

**1. Mollie Weaver**



Mollie Weaver was a pupil at HGS between 1937 and 1943. The school rewarded her during this time for her diligence and hard work, providing her with books to cherish throughout her life. A span of 70 years covers these prizes which Mollie has listed for us.

1C Form Prize	Nov 10 1937	A Wonder Book of Tanglewood Tales by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
2A Form Prize	Nov 9 1938	The Book of the Countryside by F. Martin Duncan & Lucy T. Duncan.
2A Star Prize	Nov 9 1938	Heroes of Civilisation by Joseph Cotter & H. Jaffe. (publ. by Harrap & Co Ltd.)
4A Form Prize	Nov 13 1940	An Outline of English Literature by J.A. Hammerton (publ. by London Educational Book Co. Ltd.)
4A Star Prize	Nov 13 1940	Lorna Doone by R.D. Blackmore (publ. by Odhams Press Ltd.)
5A Form Prize	Nov 12 1941	Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith (publ. by Classics Book Club)

6A Colonel Hallam's Prize for Latin in School Certificate - Great English Short Stories edited by Lewis Melville & Reginald Hargreaves (publ. by Harrop & Co Ltd.)

Mollie states....."Still in my bookcase, all the books have the HGS crest/badge on the outer cover, with HGS, Labor Ipse Voluptas and the White Rose. I've valued them and still do, but the three favourites are the Book of the Countryside with lovely illustrations; the Great English Short Stories, and of course, Lorna Doone. Inside all the books is the name of the Head, Mr. Hamilton, and the name of the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. A. Flavell."

**2. Brian Ardron**



I was told that I was to receive my prizes before Speech Day. The Form prize I chose was 'The Sea Shall Not Have Them' but Mr. Collette recommended 'The Good Companions' by J. B. Priestley. So I had that instead. This I loaned out and never got back. I can't remember what the Chemistry Prize was.

Brian Ardron

**3. Tony Clay**



I remember getting a prize for 'O' level Geography in 1960. It was a book called "Antarctic Adventure". As far as I can remember it was presented at the Hippodrome as was the Kubo Art Medal (1962). It had to be returned.

Tony Clay

**4. Time Travel and Games**



I had just come in, chilled to the bone after a good long walk to the local shops, and couldn't wait to get a warm drink. In fact, it was a little more than a shopping trip; it was another reminder of my schooldays of many moons ago. I took with me a new canvas

shopping bag with fairly long handles made of webbing. As is usual when I go out to buy just a loaf, I find myself picking up other things, and I also found myself going further afield than I had planned. I therefore had my bag filled with groceries, and was faced with the long walk home, thinking I shouldn't have bought bananas, and certainly not the heavy tin of Golden Syrup. If I carried the bag in my hand, the handles were so long that the bottom of the bag scraped along the floor, and so I had to sling it onto my shoulder. Well! I was catapulted back in memory half a century or more to the days when I carried my satchel around school. The weight I had was equivalent to the heavy tomes I carried around in my Sixth Form days - not forgetting the pencil case and its contents, bottle of ink, Rough Book, PE kit, Hymn Book, Bible, Pocket French Dictionary and those stiff hard-backed exercise books we were given for 'A' level study. I automatically adopted the 'lean' to one side, and the raised shoulder to stop the handles from slipping off. My thumb automatically hooked itself under the handle as I went along, and the familiarity of it all was quite an experience. It was truly time travel!

Sheila Kelsall



Hello again Sheila,

Further to your comments about the satchel. I remember the first few days at school when I realized that my ultimate ambition in life was to have a battered old satchel bulging with books to carry round instead of my shiny new, straps fastened, empty one. I think it became a bit of an obsession with me. I took pleasure in throwing it into corners and on more than one occasion gave it a good kicking round the playground. Just when it was starting to look like at least a third formers bag my mum got me some polish because she said it was starting to look tatty! Lets be honest now we all liked to fill them up to bursting as a bit of a status symbol. If we needed all those books at home every night we would never had had time to learn to smoke or snog a girl in winter without our noses running would we!

I note that Brian Stead has recently found the site and I have made contact with him. His name brought back memories of playing chess together. One of us had one of those travel chess boards with pegs and holes in a small box. During the winter months there were many days when break times and lunch times were spent indoors. Brian and myself used to start a game and then use all free time to try and complete it including to and from school on the bus and breaks between lessons. Goodness knows how many days it took to finish a game. It also made me think of other games used to fill in dead time such as shove ha'penny and dice cricket, runs being scored on the dice throw where a five was classed as an "hows that" which was decided on the next roll of the dice. What on earth did the girls do to fill in those dead times?

Frank Poskett HGS 1955-60

## 5. A lovely evening at Burntwood Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> 2006



Have you ever walked along a street at nightfall and automatically glanced into a room when a light was switched on by the house owner? Imagine doing that and finding that the interior you are seeing is familiar and belongs to forty years ago. Furthermore, imagine you continue along the street and the same happens at each house, and inside you are seeing people from your childhood who are acknowledging you and reinforcing your memories of another time, another place. Such were my surreal experiences last Saturday evening at the Burntwood Court Hotel in Brierley. The second reunion organised by Arthur Gilbert was once more a pleasant coming together of friends and acquaintances, all with the shared knowledge of life at Hemsworth Grammar School in the 1950's and 1960's. Not being in the 'A' stream for remembering names, I won't be able to give a comprehensive list of who was there on the night. All I can say is that I met with Hilmians from Arthur's last get-together, and made contact with some new friends. Mr. Howdle and Mr. McCroakam were there, and our school website came in for a few compliments, which was gratifying. Knowing that new items and information are always welcome, Marrion, Ann and Alan have kindly entrusted me with photos and memorabilia to share with everyone. As the evening progressed, the noise levels grew as people relaxed and moved around, and Arthur discreetly wended his way here and there, taking photos, and capturing the enjoyment on the faces of different

groups of Hilmians. I remember commenting to Terry that I could see the light of enjoyment shining out of everyone's eyes as they reminisced. Corny but true!

Time and again I caught snatches of conversation where the names of Miss Smith, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Collette were being mentioned, always with respect and admiration, even when disciplinary measures had been taken by them. Did we ever realise what an exhausting job it was for them, guiding us all towards adulthood?

I gathered my things and intended leaving, convinced that there were no more stories to be gleaned, no more photos to be seen or memories to recount. I made my thanks to Arthur, and then I caught sight of a group of friends at the far side of the room who were sitting in exactly the same seats at the same table they occupied at the previous reunion two years ago. Again the surreal surfaced. Had they moved from there in the two years? With a smile I said hello, and an hour flew by in their good company. Roy, Alan, Alan and Simon, thank you for a pleasant end to a pleasant evening. If the next two years fly by as fast as the last two, I'll see you soon.

Sheila Kelsall

## 6. Mr. Hamilton



"We had been there (Harvest Camp in August 1943) a week of a three week stay when my parents rang R.W.H. and asked him to tell me that my brother had died in an Italian P.O.W. camp. He had gone through the whole North African campaign and survived both sieges of Tobruk before being captured there when the South African commander capitulated with the largest garrison the town ever had. Mr. Hamilton (and his Family) treated me with a sensitivity and kindness that I have never forgotten and organised my journey home immediately. I was treated as though I was his own son, and it wasn't until many years later that it dawned on me that we were his Family and were treated accordingly. A truly remarkable man."

Geoff Booth 1939-45

## 7. First issue of the School Magazine

In April 1923 Hetty Littlewood and Barker E.J. successfully produced the first issue of the School Magazine. It contained "a comprehensive survey of the history and various activities of the school". Miss D.L. Prince, one of the teachers, designed the artistic cover, and a featured article was "Scout's Corner". Mr. Sydney Clift, also a member of staff, submitted some very smart sketches, and there were many original contributions by the scholars, including an amusing description in blank verse of the final rehearsal of the school play. It was felt that a high standard had been set by this first issue, an example of which would have great rarity value today!

Sheila