



EC SOSA

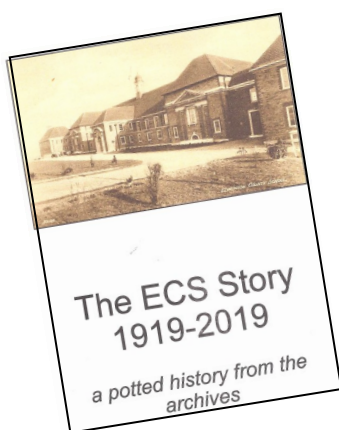
Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association
 Website: www.ecsosa.org.uk
NEWSLETTER September 2018



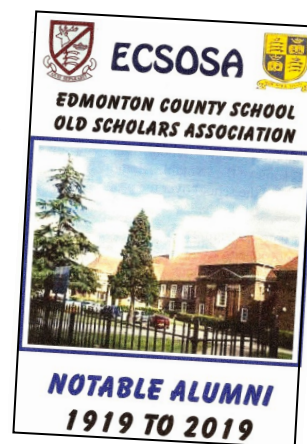
CENTENARY COUNTDOWN

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR CHAIRMAN

The Centenary has been occupying the thoughts of the Committee for over a year now and I had hoped that Newsletters might have made this clear. The Centenary celebration was the wish of our previous Chairman, Frank Wallder. The actual date is 6th January 2019, but as this is the gloomiest time in the year we have decided to hold a reunion on **SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd 2019** at the Cambridge Campus, with the co-operation of the current Executive Head Teacher, Dr. Susan Tranter. It was originally 16th March but Dr. Tranter asked for it to be changed.



In anticipation of the reunion, Beryl Cushion, our Archivist, is working on a "Potted History", covering the 100 years of the Edmonton County School, and I am working on a list of "Notable Alumni". Both will take the form of an A5 booklet. We have agreement from the Head that the School will meet the Old Scholars in expenses, and we hope to involve the School Governors, the local Press and Politicians, and of course invite any "Notable Alumni".



We have currently about 300 members, each one getting a copy of the quarterly Newsletter, so they can hardly fail to have noticed that the Centenary is approaching. We need volunteers and ideas on how to proceed and what to do. As yet a programme has not been finalised, although I have produced a sketchy Agenda. The point is that the Centenary is not just an ECSOSA event. As such, although ECSOSA will probably be the main participant, we must expect that everyone associated with the school will be invited to take part. As well as the ECSOSA website there is also an ECS group on Facebook on whom I have occasionally placed a comment. By delaying the event until the end of March we have several months in which to organise.

GDPR:

All of you will have received a copy of the Consent Form concerning the General Data Protection Regulations, GDPR, which came into force on 25th May 2018, which replaced the Data Protection Act. It had been my intention to ignore the new regulation since we are only a small organisation, but it was pointed out that this would be unwise. Some will have received a postal copy and others by email attachment. 116 copies were sent out by post and 164 by email. So far we have received 80 replies by post and 133 by email. A stamped addressed envelope was sent with the postal copies, so this means that 26 of you have yet to return your reply. The Association has borne the cost, and although we are not broke we still cannot afford to waste 26 second class stamps. We are also still awaiting 42 replies by email. I would urge you all to please reply.

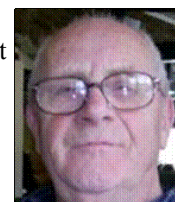
AG.M.

The Annual General Meeting of the Association is scheduled for Wednesday 3rd October. All are welcome to attend but I do need you to advise me. This is because, with the kind offer of Peter Francis, we have been holding meetings at his home in Southgate. If sufficient members wish to attend then we shall need to rearrange the venue to the Bury Campus. There are no amendments to the Rules or Constitution.

SUBS:

Subscriptions are due in September, but reminders will be sent out after the A.G.M.

Regards, *David Day*



Obituaries

PEGGY MANSELL (BURKITT) (1943-48)

I have to sadly inform you that Peggy died on 28th May after several months with a brain tumour. She was at the school from 1943 to 1948 and represented the school at tennis, swimming and hockey, which she continued as an Old Scholar. She was Assistant Company Secretary at the Ladies' Carlton Club until the birth of our first daughter in 1956, having married in 1955. A second daughter was born in 1958. She was a member of Saffron Walden Golf Club for over 40 years and enjoyed performing in amateur operatics and in the local choir. She returned to work after raising the children and thoroughly enjoyed selling beautiful dresses in Joshua Taylor, the department store in Cambridge, as she had always had a great feel for fashion. The family grew, and she helped her daughters raise our five grandchildren, and later five great grandchildren.

Peter Mansell (1943-48)



PAMELA WEST (GOODMAN) (1947-52)

From her brother BOB (1945-49)



At school Pam was a gifted student, particularly good at French. She was an extremely good tennis player and also a finer performer on the hockey field—a regular choice for the Old Edmontonians Hockey team.

In 1953 Brian West entered the scene and soon love blossomed and they were married in 1958. They went on to have two children, Helen and Rosanne. Pam went to work for Belling and Lee and subsequently for the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, and was also employed by our father at British Drug Houses. Sadly Helen became a victim of cancer and died in her late twenties, and sadness again entered Pam and Brian's life with the death of Rosanne's first born.

Pam loved all animals, especially the two Labrador dogs who were family pets. She enjoyed many hobbies: helping to raise money for the playing field equipment for the local children, supporter of the Knit and Natter Club and the Lunch Club and was involved with a fashion club, a stamp collector, a coin collector and an Advanced Motorist. At Election time she loved to distribute leaflets and be part of the Count. She was much loved by all at Navenby Methodist Church and her gift of a beautiful basket to house all the raffle tickets was valued, and as she said at the time of presenting this gift "I shall ensure that a part of me always remains with Navenby Methodist Church".

Unfortunately she was diagnosed with terminal cancer four years ago and suffered 19 courses of chemo with great fortitude. The inevitable end came on June 11th but she lived long enough to see her daughter and grandchildren make positive steps on life's journey, and to have the joy of holding Taylon, her first great grandchild and she had the pleasure of seeing scans of further great grandchildren to be hopefully born by Kristie and Jamie Lee.

Arthur Spencer (1945-52) reflects:

It's inevitable that we keep hearing of contemporaries' deaths when we reach a certain age! ... and one wonders who will be next!

I remember Eric Jay as a contemporary of mine in 1945 through to 1950, although we were never in the same class. Although I think he didn't shine academically and left after the Vth, Eric was quite a sportsman and played football and cricket for the school teams. He was the regular goalkeeper in the Form and House teams and later, I think, for the 2nd XI (if not the first XI). He was also an all-round cricketer. In a year intake of several fast or brisk bowlers he was one of a capable trio, with Bob Morley and 'Curly' Ramsbottom. In addition he was a useful batsman and I think he opened the batting for a number of years and took some of the shine off the new ball. I remember one vivid occasion when he was facing a rather fast aggressive bowler and he just stepped away from the wicket, swinging his bat behind him as he walked ... and fortuitously the ball glanced off it for two or three useful runs, much to the annoyance of the bowler!

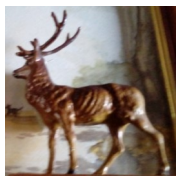
When the ECSOSA used to meet at the Whitewebbs Carvery he made the journey from London by public transport and on foot to join us a number of times, but he always seemed disappointed that he never, or rarely, met any of his sporting pals. As far as I recall we haven't seen him recent years at the Plough.



Re: ECSOSA/JIMMY BATCHELOR (2)

A happy memory of Jimmy Batchelor occurs on page 1 of our Newsletter. The Old Scholars' Badge (top left hand corner) depicts a crown, three swords and the head of a stag.

Some years ago I was asked to give my opinion on the design of the badge. I immediately thought of Jimmy, and he suggested that a stag's head would be ideal. When the idea was agreed Jimmy asked me what type of stag we preferred, as he had no pictures of a stag to copy. (For the benefit of our younger readers—you could not Google it on your Smartphone then!). Having recently been to Scotland I had bought a souvenir (wooden stag on a plinth) for my mother. Jimmy borrowed it as a model and was able to complete the badge that you see on our page 1.



My wonderful partner (and unpaid secretary) Helen has managed to take a photo of the stag, which must be about 65 years old now! In the background is one of Jimmy's paintings.

Writing the above about the OSA badge has reminded me that Jimmy also designed the cover of the OSA Football Club monthly magazine. The Editorial Staff comprised Gordon and Marilyn Richards, Peter Sutton, Jimmy Batchelor and myself. The stag ornament came out again, and this time we had a magnificent stag on the front cover, plus the OSA badge. Jimmy also helped to design, and drew, various cartoons to make the magazine more interesting and enjoyable. Every month during the season 150 copies were printed and distributed to members (price 6d!). Complimentary copies were sent to the Old Boys' Football Association, members of the OSA Committee and other dignitaries. I even sent a copy to Dave Mackay at Tottenham Hotspur!

BRYN ROOT (1947-52)

OWZAT (continued)

By **BOBBY GOODMAN (1945-49)**

A lucky ground was at Botany Bay, beautifully sited between Potters Bar and Enfield. It was here that “Squib” Wilkins and I shared an opening stand of 140 to win the game by 10 wickets. “Squib” was a fine attacking batsman who contributed 80 runs to our winning target—but this time I didn’t do so badly!

Cricket matches in the Fifties were played in a keen spirit, but also with great respect for opponents. The first ball would be bowled at about 2.00 p.m. and the innings would terminate at tea time, when both teams would sit together and enjoy the cucumber sandwiches and cups of tea lovingly prepared by the wives and girlfriends of the players. We would then resume and the opponents would attempt to get the runs. All played in a good spirit and before the advent of “leagues”, which somehow have destroyed the ambiance of these games.

Round about 1957 George Scott, our wicketkeeper, sustained a broken finger and I took over behind the stumps, and was a regular keeper from then on. I found great enjoyment in taking on the job. To start with you are in the game all the time, and you have to concentrate on every ball. It was a matter of priority to stop any byes being conceded and I also felt that the side’s fielding could be improved. If you had a keeper who took everything on the full and who got to the wicket promptly to field throws from the deep, it would encourage the fielders to throw confidently to him. I used the club gauntlets, and also their inners, which I soaked well with water before taking the field. My dad knew about an old Leicestershire wicketkeeper who would urinate into his inner gloves “to take the sting out of the ball!” I didn’t contemplate doing that and found that a good soaking in tap water to be sufficient.

By now the Old Edmontonians had a really good bowling attack. Len Outridge and Bob Noble were first rate opening bowlers, well supported by Stan Aupers and Peter Trippick. On one occasion Pete Trippick bowled from one end and took six wickets. “Trippy Trippick” was what the local paper intended to report, but unfortunately a printing error saw the matter referred to as “Tripey Trippick”. This kept us laughing for the rest of the season.

Peter Sutton’s bat served him well, and I remember batting with him at Gordon Hill. A fiery opening bowler fancied his chances but Peter hit an express delivery back over the bowler’s head and into the railway station. Now Peter was not a hitter, but this shot was an amazing six—never to be forgotten!



I managed to keep free from serious injury with one exception. I was keeping to Pat McCabe, who was bowling slow leg breaks. Standing up to slow bowlers was no sinecure, especially if the bowling was erratic in speed and length. Pat bowled a delivery outside the leg stump; the batsman walked across the line to hit the ball and completely blocked my line of

vision. The next thing I knew was the ball striking my right eyebrow, which bled like a tap. So it was off to North Middlesex Hospital for four stitches, and my eye surround exhibited all the colours of the rainbow

I had just begun courting Jean and she was due to fly home that evening from a holiday in Guernsey. Of course she was horrified, for it looked worse than it was, but I really enjoyed the fuss.

I look back on these times with great pleasure and nostalgia, remembering the happiness I experienced in playing cricket for the Old Edmontonians.



DIAMOND DAYS

On Saturday 23rd June Arthur Spencer, my wife Sheila and I attended Sparsholt Business Training College in Winchester where we were invited to join a surprise Diamond Wedding Celebration for Joan and Tony Joyce. About 80 persons, mainly family, had gathered in an impressive venue, and we all had an enjoyable afternoon remembering Joan and Tony’s big day on 22nd June 1958.

Their son and two daughters had made the arrangements, and a hushed room greeted the happy couple when they arrived. Photographs and videos (DVD’s) detailing their life together were shown on a large screen and included a nice message on video from long standing friends in America.



A photo of the happy couple with a gift of a rose called 'Diamond Days' - very appropriate

A very enjoyable buffet was served followed by a wonderful iced cake, which had been made by their daughter Sharon. A local friend of the family (very talented) provided musical entertainment for dancing, and I am sure both Joan and Tony thoroughly enjoyed the day and must have been very tired when it was all over.

David Pennell (1946-51)



SANDRA SAWARD (1966-71) writes

I have today received the June Newsletter and read with interest the article from Ken Powley. I started at Edmonton when it was a Grammar School in September 1966, before it joined with Rowantree the following year, when we were the Upper School and they the Lower. As my birthday is the 31st August I was the youngest in the school for a while, until the next year from the Lower School joined us, therefore Mr. Powley is right in saying that the youngest Edmonton County proper pupils are now 63, or almost. Since leaving in 1971/72 my close school friends have met every year, thus celebrating 50 years of friendship in 2016, and we hope to continue to do so for as long as we are able.

These friends are Jill Buckingham, Carole Hayton, Ruth Glynn, Lynda Plumb, Linda Warren, Ann Thom, Beverly Cook, Linda Powter, Linda Vatcher and me, Sandra Meehan. When we get together we always reminisce about the good times we had at school and will always be grateful for the friendships. In May 1970 one of our friends, Julie, was killed in a hit and run tragedy, so she is always in our thoughts.

MEMORIES OF W.W.II

By Brian Ware (1951-57)

Some 15 years ago my sister Christina sent me a BBC form titled "WW2 people's war". The BBC was compiling a National Archive of wartime memories. Since I was born only six months before war was declared my memories are mostly back-end loaded. However, I believe that, as in the case of the whole country, my experiences have to some extent defined my life. I therefore duly typed my account into my computer, saved it as a draft, only to have this draft accidentally deleted by my wife. Fifteen years later, with memories fading, here I go again.

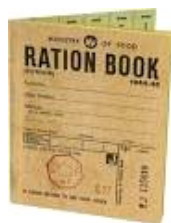
My first memory is of laying in my pram in the hall/passage way of number 7 Seventh Avenue, Bush Hill Park, Enfield. I think the memory lingers because my now slightly deformed little finger was caught in the pram hood. Not a push chair but the old coach built Marmet type. I still have a photo from about that time of my parents and my father's parents, who lived next door, standing complete with gas masks in front of the Anderson air raid shelter they had just finished installing. This spanned both our back gardens. I was perched uncomfortable atop the new construction.



This was the phoney war, and whilst the brave pilots of the RAF were fighting for our lives in the skies above south east England we had moved to Chippenham, where my father was engaged in the construction of an airfield at nearby Colerne. In his spare time he was a volunteer fireman, and many evenings were spent in the Park Horse Pub where I could enjoy banging away on a drum kit in the back room.

By 1942 we were back in Enfield, and soon after my dad received his call-up papers and our war had truly begun. He was off to Catterick camp to join the Royal Signals, where 17 years later I followed in his footsteps for my National Service. After his basic and trade training he was home on embarkation leave, treading water, waiting for news of where and when he was to report for duty, delivered in those days on the BBC home service. Eventually the news came and in the hours before he left we sat around my grandparents' white scrubbed pine table in front of the kitchen range, playing cards by gaslight. My most vivid memory of the war was of my mother's frightened, worried face, whiter than the table. "Take care of your ma Brian". and he was gone for more than three years!

Things were really austere by then. The shops were bare and everyone had ration books for the little there was. Nearly all gardens had rabbit hutches and chicken runs, the parks and playing fields were dug up and offered as vegetable allotments. Iron railings between houses had been removed and taken away to manufacture armaments. At night the streets were blacked out, no light being allowed to guide the German bombers. We were not too far from large reservoirs between Enfield and Chingford. These were protected by barrage balloons and artillery, but remained a strategic target for "Jerry"! Mostly we were warned by air raid alarms. If I was at school, maybe eighty yards away at the end of 7th Avenue, mum would come and get me and run for our shelter as the school had none.



At school cloakrooms without windows served as shelters for most kids. One night we were surprised by a bomb on the corner of the road between the Salvation Army and the Co-op, which did little damage apart from blowing our front windows out onto the bed where I was sleeping with "and taking care of" mum. An unfortunate woman walking her dog was badly disfigured. There had been no alarm - this one had got through. After that we had a Morrison shelter installed in the front room, and for the remainder of our time in London we slept in that on a mattress.

Some evenings we would meet my mum's mum, who lived in Sixth Avenue, at the Salisbury Pub, where we might be joined by various aunts and uncles. I would be out of sight under the table with something to keep me quiet. I remember sitting in this gran's Anderson shelter shelling peas during a raid. Another time I was annoying grandad next door by scraping soil off the top of the shelter, when he leapt from his deckchair grabbed a stake supporting a tomato plant and gave my backside a swipe. I ran off up the garden, through the gate in the fence to my mum, where I received a further scolding. Soon after that she said she would try something different ...Kindness. I thought that was a great idea.



Saturday, 23rd March, 2019
12.30 p.m.
E.C.S. Centenary

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Wed. 3rd Oct. 12.00 Noon. Lunch at the Plough.
7.00 p.m. A.G.M. followed by
Committee Meeting

23rd March 2019 ... Evening



Were you at the school during the 60's? If so, do you fancy joining a few of us for an evening of convivial reminiscences on the stewardship of Harry, Doris, Sam, Bonk, Basher et al, whilst enjoying the odd glass and some fine comestibles? i.e. laughing, eating and drinking to excess! We are trying to plan such a gathering as an extension to the events of the day at the school on 23rd March next year. If numbers are sufficient we plan to arrange something at the Royal Chace Hotel, Enfield, or another similar hotel. Spouses/Partners welcome.

We know that some people will be travelling long distances to attend the day's celebrations so thought a hotel, with rooms to stay, would be the best idea. We are planning to hire a large room, suitable for up to 70 people, and laying on a buffet and bar.

The cost of tickets will be dependent on how many people wish to attend, and what level of buffet we decide on. A number of people have already confirmed that they will be coming, and attendance will have to be limited to 60-70. All Old Scholars are welcome, so if you would like to attend register your interest by emailing me at terrypeffer@btinternet.com

We look forward to seeing as many old friends as possible.

Terry Peffer

Published by the Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association.

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