

Trinity Old Scholars Association

Editor—Beryl Skinner 0118 9730589

Proof Reader—Peter Turner 01538 371331

Email: trinityn22@waitrose.com



Dear Members

Here is the first newsletter of 2011, and my apologies for its lateness and brevity. It was unfortunate that events overtook its production, and trying to fit in organising celebrations that coincided with our annual Committee meeting, together with a “family” bereavement, I will admit that the last 6 months have been particularly difficult. However, the sun has eventually come out, and hopefully, things will continue to return to normality.

Needless to say, there are still around 50 who have not renewed their subscriptions, and although I did say that no reminders would be sent—there are details later in this newsletter. Please do let me know if you really do not want to continue receiving them, and your details will be removed from our Distribution database, and this really is your last newsletter.

School Reunion Saturday 15th October at 12 NOON

The new format for the October school Reunion is now in place and confirmed with Ramada Hatfield. The process is almost the same - I will need to have your booking form and cheque by the 31st July at the latest so that we can work on a minimum of 60 attendees. **Less than that and there will be no Reunion.** Your cheque can be dated 1st September, when I will need to send a deposit to show goodwill. This year for the first time, we will not be providing a welcome drink partly because it is impossible to easily calculate what the price could be in October and many of you may drive and decide against drinking alcohol anyway at lunchtime—so the choice is with you. I have also negotiated a special rate for Friday evening, if anyone has a long journey to get to Hatfield. The new bit here is that you will need to book direct with Hatfield and tell them that you are with the Trinity Old Scholars party. The price for that will be £59 per person for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast. The telephone no to ring is **01707 252403**
LATE NEWS—THERE IS NOW A PARKING FEE UNLESS YOU ARE ATTENDING AN EVENT—SO YOU MUST BOOK IN AT RECEPTION EVEN IF YOU ARE ONLY COMING TO THE LUNCH

The Annual General Meeting will be held at 11 am in the Conference Area as normal at Ramada. Please indicate on the form if you will attend.

54's Reunion on Saturday 7th May at Ye Olde Cherry Tree, Southgate.

Peter Turner is the co-ordinator for this event which continues to be a great success amongst the 54's intake. More details can be obtained by contacting Peter at the above telephone no. or email trinians54@btinternet.com

51's Annual Reunion

Unfortunately, Kim Ghafur has been unable to organise a reunion this year, but we will be very pleased to see anyone at the October reunion when tables will be organised so that you can sit together.

Regarding Class reunions— Needless to say, that everyone is welcome at the October reunion particularly if you have not managed to get together with your old pals recently, and as I have realised so dramatically this year—friends really are Angels that lift up you when you have forgotten how to fly !

We were particularly sad to hear of the loss of Kathleen Saunders (Brandle) 1932, who passed away in December 2010. She was School Captain and Head Girl from 1938—1939 and in spite of failing health, a regular supporter of the Bournemouth Reunion. She will be sadly missed by all her friends at that gathering, and others who will remember her.

The Way We Were. 31 became 17. (Anon—see Editors note)

Dr Jones spoke, 'your homework tonight will be an essay, 'My first day at Trinity.' (Over the next few years we often looked up from our desks and saw Dr J peering through the glass in the classroom door.) Miss Hallum scooped up thirty one of us and headed for her ground floor classroom overlooking Trinity Road. We had a happy introductory year and later, when working on the Thames, I thought of her whenever I saw the old Woolwich Free Ferry crossing the river. She told us that as a young girl she spent hours crossing and re-crossing on it until it was time to go home.

Year two saw the forms shuffled and I ended up in Miss Sproxton's classroom looking out across the girls' playground. We numbered twenty nine by the end of the year. Mr J.P. McErlean joined the school and became our French teacher. He was to become our form master/mentor for years three to five. I last saw him when he jumped off a bus before it stopped at Bounds Green and collided with me. We exchanged pleasantries and he told me he was now Head of the Wood Green Evening Institute. Thinking about Miss Sproxton, I suppose she was nearing retirement and must have been a teacher through WW1 and WW2.

In the third year we were shuffled again. Twenty six of us started the year and we were called 3 Science as we were taking chemistry. We had no classroom only lockers in the corridor leading to the biology lab. We met in the art room every morning and then found empty classrooms for lessons. Another form was 3Arts. They took Spanish and that would have been more useful to me in later life. Chemistry was no help when you had to tell a Spanish captain you had found sixty bottles of brandy in a compressed air bottle in the engine room and all the corks had blown in and could he start the main engine on compressed brandy instead of air. It got as far as, 'mucho brandy in machina Capitan,' then find an interpreter.

In year four we had a classroom next to "Daddy" Dinmore's stock room. (No new general note book until every page of the old one was full.) We now numbered twenty. Had we lost six during the nomadic existence of the previous year? Are they or their ghosts still walking the school trying to find us? Miss Tipping wrote on one of my essays, 'I like your satire and humour BUT DO NOT USE the names of teachers in future.' (Was her hair really piled as high as Marge Simpson's?) She rebuked me when one of the girls playfully patted my face. Miss T saw it in passing and thought it was a slap. She took me aside and lectured me about behaving with girls. I did not plead my innocence as I felt flattered she had thought otherwise especially as she had a twinkle in her eye.

Year five and we were down to seventeen pupils in the form. Our room was up a small flight of stairs next to the science labs. We were lucky to have a strong teaching team that marked us low in mock matric and then drove us to work hard. We did. In later years we appreciated it. (Before Christmas we were subjected to dance classes by R Mackey and D Law.) Compared to me, Widdecombe and Sergeant are Rogers and Astaire. Miss T guided us through Silas Marner (read again recently), Twelfth Night (took us to see Donald Wolfitt and Rosalind Iden perform it) and poetry.

Miss Andrews demonstrated maths on the blackboard and

deliberately went wrong to see if we were awake. At Easter she gave us a set of maths papers to complete. Our plea that we were going to France on a three week exchange visit arranged by Mr McErlean was answered by the equivalent of today's 'tough, get it done'. Again we did. In the French oral I searched for the word for briefcase and could only think of 'valise'. The examiner exploded in English, 'No it is hardly a valise.' Then she blushed furiously as she realised we were supposed to be conversing in French. (I passed, she failed!) The girls wound up Eric Williams during geography. In the exam I could not believe my eyes when the Ordnance Survey map question centred on Arundel, my birthplace, and the South Downs that I revisited from time to time. "Minnie" Macrae hammered history at our heads and "Snodge" Ellison confused our cerabaums with chemistry. "Daddy" Dinmore gently guided us in general science. Max Penney (good cricketer and exhibited at the RA) convinced us that we could draw and paint and had a good sense of humour. He asked us to be careful with drawing boards as the corners got damaged and were hard to replace. He laughed when someone asked if he meant the corners or the boards were difficult to replace. I often saw him in Crescent Road where his parents lived. The lions of the teaching world had done all they could and we lambs took what I think was the last school cert/matric exams. A mere handful would return for sixth form. Thirty-one started in form 1b and only seventeen left in 5sc. Why?

Editors Note: - My apologies to the author of the article—in my haste of preparing this newsletter— it was copied and pasted from the original which has since disappeared into the ether along with details of who sent it ! Let me know and it will be acknowledged in the next newsletter.

It was really fascinating to read about Mr Swinden. As you know, he followed Dr. Jones who had made a huge impression on me and later became a support to me when I was at Trent Park. I found Mr Swinden a very pale character after the larger than life Dr. Jones. He was, however, a tolerant and kindly man. In the sixth form I took Latin as an extra subject. The teaching was non existent as was the dedication of the pupil and I had already gained my place at College. At the end of the year when I sat the GCSE exam I achieved 20%! Mr Swinden patted me on the knee and remarked, "How could such an intelligent girl like you get such low marks?"

con. Page 3

..from page 2

When I re-sat the exam the following year I excelled myself, achieving 19%! After the 'Washing line' episode when he demanded the names of the perpetrators every member of the 6th lined up on the stairs leading to his room. He appeared at his door, looked down at us all and said, "Very well, we will wash it out"! He then turned around and went back inside. I was never sure if he was being funny or not.

Doris Willis 46

Trinity Old Scholars Reunion 15th October 2011
Ramada Jarvis Hotel – Hatfield
Noon for 12.30pm

A Selection of Starters to include

Soup of the day with fresh baked roll
 Melon and Citrus Fruits and Raspberry Compote
 Crayfish and Prawn Cocktail

Main Course

From the Carvery

Roast Sirloin of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding and Horseradish cream
 Herb Crusted Fillet of Salmon with a seafood sauce
 Sautéed Chicken in a red wine, sun blushed tomatoes and mushroom sauce
 Spinach and Ricotta Pancake
 All served with potatoes and seasonal vegetables

Desserts

Profiteroles with cream
 Lemon and Lime Tart served with Fresh Raspberry
 Coffee and Mints

£23.50 per person

.....
PLEASE RETURN BY 31st July 2011 at the latest

If you wish to sit with a particular year or organiser please indicate below

Name..... Or Year.....

Form and cheque, in favour of TOSA, for £23.50 pp to

Beryl Skinner, **TOSA DINNER,**

110 Reading Road, Finchampstead, Berks, RG40 4RA

TITLE	SURNAME	FIRST NAME	MAIDEN NAME	JOINED TRINITY
Self				

Guest

Telephone No:(please include dial code).....

Cheque enclosed for £.....Payable to TOSA

I WILL/WILL NOT ATTEND THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Member Name

Adams Brian Mr
 Barratt Colin Mr
 Bell Marjorie Mrs.
 Binge Patricia M. Ms.
 Bowles John Mr
 Brett George Mr.
 Buckland Jacqueline Mrs.
 Carter Maureen Mrs.
 Cook Leslie J Mr
 Gardner Alan Mr.
 Gillett David Mr.
 Goodwin Jackie Mrs.
 Grafton Les Mr.
 Gray John Mr.
 Haines Peter Mr
 Hale Colin Edward Mr.

Hale Derek Mr
 Heaton Tony Mr.
 Higgins Clive T Mr.
 Hill John Mr.
 Holman Alan Mr
 Horscroft Daphne Mrs
 Kane Pauline Mrs.
 Kemp Alan John Mr.
 Kenny Bill Mr.
 Lee Gwendolyn Mrs.
 Livingstone Barry Mr
 Marr Colin Mr.
 Mercer John Mr
 Monk Janet Mrs.
 Mould Tony E. Mr.
 Nowell Alan Mr

Owen Brian T. Mr.
 Paramor Richard Mr.
 Pritchard Ron Mr
 Reed Robert Mr
 Rossi Anne Mrs.
 Russell Alan Mr.
 Sharp Robert Mr.
 Smedley Roger Mr
 Snelling Pat Mrs
 Sparkes Mavis Mrs.
 Twydell Ruth Mrs
 Ware Vic Mr.
 Weston Keverne Mr.
 Williamson Douglas Mr
 Woodcock Thomas H Mr.
 Youell John Mr

**Please let me have
 your subscription
 ASAP—I am sure
 that this is a small
 oversight. Don't
 forget—Joint
 members only pay
 one subscription of
 £5. Honorary and
 Life together with
 Old Scholars
 Overseas do not pay**

Thanks

Beryl

Idle thoughts to make you smile

HOW TRUE IT IS

**Another year has passed
 and we're all a little older.
 last summer felt much hotter
 and winter seems much colder.**

**I rack my brain for happy thoughts,
 to put down on my pad,
 But lots of things that come to mind
 that make me kind of sad.**

**There was a time not long ago
 when life was quite a blast.
 Now I fully understand
 about "Living in the Past"**

**We used to go to weddings,
 football games and super lunches.
 Now we go to funeral homes,
 and after-funeral brunches.**

**We used to have hangovers,
 from parties that were gay.
 Now we suffer body aches
 and while the night away.**

**We used to go out dining,
 and couldn't get our fill.
 Now we ask for doggie bags,
 come home and take a pill.**

**We used to often travel
 to places near and far.
 Now we get sore asses
 from riding in the car.**

**We used to go out shopping
 for new clothing at the Mall
 But, now we never bother...
 all the sizes are too small.**

**We used to go to nightclubs
 and drink a little booze.
 Now we stay at home at night
 and watch the evening news.**

**That, my friend is how life is,
 and now my tale is told.
 So, enjoy each day and live it up...
 before you're too damned old!**

Don't forget
*Friends are Angels who lift you up when you have forgotten
 how to fly*