

# SCIMITAR

REUNION 2012 EDITION



**'What do you mean, *'It's good of him to have put his old school uniform on just for the reunion'*. He has been coming to work dressed like that every day for the past forty years!'**

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FINCUNLIANS ASSOCIATION**

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# OUR CHAIRMAN SPEAKS

## OLD FINCUNIANS ASSOCIATION

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Dear Old Fincunian,

The Reunion on 15<sup>th</sup> September was a great success. We were expecting around 180 Old Fincs but, on the day, we estimate a further 10-20 showed up. I would again like to thank Ian Thomas for organising the day – I think we have found the ideal event manager for reunions to come!!

Although scheduled to start around 1.30 there were plenty of earlier arrivals and when I left at around 7.00 pm there was still a throng of stalwarts still propping up the bar – I think it was Chris Nutting ‘holding court’!!

I hope everyone who attended will agree with me that the venue was first class as was the buffet and a sunny day made things just that little bit better.

Philip Sage (65-72) took a number of photographs on the day and these can be viewed on (his) FCS web-site: [www.finchleycounty.co.uk/reunion12.html](http://www.finchleycounty.co.uk/reunion12.html) . If you go to this site you will also find pictures from previous reunions.

On the subject of web-sites I have asked Philip, who originally produced the above site for his year intake, whether we (i.e. Philip) can develop it to not only include other pictures - for example those I have of the demolition of the School and recent Remembrance Day services – but also allow members to send ‘discreet’ messages to one another á la Friends Reunited (there are many ex-pupils who are not signed up to the OFA on the Friends Reunited site and they could be added to our own mailing list – some may even turn up to the next reunion).

Peter Monk is scanning some of the older panoramic pictures and these will hopefully, in time, also find their way onto the site.

Finally, a special request for the post 1960’s pupils to write to Les about your memories as I often hear the ‘younger’ (those under 65 !!!) element saying “I don’t read anything about my year” – well if you write it may prompt others to do likewise.

Kind regards

*Godfrey Mann*

# COVER STORY

Reunions!!! Every one of them has been a unique experience. I remember my gloomy prediction when the Old School building was demolished. *"Reunions. They will never be the same"*. But I also remember my arrival at Woodside Park, the first venue after demolition when the venue became unimportant once I was surrounded by my old mates from Finchley County.

I reflected on this and similar matters as I left home on Saturday 15 September to make my way to the 2012 reunion at an indoor bowls club in Summers Lane. *"The venue is not important", I told myself, "It's the people that count"*. But as I started to run through the list of their names a new thought entered my head. *"Absent friends"*. Whilst I was savouring the thought of meeting up with my old mates it was overshadowed by the thought of those who would not be there — not only because they had featured in the "Lest We Forget" chapters of Scimitar, but also because they were too infirm, or it was too far to travel. Perhaps they will be there in spirit. But enough of that. After a quick look around Finchley Central, which I hardly recognised, I drove on and was soon at Summers Lane where there was a sign pointing the way to "O.F.A. Reunion - Welcome" .

As I turned into the car park the first person I saw was my brother, Roy Sharp (1949/54). He had just spent some time looking around North Finchley. Our disappointment was obvious as we both agreed that since we had lived in Finchley so many years ago, the place had changed, and not for the better. *"Perhaps it is best never to go back or try to retrace your steps", said Roy, but I said, 'Isn't that just what we are doing today? I don't think we shall be disappointed once we go through that door'. And how right I was.*

Inside the entrance was Ian Thomas (1953/60) surrounded by giant sheets of sticky labels all bearing the names of those who were to attend. First he thrust a souvenir book-mark into my hand and then he pointed the way into a light, and airy, well-decorated and well-furnished room which was full of large round tables surrounded by chairs. One end of the room was cut off by a large cine screen which was hanging from the ceiling. I peeked behind the screen and was delighted to see our "archive" laid out neatly on coffee tables. There were photos galore, Finchley Mummings and School play programmes, ancient School Song cards, panoramic school photographs, prefects medals galore, and leaning against one of the walls were the two Memorial name panels which used to adorn the Old School War Memorial in the Hall.

With delight I started to lay out the bundles of memorabilia I had brought with me and I made sure that the Book of Remembrance had pride of place amongst the displays. At that moment our Chairman, Godfrey Mann (1959/66) appeared struggling with a heavy beer crate. *'How kind', I said, 'You must be psychic. I am gasping for a drink'*. No such luck. The crate was full of the Old School pre-1971 cups and trophies. Much of what I have described, including the Memorial panels, is kept in the loft and garage at Godfrey's house. Our Treasurers, Colin and Janine Luke (both 1963/70), and Peter Monk (1957/61) do a similar caretaking job for us..

It wasn't long before 50% of the Telford Twins appeared carrying a dark blue plastic carrier bag.. After apologising for his brother John's absence, David Telford (1955/62) dived into his plastic bag and just like Tommy Cooper, he produced a brick, "*just like that!*".

It was an old brick but it had been cleaned and it was in good condition. '*Got it from the site of the Old School as they were demolishing it*', said David. '*I would like it back*'.

For some reason I felt it appropriate to display the brick next to the Book of Remembrance, and so I did.

Later, on one of my frequent visits to the "archive" area, I found that things had changed. On the table upon which the old photographs had been spread, was lying a great big red book. It looked like an old Victorian Family Bible and must have measured two feet by eighteen inches by six inches deep.

Standing over the book were Pat Try (nee Draper 1944/49) and her husband Mike (1941/46) so I made a guess. I knew that Pat was the archivist for The Finchley Mummers, so my guess was that the book contained The Mummers archive. I was right. Page after page of constitutions, balance sheets, newspaper reports, programmes, photographs, and the like, filled the book.

*'We want the Old Fincunians to have it'*, said Pat. For a while we looked through the book together and we found scattered around the table more Mummers pictures and programmes which I had put there earlier.

*'We will be glad to have it'*, I said. And so that is why I have a big red book which weighs a ton, standing in my hall at home waiting for the Barnet Borough Archive (called Local Studies) to receive it. The reply I received from Yasmine Webb, our contact there says it all. '*I am pressed to say I cannot accept the volume without examining its contents, and because of it's size, and because "It weighs a ton".....*'. Watch this space.

Ray Bishop (1947/52), over from his home in France, was everywhere. I caught up with him briefly and remarked about the Old Fincunians tie he was wearing. It was very short and seemed to have been made out of coarse linen. Ray explained that it was a tie made during the utility/rationing period after World War 2 when materials were controlled. He considered the tie to be a rare and valued object. Now I remember Ray as a leg-puller so I still don't know if his explanation stands scrutiny. But my attention was drawn to another group amongst which I found Brian Mitchell (1945/50 and his wife, Pat. Brian explained that his twin brother, Denis was unable to be present as he was away. Coincidence because only one of the Telford twins was present, David.

By now more people were finding there way behind the cine screen and were beginning to examine the photos and other items. Many loud guffaws from all around me. A quick word with Jean James (nee Lobb (1945/52) who had travelled up from Exmouth in Devon the day before. I established that she was still spending her winters in the Caribbean and I asked her to tell us all about it.

I retreated back past the screen and saw that the room and tables were filling up fast , so I stepped out of the room into a bar area, similar in size and furnishings. And there I started to meet my own intake year. First was Joan Ridley (1947/54) wearing a cute little straw hat but before we even started a conversation, more of our year started to gather - Sheila Hatfield, Geof Batten, Ray Bishop, Geof Karet, and Pat Grainger (nee Davis). Much excitement but I could hear a voice calling my name. It was Jim Williams (1946/53) and his wife, Doreen. No chance for a long talk because there was Connie Fozzard (1945/52) wanting to tell me about the horrendous drive she had had all the way from Cornwall. She had brought Jean James (nee Lobb (1945/52) with her in her car.



*'We travelled up yesterday and when we were about two hundred yards from our destination I had a collision with a car driven by a young girl. Nobody was seriously hurt. This morning I had the AA give my car a good look-over and as they were happy with it we proceeded to the reunion without further incident.....'.*

No time to respond because next to Connie was Geof Lence (1942/49) and he wanted me to find Carol Geaves (nee Castle 1947/52). I weaved my way through the tables where people were already sitting, eating or drinking, or all three. I didn't get far because there I met up with Peter Andrews (1949/56). Peter is a friend of my brother, Roy, so I told him that Roy was *'...over there, somewhere....'*.

I found Carol behind the screen looking at the old photographs, many of which she had donated. Most of them showed her late husband, Derek Geaves (1941/47) performing in many of the productions staged by The Finchley Mummies. Carol and I lived in Elm Park Road, Finchley Central before and during our school years. I led her away promising to introduce her to *'...a very nice young man who wanted to see her....'* and sat her down next to Geoff Lence. I left them to it and as I walked I came face to face with Joyce Stockwell, (nee Tansley 1946/52) and her husband Geoff, both over from

**British Columbia. The broadest of smiles on Joyce's face showed she was absolutely delighted to be present.**

**A few minutes later I saw Geof Batten (1947/54) waving at me, and as is usual at our reunions he had already gathered a growing group of people around him, including Geoff Karet (1947/52) and Joan Ridley (1947/54),**



**Geoff Karet and I were soon into a brief conversation when we were joined by Barry Ackerman (1946/53) and shortly after that by Tony Goldman (1954/59). Tony was very pleased to have started receiving Scimitar at his home in Singapore but seemed quite impressed when Barry revealed he receives his Scimitar at his home in Australia. After that the conversation seemed to become a competition as to who had the most grandchildren. Modesty forbids me from revealing that I won with nine.**

**By comparison with Barry Ackerman and Tony Goldman, Tony Bourner (1949/54) had travelled a modest distance from his home in France. Tony Bourner was one of the best cricketing schoolboy spin bowlers I ever played against, and I could not resist the opportunity of reminding him of a match we played in opposing teams, Finchley County Junior XI against Woodside Park Colts. I was captain of the Colts and opened the batting. Tony bowled his leg-breaks and googlies, but every now and again he bowled a top-spinner which actually fizzed when it hit the ground. He bowled one at me, I missed the ball, the ball hit me on the mouth, I was knocked unconscious and Westbrook, the Finchley County wicket-keeper carried me off the field into the pavilion. Six stitches inside my mouth was the result and my tongue still feels the scar to this day. Tony remembered incident well.**

**I wandered off back to the entry door where Dennis Jeffery, not an Old Fincunian, was now handing out the sticky labels and book-marks. I heard that David Joscelyne had arrived from Norwich so I decided to find him and show him around.**

**Barry Ackerman had wandered off but there was Jim Williams (1946/53) still attacking a plate of food and doing at least five things at once—eating, drinking, talking, listening, laughing.** *‘Barry Ackerman is in the UK following a safari around central Africa. Plenty of photographs of wild animals and, of course, the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. A couple of years ago he toured Central South America, including the Galapagos, and last year he travelled extensively in Egypt. He travels back to Australia tomorrow so we will have to leave relatively early.....’.*

**Laurie Noble (1967/72) was sitting by the open doors overlooking the car park. It was bathed in sunshine and he was happily nursing a pint of Guinness. He had travelled down by train from his home, near Chester, on the Welsh border.** *‘...On arrival, I was greeted with a warm smile, a name badge with my school years, a bookmark with photographic memories of the old building, and I am delighted to find I am one of the young ones. The school ended while I was there — a coincidence!’.* **He was soon joined by Julius Wodzianski who started to remind Laurie of a friendly wrestling match on the back field. They both laughed and were then joined by a “sparky eyed” Sue Ralfe (nee Shaw 1967/72) and a “youthful” John Richardson (1967/74). I left them talking of their teachers and their funny ways—names like Tempkin, Hill, and Nichols.**

**Roy Sim (1947/52) was sitting with his brother, Eric Sim (1944/48). They had been exploring Dollis Road, Finchley Central, where they had lived through their school days but as I made my way towards them I was sidetracked by Ted Stevens (1945/51) who was sorting through some football photographs. We chatted for a while and then he gave me this photograph, which he said was** *‘...one of my favourite football photographs. I believe it was Jack Rawlings first season with us when Charlie Vivian travelled with, and coached the school 2nd XI to all away games. He taught us how to play the game in his own forthright manner. The ball dates it well, 1947/48.....’.*



**Back left to right:** Gordon Newark; John Williams; Terry Howard; EJR; Micky Try; Dudley Piggott; Roy Regler.  
**Front left to right:** KA Povah; Gerald Saunders; Brian Smith; Harry Saunders (Capt); Ted Stevens; Stanley Stanford; CWH Vivian.

**By now everybody seemed to have found the food and were busy eating. I saw Jim Williams, still with a full plate and he said, 'My year, 1946-53 are here in force, and I have seen Peter Andrews (1949/56) who lived in the same road as me in East Finchley....' .**



**Some people had found their way into the sunshine and were dining Al Fresco.**







I started to circulate to every corner of the room and the bar area, and after meeting up with Judythe Roberts (nee Prince 1948/53), Mary Dark (nee Howard 1946/51), and Brian Michell (1945/50), eventually I found David Joscelyne, Headmaster of FCS 1967 to 1971. I took him to the area behind the screen to show him our “archive”. I knew that Rod Turner, teacher 1967 to 1970, John Wilson, teacher 1968 to 1971, and Charles Gault, teacher 1957 to 1965, had booked to attend but apart from a brief glimpse of John Wilson, I failed to locate them. I later learned that Charles Gault had suffered a recent stroke and was unable to attend.

I managed to find Derek Batten (1942/47) to congratulate him on his recent honour, appointed Honorary Alderman, but he was busy talking to a lady so I politely made myself scarce.



I looked around the room and saw Tony Curtis (1951/58) standing nearby to my brother, Roy Sharp (1949/54) who was in deep conversation with Tony Bourner (1949/54). Roy was reminding Tony of an occasion in 1962 when he and Dave Meacock (1949/54) were on the way to Switzerland on David's Lambretta motor scooter. Tony was married and living in France so Roy and Dave called in at Tony's new house and met his French wife. Because the house was new and not yet decorated, Tony had pinned strips of wall-paper onto the walls so as to make a choice as to colours, patterns etc.

Clearly Tony remembered the incident well and Roy has a photograph of the occasion. Left to right in the picture are Tony Bourner, Roy Sharp and Dave



Nearby was Max Davis (1954/59) talking to Margaret Gray (1954/59). They were sitting with another lady I did not recognise but they were talking about Rene Bell (nee Jones 1925/1930). Apparently Rene is now in a Nursing Home in Muswell Hill. I was interested because I remember that Rene used to receive Scimitar but I lost contact when she moved from her home address. I made a note to send her a Scimitar.

Jennifer Israel (nee Cohen 1957/64) seemed to be everywhere, gloriously dressed in her FCS blazer which fitted her perfectly. On a quick count I estimated that at least eight people were wearing the FCS blazers and that did not include the two blazers laid out in the "archive". Jennifer was moving from group to group and apart from her blazer, she was also wearing the biggest smile imaginable.

I remembered that I still had to find Peter Monk (1957/61) because I had brought with me two audio cassettes, one of K A Povah recounting his time as Headmaster and then retirement, and one of William Thomas McNelly being interviewed on local radio. Peter was going to see what he could do with them. However, I soon learned from Ian Thomas that the audio/video equipment, of which the cine screen hanging from the ceiling was part, required a special lead to connect to Peter's lap top. Peter had gone out to try to locate one.

It was about that time that the cine screen suddenly retracted into the ceiling with a loud "Plop". All hope of playing a recording of the School Song with words on the screen vanished. I found Peter catching up with his lunch and friends.



Our Chairman, Godfrey Mann came to the rescue with paper copies of the words of the School Song and a huge supply of School Song words on cards, the very cards we used to use when we were pupils at FCS. The "Committee" started to distribute them.

For the first time I found myself standing close to our Treasurer, Colin Luke (1963/70). I could not really miss him because he was wearing a pair of very smart shorts, and he had the air of a tourist on holiday about him. He was busy enrolling new members, Janet Saunders (nee Winwright 1953/58); John Beal (1953/60); Gillian Mutch (nee Alley 1952/57) from New Zealand; Brian Holding (1957/65); and Janette Waterman.

John Wilson, History teacher (1968/71) was sitting with Laurie Noble (1967/72) and a few others. They seemed to be studying an old school Grades Book which must have been at least forty years old. Soon Laurie and Sue Ralfe (nee Shaw (1967/72) jumped up and made their way towards Rod Turner, a

**teacher (1967/70) but not before John Wilson took this picture of the group — Or was it Rod Turner took it?**



**In the group there was Laurie Noble, John Richardson, Sue Ralfe, and Julius Wodzianski . You decide who is who.**

**By now most plates were almost empty, but there was still a non-stop supply of food at the buffet end. Philip Sage took the opportunity of a quiet period to take more pictures. Carol Geaves does not look best pleased with him!**



**Soon conversations were in full flood and the chatter noise level was beginning to rise.**



**I then spotted Bryan Goulding (1947/52) and his wife Barbara. I know not who they were sitting with but I had no chance to find out because our Chairman thought it was time to prepare for the School Song.**



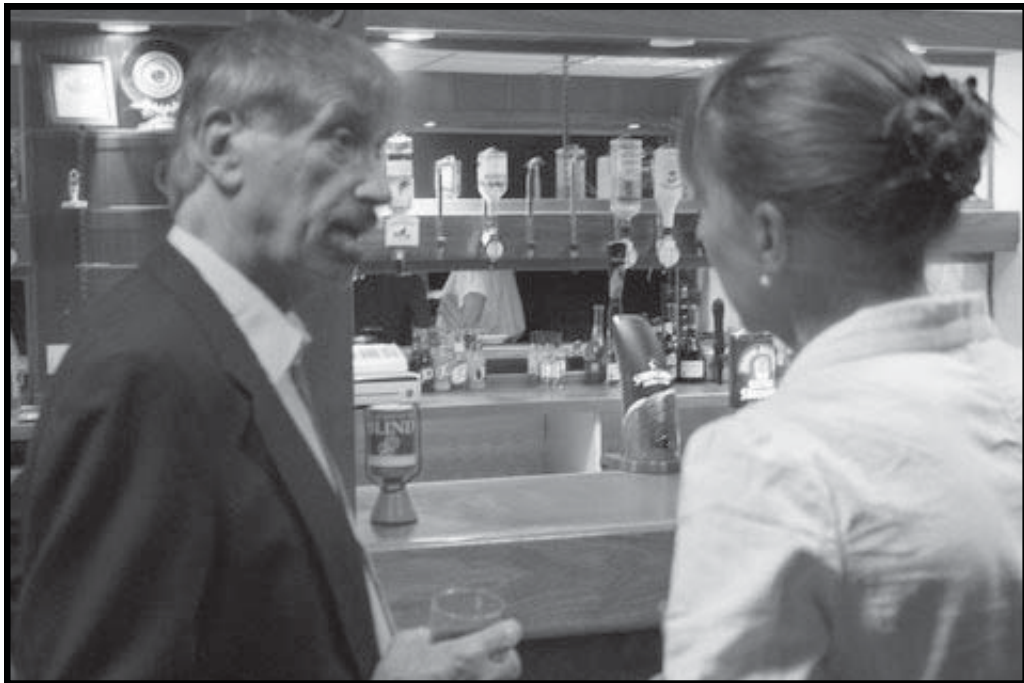
**I looked around the room and somehow it did not look as full as it had been earlier. Where had everybody gone ?**



**My first guess was correct. I wandered into the bar area and it had suddenly filled up.**



**No names, no pack drill!**



**“Do you come here often ?”**

**Even “Committee” members had found their way into the bar.**



**The bar was getting fuller and fuller by the minute.**





**Our Chairman was not happy about that so he instructed the “Committee” to get everybody back into the room so we could all sing the School Song.**



**So after much arm-waving and shouting such words as “Everybody Out!”, and “Time Gentlemen, please”, the Old Fincunians, some still clutching their glasses, moved back into the room and started to study their Song Sheets.**



**“All together, now—One, Two, Three....”.**



**And suddenly we were all singing.**





**And how we all sang!**





**Everybody joined in, Headmaster, event Organiser, and all.**



**Well, maybe Philip Sage and Gerry Pinches, and a few others weren't singing because they were too busy creeping around taking pictures galore.**



**It certainly added to the moment to see Old School blazers being worn.  
Even the Scimitar editor was singing, and we just got louder and louder.**





**It was truly a moment to remember and Barry Ackerman captured it on film ready to show our Old Fincs Down-Under. Or was he capturing a rare moment when Jim Williams was not holding a full plate of food ?**

**The singing was truly great—enthusiastic, tuneful, and above all we loved it.**



**Some heartfelt words of congratulation to us all from our Chairman, while Colin and Janine Luke, and your worthy editor look on.**



**And then a few words of thanks to our Event Organiser, Ian Thomas (1953/60) followed by a presentation to him of a specially printed copy of The History of FCS. In this picture Ian is on the extreme right.**

**Doesn't our editor ever take his hands out of his pockets ?**



**And now we waited for David Joscelyne, the last Headmaster of FCS from 1967 to 1971, to say a few words. You can see the expectation, or could it be trepidation, on the faces of the “Committee — from left to right, Colin Luke, Janine Luke, Godfrey Mann, Les Sharp and Ian Thomas.**



**It was a short address but nobody was ready for what happened next.....**



**David Joscelyne started to sing. No, not a reprise of the School Song, but the first three verses of “Saved her from the foggy, foggy dew...”**



**‘We didn’t know you had booked an entertainment for today’, we asked Ian Thomas the Organiser, but we were all agreed that having a Headmaster with us, particularly the one who bridged the gap between grammar school and comprehensive school, helped make the day special.**



**Everybody was happy and the noise level of the chatter increased considerably.**



**However, people started to drift back to the bar area.**

*'All that singing makes you thirsty', was the general excuse.*



**In the room the groups had reformed and people were making their way back to their empty plates and then on to the buffet area. And what a spread it was, hot and cold food with splendid desserts.**



**More were on their feet now and there was much movement as people started to circulate.**



Your Editor had done so much talking that he thought the bar area sounded like a good option. And then he realised, he had been so busy talking not a bite of food nor a drop of drink had passed his lips since he arrived.



Some of those who had long distances to travel were saying their 'Goodbyes'. No way that Bill Segal (1946/51) was going home to Bognor yet, but Eric Sim (1944/48) was on the move.



**Jim Williams (1946/53)** was '*...pleased to see Bill Segal who has hardly changed at all since our days playing soccer in the OF's fourth XI. I also had not seen Eric Jones (1945/48), aged 82 and still working, since we played badminton together at the Martin School in George Auger's revised OF Badminton Club of the late 1950's. I have managed to get a few words with Derek Nichol (1945/51), who lived in the same road as me in East Finchley....Must be off now. We are taking Barry Ackerman back home ready for him to travel back to Australia tomorrow.....*'

While the sun was still shining groups were drifting outside to have their pictures taken by Philip Sage and others. I think this is the 1965 Intake but by then I was completely baffled by who was who and when were they at the Old School. My clipboard reveals that by then I had spoken to ninety eight people.



The 1965 Intake was represented by twenty two individuals which was the biggest turnout of any other intake year, but in the room I was fascinated by the table dominated by the 1953 year. That table, which was strategically located near to the buffet and the archway into the bar area, included Rosemarie Hill (nee Ashdown); Ann Phillips (nee Brooks); Chris Barker; John Beal; John Horner; Peter Monk and his wife Pat; Mike Nolan and his wife Audrey; Carole Barker; Wally Morgan his wife Ellen; and our worthy organiser, Ian Thomas. They never stopped talking and laughing as they revisited old memories, relived the Intake reunions, dining out events, and theatre visits. Occasionally one or two of them left the table and chatted to other Intake groups and Ian Thomas summed it up *'...It was brilliant to be surrounded by so many people who welcomed the opportunity to get together again....'*

As the afternoon turned into evening the groups became smaller as the travellers had to make their way home. There were groups of five or six at the bar, still chatting and laughing, and circles of chairs had been arranged. I sat at one with Bill and Sheila Segal, Derek Nichol, Ted Stevens and others and my new acquisition, the Big Book containing the archive of The Finchley Mummings was studied.

I circulated and said my "Farewells" about 7.30pm but I am told, on good authority, that the locals were still there at 9pm. What a day to remember.

**But for me the event did not end there. The next few days saw a flood of emails and letters and all of them full of praise and delight for the Reunion of 2012.**

**First to write was my brother, Roy Sharp (1949/54) :-** *'This year's reunion was the most enjoyable one that I have attended..... The venue was perfect as was the catering. Once again I was able to have pleasant conversations with Old Fincs of my year and of other years. The bonds forged by being an FCS pupil cross generations. I was particularly pleased to meet up with Tony Bourner, a 49-er like myself, who has lived in France for many years.....'*

**Then Janice Howkins (1966/71) :-** *'...the Old Fincunians Reunion, it was a great event. I was most struck with how the years literally melted away when conversations pursued. Once tuned in with the voices and the reminiscences we were all teenagers again!!! Happy times. Here's to another reunion. Perhaps as we are now in our mature years biannually would be good....'*

**Sylvia Vickers (nee Pates 1947/52),** *'What a success last Saturday was. Congrats to all who organised, and to the alumni who attended. It was great fun all round! Here's to the next one....Phew! As membership Secretary of the Barnet University of the Third Age with well over 1,000 members, I was very interested in how many people belong to it. Did a small survey during the reunion. Could it be the lifelong love of learning imparted by FCS that spurs them on?.....'*

**Kathleen Henderson (nee Davis 1945/50),** *'...What a turn out –what a super event, great food and wonderful to see old friends again. Please pass on our sincere thanks to all the people who were involved in making the Reunion such a success. As a bonus a very impressive bookmark and as an extra bonus all the photos on the School website so promptly. Many thanks to Philip Sage for this. The rendering of the School Song was of high quality. We only needed the words "school dismissed" to complete the scene!!....'*

**Joyce Pairpoint (nee Ball) and Clare Vermeulen (nee Thomas), both 1945/50, added their names to that.**

**Geof Batten (1947/54),** *'....I came to the reunion with Joan Ridley and Sheila Hatfield and we all thought it was a very good "do". The venue was nice and it was good to see more younger people there—even if I didn't know any of them.....We go off to Australia soon and I was able to make some arrangements with Barry Ackerman at the reunion. We plan to meet up with him, Derek Woolley and Maureen Verga while we are in the Melbourne area.....'*

**Lionel Rossington (1951/58),** *'...such a good reunion. It's just a pity that my year group don't seem to attend...'*

**Jim Williams (1946/53),** *'.....I picked up Barry Ackerman (1946/53) and his sister Janice Western (1949/54) from St Albans...but encountered a traffic jam which seemed to follow us about....I eventually arrived about 2.30pm. I had a couple of enjoyable hours foodwise, which left very little time to mingle.....The venue and all the arrangements were, of course, excellent. Congratulations to Ian Thomas.....'*

**Laurie Noble (1967/72)**, *'....I had a great time. I was not expecting much. Perhaps a couple of stale sausage rolls and some awkward conversation with people I hardly knew. What did I know?.....I enjoyed myself so much it came as a complete shock to find that four hours had just flashed by....,The school song was sung (Oh! Well!) and one of my teachers, John Wilson was at pains to emphasize the line which refers to "lusty limb". Our old Head teacher, David Joscelyne, stood up and proceeded to give us one of "those" assemblies (including a song).....Which reminds me, the organisation was wonderful—not stale sausage rolls but a very appetising spread. "The Fincs Rock" as my kids would say. I am looking forward to the next one...'*

**Barbara Isaac (nee Greenstreet 1941/46)**, *Wow! What a fantastic afternoon the Reunion turned out to be. A thousand thanks to all involved in the organisation which was exceptional. There is no doubt that FCS certainly had something special to be able to attract such a number of people to a gathering of such a wide age range. It was wonderful to meet and greet many of my era and I always find the singing of the school song most moving. I have never spoken to anyone who has the same regard for their old school as we obviously have.*

*My husband, Mike Isaac, joined Finchley County School for Boys in 1943 after first attending the Masonic School for Boys. His father was a Freemason but died when Mike was nine years old due to World War I injuries. I am still an honorary member of both Surrey and Midland branches. His school closed in the 1970's and was used for Various other functions in much the same way as FCS. In 2003 both Finchley County and Masonic schools were closed entirely and sold to developers within a week of each other. Both closing events were the last Mike attended before he died in April 2004.*

*Sorry to have rambled on but provided I have the stamina to survive a day which for me lasted from 11am until 9pm, I will look forward to the next reunion'.*

**Brian Andrews (1965/72) wrote in his capacity as Door Monitor Form 1E :-**

*'September 1965 and as an eleven years old I'm leaving home before 8am on the first day of Autumn term. However, I am turning right out of the gate, not left to junior school as previously. I've got a bus to catch too instead of Shanks' Pony transport. I'm in Child's Hill, NW2, and I am off to far off Finchley County School — further than I go for my holidays these days. I've only been there once before, to be fitted out for a new uniform and I went by car then, door to door, a quick, easy and carefree "adventure". The bus arrives, I squeeze on and ask the conductor to tell me when we get to Granville Road. Golders Green and Temple Fortune slip away behind; Henlys Corner comes and goes but being an eleven years old I avert my gaze from the "Naked Lady". College Farm, East End Road, Finchley Central Station — surely the conductor has forgotten me so I get up to ask him. "Not there yet son, I'll let you know", but I've lost my seat now and have to stand. Granville Road seems to be in the middle of nowhere but I set out with hope (and trepidation) that it will lead to what in years to come will be a cherished alma mater. Bow Lane seems long and never ending but further down I can see a clock tower that looks familiar. I find a gate in the hedge and venture in. There's lots of boys (where are the girls?) in there playing and talking together, looking confident in the*

*Main. I don't know any of them; I don't know what to say to them; I think they're looking at me in a funny way (especially as delivery of my blazer was delayed and I'm wearing a navy coat); I'm anxious, nervous, frightened. I don't think I'm going to like it here—but boy, was I wrong! So much was I wrong that 47 years later, almost to the day, I was compelled to go back again to meet up with my peers to remember those days of yore nearly a half a century since.*

*My journey to the reunion, along with partner Eirian, started in Pembrokeshire the previous day. From Child's Hill to Finchley on Saturday we passed the Middlesex Cricket School where the school sent me for cricket coaching; Squires Lane Baths, well it would have if they were still there, where we had Monday morning swimming lessons; Long Lane then Bow Lane which didn't seem anywhere near as long in the car, and the aforementioned Granville Road. Next came the welcoming sign for the FCS Reunion pointing me down towards the Rough Lots of school cross country running infamy. Into the building we go and we are excused registration as we have provided our own name badges, "1965—1972" for him, and "I'm with him" for her.*

*Heading straight for the bar (how does that happen?) we are waved at enthusiastically by Colin Cummings (1965/71) and wife, Anne, looking bright eyed and bushy tailed but goodness knows how as they enlighten us as to their travel itinerary of the day. They left their home in Bucknell, Shropshire, at 6.30am, drove to Hereford to catch the 7.45am coach which delivered them to London Victoria Coach Station at high noon. A walk to Victoria underground station then the "tuppenny tube" (yeah right!) to West Finchley and walk to Glebelands venue by 1.25pm, 6 hours 55 minutes since they left home!*

*Other familiar 1965 faces materialise; Maggie Brown (St Albans); Deirdre Checkley (Totteridge); Maureen Olive and Richard Saunders (Southgate); Marion Thompson and Martin Wellsman (Barnet); Roger Janson (Southampton); Philip Sage (Bedford); the webmaster of the wonderful FCS website. But who is this "stealing through the study's calm"? None other than Gillian Kluman (Watford) who I haven't seen since 1970. Wonderful to meet up after all this time and several years of email correspondence—don't tell her but I had a crush on her at school! Katy Perks (Muswell Hill) was looking as mischievous and "perky" as ever; Inger Hewson (East Sussex) my after school ballroom dancing partner—hadn't seen her for about 20 years either. Swimming specialist Philip Montford up from Olympicsville Weymouth; goalkeeping legend Joe Ptohides from Cyprus whose journey trumps all on the travel front. Pat Khin (Stanmore) approaches with a big beaming smile and Susmita Patel (Earls Court) says a huge "hailing" hello.*

*This is going well. Off we go in search of more "troops" from the 1965 intake and soon find Pamela Hayhoe (Rickmansworth) and Miriam Mikelsons (Marlow) big chums who serendipitously arrived in the car park at the same time! Clive Norman (St Albans) breezes in shortly followed by Christine Gilbert (Croydon) and our muster is complete, or so we think. Just prior to the school song another visage (how did I fail "O" Level French?) looks familiar and, unadvertised, Judy Stevens (Barnet), another not seen for many years, has put in a very welcome appearance as she was a bit of a "lost sheep" from the 1965-ers regular(ish) reunion circuit. This is our 17th "get-together", either on our own or with other Old Fincunians, since we left the portals of FCS and Finchley Manorhill School.*



*“All Hailing” over we congregate outside by the bowling sward for a team photo into which we adopt Mr Rod Turner (the teacher from Hell—sorry, that should of course read teacher from Hull) to our ranks then turn the tables on him pressing him into service as photographer of our large assemblage. Remember the Cummings’ inward journey from Shropshire? (How come the BBC would now say “Cummings’s journey”?) Well, it’s now time to put into reverse gear as they intrepidly depart at 4.25pm and walk, tube, walk, coach, car and later they reach Bucknell at 11.50pm—surely an A++ for effort is merited here. We meet Mina Pishavadia, who’s a little younger and much better preserved than us—she tells us her sister, Nila Pishavadia, who spent a short time in the “Class of 65”, sadly passed away at the age of 25 from Hodgkins Disease before it was curable. “Our” year had already sadly lost Valerie Kemp and Tony Booth from our ranks—we will remember them.*

*Some drift away as they can’t take any more “Do you remembers”! The hardcore cling like cement, however, and gather in the bar area (funny we are there again!). After being entertained by our chairman, Godfrey, the only “Mann” to give me a detention (Boo—and it wasn’t my fault, anyhow!), we reluctantly say our fond farewells. We are amongst the last to leave as we “1-2-3 Dismiss” in our multivarious directions but not before vowing to meet again in hurly burly or in rain. In 2015 it will be fifty years since we all made that 1965 life enhancing trek to the University of Life, High Road, Finchley, so that will be cause enough to call another gathering of the clan. We will try to find as many of our number as we can for that.*

*As well as our 22 in attendance this time we also had absent notes from 10 others, namely Bunty Copping; Jane Fyfe; Barry Hicks; Vivienne Hoad; Dave Monro; Lesley Pounds; Helen Sawtell; Susan Swann; Michelle Van Pout; and John Whale.*

*As sung in the musical “Carousel” - “This was a real nice clambake, and we’re all mighty glad we came”. Wonderful venue not a 3 iron from the old FCS, wonderful food, wonderful atmosphere, wonderful weather even, and most of all, of course, such wonderful company from all years. A fine collection or “bevy” of Old Fincunian Club Bar Stewards under one roof, too : Chris Nutting; Colin Dean; Brian Andrews; Richard Martin; Colin Luke; Bill and Sheila Segal; Ian and Maggie Gunter.*

*Thanks so very much to all those involved in the planning and staging of the reunion and all those who attended. Here’s to the next time.....!’.*

**You may remember that during the reunion Connie Fozzard (1945/52) told us about the accident she had driving her car up from Cornwall. It seemed like all was well that ended well. Not so. When Connie left the reunion to return home with her passenger Jean James (nee Lobb 1945/52) : ‘...The afternoon gave us great heart for the day and we decided to leave late afternoon to get the best of the daylight. That idealistic plan was scuppered when Aurora, my car, faded on me just after we passed the Old School site, down near the junction with the North Circular Road. The starter motor was OK! But she would not spark. So we sat at the head of the right turn lane, confusing everyone. We stayed with the car, rang the AA for the second time that day (after 47 years AA membership with no calls on their services) I opened my window and with one hand over the roof directed the traffic to use the next lane—how my arm ached after an hour of such useful exercise.**

*The AA appeared, towed us to a safe place opposite Bow Lane where the mechanic spent an hour trying everything to get us actively mobile. No joy! He had rung for Advice to see whether any of his colleagues had useful suggestions. Still no joy. Surprise, surprise, they realised that we should have made use of the "get you home" service. No low loader was available. They needed to use another of the standard vans to start us on a relay with what I call hitch and drag. By this time it was dark, for we had a number of hours or more waits for the van, then an inspection by a very good-looking and helpful AA man on a motor cycle who returned repeatedly when we were waiting—just to see we were alright. The front wheels of the Aurora were elevated and the van towed her. Jean and I joined the driver in the cab of the van and we set off to Membury Service Station on the M4. There we were met by an AA commissioned low loader and a new driver. He took us down to the Exeter service area on the M5, where Jean's car had been kept. So, she was settled and the van driver set off again with me (and Aurora) to progress the rest of the journey; M5, then A30; and a six miles offshoot to Truro.*

*Just as we approached the traffic lights at the top of the hill, ready to descend into the bowl that is Truro, the driver announced to me that he had just lost two gears—second and third. So I gave him advance notice of the lights and roundabouts for the descent, which he managed very well. There is a chicane to cross Lemon Street to get to the mews entrance behind my terraced house (and more importantly, the garage). Neither he nor I expected anyone or a vehicle to be emerging from the road entrance at 3 am. As the chicane is uphill, his vehicle stalled, had to reverse and then took the chicane in first gear. Down hill into the mews was easy—but....my car has to be reversed in as the mews road is adopted. At least we had plenty of light for I put them on once I had opened the garage door. Aurora came off the low loader backwards with ease and I had to steer her around at right angles, with no power steering. Unfortunately, there was no impulsion after this turn and the entrance to my garage has a slight ramp. Not good news to push her in. The driver was well built but with an enormous beer belly. With a brick to hold any distance gained, he rocked Aurora, held and progressed her in with the greatest of difficulty, whilst I steered her. She was in, he was exhausted, and I was relieved. I have no idea how he was going to manage at 3.45am, but he reversed the low loader up the mews into the street above and decamped very quickly. I suspect that he contacted his controller by mobile phone for assistance of some sort.....So I shall not easily forget the 2012 FCS Reunion.....'.*

**But the final words must go to the organiser of the event, Ian Thomas (1953/60) :-**

*'....My own perspective of the day was that it was brilliant to be surrounded by so many people who welcomed the opportunity to get together again. The entrance desk was manned most of the time because we didn't want people coming into a confused and non-welcoming atmosphere.....The organising of the event owes a great deal to Val and Dennis Jeffery. Val Jeffery (nee Saunders (1953/60) was the regular link with the caterers as I live some way away. Her husband, Dennis, who did not attend FCS, threw himself into organising the bookmarks and signs for the event. He also did a good stint on the reception desk during the event and I was pleased that the Association made a donation to their church in East Finchley in recognition of their hard work.....'*

# PUZZLE PICTURES

Remember this picture taken in the Chemistry Laboratory in 1962? Despite the fact that David Glenn (1957/63) is about to move from Finchley into Buckinghamshire he still found time to put a few names to faces. Now we can name most of them.



**Back Row :** John Crutchlow; Mohammed ;

**Just in front of back row :** David Glenn; Peter Joiner

**Middle Row :** Robert Goss; Barry Dannenberg; Geoffrey Prudanes;  
David Wiltshire; Richard Owen; Stephen Saady;

**Front Row :** Alan Watson; Richard (Dicky) Bird; Les Shepherd

**Mr Goss, the Chemistry Master can be seen in half profile at the extreme left. The two girls on the right of the picture remain unknown.**

**David send a reminder that he is still playing the saxophone.**

**Have a look at page 11 of edition (No. 167) and you will see a netball team. One name is missing. Olive Lumley (nee Hughes 1948/53) owns up to being the unnamed person.**

**In the last edition (No. 169) at page 32 there is a picture of the Upper Sixth Form in 1953. They are at Wimbledon for the tennis. Barry Danenberg; Mr Gault; Moneeza Hasmi; Vicky Roth; Richard Owen; Caroline Graff; Kim Ezra; Caroline Sivers; Christine Woolls; Frances Bailey; and Jennifer Cohen are all there. Alan Lamerton (1956/63) adds his own name and that of Elizabeth Everest. He writes :-**

*'.....In July 1963, Liz Everest and I were finishing our last few days in the Upper Sixth. I think we travelled to Wimbledon with Richard Beale and Bob Shade, but they do not seem to be in the photograph. All the rest were finishing their year in the Lower Sixth and due to go into the Upper Sixth Form in September 1963....'.*

**Remember this picture on page 11 of the last edition ? Derek Batten (1942/47) has put names to two of them :-**



*'.....The man with the spectacles is Cedric Hunt and the lady on the extreme left is his wife, Nancy Hunt (nee Butlin (1927/33). Nancy was a great supporter of the Old Fincunians as was her brother, Gilbert Butlin (not on the photograph).....'.*

**We still do not know who the two on the right are.**

**This picture was taken on the school trip to Switzerland in 1947 and it appeared on page 21 of the last edition. George Sharp (1943/47) sent it in :-**



**It triggered off a quick response from Sheila Knowles (nee Jones 1941/47) :-**

*'The paragraph and picture of the school visit to Interlaken at Easter 1947 brought back some memories—of trying to sleep on wooden seats in the continental train and our first attempts at skiing.*

*My first impression of Switzerland was how vivid and fresh everything looked and how clear the air seemed, perhaps in contrast to a rather murky London.*

*It was quite enterprising of Mr McNelly to arrange such a trip not long after the War when most people didn't go abroad and our stay was really enjoyable. I believe it cost £25.....'.*

**Sheila sent these pictures (and a few more). It appears that Miss Temkin, unlike Sheila, had no difficulty sleeping on wooden seats.**



**Peter Robinson (1941/47) was also on that trip to Switzerland in 1947 :-**

*'The school trip to Switzerland that George Sharp remembers on page 21 of the Autumn Scimitar was organised by Mr McNelly in 1947.*

*The football match was against an Interlaken team, and a few substitutes as George recalls. On arriving at the ground, we were surprised to see ourselves billed as England Juniors! We lost 5-2 but enjoyed the experience of representing our country!! In the picture, I am in the middle of the back row with Derek Geaves.*

*Derek Batten remembers Don Pamplin on page 9 of that edition. I can confirm that Stan Cullis was Don's uncle and, like him, a very good centre half. I often met Don when we were on leave during National Service. I remember what a shock it was when I received the news that he had died shortly after returning to Germany'.*

**Alan Hamilton (1940/46) was delighted to see the picture that appeared on page 6 of the Summer Scimitar which I reproduce below.**



*'Thanks to the generosity of the excellent George A Cull (1939/45) I have been able to scan the ranks of smiling faces displayed in the Scimitar for a number of years. This is a pleasant enough pastime for any Old Fincunians but in my case it has, in one respect, been sadly unrewarding. Perhaps I have not been paying enough attention, but until publication of the latest Summer Issue (No. 168), I had failed to spot a single representative of the "B" stream of 1940-45.*

*This absence has now been partly remedied by the photograph of fifteen youth, and two girls, which appeared on page 6, four of these people being identified by Mr. Derek Batten on page 8 of the subsequent issue, the Autumn Scimitar (No. 169).*

*In the picture three 1940-45 "B" stream certainties are Ron Mills, seated 2nd from the left (whose father ran Everett's grocery store on the corner of Squires Lane and the Great North Road), and Neil Barnett, 3rd from the right, top, to the right of Norman Scheinholtz. To Barnett's immediate right, also standing, is Alan Hamilton (myself).*

*The date written on the back of the picture is reported as 1946 but the original cannot have been shot later than the summer of 1945. This is because Barnett, Mills and I all left school in June 1945. We were close friends, and whilst I stayed in contact with Ron Mills for many years, Barnett went away to sea, and I never saw him again. I have a vague recollection of the photograph being taken, and I once owned a print of it.*

*Turning to a separate subject, on page 16 of Scimitar 168, the name of Ben Roberts appears, the same Ben Roberts whom the heroic Scheinholtz fought in the Hilton Avenue sports pavilion. Mr. Derek Batten quite rightly points out that Roberts was*

known universally as “Joe”, and some of your readers might like to know the origin of his nickname.

Reading anything was probably low on Roberts’ scheme of things to do, but he did occasionally carry around with him a copy of the Communist newspaper, *The Daily Worker*. To us “B” streamers, subversives all, the *Daily Worker* equated with the Communist Party, hence to Russia and Joseph Stalin himself. Hence the “Joe”. But there is more to it than that. The sobriquet in full was “Joe Musso”, the “Musso” being a shortened version of the name of the Italian Fascist leader, Benito Mussolini, who possessed of a massive, jutting, lower jaw. Ben Roberts had a similarly prominent mandible and a protruding lower lip. Thus, allowing for his presumed communist leanings, we had a set of associations which quickly led to invention of his nickname. Politically naive as we were, it would never have occurred to us that there was a clash of ideologies here—Communist (Joe) and Fascist (Musso).

**Norman Perfect (1937/42) writes from Canada :-** ‘Here I am again in Mount Forest and just finished reading the latest edition of *Scimitar*—again! I fully approve your determination to publish pictures of the School buildings often, and a look at the front cover sent my aged and decrepit mind wandering back to the morning in September 1937 when I “crawled like a snail unwilling” up the slope from the High Street to the boy’s entrance. It was not my first view of the school, I had been there once before for an interview, but this time it was serious business—I should be here for five years at least; a long time for an eleven years old.

The first thing that struck me was the size of the building. The elementary school I attended had recently completed been (1931!) and was of the single storey, open plan type with classrooms around a quadrangle with covered verandah and a little fountain in the middle. Relative to that, FCS was huge and rather forbidding and I never lost the feeling of being frowned upon. I suppose having to mount four flights of stairs to get to the upper floor had something to do with it as well as the height of the ceilings, even at the top of the steps at the back of the class the ceiling seemed far away.

I was in 1 alpha in room “H” and as I was one of the last into the room I was stuck with one of the old wooden desks dating from the early years of the school. The seats were fixed and one had to bend at the waist and knees and slide in sideways usually bashing a knee in the process. How the ladies in the upper photograph of page 28 in *The History of FCS* managed things I cannot imagine. As I ended up near the front on the right hand side facing forward I rapidly made the acquaintance of “Cophetua and the Beggar Maid”, the picture which hung on the front wall on the left. Every afternoon as the sun—when there was any—moved over to the West it shone directly on the picture and was reflected accurately into my eyes.

School uniforms took their time to arrive and mine was one of the last but that didn’t get me out of wearing a cap, any old cap as long as there was something on one’s head to raise to a member of staff. Paul Vermeulen was about the first to be suitably clad and I can still see him pushing his bike up the slope from the street grinning away resplendent in School cap, blazer, tie and stockings—fags wore shorts then.

I find that every copy of *Scimitar* contains something that loosens up the thought processes—usually assisted by a spot of decent brandy—and the memories come tumbling out.....’.

# BITS AND PIECES

First two pictures are from Margaret Hallett (nee Benabo 1938/43). They both show the cast of a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which was performed by Class 2A in 1940. Margaret writes :- '.....I have named as many of the characters as I can remember—unfortunately I cannot recall who played "Bottom" as he has his ass's head on in the photo.....'.



Norman Perfect Paul Vermeulen Michael McArthur Edwin Wilson Audrey Beckenheim Sylvia Reicher  
Pat Eltham Iris Toivey Norma Hinks Eileen Butler ? ? Stanley Dark

? Beryl Woolridge Perkins Jack King Myra Jones Monica Cusackj Laura Eichrngruen



Laura Eiuchengruen Myra Jones Monica Cusack ? Jill Perkins



You may recall that in the last edition I drew attention to the fact that Margaret, at the age of 85, had written her life story in a book called “Shining Armour” which included Finchley County School and her experiences there. The book is published on KINDLE. Margaret writes :- ‘.....My book has been so well received that I have been forced to produce a printed version. In case some of you are interested it is available to buy under the following link :

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/margaret-hallett/shining-armour/paperback/product-20284825.html>

Several readers have said, “I couldn’t put it down—a great read”, so I feel I must have done something right.....’.

It’s 50% of the Mitchell twins again. Brian Mitchell. (1945/50) responded to the queries raised by Connie Fozzard (1945/52) who suggested that there must have been two sets of Mitchell twins. Brian writes :-

‘.....For Connie Fozzard’s enlightenment I am attaching a photo of Form 5B, taken in 1949/50, which includes the two Mitchell brothers and the two Barnard brothers.



The back row includes: Brian Mitchell, Gerald Zwirn, David Greenland, Geoffrey & Donald Barnard, Colin Neal, Denis Mitchell, Derek Nichol.

Centre row includes: Enid Wright, ?, Barbara Liddle, Tony Perry, Ian Hayward, Geoffrey Plummer, Jean Lobb, Pat Metz.

Front row includes: ?, ?, ?, Kathleen Glading, Miss Tempkin, Jean Quinney, Elsie Long, ?, ?.

*Two boys missing from the photo are Peter Haughton and Laurence Lazarus.*

*Anno Domini has again eroded some of the "grey cells" and any help filling in the blanks would be appreciated.*

*As Connie recalls, the Barnard boys were rather introvert, as I cannot remember them ever being involved in any of the "activities" that occupied the rest of us. They most certainly never involved themselves in the school's sporting activities. They were always in each others company and the only highlight of their time at F.C.S, was the introduction of the "Biro" pen. Whilst us mortals were restricted to writing in pen and ink, they produced, what were then, very exclusively expensive Biros, leaving the rest of us green with envy. The down side, however, was that in their infancy biros weren't always on their best behaviour, leaving the Barnard boys quite frequently having to mop up the results of leaking , almost indelible, ink.....'..*

**Connie was quick to respond :-**

*'.....Brian Mitchell is quite right. I confused the Barnards with the Mitchells. My age has now assured that names elude me from time to time.....'*

*Thank you for another excellent Scimitar. I was particularly sad to hear of the death of Margaret Hall. I did not come across her at meetings, but I did follow some of her publications. If I remember correctly, I was a lowly second former when Margaret and two of her peers (were they Margaret Strawbridge and Leslie ???) were elevated sixth formers and prefects, whom I much admired. Margaret's younger brother, Peter, was in the same year as I and we were in the Science sixth together.....'.*

**One sure way of getting a bundle of letters is for me to make reference to the Finchley Open Air Swimming Pool. Alan Lamerton (1956/63) writes :-**

*'.....I lived just down from Finchley County and hence very close to the Finchley Open Air Swimming Pool. I remember regularly going for a swim before school.*

*The water temperature was displayed on a board at the turnstiles. I regarded 56F as the minimum acceptable temperature, 60F ideal and anything above 65F as getting too warm for comfort. How times have changed with "Health and Safety" issues requiring competitors to wear wet suits for the Olympic 10K open Wter swim in Hyde Park!*

*When I used the pool there were two 3 metre boards, one spring and one fixed, and one 5 metre fixed board. The five metre board was eventually removed for "Health and Safety" reasons.*

*The Children's' Pool was not of "Uniform shallow depth" as you suggested. It sloped gently from zero at the changing room side to about two feet at the other.....'*

*The Finchley Lido as it was called, was used for some preliminary Water Polo matches in the 1948 Olympics, the finals taking place at Empire Pool Wembley'.....'.*

**This picture was taken in 1943 and it shows the Sixth Form of that year together with the staff who taught them.**

**I was delighted to receive it from Doreen Pritchard, widow of Wilf Roy Pritchard (1936/43) because all of the names are listed**



Mr Murphy    Mr Hillman    Stephen Rauman    Hans Lowenthal    Mr Champion    Michael Waters    Max Block    Roy Pritchard    Mr Johnson    Mr Jones

Alice Dooley    Joan Cannon    Joan Bremer    Rose Crafchick    Gwenyth Jones    Cecelia Henry    Cynthia Baylin    Gabrielle Reichbach    Marjorie Pethard

Miss Reed    Miss Darker    Miss Holtzer    Miss Peeling    Miss Sturgeon    Miss Hunter

Una Beckwith    Miss Jacoby    Miss Comber    Miss Martin    Miss Lane  
(School Scretary)

**In the last edition you read of Moneeza Hashmi (1957/60) and learned of her reappointment as President of the Commonwealth Broadcasting Association Moneeza has written :-** ‘....I have just read Scimitar and I am totally overwhelmed by the coverage given to me in the magazine! I am deeply touched and honoured by this gesture. “Thank you” is really not enough to describe my feelings.

*The old photographs brought back so many memories. My grandchildren had a field day commenting on them!*

*I wish I could join all of you for the reunion in September but I have commitments at home which require my presence in Pakistan although there was a time when I was planning to be there. My loss entirely!*

*Once again my sincerest gratitude for this distinct honour. It was a long time ago but memories still linger and tug at the heart. I am blessed to have made some Wonderful friends during my years at Finchley County Grammar School. We are still in toiuch and share a few laughs when we meet up every few years....’.*

**When I received the letter from Norman Perfect about railways and railway engines which appeared on page 23 of the Autumn 2012 edition I just sat back and waited for Brian Rowland, (1949-54) to respond :-**

*'Ever since you published Norman Perfect's letter in the Autumn, 2012 edition of "Scimitar" you have been dreading the receipt of the following information.*

*"Rising Sun" was one of a group of 34 Sentinel Steam Railcars announced in April 1928 to be built for the London and North Eastern Railway (L.N.E.R), others were also to be built for the Cheshire Lines Committee (C.L.C.) over which the L.N.E.R. had control. The idea was that they would be more efficient than a locomotive and carriage and carry more passengers. They were to be built by Sentinel and the coachwork supplied by Cammell Laird & Co.*

*Name, Rising Sun.                      LNER No. 51912                      Diagramn No 97*

*Built August, 1929                      Disposed of January 1946*

*During its lifetime Rising Sun was based at Hitchin and Kings Cross.*

*But why "Rising Sun" for its name?*

*All the L.N.E.R and C.L.C. steam rail motors were named after the old horse drawn stage coaches of the 18th and 19th century, which the coming of the railways had put out of business. Rising Sun was just one of them. Perhaps it ran from a public house in the middle of a large town somewhere in England. But that is for someone else to write to you about!*

*A couple of other names in the diagram 97 series were "Times" and "Queen of Beauty".*

*I hope this goes some way in answering Norman's wondering about the name of the engine..*



*At the bottom of page 33 of the same Scimitar is a picture of the children's pool with above it a statement that — "It was called the children's pool because it was of a uniform shallow depth". Now unfortunately, it wasn't of a uniform depth, it had a very gradual slope on it, rather like a concrete seaside beach. The picture you published on that page shows children with water up to about their thighs, whereas this photo shows the water only ankle deep near one of the spouting lions which were each side of the cascade, which can be seen in the centre back-ground of your original photo.....'.*

**Gloria Stoner (nee Tindley 1951/58) lives in Canada with her husband, Mike. Mike Stoner is not an Old Fincunian, in fact he was educated at Christ's College. Stop that booing at once!! They were in the UK visiting friends and relations but could not stay long enough to attend the reunion in September. Lionel Rossington (1951/58) takes up the story :-**

*'.....Our reunion started early on Tuesday 4 September 2012. Gloria Stoner (nee Tindley) and her husband, Mike, were over here from Canada but had to go home before the 15th. So we arranged to meet up at the Arkley Hotel and afterwards enjoyed 9 holes at Arkley Golf Club where we were joined by Alan Harris (1951/58) and his wife, formerly Gillian Hamer. We had a great time together exchanging details of yesteryear.....'*

**These pictures were taken by Lionel's wife, Fiona -**

**I am saying all the right names but not necessarily in the right order !!**

*Alan Harris;  
Gillian Harris;  
Lionel Rossington;  
Gloria Stoner;  
Mike Stoner.*



*Alan Harris  
Gillian Harris  
Mike Stoner*

# MONEY MATTERS

Here is the latest report from our Treasurers, Janine and Colin Luke :-

## Subscriptions & Donations received since last Scimitar up to 8 October

John Telford	Greta Morris	Joyce Pairpoint	Rosemarie Hill
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Rita Lidstone	Joan Spurgeon	Janette Waterman	S Vallis
E Flood	Joy Bigwood	Kath Henderson	Philip Montford

Once again, apologies if some of the names sound a bit vague. Some of these are direct debit payers that I pick up from bank statements, so full names are not always given.

Please remember that subscriptions are due on 1 September each year and are still only £5.00 per annum. Please send all monies to Colin or Janine Luke at 79 Northumberland Road, New Barnet, Herts. EN5 1EB.

Cheques made payable to *"The Old Fincunians Association"*.

If you would like to pay by standing order you can now do so direct to:

**Old Fincunians Association**

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**Account Number 43501533**

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# LEST WE FORGET

**Doreen Pritchard did not attend Finchley County School but her husband, Wilfrid Roy Pritchard (1936/43) did. It saddens me to report that Doreen has written to say Roy died on 1 June aged 87. :-**

*'.....In 2010 he had two big operations on his heart and lungs and although he came through them well he became weaker and he had balance difficulties during this last year. However, he was able to get to church on the Sunday before he died, which gave him much pleasure. Christian Fellowship meant a lot to him.*

*In recent years he greatly enjoyed the FCGS reunions and reading the Scimitar. He always spoke well of his time at FCS, mentioning particularly Miss Martin (History) and his Maths and Physics teachers. Science subjects were his main interests—school English Literature he disliked, especially the long narrative poems !*

*He was rather proud of the fact that he did worse in his English Literature School Certificate than a Czeck (I think) refugee.*

*He was not at all sporty and remembered that he was seldom picked for the Form football matches, so he had to kick a ball about behind the goal posts. His one sporting success was to arrive almost last in a cross-country run, but received a cheer as he was the sixth scoring arrival for his House.*

*I Have enjoyed reading Scimitar myself—interesting contributions amusingly edited.....'.*

**The Summer 2012 edition of Scimitar I sent to Trevor Harwood (1962/69) at his home in Morecombe was returned marked "Addressee Gone Away". It was not long before Mike Steed referred me to a web-site.**

*'It is with great sadness to report the death of the founder of the Sundown Specials Cricket Club, Trevor Harwood passed away on Sunday 25 September 2011. Trevor had been ill for some time.*

*He will be remembered by all who played with him as a one-off character who could infuriate and frustrate but also entertain during the same conversation! His opponents also remember a competitive cricketer who never knew when a game was lost.*

*He was cremated at Morecombe and Lancaster Crematorium on 7 October 2011.*

*He played 201 games for the Specials with his final appearance in 2002.*

*He scored a total of 386 runs at an average of 5.1. His highest score was 45.*

*He took 210 wickets with a strike rate of 13.94. His best bowling figures were 7-17 and he took 57 catches.....'.*

**This is a picture of Trevor taken at the last ever Sundown Specials match on 7 June 2009.**



**This picture was taken in 1983 with Trevor on the right and a non-Old Fincunian, Dave Cattell on the left.**



**And that's all I can tell you about Trevor Harwood.**



## AND FINALLY.....

Many thanks to everybody who contacted me after the reunion with emails, letters, phone calls, and packages of photographs. I am sorry it is taking me so long to get round to replying and thanking you all.

Such has been the size of your response that you may have noticed this edition is 48 pages instead of the usual 44, and I am already half way through the draft of the next edition which is due out in March 2013. I am delighted about that so please keep on sending me stuff until I scream for "Help!".

I am delighted to receive the regular flow of pictures and photographs you send me. Please keep it up, particularly pictures of Intake Year groups. I think I have returned most of them to the senders but if I have forgotten to return them to you, and you would like them back, please let me know by phone, letter or email.

This year we have had four editions of Scimitar, instead of our usual two, occasionally three. I am very happy to keep that up for as long as you keep sending the necessary material, and you keep your subscriptions up to date. No Life Membership these days!

At the reunion a number of you enquired if there was to be another print-run of The History of FCS book. That will depend on the demand because it is not an economic option unless there are at least 25 orders in the pipeline. Let me know if you would like one. When there are sufficient numbers I will go to the printers and also place a piece in Scimitar telling you how to order a copy.

Our numbers keep increasing and 303 copies of this edition have been sent out. At the reunion I spoke to over 120 people during the day which meant I did not spend much time with anyone person, and some I never caught up with at all. That saddened me, particularly in respect of those who shared my time at FCS. Sorry about that, guys and gals, but I did love seeing you all.

It is still not too late to send in your reports, pictures and thoughts about the reunion. They really are appreciated by those who, for one reason or another, could not be there.

Please check my email address which is printed at the bottom of this page. Too many of you are still trying to contact me on my old (now defunct) AOL email address. Derek Batten is the worst offender (and him an Honorary Alderman, as well!!), but he is by no means the only one.

Keep in touch. Bye for now.

*Les Sharp*

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