

## A photo of ... 1

### 1. Mr. Hamilton

The end of an era and the start of a new one!



I kept in touch with Mr. Hamilton during his retirement in Exmouth until he became too ill to continue. He was a terrific Head. To parody Louis XIV, his leadership was a case of "L'ecole, c'est moi." He worked at it "morning, noon and night". The School was his life. He was great to work for. If you needed help professionally or personally, it was, "Come in, sit down. How can I help?" If you fell below the standard he expected of you, it was: "Mr. Hodson, you missed Assembly this morning", or, "You were two minutes late for the third lesson," or, "I didn't see you at such and such an event." Whatever was going on at School he made a point of being there, if only for a short time, if he was busy. It mattered to him that the Staff knew that he knew what they were doing, or not doing, and that he appreciated their efforts and offered them thanks and encouragement. It mattered to him that the pupils knew who he was, and that he cared. This dedication did not prevent him from friendly circulation up in the Staff Room, having a chat or a joke over a cup of coffee, or on the touchline, at a Music Concert, or whatever.

R.G. Hodson (HGS Staff 1956 onwards)

## 2. A photo of ... HGS Secretaries 1949-50



Marie Johnson, Mr. Hamilton, Sheila Close.

In the second half of each term the two secretaries typed, proof-read, duplicated, collated, bound and helped with the selling of the School Magazine priced at sixpence a copy. The duplication alone required twenty-two thousand revolutions of the hand-operated Gestetner (500 copies of 44 pages) with every page 'interwoven' to prevent printer's ink from marking the back of every sheet. From the total receipts of £10 to £20, depending on the number of advertisements and complimentary copies, the Secretary was awarded five shillings and his Assistant half-a-crown plus several excellent evening teas produced by the wonderful school cook, Mrs Cliff, the caretaker's wife, whenever overtime on the magazine was necessary. Collation, for example, could be done only when the Technical Drawing Office (in the old coach-house) was vacant. 500 copies meant 500 journeys round that room picking up one copy of every sheet.

During the second half of the weeks allocated to magazine work, the Office Staff were busy typing and duplicating examination papers and keeping an eye on the steady circulation of the pupils' report books to make sure that every book was ready for the Headmaster's perusal, written final comments and signature. In the third term other duties were the checking, packing and despatch, to all parts of Britain, of the external examination scripts in accordance with the lists of markers' names and addresses supplied by the Northern Universities' Joint Matriculation Board. Every knot on every envelope had to be wax-sealed otherwise the local postmaster would refuse to accept it for registration. Another hefty task given to the Secretary early each October was the completion and despatch to London of the very detailed forms required by the Board of Education. The Board Forms set out the weekly work-load of every class below the Sixth Form expressed in periods per week per subject and for the Sixth Form by individual pupil depending on his or her selection of subjects at Lower and/or Higher School Certificate level. As my successor has no recollection of these documents I can but assume that they were abolished very soon after the declaration of war.

The ability of 16 or 17 year olds to undertake the fairly onerous responsibilities in the school office was the outcome of a very good general education augmented in the Fourth and Fifth Forms by three periods a week in each of Shorthand and Book-keeping, both taught by Mr Collette and one half-hour per week after school teaching oneself touch-typing on one of the two 1924 Remingtons in the small room on the right of the half-landing of the main staircase. The office itself was the small room facing the massive oak doors in the centre of the front of Hemsworth Hall, ie separating the boy and girl prefects' rooms.

**W.G. Branford (Head's Secretary 1937-39)**

### 3. A photo of ... Staff in a Cricket team - 1950s



Image from Hilary Goulding. Thank you, Hilary.

**Back Row L-R:** Ken Chappell, Mr. Tate, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Colley, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Wharton  
**Front Row L-R:** Mr. Sale, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Hamilton, Arthur Lewis, Mr. Bulley

Dear Sheila,

The photograph of the staff team produced some very happy memories. I spent half an hour or so explaining to my wife the fun time that we used to have with all their inherent weaknesses and strengths at the game. Ken Chappell was a superb batsman, exciting, brave and fearless but also a world champion at Ploughing as well as the UK Ploughing champion in the 1950s. In the team he was absolutely reliable and dependable. John Bulley was a gentleman and a competent cricketer. Mr. Hamilton (Captain) had a very funny repartee at times with a well spun philosophy. He believed that a happy well organised staff, relaxed and contented, brought the best results and so he joined in everything that the staff did. Arthur Lewis was the local butcher and a loyal old boy of the school. My two golfing friends Clarky and John Wharton were always ready to enjoy life on the golf course. We had many happy evenings clouting the ball all over the greens, to much laughter, I may say. We were just like naughty children at times. We worked hard, we played hard and we relaxed hard.

Trust you are keeping well and Dave as well. Look forward to your new discoveries.

**Ken Sale, HGS Staff 1955-61**

I was fortunate to be captain of the Hilmians cricket team in Mr. Hamilton's last two summers at HGS. He played in almost every game Saturday and Sunday, home or away, during that time as well as for the Staff team on Friday evenings. Everyone called him Head. He bowled his 8 to 10 overs when required, generally getting a few wickets with his leg spin and could be relied on to get some runs in the middle order when needed. He was reliable in the field, not bad for some one of retiring age.

**Terry McCroakam (HGS pupil, Head Boy and Staff Member)**

At Cricket I captained the Old Hilmians for a number of seasons and loved the friendships that I made there. RH and I always joked that if I did not let him have a bowl on the Saturdays then he would not let me bowl in the Staff matches, but it was all very good natured. Staff Cricket was a great leveller and allowed the tensions of the day to dissipate. In one Staff match v the School First XI the principal batsmen of the day were doing well. One Frank Morley was scoring well until George Pacy produced some corking bowling removing him and one or two others, but one batsman Geoff Boycott was proving more than a match to whatever we could produce. So George Pacy decided on a leg theory plan. He would bowl at G.B.'s leg stump and aim at his legs. He moved me to leg slip saying that GB would not be able to deal with fast bowling aimed at his legs. It was true for about 2 balls but then this slip of a boy started to move his feet and clipped the ball past me at leg slip at speeds rather like a bullet from a gun.

Needless to say George didn't succeed and he blamed me for not catching possibly two chances. However, for us the Captain declared with a very respectable total for the school which I don't think we matched. Perhaps Terry McCroakam will find the details in an old score book. But such games were highlights and the boys enjoyed defeating the Staff team that year. We had great respect for the skills of the lads.

A final cricket anecdote comes from a match with the Old Hilmians CC when we were a man short and had to call upon the services of Les Tate's young brother Norman, who was about 16, fast and lively in the outfield amongst these relatively ancient players. The opposing team had scored about 120 runs. When we batted they took wickets regularly and I was left with No 11 one Junior Tate with 40 or 50 runs still to get to win. I told him to block everything and run like a hare when I called him to. He played like a hero, frustrating the opposition and slowly we overhauled the opposing team's score. That was a famous victory for us, and as we left the field, I put my arms around his shoulder and let him take the applause, for he had done us proud that day.

**Ken Sale (HGS Staff 1956-61)**

#### 4. A photo of ... The First Girls Hockey Team 1920s



**Back Row L-R:** 1, 2, 3, 4  
**Middle Row L-R:** 1, Freda Swaine, 3, 4, **Marion Finch**  
**Front Row L-R:** 1, 2, 3

*Marion wrote these notes:*

The Grammar School was well endowed with spacious grounds and playing fields. Games were played regularly. The girls played either netball or hockey. I played hockey and enjoyed it very much. We had no protective clothing and wore just the school gym slippers and gym shoes. We had no shin pads or hockey boots so we took many a hard knock on our shins with the sticks or ball. One girl in particular was very aggressive and if she couldn't get at the ball she swiped our legs with her hockey stick. I kept as far away from her as possible. To this day I carry notches down the front of my legs caused by blows from hockey sticks. I was placed in the first team as left full back. I remember Margaret Foster was the right full back and I think Mary Hodgson was the goalkeeper. We enjoyed inter-school games on Saturday mornings, especially the away games as we enjoyed the refreshments provided for us after the game.

Sports days were always popular and lots of time was spent out in the fields running heats. I wasn't much good as a runner but in spite of that I was chosen to run in the inter-house relay races. There were no prizes, just points allocated to our respective houses. The overall winner with the highest number of points became Victrix/Victor Ludorum. It was a close fight between the houses and if our house came out on top we were extremely excited. Parents were able to come to sports day and there was always a parents' race. Sports days were social events in Hemsforth and always well attended.

## 5. A photo of ... Yorkshire Senior Schoolboys v. Wales 1965



This was a particularly good time for HGS Rugby. On the back row is Andy Coope, 3rd from the right. Dave Fearnside is on the middle row, 3rd from the right and Ken Johnson is on the front row, last white shirt on the right. Rugby followers will recognise Gareth Edwards (British Lions and Wales) on the front row fifth from the right. Wales won this match 3 (one try) - 0. It took place at Cross Green, Otley on Saturday 9th Nov. 1965. Andy, Dave and Ken have all been in touch with the site and have sent in material which appears in various parts of the site.

6. A photo of ... The School Song Music

The School Song

Words by A. G. Jenkinson

Music by Mrs. Wilks

Sheet A

The image shows a handwritten musical score for 'The School Song'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs. The first system includes the instruction 'MARCATO' and features a series of eighth notes in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The subsequent systems show a more complex piano accompaniment with various rhythmic patterns and dynamics. The score is written in black ink on aged paper.

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a common time signature. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

REFRAIN.

Handwritten musical score for the second system, labeled "REFRAIN". It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The piano part has a more active accompaniment with frequent chords and eighth-note patterns.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The piano part includes a marking "Broadly" with a dashed line underneath, indicating a change in tempo. The music concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

Sons of Yorkshire, lift your voices, joyfully proclaim,  
Honour to the School that bred you, glory in its name  
Yorkshire's daughters swell the chorus, echo loud your praise,  
Hail with song the School that gives you joyful happy days.

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,  
Days at School will quickly pass;  
Let your work be joy not sorrow;  
"Labor ipse voluptas."

Mind and hand alike here gather, strength to see life through,  
Gaining skill and storing knowledge, sifting false from true;  
Goals and wickets, bursts and rallies, matches won and lost,  
All are part of one great lesson "strive nor count the cost".

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,  
Days at School will quickly pass;  
Let your work be joy not sorrow;  
"Labor ipse voluptas."

Arm you then for life's endeavour, choose your weapons here;  
Keep them bright, your shields untarnished, records clean and clear  
Bear the torch as borne before you, hand it on again:  
"Work with pleasure" be your motto, this your glad refrain

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,  
Grasp your schooldays ere they pass;  
Struggle gaily, banish sorrow,  
"Labor ipse voluptas."

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## 7. A photo of ... Our Gang - School Leavers 1943



The above photo was taken in 1943 and shows a happy group of friends - "Our Gang."

**Back Row L-R:** Margaret Townend, Valerie Davies, Jean Bailey, Mollie Weaver, Iris Holt.

**Front Row L-R:** Margaret Sunderland, Jean Burton, Marjorie Duckworth

The image was sent in by Jean Burton. Thank you, Jean.

### On Leaving School (Summer 1938)



This is my "Goodbye" to School. In July I shall leave, as a pupil, for ever. The headaches and gladness it has given to me I shall never know again. To this, my sixth and last School I leave a special farewell, for it is, I suppose, the one I shall remember longest. I shall remember those first winter term when it became dark about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and when our greatest delight was 'to have the light on', when every Wednesday we used to gather in the Hall - somehow it always seemed cosy then - to listen to 'Macbeth' when instead of 'a fanfare of trumpets' one boy gave the Scout Call on his bugle somewhere near the Physics Lab; or to 'Oliver Twist' when Mr. Runnels Moss took all the parts. How we used to look forward to Wednesday! I remember one winter term, I believe it was my first, when a thick fog lay about for a week and we had to walk home from School at night, and another time when the snow was about fourteen inches deep. It's queer to think how we used to love walking home in the fog and snow, but how we would wait half an hour for a 'bus on a fine day. The day of the Christmas holidays, we used to draw all manner of wierd designs round a magnificent 'Merry Xmas' done in every coloured chalk imaginable on the blackboard. And at the bottom always appeared something like this,

*"No more Latin, no more French,  
No more sitting on a cold, hard bench".*

Then there were the film shows in the Art Room when we sat enthralled by Leni Reifenstahl in the pictures set in Switzerland and such exciting ones as 'The Key' and 'Metropolis'. I have a glowing memory of these cheerful, eventful and exciting days.

Summer had its share of events too; Sports Day and its excitement; the Country Dance Festival and its gaiety and prettiness. The many people walking about the grounds, the gaily-coloured dresses under the brilliant sun which usually favoured us, the races, the tug-of-war, the exhibitions, the Tennis and cricket matches, all went to make everlastingly memorable occasions. And then the night of the Country Dance Festival with hundreds of people dancing on the Cricket Pitch, the Maypole, the Sword-Dances, the popular "Goddesses", "Picking-up-Sticks" and finally the many circles of cheery, laughing people dancing "Sellenner's Round". One summer term we saw a play, in one scene of which the couch from the Girl Prefects' Room was used. The heroine sat on it and patted it as an invitation to the hero to sit beside her. Do you remember the howls as clouds of dust rose as a result of her gentle patting? Then pictures of our lovely, envied grounds come into my mind. I see them transformed into a fairyland in winter. The branches and delicate twigs of the huge trees suddenly form lacy patterns with pure, soft snow. The plot between the two paths to School is ceaselessly beautiful. It makes a carpet for the frail, shy snowdrops, then come the triumphant golden daffodils, and the deep, glorious colour of masses of bluebells and the warm gold and mauve of overwhelming beauty, the honey suckle, roses, rhododendrons, the stately waving borders of lupins and deiphiniums, and the wild beauty of the quarry from its tall shrubs and trees to the daisies which cover the lawn. Memories of all these flowers rush into my mind. I can see them in the brilliant sunshine, under cloudless skies and also standing brave and firm on warm, wet, dark days when the sombre, heavy green of the trees and lawns form an entirely different background.

And all these, that were once realities are now memories. Never again will these happy sights belong to me. If ever I come to School I shall be an onlooker not a partaker. Perhaps I shall wander round trying to live again the joyous hours that at once I took for granted; but everything will have changed and probably I shall be thought "just another Old Hilmian making herself a nuisance and acting as if she owned the place".

So, for all these memories, School, I thank you.

Audrey K. Jenkinson Vls., Price

8. A photo of ... After a race on Sports Day 1957



The image has been sent in by Brenda Nettleton. Thank you, Brenda.

**L-R:** Miss. Woodward (Mrs. Owen), Miss. Elliott (Mrs. Whittaker), Miss. Hampshire, Brenda Nettleton, Ellen Toulson, Pat Cockburn

Race Result: Inter. Girls: 100 Yards (Record B. Nettleton 1956, 12.2 secs)

1. Brenda Nettleton, 2. Ellen Toulson, 3. Pat Cockburn

Time: 12.4 secs

## 9. A photo of ... Maureen Appleton standing at The Green Gate



Maureen Appleton shows us a way into the world of HGS.

## Memories of the 1930s from Doris Watson



I attended Hemsworth Grammar School from 1931-37 and was Head Girl in my last year.

### School Dinners

The thirties were a lean time for most families. We had never had school dinners before. We sat waiting round the table for the master (Mr. Crossland) to come in. What seemed to me an enormous joint of beef placed in front of him. He carved and plates were passed round and we helped ourselves to vegetables. I don't remember how long this went on for but a new dining room was built and it was never the same again.

### Size of School

To us from tiny village schools, the school seemed very big. There were rooms for physics, domestic science and chemistry labs, two tennis courts, a netball pitch, hockey and rugby fields and even a cricket pitch. But every teacher knew every child.

### Nickname

When the school changed its name from Hemsworth Secondary School (HSS) we were no longer teased at the bus stop as being at Hemsworth Sausage Shop.

Doris Watson

## From the School Magazine Autumn Term 1937-38 No. 41

Have you ever asked yourself, "Why do I go to Hemsworth Grammar School?" Perhaps you have not, or if you have you have just said, "Well, it doesn't cost me anything, so why not?" Yet there are many reasons why you should come to our 'Alma Mater'. We learn various subjects. Why? Well, let us look at the various subjects we take at School, and see why we learn them. Take History for a beginning. Why do we learn History? Well, in History, wars come like clockwork, and by careful study we can work out when the next is due. Very helpful, you know! Then there is French. Why learn French? Well you see, when you have made

bags of money, you'll be sure to want to travel in France. Then you can impress your friends by talking fluently to the waiter in French (perhaps!) before you find out that in most first - class restaurants in France the waiters speak English. Anyhow let's get on to Latin, a seemingly useless subject. But look what fine fellows the Romans were, always busy making roads, drawing up laws, and loving the ladies. Then again think how nice "Alma Mater", "Labor ipse voluptas", and the others sound. They've got to know Latin to be a top-notch, "Ah, sans doute, tibi opus est!" Looking at Maths, we see its immense importance. You need a smattering of Maths to enable you to tot up the income tax you've got to pay to His Majesty's Government. Ah dear, pay up with a smile! Closely akin (nice word) to Maths is Physics. Now if you've been educated in Physics you can mend any electric wires that get broken - and probably need mending yourself afterwards! You can also mend (?) the wireless. Now let us take English - how we all love English! Still, you know, you get to know some big words which might come in useful for letter writing, when you start courting (or perhaps I shouldn't have said that!). Passing on to Physical Jerks, ask yourself, "Why do we do Gym?" Well, lads, if we didn't do Gym, what would Mr. Nelson do? Why he'd have nothing to do. Oh, mon dieu, terrible, let's do Gym boys.

Finally, and most important, we come to Hemsworth Grammar School, because it's the best School in England, and so say all of us - Don't let me hear anyone grumbling about it henceforth.

"Robin", Guest.

### What do I think of when I think of Hemsworth Grammar School?



Being in year one and being in awe,  
Of everything I saw,  
Getting a Stripe for not wearing a hat,  
Doing exercises on a gym mat,  
The Stars and Stripes Board for the Houses,  
Mr Lock trying to rouse us,  
"How can I teach you French when you can't  
speak English yet?"  
After we'd asked,  
"Have you marked us books yet?"  
Translating texts literally from Latin,  
The rows that we sat in,  
Listening, entranced, to Mr Reed reading Wordsworth in his cultured accent,  
Speaking French in class with a Yorkshire accent,  
Playing tennis on the grass court,  
Learning by "doing" as well as being "Taught",  
Smelling and watching the pigs next door,  
Racing through the showers and slipping on the floor,  
The Prefects controlling the school grounds,  
Looking for students who were out of bounds.  
The hideous hats and sixty denier stockings,  
They looked shocking!  
Strolling with friends down the back lane,  
Mr Young saying, "You're late again!"  
The beautiful Miss Elliott changing hands as she wrote,  
A remark on an Essay saying, " You need to quote."  
The sixth formers and the School Dances,  
And all those Romances,  
The assemblies and singing the School Song,  
The Science experiments that went "wrong".  
The list goes on and on!

Here today and gone tomorrow  
How the days since school have passed  
But I remember school with joy not sorrow  
And I remember, "Labor ipse voluptas"!

Janet Noble, 19 June 2003  
(Student 1953 to 1960)

10. A photo of ... HGS at the Festival of Britain 1951



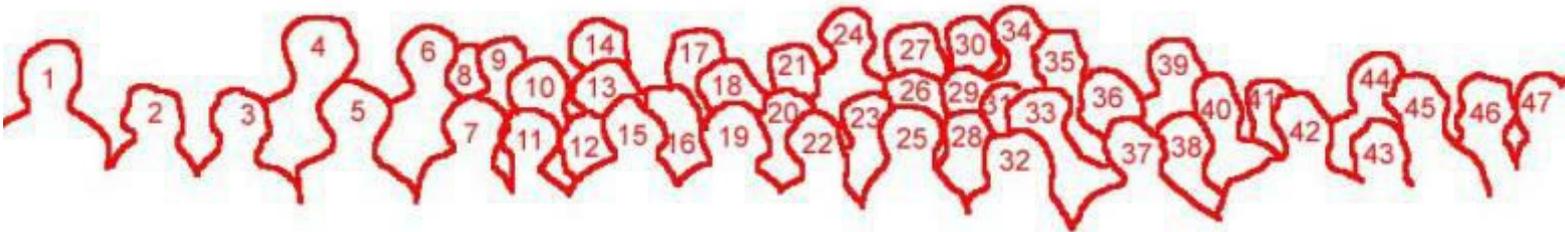
**Back Row L-R:** Mr. Taylor, Caleb Taylor, 2, 3, Peter Schofield, 5, Bernard Milner

**Front Row L-R:** Roy Linstead, 2, Brian Toulson, Howard Peel, Geoff Graham, 6, George Howard, Alec Wall, Callery, Albert Day, Tony Gough

Terry McCroakam has sent in the above names. Thank you, Terry.



Image from Roy Sault. Thank you, Roy.



Thanks go to Geoff Govier and Peter Wall for many of the names so far.

(1) , (3) Helen Copcutt, (4) Miss. McBride, (6) Marcia Gunhouse, (8) Peter Wall, (9) Mr. Revill, (11) Marylin Morley, (13) Eileen Connolly, (14) Roberts, (16) Judith Hanks, (17) Dave Hodgson, (19) Enid Horton, (23) Jeff Hudson, (32) Wendy Jennings, (25) Brenda Hartley, (26) Jack Appleton, (24) Roy Sault, (22) Maureen Hancock, (39) Dennis Baker, (36) John Stones, (35) Gaskell (40), Dennis Lowe, (41) Terry McCroakam, (42) James Waite, (38) Trevor Woolley, (43) George Thompson, (45) Colin Garbutt, (47) Dave Rewhorn, (48) Mr. Swinbank.