

The Age-old wish - A Happy and Peaceful Christmas to all our readers

We are looking forward to our Centenary Year in 2019, which is fast approaching, and we give below a small taster of the celebrations that will be held at the School's Cambridge Campus on March 23rd.

Noon	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Opening Ceremony led by Dr. Tranter. • National Anthem sung by audience and school choir (made up of primary and year 7 children) • Opening address by Dr. Tranter. • Tableau performed by children from ECS on the century that has passed. • Poetry Recital • Video where Old Scholars talk to current students about their experiences. • Singing of the School Song.
1.00 p.m.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Archive exhibition • Light refreshments • Opportunity to purchase centenary mug, centenary tie, etc.
2.00 p.m.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Opening of the centenary garden by the youngest child in the school, Head Boy and Girl, the Chair of ECSOSA and the oldest 'Old Scholar' • Speech • Burying of the Time Capsule • Dance by children
3.00 - 5.00 p.m.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Exhibition viewing and light refreshments.
5.00 p.m.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Close of Event.

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR CHAIRMAN

Dear Members,

The Annual General Meeting of the Association took place on Wednesday 3rd October. There were no changes to the rules and constitution and your committee volunteered to continue in their posts. We were pleased to welcome our new Joint President, Cliff Wilkins who, with the pending Centenary of the School, gave us the benefit of his experience with the organisation of previous reunions.

An invitation is printed on the back page. If you intend to come to the event please cut it out and return the acceptance part to me, either as an email attachment or by post. You can 'phone me instead if you prefer. If it is too early to decide we shall repeat the invitation in the March 2019 edition, which will still be 3 weeks away from the celebration. We need your acceptance so that we can make catering and other arrangements. Keep the invitation section to bring with you.

On a dismal, wet and windy Thursday morning three of your Committee, David Day, Dennis Patten and Peter Francis, set out for the old school on the Cambridge Road to rendezvous with the Head Teacher, Dr. Susan Tranter, to participate in a bulb planting ceremony in anticipation of the Centenary celebrations. Fortunately the weather looked kindly on us and relented somewhat, so we left our macs and brollies in the car.

Business Manager, George Georgiou, and Services Manager, Paolo Ribecca, were ready with the bulbs and spades and together with the Head we dug out several turfs under the trees on the front grassed area and deposited our bulbs at regulation depth. The school photographer was on hand to record the occasion. Several more bulbs will be planted in due course, and the intention is that they will be in flower by 23rd March 2019, in time for the Celebration Day.

Obituaries

We are sorry to announce that we have been advised by her son that Barbara Wooll (1950-55) has recently passed away. Unfortunately no further details are available;

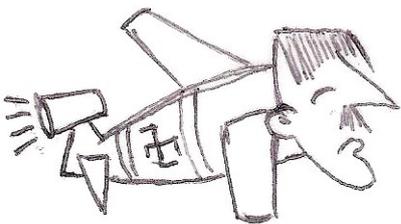


MEMORIES OF W.W.II By Brian Ware (1951-57) continued

The Blitz encouraged us to re-evacuate to Chippenham, where we stayed in a cottage on the A4, East of the town, opposite the Pack Horse Pub. This was the main route from the Western ports to South East England, where the build-up for D-Day was underway. Twenty four hours a day thousands of tons of heavy equipment, tanks and artillery, and thousands of happy American servicemen passed our front door; the servicemen throwing chewing gum, chocolate and the like from lorries and gun turrets to cheering children without being asked “got any gum chum?” At only 5 years old I had tough competition from the older kids.

After D-Day we were back in London. The Germans had started to use V1 Flying bombs, known to us as Doodlebugs. I remember sitting on the concrete in our back yard breaking up baked egg shells, to feed back to the chickens as grit, when I saw some coming over. At other times we spotted them through the window. Mum and I would watch until the engines stopped and then run for the shelter. Once they came down in Enfield town, where one destroyed the back of my cousin John Seddon’s house. Fortunately they had evacuated to North Wales. Lord Haw Haw’s propaganda was becoming more cautious, and at last the Home Service announced that “Russian tanks are crossing the German border”. The Italian prisoners of war in Enfield were allowed to wander freely around, pleased to be out of it.

Suddenly it was over. The Germans surrendered on Luneburge Heide. We went to a pub in Ponders End, packed with soldiers, sailors and airmen, who all had intent on patting me on the head as I went in and out of doors to watch the swing doors to effigies of Hitler, Mussolini, Goebbels, Goering, etc. being flung onto a huge bonfire in the middle of the street, to the joy of a cheering crowd. A massive street party followed on Sixth Avenue, where my other Gran lived.



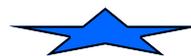
Then the homecomings began. The father of my friend Billy Liddon, who lived opposite, came home from a German prison camp. VJ day arrived and I remember the horrifying newsreels of Japanese soldiers being chased burning from their hiding places by troupes with flame throwers. The father of Pam Granger, who also lived opposite, next to the ‘Sally Army’, came home from the Far East, brown as a berry, and to the delight of the ladies present won the knobbly knees contest at the Odd Fellows Club.

My dad’s war finished in Italy, but instead of a homecoming Lineman Signalman Ware was shipped to Palestine, where another struggle was in progress. At last he was home, and I

remember the stranger standing in front of me in his singlet, emptying his kit bag of the memorabilia he had collected. Various German and Italian uniform badges, an Italian dagger, old army publications and more. I still have a propaganda booklet of Italian Officers holding the severed heads of Abyssinian chiefs. Nine months later my life was disrupted by the arrival of my sister Christina.

Real austerity continued for years. Sweets came off the ration, the shops were emptied and they went back on, and all the other kids received a letter of thanks from King George 6th. Every summer I went to the farm at Marshfield, where dad had also billeted while working on the airfield at Colerne. Saturdays I could earn a shilling loading up horse and carts with bread across the road at Prices Bakery, and then helping the “baker” to deliver it. Eventually the post war austerity encouraged us to give Australia a try, and we departed on a seven week journey from Liverpool on an old trooper, the Dorsetshire. However, at a time when there were no telephones, the only flights were by sea plane, and letters took five to six weeks, the pull of Blighty and my Gran were too much for my mum and after two years in Sydney we were on our way back on the Orion.

We arrived back in December 1953. Things were getting better, we were told of an economic miracle taking shape in Germany, but for us it would be another 54 years before the United Kingdom paid the USA its final instalment of borrowings made during the war.



From PAM ADDISON (HUMBLE) 1940-44

I was supposed to start at Edmonton County in September 1939, instead I was evacuated to Norfolk, via Raglan School, with my younger brothers, and returned to Enfield in June 1940. I remember walking down the hill to the County on my first morning, very scared and shy. I was convinced that everybody else would be much more sophisticated and intellectual, and because I’d missed most of my grammar school first year education I expected to be bottom of the class. What I didn’t realise was that all of the children had a fractured first year. The staff too were either in Braintree or London.

Everything settled down eventually, and my years at Edmonton County, despite the war, were very happy. I am still in touch with two of my school friends—Pat Dafforn (nee Frost) and Doris Crawley (nee Baggott). We are all nonagenarians and would be really pleased to hear from any one of our era that might remember us. I suspect there are not a lot of us about!

I left in 1944 with my precious (and unexpected) Matric. We called it the ‘Doodle-Bug Matric’ because of the heightened activity of the Germans at that time. I always suspected that the examiners were particularly sympathetic in that exam year!

My brother, Jeff Humble, joined the school in September 1944. He also remembered the County School with great affection and was still in contact with fellow Edmontonians until his death in 1999.

I have been searching for the school photos of Jeff and I, but to date I have had no success. Pity, because they showed us in all our gory. We were both very skinny, ginger-haired and freckled—so glamorous!

The Life changers

By GRAHAM SOUTH (1947-52)

“It won’t happen!” rang out. You see we last had our customary gathering in 2014, four days at Winchester, September. Then fate took a hand. Sadly, in 2013, our usual autumn reunion was not to be; but we gathered at Woolacombe in October, for the funeral of one of our number. The burial ground was a wonderful horseshoe-shaped hillside, overlooking the Bristol channel. I’ve never seen its like anywhere else. Then, an unplanned gap, but in 2017 our begetter gathered us briefly, for cake and chatter, at Broxbourne, determined to get us back on track in 2018. But despite his endeavours, we all seemed to be doing things on various days in September, no four clear days emerging at the traditional time for our meeting. It would not happen seemed certain, but, by perming three from eight, Brian glimpsed a window of chance, mentioning this to Colin who, at the speed of light said “Great! I’ll organise it”. Whereupon Brian collapsed in the arms of his lovely amanuensis, whilst letting his ‘phone’ cool down.

Why all this preamble? Well, it shows that any reunion does not just happen. But I will emphasise that our experience over more than ten years has yielded stronger ties with those whose school years we shared, new discoveries and a bundle of new memories. Few similar reports appear in the ECSOSA Newsletter, is this because they are just not reported, or most likely, they do not happen. We all belong to other clubs, but for some reason nothing touches the spot quite like our Alma Mater group get-together.

Thus, on a Tuesday in late August 2018, we arrived thru the afternoon at the Bristol Radisson Blu hotel, Broad Quay, Bristol, the number drinking various refreshing liquids in the front lounge increasing until all nine were counted in. Reunion 2018 was on! Those assembled were: Bryn and Helen, Colin And Sandy, Les and Betty, Brian and Eve, Graham. Enid Blyton would have called us the “Naughty Nine”. Especially those whose Sat-Nav would have them use a Bus-only lane! In defence, I imagine it must take a decade or more to learn Bristol’s traffic circus ways and rules.



After greetings and much chatter, getting up to date, we left the lounge for our rooms and to prepare for tonight’s meal in the hotel.

The Radisson Blu is probably the mostly highly rated local hotel, with seventeen floors, and if you are single, prices to match. If single I most strongly urge you find someone, anyone, to join you, a Jane or a Jill? (should you be male) thus persuaded, at no cost to them.

I digress. Most of us were on the fifteenth floor, ritzy rooms with the obligatory thickest of all bath robes, vast floor to ceiling windows, plus curtains to keep out passers-by (on the

15th floor?). A small squirry thing was on hand to spray one’s pillow if unable to sleep—it smelt, I thought, of eucalyptus and did not keep me awake, plus I had two beds to choose from.

The first meal of this pilgrimage in the hotel dining room was a long drawn-out affair, partly down to our non-stop nattering, and partly to a slow kitchen. The main surprise was waiting at the end, because the attentive waiting staff seemed unable to charge the meals to our respective rooms. How strange. It was achieved at last somehow, but how eluded me.

Radisson could claim the best of all hotel breakfasts. I thought the Monkbar, Best Western in York, took some beating, but everything you could possibly want for le petit déjeuner was there. Fried egg? Of course, but instead of a pan of eggs beaming at you, fried some time before, waiting staff would receive your request and very soon a fresh egg especially for you was delivered to where you sat. Of course they had the inescapable toast machine, one pass and it is still bread, two passes, not much better, three passes and it is aflame! Rather curiously the local Fire Brigade parked right outside the hotel on alert, more times than I thought good for my health. I enquired of one Fireman, who looked superior, “Is the hotel on fire?” “No sir, not yet!” did little to calm me.

Our first morning was so sunshiny that a City tour on the open-top bus seemed a good idea. Starting from right outside our hotel, we had the benefit of a commentator who delighted in telling all he could about a city he clearly was very proud of. Although he had done this journey many dozens of times he made it sound fresh to us. It really is the best way to get an overview of Bristol.

For the afternoon Colin felt sure we would want to see Concorde in its forever hangar (how sad that is) in nearby Filton, from where it first flew. This is for most visitors another must. After entering the complex, called Aerospace Bristol, a vast display of Bristol’s aviation heritage is arranged, not at all cramped, much room to stop and wonder and pause if you wished.

Then on to Concord’s hangar, all very silent now. A short wait then, just a few at a time, one is ushered into the holy of holies, Concorde itself. To the left is the very bijou cockpit, the home of only the finest of aircrew. (Yes, one can dream for a few seconds). No room to swing a kitten, it was a masterpiece of its time, some while before a few screens took the place of multiple dials. Then one walked past the very seats that so-called celebrities crossed the Atlantic on so many times. Those days we were overlord of the skies.

Afterwards tea was had at a café in the aviation halls. Then it was back to the city for a stroll amongst the streets near the hotel. There chance struck, the discovery of a likely looking Italian Restaurant, the Aquila. This is where we had our evening meal on the second day. The seating was a half-circular affair, which suited us admirably. Waiters and waitresses seemed to know nearly every need. The ladies, I noticed, were treated to the flattering that Italian men are renowned for. The food most excellent, coupled with select wine to hand. Our evening was cordiality itself. You cannot plan this, agreeable classmates is a help, but serendipity needs to take a hand. The initiate amongst us evidently enjoying the way we do things. As we left a member of the staff shook our hands, thanking us for our custom. Now where else would you get that?

To be continued

Badge of the O.S. Football Club

By BRYN ROOT (1947-52)



Fast forward 15 years and we had 5 teams plus a Veterans' XI, and for a few years a Clubhouse within Jubilee Park, Edmonton.

In the March Newsletter I mentioned how the Stag's head and antlers came to be included in the OSA badge.

Before the Second World War those OSA members who organised and ran the various sections (e.g. hockey, football, Thespians, etc.) had no permanent meeting house. The logical decision was to use the local pub, called the "Stag".

In the 1940's membership was very low, especially in the Football Section. They could seldom call upon eleven players to make up a team, hence they were unable to enter the Old Boys' League until ?? I recall a knock on my door on a Saturday morning when Mac Lee would ask whether brother Derek wanted a game. The answer was "Sorry, Derek is playing for Spurs' Juniors". "What about Mick—is he interested?" "Sorry, he is playing for Bush Hill Park F.C." "What about you then?" I would agree to play, although my mother said I should not really play football on Saturday morning for the school and then play for the Old Scholars in the afternoon. To overcome the situation I would tell my mother that I was going to watch a game, then, on the way out, I would recover my football gear, which I had hidden in the hedge in the front garden!

In 1952, when my year had left school, I rounded up about 13 mates who were prepared to play regularly. The consensus was—only few of us would get a regular game, and we did not want to be kicked to death when playing against tough men. I contacted the OSA Football Secretary in order to sort out this problem and he suggested we meet the committee to see what could be done. It was agreed that we would meet in the "Stag". We had a committee of three, namely Brian West, Peter Allen and myself. Being 16 years old, and never stepped inside a pub, we were told (by Peter Allen) that the "Stag" was in Enfield. Five of us arrived at the pub at the stated hour, but the OSA committee members never appeared. They were sitting in the "Stag" in Bush Hill Park, wondering where we were!

Fortunately this misunderstanding was soon resolved, and a few days later we all got together in the same pub. It was agreed that our team would play in a local under-18s league, and within 2 years we would compete for places in the Old Scholars' Football Club. As it turned out, within 2 years the OSA had a 1st and 2nd XI, so virtually all players got a regular game.



Edmonton County School Old Scholars Association
Cordially invites you to celebrate the Centenary of
the founding of Edmonton County School.
Venue-The School,Great Cambridge Road,EN1 1HQ
Date - Saturday March 23rd 2019 - 12.00 - 5.00 pm

ECSOSA

Our Secretary writes

Following Terry Peffer's message in our September Newsletter, I am pleased to forward this latest message from him concerning the Centenary celebrations.

"Further to our exciting plans for the centenary celebrations on Saturday 23rd March 2019, a number of ECSOSA members, and other old pupils, are arranging a drinks and buffet evening at The Marriott Hotel, Waltham Abbey as an extension of the day. This is a chance for all to enjoy a relaxed evening with old friends and colleagues whilst exchanging stories and memories of 'The County'. Spouses and partners are welcome.

If you attended the school in the period of mid 1950's to mid 1970's and would like to join in the evening celebrations please contact Terry Peffer at terrypeffer@btinternet.com and he will let you know the full details. A quick response is advisable as numbers may be limited. Regards Terry Peffer.

In addition to Terry's message I would like to add that as the event approaches we need volunteers to help on the day between 11.00 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. Although Saturday March 23rd 2019 may seem an age away it will be on us before we realise. If you have any organisational skills or just want to help please contact me, DAVE DAY, at secretary@ecsosa.org.uk and offer your services.

Regards, *David Day*

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Wed. 13th Feb.	12.00 Noon.	Lunch at the Plough.
	7.00 p.m.	Committee Meeting.
Sat. 23rd March	12.00 Noon	Centenary celebrations
Wed. 8th May.	12.00 Noon.	Lunch at the Plough.
	7.00 p.m.	Committee Meeting.
Wed. 17th July.	12.00 Noon.	Lunch at the Plough
	7.00 p.m.	Committee Meeting.
Wed. 9th Oct.	12.00 Noon.	Lunch at the Plough
	7.00 p.m.	A.G.M. followed by Committee meeting

Please reply to secretary@ecsosa.org.uk

Or by post

Secretary, ECSOSA

c/o 11 Coniston Green

Aylesbury, Bucks, HP20 2AJ

Tel: 01296 484382 – Mobile: 07743 479752

I shall be delighted to attend the Centenary
Celebration

Name _____

Years at ECS _____