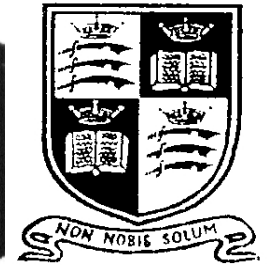


ECSOSA

Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association

Website: www.ecsosa.org.uk

NEWSLETTER March 2015



Mr. Hudson plays Churchill

By PAUL SMITH (1958-65)



The remembrances of Churchill's death remind me that Mr. Hudson, the Headmaster, spoke of this in assembly in 1965 and invited pupils to a room at lunchtime where he would play recordings of Churchill's speeches. Unfortunately I didn't go to the room, either out of laziness or because I didn't want to seem to be crawling to the Head. I wonder if anyone remembers going. I hope it was well attended.

Incidentally, we had in our year a talented orator, Michael Line, and in the year below there was another gifted speaker, Chris Swinson. I believe they won prizes in a national competition, and my twin brother, Peter, won the mock election held around that time.



Paul



THE MASTER KEY

Having two elder brothers at our school proved very useful! When I entered Form 1A in 1947 Mick was in 2A and Derek in 5A. Before the age of eleven I had met my brothers' friends when they occasionally came to our house for tea, and even attended various sporting events. Moreover, I already knew the names of several teachers—the ones to avoid ('Q' and Bruneels) and the nice ones (Miss Haswell, Jackie Long, etc.)

The most important thing of all was receiving a master key to all the school rooms from my brother Mick when he left. This allowed me to move freely around certain areas where I should not have been. For example, I could enter the library, access the loft space, and emerge unscathed near to the

mezzanine floor at the other end of the school. Also, I could fuse the lights in the boys' cloakroom (with a 6d coin) and be in Form 5A classroom, with the door locked, within 10 seconds. It was especially useful when school parties were held in the hall and all classrooms were locked!

My one regret is that I never found out who went round the whole school and, using a candle, etched my name on the glass of every picture hanging in the corridors. During a lesson I was summoned to the Headmaster, who took me round and showed me all the pictures that had been spoilt. He knew I did not do it but, nevertheless, made me get a bucket of hot water and clean every picture! Will the guilty person please own up?

Bryn Root (1947-52)

LAST CALL FOR

ANNUAL LUNCHEON at the ROBIN HOOD, Botany Bay, Enfield.

Saturday 14th March 2015 12.00 Noon

We would like to remind you that there is still time to book your place at the Annual Luncheon.

The cost will be £25.00 per head.

Please send your cheque, payable to ECSOSA, to Dave Day, 11 Coniston Green, Aylesbury, Bucks, HP20 2AJ. Tel: 01296 484382, Mobile: 07143 479752, Email diddy11cg@talktalk.net.

Please include your name and the name of your partner or guest.

The Menu is as follows: (please indicate your choice when sending your payment).

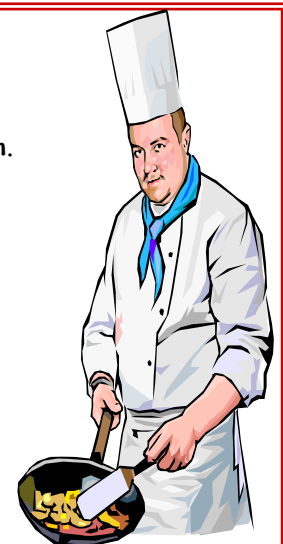
STARTER: Prawn Cocktail OR Soup of the Day OR Paté

MAIN: Roast Beef OR Roast Turkey with selection of vegetables OR Vegetarian (Goat's Cheese and Apricot Nut Roast) served with New Potatoes and Salad.

SWEET: Apple Pie and Custard or Ice Cream OR Cheese and Biscuits—Coffee extra.

HOUSE WINE WILL BE PROVIDED

Donations of Raffle Prizes will be gratefully accepted.



Obituary

We have lately received news that **JEAN WALFORD (nee Binder)** (1934-41) passed away on 20th November aged 91, but we have no further details.



COUNTY SCHOOL MEMORIES (Cont) by DAVID DAY (Deeday)

I was the smallest boy in the school, and to my chagrin the next year I was still the smallest. It wasn't until the third year that I lost the title, much to my relief.

I struggled through five years at the school, as witness the patient but resigned comments of the teachers each year in my school report, which I still have. I was not very good academically and certainly no use at sport. Nevertheless, I enjoyed my years at ECS, and especially recall being recruited to be in Mr. Doubleday's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which we rehearsed for six months, with helpful interference from Mavis Emery. I was given the role of Tom Snout the Tinker, The Wall, and overacted joyfully. It was performed on the evenings of 31st January and 1st February 1951. Unlike Basil Hoskins, as related in John Norrington-Davies's memoirs, my career as a thespian proceeded no further, although to this day I am still word perfect.

Come 1952 and it was time to sit for the GCE 'O' level exams. I was entered for eight subjects, which seemed rather a lot, and I did a fair bit of swotting. When we finished I was not over confident and decided that I was not going to be of any use in the sixth form, and would certainly never achieve 'A' levels. The main stroke of luck was that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was the piece of Shakespeare that we took for English Lit. We knew it by heart.

What to do for a job at 16? A pal had got a job at Edmonton Town Hall, so I applied, but all vacancies had been filled. I decided to try Tottenham and got a letter from Mr. Champion by way of an advanced reference. His letter confirmed that I had received five years of secondary education and that I had sat for eight GCE 'O' level exams, and that he expected me to pass in at least six. I got accepted to Tottenham Borough Engineer's Department on the strength of that reference and when the results came through I had indeed passed in six subjects. Mr. H.B. Champion had more faith in me than I had myself. I was stunned in later years on a visit to the school to learn from Edith Horrex how he had died.

Two years went by quickly and the usual call for 18 year olds came. I did my two years National Service in the RAF as an Air Wireless Fitter and learned much. In demob I decided I didn't want to go back to Tottenham Town Hall and went up to Soho looking for an exciting job. There weren't any! I marched into the Brook Street Bureau and explained my predicament. The Manager said that there was a job going at a company called Negretti & Zambra in Regent Street. The dad of a pal of mine worked in their factory in Barnsbury, so I knew the name. I sauntered round to 122 Regent Street and located the General Manager, Tommy Burns. "So you've

come for the job as a clerk in the Repair Department. Have you done clerical work before?" I mentioned Tottenham Town Hall. "Have you got any qualifications?" I mentioned my six 'O' levels. He looked interested and said "Have you got any ambition?" "Not really" I replied. "O.K. when can you start" he said, and that was it. I started on the following Monday, the 1st November 1956. Tommy Burns didn't want anyone with ambition and he knew his stuff. I stayed there for 43 years!!

The Class Circa 1948



Back: Roy (Sid) Stainton, Bernard (Buzzer) Brown, Alan (Taffy) Thomas, Terry Driscoll, Michael Melaniphy, Pam Goodman, Ann Sutherland, Maureen Hooper, Valerie Smith

Middle: David (Deeday or Ticker), Sydney Moss, John Sunley, Lewis (Lulu) Yugin, Jean Pitts, Pam Fountain, Vilma Clark, Eileen Ambridge, Shirley Dixon.

Front: Robin (Dobbin) White, Doug Heath, Cliff Miles, Audrey Wright, Janet Ray, Gwen Atkins, Winifred Pearman, Mavis Madden, Jean Wilson, Sylvia Testar, Janet Simkins.

Not in the photo: David John Tyler, David Willie Tyler, John Fenn, Terry Russell, Audrey Saunders, Barbara Franklin, Jack Noble, Alan Illingworth (Bobsworth).



Following the first episode of my story in the December issue old school chums have been putting my memory right over the names of teachers. Of course Music was taught by Mr. Wilkinson, Woodwork and Metalwork by Mr. Lowe and Art by Mr. Woodward. How could I forget? I still have a little nail box that I made in woodwork and a picture frame for the 1950 school photo, albeit half an inch longer at one end than the other!!



With regard to Brenda Poynton's father Cecil (see my note in Doreen Bailey's article in the December issue). I had his name at the back of my mind since I am a long suffering Spurs supporter. I finally remembered Cecil Poynton was a bigwig at Spurs. How come no-one ever knew? I imagine that she never bragged about it.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Sat. 14th Mar.	12.00 Noon	Annual Luncheon Robin Hood.
Wed. 13th May	12.00 Noon 7.00 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough Committee Meeting
Wed. 1st July	12.00 Noon 7.00 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough Committee Meeting
Wed. 7th Oct.	12.00 Noon 7.00 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough A.G.M. followed by Committee Meeting.

HORROR IN THE TEASHOP

I've always enjoyed reading Old Scholars' accounts of their adventures during and after leaving the County, so I thought I would send along some of my happenings. Now I must warn you, before you read any further, that although the events are absolutely true, the names of the characters have been changed to protect the innocent!

When I was in the second form we had a mature teacher who, I think, had retired but returned to teach on odd occasions. Let's give him a double-barrelled name and call him Mr. Stock-Barrel. Mr. S.B., or Gus, as we called him, was quite a character. He had a trim, greying Clark Gable moustache (Gable was a popular screen actor at that time), wore a beret and a well-cut overcoat which reached right down to the ground. I can't comment on his shoes as they couldn't be seen! He must have had some since he walked the short distance to school from his house nearby. Mr. Stock-Barrel taught us English and Music and he took us once a week for singing and music appreciation. One of his routines consisted of learning and demonstrating how to conduct an orchestra. I always enjoyed taking part in this because, for some reason, it used to provoke laughter. Whether the young audience was laughing at me or with me I never found out. Hold that thought for a moment while I tell you about my mother:



My mother, who was then in her early forties, used to take me to the pictures once a week. I caught the bus to Enfield straight after school and we met outside the cinema. She would always bring me a drink of warm milk in an old square-shouldered medicine bottle sealed with a cork. Also there would be a sausage roll or a home made apple turnover

for me to eat while watching the film. HOLD ON—where does the Gus character come in? Well, on one occasion she didn't bring any food with her but took me for a teatime treat to Joe Lyons' Corner House which used to be next to the Pearsons' store in Enfield.

We collected our tray full of tea and thin brown bread and butter and made our way to a table. We had only just started eating when—guess who'd come in—Gus Stock-Barrel. "Oh dear" I thought, "I hope he doesn't see us". Well, he took a tray from the rack and walked round gathering food. He paid for his bits and pieces and looked for somewhere to sit. Horror of horrors—he spotted us and made his way in our direction. My face turned a bright red, but that didn't stop him sitting down at our table.

We greeted him and he started to enjoy his food. After a while he looked at my mother and asked "Is this your son?" "Yes" said my mum—"Very humorous" he said, "Very humorous", and do you know, at that time I didn't know what humorous meant. I have since learned the meaning of the word as I have had to use the ability in my work. (As you can see in the photograph of the character I played in 2 series of Paul Daniels' B..B.C. children's television show 'Wizbit').



What I want to know is how was Gus able to forecast my future. Was he psychic?

Duggie Trower (1944-49)

A Hardy Character or How I became a Kraut overnight

Being fair-haired and blue-eyed, I enjoyed many a "Call from Casting" to play German Soldiers. At that time there was a plethora of Second World War films, in which I seemed to be, to a lesser or minor degree, one of the "Master Race". This was no exception!

I got a call from Central Casting to ask "quite politely" if I would "Go jump off a bridge!!" Being a Crowd Artist of, by now, long standing, I, of course, said "Yes, No problamo". You never said no to anything—First Rule of the Crowd!

At that time to my recollection there was no Stunt Union as such. If you had a police car (Austin Wolseley) at that time you could do some fast stunt-type driving. If you could ride a horse and be prepared to fall off a few times "O.K. José". If you were happy to take part in a "Saloon type Brawl" - as long as they paid "That's O.K." Hence I said "Yes!!" "O.K. Dennis, please go up to Cambridge tomorrow morning by train, take a cab to a certain hotel and introduce yourself to the Location Manager and Director". I did as asked and found that I was to "Stunt Double" for an up-and-coming German star called Hardy Kruger. "And by the way, do you mind being set alight before you jump off the bridge over the river Cam?" Being an old hand by now my first reaction was not how dangerous is it but "How much are you going to pay me?" I was only 22 remember, and just out of National Service.

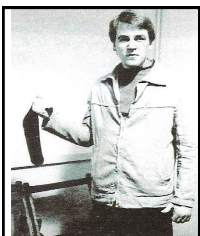
We agreed a sum in excess of £100, which was a good deal at that time. I obtained all the protective clothing I needed to stop myself from being seriously burned, and later that afternoon we proceeded to the Cam bridge. The film was called originally "The Freshman", but I believe it was released as "Cambridge Blue". It was the initiation ceremony of a freshman at college (Hardy Kruger). The Victim was pulled on a cart to the centre of the Cam bridge, dressed in Monk's robes, set alight by the fellow Monks in gear with a well lit Faggot, and told "Burn or Jump!!" What do you think I did folks? Yes, I JUMPED as soon as I felt the flames licking around my nether regions. There were four cameras filming from all angles, a huge crowd watching, and it needed to be a "One take shot" for cost purposes.



The punch line on this little anecdote is that some idiot jumped into the river just after me and attempted to rescue me. It turned out to be some over-zealous student who wanted his 15 minutes of fame in the local papers. I won't repeat what yours truly said to him when he tried to grab me. I think it sounded like "S*F*##£**". I went back home with 100 smackers in my pocket and told my mum all about it. She wasn't best pleased with the stunt, but happy with the "dosh".

Dennis Madeley (1946-50) AKA Denny Drew

Old Scholar **RAY WINSTONE** had a delightful feature in the Telegraph some time ago in which he described his early beginnings to John Preston. We thought you would enjoy this extract:



Aged 20 in his first leading role as Carlin in 'Scum' in 1979

Far from being the gregarious roaring boy of popular repute, Winstone turns out to have always been a bit of a loner. Growing up in Enfield, north London, where his father ran a fruit and veg business, he was never part of a gang when he was young.

"Nah, I had one or two friends—that was all. My oldest friend is someone I've known since we were seven. I've got a few mates who are actors, but most of them come from where I grew up. I feel comfortable with them, whereas in the film industry—this sounds a little bit unkind, but a lot of actors always seem to be running away from something. Or else they're trying to be something they're not. I find I've got very little in common with people like that. I mean, I don't want to sit down after a day's work and talk about if I saw King Lear the other night! I like talking about other things—football, boxing, travelling. Things like that."

The young Winstone was a keen boxer—three times London Schoolboy champion, he also boxed twice for England. What he relished most of all, he says, was not the actual biffing and bashing, but the mental challenge involved. "It's like a chess match, you know. Pitting your wits against someone else—I loved it. And I think it taught me more about morality and respect than anything else."

It also proved very useful when he went to drama school. He'd never intended to become an actor—that was all his parents' idea. They saw him in a school play and thought he looked as if he belonged on stage.

Have been browsing through recent Newsletters and noted the names of a few people I was at school with. I left in July 1951 from Class 5B. The names I recognise are Mavis Bartram (Cattrall), Joan Negus (Ivanoff), and a couple of others in the same class.

After all these years it would be good to contact a fellow student, and if this could be arranged it would be appreciated. I now live in southeast Queensland, 30km north of Brisbane.

My email address is asmy-redbud@me.com.

Audrey Smythe (Pullen)

Thanks for the contribution from Bryn Root in the Christmas special. Our days together were special times and we did well to move up through the Old Boys' League after the team was re-formed by Alf Gant.

My memory of the day that ended my footballing was quite vague; certainly Bryn was in no way to blame. I remember the melée around the goalmouth, but I had no idea that it was Bryn who fell on my leg. Happily the break was clean and healed in just six weeks. The registrar at Casualty found it hard to believe that it was a footballing injury as he usually had to deal with the result of players stamping around and trying to play on.

Frances (Lorkins 1945-50) was the one who came off worst as it happened close to our wedding anniversary and we had to cancel our planned outing for the third year in a row.

It would be good to hear from some of the others from that time if they are still around.

Mike Thompson (1942-48)

Further to the enquiry mentioned in the last two newsletters about Brenda Poynton, I should like to add that Brenda was indeed the daughter (the only child, I think) of Cecil Poynton, the Spurs trainer, and lived almost opposite me in Church Street.

As she was a couple of years older than me, she sometimes called for me on the way to school, and we would walk along together. In later years Roy Strong, then a shy schoolboy and a couple of years younger than me, would also call for me and I would too, accompany him to school, sometimes joined in doing so by Steve Cantor.

Some of your readers may not know that two years ago I was the victim of a sudden catastrophic attack of listeria meningitis, which very nearly finished me off, but which has left me disabled (I am already sight-impaired). My wife and I have recently moved to Rugby to be near our daughter, and if any old scholars should be in this area at any time a warm welcome awaits them here. I can be contacted by e-mail (gillywestern@hotmail.com)

Ralph Western (1944-51)

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