



ECSOSA

Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association

Website: www.ecsosa.org.uk

NEWSLETTER June 2020



 **HERE COMES SUMMER!** 

This year, on Friday 8th May, our country celebrated V.E. Day (Victory in Europe 1945) with special T.V programmes and with many “get-togethers” and parties in the streets.



Groups of people, having been locked down for over a month, got together (albeit 2 metres apart) and celebrated the day with parties in the streets. We all listened to the Queen’s speech and also the famous Winston Churchill address when he announced the end of World War II. The weather was very kind to us and enabled us to carry on the party into the evening.



We are now hoping that there will soon be an announcement that the situation is improving and eventually we will all be able to return to normality.

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR CHAIRMAN / SECRETARY

Dear Old Ed,

I sent a Covid 19 message to all of you who have email addresses. This meant that those of you who do not have or use this facility did not get it. So, we reproduce a version of it here for those of you who usually only get the printed copy of the Newsletter.

“Just to say that I haven’t forgotten you all at these worrying times. Those of you who had booked the Annual Luncheon already know that it has been postponed until next October, providing the emergency is over by then. In any event it would have been a quiet affair compared to previous years since only 18 members booked. It also seems likely that the quarterly lunch at The Plough in June might have to be cancelled if the lock down is still in force. This June Newsletter is hopefully on time if our printers are still operating.

I do hope that you were all able to self-isolate as much as is possible, given that shopping for provisions still has to go on.

To our overseas members I say that I hope that in your country you are observing the advice, of which there is plenty.

Regards,

David Day – Chairman/Secretary – ECSOSA”



Obituaries

KEITH RICHARD GOODERHAM BVSc, DPMP,
MRCVS, (b) 1937) (q) Liverpool 1962.
(1948-55)



Keith grew up in North London. After completing National Service he studied Veterinary Science and saw practice with Joan Joshua in Finchley. He was always a cheerful man with a great sense of humour.

His enthusiasm for, and expertise in, duck health and welfare was unique, and he was called on to advise government and other groups on waterfowl and contribute to textbooks. One such role involved chairing the Red Tractor Technical Advisory Committee on ducks.



JOAN DEACON (Nee MOORE) (1932-36)
Also known at school as ETHEL MOORE

Reported by her son David.

Sadly Joan passed away on 8th May, exactly 75 years after she would have been celebrating VE day in London as a newlywed. She made it to 100 on 17th November and had a wonderful few days. We came across a recent subscription renewal for ECSOSA (it was for 5 years) and she had written "optimistic" against it. She always had a sense of humour!

We were delighted to meet this wonderful lady at our Centenary last year when she helped bury a time capsule as the oldest Old Scholar present.

BOBBY GOODMAN (1945-49) recalls

For our summer holiday in 1947 Ralph Western, Peter Sutton, Steve Cantor and I decided to have a week at a Holiday Fellowship Centre at Strathpeffer, near Inverness. This holiday would involve a certain amount of organised and strenuous walking and climbing for the fittest members with easier walks for the less able bodied. This resulted in Steve being part of the "C" party, whereas the rest of us were in the "A" party.

We set off from King's Cross on board the Talisman; the 1600 departure for Edinburgh. The engine was an A4 Pacific, 60029 "Woodcock", which ran magnificently to Newcastle, reached dead on time. I have a photograph of me standing near the front of the locomotive in Newcastle Central station just before it went on to Gateshead depot and leaving the train to be taken on an A3 Pacific "Blenheim". This was another effortless performance, reaching Edinburgh "right time". Our overnight accommodation had been booked at "Sutties Hotel", and very pleasant it was too. After breakfast on the following morning we were once again in Waverley station to catch a train to the Far North. The journey was very slow, with frequent stops, but eventually we arrived at Inverness—a very grey and impersonal city. I believe we were picked up by coach and driven to Strathpeffer, which was only a short distance.

The pity of this holiday was that Steve was forced to spend much of the daytime on his own. I suppose his standard of fitness was not up to strenuous climbing. I remember two climbs in company with Ralph and Peter; the first was the

ascent of Sgur a Mhoulain, some 2,800 feet, which was a difficult climb and we were not rewarded with the best of views when we reached the summit. We were taken by coach to the best start position for the climb and it was a relief to be driven back afterwards whilst resting aching limbs! A notable ascent during this week was that of a genuine "Munro"—Slioch at round about 3,500 feet. We celebrated this ascent by the three of us singing the school song on the summit to compensate for another poor view. This really was a gruelling climb, and in some ways the descent was even worse, with rain pelting down, and we were desperately tired. My boots were actually my army best boots, no longer deserving of that description and relegated to climbing activities, their immaculate shine long gone! This was their swan song, for at the foot of the mountain one sole fell off and they were consigned to a watery grave in a mountain stream. I walked the last few hundred yards to the coach in my socks, cursing the sharp stones and my wet feet. Fortunately there was no more climbing to be done.



Ralph, Steve, Peter and me at Thurso 1957

We enjoyed a very nice train trip to the Kyle of Lochalsh; a truly scenic route, and we were then guests of the McBrayn Steamer Company, who took us over to Kyleakin on the Isle of Skye. Having come this far north we ensured that Thurso and John of Groats should be visited, and we also enjoyed a trip to the Falls of Rogie. I would guess that our modes of transport would be by bus; Ralph was a bus enthusiast, and would want to sample the local transport scene. Steve was intrigued by the number of Scottish villages whose names started with "ach", such as Aichtersheen and so forth. We derived some amusement by making up our own imaginary names using this prefix! Ralph assures me that we began our homeward journey by catching a bus, which took us from Inverness to Aberdeen. I reckon we probably enjoyed another long bus ride back to Edinburgh, where we did some sightseeing, which included the Castle.

We then boarded a train at Princes Street which took us to Carlisle via the Waverley route. We must have had B & B in Carlisle before catching the Up Thames Clyde Express for our journey home. This must have been done at my suggestion, for why else would we come home by such a circuitous route? I recall that we only just made the train, so I didn't note the motive power. Probably this was as well, for the trip over the Settle and Carlisle line was desperately poor and we were an hour late into Leeds. Steve had a real moan about this, and he wasn't the only one!

The engine change at Leeds—normal procedure of course—saw a Jubilee in charge for the last 180 miles to St. Pancras, and during the stop at Sheffield I found that we were in the capable hands of Holbeck's 45739 "Ulster". I have a photograph of Ralph standing beside the engine in Sheffield Midland station. Ulster gave us a super run to London, cutting the arrears by 15 minutes, and then losing all that was gained by a dead stand for ages about half a mile outside the terminus. The compensation was the really excellent tea served in the buffet car, where we were allowed to eat as much as we wanted for the princely sum of three and sixpence (seventeen and a half pence.)

The last of the First Years (aka class of '66)
By JACKIE ROBINSON (nee ROWLEY) 1966-71

Twenty-two Old Scholars met up at lunchtime on Saturday 29th February 2020 at the Betjeman Arms, St. Pancras. A future get-together was only suggested back in November 2019, and more than likely as a result of a chance remark when a few of us met up at the 100th Anniversary at the Upper School earlier that year. One by one 'our year;', the 1966 intake were hitting that 65 year milestone when we all thought we would be retired and getting our state pension, in fact, some of us ladies 5 years since. However, a few of us have retired, a few are still working part time and a couple working full-ish time but thinking about finishing soon.

After a few emails and Facebook messenger messages to familiar names Brian Saxon set up a page on Facebook with the heading "The last of the First Years", because we are! We were always the youngest group in the school until the 5th form, when Rowantree joined us. Now, us County Grammar folk were pleasant enough to the Rowantree intake but they had deprived us of any younger years to be older than, for four years no less, we were always the newbies! So we did mix, but we also stayed apart with our ECGS peers.

As 2020 was a leap year with a February 29th it seemed a good date for a reunion of the 1966 ECGS intake. So a message went out on our closed Facebook page to see who was interested. At such short notice it was wonderful that we could get twenty-two people together. There were about 5 others who, for one reason or another, couldn't be there.

Luckily for me I have quite a good face recognition ability, as some of us had not seen each other since 1971. That doesn't sound so long ago until you say 49 years ago!!!! One by one, two by two, people turned up in the bar at St. Pancras looking for some 65 year olds who looked like they were reuniting.

We had an absolutely great time. Some people were instantly recognisable, some we may have passed in the street, but everyone was just the same as they had been at school. The chat and laughter did not stop for four hours, and we didn't have time to talk to everyone as much as we would have liked, so we are doing it again next year, same time, same place.

When you weigh it all up, no matter how much we concentrated at school, some stayed on until 6th form and went to University, others left in the 5th or earlier and went out to work, some have married (some even a few times!), some have children and grandchildren, some have not, we all turned out pretty good though. There are some amongst us that have followed every important and groundbreaking careers, some have set up very successful businesses of their own. Fortunately we are all still really happy, grounded and well rounded human beings who like a chat and a drink in London. Makes a change from the Stag and Hounds for some!

I would personally like to say a big thank you to everyone who turned up on the day: Barb and I would have run out of things to say to each other if it had just been us. Also a massive thank you to Michael Lovett, who came up with a very welcome gesture of champagne for everyone to toast our get-together. We were very lucky he happened to be in the U.K. at the time rather than at his other home in Hong Kong, and to Derek O'Hara, who actually flew in from the U.S. to be with us, bringing with him a commemorative pen for everyone with 'Last of the First Years and ECGS 1966' printed on them. Chris Britton arrived hotfoot from Gatwick Airport, where he had not long landed after a holiday abroad and after the reunion was flying off to his home in County Cork in the evening. The rest of us came from all directions in the U.K., and it was definitely worth it. **Roll on 2021- SEE YOU THEN!**



Photo left to right: Back row: Brian Saxon. Next row: Jackie Rowley, Barry Jones, John Ketcher, Richard Haydon, Peter Simpson, Mark Robertson, Chris Sonnex, Linda Warren, Michael Lovett, Bob Ayton, Derek O'Hara, Beverley Cook, Paul O'Hara (Honorary 1966 member), Chris Britton, Brian Haylock, Barbara Freshwater. Front row: Jill Buckingham, Lynda Plumb, Ruth Glynn, Carole Hayton, Ann Thom.

This photo of us all was kindly taken by one of the Betjeman Arms staff. They will be happy we are going back next year.

From ARTHUR SPENCER (1945-52)
 Courtesy of Jerry Crossly, Egerton (next door website)

Our cat goes out and he roams free
 To take the air or take a pee.
 Now he goes out much more than me.
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.



Now every time we cough or sneeze
 We use the elbows of our sleeves,
 But now our clothes are all diseased
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.

With no vaccine or target drugs
 We've burnt all clothes to kill the bugs
 Indoors we sit just wrapped in rugs
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.



We wash our hands just like they say
 So My Happy Birthday's rather slow
 I do my best Marilyn Monroe
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.

Yes, my rendition takes so long
 Outside the door queues quite a throng
 Saying "mass gatherings are banned as wrong"
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.

Now no-one knows how long it's for
 And so I sing out my front door
 My neighbours beg me "please no more"
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.



Just trying to cheer up those poor souls
 But they lob missiles, truth be told
 An endless stream of toilet rolls
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.

While we're indoors the cat does play
 Uprooting seedlings night and day
 To him it's one big litter tray
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.



To pass the time I do crosswords
 The cat's gone off to chase the birds
 And left my lawn festooned with telltale signs
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.

The strain is showing here indoors
 There's not a lot to stop being bored
 We have cross words and that's for sure
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.



At last we're all germ free
 I now think my wife pours out my favourite drink
 To disinfect the taps and sink
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.

So we sit here in lockdown Hell Sod all to eat
 Nor drink as well,
 (my vodka's gone to make hand gel)
 Whilst we're stuck in lockdown.



Tune: 'When I'm cleaning windows'

Offering from Dave Day (1947-52)

I was proud to have been a Grammar school pupil at Edmonton County. Perhaps the only problem was that one could be branded a "know-all" if one used some of the acquired learning.

An acquaintance of mine is a professional gardener and was involved in building a conservatory. He was explaining that one problem was how to ensure that the corners were square. He told me that he used the "Three, Four, Five Rule". When asked what he meant he said that if you join three lengths of timber (3 foot, 4 foot and 5 foot) together by their ends to form a triangle the corner between the 3 foot and 4 foot lengths would be a right angle. I said "Yes, you mean Pythagoras's Theorem" He looked at me askance and said "whatever!" I decided not to pursue the matter.



September 1951-52



L/R Back: Pam Fountain, Jean Pitts, Marion Quartermaine, Rhoda Beharier, Valerie Start, Jean McIntire, Miss Roberts.
 L/R Front: Gwen Atkins, Sylvia Testar, Barbara Drumgold, Joan Ivanoff, ?



HOW IS YOUR ENGLISH?

The bandage was wound around the wound.

The farm was used to produce produce
 The dump was so full that it had to refuse
 more refuse.

We must polish the Polish furniture.

The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
 Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.

I did not object to the object.

The insurance was invalid for the invalid.

There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.

They were too close to the door to close it.

Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.

I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.

Let's face it—English is a crazy language.

There is no egg in eggplant, no ham in hamburger, neither apple nor pine in pineapple Sweetmeats are candies, while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet are meat.



Published by the Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association.

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