

022/026

40 F.C.O. (VILA)

King Charles St.

London SW1

31 May 1986

Dear Mrs Sargeant,

I enclose my cheque for £2.75 and should be grateful to receive a copy of the Horton publication.

As a young boy, I was loaned to Horton in 1939 from Thornbury school, Oxford. I lived for some months with Mr & Mrs Jack Guy, 1, The Overlands. My mother and sisters were billeted with John Thompson and his wife who had a farm further up Donk Hill, opposite the school.

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Yours sincerely

022/027

M. McDOWELL
36 CARR HILL GROVE
CALVERLEY
PUDSEY
LS28 5QB
Tel (0532) 564737

31. 1. 89.

Dear Mr Mather,

I saw your letter in the Bradford Telegraph and Argus about the evacuation at the beginning of the last war.

The children who came to Horton - in Ribblesdale were from Thornbury Junior School, Thornbury, Bradford. The headmaster was a Mr Murriner. My late husband was teaching there at the time. Mr Murriner, Mrs Rigg, Mr & Mrs Mann, Miss E. Davis my husband Mr E. W. McDowell & myself came on that first day bringing quite a group of children, the correct number I can not remember.

We were given iron rations to help us over the first day. We left Foster Square Station, Bradford & were taken to Settle Station & School. There were other schools besides ours but we were

sorted out at Settle. I don't remember how we travelled to Horton probably by train again. The children were taken to the school when various people came in and took children away with them. My husband had quite a job afterwards tracing them all.

I and Miss Davies were taken by car with several children up to Selvide. Many hours later I was given a lift back into Horton. Miss Davies found a home with someone in Selvide but later moved to one of the railway houses.

Mr & Mrs Mann, my husband & myself were put into a house with 6 other children. I think the name of the house was "Burnside"

Mr Murriner & Mrs Rigg only stayed a few days, we stayed a month but then my husband was called home as the council had decided to

children enjoyed the freedom of the country side. They all went to Church on Sunday mornings.

I rode the headmistress's bicycle, but I can't remember her name now at all. My husband did the rounds on the vicars' old bike, one which had to be back pedalled to brake.

I remember going to the butchers about half way down the road - it had a slaughter-house behind, and two men came round with green grocery one was Bibbys of Austwick & the other Bibbys of Bentham. I believe they were cousins and there was a little rivalry between them.

People on the whole were very kind to us for they were strange days.

Mrs Mann died some years ago & Mr Mann about 2 years ago. I think the only staff member living is Miss Davies and I feel

I am enclosing a snap - not very good I fear.
I am standing at the opposite gate post from
Mr Mann, Mrs Mann is at my feet, little
Freddie in the centre.

I hope you collect many more facts for your
exhibition and hope it is a huge success.

Yours faithfully

Mary McDowell.

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022/028

MRS JOICE PULBEAM

35 DOWNSIDE

SHOREHAM-BY-SEA

28.3.59.

W. SUSSEX BN4 6HH.

Dear Jossie

I do hope you will forgive the familiarity but I do remember you quite well.

Victor, my brother, told me he had already written to you but I'd thought I'd drop a line as well. I don't know whether you do remember me but when I first came to Helwith Bridge I was billeted with Effie Hodgkinson at the Thorentens in the yard by the public house there. I spent 3 very miserable months there until I was removed to the Harrison's after Jean Ascock left. I was very happy at the Harrison's & even now I still keep contact with them

+ write to them every now & then. I have been to see them at various times over the years they now live in Pudsey nr. Leeds. I visited Helen & the Bridge about 3 years ago whilst on holiday & spoke to Mrs. Wildman. It was a very sentimental journey & brought back many lovely memories. I do remember the day I came back home to Brighton - I travelled home with Helen Hayden & we both cried our eyes out - we didn't want to leave the 'Bridge'!

I know Eric Huddleton who lived at Fordale still has contact with Helen Hayden. He & his wife visited Victor & I a couple of years ago & he said he saw her every so often. Eric now lives in Ingleton I think. The war years I spent in Yorkshire have had quite an impact on my life & I remember many moments quite clearly. I don't know what information

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you are looking for ~~the~~ your project but please write if there is any more information you need. I don't remember the exact dates I was there but I came in March 1941 & left in July 1943. Victor left the Bridge for Skipton to go to the grammar school & I stayed on. Helen & I were the last two from Brighton to leave. I do hope you are successful in tracing the others, it will be most interesting to read this project when you have completed it if that is at all possible.

The latest on myself is that I am now 56 years of age am married with 2 sons & 1 daughter & 6 grandchildren (4 boys & 2 girls)

So pleased to hear about you & your project please do write again.

Sincerely

Joyce Lilbeam (nee EDWARDS)

Replied
to 14/3/89

022/029

138, Mere Green Road,
Four Oaks,
Sutton Coldfield,
West Midlands,
B75 5DB.

03:03:'89

Dear Mr. Mather,

I have been sent a cutting from the Telegraph and Argus asking for material relating to the war years in Horton in Ribblesdale.

I am afraid I can offer little to help your effort. My father and mother were Mr and Mrs Harry Mann and were in charge of the evacuees from Thornbury School in about 1939-40. They lived at Burnside just across the river from the school with four or five of the evacuees living with them. My father taught in the school and also looked after the evacuees who were billeted in the village. I believe that my father and mother returned to Bradford when my father was called up to join the Eighth Army and my mother served with the Pay Corps. My father served in Egypt, Italy France and Germany. My mother died at the age of 48 but my father survived her and died just two years ago at the age of 77. He often visited Horton in the hope of seeing familiar faces.

I remember visiting Horton as a very small boy and staying with Granny Willetts (-Mr Willetts had been the Horton railway signal man-) and remember someone called Rhoda who worked at the village shop. A few years later I stayed with the Wiseman's in Settle.

I'm afraid any photographs that came into my possession have been discarded as they were unidentifiable.

Another family who were in Horton were the Creeks. Lilly Creek died in the early 1950's and Edgar died 4 or 5 years ago whilst living with his daughters Jaqueline and Pat who had emigrated to Canada some years before. Pat was a baby when evacuated but the elder son Malcolm was about 8 or 10. He later married Moira Patterson who was also evacuated along with her brother, ~~Michael~~ ^{Gerald} ^{in son}.

I'm afraid that's about all I can tell you but it may be of interest to somebody who knew them.

I hope you are able to assemble enough information to make your exhibition a success.

Yours faithfully

Stuart Mann

Stuart Mann.

*Moira + Gerald PATINSON
with their mother lived
with Mrs Sargison
at 3 Pennyghent View*

*Malcolm has CREEK lived
with Mrs Jane Guy at
No 1 Overlands*

022/030

26, Flaworth Drive
Hagley
Bradford 2.
West Yorkshire

24th Jan 89.

Dear Mr Market,

I answer to
your letter via the T.A 24th
January, My brother & I
were evacuees to Horton
in 1939 we stayed at
"Burnside", with Mr & Mrs Mares &
for a while Mr & Mrs Mc Donald ^{well}.
The evacuees were Jack &
Betty Boddy, Donald & Brenda
Shepherdall, Fred Broadbent,
Bernard Rogers.

Mr Marre taught at the Village school where we all attend, where we all return to Bradford Bernard stayed over and went to work on a farm at Sebaste.

Sister Mr & Mrs Marre have passed away I know they had two sons but have no idea where they live. Mr Marre was very interested in cinematographs he took many pictures off us lots of the winter we 1939 where we were snowed out We all attended St Oswalds Church.

Mr Marre visited

Porter a Port after his wife
passed away I have no idea
who he stay with if Miss
Myers who was the Head-
mistress off the Village
school at that time may
be able to help you if she
is still alive.

Mr Mather have
you thought about writing
to Gella Black Scribble
on Surprise, Surprise.

I am sorry to say
I don't have any photos only
my Identity card at the time
I was only 7 yrs but have
lots of happy memories.

Yours truly
Mrs Betty Smith (nee Boddy)

(0273)
Telephone 508085

16 Highview Road
Patcham
Brighton
BN1 8WT

022 / 031

21.3.89

Dear Mrs. Pettiford,

What a surprise I had on reading our local newspaper the Evening Argus to see your letter concerning evacuees to Helwith Budge School and to see my name in print!

I felt I must write to you immediately to let you know that at least two of us, namely my sister Joyce and I are still alive and kicking.

Of the names you mentioned in your letter to the Argus I remember Kathleen Smith, Helen Hayden the Hodgkinson sisters - Jean Aweock - Roger Rowe.

I haven't seen any of them since the wartime days except Kathleen Smith and the last time I saw her was about 1948!

What memories your name has brought back!

I can remember you as Jessie Draveley, a dark haired girl who lived on the farm at the foot of Foxdale which was my first "Yorkshire home".

I well remember walking down the hill from Foxdale Cottages to your father's farm to get milk each day.

Last summer I had a surprise visit from Eric Middleton (do you remember him?) He and his wife were on holiday down this part of the world. + found me through Tom Harrison who remembered that I had an electrical business near the Royal Pavilion in Brighton. We were so surprised to see each other we didn't know what to say after 46 years!

Strangely enough although I was in your area for over a year back in 1941/2 I only visited Horton once in all that time and that was when my parents came to see Joyce and me at Easter 1942 and they stayed at the Station Hotel. The only other link I had with Horton was the local Constable P.C. Blow who used to visit the School to tell us what to do in the event of an air raid. I remember Settle much better because each Saturday, Mrs. Monk used to visit her mother in Langcliffe + I used to go to the pictures on Saturday afternoons - the Navic Cinema - prices 3d downstairs and 4p upstairs!! The bus was run by Lamb's Motor Services + was driven by Billy Douglas who had quite a reputation for speeding - especially down Shorewood Brow! Gosh how all these names + places come flooding back.

I did go back to Helwith Budget with Joyce in August 1945 for a week but since then I have been

Just for the record we Brightonians arrived in March 1941. We were sent by train to Otley & then by bus to Settle where we were allocated our "homes". We were then split up - some going to Juglorn & Bentham and the rest to Helwith Bridge. I was ~~first~~ first billeted with Mrs. Roberts in Foredale Cottages - it was the second from the left as you looked up the hill - the Lamberts were in the end cottage. Amongst the families were the two Middletons, Tyson, Boughen, Tomlinson and Howarth - these are the ones I can recall.

I stayed at Foredale for about 6 months and then moved over the river to Studfold to Mr. & Mrs. Monk just north of the Wilson's and Huddlesome farms.

In the summer of 1942 I departed the area as I had passed a scholarship exam which took me down to Skipton Grammar School for a year. In July 1943 all the evacuees went home and that was the end of the "Invasion" from Sussex.

My sister Joyce was first living with a Mrs. Dorman by the Helwith Bridge Hotel & then moved soon afterwards to Mr. & Mrs. Tom Harrison in the new houses by the School. Joyce still keeps in touch with the Harrisons who live in Leeds now - I think they are both in their late seventies or even eighties.

that way only once and that was returning from
a Caravan Holiday in Scotland in 1977. We stayed
the night in Perth + were driving down to Derbyshire
& we made a detour through Ingleton Cumbria just
to go past the Old School. Apart from a telephone box
little seemed to have changed since I was there in the
war.

Well, that's enough of all my reminiscences. It
strange how such a comparatively short period lives
so vividly in the memory isn't it? I suppose it is
because they formed an important part of our
formative years when we were far from home.

Speaking now as a man of 58 it is difficult to
believe that all this took place nearly half a
century ago.

Well I hope I have stirred some memories for you
and if there is anything else you want to know or
if I can be of any further help on your project -
please let me know - It would be grand to hear
from you.

With all good wishes

Yours sincerely

Vic Edwards

Sept '89.

"Tegdown"

39, Overhill Drive,
Brighton,
BN1 8WG

222/082
Dear Mrs. Pettiford,

I have seen your letter in our local paper, and am writing because I think I may be one of the children mentioned. My maiden name was Awcock (not O'clock) and I was billeted with Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and their children Margaret and Thomas at "Benagh" Helwith Bridge, right next to the school. My brother Arthur being three years older was billeted in Doncaster, but when he became ill my mother fetched him home, and I returned to Brighton soon afterwards, having been in Helwith Bridge some six to seven months.

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote home, probably in May 1941, and also copies of photos taken during

my stay with Mr. & Mrs. Harrison.

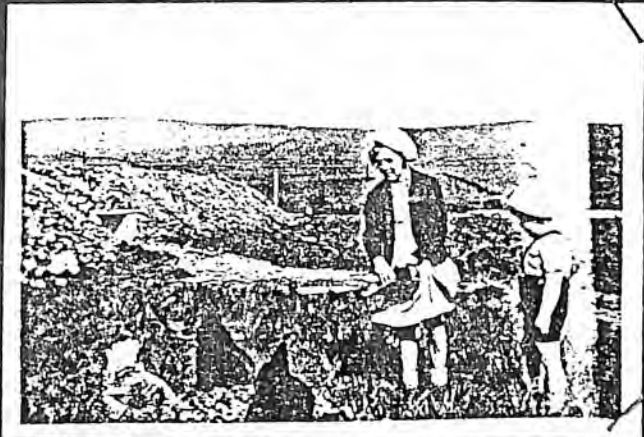
I'm afraid I have no news of any of the other children mentioned, but I believe that Joyce Edwards is standing second from the right in the back row of the group photo, and Victor is on the left of the middle row.

My memories of 1941 are somewhat hazy, but if I can be of any further assistance, please do not hesitate to contact me. Meanwhile I wish you every success with your history project.

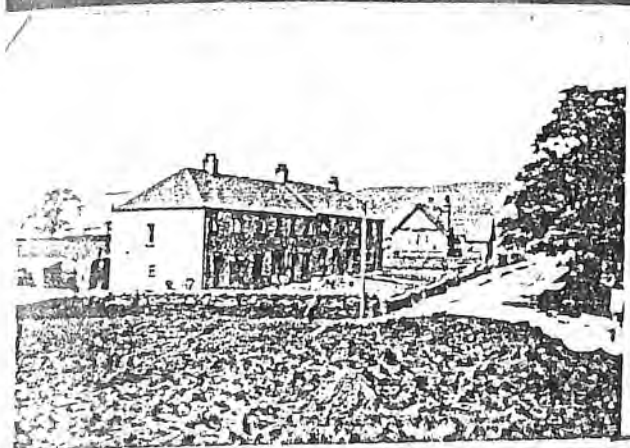
Yours sincerely

Jeanne Dawkins

(Mrs.)



Jean Awcock was with Mr. and Mrs. T. Harrison at Benagh. She stayed about 7 months. She is married and lives in Brighton.



Helwith Bridge

15th

Ar
Helwith

Sunday

Benagh

Dear Mummy

Mrs Harrison dose
not mind having my clothes
up here at all.

~~Arthur~~ Arthur is very well, and
has grown about an inch I think.
We had a good time but I wish
it was a week or or to two time
did pass.

I hope they had a nice Anniversary
to-day.

I am sining at ~~out~~ ^{our} Anniversary
and its looking upward every day,
dad knows it so do you.

I am going to stay with Margret
Anty Lily on Sat - Sun.

Did you know that Miss Young
has been recalled to Brighton.

This is a letter a girl sent when
I sent primroses.

Mrs Gasser & Mrs Anty has been

to see us.

Ask Benny why he has not written to me he has written to Arthur.

Mr Burroughs ~~told~~ ^{very} told my teacher & I was ^{very} jolly. I walked to Horton with him.

Your best loving

Daughter

Jean

x x x x x x x x x

133 Pueblo Antiguo
El Alcazar
Moraira.

Alicante

Spain.

14th April 1989.

022/033

Dear Jessie.

I have just received from my friend in Brighton the cuttings from the Evening Argus regarding the project being worked on Horton in wartime.

I was one of the evacuees you listed Kathleen Robinson nee Smith. I was billeted with June Mitchell at the home of Mrs & Mrs Mason Foredale Cottages Year St Oswald lived next door with Mrs Masons mother. I remember you very well Jessie I believe your parents had the farm called Staveleys Farm June and I were 10 years old and it was the first time we had been away from our parents.

I have lost contact with Year St Oswald she married an airman and lived in Malta. If she contacts you I would be very grateful if you could let me know her address she may be living back in England.

I saw June two years ago she is living

in How but I do not know her address.

I am staying in Spain until the 6th May then I will be returning to England temporarily until 2nd September when my husband and I will be moving permanently to Javea on the Costa Blanca in Spain. If you would like to contact me while I am in England my address will be. COPYHOLD 50, COTTAGE, COPYHOLD LANE CUCKFIELD WEST SUSSEX. RHT TELEPHONE NUMBER. 0444 455401. I would be happy to provide any information you require for this project.

Kind regards

Yours sincerely
H.G. Robinson.

Brighton

22.3.89

022/034

Dear Mrs Pettiford

I was interested to read your letter in our local paper.

Though my name was not mentioned (June Mitchell) my friend Kathleen Smith & I stayed with Agnes & Diamond Mason, in the row of cottages on the hill near the quarries. I believe her parents & a sister named Jenny also lived nearby.

I left after a year to return home.

I also remember that a teacher at the school, left through ill health & died not long after, also a trip we all went on to Morcombe.

My husband & I visited the village a few years ago, & was told that Agnes & Diamond had moved to Settle. I haven't seen Kathleen for many years, as she moved from Brighton

a I do not recognize any other of
names mentioned, but of course nearly
fifty years have passed by.

Life has been very good to me,
a daughter & then a son, & we now have
four grandchildren, I do hope that you
get many replies.

Yours Sincerely
"NEE"
J. Mitchell

022/035 April 5th / 89.

Dear Jessie you will probably wonder who this letter is from, coming from Canada. I received a letter from my brother Alan Hayden in Surrey to say that you were making enquiries about the addresses to Helmit Bridge. His sister-in-law who lives in Brighton saw your letter in the "Argus" & sent it to Alan. So here we are! I will be pleased to help you in any way I can, & it will be fun! I think I remembered you as Jessie Stanley at the school, you were small & petit with dark curly hair? Alan sent me the list of other names, & I can recall some of them, but some only stayed a very short time & I never saw them again. Jean Manden, Kathleen Smith & June Hauer, Roger Roe I do not recall at all. Joyce Edwards & I were the last to return when we passed the Scholarship to go to Vancouver Girls School in Brighton, & we remained friends until we left school in 1948. I then went into Nursing training & married a Canadian in 1953 & we went to Malta for 3 years, we then came to Canada in 1957. Joyce & Victor Edwards still live in Brighton, & I believe Eric Middleton looked her up last year & he has a radio-electrical shop in Brighton. Effie Hodge-Kinson & her sister Ruth stayed in Helmit Bridge too, but went back long before we did. I never saw them again. Joan Ancock also went back before us & she & I were good friends but lost touch when she returned. I have kept in touch with the Middletons, (Jane) & Eric & Enid, & Eric's wife Rita writes to me every Christmas with all the family news. I never lived with the Middletons, but I spent several Summers with them & Eric, & we are all good friends. Jamie is 86 now & her sight is failing. Eric lives at Yardsbar House in Ingleton. I have lost touch with the Maunders (Tid & Ella) & the three girls Vera, Connett & Barbara, although I did visit Mrs M in 1971 when we were in England. Tid died

Several years ago, the girls didn't remember me at all!
I visited Janie Middleton & Eric who live together
in the School House in Whitminster in Gloucestershire,
when I was home in 1986. So we have kept in
touch all these years!

Do write & let me know if I can help!

Sincerely

Edelm. E. Tudor
(nee Hayden.)

Norman Slater

022 / 036

It was a Friday the first day of September when we set out from school to journey up to Horton in Ribblesdale away from the big city and the promised Blitzkrieg. My father took me along to school, at what seemed an incredibly early hour, me complete with haversack and the square cardboard box which had become so familiar to us all containing our small, medium or large gasmask. I can't remember how we got to the city centre, tram I suppose, but I have quite vivid memories of the train journey. Miss Willis went with us but I don't think she stayed in Horton. Mr. Mann and his wife did and I think some of the other staff did but on some kind of a shift system. While on the train Miss Willis remonstrated with a boy, whose name was Rex Williams, for losing his cap out of the carriage window. He asked whether we could stop the train, such was our childish naivety, but then a cap was a cap and I think it was a new cap at that!

I don't know what preparation had been made but it seemed that we were taken around in a long crocodile and dropped off where we were welcome. It was the village drapers and general stores for me and another boy, Donald Thompson from the Woodhall Road area. For me it was to be only two weeks away from Bradford. Two weeks of long summer days without school, of climbing Pen-y-ghent and going to Settle to see, "Goodbye Mr. Chips"! Alas it was not to last, I was back home for my 9th birthday. My sister who had gone up to Sedbergh with the Girls' School did not settle and so it was decreed that the family would be reunited in Bradford.

Jack Broadley 02/1037

"My name is Jack Broadley and I left Thornbury in the summer of 1939 and should have taken up a scholarship with Hanson High School in the autumn.

However, war was declared a few weeks later and all the children who had their names down for evacuation were told to go with their former schools if they were in the process of changing. I along with a good number of other youngsters met at the school on the Friday morning two days before war was declared. Our parents saw us off and a pretty tearful lot they were for no one knew where we were going or when we could see our parents again.

Buses took us to Forster Square station and I have an old clipping from the Telegraph and Argus showing me holding the school banner with my then friend Peter Dear. We set off by train and eventually found ourselves in the country. More bus riding and then we stopped at a small village, Horton-in-Ribblesdale six miles beyond Settle.

We were herded into the village school and the villagers were asked to take in as many as they could look after. As two of the oldest lads, Peter and I were taken to a farm on the outskirts, the home of the Greenbank family. I understand one of the sons still runs the farm.

Some were more unfortunate and ended up at Selside, a collection of two or three farms and even fewer houses. I think they attended a tiny school there or had to walk down to Horton.

We had only been at the school about a fortnight when there was an outbreak of scarletina, a form of scarlet fever, and the school closed down. Peter and I had to move from the farm for if we had caught the disease it would have meant the farmer would have been unable to sell his milk. We moved on to live with two maiden sisters, the Misses Waine, who had one of the village stores.

Life about this time became absolute paradise and one I shall always remember. With us in Horton was my old teacher I had just left, Mr. Harry Mann, with his wife. Also with the party was Mr. E. W. McDowell and his wife. I believe he retired not so long ago as a Bradford headmaster. (ED: Mr. McDowell was Head of Wapping School for many years until his retirement.)

With their wives these two masters lived at a house called Burnside just across from the village school. I spent hours with them roaming through the fields and woods looking for rabbits and nuts.

All good things come to an end. School re-opened and it was decided some of us older ones should be receiving higher education. Peter and I were among those who returned to Bradford and after going to Hanson School for several half days we took part in a second evacuation in the November.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. JACK BROADLEY NOW OF KEIGHLEY. A PUPIL IN THE LATE THIRTIES.

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This time we were much nearer home. We only went as far as Keighley. There we joined other pupils from Hanson with two masters, Mr. "Twink" Thornton and Mr. "Seeb" King. Gradually numbers dropped as more and more children decided to return home. Then there was one - just myself who was able to continue and finish my schooling at Keighley Grammar School as my parents decided to live in the town as my father was also working there.

I have not met Peter Dear since those days but spoke on the 'phone with him a couple of years ago when I recognised his picture in the T. and A.

As regards the Yorkshire Show. I can remember as a youngster walking around on a Sunday morning with my father looking at the preparations going on in the fields some of which I imagine are now used as university playing fields. I don't know if the hut we later used from school had formed part of the show arrangements or not. (ED: The "hut" was demolished some years ago when a pavilion was built on Woodhall playing fields.

We used to go in summer to the hut, now replaced by a stone building, and had nature lessons although I cannot recall going outside for instruction.

We played cricket matches on the adjoining field and that was where I played my first organised game. Although I have reached my own "half century" I still play and had the pleasure of turning out on the same ground three or four years ago. Quite a memory.

Talking of sportsmen, Billy Elliott, who was a couple of years in front of me, had as contemporary Willie Deplidge who was a regular player at Park Avenue for a good number of seasons.

The headmaster in my time was Mr. Marriner who, I can recall, often sent me to the shop to bring him an ounce of "Barney's". I have the memory of him as a just and kindly chap who was given to wandering into a class and then taking over. I don't know what the teachers thought about it!

The other teachers I can recall were Miss Davis, Mrs. Rigg, Brian Clark and Miss Hutton who was an aunt of Sir Len Hutton. The other teacher was Mrs. Williams.

I have not had any contact with the school since those days but am in contact with another fellow evacuee from the Horton days."

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. HARRY MANN, A MEMBER OF STAFF 1934 - 1972 AND DEPUTY HEAD FROM 1951 UNTIL HIS RETIREMENT IN 1972.

Sport

"The greatest days to me in Thornbury sport, were the days before the war for football, and after when cricket was king. It was then Thornbury Boys' School.

There was such a wonderful spirit when it was everybody's ambition to get into the school team. When a boy used to put on his kit on a Saturday afternoon, not to play football, but to go to the Lyceum "Penny Rush". This was to impress his fellow "rushers" with his prowess and undoubted eminence. The days when Brian Clarke, Bill McDowell, Harry Harrison and I used to gather, at lunch-time, and after school, in the school garden, for cricket practice, using nets made out of old string. The days when the old rough school wall was our slip catching machine. The days of our record breaking football team of 1936. We played 18 matches, won 15, drew 3. Goals for 115 against 9. The team was L. Briggs, R. Renton, W. Deplidge (a fine club player at Park Avenue), Armstrong, D. Hand, F. Lowson (later of Yorkshire and England), G. Stephenson, W. Elliott (Park Avenue, Sunderland and England), John Todd, K. Deplidge, K. Bolton and A. Feather. After the war there were few occasions when we were not involved in the

Junior Cricket Final, and we won our section with monotonous but pleasant regularity. We had been joined in 1950 by Mr. Jones, who took a great interest in the team and was a great help. We had many fine players, but my outstanding memory was of Ron Hanson who played in our junior team for five years, something of a record, and later played for Yorkshire school-boys. They were all fine boys and good sports.

There was great excitement at the time of Sir Leonard's record breaking innings. Miss F. Hutton, Sir Leonard's aunt, was on the staff at the time. We took it in turns when "Jackie" (the revered Head) was not about, to listen clandestinely to the radio.

Evacuation

During the last week of August 1939, the school was informed that certain children and mothers were to be evacuated to the country on 1st September. We duly arrived in the early morning, complete with label and gas mask. At 7.30 a.m. we departed by bus to Forster Square station, where we entrained for an unknown destination. Eventually we arrived at Scettle, where we were given a drink and a bag of "goodies". Buses then took us to our destination. The girls went to Hawes. Those with brothers came with us. One party went to Stainforth, one to Helwith Bridge and the rest to Horton-in-Ribblesdale. The children were gathered in the school, and their foster parents came and collected them. Six of the children came to live with us, in a house we had rented. Miss Davies took another party to Selside. Thus started one of the happiest years of my teaching career. Of course we had to "make do", but this was part of the fun. The strip of green outside the school became our football, cricket and rounders pitch, the back outside became our field of nature study. Every opportunity was taken of getting out to the sheep-dipping, shearing and the great excitement of viewing the big blast at the local lime works. Our classroom had a coke range where the children's dinners were heated, and the room kept warm, so one became stoker and cook, as well as teacher.

The winter of 1940 was not good. Horton was cut off for several weeks, but we got a bonus as the school was closed, which left us plenty of time for sledging down Pen-y-ghent and building snow men and snow houses

School was from 9.0 a.m. to 12.00 noon and from 12.30 p.m. to 3.00 p.m. so we had quite a lot of time in the evenings for table tennis, games and hobbies.

At the week-end some of the parents came, we also explored the caves and potholes, and in the evening we would have films.

All birthdays were celebrated, due to the kindness of the local grocer. I remember quite clearly on 5th November we had some indoor fireworks, parkin pigs and plot toffee. Altogether we didn't fare too badly.

Today whenever I visit Horton it is like going home, and I remember, with gratitude, the people, no longer with us, who received the Thornbury "vaccies" so kindly."

CONTRIBUTED BY MR NORMAN SLATER. A PUPIL 1937 - 41.

"It was in August 1937, the first day of the new school year, when Miss Willis who was to be our class teacher for the next two years, led us across the road from the Infants' School to the "Big School" - Thornbury Boys' Junior School. I think this was the procedure each year and I suppose it saved much anxiety in the minds of many young children over the years.

I remember the other members of staff were Mrs. Rigg, Miss Daviea, Miss Hutton, Mr. Mann and the headmaster, Mr. Marriner.

Miss Hutton, Miss Davies and Mrs. Rigg were figures in the school I hardly knew, Mr. Mann I could look forward to in standard 4 and Mr. Marriner one knew as the leader both in the morning assembly and evening I think, or at least on Fridays, and as the disciplinarian.

There was one occasion in 1938 when I began to take notice that there was a Miss Hutton on the staff. She proudly told us how she had bought her nephew, the Sir Leonard to be, his first cricket bat. During that world record score made at The Oval, Mr. Marriner did a regular tour of the classrooms giving us up to the minute bulletins on Hutton's progress. A terrific cheer went up from a neighbouring classroom and we knew before the Headmaster came in that Bradman's record had gone.

Early memories of the school are of slates, on which we did our sums, penmanship when we were first introduced to the school pen, choral singing in the classroom and playing football in the school playground. What an odd shape the playground was, so inferior to the neighbouring Girls' School with what seemed to me a vast expanse of flat level tarmac, such a beautiful surface for football. I think it must have been the first day when I was told to play "up" and I then continued for the rest of my time at the school to play in that direction towards the shed where we lined in immaculate straight silent rows at the sound of a whistle.

Two years sped by and so we were taught and prepared by Miss Willis for the 11+ examination though not really aware of the implications of what the outcome would mean for us, or for the other events that were to take place in our young lives in September 1939.

It was a Friday the first day of September when we set out from school to journey up to Horton in Ribblesdale away from the big city and the promised Blitzkrieg. My father took me along to school, at what seemed an incredibly early hour, me complete with haversack and the square cardboard box which had become so familiar to us all containing our small, medium or large gasmask. I can't remember how we got to the city centre, tram I suppose, but I have quite vivid memories of the train journey. Miss Willis went with us but I don't think she stayed in Horton. Mr. Mann and his wife did and I think some of the other staff did but on some kind of a shift system. While on the train Miss Willis remonstrated with a boy, whose name was Rex Williams, for losing his cap out of the carriage window. He asked whether we could stop the train, such was our childish naivety, but then a cap was a cap and I think it was a new cap at that!

I don't know what preparation had been made but it seemed that we were taken around in a long crocodile and dropped off where we were welcome. It was the village drapers and general stores for me and another boy, Donald Thompson from the Woodhall Road area. For me it was to be only two weeks away from Bradford. Two weeks of long summer days without school, of climbing Pen-y-ghent and going to Settle to see, "Goodbye Mr. Chips"! Alas it was not to last, I was back home for my 9th birthday. My sister who had gone up to Sedbergh with the Girls' School did not settle and so it was decreed that the family would be reunited in Bradford.

So it was back to Thornbury School and this on a part-time basis, just half an hour when work was given out to be completed at home. Worse was to come, the school closed and we were directed to Bradford Moor School for a time. I hated every minute.

Teachers and scholars drifted back from the Dales and School returned to near normal although I seem to remember some staff changes. Mr. Hammond was a new arrival at Thornbury and I remember him most for his accomplished piano playing and for interesting our young minds in Wagner and Greek Mythology. On to Standard 4, Mr. Mann and a new headmaster. Was his name Mr. Dunphy? I think it was. This last year for me at Thornbury I can remember for competition both in the classroom and on the sports field. We didn't win any cups at the team games but we gave a good account of ourselves at cricket and football. Woodhall playing fields on Saturdays and Burlington Rec. on Friday afternoons bring back fond memories. I have no photograph; did one have to be a winner to merit a photograph or were films casualties of the war? Some of the names I remember of those teams, Roy, (fatty) Liggins, Arthur Sharp, Maurice Holmes, Leonard Oxley, Appleton, Harry Myers, "Snowy" Wardman, "Doe" Dyson and Derek Hall.

They were happy years remembered with joy and pride in the school and its achievements. I was lucky to spend my formative years among so many good friends and dedicated teachers."

A MEMORY OF ERIC ANDERSON V.C.
CONTRIBUTED BY MR. J. WHITE OF HEATON WHO, AS L/CPL WHITE J. SERVED WITH PVTE. ERIC ANDERSON V.C. DURING WORLD WAR II.

"I did not know Eric Anderson during his school days but I knew him during our training days in 1940 at the Victoria Barracks, Beverley. I knew him well, with another Fagley friend, John Renton whose family had a milk business.

When training was completed we were posted to 5th Battalion East Yorks. Regiment, in Somerset at that time. I became separated from John and Eric but met up with them again in North Africa shortly before the Battle of El Alamein.

As I was in the Signals Section and therefore usually had a telephone at my elbow, I was able to check up from time to time on the whereabouts of my two Bradford colleagues. It was only when news of Eric's death came through my Signal Office that I knew I should never see him again, and I felt a great sense of sadness for the loss of a gallant comrade. Eric and I had often, while in England, travelled home on leave together, met and gone out together, drunk beers in the NAAFI together and talked mainly of home.

Sadly, after several more campaigns, my other friend, John Renton, was killed in Holland where he rests, I believe in the Arnhem Military Cemetery - so I was the sole survivor of the trio.

I shall always remember Eric Anderson as a quiet unassuming gentleman - and that he certainly was - and a brave soldier. The official citation states 'by his valour and complete disregard for his own safety' - and Eric was always like that, ready to put others before himself. That was how I knew him, and that is how I remember him - and were John Renton here, I know full well that he would say the same."

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS M. SLINGER WHO TAUGHT AT THORNBURY FROM 1953 - 73 AND WHO IS NOW RETIRED AND LIVING IN BRADFORD MOOR. HERE MISS SLINGER WRITES OF SOME WAR-TIME EXPERIENCES BEFORE SHE JOINED THE THORNBURY STAFF.

"Although I taught for a short time in Thornbury Infants' School it was

only on rare occasions that I had been inside Thornbury Junior School until I was called upon to do some Fire Watching during the 1939-45 War.

With two teachers from Swaine House Junior School we made up a "team". Our duty was to look after the British Restaurant Canteen in the grounds of the Infant School.

The present staff room was the Fire Watchers' abode. Black-out curtains were at the windows and camp beds and blankets were stored there, piled on the desks. Each time we were on duty, about once a week, weekends included, we made up a bed using some of the blankets to keep ourselves warm, for it could get very cold during the night.

Apart from outside noises, an old building has various weird squeaks and groans when it is uninhabited. Occasionally there was the pitter patter across the lino as mice scuttled about.

In the staffroom were posted various notices by the Head Mistress. (The school at this time was two separate departments.) These stated that the teapots, geyser etc. had not to be used. However, we didn't think this applied to us and used them as hot drinks and refreshments were needed to cheer the long night watches.

Before retiring we settled round the fire, protected by the big fire-guard which survived for many years, and made toast, or chatted and knitted.

Between 7 and 7.30 a.m. we unlocked the school, and returned the key to the caretaker, Mr. Stone, who lived in a house opposite.

Then we were free to go home and have a quick breakfast before going to our own school and resume our normal duties.

Little did I think that several years later I should teach in the classroom where I had once fire watched.

During the Summer Term of Coronation Year I was teaching a class in the Infants' School. An invitation was given to come across to the Junior School to watch a display of Country Dancing, given, I believe, by Mrs. Basham and Miss Winters.

In honour of the occasion we had made coloured paper hats. During the Dancing Display it started raining, and chairs were quickly picked up and a dash made back to our own school. Sadly the dye in the crepe paper hats was not waterproof and one little girl had patches of red on her blonde hair!"

CONTRIBUTED BY FORMER PUPIL KENNETH EDINGTON, NOW INSPECTOR EDINGTON OF WEST YORKS. METRO POLICE . A PUPIL 1944 - 48.

"I was a pupil at Thornbury Junior School from September 1944 to July 1948, at a time when the Boys and Girls Schools were separate, but housed in the same building. In those days schoolcrossing patrols had not been formed, and it was the parents' responsibility to ensure that their children got to and from the school safely across the main roads, which fortunately were not as heavily congested with traffic as they are today.

The classes were termed 'Standards', from Standard 1 to 4, and before joining the Junior School, pupils from the Infants School were taken round