

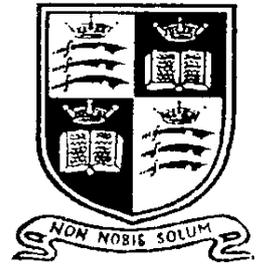


ECSOSA

Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association

Website: www.ecsosa.org.uk

NEWSLETTER December 2013



A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS...



2013 Anniversary Reunion

Well over 100 people attended the 19th October reunion of the ECSOSA at the Cambridge Campus to celebrate the 50th year since the school extension.

After a brief welcome by Cliff Wilkins, standing in for Chairman Frank (out of hospital but still not fit enough to attend), Susan Tranter (the Head Teacher) addressed us and outlined her philosophy for the school and its future. She impressed us with the breadth of her experience in tackling the many problems in the education field and her aim for high standards of achievement and performance by the pupils of the school. She provided details of the impressive pass levels achieved by the candidates in the past summer exams, with high proportions of 'A' grades and pass levels. She imparted a strong feeling of having grasped the tradition and history of the school and her dedication to wanting to ensure that the pupils of today appreciated and understood the school's over 90 year history.

Managing a school on two sites, the former Rowantree School site (Bury Street Campus) and the Cambridge Campus cannot be easy with over 1550 pupils now ... and coupled with a £7million rebuilding plan foreseen and approved for the coming years on the former Bury Street location so that pupils will be accommodated from the age of 4 through to 18!

Finally she sought the assistance of ECSOSA members in personally providing and imparting their knowledge and career experience over the past 70 years for the benefit of the present generation of students.

This was followed by two excellent showings of the PowerPoint presentation of archived photographic materials since the earliest days, provided by David Day. The social element was provided by our feasting on a finger buffet, kindly arranged by Carol Coates and the Committee, with drinks served and provided by the School.

Arthur Spencer (1945-52)

Chairman's Report



I have offered to retire over the last few years, but in the circumstances we now find ourselves in I am offering to continue to see if we can get through a very difficult period. Unfortunately Cliff Wilkins has had to resign through a combination of circumstances, including ill health. David Day (D.Day at school) has offered to take his place, and this will be confirmed after our A.G.M. We have also had the resignation of Angela Painter due to her husband's health, leaving a vacancy for Minutes Secretary. The good news is Joan Wilson has offered to take Derrick Stone's place on the committee, which will also be confirmed at the A.G.M.

Over the last few years we had considered, and made provision in the constitution to replace actual meetings with electoral "forums". This would not be easy to implement but would mean that people we need on our committee would not have to be based in, or even within travelling distance of Enfield. This option needs to be borne in mind by the membership in the future if we cannot fill vacancies. I pay tribute to Carol and her team for all the work they have put in organising the recent reunion.

Although we have not been able to organise our Annual Lunch this year the lunches at the Plough continue to provide members with the chance to get together at this popular event. Apart from the Newsletter and Website, this will be the most missed service the Association provides.

My thanks to all the other members of the committee, and especially Jean and Dennis, who continue to provide the lifeblood of the Association in the Newsletter, supported by Peter, Doreen and so-called retired John Kerridge. Also thanks to Beryl, who has received a boost to her archiving activities with enthusiastic help of Peter (M) Evans. The school is also showing revived interest in this project under the Head of History, Tom Hoffman.

In conclusion I cannot complete this report without paying respect to the fantastic job Cliff Wilkins has done for the Association. In my opinion he joins the ranks of such stalwarts as Bryn Root, Eric Wilkinson and, of course, Beryl Dewhurst in keeping the Association alive and valued by the membership. Early pioneers, Syd Perry and Beryl, had the support of a thriving enthusiastic membership, whilst Eric and Cliff battled on against a rising tide of apathy. Will their work be in vain?

Frank

Obituaries



DERRICK STONE (1948-53)

My husband Derrick passed away on the 2nd September, 2013, just three weeks prior to his 77th birthday. His death was completely unexpected, although we learnt afterwards that he must have had pancreatic cancer for at least a year to eighteen months. In the last twenty months the family has lost Lew (his brother) and Maureen (Lew's wife), all Old Scholars. You could say Edmonton County School is a Stone family institution. Yvonne, (Derrick and Lew's younger sister) also attended, and in recent years our grand-daughters Ellen and Harriet (at present in her final year) have carried on the tradition.

After leaving school Derrick took up an apprenticeship as an interior designer. He attended Hornsey Art School and became a rare breed of designer with outstanding ability to not only design but also implement with all the practical skills of a true craftsman designer and maker. He designed and was involved with many large stores, hotels and commercial buildings that were acclaimed as groundbreaking at the time of their conception. He had extensive knowledge of architecture and became passionate about garden history

Although he knew a great deal about all these subjects he was always very modest. He became involved in many local societies and had the reputation of being a natural gentleman. He was kind, patient and humorous, a unique man, it could be said a 'one-off'. Whatever he became involved in he gave total commitment and enormous enthusiasm.

He leaves two sons, a daughter and six grandchildren, and I would like to say that I am very proud to have been married to such a lovely man for the last 53 years.

Hilary Stone

Chairman **FRANK WALLDER** writes; "Our thoughts at this time must go to Hilary and the family on the sudden death of Derrick. Derrick has been a popular and valued member of our committee for several years now, and I personally will greatly miss his support and friendship. I remember particularly how he took on the task of organising and producing the signs for our previous reunions. He quietly did a lot of work which was not always fully appreciated."

A letter from KEN COLLIER (1944-49)

In the June issue of the Newsletter there was an obituary on Jack Fraser, which mentions that he threw the discus. Jack and I took up the discus when we were in the 5th form. On sports day I broke the school record. With his next throw Jack broke the school record and my record, so I was a record holder for approximately 4 minutes.



In the September issue there is a photo of the 1951 cricket team which included Roger Deans. I don't know if it is generally known, but Roger died when he was only 19 years. He had joined the RAF for his National Service and was in a plane which blew up over the sea. Nothing was found of the plane or the boys who were in it. I was a friend of Roger and still think of him today. It was so sad. Everyone needs a bit of luck in this life, but Roger never had any.

Re: "The Good and the Bad"

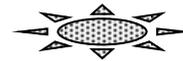
Re Paul Smith's "The Good and the Bad" carried over the Summer and September Newsletters, I can hardly believe that we went to the same school.

Considering the media uproar today over falling standards in education, pupils leaving secondary education with the ability of an eleven year old, unable to read or write properly and unable to perform the most elementary of mathematics without an iPad, I seriously wonder what his beef is? He back stepped rather niftily at the end of his critique.

I was promoted to my level of incompetence when I passed the Scholarship and got to E.C.S from the backwoods of St. James' elementary school in Edmonton, and having spent five years struggling I came away with six GCE 'O' levels out of eight that I took. These included, Maths, English Language, English Literature, French and Science. All this despite the boredom of listening to 'Bonk' or wrestling with similes with 'Dubs' or experiencing the rages of 'Solly'. Most of our excellent and beloved teachers will be turning in their graves at the insult! If I have completely missed the point then I apologise. (Written without the aid of "Spell-check"!)

David Day (1947-52)

Yes, I did not proceed to the Sixth Form



A Reunion Message from Rt. Hon. LORD TEBBIT CH (1941-47)

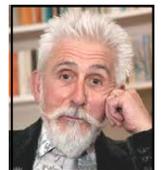
Alas, I fear the needs of my wife will preclude me from joining you on 19th October. Please give all those present my best wishes.

It is a long time since I turned up for my first day at The County School in 1941, proudly wearing my elder brother's old blazer.

The School found me a place five years later on The Financial Times and my General School Certificate (with Matriculation exemption) helped in getting me onto an RAF pilot course, not to mention good friends in later life.

Have a good day!

And from Sir ROY STRONG (1946-53)



The new buildings opened a decade on from when I left what was then Edmonton County Grammar School. Having recently written of this era, it is shattering to take in that it is now, in many ways, as remote as the 1850's and 1860's.

I have never forgotten the generation of dedicated teachers who gave me everything my parents, through no fault of their own, could not.

May their successors continue that tradition

Some memories of five years at Edmonton County School—a great school By RAY POWELL (1950-55)

Following the sad passing of two of my classmates, Allan Leftwick and Tony Flook, announced in the December Newsletter, I was finally prompted to put pen to paper and record some of my recollections of my days at Edmonton County. I had been toying with the idea of doing just that for some time, and reading about Allan and Tony made up my mind.

It was a few days after my 12th birthday when I started at the school in September 1950, and as it later transpired, I was the third eldest in the class, Joan Page and David Durant being older. I don't know who was the elder and by how much however!

In those days there had been a tradition of welcoming the new intakes, at least the boys, with a ducking under the water tap adjoining the playing field, followed by a ceremonial stuffing of the crushed fruit of the plane trees that bordered the field, down the unfortunate victim's neck. This fibrous concoction was not only very itchy but made a mess of a lot of brand new uniforms. This ritual was carried out by the new second year pupils (not all though, I have to say), and as the first year boys had to wear short trousers they were easily recognisable! No action was ever taken to stop this to my knowledge, and no comment made regarding the state of the newcomers on that first morning assembly. I believe our year might have been the last to suffer this as I do not remember any of us carrying out the custom in 1951.

Our first form teacher (we were in Form 1, there being 1a and 1 alpha) was Miss Young, who taught History and, I think, Religious Instruction. English was by Mr. Cleverdon, Maths I think was Mr. Ackhurst (Bonk) (who, it turned out, had a daughter Viola in Form 1a), and Geography was Miss Hill. French was the domain of Sam Elengorn, beautifully taught with a cracking accent (I am sure he also smoked French cigarettes!). Art was with Mr. Woodward and P.T. a Mr. Bruneels (Bruiser). I remember it being announced at an assembly one morning, and I think it was towards the end of that first term, that Mr. Bruneels was leaving to take up the running of a small-holding/poultry farm. Poor chickens I thought! I realise now, from some of the articles I have read in the Newsletter, that all were probably not happy with our P.T. Master, but I cannot forget him swinging the end of the rope around as a boy managed to reach the roof of the gym.



His successor, I believe, was a man liked by both boys and girls, a Mr. Hall. His approach to the lesson was very different to that of "Bruiser", but it did not alter my preference for the academic side of school work, which was very evident in the comments in my School Report regarding P.T. and sport—"Always tries hard—C" I think I was not alone in this, as witnessed by my fellow classmate and friend, Pete Tebbit's efforts on the apparatus in the gym—a joy to watch! On sports or games days, if we weren't competing, we would wander around the field, Colin Battson, my other mate and myself, being regaled with the complete version of 'Eskimo Nell' from Peter, courtesy of an older brother I believe!

Whilst on the subject of sport, I remember Mr. Hall's successor (I'm afraid I cannot remember his name, but he was quite young and very keen), trying to get the boys interested in re-introducing Rugby into the curriculum. This, in a school with Tottenham Hotspur and Arsenal just up the road!! This particular afternoon we were going through the motions of running and tackling with the ball, and it is here I should mention another name in my class, David Ratliffe. Dave was the biggest lad in the class, and probably the year. Anyway, Mr. ? had the ball and was running towards the line, shouting encouragement to tackle him (shouldn't have done that!) when at the next moment a flying Ratliffe, who was probably heavier than 'Sir', took him out in one fantastic diving leg tackle. We didn't know whether to clap or cheer, but a winded, deflated games teacher congratulated Dave..



Dave had a very funny vocabulary for a grammar school pupil—he talked about "logan binnies" and "Hungarian jam stranglers" of which, I for one, had no clues, but he was the one who christened me "Bucket", and upon being quizzed he said it was obvious, "POWELL—PAIL—BUCKET". Cockney pronunciation of my surname perhaps.

Whilst Dave was certainly our biggest classmate, Roger Simpson was by far the smallest. A really friendly, eager to learn chap, and I suppose that it was this keenness to find out more that prompted him, in one of our Chemistry lessons, to wrap some phosphorous in his handkerchief and put it in his trouser pocket, presumably to carry out further experiments out of school! It did not take long however for the chemical, missing its protective jar of water, to decide to burn its way out of Roger's trousers! I cannot remember if it was during our 1st year (short trousers) or not, but an agitated Roger (fears of diminishing future fatherhood perhaps) was hurriedly helped to the adjoining ante-room/storeroom that separated the two labs, for instant removal of his nether garments! I presume that he later donned his now holey trousers and continued his studies for that day.

Roger was one of several classmates and myself who decided on a day's cycle ride to Southend one weekend. Geoff Heywood and Johnny Cooke were at least two of the others. I had only had my bike a fortnight, a Raleigh 'Lenton', hub dynamo lighting and four speed Sturmey Archer hub gear, purchased from Shepherds at Enfield Highway for £26.00. I was working a morning paper round for ten shillings a week and that was my weekly payment on the bike. However, back to the Southend ride. One or two of the lads had done this trip before, and so they elected to ride the old route to the sea and then return home via the arterial road, I presume the A127. After a refreshment break in a café somewhere on the front, we began our return journey, only to be pulled up by the police some miles out of Southend. Apparently some bikes had been stolen that day in the town and we looked likely candidates. After checking all the machines however, frame numbers and so forth, we were allowed to continue on our way. I parted company from the others in the dark at the Angel, Edmonton, and rode the last few miles home down the Hertford Road, along with the trolley buses, getting slower and slower. I arrived home completely knackered, and upon looking at the milometer I had fitted, discovered I had ridden 94 miles that day. When I left the others in Edmonton they were still going as though they had just started out. They were a fit lot then.

To be continued

CLASS 1A 1947-52 REUNION
Bristol—September 2013
GRAHAM SOUTH (1947-52)

Despite a ferocious climate forecast 10 of us expedited ourselves to Bristol for this year's muster. The expected travel disruption never happened, and Colin's well plotted plans swung into motion.

Soon after arriving several of us boarded the regular harbour water ferry service, such a feature of Bristol and the only way to see the extensive waterways, offering many photo shots of the old and new buildings. The backdrop was wide blue skies (eat your heart out meteorology master!!)

Now, about these water buses. They run to a timetable (well, they did until we arrived), are cheap, fun and really are the best transport to see much of the city. Some of the buses have a crew of two girls, who are cheery and competent, but who would have been pirates years ago.



Judith Head under
s.s. Great Britain

Brunel's masterpiece, 's.s. Great Britain', reached by water shuttle, should be on everyone's list of 'must see'. This enormous vessel is scientifically shielded from further corrosion. Much of the interior can be walked through, with many atmospheric diorama displays. We, of course, felt most at home in the First Class quarter. Two visits are not enough time to appreciate its vastness, inside and out.

Two old Bristol houses were visited, though not for long enough, were (1) Red Lodge, built circa 1580, which has one noted portrait, authenticated by Sir Roy Strong. When we said we were at the same school at the same time as him we were much elevated by the museum staff. We, of course, take such esteem in our stride!

The adjacent property, called the Georgian House, in St. George Street was completed in 1791 for a John Pinney, a West Indian merchant. These bygone dwellings appeal more and more to us who must, perforce, live in modern houses.

They are rarely cursed, being one objection, no such embargo at the Georgian House however. As I descended the main staircase to the basement with kitchen, laundry, etc., places of daily toil and drudgery, I heard, though it was not aloud, a young girl's voice which said "I hate this place, I hate these people", but no more. During our visit to ancient York last year I, and Eve, had a spooky happening, now Bristol in turn is obliging. A think a minder is needed. We go to Winchester next year. I'll consult a medium before going!

There really is so much to Bristol, even a week may not be adequate. Many places to see, eat and stay. O.K., a small mortgage is needed for secure (?) parking, and the pay machine refused to release Les's car, but the natives are really friendly. So get an ECSOSA group together—you also might be haunted.

Our bunch comprised: Colin and Clare Walker, Brian and Eve Armitage, Bryn Root and Helen, Les and Betty Dean, Judith Head and Graham South. Do you recognise any of these names and have not joined us yet? Our evening refectations are especially meaningful. Some bones are getting hesitant, but the bonds become more valued as the clock ticks on and on

Mavis Bartram (Catterall) (1945-50) has sent along a photo of Dennis Madeley (1946-50). It was taken during his Jazz Reunion at The Wheatsheaf in Enfield's Baker Street. Dennis is a real character and a great entertainer. It was enjoyed by all.



DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Wed. 12th Feb.	7.30 p.m.	Adjourned A.G.M. then Committee Meeting. Cambridge Campus.
Wed. 12th March.	12.00 Noon	Lunch at the Plough.
Wed. 14th May.	12.00 Noon. 7.30 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough. Committee Meeting. Cambridge Campus.
Wed. 2nd July.	12.00 Noon. 7.30 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough. Committee Meeting. Cambridge Campus.
Wed. 8th Oct.	12.00 Noon.	Lunch at the Plough.
Wed. 15th Oct.	7.30 p.m.	A.G.M. Cambridge Campus.

... and a Happy New Year

Published by the Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association.

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