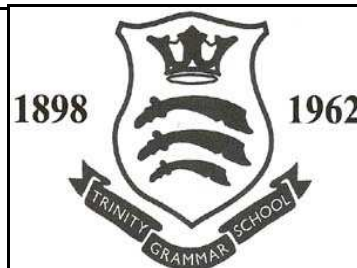


Trinity Old Scholars Association

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Newsletter June 2010 No 19

IMPORTANT

The booking form for the School reunion in October is attached. Don't forget that we must have at least 60 diners confirmed by the 25th July otherwise there will be **NO REUNION**. We will not bank your cheques until 1st September and we will return your cheque if the reunion is cancelled. You will note that forms are again to be returned to me when we have to confirm numbers. Reg will continue to organise the seating plan.. If you have any queries, you will be able to contact him on 0208 3669427.

There has been a small increase in the price of the dinner to cover increase in the cost of the reception wine, and an increase in the cost of accommodation. I have however checked other local venues, and we really are getting a good deal for the whole package. Unfortunately, there is again a Single Supplement, but even with that, the overall package which includes the dinner and breakfast is very competitive. I have again negotiated that we do not pay a non-returnable deposit six months in advance, and we will continue to endeavour to make refunds when and where possible, up until a few days before the event when we are required to submit the final numbers and enter into a formal contract.

Forthcoming Class reunion

1953's (other years welcome) Lunchtime Reunion Sunday 27th June 2010
at 12 noon for 12.30 at the Orwell Hotel
Hamilton Road
Felixstowe Suffolk
IP11 7DX

The hotel is located near the town centre of Felixstowe. The hotel is just metres away from **Felixstowe Railway Station**, which runs a service to Ipswich. This service departs approximately once an hour.

The town of Felixstowe has retained much of its **Edwardian character and appeal**. The town has had an interesting history, being both a fortress town and a busy port. Roman times. The museum is situated beside **Landguard Fort**, which was built in the 18th century.

Organiser Tarik Ghafur has negotiated a special deal for Lunch, Afternoon Tea and Bed and Breakfast (Sunday Night until Monday Morning)
Inclusive cost is £57 per person.

However, you do not have to stay overnight – come to lunch (3 course- £15.00; Afternoon Tea £7.00: Bed and Breakfast £35.00 pp (no single supplement)

Note—Booking required—contact Tarik on 01394 670662

Due to unforeseen circumstances beyond my control, you may not receive this newsletter until after the 3rd June and miss the reminder re the 1951's gathering on that day. Apologies for that. If you did get there—hope you had a good time..... Beryl

*The gentlemen whose names appear on this document
being 'Old School Chums' of*

Sir Ernest Harrison. OBE

*Gathered together on February 16th,
In the year of our Lord, Two Thousand and Ten*

To commemorate their sad loss of a friend

*And in memory of the Annual Lunches
previously celebrated together
as guests of Sir Ernest*

John Barling

Don Grammer

John Guthrie

Ronald Ratcliffe

Reg Rogers

John Say

John Snellgrove

Tom Woodcock

J. S.

School Magazine 1940—At Glendale

“Trinity at Michenden” no longer exists. We left Michenden at half-term, not without a pang of regret. From January we had attended there every afternoon for four lessons and Saturday mornings for five lessons. It was Saturday morning we enjoyed most. We still regret the Saturday morning we had to stay away because the coke supply had failed. Attached to us at Minchenden were over 60 scholars chiefly from Stationers’ School. We encouraged a Stationers’ boy to swim a quarter of a mile, but were unable to teach any of them the write the date correctly. Beyond that, all we can say is that we tried to make them feel at home with us, and they behaved themselves pretty well.

The Trinity unit was in charge of Miss Andrews and Mr Bowesman. Of our own staff we have Miss Aldridge, Miss Munday and Mr Edmonds, with three men returned from their A.R.P posts, Mr Brandon and Mr Shave at the beginning of the term and Mr Jones in February. Attached to us were Miss Gillies of Glendale School, Mr Britton and Mr Robinson of the Stationers’ Company’s School, Mr Boswell and Mr Dean of Tollington School, and Mr Watson of Hornsey County School. Some, at any rate, of our scholars met Miss White of Glendale School, Mr Sawyer of Stationers’ and Miss Pemsoll, Miss Temple, Mr Bishop, Mr Gooch and Mr Thompson of Minchenden.

We prefer not to remember our difficulties in equipping our scholars with text-books and writing paper. We overcame them with the help of many kindnesses from the Minchenden Staff. We recall, rather, the charming views from the classroom windows and the well-lit rooms in the new building. We recall also, but with less pleasure, the icy winds which raged in the narrow corridor connecting the old and the new buildings. We were all eager to work, and it was not long before our forms had settled down to a steady routine and were making some progress. But out of school activities were a different story. The weather made games impossible. Mr Dean started a first-aid class, and the boys resumed swimming on Friday mornings. There were thirteen boys present on the first morning, but to start swimming in the severest cold spell in memory appears, we admit ourselves, a little too drastic. We have not missed a week and our numbers, of course, have risen.

We take with us from Michenden the pleasantest of memories of the friendliness and helpfulness of the Minchenden Staff. They did much to make our stay in their school enjoyable and useful. Our debt to Mr Gibbs, the Headmaster, was expressed at the last assembly of the afternoon of Feb. 16. Mr Gibbs on bidding us farewell, wished us good fortune in our new quarters. He told us how little trouble we had been to him and how pleased he was with our behaviour. He was growing used to us and was sorry we were going. Then, J.B. Binge, the Boys’ Captain called upon by Dr. Jones, said how much we appreciated Mr Gibbs’s efforts to make us feel at home, and how grateful we were to him for his kindness to us. Dr. Jones also expressed his gratitude to Mr Gibbs, and with genuine regret and good feeling on both sides, our association with Michenden came to an end.

We left Michenden at two days’ notice, and started after half-term at Glendale School, Dr Jones taking the Assembly on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 22 at 1 pm. We left behind us all our attached scholars and our attached Staff except Mr Dean. There have joined us Miss Chisholm, Miss Jobson, Mr Ellison and Dr. King. Miss Stewart and Mr Saunders spend Mondays with us and the rest of the week at Hatfield Peverel. We feel at Glendale, that we are more of a single unit and this feeling will help us in maintaining a school spirit. We work now on a fortnightly Timetable, mornings and afternoons alternately. The Fifth forms have a full timetable and the Fourth get some extra lessons. The better weather is making games on our own field possible. Altogether we are beginning to feel we are not doing badly. But we long, how we long, to be back in our own

Happy, it is said, is the country with no history, but unhappy is the school, like ours, with nothing to record. We began the term with promise. Unable, because we share a building with another school, to use a room for five minutes longer than our allotted time, we turned our attention outside. Our swimming both boys’ and girls’ was progressing well. We thought of our neglected pavilion, and cleaned it. We made a cricket table. We did a little to our tennis courts and said a lot about them. We managed to get as many as three groundsmen on our field. We made a start with cricket, tennis, rounders, running and for a little every day of the week was a busy day at the field. Those days are over. They have been finished by A.R.P. regulations. There is no more swimming. We no longer go to our field. The pavilion is dusty and weeds are growing in the rose-beds. Pettifer stayed on for a few melancholy weeks, cutting and rolling for players who never came, and now he has joined the army. Our fifth-formers play tennis on Glendale’s courts. The one cheerful items of news we can send you is that we still have a cricket team.....

Editor .. this continues—how sad for everyone but at the end of the day our school triumphed over it all !

I am sure that many of you are now using the Internet and have email addresses. I think you will find the following helpful:

FORWARDING EMAILS

Do you really know how to forward e-mails? 50% of us do; 50% do NOT.

Do you wonder why you get viruses or junk mail? Do you hate it?

Every time you forward an e-mail there is information left over from the people who got the message before you, namely their e-mail addresses & names. As the messages get forwarded along, the list of addresses builds, and builds, and builds, and all it takes is for some poor sap to get a virus, and his or her computer can send that virus to every e-mail address that has come across their computer.

Or, someone can take all of those addresses and sell them or send junk mail to them in the hopes that you will go to the site and he will make five cents for each hit. That's right, all of that inconvenience over a nickel!

How do you stop it? Well, there are two easy solutions:-

Solution 1

You MUST click the "Forward" button first, then you will have full editing capabilities against the body and headers of the message.

If you don't click on "Forward" first, you won't be able to edit the message.

Before forwarding an e-mail, DELETE all of the other addresses that appear in the body of the message.

That's right, DELETE them.

Highlight them and delete them; backspace them; cut them; whatever it is you know how to do.

It only takes a second.

Or alternatively if you want to forward something, "cut" and "paste" required text/ HTML`s--onto a "new" message and then send that to your selected addressees.

Solution 2

Whenever you send an e-mail to more than one person, do NOT use the To: or Cc: columns for adding e-mail address. Send it to yourself and then:

Always use the **BCC:** (blind carbon copy) column for listing the e-mail addresses.

This is the way that people you send to only see their own e-mail address.

If you don't see your BCC: option click on where it says To: and your address list will appear.

Highlight the address and choose BCC: and that's it, it's that easy.

When you send to BCC: your message will automatically say "Undisclosed Recipients" in the "TO:" field of the people who receive it.

1954's reunion—15th May—Peter Turner reports:

We had another highly successful reunion at Ye Olde Cherry Tree on May 15th, despite several last minute withdrawals due to ill health, holidays & family commitments, and hence we only achieved about 35 visitors compared to 42 last year. The 1954 members there totalled about 20 compared to 25 last year. Belatedly I realised the chosen date of May 15th was Cup Final Day, and a few friends relished reminding me of that fundamental error, so the choice has to be even more cautious next year.

The highlights included the much awaited first appearance of Barry Livingstone all the way from Cornwall, and the surprise first visit by the elegant Alan Barter from Surrey, then Barbara Coe (nee Dunbar) from Spain defeating the Ash Cloud and starring for a second year, along with Pat Snelling (nee Wilson) and Ruth Twydell (nee Watkins).

I was able to remind Ruth of her athletic exploits recorded in the school magazine when she seemed to win all the events that year.

Bruce Rimmer from 1952 represented his wife Sue Rimmer (nee Binning) for a second year running, and those returning for only the second time included Eve Patten (nee Weyler), Valerie Dickson (nee Kearey) and her husband John, another Trinity boy from 1953. Regular reunion veterans were Barry Wilkinson, Malcolm Sell, Keverne Weston, Hazel Andrews (nee Cotsford), John Mercer, Peter Haines, Tony Heaton, Sandra Bacon (nee Negus), Don Turner and Robert Bowes. Roger & Barbara Butt made an early appearance before having to set off on another visit. Trinity friends from other years included Beryl Skinner (nee Hayter, 1942), TOSA's premier organiser, Reg Rogers, President of TOSA (1934), Beryl Ivatt (nee Cole, 1937) and husband Geoff, Doris Chennells (nee Barling, 1942), Judith Neville (nee Crook, 1952), Colin Marr (1951), Eileen Bostle (nee Perultz, history researcher, Bowes School), Colin Barratt (1959), Tony Fance (1953), Jackie Goodwin (nee Coulson, 1956), Wendy Clarke (nee Oag, 1956) and Ray Fenwick (1959). Apologies for any omissions.

Photos may appear on the TOSA website.

Later in the afternoon there was some interest in the themed display of photos on six large display boards in the function room, and Keverne had brought along his interesting collection of photos. We had to leave at 4.45 pm, but there were still several members chatting away, completely unnerved by the pub staff clearing away!

PREFECTS OUTING 1923

At 12 o'clock on Tuesday July 17, the prefects set out from school on their cycles for Hoddesdon. A pleasant ride was concluded with a somewhat lively lunch beside the Fish and Eels pool. Another two miles along the river Lea towing path brought us to Rye House. Two boats were hired, the Admiral—in private life the Captain of the School—with Barratt, Money and Warman manned the one, whilst midshipmen Little, Mills, Porter and Bastie made a lot of noise in the other. A few preliminary splashes heralded a race in which the flagship won by five lengths. Unfortunately the midshipmen in their anxiety to keep their tail up, dropped it down to Davy Jones. However, the lookout reporting land ahead with Rye House (and tea) in the offing, the "Victory" stood into shore, followed by the rudderless "Petite Marie" A gallant site!

A cycle ride concluded the day. A "little help is worth a great deal of pity", so we took it in turns to "Man the pumps" on Little's back tyre. The moon failing, the lampless survivors "padded the hoof" from Waltham Cross, so they say—but you know what sailors are! **E.O.B. AND S.M.** (late of the Victory).

Editor : The 51's are following in glorious footsteps in modern transport !

66 years ON—Memories from an Old Scholar who wishes to remain anonymous

Appointment with The Psychiatrist By Midshipman Anon or
P/JX 430743 = 21 = L to the power of 3 = Lucky Long Life

Cause and Effect

After many months of baptism by aerial bombardment delivering newspapers (4 pages) in the war zone of Palmers Green, and with the conviction that the British war effort was lacking something, ME, I was embraced, at seventeen years, by the Royal Navy.

A Fleet Order (message) invited officers and ratings (me) to volunteer for 'arduous and hazardous duties'; by so doing I was introduced to and subjected to psychoanalysis.

My friend of years (Frank F.) and comrade at arms, had the duty of cleaning the 'Psycho's rooms.... ' Want to see what he wrote about you?'....' I have the key to the files'....' A man (17) who will always get to his objective.'

And so it has been in that Lucky Long Life both in Labour and Love.

So the first of the Rambos, after attending ' Lord Lovat's Commando finishing school for Young Thugs', was committed to the fray.

D-Day morn, twenty five minutes from the start, (18 + 9months), and it wasn't a very nice day, after doing successfully what had to be done, found Rambo (Captain - go below and deal with it!), supported by marine advanced war technology, under the deck plates of the engine room with mallet, wooden plugs and a bag of rapid hardening cement, confronted, as was Noah, by a flood pouring in from 48 large and jagged holes - we sank!

No counselling!! No mummy!! And Life Thereafter.
Midshipman Anon

To make you laugh –these appeared in the Advertisement Section of a UK newspaper

FREE YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

8 years old.

Hateful little bastard.

Bites!

FREE PUPPIES

1/2 Cocker Spaniel, 1/2 sneaky neighbour's dog.

FREE PUPPIES.

Mother, a Kennel Club registered German Shepherd.

Father, Super Dog... able to leap tall fences in a single bound.

COWS, CALVES: NEVER BRED.

Also 1 gay bull for sale.

JOINING NUDIST COLONY!

Must sell washer and dryer £100.

WEDDING DRESS FOR SALE.

Worn once by mistake.

Call Stephanie.

*** And the WINNER is... ***

FOR SALE BY OWNER.

Complete set of Encyclopaedia Britannica, 45 volumes.

Excellent condition.....£200 or best offer.

No longer needed; got married last month.

Wife knows f#%#%#g everything!

Courtesy Patricia Meillier (Cole 51) Canada

Answer to quiz set by Keverne Weston—longest title of any record to get to No. 1 in the charts ?

No entries received and the answer was:

San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Some Flowers In Your Hair) by Scott McKenzie (1967).

Bournemouth Reunion 2010

Vic Manning reports:

As they say in the true Vicar of Dibley style -No, no, no, no, no, no - YES! Would you believe it?
Sweet 16 - this was the 16th time we have been to
Bournemouth for our reunion, and my goodness it was
noisy!

It was quite lovely (and worrying!) because on Friday evening we seemed to be the only customers in the hotel! However, this all changed overnight and we had a full house on Saturday. There were 17 attendees who sat down to the reunion dinner on Saturday evening. Once again, we were in the lounge around the huge oval table we had last year, and again the conversation (as well as the wine!) flowed.

It was nice to welcome back Jackie Moody, who had managed to uncover another Trinity Old Scholar, Stella Barnes (Nurthen - 44), who also came to Bournemouth. Welcome Stella - I hope that you will be able to join us on many more occasions.

Vic gave a brief report on the latest General Committee meeting in March. Membership is in the region of 300 and the financial position is sound. There were no changes in the Committee, with Beryl continuing to do the lion's share of the work. In addition, the production and distribution of the Newsletter is magnificent, and Vic will be passing on our sincere thanks from Bournemouth to Beryl.

During the past year, Vic and Geraldine had made a visit to Nobby Clark's widow, who was pleased to see us.

Congratulations were extended to Jane Glyn, who had attained her 90th birthday in March. I am also pleased to say that Mona Waugh reaches her 90th shortly - congratulations to Mona.

Our faithful attendees, Geoff and Beryl Ivatt, were a source of amusement when they arrived a little late for the Saturday evening meal. They have a reputation of always turning up late for meals - usually through no fault of their own! On this particular occasion they were late because they had that afternoon purchased an alarm clock so that they would not be late! However, they were so busy trying to work out how it functioned that they were late coming to dinner!

After dinner the evening continued with our usual format, with Les Grafton and David Deamer at the forefront. I can only describe them as 'raconteurs supreme'!! Les then followed up with a lighthearted quiz - which finished up with a certain amount of rivalry!

All in all, it was a good reunion and I look forward to seeing you all on 15-17 April 2011. Further details will be forwarded at a later date.

Those attending included: Jill Deamer, David Deamer, Kathleen Saunders, Reg Rogers, Dorothy Gulliver, Jackie Moody, Stella Barnes, Mr. & Mrs. Les Grafton, Mr. & Mrs. Geoff Ivatt, Mr. & Mrs. Phil Glyn, Mr. & Mrs. Les Waugh, Mr. & Mrs. Vic Manning.

John Glyn reports: The Class of '46 have just enjoyed their 11th reunion at the Ramada Hotel, Hatfield where 21 attended. It was agreed by all that the catering this year was first class which bodes well for the main reunion this year.

Those attending were Sheila Dinnis (Ashton) Ray Blunt (Harris), Colin Moor, Vic Whymark, Derrick Hart, Francis Barford, Margaret Barford (Harris), Alan Hayes, Peter Seager, Shirley Barber (Caiger), Doreen Stoddart (Dunstan), Pat Beckingham (Connock), Alan Rutter, Bridget Barling, John Glyn, Jackie Slater (Croxon), Jean Blackwell (Fairbrother), George Brett, Sylvia Turnham (Boyes), Peggy Pickering (Denton) and Margaret Driscoll (Bridgman). We were joined for a short time by Beryl Skinner who called in on her way home from holiday but unfortunately Doris Willis (Redding) was unable to get an onward flight from Italy to the UK due to the volcanic ash cloud emergency so had to return to Cyprus. We do hope she will be able to attend next year. However, Margaret Driscoll (Bridgman) was lucky enough to get the first flight home from Cyprus and attended which was gratifying especially after the time she had spent organising our event.

The general consensus of opinion was to hold another reunion next year so Margaret and I will keep you informed. We also hope to be able to organise support for the main reunion in October 2010. **NB PHOTOS ON WEBSITE.**

Continuing our "links" with Glendale (Page 2) - Cecil Webb writes: **Trinity vs. Glendale (and others)**

In about 1960 I was paired with an older colleague who had seen war service in the RAF. We worked in the Pool of London and were based on a floating pontoon. As we got to know each other we discovered that he had been to **Glendale** prior to the war. On occasions we were able to get back to our office for a meal break and my colleague would ask if I would play chess. He liked to practice as much as possible as he played for a couple of advanced civil service teams. I was not a strong player and he always wiped me off the board saying, 'now if you had gone to Glendale you would have been a better player'. How I wished I had been a member of the chess club at **Trinity**.

At that time there were some small ships that used to wait on the buoys in the Pool before lowering their masts and funnels and proceeding under the bridges and up river when the tide was right. There were small wharves as far as Isleworth. (Happily that one was very near the London Apprentice pub.) One of these small ships was German and the captain's wife lived on board with him and as was normal in these circumstances the crews' quarters were kept very neat and clean. When we had completed our formalities the lady would always ask us to sit in the pristine saloon and she would bring us fresh coffee and cakes. On one occasion we had returned to our launch and my colleague told me the captain's wife must have a thing about me because whenever I was on leave or day off no coffee and cakes were forthcoming. At last I could get back at him for his remarks after our chess games. 'Well, some of us went to Trinity and have got that extra special something that the rest of you have not.' We had a good year working together and were sorry when it ended and in fact there was a bond with us both attending Wood Green schools.

Where do the others come in? I wonder how many of us competed at sports with any of the following. A lot would depend on your age! **Minchenden** -David Puttnam, film producer, Barry Took, comedian/writer.

Peter Saliss, actor/Last of the Summer Wine; **Southgate Grammar**-George Mitchell, musician/Black and White Minstrels, Warren Mitchell, actor/Alf Garnett, Peter Baker, Spurs right back; **Edmonton**

County-Norman Tebbit, politician, Roy Strong, historian, Larry Lamb, actor Ray Winston, actor/boxer, Kriss Akabusi, athlete, Kevan James, cricketer; **Enfield Grammar**-Boris Karloff, actor, Mike Smith, cricketer;

St. Ignatius, Tottenham-Alfred Hitchcock, film director and possibly Paul McKenna, hypnotist;

At Gatwick I worked with a lady that had been head girl at Tollington and we recalled an incident when enemy aircraft had flown over North London firing machine guns. Incidentally our office/pontoon referred to above can be seen just below Tower Bridge on the South Bank. It was sold and converted into a luxury residence and can be rented for £3,500 per week.!

Congratulations to:

Peggy Pickering (Denton) 46 and husband Norman who celebrate their Golden Wedding on 2nd July. Mona Waugh and Jane Glyn, wives of Old Scholars, who celebrate their 90th birthdays this year. Ann Flanagan (58) who added an Hons to her BA

Hatfield Peverel Lunch on the 20th April

The following Old Scholars joined company at the Wheatsheaf in HP.

Barbara Goddard (Pegrum) 44 ;Derek Ridout 43 ; Derek Coleman 42 with his wife Ann ;Vic Ware 36 ;Beryl Skinner (Hayter) 42 with Barry, and guest Doreen Mills; Peter and Janet Turner (Dutton) 54 and bravely using Network Rail , Beryl Ivatt (Cole) 38 with husband Geoff An bonus visitor was Tarik Ghafur 53 who popped in on his way home from a visit to Southend.

We are also pleased to welcome Joyce Fitch, lifetime resident of Hatfield Peverel, who remembers the school during our stay during WW11 and has a long time friendship with the Coleman family.

Member's Appeal

The old Empires Best Coach Company of Wood Green

Readers may remember the blue painted coaches of the above company which were a familiar sight in Wood Green after the war and finally disappeared in about 1956 when taken over by Banfields coaches.

They ran an express service from Wood Green to Clacton. Unfortunately photographs of their vehicles are difficult to find so if you remember them or have any photographs or souvenirs of the Company I would be delighted to hear from you. I know that Trinity used them sometimes for special hires - I remember one school trip to Osterley Manor in about 1955. I will gladly pay for any material you have. Thank you

Barry Wilkinson. 19 Lincoln Park, Amersham Bucks HP7 9EZ

Email :Barry.Wilkinson@virgin.net

Reminder

51's and other years welcome - Lunch time Thursday 3rd June 2010 at 12.00 at The Fish And Eels PH Hoddesdon, same Venue as last time but just turn up and order your own food. Kim is hoping to secure the Riverside area as before.

Master Shot: A Half-Century of Filmmaking, Finance and Fun in Hollywood -By Reginald A. Bisgrove (1943)

If you have never lived in Los Angeles, as I have for more than 50 years, then you probably don't think of it as a company town but in nearly every respect that is what it is. By "company" I mean, of course, Hollywood.

I began my career, however, an ocean away in 1955 in Sydney, Australia. While working for Binder Hamlyn, a chartered accounting firm, I was assigned to audit *Smiley*, Australia's first Cinemascope film production. The films made in Australia during the '50s were virtually all British productions. Adapted from the 1945 novel of the same name, *Smiley* was shot in the Australian outback, with the wide Cinemascope format displaying the beauty of the countryside to great effect. The film succeeded largely because of its cast. *Smiley* starred Ralph Richardson, Chips Rafferty, and a 10-year-old Colin Petersen, who re-emerged in the late '60s as a rock drummer and the first non-Gibb brother member of The Bee Gees. It was my first exposure to the privileges, and the antics, of the film business. One day Richardson's wife, the actress Meriel "Mu" Forbes, became totally outraged when an Italian crewmember served Richardson his tea in a shaving mug. Ralph was embarrassed by her behavior, and I never saw her on the set again.

As an accountant, I had access to all the film costs, including the payroll, which was an eye-opener. I was so impressed with the salaries that within a year I had set my sights on a position in Hollywood and in 1956 I landed a job with CBS-TV.

My second night in Los Angeles, my wife and I went for a stroll along Sunset Strip. The evening was warm and enticing, with the search lights from Ciro's and other night clubs crisscrossing the sky and beckoning us with the thrill of Tinsel town. As we passed the legendary Garden of Allah hotel, now gone but from the late 1920's through the '40's it was home to nearly all of Hollywood's elite, the strongmen of the establishment were throwing somebody out on to the pavement. New in town, we hesitated to help but when we did he said his name was Flynn and asked that I call one of the Warner Brothers for help since he was out of funds. It was my first encounter with a hell raiser of giant proportion, Mr. Errol Flynn, and in many ways the Studio System itself.

As the new man at CBS, my first task was to suggest to the production executives of the *I Love Lucy* show, among the highest-rated television sitcoms of all time, that their costs should be reduced. Parke Levy, the production executive, simply laughed, gave me a hug, and called me a pointed-headed S.O.B. Ultimately, I realized that coming from Parke this was an endearment.

Over the next few years, I became immune to skirmishes with producers, and even began to enjoy the battles. When it came to personal remuneration for talent, such as covering actors for their hotels, meals, girlfriends or partners, the tone of our exchanges would change completely. They would seek me out day and night, lavishing unwarranted praise and compliments to coax out of me the highest possible amounts for their lifestyle. In this way, I came to know a handful of stars, and their predilections, quite well.

Red Skelton, James Arness and Raymond Burr, in particular, stand out. Arness, the star of *Gunsmoke*, loved the ladies, actually propositioning my wife before learning of our relationship. Burr, who many remember for his distinctive voice in the title roles of the television dramas *Perry Mason* and *Ironside*, was the opposite, rarely speaking about his private life and the misery it contained. Burr was probably the greatest actor of the three, and often read his lines from a teleprompter; a technique that so impressed Sir Laurence Olivier he related it to the press. Since I was a good audience for his jokes, Red Skelton invited me to his home several times. Kind, considerate and fun to be around, he was less interested in earning money than in making people laugh. When CBS cancelled *The Red Skelton Show* in 1971, after a career of more than 30 years in radio and television, Red was heartbroken and never fully recovered. He also had to reckon with his son Richard's childhood death from leukemia.

Among the perks of being at CBS during the 50's and 60's was the chance to watch the rehearsals for the weekly variety shows: *The Jack Benny Program*, *The Red Skelton Show*, *The Danny Kaye Show*, *The Carol Burnett Show* and *The Judy Garland Show*. All these performers seemed to enjoy themselves, except for Garland who was working primarily for the money and by then did not look well. In her final film role, *I Could Go On Singing* from 1963, her costar Dirk Bogarde helped her through her lines but became disgusted by her perpetual lateness, emotional outbursts and addictive behavior. Although he remained a great champion of hers and they ended up close friends, the drugs had taken their toll and her show lasted only one season.

In 1967, I moved to MCA, Inc. (Music Corporation of America), which owned Universal Studios, as a financial representative for feature productions, with the promise of involvement in international films through the London

office. I began with *The Name of the Game*, a television series that ran from 1968 – 71 and stood out for the quality of its acting as well as its exceptionally high production standards which aimed to deliver the same audio/visual quality as a film. The series was groundbreaking for its ambitious scope and innovative 90-minute anthology format. The plot rotated between three characters working at a large publishing firm, with Gene Barry starring as a sophisticated magazine tycoon. While studio heads always promise to cut production costs, it almost never happens and *The Name of the Game* was no exception. Episodes were shot in southern England, Paris, Rome, Athens and on the Greek Island of Hydra. In 1969, at \$400,000 per episode budget, *TV Guide* referred to it as the most expensive television program in history.

While in Hydra, my wife and I often met with Gene and his wife Betty in the evenings. Gene was known for his suave, debonair roles so we were amused to learn that Betty bought his underwear at Sears. When the talent complained about the facilities on the island, we reminded them that in 1957 Alan Ladd and Sophia Loren had endured the same accommodations during the filming of *Boy on a Dolphin*. The producer called their bluff by threatening to replace any ungrateful crew, and we settled into three weeks of shooting on the Greek Island.

Since each episode was essentially a self-contained film, the series attracted movie actors who were drawn to television after the decline of the Hollywood Studio System. In 1969 we filmed an episode in Paris with Charles Boyer. A charming man, he had the same beautiful voice that was so distinct in his films. Due to his earlier fame, I was surprised by Boyer's quiet, almost melancholy manner. While he was often alone on the set, he was always cooperative and respectful of others, including the extras. Of all the actors I have been associated with over the past half century, he was the most courteous, a true professional. I once experienced first hand the effects of his charm over breakfast at the Trianon Palace Hotel in Versailles, France, where my wife and I were his guests. He was in a good mood, lavishly ordering strawberries and champagne. When the bill arrived, he passed it to me saying, "I believe this is your bailiwick," and then reminded me that he had to rush off for rehearsal, with the exchange so deftly handled that I could only smile and pay. He knew I was well aware of the generous weekly expense account that Universal Studios had given him. Years later, I was distressed to learn that he had taken his own life following the funeral of his beloved wife Pat, after mourning his son Michael's suicide in 1965.

Whenever I was overseas on location for Universal, I typically was part of a crew that included the producer, the director, the production manager and, often, the writer. Though I was born in London and still carry a British passport, the Italians, French, Greeks, and even the English on the set, considered me an American. My brother, who lived in Surrey, declared me a "Bloody Yank." So, it was nice to be back on home turf when, in the early '70's, I was sent to Pinewood Studios in England to work for several weeks on *Frankenstein: The True Story*. Hunt Stromberg Jr. was the producer, son of journalist-turned-producer Hunt Stromberg who was known in the business as "Mr. MGM." Hunt tried to realize, but never achieved, the same level of success as his father. Still, at 23 he emerged as the youngest producer on Broadway with the hit revival of Victor Herbert's *The Red Mill*. A critical success and a ratings winner, the film script for *Frankenstein* was written by Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy, with a cast that included James Mason, Jane Seymour, Leonard Whiting and Michael Sarazan.

Hunt, who was partial to vodka, was impossible to deal with during the day. He insisted I watch the daily rushes with him since he didn't trust the British to give him an honest evaluation. While I found this aggravating since it was not part of my job and increased my own substantial workload, it was also very amusing. I was living in Beaconsfield and Hunt insisted on picking me up every morning to drive to the studio. Hunt's driver had been firmly instructed not to go more than 30 miles per hour, and whenever he exceeded the speed limit Hunt would get on the floor of the car and threaten to have the poor man fired.

When I think back on that time what occurs to me is how difficult it was, and still is, to get a movie financed since such a small number of films ever turn a profit, even with A-list stars in leading roles. The production costs often exceed the total worldwide revenue generated by foreign sales syndication and, now, new media outlets like the Internet. Over the years, I have also found that the cast and crew are capable of hatching so much drama, whether falling in love during the shoot or holding up filming because their hair is out of place, that it is surprising any projects get completed at all.

After several months in England, I returned to Los Angeles and worked for the next few years at Universal. I oversaw the budgets on a series of thriller, disaster and science-fiction films including: *Jaws 1 and 2*, the original "summer blockbuster" film which was directed by Steven Spielberg and co-produced by Richard D. Zanuck; *The Hindenburg*; Alfred Hitchcock's *Topaz*; *The Andromeda Strain*, based on the Michael Crichton novel; *Earthquake*, a huge box office success starring Charlton Heston and Ava Gardner; *MacArthur* with Gregory Peck; *American Graffiti*, which turned out to be one of the most profitable movies of all time; *Silent Running*; and *Minnie and*

Moskowitz, a low-budget film by John Cassavetes starring his wife, Gena Rowlands, among others.

For fun, I chose to work as the location auditor on the film *For the Love of Benji*, which was shot in Athens and the Greek Islands. An independent production, it had a small budget and was more demanding in certain respects, but also more interesting. Since a dog had the starring role, we lined up three nearly identical Benjis in order to keep production moving. Once all three dogs were thoroughly tired, we would wrap up for the day.

During the '70's, the most famous restaurant among Hollywood actors was Chasen's in Beverly Hills. On any given evening, one could dine along side Cary Grant, Governor Ronald Reagan, William Holden, James Stewart, Alfred Hitchcock, and Lew Wasserman, arguably the most powerful Hollywood titan in the decades after WWII, provided you had the funds to pay the bill.

When I think back on the actors I worked with during this time, several stand out for different reasons. The English actor James Mason was genuinely nice and an exceptionally fine actor but also odd in many ways, including the fact that he divorced his wife Pamela only to marry a reproduction. Van Johnson was so easy going and enthusiastic, he made everybody he met feel that life was worthwhile. He was a joy to be with and never changed during the 3 weeks I worked on the television show *San Francisco International Airport* or *SFX* in 1970. He was rumored to be gay so I was warned about being alone with him but it was unnecessary, and I was sad to hear of his passing. He once told me he was considered the male equivalent of Doris Day. Sir Reginald "Rex" Harrison was self possessed and attached to the destruction of several lives, as was his American counterpart, Henry Fonda.

In 1980, I worked with Peter O'Toole on *The Stuntman*, which was nominated for three Academy Awards, including Best Actor in a Leading Role. I was assigned to watch his drinking—impossible! He was very generous with other actors and I remember him saying to me, "Reg, I was very naughty last night," which made my laugh since he had actually been missing for two nights. A complete hell raiser but what a remarkable talent.

Hollywood has always attracted gorgeous women. In my career, the most beautiful actresses I encountered were Hedy Lamarr, Maureen O'Hara and Ava Gardner, who I danced with at the *Earthquake* wrap party and I remember being graceful and pleasant. Deborah Kerr was the co-star on every leading man's wish list because of her talent, graciousness and likeability. Stewart Granger always wished she would be his next co-star, even though their romance had ended with *King Solomon's Mines* in 1948.

In the '50's and '60's the Studio sets were not closed, like they are today, and if you had good reason to be on the lots, as I did at MGM, Paramount, Universal, Warner Bros. and Columbia, you could sometimes watch them filming. During the 1962 version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Director Carol Reed had to arbitrate the conflicts between Marlon Brando, Richard Harris and Trevor Howard. I once shouted to Howard, "Don't let Brando intimidate you! England versus the USA!" Brando was notorious for a whole series of ploys used to distract competent actors from stealing any of the limelight. While Trevor Howard was saying his lines, Brando would deliberately fidget with his naval uniform buttons, until Reed finally stepped in and had the buttons sewn on more tightly. Trevor Howard always remained composed, often with the aid of the grape, but Harris would respond physically. The personality clashes made shooting difficult, and the budget soared. Reed was ultimately replaced as Director by Lewis Milestone and the film became known by insiders as *Cleopatra 2*.

For the last few years I have worked on the hugely successful television mini-series *The Winds of War*, and its sequel *War and Remembrance*, the award-winning sitcoms *Roseanne* and *Home Improvement*, and more recently such reality shows as *Dancing with the Stars*, premised on a similar highly rated British series.

As I reflect back, I am reminded of all the fascinating people I worked with on so many diverse productions who I rarely see once the film has wrapped, rather like one's school friends. The only Trinity classmate from '43 that I encountered in the U.S. was Jack Good. It was the early '60's and he was just leaving the San Francisco television station KPIX as I was entering the building. We were both rushing and I had no time to speak with him. Now, in the final season of our lives, it seems more important than ever to reach out to people from the past, while we still can! Time inevitably changes our perspective on life. As a lovely friend not so long ago remarked, "I never thought when I was young that I would end up with an 80-year-old man in my bed!" As such (actually 78) while still working for Disney, I am currently writing a memoir of my experiences in the industry.

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Editor's Note—A fascinating story and I was delighted to receive this just as I was putting the newsletter to bed ! - Lets have something from anyone of you . I am sure that there are more stories to tell.