

Trinity Old Scholars Association

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NEWS FROM ABROAD

Bernard Lacombe writes from Ontario—June 3rd

I was delighted to read your message, especially the part about your being off to watch the pageantry on the Thames. That was my signal to stop everything, turn on the television, and watch what you were watching. I remember the unrelenting damp. Even that, however, did not spoil today's event. I am so glad, thanks to you, I was able to watch the festivities live. My daughter has an apartment upstairs in the same building as me – I phoned her to come keep me company watching.

Later, I watched a golf tournament. Not with my daughter – she went for a walk. Tiger Woods, despite his comparative age, is back on form again. I get double pleasure out of watching a good golf tournament. I never played the game myself, but I admire the players' skill at getting a small ball into a hole in the ground. And, at the same time, I find the expanses of green, the trees, and the often magnificent and landscape relaxing. Occasionally, I fall asleep.

I am pleased you are helping Trinity alumni stay in touch. I have only been on the list for a couple of years – imagine my surprise a couple of months ago when I heard from **Betty King** in Australia. Betty noticed my name in the contact list, and wrote to tell me she remembers my brother Albert. They were in the same class at Trinity together.

Kindest regards – please take good care of yourself. Bernard

Later :

Beryl I thought for a moment you are asking me where I lived in Wood Green – then I realised, you'd like to know where I am living now. I'll tell you: North York, Ontario, Canada M3H 1Z1.

I started at Trinity while it was still Trinity County School in the autumn of 1934. I was ready for sixth form in 1939. I was a prefect at the time. Part way through the summer holidays I got a message I was wanted at school. I discovered that all the teachers and the prefects had been recruited to pack textbooks and other school paraphernalia in old ammunition cases and anything else suitable. My brother Albert and I, along with most of the other 650 students at the time, boarded buses on Bounds Green Road early in the morning of September 3. While we were on the way to Hatfield Peveril – at 10 AM – someone must have had a battery radio – we learned that war had been declared.

I attended classes at Hatfield Peveril for about three months, then I left to take a job with a life assurance company. They had moved their head office to a place in the country – Ockley, near Dorking in Surrey. I was there for two years before I joined the Royal Navy.

Oho – Now I am awake – well, not completely wide-awake, but I have my eyes open – and I notice after all that you would like to know where I lived when I was going to Trinity. I lived at number 22 Palace Gates Road a stone's throw from Wood Green railway station. I passed Palace Gates Station on my way to school. I am aware that Palace Gates Station has been demolished. It was the end of a spur line from Seven Sisters, and I remember taking the train from Palace Gates to Seven Sisters where we changed for the train to Liverpool Street. I recall the sulphur smell from the smoke when we passed through tunnels on the way to the City. We had to jump fast to close the carriage windows.

While I am reminiscing, I can tell you that I first went to school at Muswell Hill School – known in those days as the Tin Pot School, because it had a corrugated iron roof. Then they built Rhodes Avenue School next door and knocked the old school down. If you asked me what I remember most about Rhodes Avenue School, I'd tell you, "The grove of horse chestnut trees at the entrance from Albert Road, and the janitor rubbing a slurry of lime to remove ink stains from what in those days was a brand-new oak floor."

My daughter and I plan to watch the Jubilee concert tonight. I shall think of you and imagine you are doing the same. Kind regards, Bernard

PS – I seem to think that while I was browsing the Internet a short while ago I noticed they changed the name of the Wood Green station I knew to Alexandra Palace so as not to confuse it with the Underground Wood Green station at the corner of the High Road and Station Road. Meanwhile, you might enjoy knowing Joyce Pegrum and I were at school together from "baby class" to Form V. There were a few of us who stuck it out from start to finish.

I can tell you keep busy. Do you need permission to utterly relax this entire weekend?

Bernard

News from Abroad cont.

Barbara Coe *(1954) writes

Thank you Beryl, I received your email and attachment. I remember Harringay Arena well I went ice skating on Saturday mornings also went to the circus several times and was at the Billy Graham's event and saw Roy Rogers (so handsome) and Trigger. In my teenage years a group of us used to sneak into what I presume were the stables where the animals were kept for some kissing and canoodling (all quite innocent) I just remember the awful smell in there. It's a wonder we didn't burn the place down as several of the group smoked and could easily have set the straw alight. I see a lady called **Rosemary Ellicott** has written a piece I am trying to trace a **Tom Ellicott** an old neighbour around my age and wondered if they were related. I really enjoyed the reunion* and met at Stansted for a few minutes with Elaine Dully* it was short as we both had our flights to catch. Regards **Barbara**

- referring to the 54'ers gathering in May.

Ethel Symes (Conway 45) writes from New Zealand:

Hi Beryl, Thanks for all the hard work you put in to organising the newsletter etc.

I did watch the Diamond Jubilee Concert last night – delayed version. What a wonderful happy occasion and spectacle.

We are having a bit of winter weather – all the South Island is covered in snow. The worst we get on the Kapiti Coast area is wind, rain and occasionally frost. (Except on the local ranges). Now I know why we learnt some of the (useless?) things we did at school. It was so that we could successfully complete crosswords, especially the cryptic ones! **Ethel**

Pamela Drysdale(Drake) writes from New Zealand

Many thanks for your email - my email address is all correct but a thought occurred to me that maybe it would be sensible for me to be listed under my maiden name (Pamela Drake) and not Drysdale as other old scholars wouldn't recognise me by that surname. Therefore, if it wouldn't be too much of a nuisance for you to change my listed name, I think it would be a good idea. The email address stays the same of course.

I arrived here this week on holiday from New Zealand to visit my family, just in time to enjoy the Jubilee celebrations on TV too - however, it was such a great shame that our English weather was typical of what is usually served up on these special occasions. I thought the Queen was magnificent to have been able to stand for all that length of time - what a fantastic lady she is.

Best wishes **Pamela**

Hi Beryl, Hadn't heard from you for ages so now I know why. I hope all is well. Our life is one hospital visit after the other - David struggles along - puts the flag up and down every day at our village, writes his article on a bug for the Geelong Field Naturalist every month and attends their meetings three times a month.

I see **Bernard Lacome** is on your list. His brother was in my form and died in 5th form, I'll write to him. Must be older than me and I'll be 85 next month. If you have **Audrey Frost's** e-mail (I don't know her married name) I should appreciate it, please. We played together when young and her father was a dentist. Must be old age as I phoned a cousin after 70 years the other day!!!! Am still in contact with Agnes Alsage (nee Broadley). Her brother was in my form and they lived in our road. Also a Victor (much younger) contacted me from Sydney.

He has relations in Grovedale.

As you know I got my cousin (Tony Rundle) to join. He was out here for a holiday last year (4th time) It was just after David's op so we didn't take him around as much as usual.

Nice to hear from you - Keep well.....Cheers....Betty King (nee Rundle)

Editors Note—sorry to report that David has since passed away and sympathies were sent to Betty

David Sanders (54)writes from Queensland

Hi Beryl

Many thanks for the Newsletter. It made very interesting reading , in particular the item on Harringay Arena which I used to visit regularly for ice hockey, speedway and stock car racing.

Regards David

Peter Brown (51) from New Zealand writes :

It all started with our dining group. There are ten of us, who get together four times a year for a three course meal in one of our homes. The venue is rostered so we each experience a turn to play host.

We have a great time. We start with a few drinks which are followed by a delicious meal which our women folk have prepared. The conversations are stimulating and sometimes quite controversial. A common topic which is regularly raised is holidays; seemingly some are always going away or coming back. Lynley (my wife) and I are the exception. I am the only English born person in the group, the others all being genuine "Kiwis". When it comes to discussing holidays I have tended to espouse the view that "as we are living in the best country in the world there is no need to go overseas for a holiday." This though was not generally accepted.

Finally the group (and my wife) got to me. We should from time to time go and see part of the world while we are fit and able to do so, was the persuading argument. Thus Lyn and I started investigating holiday destinations. Lyn always wanted to travel and see some of the European countries, whilst I preferred to go somewhere, unpack my bags and operate from the one place. A Mediterranean Sea cruise seemed the perfect answer.

We booked through Air New Zealand and they informed us we would have to go through London before flying on to Venice, where the cruise started. We decided therefore on a stopover of a few days where we would be able to catch up with a few friends and distant family. **Then Beryl sent her email.**

There is an old saying which goes something like "it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good." Beryl was recovering from a hip operation and was operating from her bedroom. She had contacted all her overseas people requesting they respond to a new email address which was on her lap top. This obviously was far more straightforward than transferring the addresses one by one. Good thinking.

I duly responded and added the rider that as I was going to UK could she supply some contacts for Trinity 51ers. I indicated that I was probably going to contact her with this request anyway. With the benefit of hindsight I have serious doubts as to whether I would have followed through with this. I doubt it because there was much to organise and most likely I would have put the idea to one side.

But by immediate return I received emails from Kim Ghafur and Peter Turner and arrangements were made for a few 51ers to meet up with Lyn and me at the Bakers Arms in Waltham Abbey. And what a gathering it was. Altogether six old Trinitarians from 51 and their wives got together for a few hours discussing what we had all been up to etc. It really did bring back old memories and was a great afternoon. Lynley and I thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. In fact, after everybody had left I felt quite emotional. I can't thank everybody enough, first for organising it at such short notice and then for putting themselves out and coming. So thanks folks. You certainly made one "blown away Brit" very happy. Hopefully one year we will be able to get back and enjoy a full reunion.

So despite the weather the UK part of our holiday was fantastic, made very much so by the mini reunion.

The sea cruise was also fantastic. As a former Merchant Navy officer I have a strong affection for ships and the sea. I have no idea why this is so, for as far as I am aware nobody in my family had anything to do with ships. But I love them and the Nieuw Amsterdam is a beauty. It was a magnificent cruise, starting in Venice and finishing in Barcelona and visiting ports in Croatia, Greece and Italy again.

We had a few days in Venice prior to the cruise and another few days in Barcelona at the end. Barcelona was great but Venice was sheer magic. We could certainly go back there again.

From Barcelona we flew to Los Angeles and stayed on the hotel Queen Mary (another ship!) in Long Beach. The Queen Mary was built in Scotland in 1934, and became operational in 1936. In 1967 she was withdrawn from service and sold to the Americans. After a major dry docking and refit she was converted to a hotel in 1971. It was again my love of shipping which attracted me to this vessel and Lyn and I had a great time. You have to hand it to the Americans; they know what people like, what appeals and they deliver it with style. After quite a few days there we left Long Beach, Los Angeles and returned home to "Kiwi land". The weather had changed dramatically from when we left. It was now cold with quite some rain. **But we were home again after a fantastic holiday, which all started with the mini reunion at the Bakers Arms in Waltham Abbey.**

So many thanks again to all involved. A special thanks to Beryl, for had it not been for her mishap and the way she handled it, I doubt the reunion would ever have occurred.

Kind regards to all,

Peter Brown

Ps I used to go to Harringay with my uncle in the 50's to watch Speedway - (I was a Split Waterman fan).

As a family we also went several times to the circus.. If I am right they were held near Christmas and we went as a Christmas treat. I can certainly remember Sabu riding into the ring on the back of an elephant.

From abroad continues :

From Canada

Hi BerylDid I ever tell you I met Dr.Roger Bannister (not doc then) when he was training for the 4 minute mile? He was at the Edmonton Rec. I was practising my tennis routine and caught sight of him on the track. Being me, I went over to him and chatted. He was intent on his running, but did acknowledge a young girl who was interested in his feats.

Patricia Meilluer (Cole51)

Hello Beryl

My Newsletter arrived several days ago. Thanks so much for all your work. What would we all do without you? Seriously! I hope you have an heir in mind for the job when it becomes too burdensome for you.

I hope your spring--quite apart from the Diamond Jubilee celebrations all watched on TV here and the preparations for the Olympics--has been better weather-wise than ours. We get the occasional day of sun and warmth but mostly it's been wretchedly wet and cold.

Remembering what we went through a couple of years ago when the Winter Olympics were held in Vancouver, I find it difficult to imagine what it will be like in dear old London. We had loads of street closures and rerouting of traffic as well as "strict security" all over the place. But the crowds were all friendly. Doubtless we will still be paying for the games here long after I'm gone.

John Hulcoop 41

Eric Fry writes from Australia

Hello Beryl,

Thanks for the latest News Letter.

What a success The Silver Jubilee celebrations were. Here in Perth, Western Australia, we had the opportunity of joining in the emotional upsurge, and reliving our own times in England. Hopefully "There'll always be an England."

Just a quick thought, I wonder if there are any TOSA cartoonists , who might offer the occasional cartoon, to add to the Newsletter.

Images of ex Trinity staff, e.g. Mr. Swinden in his Darth Invader cloak, or Miss Law in her gym gear, or dear old Mr. Chick in his brown smock coat. ("Don't put your hand in front of the chisel boy!")

Oh well perhaps not

Editor—why not ? Anyone out there ? I know of one who might do it but no names no pack drill !

NEWS FROM HOME

Jackie (Wood 44)Rooke writes:

It is always interesting to read the letters from old scholars especially the mention of old teachers. Miss Stuart telling us not to put our feet on the stretcher of the desk as it was bad for our back; Miss Tipping who pronounces "often" as "orfton" and that "Nice" is a nasty word, and that there are many more adjectives that one may use instead. Miss McCrae whilst dictating, would sit on the front desk and show her knickers !! Poor Miss Whiting was intimidated by our class especially by the boys, but as Mrs French became very strict—so we had taught her something.

Over the years we had many teachers and a tale to tell of each. I remember Mr Lanman, Mr Hawkins, Mr Peacock, Mr Morris, Mr Eustace, Mr Williams, Mr Kurt, Miss Jones, Miss Aldridge, Miss Andrews, Miss Chisholm, Mr and Mrs Branden, Mr McPhee and the teacher of music whose name I cannot recall but I believe, left under a cloud. And of course, Dr ,J. Jones (Never begin or end a sentence with a conjunction). We all have our own favourite stories of each of them, which would probably fill a book—could this be a fund-raising event ?

Jackie Goodwin (Coulson 1956 writes

Further to Beryl's article about Harringay Arena, I would like to add my memories . As a child , I lived on Falkland Road , on the Harringay Ladder . My mum used to take us to the Circus every year but always managed to get us upgraded by merely hanging around and looking sad. There was always a man directing people to the box offices , and I assume he also tried to get all the seats filled. My Mum's tactics were to just stand around until the man came over and ask if we wanted see the show. Mum would reply yes but I can't afford those prices . Nice man always obliged by letting us have good seats !

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One year , my parents bought both my brother and I ice skating boots from a shop called Duvall's , owned by the famous Compton brothers , Leslie and Dennis . We spent many happy hours skating around to music – often the 'skaters waltz' . I was really sad when I heard the ice rink was closing but managed to sell my boots to someone who hadn't heard the news.

Next came the wonderful Horse of the Year Show which ran from 1949 – 1958 with the Queen presenting the prizes . I loved horses (and still do) so every day the show was running, I would go to the Arena and hang around the stables , desperate to be involved. Imagine my excitement when my heroine Pat Smythe asked me to pass her a brush for her horse!

In 1961 , I met my husband to be and he introduced me to Stock Car racing . I think it was on every Saturday night and we would always stand in the same spot and watch enthralled as these old wrecks hurtled around the track . If we were in luck , there would be an awful pile up of cars but the drivers always climbed out unhurt . At the end of the evening , we would hang around the pits and scrounge a lift home from Arcadian Motors (I think that was the name) .

My boyfriend as he was then , tried to interest me on greyhound racing but it took me so long to focus on any particular dog that the race was over by then.

Those were the days

Jackie Goodwin

Richard Suffield. (Year 1951) writes

The article on Harringay Stadium brought back many happy childhood memories of visits to various sporting and entertainment events. Although the names of Vic Duggan and Split Waterman 'ring a bell', I don't remember much about the speedway or the ice hockey, but Harringay Races does again 'ring a bell'.

two other sports not mentioned in the article, were Stock Car Racing and Roller Skating Derbies. Although Stock Car Racing is still popular today, and I believe still active, I have not heard of Roller Skating Derbies apart from those that took place in Harringay Arena.

Briefly, from memory, it was like a relay race with teams of roller skaters competing against each other, and instead of exchanging batons they touched their mates shoulders far as entertainment goes, like many children of our generation, I loved going to the Circus. Tom Arnold's was on I remember at Harringay, along with Billy Smarts at other venues.

However the event that always comes to mind when Harringay is mentioned, is Rose Marie on Ice. Apart from the music and ice skating which were wonderful, the Interval is the one thing I remember clearly! The lights were dimmed and a spotlight was switched on and shone on Tex Ritter, perched on a stool with his guitar. He sang the ballad from the film High Noon, 'do not forsake me'.

Perhaps my mind is playing tricks on me as the show, according to your article was in 1950, and yet the film was made in 1952. Can anyone clear this up for me please?

Editor— There were two films of Rose Marie—original made in 1936 with Nelson Eddy and Jeannette Macdonald and the remake in 1954 with Ann Blyth and Howard Keel.

Many of you will already have read in the press, the passing of **James Grout** on June 24th—Morse's avuncular Superintendent and a very versatile actor and director both on stage and the small screen. His obituary notes his encouragement to become an actor was from his English teacher at Trinity.

We were also sorry to learn of the sudden passing of **Mavis Sparks (Pegrum)** on the 5/6th August. **Sheila Dinnis (Ashton 46)** remembers.- We sat together on our first day at Trinity in Sept. 1946 and have never missed contacting each other on every birthday and at Christmas since that time----66years! I shall miss hearing from her.

Our sympathies are with the families at this sad time.

News from Home continues

Bruce Rimmer (1952) writes : Not too old at 70 !

Last year I had a milestone birthday in reaching 70 and my two children, knowing that I had no plans for taking it easy, decided to take me on a group cycling holiday in Sardinia. My first reaction was WOW! as I had never been to Sardinia and had heard about stunning scenery and interesting geology, but then serious apprehension in realising it was a pretty mountainous island and how I would keep pace with my super-fit children and the rest of the group.

Fortunately I had several months to prepare and raise my fitness from the level of a couple of rounds of golf a week and the occasional bike ride on gentle Suffolk slopes to being able to do 20 mile rides, including Stag Hill on the way to Potters Bar without stopping. Even this achievement was of limited comfort as the holiday itinerary called for an average 50miles per day with several thousand feet of hill climbs on 6 consecutive days.

There was no turning back and we duly took our designated flight to Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, and where in the arrivals hall we met up with the rest of the group of 20, most being in the 35-50 age range and evidently regular cyclists. At the first evening welcome meeting I became seriously worried as individuals recounted their previous cycling holidays or endeavours and then heard this holiday was my 70th birthday present. How much was I going to be drain on the group??

The next morning we were given our bike for the week and I was pleased to see that it had plenty of gears, a padded seat and telescopic forks for the off-road. The group set off at a brisk pace across a wetland area with colonies of pink flamingos to distract from looking at the wheels in front and giving an excuse for regular photo stops. After about 20 miles the group had spread out a bit but at least I was not last and it was time for lunch by some Roman city ruins. Wisely I decided to forego the cold beer in anticipation of the longer ride to come back to the hotel.

Anyway I made it back okay and to enjoy a long soak in the bath to ease the stiffening leg muscles, but concerned as to how I would feel the next day. The group were starting to bond now and accompanied by good Sardinian food and red wine I was well set up for a good night's sleep.

From day 2 the cycling intensity stepped up with serious hill climbs and frightening downhill runs. We would start early to avoid the heat in the middle of the day, cycle along a mix of switchback coastal roads and inland mountain valleys admiring the varied and stunning scenery. There was very little traffic on the roads, apart from occasional cows or goats, and the locals in the villages where we stopped for refreshments were most friendly. Our guide and support bus, carrying our luggage, organised picnics at lunch usually at idyllic beach locations, where we were able to enjoy a 3 hour break in the sun and swim in the crystal clear sea. Not surprisingly the second half of the day's cycling was generally tough and I was always pleased to see the hotel and look forward to a cold beer or two.

By day 4 I was really surprised how well my body was holding up to the daily exertions and pleased that I was keeping well to the pace of the majority of the group. It was very satisfying that I cycled up every hill in the week's itinerary, including one long hill of 6 miles, without hitching a ride from the support bus as some of the group did. Sadly the week came to an end and as we bid farewell to bikes and colleagues I felt a great sense of achievement and certainly did not feel my 70 years. It was nice to go away with the kids again and on returning Sue my wife was impressed with how fit I looked but not with the dirty laundry.

Looking for another opportunity to match the 'high' of the holiday, I came back and applied to be an Olympic Games Maker Volunteer. I successfully past the interviews and tests to be a driver and was assigned to the Olympic Park base. **There must be other old Trinity scholars who were Volunteer Games Makers???**

Briefly to say that I had the most fantastic and unforgettable experience and felt tremendous pride in representing Great Britain with the officials and competitors that I drove between venues, airports and hotels. Without exception all my passengers were in awe of the facilities, venues, transport, London scenery and vibrancy of the Games and asked why there was so much negativity in the months before the Games.

Editors note : **Olympic Games makers? Where are you ? Or did you carry a torch ? Tell us your story !**

NEWS FROM HOME cont.

By the time you receive this newsletter—the school reunion will be over- and I am sure will have been a great success. I am pre-empting matters as I am due to have surgery on the finger that was injured in the accident in March, and will probably be unable to use the computer for a few weeks, so like a good Girl Guide—am prepared !

The following are booked in to arrive at Ramada on the 20th for our celebration lunch—which although 2012 is the anniversary of the school closing as we knew it—the Phoenix has risen - see next page. We are delighted to welcome all our guests.

Surname	First	yr.	Surname	First	Yr.
Rogers	Reg	34	Langtry (Brown)	Meg	47
Grammer	Don	37	Prater (Chaplin)	Margaret	47
Brown	Grace	39	Sinfield	Peter	47
Lincoln(Crevier)	Patricia	39	Smith (Willson)	Janet	47
Stancer	Chas	39	Johnson	Alan	50
Grammer (Horn)	Yvonne	39	Rout	John	50
Judkins	Reg	41	Brailey	Fred	50
Augood	Roy	41	Davies (Parker-Smith)	Mary	51
Viles	Peter	41	Bowes	Robert	54
Good	Bob	41	Turner	Peter	54
Bates	Ron	42	Turner (Creasy)	Janet	54
Coleman	Derek	42	Johnson (Rust)	Pauline	55
Skinner (Hayter)	Beryl	42	Goodwin (Coulson)	Jackie	56
Bishop	Derek	42	Flanagan	Ann	58
Brooks	Les	42	Judkins	Joyce	guest
Beckford (Croxon)	Pauline	43	Rout	Merryl	guest
Gaggs	Oliver	43	Goodwin	Phil	guest
Good	Jack	43	Hogan	Karen	guest
Hext	Victor	43	Hogan	Anne	guest
Augood (Latter)	Audrey	44	Blot	Patricia	guest
Rooke (Wood)	Jackie	44	Augood	Michael	guest
De Rossie (Willson)	Rosemary	44	Coates	Susanne	guest
Coleman	Jean	45	Jones (Augood)	Jennifer	guest
Bishop	Ron	45	Jones	Michael	guest
Moor	Colin	45	Coleman	Ann	guest
Driscoll (Bridgman)	Margaret	46	Hall	Patricia	guest
Glyn	John	46	Bishop	Sheila	guest
Rutter	Alan	46	Glyn	Ann	guest
Slater(Croxon)	Jackie	46	Good	Ann	guest
Seager	Peter	46	Gaggs	Rita	guest
Stoddart(Dunstan)	Doreen	46			
Beckingham(Connock)	Patricia	46			

I am sure you would all want to join me in wishing our Vice President, Reg Rogers a very happy 90th BIRTHDAY that he celebrated recently. I think that makes him one of our oldest members together with Bernard Lacombe who we also wish a Happy birthday.

Reg is a LIFE and FOUNDER MEMBER and laid the foundation of our seating arrangements at the October Re-union.

Mick Osborn (1947)

Many of you will already know that we have lost a good friend. The sadness of his family will be shared by everyone who knew him. Here are some things that you may not know.

He lived in Crescent Road, Wood Green and went to Bounds Green primary school where he passed the 11 plus exam much to everyone's surprise attending Trinity Grammar School and meeting people who were to become life long friends (These became the 47'ers and friendships are still strong as I write). Some of them got together with Mick who played the piano and formed a band called The Knights. They would play in clubs and perhaps this is where his interest in music and particularly Jazz originated.

During his years at Trinity he became an outstanding sportsman, and represented the school in many of the activities that were available at the time.

His particular love was football and he continued this when he left school and played for Wood Green Old Boys (formed when Trinity and Glendale joined forces). This love took him into coaching the younger generation and some of those he coached would tell you how he was a stickler for rules and respect. No-one was allowed to play without shin-pads, hands were shaken after every game - won or lost - and he then decided that he needed to know more about the rules of the game whilst he was coaching and trained to become a referee qualifying in 1978.

This continued with Mick refereeing every Saturday during the season. In 1994 he became an FA Licensed Instructor. For the last couple of years he had taken up mentoring new referees and was doing this until about six months ago. In 2009 he received the North Middlesex Referees Society's Long and Meritorious Service Award - during this time he had held the Social Secretary, Chairman and President posts. In October 2011 he received the FA's 50 years medal for his services to football.

He became a member of the TOSA committee, and at the 2011 AGM proposed that we extend our annual awards to NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL to include one for sports achievement which would also include behaviour, respect and those ideals close to Mick's heart.

With that in mind, I am delighted to announce that your Committee decided that this award would be named the Osborn Award, and a cup was presented to the winner by Grace Osborn on July 19th at the annual awards presentation attended by Jackie Goodwin; Audrey and Roy Augood; Reg Rogers; Derek Coleman with Ann and Mick's son Ian.



**AND FINALLY
NIGHTINGALE PRIMARY SCHOOL BECOMES AN ACADEMY**

THE NEW NAME WILL BE

TRINITY PRIMARY ACADEMY

**The Phoenix has risen—60 years on—closed in 1962 and reborn in 2012
albeit in a different disguise but still in education**

fitting that this should happen in the Jubilee Year and also the year when GB hosted the Olympics