



ECSOSA

Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association
 Website www.ecsosa.org.uk
 Newsletter - September 2024



The Great Dinner Money Caper!

Contemporaries will perhaps recall the 'gym' lessons in the late 1940s

With one gymnasium, and no mixing of sexes outside the classroom in those days, boys used it one week and the girls the next. For much of the year, if you didn't go to the playground or field, the hall was the alternative accommodation...though this caused inevitable difficulties just before lunch!

Specific changing rooms for each sex adjoined the gym but had doors to the corridor, leading round to the hall. It was normal for two classes to be combined for gym to give 32 for the lesson.



I well remember this incidentwhen we returned from the hall! As one of us opened the door to the changing room, a strange man rushed out pushing past us and ran down the corridor... with the aim of leaving the school! There was then no security check at the entrance and he would have easily entered and left without control!

Someone said 'who was that? We'd better look at our pockets!' We all carried a small amount of cash to pay for school 'dinner' each day.... (I can remember putting as little as 6d (2 1/2 pence) for lunch in the plate held by a Prefect as we went into the hall!) Many had a few coppers more for going after school, across the 'Cambridge Road' to the confectionery shop, Lovings, in Cambridge Terrace, for 'sweets' or some sickly sweet drink! Inevitably, we had all lost something! For many, worse than losing the cash was the loss of 'sweet coupons'! Confectionery was subject to rationing from 1940, together with many foodstuffs well into the 1950's!

The incident led to a visit to the subsequent class by a police officer, seeking description of the incident and the criminal! Needless to say, just as today, nothing more was heard about this petty theft!

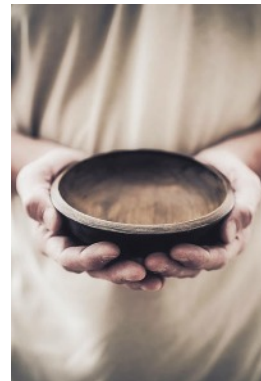
Arthur Spencer ECS 1945-52

(Ed - The old Gym is now The Library)

FUNDS

Some years ago, we took the decision to cease collecting Annual Subscriptions, partly due to the difficulty of winking the payment out of non life members. We also decided that all existing members

would thus be considered life members and that the joining sub for new members would be £12.50 for life.



Although we have intimated in past editions of the Newsletter that ECSOSA is financially sound, a little extra cash in the bank would not come amiss since we have attracted few new members and the cost of printing and posting hard

copies of the newsletter to members who are not on-line is £450 a year. An additional cost is £30 pa for maintaining the website, £60 pa Bank Charges plus 60p per cheque. We also subsidised the May Annual Luncheon.

The ECSOSA Facebook Group sports over 550 members but we note that only 266 are actual paying members. The suggestion that the others might like to consider joining at a mere £12.50 for life was met with a stony silence.

Perhaps this reminder will work especially if you are not a member and are reading this on-line!!

Note the empty Begging Bowl!

Of course, donations from existing members are always welcome. Applications for membership to Dave Day, diddy11cg@gmail.com - donations by Bank Transfer to ECSOSA Account 81849999 Sort Code 40-22-19

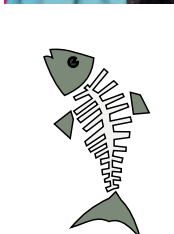
Annual Luncheon - 25th May

At 12.30 pm fifteen Old Eds assembled at The Goff's Oak PH and Restaurant, a hitherto new and untried venue, although several of our members who are local recommended it.

Your organiser need not have worried. The Goffs Oak is a lovely venue, light and airy with a very welcoming staff. And, important, a very large car park, free, provided you remember to register your vehicle on arrival.

The choice of venue was partly dictated to ensure that it was outside the hated "ULEZ" Zone, thus avoiding a £12,50 fee to enter if your vehicle was not exempt.

The food was excellent, if sometimes a little slow in arriving, but we were not in a hurry. The eating and talking continued for some time until around 4 pm when we wended our way home.



ECS 1st XI Football 1973-74

Report by David Hudson - ECS 1968 -75

On 11th May the 1973/74 School 1st XI team held a 50 year reunion in the Stag and Hounds to celebrate the 1973/74 season where we remained unbeaten.

Attendees were Sid Joseph. John Tipping, Nick Gilbert, Paul Woodward. Dave Hudson, Mick Savage, Mark Perren, Martin Head. Sports master Ian Wolstenholme joined us on FaceTime as did Terry Deamer. Great recollections of a fantastic season along with recollections of Edmonton School in the mid 70's. If anyone has a copy of the School magazine which reported their success, please contact David at d.a.hudson@outlook.com



Received from Sheila Fisher (Olive) 1944-48

Dear David, many thanks for the latest ECSOSA, always so interesting and evokes many memories, but as you said, a rather sad edition this time. More and more names I recognise as the years pass but was especially sad to see the name of Frances Thomson nee Larkin, under the heading "In Memorium" She and I were in the same class and good friends born in the same year. I have just passed my 91st Birthday. Where have all the years gone? After all this time I still often hear strains of the School Song in my head and still remember all the words - very rousing, not that I would sing it company now. Please pass on my sympathy to Frances's family.

Sincerely, Sheila Fisher - nee Olive

A visit to the Rome Olympics 1960

By John Clarke ECS 1954-61



Around 1958 our Latin teacher, Mr Kevill, and our PE teacher, Mr Briggs, approached our class with a proposal. Those pupils who wished to were invited to go on a school supervised visit to the upcoming 1960 Olympic Games in Rome.

Below are my recollections of the trip, and also those of my good friend then, and now, Peter Hallam. First my recollections:-

It would be an expensive trip so a savings scheme was set-up so we could contribute a weekly sum during the next two years, with parental agreement, of course.

The Games began in late-August, 1960, so around that time we began our journey to Rome. It was not the straightforward International flight from Heathrow to Rome that would now be available. Instead we travelled to Southend Airport and flew from there to Basel in Switzerland.

We stayed overnight in a hotel there, enjoying a nice meal, and for me a warm night's sleep under what for me was then an unknown thing - a duvet! The following morning we took a train from Basel railway station direct to Rome. It was a long journey, but I remember it well. We passed through beautiful Swiss mountain scenery, then crossed the Alps heading down through Belinzona, Como and Milan. As we travelled South it got hotter and hotter, but at each stop various vendors offered us food and beverages, including beer, through the train window.

By the time we got to Rome it was dark and a coach took us to our accommodation. My twin brother, Phil, and best friend Peter Hallam, were on the trip and Peter recalls it was a huge orphanage or boarding school. What had happened to its usual inhabitants we don't know. There were hundreds of other school parties there and my recollection is that due to the heat we all mostly ate on huge tables set out in the grounds of the establishment. The food was pretty terrible, minestrone soup with stale rolls and sick tasting parmigiano grated cheese is all I can remember. We slept in dormitories on beds with straw mattresses but I can remember little else of our stay there. One of our number, somewhat vertically challenged, had his things in a little leather suitcase. His Father had installed a wooden framework inside to strengthen it so his son could stand on it, the better to see the games!



Cassius Clay - Gold Medallist (Rest is history)

We attended some of the Games - athletics, I think. We were supposed to go to a football match but due to a huge traffic jam only arrived in time to see the last 10 minutes! Mr Kevill took us round the Roman ruins and we visited The Vatican and St. Peter's Basilica, where we climbed to the top of the dome. My brother, Phil, did not feel well, possibly due to the heat and the previous day's visit to the seaside at Ostia.

Towards the end of the week we scraped together what spending money we still had left and ate out at a restaurant, almost certainly a spaghetti dish.

I would love to hear from anyone reading this who went on this trip and who can fill in the many blanks in my recollections of it and perhaps provide some photos taken on it.

GWEN YOUNG (ATKINS) Cont'd

When her daughter Sarah was volunteering in India in 2010, Gwen of course went out to visit! The following are one or two memories from that trip, from Gwen's daughter Sarah...

"Life really should be about making memories and it doesn't matter how big or small they are. I think I can safely say that mum visiting me in India, our trip across the country by train, from Calcutta in the East to Amritsar in the North-West, was truly memorable!

"We had 3 bucket list items and made sure the itinerary ticked off all 3 – the Ganges at Varanasi, the Taj Mahal in Agra, and the Golden Temple in Amritsar. We had survived almost a week in Calcutta with no 'tummy problems' but had stuck to vegetarian fare only. Complacency must have crept in and our evening meal when we arrived in Varanasi was not entirely vegetarian. All I will say is that I made the 5am wake up call to take a boat down the Ganges and watch the



The Taj Mahal - Agra

sunrise. But mum did not see much further than the hotel bathroom for the rest of that day. With the purchase of some anti-nausea pills and a few more hours of sleep, we managed to make it onto the late afternoon train and began the 17-hour journey overnight to Agra. Thankfully the pills worked, the nausea subsided and mum was 'back in the room'. Whilst during that time the situation and responsibility utterly terrified me, mum, true to form, remained stoic and positive – at least on the outside. "I'll be fine", she said. "Don't worry", she said. "I think I feel better now", she said. Again, determined not to cause a fuss or be a burden. We made it to Agra and spent Christmas Day at the Taj Mahal – it really was magical. "From Agra we went on to far flung Amritsar to visit the Golden Temple.

Having already endured a long delay, when our train finally pulled into the station with the wooden name plate hanging on the side clearly marked "The Golden Temple", I ignored the fact that our names were not listed on the passenger sheet stuck to the outside of the carriage. An old-fashioned but extremely reliable method of ensuring each passenger was on the right train and in the right seat! I further ignored the fact that the sleeper beds that we had booked were occupied by other people and instead we commandeered 2 vacant neighbouring beds. We took off our shoes, made ourselves comfortable and settled down for the 14-hour overnight trip. Within about



The Golden Temple - Amritsar

15 minutes of pulling out of the station, the ticket man appeared and I showed him our tickets. He looked at the both of us and promptly stated that we were on the wrong train, going in the wrong direction. "You are going to Bombay [Mumbai], not Amritsar" he said ". To illustrate the potential calamity - Bombay is about 900 miles south of Agra and Amritsar about 500 miles north!

"This is when, once again, an overwhelming sense of responsibility struck –with mum turning to me and saying, "What are we going to do?!" As luck would have it, the ticket man told us that if we jumped off at the next station, in about ten minutes time the train that we were meant to be on would be stopping there and our journey could begin again, this time travelling in the right direction! At 75 and walking with a stick mum didn't do a lot of jumping but we did as we were instructed, swapped trains and made it to Amritsar and managed to tick another item off our bucket list.

Dates for your Diary

Lunch at The Plough

October 9th 2024 - 12.30

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