary films.

Here is the link:

http://www.channel4.com/fourdocs/archive/momma_dont_allow_player.html

It should be mentioned that "Momma don't allow" is also of historic interest. It was made by Karel Reisz and Lindsay Anderson, who later went on to make much more well known films, like "Charge of the light brigade" and "If". It is an example of 'free cinema', which was important in the development of British cinema. This sort of social documentary style was groundbreaking. Have a look at some of the others on this C4 site... Dreamland, Terminus, Lambeth Boys etc. All fantastic evocative stuff!

Incidentally, the Bourne Hall was demolished last year and there are now houses on the site.

Editors Note... if you do not have access to the Internet it is worthwhile getting your children/grandchildren to show this to you. It will bring back memories you did not know you had !

Cecil Webb (45) writes

Dear Beryl

Our talk about Pegrums brought back memories. One of my paper rounds ended at the bottom of Palace Gates Road and I used to slip into their back door before the shop opened. I was able to buy hot rolls, fresh out of the oven and take them home for breakfast. I remember Barbara. Her mother used to serve in the shop and I used to queue up, (complete with Bread Units when it went on ration), and wait for the next batch of bread.

Ottley's Garage had a large yard at the back with petrol pumps serving Cleveland petrol. They fitted a new clutch in my first car. There were also some beautifully crafted model railway engines on display and at one time there was a monkey in a large cage and we used to go around to look at it.

Other shops in Crescent Rd included: Pooles (hardware), confectioner/tobacconist, shoe repairer, two butchers (Trebles), two grocers (Franks), two greengrocers (Garnishes), North's Post Office, Civic Restaurant, a shoe shop, Strawbridges (Wonderloaf bakers), ladies hairdressers, United Dairies, Carters

general store, off licence, barbers and Williams builders. During my National Service the man that ran the off licence took me to an international match at Wembley. As regards Alexander Pk Rd, going up the hill towards St Andrew's church (which was bombed), there was a Post Office and chemist at the bottom. Across from there was an off licence and the gas showroom. There was also an empty shop space under Avenue Mansions that someone told me had been hit by a bomb. Further up there was the branch of Pegrum's we discussed. On the corner of Rosebery Avenue was our doctor who was due to visit my brother the day after you missed being bombed at Bounds Green Tube. My mother thought he would not call as he was helping with the casualties but much to her surprise he turned up after eight in the evening. In later years they built a branch library where Albert Rd met Alex Pk Rd.

I know you asked for accounts of what TOS are doing with their retirement and I apologise for being contrary. I have often wondered what happened to my contemporaries. I believe two of the girls went on to be doctors, some of the boys went into accountancy and one had a chain of fishing tackle shops. I found Ron Bates account of his Pan Am days (September 07) interesting.

I am not sure if I sent you, 'The Heavy Light Touch,' but I have reprinted it in Times New Roman 11 anyway.

Editors Note . I know this will spark a lot of memories, particularly as last year we had new members at the reunion who have links with the shops mentioned, and also those who lived in this area (me included !) It has always been my contention that we all have a lot more in common than we realise as I found out when I was talking to Don Turner (54) recently. He lived in Dagmar Road and also went to Rhodes Avenue

The Heavy Light Touch

I cannot remember how or why Gwilym Morris recruited us as scene shifters. He may have heard that we were reliable enough to bank the school dinner money every Monday but it is more likely that he saw us posing around the school trying to impress the girls and decided that our energies could be utilised in a better cause. Whatever the reason we became in moderm parlance, 'Backstage Operatives for Props and Scenery', or BaPS for short. Health and Safety would demand safety helmets today and in view of what happened it may not be such a bad idea,

The school was performing three one act plays, (I think Mr Mackay, Terence Jeoffroy and Elsie Toll were in one) and I am not sure if the incident occurred at White Hart Lane New School or at a drama festival in Palmers Green. We arrived early and Gwilym asked a girl and myself to act as stand ins while the electrician rigged a spotlight that had to focus on an armchair centre stage with the actress seated and the actor kneeling with his head resting on her. Perhaps a line from Ivor Novello's Careless Rapture song would have set the scene, 'rest gently in my arms' except that what followed was not gentle. **Cont. Page 4.....**

Cont from page 3

We took the pose and I was enjoying the close contact with the female form when there was a terrible crash that caused me to be momentarily enfolded tighter. The electrician had dropped the light and it caught the girl a glancing blow on her shoulder but I was protected by her hold. Gwilym made sure all was well and I waited while the light was secured in the hopes that my services would be required again but to no avail. The lead actors arrived and posed the scene themselves.

I think I know the name of the girl but memory after fifty years may not be accurate. If she happens to read this she may choose to write to the newsletter and assure me she recovered from the shock of holding me close. (and the touch from the heavy light!)

Cyril Webb 45

Many of you enquire of James Grout and his wife Noreen (Fowler) both 1938. I am pleased to say that they are residing happily in Wiltshire.

Morse's boss leads a home-share solution

The actor is pioneering a scheme which exchanges a room for housework

WHEN VETERAN actor James Grout, 81, and his wife Noreen realised that their house and treasured garden were becoming too much to cope with, they faced a dilemma. James, who played Inspector Morse's boss, Chief Superintendent Strange, in the long-running TV detective series, and Noreen were becoming increasingly less mobile but were desperate to stay in their home. However, feeling acutely vulnerable, they worried about employing a stranger to help out.

Their lives have now been turned around by an experimental Homeshare scheme being run by Wiltshire county council. Under the project, elderly householders are matched to younger home seekers in exchange for rent-free accommodation; the homesharer pledges up to 10 hours of help - usually housework and gardening - a week. This is how they have ended up sharing their home with Polish theatre nurse Ewa Gajda, 37.

'It's just too good to be true. I think it would have taken a lot for us to sell up and go into an old people's home because we're not old people's home people; said Noreen. 'But now we don't have to worry. I think we've probably got another three or four years at least, hopefully, bumbling about in our home. It's wonderful. And all the things we treasure, particularly the garden, are being looked after:

Homeshare schemes have been slow to catch on in the UK. But, after research funded through the Department of Health, local authorities are being encouraged to accept the benefits of a scheme that not only helps the elderly stay independent for longer, but also eases the housing crisis for younger single people who can't afford to rent.

Wiltshire is one of three county councils - the others are Oxfordshire and West Sussex - trialing the scheme. with the Grouts among a handful of pioneers. Angela Catley, head of projects for the community services charity NAAPS, which carried out the research and set up the pilot projects; said: 'It is low cost, it's lovely, environmentally friendly, It's reciprocal, and it is out of the realms of the world of care.

Noreen said she and her husband, who have no children, were 'fairly hale and hearty. But when the lady who used to clean for me retired, I was quite worried about getting somebody in. At our age, it's a big chance you take. 'We have a six -bedroom house and, though the garden is not big, it's too much for me: she admitted. James who has mobility difficulty and impaired vision, 'needs a bit of looking after'. 'I act as wife, secretary, housekeeper, cook, gardener, driver - all of which I could do 20 years ago without batting an eyelid. At 81, I can't: she said.

Susan Verity, Homeshare co-coordinator at Wiltshire county council, matched the couple with Ewa, a theatre nurse at the Royal United Hospital in Bath. Susan made thorough background checks, including Criminal- Records Bureau inquiries, on both the Grouts and Ewa. Both sides were introduced, with a short trial period in the house. Contracts were drawn up stipulating which areas were shared, how much the sharer would contribute towards bills, and what hours would be worked; It also stipulates that neither party can be a beneficiary in each other's will.

Susan Verity stays in touch throughout the period of the Homeshare. 'It's a win win situation,'-she said. 'It's such a brilliant idea. It keeps people in their communities and also enhances those communities by bringing new people into them: Ewa, who moved into the house in July, is delighted: 'I have nice accommodation to live in now, and they are very nice people. We get on very well' For Noreen it has been a relief 'We met Ewa and couldn't believe our luck. Here was a very intelligent, very attractive and very able woman who loved our garden. We get on very well and she works like a Trojan. The place is spotless, far better kept than it has ever been'

So far, there are only six Homeshare schemes, including one run by the charity Vitalise in London and one in Bristol. Catley said: 'At the moment, it is only available in very limited areas, but it can help to keep older people in their homes for longer and that can represent a real saving to local authorities.

Caroline Davies

The Observer, Sunday 7 December 2008

**MEMORIES PAST
SCHOOL MAGAZINES**

70 years 1939

60 years 1949

Editorial Spring 1939

The holiday which we, in common with all schools in Middlesex, enjoyed on March 20 was granted to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Middlesex County Council. The work of the County Council affects not only us, a Middlesex School, but every man, woman, and child in Middlesex so closely, and that work has such an appearance of stability and permanence, that we find it hard to realise that the County Council is only fifty years old. To take its work for granted is possibly the highest tribute we could pay it. So unostentatiously is its work performed that we rarely pause to notice at how many points in our lives the "County" touches us. A jubilee is a time to look back and to compare the present with the past. The growth of the County Council is a product of the voluntary system. Had not the elected representatives of the ratepayers been men and women of vision, with ability and determination enough to insist that their plans were practicable and should be carried out, the County organisation that we know to-day would never have existed. We do not lessen the great debt we owe to the permanent officials when we attribute the existence of the County services to the integrity, the ability, and the industry of the County Councillors. Their work is unrewarded, and most of it unseen. The reward of public honours and of fame is theirs to so small an extent as to be negligible. They have been sustained in their work by the single-minded motive of devotion to the welfare of the community in which they live. How fortunate that community has been in finding such representatives! -For fifty years Middlesex has been served with that true nobility which scorns to accept, but which feels honour in giving. While men and women of this character can be found, the voluntary system (which is here the same as the democratic system) will succeed. The extent of its success can be seen when we look back on these fifty crowded years. The progress has been enormous. **The progress of the next fifty years may possibly be still greater. We count ourselves fortunate that the tradition so firmly established remains unshaken in our day.**

Editor—Mr Brandon

Editor's note: **Middlesex** is one of the 39 historic counties of England and was the second smallest (after Rutland). When county councils were introduced in England in 1889 part of Middlesex was used to form the County of London and the

Editorial Spring 1949

An Eventful Term

There have been years when the Spring Term Magazine as had little to record. Bad weather, influenza, the tail end of winter games—these and what we may euphemistically call the fatigue of overwork have produced a dull term. But no-one can call the term now ending dull or spiritless. It has been one of the liveliest terms in our memory. Starting with "Twelfth Night", a production in many ways unprecedented in the history of the School, the term continued with a series, also unprecedented, of political lectures, and by way of boxing, cross-country running, and a string quartet concert ended with a Grumble meeting and a Declamation Contest. The good weather has helped our games. Nearly every morning before School and every afternoon after School, the play-ground has been occupied by serious and strenuous netball players. The sports field has been used as much as its condition allowed after the week-end trespassers had so regularly and recklessly churned it up. New fencing has now been placed around the field, and we can expect police support in preventing this wanton damage. Visits to theatres and concerts have been frequent. And, lest we give our readers a false impression, let us not omit to say that occasionally, and in strictly limited amounts, we have done some work.

What are the causes of this our burst of enthusiasm? Recovery from the tiredness of the war years? The existence of a large and lively Sixth Form? We do not know, and will not waste time hazarding a guess. It is sufficient to note this energy, and to express our pleasure at its manifestations.

By the time we reach the mid 50's, the school had reduced the number of magazines to one a year. The Summer Editorial for 1959 will be printed in a later newsletter. However..... Read on page 6

remainder formed the administrative county of Middlesex. The historic counties of England are ancient subdivisions of England. In 1965, *Greater London* was formed from the counties of London and Middlesex, and parts of Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent and Surrey. **In 1986, the Greater London Council and the six Metropolitan County Councils were abolished, mainly for political reasons.**

An interesting website which is worth a visit is www.middlesexcountycouncil.org.uk and another in Ontario, Canada is www.middlesexcounty.ca which lists Links to Thames Valley School Board; Medway District; North Middlesex School Board—the list is fascinating and all are in Ontario. There is even a Middlesex County Library with similar county badge.

Editorial Spring Term 1953

For some time now we have published every term an article entitled Twenty-five Years Ago. These articles have been of great interest to older members of our community, who have enjoyed not only the reminiscences of these flashbacks but also the sense of continuity with the past which they have so often exemplified. For the past, as so many references in our articles have shown, is indissolubly linked with the present. We are able this term to go back twice as far into the past, and publish with pleasure an article on conditions in the School which nobody at present with us can even distantly recall.

Our first impression on reading this contribution sent to us with great kindness by an Old Boy who has just retired from a Headmastership was a feeling of the enormous gulf which separates us from the conditions of half a century ago. So much has changed, not only in nomenclature. The very spirit of the times seems different. The stern discipline of those days, the insistence on accuracy of detail, the improvised arrangements for games-these among other features of the School will seem to us of the present day unfamiliar, and, indeed, perhaps distasteful.

Yet there is plenty of evidence in the article of an identity of purpose. Methods change, but the intention of the School remains constant. The School exists for its scholars, and it cannot be too often repeated that members of the Staff have been in the past and are in the present actuated by the same motive: the welfare of their pupils. That the methods of the past were not without success is demonstrated by our contributor's article. It is for the present generation to demonstrate that modern methods are not inferior to those of fifty years ago.

Over 50 years have passed since I attended the School as a scholar and it may interest some of you to know what School life was like in those days. When I attended the School in 1900 it was known as the Higher Grade School and every one who attended had to pay a weekly fee of 6d. We also had to provide our pens, pencils, rulers, rubber, and certain other special materials as required, about which I will speak later. By passing a certain examination it was possible to be exempt from paying the 6d per week. How I came to be exempt may interest you and may also give you some idea of the difference between parents in those days and today.

I wanted to give my parents a pleasant surprise by taking the examination unknown to them. The examination was held on a Saturday morning and that set me my first problem. Always on Saturday mornings I had certain household duties to perform and not until I had completed the jobs did I receive my weekly spending money (2d.). By persistent pleadings I was allowed to do my duties on the Friday night in order, so I said, that I might

play football for the School on Saturday morning. On the Saturday morning I went from my home wearing football shirt and knickers under my ordinary clothes and carried my football boots. I sat for the Examination and on my way back home dragged my knickers, shirt, and boots through some mud and also smeared mud over my face, hands, and knees.

Two weeks later the result was announced in School on a Friday afternoon. I had passed. On the Monday morning I deliberately left the 6d. on the table at home. When I arrived home for dinner the first thing I received was a good resounding "clout" from my mother for having left my School money on the table. I sat at the table for my dinner, and, as in my home my sister and I were not allowed to speak during a meal, I had to wait until I had finished before I could explain the position and tell what had happened. My reward from my father for having told the lie about the football was a thrashing with a belt. On the Tuesday morning both of them arrived at School to see the Head Master, Mr Crook, to check my story. When they heard from Mr Crook that what I had told them was correct all that happened was that my father took 6d. from his pocket and giving it to me said, "You may keep the 6d. this week for passing the Exam., but don't tell me any more lies." At that stage I really believe I would have suffered. another thrashing if it would have brought another 6d. It was the first time I had had so much to spend, and 6d. in those days was a small fortune to a lad.

Corporal punishment was freely administered in those days both at home and in the School. From experience I quickly realised that if I had been caned at School it did not pay me to mention the fact at home--instead of sympathy I received a few strokes with a belt from my father for being a nuisance at School. All he would say was: "No teacher will cane you unless you deserve it." And of course he was right. .

We had some excellent teachers. I remember well the men who taught me Mr H. J. Jones, Mr A. Jones, Mr Garlick, Mr C. A. West, and a pupil teacher named Mr E. Bliss, and Mr Powell. I owe them a debt that I can never repay.

I quite expect you will want to know what School life was like in those days. You may find it difficult to believe that these incidents actually did take place, but I assure you they did.

At 8.55 a.m. we had to be in our lines in the School yard. The teachers came down and inspected our hands, faces, and shoes. Those of us who failed to reach the required standard knew what to expect-one stroke for each feature dirty-so that it was not unusual to start the day with a couple of strokes.

Assembly in the Hall was a very solemn and impressive affair. Once in the Hall we had to stand rigidly at attention until the Head Master, Mr C. W. Crook, arrived. Over the breathless hush we would hear his footsteps as he came down the staircase from his room. He would

stride across the Hall to his desk and then his dark, flashing eyes would scan the Assembly and woe betide any lad who fidgeted. After the hymn and prayers Mr Crook always gave a two-minute Pep Talk and then silence reigned supreme and during this silence we stood at attention and expectant. If any lad had committed any offence against the honour of the School, it was at this stage that he was punished. The culprit would be called to the front of Mr Crook's desk and Mr Crook would bring down his chair and cane. The lad had to lean across the chair. I do not recollect any case where parents protested in those days they realised the purpose of the thrashing. Such cases were of course very rare because the very thought of such a thrashing in front of the Assembly was a sufficient deterrent.

And now to class room work, and I speak of my own experience in one class I was in. Each lad possessed a Spelling Book and a list of important historical dates. Every night we were expected to learn ten of each. In the morning immediately after Assembly, we were tested on these and for each error we received a stroke of the cane. On Friday mornings the 40 of each we had had during the week were tested but the quality of mercy reigned on Fridays-only one stroke for every two errors. At a later stage a list of Geographical facts was introduced and the same procedure followed; but on Fridays-one stroke for every three errors. I have already said that corporal punishment was freely administered by both Head Master and teachers, but in spite of all that we had the same kindly regard for our Head Master and teachers that you lads ought to have in these days. It was no use a lad complaining to his parents-they always backed up the teachers. I had my full share of punishment-deserved it-and today am still prepared to admit that without that punishment I might not have attained my ambition to become a Head Master. One teacher was very cute: if you wrote with your right hand you were caned on the left hand; if you wrote with your left hand you were caned on the right hand. His argument was that punishment had not to interfere with work. Quite a sound argument, wasn't it?

Let me tell one story against myself. We had one teacher whose speciality was giving "Lines." If he caught you chewing, the task he set was "Excessive mastification corrupts good manners." I never knew him to give it less than 1,000 times. I had had this many times and then had what I thought was a brain wave. I tied ten pencils to a ruler and by practice was easily able to do ten lines at once. I then, very stupidly I now admit, spent night after night writing out thousands of this particular task. One day I made myself a perfect nuisance with my chewing until in the end the teacher said, "McCann, write it out 5,000 times." I quietly opened my locker, counted out 5,000, and there and then handed them to him.

Without taking them from me he said. "Double them." I did so, literally, by folding them in two. Needless to say I was sent out to Mr Crook. Of course this was not in my plan of campaign and I had the feeling I had met my Waterloo. I had. When Mr Crook examined the task, a smile crept over his face, which did not make me feel any happier. I received one stroke well and truly delivered, for "fraud," in that I had written ten lines at once, two more strokes for being a nuisance to the teacher, and, finally, one more stroke for wasting the Head Master's time. The Head returned with me to the classroom and confiscated my stock of "Lines." But, strange to relate, no more tasks were set in that room. Throughout my teaching career I have never set any such written task.

We had no time during the normal School hours for activities such as Football, Cricket, Games and Swimming. These were classed as recreation and were organised after 4 pm. in our own time. I can well remember having to go to Finsbury Park for Swimming. The journey being made by horse-drawn, open-topped tram.

Football and Cricket tackle was not supplied by the school as it is today. We had to subscribe for such equipment and the result was greater care was taken of it than is the case today.

When I was at School the cinema and wireless were unknown. Today I suppose you associate Alexandra Palace with television. In my School days we associated it with balloon ascents, dirigible airships and Col. Cody's man-lifting kites and Wild West shows on the island in the lake. Col. Cody (of Buffalo Bill fame) was my hero and I used to spend my Saturday afternoons helping him in the old Banqueting Hall which stands (or did) in the grounds. During the 'season' there would be firework displays and before the display Col. Cody would put on one of his stunts which usually took the form of an attack on a 'white' man's camp by Indians. The Indians would drag a 'white' man from his tent, strip him to the waist, and tie him to a tree trunk. They would then draw their knives across his face and chest, and what from a distance appeared to be blood streamed down the man's face and chest. One of my jobs was to prepare these knives for the Indians. The blade was hollow, and a small marble rested at the point-end. The handle of the knife unscrewed and my job was to fill the hollow blade with red ochre. As the point of the blade touched the body the small marble was pushed inwards and this released the red ochre on to the flesh. I could tell many more yarns of my days with Col. Cody.

Earlier in this article I said that I received 2d. per week spending money. Some quite good toffee manufactured by Barratt's of Mayes Road was sold at 14 oz. a penny, and sweets at 8 oz. and 10 oz. a penny were quite common. There used to be a baker's shop near the Almshouses, opposite St Michael's Church, at

which one could buy stale cakes (baked the day before but not sold) at 6 or 8 a penny, and also about 1 lb. of broken biscuits for 1d. It was therefore very unusual to spend more than 1d. at a time.

It may be of interest to those of you who like history to travel back through the reigns of monarchs-Queen Elizabeth II, King George VI, King Edward VIII, King George V, King Edward VII, and Queen Victoria; and it was during her reign that I was in your School.

In conclusion here are the names of a few of the lads who were in my class.: Dick Taylor, Mitchell, Postans, and Rushforth. I am wondering if any of their descendants are now in the School

Finally, I hope you haven't formed the opinion that I am a doddering old man on crutches, treading on my beard! Before I retired from teaching on March 31 of last year I remained behind in School one hour each day and played and taught my senior lads Badminton. I wish you lads the very best of luck.

J.M.Mcann
1900-1906

A message from Roger Pye—Co-ordinator for 48'ers.

Hello All

My recent email went out to 14 of the "48 group" which is 50% of those still known to us.

Regrettably out of the 9 replies so far – 6 are away on holiday and 1 unable to travel. We must be a bunch of affluent sun loving OAPs!

Based on this straw poll I am unwilling to make a financial commitment to the Enfield Club and have my doubts over the merits of trying to arrange a meeting elsewhere at short notice. I am quite willing to try to arrange a future reunion, but am aware that some suggested me making it alternate years. Shall I look ahead to Early March 2010? Comments would be welcomed. In our 60th year since joining Trinity it is interesting to look back over that time.

A few personal reflections:

Most of you will have seen Haringey Civic Centre on our TV screens recently in connection with the child abuse incidents. Those who left the area soon after leaving school would not realise that this was the Wood Green Town Hall built on the site of the Fish-mongers Almshouses. It housed the Registry Office. Pat and I were one of the first couples to be married there, over 48 years ago....

We all took the 11+ to gain our places at Trinity, and most of us thought the 11+ was dead and buried. My eldest son is a serving officer in the Army, and the family is always on the move. So our youngest

granddaughter attends a boarding school in Cumbria. She is now 11, but before moving up into the senior school, she has recently had to sit and pass the 11+ exam – Thank Goodness she did it with flying colours. We sometimes come down to London and always drive around the Wood Green/ Bounds Green area. Shopping City was quite a shock. Where did the Palace Gates railway line disappear to? Mays Way? (Funny - Mays Way is the largest road in our village!) The Library! And the Jolly Butchers is not the pub with fights on New Year's Eve that I knew. I lost a girl friend through that night! A few months ago I found myself at Alexandra Palace – on my own! Remembering those lunchtime assignations in the grounds! It's all right girls – I can't remember any of you being involved! The boating pond is still there. The railway and platforms have gone but not the station building. It is quieter, and cooler, along the terrace at the front of the Palace now that the BBC Transmitters have gone. The view is far better now that the fogs and muck have gone, but the panorama is so different to 50 years ago. The buildings look quite alien to those we knew.

Hey Ho – back to reality! It's bloody cold and windy outside. Snow is threatened. Will we get Heathrow OK in the early hours Tuesday? Cos' we will. I will be in touch when we get back
Roger

Many thanks to Roger for sharing his memories. I spoke to him as he awaited news of flights to NZ due to take place on 3rd February.

Trinity—A School with a Past.

A copy of this book has just been bought from Amazon. You may not be aware, but they do offer to buy previous purchases back, and we do not know of any copies that were originally sold via Amazon.

If you have a copy that you no longer wish to keep, please let us know, as we would certainly be interested in having a spare copy or two available for new members to buy.

Subscriptions

Thank you if you have renewed by

1. **Standing Order** (this has really been a great success –thanks to everyone who has set one up) Saves writing out paying-in slips and then going to the bank) - still have approx 75 still not convinced ! Let me know if you want to change your mind. You can cancel when you like.
2. **Cheque**
3. **paid years in advance**
4. **have joint membership** (two for the price of one if you live at the same address!)
5. **or are a life member**

Your Membership card (dual=1) for the current year is enclosed.

IF YOU HAVE NOT RECEIVED IT WITH THIS NEWSLETTER... your membership has expired and this is your last newsletter. Please now send £5.00 direct to me at TOSA 110 Reading Road, Finchampstead, Berks RG40 4RA. Cheque payable to TOSA please

Here is the Diary for forthcoming events already arranged for this year.

April 22nd—All years—Buffet Lunch at The Wheatsheaf Hatfield Peverel 12 noon for 12.30 pm. Send your cheque £11 per head payable to me B.D.Skinner at the above address by Saturday 11th April. **see page 8

April 26th—Bournemouth reunion. Contact Jill Deamer on 01305 832597

April 26th—1946'ers reunion contact John Glyn on 01372 802576

Or Margaret Driscoll on 01327 350283

May 9th 1954's reunion at Ye Old Cherry Tree at Southgate. Contact Peter Turner on 01904 765257

June 4th 1951's reunion, but all years are welcome. Fish & Eels Riverside Pub/Restaurant Hoddesdon Herts EN11 0AY at 12 noon. Sandwich buffet with coffee/tea only £7 book now -Cheques please to KJ Ghafur 21 College Road Hoddesdon Herts EN11 9DF Tel: 01992-462471 See note from Kim : If the price is increased by the pub for whatever reason the balance will be collected on the day.

Editors note :For any of the above if you wish to find local accommodation try www.travelodge.co.uk who had rooms at £19.00 book on line only for a short period.

HATFIELD PEVEREL 22nd April. Note I will be on holiday in Frinton and it is important that I have your cheques by the 11th, so that I can make a commitment to the Wheatsheaf. If you need to contact me urgently, my mobile no is 0771 7098653 evenings only whilst I am on holiday. Post date your cheques to 10th April 2009

Maisie Joyce Hitchcock

The following arrived via the website from Maisie's daughter

This is to advise any past students of 39/40 entry & those who would have left approx 43/44 that my mum passed away in August 2008. I know she had a memorable time at Trinity & those days were very precious to her. I also know that she had some very good friends there. Therefore I thought I would just let you know in case any of your fellow students should remember her. If by chance anyone has any class photo with her in it I would be most grateful if you could contact me. To confirm my mum's maiden name was Hitchcock. She married Donald Taylor in 1952 at St Andrew's Church Wood Green. Maisie lived in 13 Fletton Road, Wood Green & then 26 Durnsford Road, Bounds Green. She gained entry to Trinity by passing the 11 plus exams. She had a sister Shirley Christine Hitchcock born 1938, & a brother John Edward Hitchcock born 1923. She spoke of friends Agnes (I think there were 2) a Beryl, & a Jean Wilson. Also of a family that I think had a surname of Fawney, who also lived in Durnsford Road. She left Trinity when she was 15 yrs old I believe to begin work as a secretary. I have looked at the photos on the website but no one stood out. Mum was very unusual looking for the times as she had thick black wavy hair. blue eyes & high cheek bones which made her look 'foreign'.

I hope this information is useful to you.

Editors Note .Unfortunately, Maisie was not a member of the Association, nor on our original database.. So any memories anyone may have, would be most welcome. You can contact Maisie's daughter by email christinesanders@ntlworld.com, or via me or Peter Turner if you do not have access to the internet.

The Association has expressed condolences.

Special Announcement regarding the Annual Reunion on Saturday 17th October 2009

We have been very lucky over the past 16 years, in not having to sign contracts etc for our reunions or pay large deposits in advance. This had always been a requirement by the Ramada Group, and rules were bent to accommodate us.

Fortunately, we have been able to negotiate similar conditions with the present management, who have been very responsive to our requests. We need your help in ensuring that the Reunion this year will go ahead as planned as they are holding the Comet Suite for us until the end of July without any financial commitment, and then extending that until the first week in September.

We need a commitment from 60 persons, (with post-dated cheques for 1st September) by the end of July and **failing to reach this number will mean that we do not have a reunion. Simple as that. It is up to you.**

BOOKING FORMS will be distributed with the JUNE newsletter, and these MUST be returned by 31st July.

There will be no increase in the room-rate for those wanting overnight accommodation, however, there is a single supplement of £13 which has never been levied before, and I think that we have been very lucky not to have had this imposed. So, choose your partner and share a room ! Bring your wife, husband, friend etc. We would love to see them and they will be made most welcome in the Trinity manner.. e.g. 500 lines for **not** attending !

For those of you who have never stayed before, there are only five actual single rooms and they are/were subject to this supplement. The lowest priced room now available is £42.

We have always had the benefit of either a double or twin regardless of whether there was one or two persons in it. So briefly, two people sharing will still pay £58 for Bed and Breakfast, and single person will pay £42. Cost for Dinner will be as before £28.50 per person.

And whilst you are thinking about the above read on..

READ THIS VERY SLOWLY... IT'S PRETTY PROFOUND.

Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming or are too rigid to depart from their routine.

I got to thinking one day about all those people on the Titanic who passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back. From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible.

How many women out there will eat at home because their husband didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed? Does the word 'refrigeration' mean nothing to you?

How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched 'Eastenders' on television?

Life has a way of accelerating as we get older.

The days get shorter, and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer. One morning, we awaken, and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of 'I'm going to,' 'I plan on,' and 'Someday, when things are settled

down a bit.'

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, she is open to adventure and available for trips. She keeps an open mind on new ideas. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. You talk with her for five minutes, and you're ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of roller blades and skip an elevator for a bungee cord.

Now...go on and have a nice day. Do something you WANT to...not something on your SHOULD DO list. If you were going to die soon and had only one phone call you could make, who would you call and what would you say? And why are you waiting?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed with the next hundred chores running through your head? Ever told your child, 'We'll do it tomorrow.' And in your haste, not see his sorrow? Ever lost touch? Let a good friendship die? Just call to say 'Hi'?

When you worry and hurry through your day, it is like an unopened gift...thrown away..... Life is not a race. Take it slower.

Hear the music before the song is over. DANCE!
From Catherine Richell in USA (Derek's widow)

Remember ..

Friends are quiet Angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to Fly.