



# Scarborough Girls' High School

1955-62



## 39 Years On

## Foreword

Welcome to the Reunion of the group of girls who entered Scarborough Girls' High School in 1955 and left between 1960 and 1963. We called it Thirty-nine Years On, because most of the group left in 1962. The reunion is being held at The Crescent Hotel, Scarborough on Saturday, 3 November 2001 and twenty-three "old" girls are expected to attend, although many more have been in touch.

Some of the group have volunteered to contribute a short outline of what they have done since school and some have sent an account of their memories of those years, which we all experienced in different ways. This small booklet records those experiences and serves as a souvenir for what will surely be a memorable evening. Perhaps, on the day, we should give a heartfelt toast to "Absent Friends", both staff and students, for they will be much in our thoughts and conversations.



### **Kathleen Ashwell (Kate Hicks)**

After completing a Teacher Training course in Bath, I taught Home Economics and Art in Stevenage, Hertfordshire. There I met my husband, John, an Art Teacher in nearby Hitchin. He originated from South Wales. We married in 1968. We moved to Mid Wales in 1974 with our two young sons, William and Daniel. Our daughter, Rachel, was born a few years later. John became Head of the Art Department at Llanfair Caereinion High School, where I also did some supply teaching over the years.

We moved around the area, eventually settling in Meifod, and have renovated two old houses in the process. We now live in one of these, a pretty stone cottage called Waterloo, as it was built in 1815, the year of the famous battle.

My eldest son, Will, has a degree in Fine Art and works for a design group in London. Dan was unable to complete his Art Degree due to ME and now works for Vodafone in Cheltenham. Rachel has just finished a combined French and English degree at Swansea University.

I now work part-time in a small Art Gallery in Meifod. It is owned and run by an ex-pupil of John's. He took early retirement in 1995 and has just had his second exhibition of paintings at the gallery this summer.



### **Vera Atkinson (Goward)**

After A Levels I went to Leeds University and then on to do a PGCE in London. I got married in August 1966 and came to live in Bedfordshire where I got my first teaching job, teaching mathematics in Dunstable. We have lived in Bedfordshire for most of our married life and have one son and one daughter and grandson, with another grandchild on the way.

From September 1971 to December 1976, we lived abroad in Zambia and taught there, enjoyed the sunshine and we travelled quite extensively.

I retired from teaching at Luton Sixth Form College in July 1997. Since retirement, I have been fairly busy with various societies, organisations and travelling, and family commitments.



## **Eileen Beal (Ludlow)**

After SGHS, I did a Secretarial Course at the North of England Secretarial College in Leeds and then worked as a Secretary in Leeds. I lived in a YWCA hostel and then a flat in Headingley.

Finally, I went as a mature student on a one-year Teacher Training Course at Huddersfield Polytechnic (Holly Bank) and got the Certificate in Education to teach in Further Education.

Favourite job: Lecturer at Harrogate College of Further Education: 1972-79.

I met Kevin in 1974 and we married in 1976 at St Joseph's RC Church in Scarborough. We lived in Meanwood, then moved to our present house in Alwoodley in North Leeds.

I taught part-time for a while - but when I next wanted a full-time job again, I got my present job of Lecturer at Bradford College - in 1983, I think.

I did not have children. Mum is now in Briardene Home for the Elderly in Scarborough. My Dad died very suddenly having never been ill - with a heart attack while he was solving a problem with his car.

I still play tennis, while Kevin plays golf.

I've always been involved with the church - Westborough in Scarborough - but married a very ardent Catholic - I never changed, but we both go along together.

I keep in touch with Sandra (née Markham), Anne (née King) and hear about Vera (née Atkinson).

Gosh, that sounds quite good! Just as when at school, I have been lucky and have never been ill - until last August I hurt my back and was in agony. The osteopath did a marvellous job and I'm back playing tennis again - so here's hoping it continues.

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## **Mary Coates (Scales)**

The idea of a Reunion is a good one in theory but I don't expect to be able to make it this time. Since my husband Albert and I both retired last year we have been doing a fair bit of travelling and have a family holiday booked just before that to the States and will hardly be back in time. When we lived in Scarborough, Albert was at sea in the Merchant Navy working for Bank Line and I taught at Raincliffe. Obviously Albert has visited a large number of places in the world and I accompanied him on some of his trips before he came ashore, but there are still some places we want to see, and are trying to visit as many as possible while we are still fit. It's good to be able to go away at times other than the school holidays!!

He came ashore in 1976, after being Captain for a couple of years, as he was called to work in the company's London Office which is when we moved down south. When our two boys were younger, I did some Special Needs teaching in local Infant and Junior schools but went back into Secondary work when our younger son, reached secondary

level. So for the last nineteen years or so I have spent my time teaching Home Economics and latterly Food Technology in Harlow and Sawbridgeworth which are both quite close by.

We used to say that we would go back to Scarborough when we retired, but seem to have put down roots in this part of the country now. Both our sons live locally and we have a lot of friends round here so this is where we'll stay. Our older son, Graham, is in printing and married to Jenny who is Pharmacy Manager in the Chelmsford Boots branch. They have been married for ten years and are quite career minded so no grandchildren yet! Jonathan, our younger son, still single, taught Maths for four years but opted out and for the last three years has worked in IT. I can't say I blame him!

I enjoyed my teaching career but wouldn't like to think of going into it now and seeing it stretch ahead for the rest of my working life. It is so different from what it was like when we began.

I used to keep in touch with Sue Copley but was very sad when she was so suddenly killed while on her New Zealand trip. Other than that I have kept in touch with very few of our year over the last twenty years or so since we moved down to Little Hallingbury. However we keep in touch with Barbara Jackson's sister Carole, who lives in Burniston. I often wondered what happened to Beryl Freer—I used to be quite friendly with her and she was with me the night I met my husband. Albert's friend, Trevor, saw her afterwards once or twice but then it fizzled out.

### **School memories**

I was never very athletic, though I used to enjoy playing hockey and tennis, and I can remember Sue Copley and I in a hurdles race. We were both slow and Miss Taylor was timing us. As we got nearer to the end of the course we got slower and slower and ended up in fits of laughter and found it harder to finish.

I remember Biology with Miss Howells, learning—for what seems to be most of the time we had her—about spiders and sea urchins, and her going round the corner of the corridor to pull her stockings up. Do you remember that her legs used to flop over her shoes—poor woman. It must have been horrible for her but we found it amusing at the time!

After experiencing present day Comprehensive Schools I realise now that we really were a part of a very strict regime under Miss Woods' headship, weren't we—strap purses, indoor shoes and rigid uniform—those hats! Assemblies were very formal with hymn singing and readings—do you remember the endings of each term? Was it number 333—Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing and the same Bible passage each time. "Whatsoever things are true . . . think on these things?" Having said that, some things do stick, and looking back I can see the sense in some of those disciplines—the start of every term covering our text books with brown paper was a real chore. Now with so many soft-backed text books they also benefit from covering with sticky back plastic and brown paper to stop the edges curling! No doubt when everyone gets together for a Reunion, memories will spark off other memories long since forgotten.



## **Anne King (Smith)**

After leaving school, I went to college in Newcastle-on-Tyne. I taught in North Shields for eight years, during which time I studied for a further education diploma and then a degree.

I married and had three children. Unfortunately, one developed a spinal tumor and died aged four and a half. Along with other parents in a similar position, I helped form the North of England Children's Cancer Research Fund (NECCR) based at the Royal Victoria Infirmary in Newcastle. The centre is now one of the leading research areas in Europe into children's cancer. When I decided I could return to teaching, my LEA reduced staffing levels, so I went into retailing on a temporary basis - and I am still employed there!

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## **Barbara Jackson (Pilling)**

After leaving SGHS, I trained as an Infant Teacher in Coventry and then started teaching in Rugby. I married Rod Pilling in 1966 and we moved to Derby in 1970 where we still live.

We have two daughters: Victoria, 28, who is an Art Teacher and at the moment working in Botswana for two years. Catherine, 25, is still trying to get a permanent job in Environmental Management and still lives with us. A year ago, I took early retirement from full-time teaching after twelve years in one school and am now happily doing supply teaching mostly still at the same school (! much less stressful).

Rod works for Rolls Royce in Derby, at least for the moment! He is involved in Scouts and runs a troop, camping and canoeing etc. I run a Brownie Pack, so we keep pretty busy.

We were lucky enough to be able to visit Victoria in Botswana for two and a half weeks, just after Easter this year and saw wonderful African animals and rural life, Victoria Falls and all the rest. A fantastic experience. We still visit Scarborough where my Mum lives at Thornton Dale and my sister, Carole Spink, lives in Burniston.



## **Catherine Liddicott (Woodhouse)**

Having failed to gain a university place in 1962, I had to stay on for an extra year at school after the rest of you had left and did not much enjoy this experience. Fortunately, I felt much more comfortable at Hull University where my French degree included a year in France. I achieved my ambition of learning to ski, but discovered a fear of high speed and altitude which prevented me from pursuing this exhilarating sport further.

I had been determined not to go into teaching upon graduating, but having no particular objective in mind, I went back to France for a year to teach (!) English at the University of Nantes. This was almost an "historic" experience, as I was there at the time of the "May Events of 1968", the extended period of student and social unrest that gripped France for more than a month.

Eventually, I decided to give teaching a go after all, having enjoyed the experience in France. However, after two years in quite a good grammar school on the outskirts of Walsall, rather a culture shock after France, I decided that a working life punctuated by bells was really not for me after all and I gave it up. Careers advice was not terribly helpful, I did not feel drawn to the commercial world, but by a fluke was offered some part-time work at the then City of Birmingham Polytechnic. A full-time post followed and I have, unexcitingly, been there ever since. However, the work has been much more varied than you might think and has suited me well, as I combine teaching with administration, which I actually like. The regular trips to France, and more recently, to Belgium, are the icing on the cake.

On the personal front, Roger and I met relatively late in life and have been together for about sixteen years. We eventually got married in 1994.

My parents lived all their lives in Scarborough and in the last six years of my mother's life, I went every month to help look after her. I thought I would be glad not to have to make that journey again, but I find that I miss those regular trips, even though sometimes I only caught a glimpse of the sea. We do try to go up there for a walking holiday from time to time and always enjoy the walk up onto the Esplanade to the Clock Tower and back across the Spa bridge. There's nothing to beat that view of the South Beach and the Castle.

### **Scarborough Girls' High School 1955-1962**

**First Form (1S):** S for Sinclair. She was a keen Girl Guide leader in the town and I was a half-hearted Girl Guide. On our first day, she put me down efficiently when I answered "Yes Miss", by responding that "in this school, we all have names". First lesson: keep your big mouth shut. Bra straps. I was fascinated by what must have been a vogue amongst women at that time for see-through blouses, revealing plump arms and slipping bra straps, which must have been uncomfortable and hindered movement. Biology: this memory covers the first and the second year, during which we were probably the world's leading experts on the number of petals a celandine has. We seemed to study celandines at regular intervals and I spent a lot of time scouring Lady Edith's Drive in search of specimens. With hindsight, I suppose that Miss Howells simply forgot that we had already "done" this part of the syllabus, more than once.

**Second Form:** Can't remember who our form teacher was, unless it was the dreaded and dreadful Miss Latimer. No one can forget her, so she really must have been awful. As I recall, she taught us French *and* Maths, so it was hard to escape. For some reason, she never picked on me, but she sure did pick on other people and persecution is the word they use. Maybe that's why I can't remember much else about the second form.

**Third Form:** Some good things here. One day, in a French lesson with Miss Verity, I realised that teachers were just like other people. We got on well with her and one of us must have said something sufficiently funny to cause her to get a fit of the giggles. She just lent against the side of the blackboard and was helpless. The downside of these classes was that one afternoon a week, we must have had Double Latin followed by French. In fact, Latin was good (though I was *not* very good at it) and Miss Furnish was very tall and very nice and I enjoyed it. However, those who didn't do Latin, must have had Domestic Science, because I remember them coming back into French with various cakes and buns that smelt enticing and I still wish I had been able to take that subject.

**Fourth Form (4L):** L for Lee and our form room was in the lab, the end room in the wing nearest Stepney Road. I often think of it when I drive past and turn into Stepney Drive. We sat on stools and got on well with Miss Lee. I hope she can read this.

It must have been around this time that we seemed to spend many lunch hours under the Geography Room windows, by the tennis courts, practising our jiving to Buddy Holly songs being belted out by those who could sing.

English: two groups, or sets, were combined at this point and taught by Miss Roberts. It was a bit of a culture shock for those of us who had been taught by someone else before (Miss Cooper?). First there was spelling by movement and, well not exactly music, but it gives the idea. On your feet girls, now swing your arms to the right M-U-R, swing your arms to the left M-U-R, murmur. Rhythm, same again: R-H-Y, T-H-M, and best of all A double C, O double M, O (arms in the air, give it some welly), Dation. *Accommodation* has never been a problem from that day to this. There must have been more, but we in that half of the group probably never caught up.

Then there was our accent. We didn't just have a Yorkshire accent apparently, but a towny Yorkshire accent upon which Miss Roberts was determined to work. Say after me, "The butcher sat on a cushion under a bush, while his wife called 'come and cut the bread and butter.'" (Note: maybe we didn't do this one, but like Viv Sutton, I picked it up from my sisters.) So far so good, but then (and this is a memory which involved us all, but is particular to me) there was the *Journey of the Magi*. Oh my god, my unlucky day. "Stand up, Catherine, and recite". There I was on my feet, by the window, half way back in the room, door over to my right. "A cold coming we had of it", I intoned, "Just the wrong time of year for a journey". "Stop!" she roared. What *have* I said wrong? "Just, not just. Open your mouth. Take your three middle fingers of your right hand and open your mouth wide enough to get them in, *vertically!*" "Now, the rest of you!" So there we were, the whole class, I alone standing, opening and closing our mouths like a pond full of fish, trying to get our fingers in and out, dementedly chanting "Just" over and over in order to achieve the correct vowel sound. At this point, I became aware of Miss Woods peering through the porthole in the door with a bemused expression on her face. I nearly burst in the attempt not to laugh.

**Fifth form:** Not a great year to start with, as I was doing all the wrong "O" levels. Biology was not a favourite subject, but by a stroke of luck (for me), in the exam we all found on our desks semi-transparent dead tadpoles, which had to be described. That, I could do.

I think we were a tall group. Miss Taylor often seemed to have to stand on a chair for the annual "weighing and measuring" ceremony.

**Lower 6R:** R for Robertshaw. On the first day back in the Lower Sixth, she kindly enquired whether I had had a brainstorm in the "O" level maths exam (as I had done rather better than expected). The irony was not lost on me, but I knew that it was thanks to her that I had really understood geometry, and it was thanks to luck, or more likely, good teacher preparation, that the exam seemed to consist mainly of this aspect of the subject.

The trip to Lloret del Mar and our first trip in by 'plane. It, the plane, was small, with propellers, and the journey was so bumpy most of us felt sick. Our photos ought to be of

historic significance to the municipality of Lloret, totally transformed since then by concrete.

**Upper 6R:** I had to attend the orthodontic clinic once a month at the hospital on Fridays and volunteered the information that 2pm would be entirely convenient. Thus it was, that I was able to assure Miss Roberts that that was the only time available, even though, sadly it coincided with an English lesson.

Some of us played a lot of tennis and eventually persuaded Miss Taylor to allow us to do so whatever the weather and whatever other exercise (hockey, for example) she had in mind for us. She did the sensible thing: rather than forcing a bunch of surly 6<sup>th</sup> formers to do something they really didn't want to, she let us have the run of the tennis courts. We sometimes played matches against a girls' boarding school near Whitby. The thought of having to *live* in school filled me with horror.

The sixth form review: it seemed to me that we had an amazing time preparing this. I have no ear for music, but *Bali Ha'i*, *Under the Bridges of Paris* and *Island in the Sun* (words adapted) are all songs I can just about hum even today. My role involved little action, fortunately. According to general opinion, Gillian Justice and I had the brownest legs and were therefore commanded to wear bathing suits and were assigned to positions at the front, at either side of the stage. At least, she could sing and the whole thing seemed to be a great success, ensuring that we went out on a high note.



## **Roberta Anne Topping (Anne Mann)**

I left the High School in the summer of 1960. After working at a summer job, then taking a holiday, I started my first position with a Hire Purchase Finance Company in Scarborough. During this employment I attended the Technical College of Further Education to learn the necessary office skills required for this position.

In the early sixties I married an ex-Scarborough Boys' High School pupil and after a couple of years we left Scarborough. My husband was employed in the Wine Trade and as a result of various promotions within his company we lived in numerous parts of Britain. Over a period of several years I accompanied my husband on various trips to Europe whilst he was on business. Even though we never stayed in one area for long, I had no difficulty in finding employment in one Financial Department or another. My introduction to computers came in the early seventies when I was employed at the Airport in Cambridge. You might say that I was in the right place at the right time.

Eventually, 25 years ago we put down roots in the Cheshire/Shropshire/North Wales border area. Here, I ran the Finance Department for a small family business for seven years. I then decided it was time to move on, so I took up a position with an Advertising Agency in Chester. Things had changed since the early days in Finance, and controlling the cash flow had become extremely important. I had to juggle one bank account with another on a daily basis using online banking systems. Here, I trained new staff and I also became involved with the Advertising and Design side of the business, which I found extremely interesting.

Two years ago I decided to hang up my hat and retired from business. We took a long trip to the Southern Hemisphere calling in at Los Angeles, Fiji, the Cook Islands and New Zealand. In New Zealand we met up with an Old Boy from the High School who emigrated there over 40 years ago. Also travelling there at the same time were some more friends from Scarborough, so we had quite a re-union.

We also bought an apartment in Scarborough to use as a bolt-hole, trying to spend as much spare time there as possible. In January of this year I became involved with a Steering Committee for the revival of the SG.H.S Old Girls, which held its Inaugural Annual Meeting in April. We now have 219 members. Anyone who wishes to join can do so by visiting <http://www.oldscarborians.org.uk/sghs> to register or contact me on 01948 662943. I find serving on this Committee very rewarding, even though I do not live in Scarborough. With modern technology, it is so easy to keep in touch. I have one daughter and one granddaughter.

### **School Dinners**

My memories of school dinners are, that on the whole, the dinner ladies provided us with a reasonable meal. However, I shall never forget this particular day sometime in the late fifties.

As usual by lunch-time we were all pretty hungry, and although a menu was pinned up in the corridor, we did not normally have time to read it. On this memorable day, we were all seated at our relative tables when Miss Slarke decided to say a few words before our lunch was served. It went something like this:-

“Girls, we are going to try something very different today. As you all know, in the future when you leave school, many of you will travel around the world through work and leisure. You will come across different countries, different cultures and of course different foods. You must always travel with open minds, so today as a special dish we are serving you curried eggs”.

You must remember that this was in the late fifties when pizzas and spaghetti bolognese were almost unheard of and olive oil was something that you bought from the chemist to put into your ears for ear-ache. My lunch was duly put in front of me and I only needed to take one look at it . Ugh!! I cannot now remember the vegetables which were served with this culinary monstrosity. All I could see was this egg, like a doleful eye, staring at me through some horrible glutinous sauce, almost defying me to eat it. I stared back at it for quite some time until suddenly I felt someone poke me in my back.

“Girl, you are not eating your lunch”. Miss Slarke stood behind me with hair as usual neatly plaited in to Catherine wheels above her ears. “I am very sorry, but I do not eat eggs. I do not like them and they bring me out in hives”, I said. “No excuse. Eat it!” was her reply.

My mind was working overtime. Could I possibly remove this offending mass from my plate into my pocket? Three problems awaited me.

- The prefect at the top of the table now had her beady eye on me.
- Miss Slarke was hovering behind me.

- How could I ever explain to my mother the residue from this curried egg in my school skirt pocket?

The only honourable thing to do was to take a deep breath and swallow it down as quickly as possible.

My conclusion from this experience was that if all foreign food was as repulsive as those eggs, then I would stay in Scarborough and enjoy fish & chips and roast beef & Yorkshire pudding for the rest of my life. Needless to say, over the last 40 years I have not only travelled around the world, but enjoy and relish Indian food. I have always, however, managed to escape the dreaded curried eggs.

### **Apple Pie Order**

For those of you who did not take Domestic Science as part of your curriculum allow me to enlighten you into the mysteries of the Domestic Science Room.

We were put into groups of three or four girls and each group would work at one table. Miss Steele, normally a kindly, pleasant teacher who usually wore a pristine white overall, would one week demonstrate a few dishes and the following week each group would have to reproduce one of these dishes. On this particular occasion the four of us had to make Apple Pies.

Prue was in our group, and was very good at Cookery. Her mother demonstrated Domestic Science elsewhere, so Prue was our mentor. Therefore, when one's mind wandered off during Miss Steele's demonstration we could generally rely on Prue to point us in the right direction when putting theory into practice. The four of us started off with our mixing bowls full of flour and lard ready to create our masterpieces.

A couple of hours later, after we had, as usual, scrubbed our worktables down with bleach, we would present our steaming culinary delights ready for Miss Steele to assess.

When everyone had finished cooking Miss Steele would slowly work her way around the classroom scrutinising our masterpieces.

Eventually she reached our worktable and cast her beady eye over our apple pies. At this point she started shaking her head, her tortoise-shell glasses wobbling on her nose. She said that we had not been concentrating during the previous lesson. This item was not what she had demonstrated. We had to go back to the drawing board and reproduce the correct item next week. We were all a little taken aback. So, after a short discussion, we decided that, perhaps, we should have made an APPLE TART and not an APPLE PIE.

The following week, the four of us made APPLE TARTS. The difference between an apple pie and an apple tart is that the apple pie must have pastry on the top, whilst the tart must have pastry on the bottom. Once more Miss Steele came to scrutinise our offerings. This time it was even worse. She called to the rest of the class to come to our worktable. She made an example of us, commenting that obviously we never listened in class, nor paid any attention. She had not demonstrated an apple tart, so next week to correct our mistakes we must produce an APPLE PIE exactly the same as she had made three weeks previously.

Back to the cookery books we went. Where had we gone wrong that first week? Then someone spotted our mistake. So simple really, if only we had listened in class. We had

omitted to line the outer edge of the dish with a strip of pastry about an inch wide. This would stop the edge of the pastry from burning and the steam from the apple escaping, therefore producing a succulent APPLE PIE.

Third time lucky!! We got it right. I still today have a slight confusion over pies and tarts. The moral of this tale is to never copy a friend no matter how good she normally is and always pay attention in class.

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## **Sandra Markham (Barton)**

The last time we met was when we all set off into the wide world and I headed for the great Metropolis. I am looking forward to hearing what has happened to you all and am so sorry that I cannot be with you.

It took me ten years to escape London's clutches. I'm sure some of you will remember my map-reading skills! In that time, I took every social and academic opportunity that College life offered and thoroughly enjoyed life in London in the Swinging Sixties. I managed to become a qualified teacher. I met my husband and then married on the day

England won the World Cup, so that certainly helped the celebration to go well. We bought our first house in Wembley and my son was born there in 1969. He is now a Lieutenant-Commander in the Royal Navy, lecturing in Naval Architecture, but like the rest of us, he is wondering what will happen in the next few months.

We moved next to Hertfordshire which seemed the ideal location, near enough to go on enjoying the best of London life; in fact the journey in was quicker, but without the rush hour noise, smell and dirt. My husband actually walked to work, so I had the car. Life was altogether more leisurely and the journey up to Scarborough about two hours shorter. We came as often as we could particularly as my parents seemed to be ageing, but in fact they went on to celebrate over sixty-one years of married life.

My husband's work brought us up to Boston Spa, near Leeds in 1978, but soon after we separated and then divorced. I stayed in the area to keep Mark (yes, from Markham) at the same school. Unable to get a job in teaching, I became a stockbroker, but after five years, went back to teaching. I have taught every age, handicapped children and many subjects even at secondary level. I'm sure some of our teachers would turn in their graves! I completed my Open University Degree in Technology in 1983 and couldn't help wondering why Miss Woods wouldn't allow so many of us even to apply to University. What right did she have to deny us the chance? Mind you, it hasn't been a lot of use to me since!

I've had a go at many exciting things, including parachuting, gliding, microliting, piloting planes, ballooning, abseiling, canoeing and advanced driving. My present hobby is public speaking and this is the reason I am unable to be with you all on 3 November, as I have recently been made the National Vice-President of the Association of Speakers' Clubs and there is a conference in Carlisle. However, my thoughts will be with you and I am sure you will have a really memorable time. I do look forward to reading your histories and hope that it will be such a happy time that you will repeat it. I'll certainly be there next time! If anyone is passing near here (close to the A1, the M1 and the A64), do give me a

ring and call to see me at: 12 Nursery Way, Clifford, Wetherby LS23 6JB, Tel: 01937 842643  
or e-mail: sandrabtn@aol.com.

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## Maureen Sharpe (Weston)

I started a long, rambling account of my life since 1962 – but had to stop because it was turning into a book. So I have made it fairly brief.

1962-1965: Padgate College of Education – not exactly a wonderful seat of learning (and not in the same league intellectually as the Sixth Form English with Miss Roberts and History with Miss Darke which I absolutely loved) but I enjoyed the teaching, made some good friends and had an interesting trip to Berlin during those three years.

1965-1969: Lovely years teaching in a Girls' Junior School in Liverpool and living in a flat with 5 friends (including Vivienne Sutton and, latterly, Valerie Stockdale). Liverpool was an exciting, vibrant place to be in those days and the little girls were beautifully behaved. During this period, Vivienne and I together with another friend took a term 'out,' travelled to Turkey and Iran and worked in Istanbul.

1969-1971: I married Charles Weston in August 1969. I had met him in college and we went to teach in Libya for two years. Colonel Gadaffi's 'revolution' took place just as we were about to go but after a short delay we went. We taught in the Primary Department of an all-age British Council School in Tripoli for one year and in a Teacher Training College in a desert outpost for the second year.

1971-1979: We returned to UK and lived and worked in Lancashire. I taught in a Primary School in the outskirts of Manchester and we lived in an old weaver's cottage in the hills between Bolton and Blackburn.

1978: My father died and within 3 months my mother had suffered a stroke.

1979: Alex, our son, was born and I stopped work.

1982-1987: Charles became Head Teacher of a village school in the Fens and we lived in a small village in North West Norfolk. I loved it there – it is flat but has wonderful summers and lots of undiscovered places. Whilst we were living there I met up again with Vivienne (Sutton) as she had returned from overseas and was living with her husband and little girl in nearby Ely.

1987-1997: Mum was becoming increasingly infirm so we decided it was a good idea to move a bit nearer. Charles became Head Teacher of Hunmanby Primary School in 1987 and, not wanting to go right back to the beginning again, we decided not to live in Scarborough but to live in Ryedale. We lived in small village called Wilton (with lots of cows and pigs) but then moved to Thornton-le-Dale where we have been very happy. I taught at Wheatcroft Primary School until 1997 but life was just becoming all work – every night and all-day Sunday – so I took early retirement whilst it was still possible. On the day I retired, the Head of Snainton Primary School asked me to work for two afternoons each week at his school.

1997-1999: Taught part-time at Snainton for two years and then decided to take a course in teaching children with specific learning difficulties.

1999-present: Have taught individual children in schools in Scarborough on a part-time basis which gives me time to meet friends including Carol Verity (Clark), do some voluntary work, read and just enjoy being at home.

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## Vivienne Sutton (Graham)

What became of me after I left the High School ...

I became a primary school teacher – as did so many of us from SGHS – because I didn't want to be a nurse. I wasn't a born teacher, but I did my best, and it enabled me to see some of the world. After teaching in Liverpool for four years and living in a flat with Maureen Sharpe, Valerie Stockdale and three other girls I met at college, I was finally the only one left after each of them got married. So I set off alone with the intention of working my way round the world.

I spent two years at an American International School in Teheran, followed by one year at an American International School in Tokyo and seven years working for the Australian Government in various schools in Papua New Guinea when I met my first husband on a golf course on Bougainville Island in the South Pacific. We married on a golf course too – at sunset on the third green – a romantic setting without a romantic ending. We returned to his home town of Ely in Cambridgeshire where we were soon divorced.

I stayed in Ely for eighteen years as my daughter, Emily, was very close to her father. I gave up teaching and became a Blue Badge tourist Guide for Ely and East Anglia until I discovered that such seasonal work was unable to support piano lessons, flute lessons and skating lessons so, rather reluctantly, I returned to teaching and began to grapple with the horrid National Curriculum.

By and by, two wonderful events happened at the same time. First of all I was offered early retirement at fifty, which I accepted joyfully even though I saw three years university fees for Emily looming ahead. And then Malcolm from SBHS, whom I met when I was fifteen, at a United Nation's Dance at St. Mary's Parish House and dated for four years, contacted me. He was on business in Cambridge and invited me to dinner! I had not seen him for twenty-seven years but it seemed like yesterday – apart from the fact that I was fatter and he had no hair. We discovered that we each lived with a sixteen year old daughter and a cat. Eventually our daughters met and liked each other.

We got married in Scarborough with Catherine and Emily as bridesmaids, and moved to Old Windsor where our cats met and hated each other. (Percy was obliged to live in the shed until Pussy died two years later). Catherine went off to St. Martin's Art School in London and Emily went off to university at Brighton but dropped out after one term and came to live with us. She got a job working for P.G.A. European Tour (golf!) just down the road at Wentworth – so that pleased her father as she gets free tickets for tournaments. After learning how to put cotton wool balls into chests of drawers, Catherine has become one of several artists, working in the basement of Scarborough Art Gallery.

### **Rhythm, Murmur and Accommodation**

My very first desk at the High School was a massive old-fashioned variety in dark oak with heavy iron sides, positioned in the back right hand corner of the classroom. Cath-

erine Liddicott sat in front of me in a low, modern desk of pale shiny wood. During our first French lesson, Miss Ing told us we were going to learn how to count to ten in French. Catherine (who had a French mother) turned round and whispered to me “I can already count in French”. and she demonstrated—“un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq . . . .” which did nothing at all to boost my fragile confidence.

I had the broadest North Riding accent in my class. I call it ‘North Riding’ because when I was a tourist guide in Cambridgeshire—twenty years after I’d left Scarborough—someone in one of my groups said to me—“And what part of the North Riding do you come from?”

Miss Roberts tried to soften my accent by making me stand up in front of the class and recite—*‘In a rut I found a nut but I couldn’t cut it.’* The point was that ‘u’ made different sounds in different words but my u’s only ever made the one Yorkshire sound. She had used the same method a few years earlier with my eldest sister, only the poem Lesley had to stand up and recite was—*‘Having cut up the bull, the butcher sat on a cushion by the bush, but his wife called “Come and cut the bread and butter”.*

According to Miss Roberts, posh Yorkshire people tried to get rid of their accents by changing the ‘u’ to ‘e’ so they might say ‘pesh’ for ‘push’ (as does Alan Milburn, the Health Secretary). The trick was to learn when ‘u’ said ‘u’ as in ‘bush’ and when ‘u’ said ‘a’ as ‘rut’ (rat) and ‘cut’ (cat) . . . *but never, never, never did ‘u’ say ‘e’!* It’s difficult to explain the subtlety of the sounds in writing. I’ve never forgotten the principle, although I’ve never managed to follow it. It didn’t even work at the time—for the obvious reason that our parents were as broad as we were . . . well it’s obvious isn’t it? Even so, Miss Roberts was a wonderful English teacher.

It’s interesting how so many of us remember her and can spell accommodation. Mary Coates (who can’t be at this reunion—but wants to be invited to the next!—was reminiscing to me on the phone about her ability to spell accommodation and about Miss Roberts’s *‘swingers, doublers and bangers,’* which I don’t remember. Catherine Liddicott also remembers learning to spell accommodation—as well as rhythm and murmur, and I don’t remember that either.

I wrote an essay for Miss Roberts about *‘Peasholm Pantry’* where I worked every summer for six years. It was about the time I tripped up while carrying a plate of haddock and chips to a customer. His flat cap was lying upside down on an empty chair next to him and the fish and chips slipped greasily into it. “Never mind love. It’s a clean cap!” He said as he picked it up and emptied his dinner back onto the plate. Miss Roberts liked the story and wanted to put it in the school magazine. But everything that went in the magazine was vetoed by Miss Woods and she didn’t like it so it didn’t go in.

I remember the school trip to Lloret de Mar at Easter, 1961. We stayed overnight in Holland Park Youth Hostel, in London and slept in a long dormitory. Miss Woods was in a top bunk and took off her corsets under the covers. Naturally we watched her struggling with them and Valerie Stockdale referred to them afterwards as ‘her little pink saddle.’ I shared a room in Spain with Susan Hall. She had the most wonderful white concertina pleated skirt. Christine Smith, Gloria Tyerman, Susan and I met four Spaniards and went walking with them. How we managed that with Miss Woods around, I don’t know, but in my photographs Susan is wearing that wonderful skirt and my Spaniard has brown teeth.



## **Barbara Tindill (Wright)**

Since leaving SGHS in 1962, my career has been pretty varied. I decided that I was not cut out to be a teacher so enrolled at night class and gained typing and speedwriting skills. I have worked in many different offices both in this country and overseas. More recently, I was employed in Local Government here in Malton for quite a few years.

I have been married to Ian for many years and we have one son—Nick. He is married to Cathy and they have one daughter and another due just before Christmas. It's great fun being a Granny and I am currently looking after my granddaughter 3 days a week, but only until the end of October when Cathy will stop working for the foreseeable future.

Two years ago, my husband took early retirement from Rover Group and that is when we moved back to Malton – before that we were living in Coleshill, West Midlands.

Ian and I lived overseas for 6 years from 1979 to 1985—firstly in Saudi Arabia (but only for 6 months) and then in Dubai in the United Arab Emirates. Ian was working for the local Land Rover dealer and I was PA to Tinsley Wire—a Sheffield based company who were just setting up office over there – this was one job I enjoyed tremendously. I was involved in Trade Fairs and Seminars in various parts of the Middle East—and the standard of life over there was really good.

Last year we decided to take a trip around the world. Ian planned it all, booking all flights and hotels via the Internet on a computer we had only just bought a few months earlier. I keep saying he will have to teach me all he knows but we never seem to get around to it. However, our e-mail address, in his name, is [ian@wright-rockingham.supanet.com](mailto:ian@wright-rockingham.supanet.com), if you would like to keep in touch with me.

I'm really looking forward to the reunion 39 years on.

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## **Gloria Tyerman (Francis)**

Gloria is sorry she can't come to the reunion but she will be in Weston-super-Mare, as her 18-year-old son Robin is swimming in a competition. He is six feet five, swims for Great Britain and recently broke the 400 individual medley on short courses so is a British record holder. Gloria came back from South Africa with her South African husband Rob, but sadly he was killed in a car accident near York seven years ago. She lives in Bath with Robin who attends the university there and she also has a daughter in Australia. She writes:

I've had masses of thoughts on SGHS as a result of your call, things I've not thought of in years. These are just a few of my memories, in no particular order:

On my very first day at school I got an order mark! We were in the library with Miss Roberts and weren't supposed to talk but the girl next to me (who was it?) asked me a question and I whispered an answer. "COME HERE JOYCE TYERMAN", bellowed Miss Roberts, who mistook me for my older sister. I was trembling all over and got an order mark.

Later on a big blonde girl in our class (was it Gillian Myers?) wrote a limerick about Miss Roberts and it has always stuck in my mind. Here it is:

Miss Roberts, an old English maid  
Whose love life was beginning to fade  
Thought I'll have one more try  
To catch some big fry  
But no-one was willing to trade.

The changing room with its damp floor, heavy smell of sweaty knickers and Miss Taylor down on both knees searching the sole of Maureen Sharpe's foot for Maureen's latest 'can't have a shower today Miss' excuse. "The next time your doctor finds a verruca," Miss Taylor told her, "get him to draw a ring round it!"

Grim afternoons in the freezing cold, collecting bruises on the hockey field.

The joy of making the school choir when I couldn't sing. Christine Smith was in it so I wanted to be in it too. Having to mime the words on occasions became a bit of a strain though. After one performance, somebody's mum came up to me and said she knew I must have a really lovely voice because I had such expression on my face when I was singing.

Being second shortest in the class when we were first measured but ending up one of the tallest at 5'8".

Wishing I could speak French as well as Catherine Liddicott then being stunned when I got the French prize (an English dictionary) when Catherine was the one who deserved it.

Gillian Justice kissing boys at parties with real professionalism. I was impressed. Malcolm Steele was one lucky recipient. There were others.

Happy English lessons at the end of term listening to Miss Roberts reading extracts from "My Relatives and Other Animals". I'd forgiven her by then.

Again Miss Roberts, this time making Jennifer Lincoln read a passage out loud over and over and over again. Her voice was too high-pitched (apparently) and she needed to lower it. After countless attempts, the voice was much the same but Jennifer was red in the face and close to tears so Miss Roberts (also red in the face but for different reasons) washed her hands of her and the lesson moved on.

Jennifer beating Christine Smith in the running race, for the first time, on Sports Day one year and Mrs. Smith tearing onto the track, as the girls crossed the line, to swathe her defeated daughter in a large towel. She wasn't pleased. She made wonderful shortbread though. I can still smell it now.

The lovely Miss Darke, who always gave me good marks for History.

The not so lovely Miss Lattimer, hunched and sour-faced, arms folded, eyeing-up her next victim. I lived in fear of being on the receiving end of her sharp tongue and pitied the girl who always sat over by the window (and the radiator) who so often was. Who was that girl? Her parents came to the school to complain—but there was no stopping Miss Lattimer.

Delicious school dinners courtesy of pretty Prunella's mum. No kidding, I really enjoyed them. All of them.

The dreaded Double Science perched on a stool trying desperately to stay awake for fear of ending up on the floor otherwise. Even the novelty of a male teacher did nothing to relieve the boredom. I never mastered the symbols, couldn't fathom or remember the experiments and certainly couldn't reproduce drawings of apparatus in exams. No wonder I failed G.C.E. Science.

Playing Audrey, the country bumpkin, in the school play, with about six cushions strapped to me. It was fun—specially walking home from rehearsals with Michael Ost. Jennifer Lincoln (leading lady) had a fling with an American boy (leading man) despite the fact she had a massive scab on the end of her nose at the time.

Sheila Turton jumping out of the cupboard near the dining room wearing a cleaner's uniform and waving a broom. It was hilarious. She had a wicked sense of humour.

I could go on for days but won't. I'm sorry I won't be with you all on Saturday night but hope you have a great time. Maybe next time round I'll manage to be there. I hope so. Meantime, I'll look forward to hearing all about it.



## **Vida Walton (Brown)**

Gone to Benidorm. Back in time for the reunion!

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## Postscript

The task of putting together this booklet has been most enjoyable, not least because it has allowed the "editor" to satisfy her curiosity before anyone else. Many of us had been at school together from the age of five, depending on which primary school we had been to: Central, Gladstone Road, St Martin's, Newby, Northstead, Hinderwell. The list is probably not complete. This period represents at least ten of the most formative years of our lives, whether we liked it or not, and it was the foundation of everything else we became. It is going to be fascinating to hear what we built on those foundations.

For the future, modern communications make staying in touch much easier, so perhaps before too long, we will get together and do it all again.

Our thanks go to those who first had the idea and who did all the organisation, especially the work of tracking everyone down.

We would also like to thank David Green, at UCE, and Bill Potts, who is webmaster of the SGHS Old Girls web site, without whom this document would not have been so smart.

*Catherine Liddicott*

31 October 2001

## Class List 1955

Kathryn Allerston	Rosemary Greenhaugh	Dorothy Scrivens
Kathleen Ashwell	Susan Hall	Hilary Sainsbury
Judith Appleby	Pamela Halliday	Denise Sellers
Vera Atkinson	Sylvia Hopkins	Maureen Sharpe
Rita Barnish	Susan Hughes	Lynne Sherlaw
Eileen Beal	Angela Hutton	Elizabeth Sherman
Jean Brown	Barbara Jackson	Christine Smith
Susan Campleman	Dorothy Jackson	Denise Spencer
Carole Clarke	Gillian Justice	Valerie Stockdale
Mary Coates	Anne King	Carole Sutherland
Margaret Cook	Susan Kitching	Vivienne Sutton
Susan Copley	Anne Lazenby	Juliet Thorpe
Susanna Dawson	Gay Lees	Barbara Tindill
Dorothy Drydale	Catherine Liddicott	Roberta Topping
Peggy Duffield	Jennifer Lincoln	Constance Townsend
Carol Evans	Sandra Markham	Gloria Tyerman
Margaret Fox	Jennifer Mountfield	Vida Walton
Beryl Freer	Gillian Myers	Gerda Whitehead
Jane Gill	Rita Oxley	Constance Wilson
Rosemary Green	Margaret Pritchard	Prunella Wood
		Bonita Woolsey