

ANECDOTES OF SCARBOROUGH BY RICHARD JAMES PERCY. 2006

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ANECDOTES OF SCARBOROUGH **BY RICHARD JAMES PERCY 2006**

Scarborough has a wealth of amusing, sad, mind boggling and interesting tales. Some, sadly have been forgotten but here I would like to jot a few down that I remember and that other people remember because if they are not recorded then they will go the way of many others and lost forever

They are not in any order but just random jottings to whet the appetites so there is no index.

THE HERRING FLEETS.

To those old enough the sight of the Dutch and Scottish herring fleets anchored in the bay is a sight that one will never forget. Hundreds of these boats lay at anchor and at night with their lanterns lit was a treat to everyone.

The Scottish fisher lasses used to journey down and the piers where full of these girls gutting the fish. Back in the 1920s my father lived in Stepney Avenue and every day horses and carts full of the bones and guts of the fish made their way up from the piers and came up Stepney Avenue on their way to the old Racecourse where the present day Wireless Station is. Here they would dump all their loads before heading back for more. One can imagine the smell as they made their way through the streets of the town.

THE CIRCUS.

The circus visited the town as it does to this day but back in the 1920 it used to pitch its tent on the open land on Stepney Road which was called Foxton's Field and is now Whin Bank. They favoured this spot as a stream ran down one side of it where their livestock could be watered. The stream came from a small pond that was on Stepney Road up to the 1980s when the new houses were built opposite Sunnyside Home. The circus people used to leave their kettles to be filled on the walls of the backyards of the Stepney Avenue houses.

Going back to the 1950s I remember that a small circus used to put on shows on the small piece of land now built upon on Seamer Road at the top of Mill Street.

LISVANE SCHOOL.

Many thought it a great shame when Lisvane School on Sandybed Lane was demolished about the year 2000 to build an estate on. Letters were sent to try and stop it but to no avail. It was said to have had the best Jacobean staircase in Yorkshire. One wonders where it went.

Originally it was called Rose Cottage, Springhill House and Sandybed Farm and was for a time the home of Mrs Nesfield of Scarborough's Nesfield Breweries. Not many know that the original Sandybed Lane did not follow the present Sandybed Lane. It was about 40ft away from it and passed the gates of Lisvane School and followed up cutting through the present Montgomery, Churchill and Roosevelt Flats. It could still be seen when Lisvane School was there and if one looks now there is still a small portion of it left.

SEAMER RAILWAY STATION

Until the 1960s Seamer Station was a very quiet place to be. The only houses were on Eastfield and a far cry from the Station of today with the large estates surrounding it.

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SEAMER RAILWAY STATION

Until the 1960s Seamer Station was a very quiet place to be. The only houses were on Eastfield and a far cry from the Station of today with the large estates surrounding it.

I worked there for a time in the early 60s and the bridge that crosses the lines was not there but a road which is there today but stops abruptly at the lines. Originally the gates were opened and closed by the signalman in the signal box by turning a very large wheel. I tried it once and one had to have the strength of a horse to turn it. The two signalmen were George Sollitt and Frankie Blades.

The new shelters on the platform nowadays don't offer much protection from the elements. There was a cosy waiting room on the platform with a door at either side and an old cast iron stove in the middle of the room which gave out some good heat.

The platforms you might notice have painted white lines along the edges. This is paint but when I was there it had to be done every day the length of the platform with white distemper which was mixed in a bucket and then applied with an L-shaped brush that painted the top and the side of the edge of the platform.

The booking office had three clerks working there in the room with the bay window facing the platform in the Station House. Mr Leonard the Stationmaster lived there as well.

Every Thursday morning Lady Downes from Wykeham Abbey arrived in her chauffeur driven Rolls and I used to go and open the door for her into the First Class compartment (steam trains then) and she always gave me 2/6d (12p) as a tip. I can see her now – very smart wearing the most beautiful mink fur cape.

One of the porters on the Station was a little chap called Andy Cunningham and he was with a bit of luck 5ft tall. He was a Scotsman and I have to say knew it all!! The other porter lived down the lane in one of the cottages. I am not sure who it was now after all this time but some of the railway staff got a little fed up with his know it all attitude and they picked him up and sat him in a pram that was on the platform and pushed him along the platform. As you can imagine he was not amused. He went by the nickname of "The Monarch of the Glen". He lived in the Locomotive Cottages on Londesborough Road.

Also every day there arrived on the trains baskets of pigeons which had to be set free and a clock set to the time they were released and then but on the next train to wherever the pigeons had come from. This then gave the pigeon owner the time it took them to arrive back home.

Further down the line was a ramp which lime used to arrive at brought in big lorries driven by a man called Seamarks. This then had to be tipped into the railway trucks and then the porters had to climb onto the trucks and cover it with large tarpaulins which weighed a ton. This was done in all weathers.

At the junction where the line goes off to Hull there is a crossing with a little crossing keepers cottage. Whether it is a private house now I am not sure but in the 60s it had no toilet –an outside earth one – and no running water. Every morning a railway lorry used to arrive at Seamer Station and two milk churns were filled with water and taken down to this cottage. That was their water for the day. The good old days?? Well in many ways they were.

BONFIRES

Bonfire night saw many fires in various parts of the town from the top of Falsgrave Park to the sands, but one amusing incident happened when a bonfire was had on the empty ground at the bottom of Grange Avenue which was originally the gardens to West Park Terrace and which during the war was the site for an underground air raid shelter. The year would be about 1955 and that day Jimmy Kent of Grange Avenue and the father of Ronald Kent was bringing on his trailer pulled by his car the Guy Fawkes for the evening's fire. As it went round Falsgrave roundabout it fell off the trailer and was left in the road. There wasn't much traffic in those days but it caused such a panic with passers-by as they thought someone had been knocked over and the police arrived etc etc. It made it to the Evening News where anyone interested can look it up.

RED HOUSE, SPRINGHILL LANE

For years Red House at the top of Red Hill or to give it its correct name Springhill Lane has been like a beacon to Scarborough. It can be seen from many locations in town. At one time it had a flag pole with the Union Jack proudly flying.

The house was built in 1864 by a chap called Simpson Thompson and in time it became the vicarage to All Saints Church which stood on Falsgrave with the Rev. Cheeseborough living there.

Many will have heard the tale that during the First World War spies were living there and flashing lights out to sea to the German subs. It is said that the police went up and the occupants had gone. I have to say that I have never come across any evidence to back this up. During the 1920s Mrs Mead lived there and bred Beddingtons and the land opposite which is now Parkfield Gardens also belonged to the house.

Red Hill then was only a rough track up with a large stone horse trough about half way down. The way to the house for carriages and cars was along Stepney Road and into Sandybed Lane and then turn up into Springhill Lane to the house. The house by the way was originally called Springhill House.

It has a well in its grounds which is still there and is about 10 ft deep or so and full of water but where the water comes from now is anyones' guess. Also there is an air raid shelter in its grounds in the trees. When my father worked after leaving school in the 1920s at Moseleys on Falsgrave with the bakehouse at the back of the shop – the entrance is still there in the lane at the back – he used to have to go up to Red House every morning with an ounce of potted meat which Mrs Mead had phoned the shop for. Every time he got there she would look at it and say “I think I ought to have a little bit more” and he used to have to go all the way back with this ounce of potted meat and add just a little bit more. It's to be remembered that an ounce of potted meat would only cover a tablespoon!!!

During the war Red House was damaged when a landmine landed in the area of the present Eskitt Hill on the night of the blitz – 18 March, 1941. Windows were blown out and chunks taken out of the wall. It also must have cracked the walls as when the house was renovated in 2002 it was found that the cellar was full of water.

CAMEO CINEMA

Today, Scarborough like most towns cannot boast of a wealth of cinemas but back in the 50s and 60s the town had the Futurist, Capital, Odeon, Londesborough, the Aberdeen Walk Picture House, later renamed the Gaiety and the Cameo. Not many will remember the Cameo as it lasted only a couple of seasons. It opened in 1959 and closed the following year. Where was it you ask. Well, if you remember Bar Church at the end of Aberdeen Walk and the site of the present Scene One night club you are there. The cinema was in a small church hall at the rear. To enter one went round the back of Bar Church and turned right and it was there. It was not exactly grand and at looking back I think it could have only held about a hundred at a guess, but it was entertainment and that was all that mattered.

RONSON'S VARIETIES

Back in the 1950s this Music Hall was opened in Huntriss Row by Ron Ronson and flourished for a time with the likes of Hettie King who trot the boards in the 1890s appearing there. It stood next to the passage-way that leads through to Vernon Road. I don't think that there is any trace of it today.

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THE FUTURIST CHILDRENS CLUB

Along King Street of late there has been much demolition and if one looked over the car park that over-looks the Futurist and gaze to the left you would have seen a large building boarded up very

much like a warehouse. Going back to the early 1920s this was used by the Futurist to hold parties for the children who went to the childrens' picture shows.

FIRST SUPERMARKET IN TOWN.

When the Londesborough Cinema was demolished in Westborough in 1961 (site of the present A-Z store and Mother Hubbard's fish restaurant) a supermarket was built there and went under the name of Masons. The manager was a man called Bowman who lived at the first house past the passage-way in Grange Avenue.

EGGY BO

Now that's a strange name I hear you say. To many older Scarboroughians it will bring back memories of the eccentric lady who lived in Milton Avenue who kept a donkey tied to the gas lamp outside of her house. This would be in the 1920s. She rode a bicycle with her umbrella tied to the side of it and was well known in town. She obviously did not like the Rowntrees family who owned the big department store (now the site of the Brunswick Centre) as daily she would go in and shout at the top of her voice, "Death to the Rowntrees". They don't make 'em like that anymore – or do they?

QUEEN MARGARET'S SCHOOL

The girls' school was situated on Queen Margaret's Road and during the Second World War the girls were evacuated to Castle Howard for the duration. The military moved in shortly afterwards. Now whether by chance or whether the Germans knew about the soldiers billeted there I don't know but on the night of the Blitz (18 March, 1941) a landmine scored a direct hit on the school. There had been a dance planned for that night where many Scarboroughians and military alike would have attended. Has it happened the soldiers had left that morning leaving the place empty. The outcome if they hadn't doesn't bear thinking about.

The only casualty was a 19 yr old Hull student who was billeted at the Villa Esplanade. He had been walking along Queen Margaret's Road when the landmine exploded. He suffered terrible injuries having been blown onto the railings. He died later that night in hospital.

Just after the war I and my friends used to play in the bombed out building. It was great fun roaming round the building and then just finding the corridors came to an abrupt drop. As a matter of interest when one went up the steps to the main doorway on either side of the door were a pair of lights. These lights are now on each side of the door of 9 Royal Crescent. The school was completely pulled down and now flats occupy the site.

GLADSTONE ROAD SENIOR BOYS SCHOOL

This all boys school was formed just after the Second World War and occupied the top part of the present Gladstone Road School. It was rather cramped even in the 50s and for games the lads used to walk up to Northstead playing fields and they also had their sports day there as well. For woodwork the little chapel at the junction of Hoxton Road and Trafalgar Street West was used. Mr Radcliffe was the woodwork master. For metalwork under Mr Brown the lads had to walk the length of Longwestgate to the old school right at the far end. In 1959 the Boys' High School moved to their new school which today is the Graham School. The Gladstone Road Senior boys moved into the old High School which took the name Westwood County Modern with its school motto of "By Wisdom and Courage".

When I was at Hinderwell School in the early 50s there was a ditty that did the rounds sung to the then popular "Happy Wanderer". Its words were :-

"I hate my school and teachers too, the classrooms and the sinks,
I hate the smell of Mr Catton and his bell and the dirty powdery inks".

In the infants under Miss Rhodes as Headmistress – Catton was the Headmaster of the juniors – all the pupils wrote with pencils and when their writing was considered neat enough they went onto nipped pens. These pens were made of wood coloured light blue with a nib on them which the pupils dipped into the ink pots – the ink made with powdered ink - hence the song – "The dirty powdery ink".

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Scarborough 1940 to 1941.

Written March 2006 by Winifred Cappleman, aged 97 for her son Peter.

World War Two commenced on the 3rd September 1939 and for some months nothing much happened apart from the deployment of troops etc, the issuing of ration books and identification cards. Then the bombing started and we were definitely at war. Naturally, living conditions got worse, also the bombing and the shortages so by the Autumn of 1940, after many letters from Grandma Cappleman (Annie) in Scarborough for me to take you three children (Brian, Peter and John) up to Scarborough where it would be so much safer than London. I decided to do that, I think it was soon after your birthday. With us came Louis (a Belgian refugee) who had been billeted on me in London, as he had nowhere to go. Dad had been called up for active service a month before the War was declared, as he was still on the Reserve after his army spell in India and was stationed at Aldershot.

We travelled up to Scarborough by train, a dreadful journey, packed with troops and all their kit bags and luggage and eventually arrived during the evening, tired and hungry and hoping for a night's sleep without any bombing. It was like heaven, a good meal and early to bed as we were exhausted. I can't remember the exact date when we got there but if it comes to mind, I will let you know. The next day was cold but sunny, I think it was a Tuesday and we went out for a walk all round and to Potters Lane (little did we know the bomb (and land mine) was going to drop there a few hours later). I still have the photograph of me sitting on a seat at the bottom of Potter Lane that morning, which Louis took. If it can be found, I will send it on. We spent a nice day and had tea, though you did not get any chips in bed that night, as the shop was not open. Granddad (George) did not open the shop on a Sunday and Mondays, he used to clean all the yard and equipment and go down to the Pier on Tuesday mornings to get fresh supplies of fish. We had taken you boys up to Scarborough on holiday several times before the War and as you remember, had a saucer of chips in bed with that mouth watering salt and vinegar but I think it is the taste of the dripping in which they were cooked which made them so yummy. Everyone cooked in dripping in those days. Oil only came in later in the War (not nearly so nice).

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I had got the three of you safely tucked up in bed by 7.30pm, all the rest of the family had gone out, Ena with her friend, Arthur with his friend, Granddad to his club and Grandma to clean the little church she belonged to in Sepulchre Street. Louis and I were sitting at the side of the kitchen range, a big old-fashioned range with a huge fire and extra large oven at the side, as previous to Dad's parents taking it to open as a fish shop, it had been a bakers shop and they baked all the bread and cakes in this

big oven. I was sitting in the low chair by the side of the fireplace with the writing pad on my knee, penning a few lines to Dad in Aldershot to let him know that we arrived safely and had written about two thirds of the page, when I suddenly heard a familiar sound of a bomb whistling down. Then I thought, it can't be a bomb as there has been no siren and no warning, the next thing, a terrible explosion. The lights all went out and everything was crashing down around. I was choked and smothered with soot and plaster. Louis was bleeding badly with glass from the windows through his face but I had to tell him to stay put as I had to get upstairs to see to you three children. Barrie (your cousin) was screaming his head off in the small centre bedroom upstairs, which used to be Alice's (Dad's sister) until she got married and lived in outer London (can't remember the name of the place). Good job it was dark and I couldn't see what the place was like, as there were bricks and tiles and rubble everywhere but I found the staircase. Fortunately, I could not see that the wall, which ran from the tip of the house to the ground, was split in half, overlapping the bottom by about 6 inches and could have collapse at any time.

I got to the bedroom where you Pete were in a double bed just inside the door, the door having been blown off its hinges and was on top of you. John was in the cot at the foot of the bed also with the door on top of him and Brian was on his own in another double bed in the far corner, with the roof and all the walls missing, the bed just resting on the corner of the floorboards and a sheer drop all round him. I only had the moonlight to see and do anything but apart from a few scratches from the broken glass on the beds, you were all safe and sound, though very frightened. I managed to get you to hang on to me while I found a small square of landing at the top of the staircase, where you stood like brave little soldiers holding on to each other while I went further along the passage to find Barrie, who was still screaming and very frightened. I got him out and he stood with you three boys on the little bit of landing. At that moment the rest of the family arrived back and had made their way in the space where the shop door used to be. They had a torchlight with them fortunately, so helped get us all down the staircase and into the shop, which was not totally wrecked and I found a wooden seat in there for you children to sit on while I looked for you day clothes and coats. Good job I was tidy and knew where I had put them though they needed a good shake out from the rubble etc. However, they were warmer than your pyjamas in October.

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By this time, we had bought Louis out of the kitchen area. The ambulance men were picking their way down over all the rubble and glass, covering almost the whole of Castlegate, as all the houses as far up as Longwestgate were in ruins. They couldn't get the ambulances down to Potter Lane, which had been totally destroyed, with not only the original bomb, which had dropped, but two minutes after that, a land mine on a parachute landed in almost the same place as the bomb and the explosion completely destroyed what was left and killed so many people. It was a complete shambles. The ambulance men took Louis to hospital on the sea front – they called it the Bathing Infirmary in those days - after I explained to them that apart from a few words, he didn't speak English, only French, as it made it difficult for them and the hospital.

We were told by the police to make our way, (picking through the glass and rubble the whole length of Castlegate and along Longwestgate and further on) to the church in Albermarle Street. I was so choked up with soot and plaster (and covered from head to foot with it) that we had to stop at a house on Longwestgate of a lady who Grandma knew and ask for a drink of water as I could hardly breath. We eventually arrived at Albermarle Church and were led down to a big dark dismal hall under the Church, where mattresses were laid out everywhere and families squatting on them clutching a few belongings and a blanket for warmth. We found a couple of mattresses and got as comfortable as it was possible and the wardens and volunteers brought us a hot drink and a sandwich, which was very acceptable and helped us to recover our thoughts etc after such a terrible

shock. We spent the night there with no more raids and next day Grandma got in touch with a Mrs Carvill, who with her husband, ran a boarding house on the North Marine Road, a tall four storey building, right next to the Fire Station, which I am sure you will remember. As the holiday season was well over and they had no boarders but plenty of empty bedrooms, she agreed to take us all in, as the Government were paying so much for each person housed. We stayed there for some weeks. Meanwhile, I think you went to school and as there was an empty four-storey house nearby called York House in Queens Terrace, the Council agreed to let the family take it over. Strangely enough, it actually belonged to a German but it had been unoccupied for two years, so was very dirty on the white paint (especially all the fancy banisters rails, which were unending in a four storey house) and it was me who had the job of cleaning it all, from top to bottom. Meanwhile, I had sent in a claim for compensation for Grandma for the loss of her furniture and effects, which took me ages. Eventually, she got £400 with which she bought all the necessary kitchen things and had salvaged quite a bit of furniture etc from Castlegate, even though some of it was badly pitted, with slivers of glass etc but was usable after a bit of treatment. I found a fresh place for myself, Louis and the children, and we finished up at no. 123, Seamer Road.

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The rest you know and five months after the bombing in Castlegate, York House received a direct hit on the 18th March 1941, strangely enough, 65 years to the day next Saturday. As you know, Granddad, Arthur, a soldier, and his wife and baby girl were also all killed while they sat round the fire, the bomb dropping between them as they sat in a circle round the fire. We knew another soldier was standing in the hall taking shelter until the raid was over but we never knew any details about him except that the blast burst his eardrums and he lost his hearing. Dad's brother Arthur (19) was not sitting in the circle with the others round the fire but was sitting on the other side of the room, - he had not gone out that evening because wanted to hear a programme on the radio by Robinson Cleaver playing an Organ Recital. Arthur was very keen on the organ and was having lessons and Robinson Cleaver was one of his favourite musicians. That was how it was that they found more parts of his body than the others but even so, it was three days later, after all that digging that they were found, just pieces of them and they were just put in sacks for burial. Dad had to go to the mortuary to identify Arthur as far as possible, as they had made a ball of rags and fitted pieces of his face and head around it – it must have been a terrible experience for Dad. As it was three days before the diggers found the body remains, it is proof that Granddad did not die in hospital from his injuries. By the way, Barrie was at the cinema with Grandma when the bombing took place and everyone was kept in there until early next morning.

The rest of the war story you all know from experience. We made a further trip to Scarborough in 1944 – to Mast Yard – but only for a few months, then decided to take our chances back in our own home at Firs Lane – it was like heaven after the flea-bitten place in Mast Yard, especially as you Pete, contracted impetigo. Thankfully, we all came through it safely but don't think we shall ever forget it.

FUNKY CAWOOD

The name possibly says it all!! He lived at the Wykeham Street end of Commercial Street and always went round the streets with a horse and cart. This was in the 1920s and my mother Frances Pottage as she was then in the 1920s remembered seeing him shoot his horse in the street presumably because it was lame or old?

.....

GAIETY (ABERDEEN) PICTURE HOUSE

As the 1960s arrived the cinemas found that they did not play to full houses and this was due to television that more and more people were turning to. They came up with many gimmicks and at the Gaiety they introduced Midnight Horror Shows which showed a lot of 1950s horror movies. I used to go with my pal Geoff Pearson and they were fun while they lasted. I think it was only a matter of a couple of years before they stopped it.

They also tried live shows and Mike and Bernie Winters once appeared on stage there.

The **CAPITAL CINEMA** tried live shows too. These were called CINE-VARIETIES and were every Sunday evening between the supporting and main feature film.

I always remember a lady singer of ample proportions in the bust region let's say. She came on dressed in a long evening gown, very low cut and her first song started with -as she spread her arms wide – "All I have is Yours". Well, you can imagine the reaction to that

The **ODEON CINEMA** was always a popular cinema and on a Saturday morning it was for children a treat as the queue stretched round into Hanover Road. Hopalong Cassidy, Buck Rogers, Gene Autrey and Roy Rogers flickered across that screen to shouts and whistles and boos.

The Odeon was not always used to show films. Sometime contests were held on stage and when the YoYo craze hit town lines of children would go up on stage and make their YoYos do the most wonderful things from Walk the Dog to Loop the Loop to Around the World. I have to say that it took me all my time to get it to go up and down let alone Around the World!

Westward County Modern School had their choir on stage to receive the many cups they won at the Eskdale Tournament.

And, as mentioned previously, the **FUTURIST CINEMA** had their childrens shows on a Saturday afternoon. Leslie Sturdy played in the interval on the organ as a screen came up with the words of the songs. His opening number was always, "Music, Music, Music"

Put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon
All I want is having you and music, music, music!
I'd do anything for you, anything you'd want me to
All I want is kissing you and music, music, music!

Closer, my dear come closer
The nicest part of any melody
Is when you're dancing close to me

Put another nickel in, in the nickelodeon
All I want is loving you and music, music, music!

Of course many versions were sung to this and one went "Put another nickel in, in old Charlie's treacle tin, and all I want to do to you is Murder, Murder, Murder".

FALSGRAVE PARK

Originally known as Springhill Wood this piece of land holds many secrets which are now being discovered. Tom Mutton and I along with Chris Hall and his archaeological society have discovered

well and well house some dating back to medieval time. For a full account of them see that society's newsletters.

I knew of 4 of the wells and Tom had gone down one only to discover it was about 100 feet deep. He took some wonderful photos of the well and it is dry. There are eight wells in the park – four have been found. One is known but at the time of writing it has not been opened or found as although known there is grass and soil on top of it making the exact spot hard to locate.

During the First World War soldiers were billeted in Green Gables and went up to the top of the park and practised digging trenches –if you look you can still see them as slight hollows in the ground. They also used the present play area as a target shooting range and up to the 1920s all the target boards were stacked in Green Gables yard.

During the early part of the century and up to about mid 1930s a bandstand was erected on the path – the third one up from the bottom – and this had been brought from Flagstaff Hill when that hill had been levelled. Flagstaff Hill stood in the north cliff gardens below the Floral Hall and which is now the site of the Bowling Centre.

Here in the park the band used to come and play and practise and one leading figure in the band was a Mr Dyer who lived on Paley Hill (Cambridge Place) and where the newish houses now stand in Paley Hill stood a large hall and the band used to play there as well.

The gates to the park were always locked after tea-at the top of Oak Road and at the top of the park but the other streets such as West Bank had styles where you could still get in.

Where the swings etc., are now was a tennis court and the Falsgrave Tennis Club used to play there. Mary Riby of 10 Oak Road was a member. The shelters which are now demolished were built for the use of the tennis players.

On top of the park horses used to graze. One half of it was always left to grow long.

The reservoir which is roughly 60ft deep was open on top to a depth of about 3ft and full of water and was used by the Amateur Sailing Club to sail their yachts.

During the Second World War on 18 March, 1941 Scarborough suffered a severe air raid that last going on 8 hrs with 98 enemy planes over. A parachute mine landed roughly where the present Eskitt Hill now stands and damaged the reservoir cracking it and that is why for many years there was much water running down the park. It is reported to be mended now but whether it is I am not sure as there still is much water in the park but maybe it comes from springs. The mine was meant no doubt for the Wireless Station that stood until the 1980s when Row Brow Court was built on Sandybed Lane.

In 1953 a tree was planted near the third path up to commemorate the Queen's Coronation but it was sadly vandalised in the late 50s.

There was a sandpit on your left as you entered through the gates at the top of Oak Road, and as you turned to go up on the right was an aviary where owls were kept but they were allowed out as they used to swoop down on unexpected people.

Of course there were the lovely delicate harebells that used to grow there and a favourite pastime with the children was the digging for yennets – groundnuts with a small tuber shaped nut and feathery leaf which had a peppery taste to them.

And to finish one cannot forget the very elegant lady who was a well known lady of the night who used the top shelter to ply her trade. Needless to say she was very popular with the local lads, but her business closed down when the police moved in on her – maybe they were sorry to see her go as well – who knows!!!!

The park keeper was little Johnny who used to lodge at the top house in Oak Road. Always very friendly with the boys is the only way to put it but he was well liked and kept the park immaculate. Today there has been much alteration with the removal of the hedges that surrounded the bed which have also gone. Trees have been cut down and steps and pathways made. It is popular with some but there are some who prefer the park as it was.

Tom Mutton – he works for the council - is an eager young man and his interest in the park is beyond reproach and I am sure he will come up with other ideas in the future.

LETTERS RELATING TO THE WAR.

**COPY OF LETTER FROM MRS ENA WILLIAMSON NEE CAPPLEMAN
OF 109 BRIARCLIFFE, SCARBOROUGH**

Dear Mr. Percy,

Many thanks for your letter. I am sorry I haven't replied sooner. I do hope you had some success in your recent enquiry to the museum of the Royal Medical Corps. Regarding news of Capt' Hugh Davidson Miller. It is very kind of you to pursue this matter, especially when you don't seem to get anywhere. I do appreciate and thank you, also for keeping me in the picture.

My brother, George Cappleman (who lives in Australia) was serving in the Royal Signals at the time of the bombing in 1941 and he was stationed on the North Side. He was on the scene within a few minutes of the bomb dropping, but was told my dad and brother were killed instantly, so they wouldn't be the ones ministered to in the wreckage, but a soldier and his wife and baby (Mr and Mrs Bigden) were in the house when it was bombed. Perhaps they were the ones. Mr Bigden was posted abroad and his wife had come up from London with the baby to spend a little time with her husband before he went and she was staying with us. An army policeman was at the house but was on the way out of the front door when the house was hit, he was a friend of ours but we lost contact and would be last to be in contact with my dad and brother, Arthur.

It was a miracle that my mum wasn't killed too, also myself and a friend of mine. My little nephew Barrie was evacuated from London and live with us. His father was at Scotland Yard – had a few days leave so decided at the last minute to come to Scarborough to see Barrie – he decided to take my dad out for a drink n the Monday night and my Mum and sister out on Tuesday night as he was going back on the Wednesday. My mum didn't like going to the pictures and it was after a lot of persuasion that she relented and was taken to the Odeon to see Deanna Durbin in a film. Had she not gone she would have been in the house too. My friend and I used to stay in on Tuesdays to wash our hair and have a nice bath – at York House we had the luxury of a large bathroom – but at the last minute my friend called for me and said we had been invited by 2 soldiers whom we knew to go to the Odeon too, so at 7pm off we went, but my mum and everyone thought we were still in the house and people were digging for us too. We came out of the Odeon and went to my friend's house down Bar Street as her mum had a family with small children billeted with her. They were from Hull and we helped them all down to the Air Raid Shelter opposite the Grand Hotel and saw them settled intending to go up to York House (1 Queens Terr) afterwards but we were prevented from leaving the shelter and it was 4.30am before we were allowed to leave. I never thought my Mum would get over all this, you may know we were moved into York House after being bombed out the previous October when we lived in Castlegate, so my poor mum lost 2 homes and had to start from scratch.

It was with God's help that she pulled through and live until 1966. Looking back God had protected my mother right through.

Do hope that you can read my scribble and can understand it. Hope you are keeping well. God bless you in all you do.

Kind regards from Ena Williamson.

**COPY OF LETTER SENT TO ME ON 13 FEB, 1991 FROM
IVOR REES, CANTON, LLANGSTUMDWS, GWINEDD,LL52 0SH TEL 0766 523207**

Dear Mr Percy,

Apologies! Life has been (still is) hectic.

I had hoped to get a neater away for you but time has beaten me (helped by some arthritis!).

So I enclose what I have got, hoping it will suffice. If you want anything detailed further, or help in any way please ask.

Some of my writings are more personal than book factual but I find it easier that way. I know you can sift as required.

All the best for your venture,

Ivor Rees.

SCARBOROUGH R.A.F. 1943 – 44

No 10 Initial Training Wing (I.T.W.), billeted at the Grand Hotel plus most or all of the smaller hotels on the opposite side of St Nicholas Cliff. I believe the Wing HQ was actually in the St Nicholes Hotel.

The cadets did much (all?) of their lessons above the then Burtons shop was on the corner of Newborough (or maybe the lower end of Westborough) and one of the streets going north – North Street?, St Thomas St?, Queen St?

No 11 I.T.W. billeted at the Prince of Wales Hotel, (Nos 2+3 sqds), Crown Hotel, (HQ and No 4 Squadron), Bramcote Lodge (No1 Squadron).

All lesson were in the Spa buildings so most days involved two trips down and two trips up. If you know the zigzag paths, you'll know why we never marched!

In common with all I.T.W's catering for pilots, navigators and bomb aimers (the correct term for the latter was Air Bomber) the lessons were in maths, navigation, armaments (mainly the Browning machine-guns used in planes), aircraft recognition, R.A.F. law, health and hygiene, Morse code etc.

No 11 also did swimming in the Aquarium swimming baths – a very basic building now flattened and landscaped for many years

It was likely that No 10 used this, as it was very near.

It was sited at the bottom end of Valley Road on the footbridge side of the junction with Ramshill Road.

No 11 also did Aldis lamp signallings while sitting in a public shelter on Prince of Wales Terrace, just in front of the cornered part of the hotel. The signaller would have his Aldis lamp in a sentry box type hut which was up the Esplanade and we had to write down what he was sending.

No 1 Squadron (Bramcote) did P.E. in the field behind Bramcote Lodge. Possibly the rest of No 11 Wing may have done the same.

No 1 Squadron played games (soccer, Rugby, Cross Country) further out towards Filey, but I cannot tell you where. I often wondered if we were on No17 Wing territory. We did walk to it so it wasn't very distant. Again, the rest of No 11 Wing may have used the same area.

One thing that No 1 Squadron had all to itself was its parade ground. We did our foot drill (square bashing!) just off the Filey Road on a very wide Belvedere Road (I think it was Road), only a few yards from Bramcote Lodge. This was usually taught by a small Scotsman, Corporal Mann, very efficiently.

All the 11 Wing cadets had rifle drill under senior N.C.Os of the R.A.F. Regiment. This was on or near the prom in the Esplanade Gardens area.

Clay pigeon shooting was done somewhere on the wooded slopes overlooking the railway leaving Scarborough for York. I assume that all three Wings would share this facility, but I really don't know

The armourers (gun specialists) were in a semi-cellar near the Esplanade on the road known as Esplanade Gardens. The air crew cadets could go there in their own time to strip and re-assemble the Browning 303 machine guns. We also had our oval tests (on armaments) there.

No 17 I.T.W. Scarborough College.

I presume that this Wing was self contained as a college would be big enough and would have most or all required facilities – classrooms, dormitories, halls etc.,

While No 10 seemed like neighbours to us at No 11, I feel that I never knowingly met anyone from No 17. I have always assumed that the town itself might have been a bit distant for the college lads with the possible exception of Saturday nights. In any case, this only what I felt

Bramcote Lodge.

I was told that this had been a boarding school for very young pupils. For size of the lavatory pans, I would not argue with that. The picture I sent you was taken in the field at the rear. (Where we did P.E.).

The large houses opposite housed W.A.A.F.s – cooks etc. The food at Bramcote was excellent.. After finishing our course, we went on seven day's leave. On return, we found ourselves in the Prince of Wales Hotel where the food, while eatable, was very disappointing.

The Prince of Wales Hotel.

This housed Nos 2 and 3 Squadrons. Our disappointment at the food there on getting back from leave was compensated for by the fact that the female part of Leeds Teacher Training College had been moved into the Red Lea Hotel which was next door, on Prince of Wales Terrace.

I would think that No 4 Squadron would also dine at the Prince of Wales Hotel as the dining room was enormous and they were very close.

The Crown Hotel.

No 4 Squadron, plus the Wing H.Q. were billeted there. I only visited it twice. Once to get a drum kit for a little dance band we had started at Bramcote and then return the same.

It was typically an H.Q. – polished floors and bags of bull!

I am pretty sure that each squadron had fifty cadets and that each Wing had four squadrons. At full strength, that would be 200 in each squadron and 800 in each Wing. Again this is supposition, although Scarborough did seem to be awash with the white flashes we aircrew cadets wore on our caps.

By the time I got there things were obviously not at full steam, as there seemed to be only one other Flight with us at Bramcote in No 1 Squadron.

Maybe that was the full complement? I don't know. When A flight moved out, their rooms were occupied by cadets who had been one stage further – to Elementary Flying Training School – and had been graded as to what they were going to specialise at – pilots, navigators or air bombers.

They had come to us on "hold" as the training pipelines were getting slightly choked.

With the exception of a few serving airmen who had re-mustered from ground trades, aircrew cadets at I.T.W.s had only been in uniform for three to four weeks – that time having been spent getting documented and uniformed at Lords Cricket Ground, while billeted in (former) luxury flats in St Johns Wood. In our photo there are only four serving airmen

The next stage for us would be Elementary Flying Training School. After our post-leave return to Scarborough, we went to E.F.T.S. at Desford, Leicestershire.

For the most part there were few soldiers in Scarborough, but a fair number of naval types were billeted there, while stationed at that massive area of wireless masts to the west.

The soldiers I noticed were billeted around the Prince of Wales Terrace/Esplanade Gardens area, and in the hotels etc on Belmont Road.

As we aircrew were vacating the town, it was obvious that the Royal Signals were moving in. I can tell you no more than that.

There were some excellent Saturday dances with R.A.F bands on the south shore (Foreshore Road) – probably at the Olympia.

**LETTER RECEIVED ON 5 AUGUST, 1991 FROM
MRS MARJORIE GREEN, 2 DERWENT MANOR, HACKNESS ROAD, SCARBOROUGH**

Dear Mr. Percy,

Thank you for your interesting letter. Enclosed is the snap you require, plus the account in the Evening News. I do not need either of them again.

Sorry I haven't any more snaps of the war – I didn't take any when the bomb bounced over my house in 1941, and half the house fell down. According to the media it was one stick of bombs that fell harmlessly on some allotments. Any my house was 5 yards from the crater!!

We were evacuated all the winter until the house was made fit to live in.

Then the worst raid Scarborough had was on March 18, 1941 and I was in a nursing home on Westward where my son was born on March 6th. What excitement!! Especially when all the babies started to cry at 10pm because they were hungry.

Mothers and babies had been carried down to a shored-up basement.

All the best with your new book.

Yours sincerely,

Marjorie Green.

NB- The raid which Mrs Green refers to when the bomb fell within 5yds of her house occurred on 27 December, 1941.

**LETTER RECEIVED FROM MRS DOROTHY PONSFORD OF
98 HIGHLAND TERRACE, NR. CULLOMPTON, DEVON. ON 15 MAY, 2000**

Dear Mr. Percy,

On reading my May edition of "Yours", I saw your letter re- the bombing of Scarborough. It brought back memories to me. During the war my sister was in the W.A.A.F.S. and stationed in Scarborough. She picked up with a soldier who lived there and he had compassionate posting in Scarborough as his mother (a widow) had her leg off in the bombing. She and her sister lived in Commercial Street and they were sat under the stairs during the raid and fire broke out, and the blast took her leg off and her sister's leg. One lost the right leg and the other the left leg and her sister was nursing her little girl and she was killed by water and think the blast burst the water tank over them.

My sister married the fellow and lived in Scarborough till she died a few years ago. Her husband was called Jim Crisp and his mother was Mabel Hammond and when they used to come home on holidays they always brought the old lady (Mabel Hammond) with them.

I am wondering if that was the same bombing raid that Captain Hugh Davidson Miller was awarded the George Medal for rescuing trapped people? As I had never heard about that until I read your letter in Yours Mag.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs Dorothy Ponsford.

NB. This is the raid on 18 March 1941 and talking to Margaret Shaw nee Willis whose mother was one of the sisters mentioned in Mrs Ponsford's letter she doubts the water tank bursting but the house did catch fire and her mothers leg and possibly the other sister's leg were burnt off.

**LETTER RECEIVED FROM MRS DOROTHY PONSFORD OF
98 HIGHLAND TERRACE, NR. CULLOMPTON, DEVON. ON 15 MAY, 2000**

Dear Mr Percy,

I am sorry for the delay in answering your letter but life is a bit hectic and I have been away. I don't remember too much of my 3 months or so in Scarborough although I know that I enjoyed being there.

I was in No 3 Flight of No 3 Squadron, 10 Initial Training Wing which was based in the Grand Hotel. We (3 Flight) were billeted in the St Nicholas Hotel but we went across to the Grand for lectures and meetings. We also had lectures in navigation, maths, etc., in nearby rooms above the Burton Tailoring Shop.

As I told Ivor Rees we did Aldis Lamp signalling training on the balcony of the Grand Hotel and our instructor had a colleague out on the end of the pier and we communicated with him.

Our rifle drill was carried out on the open square between the hotels and anyone who dropped his rifle was made to run around the square holding his rifle above his head! You never dropped your rifle a second time!!

On one occasion we were taken up to an old castle or fortress on an elevated site and were taught to shoot clay pigeons.

Every potential aircrew member had to be able to swim – I think it was 50yds – and we went to a small indoor swimming baths nearby. Because it was wartime nobody had a bathing costume so we all swam in the nude! Our P.T. Sergeant said we were not a pretty sight.

At low tide army lorries were driven along the hard sand at a moderate speed – I suppose about 20 mph and soldiers had to jump off the rear in quick succession in what we presumed was early practice for parachute landing.

We played a few games of rugby (inter-squadron and inter-wing) on fields which were a few miles away, as I recall.

We arrived in Scarborough towards the end of November, 1943 and left 3 months later.

I enclose a photo of our Flight in case it is of use to you, but I would appreciate its return. We had 3 Free French members, on the extreme left of the front and second rows and the one third from the left in the third row. They wore navy blue uniforms.

I am 5th from the left in the front row.

Following our ground training at I.T. W. our Flight was posted to E.F.T.S. (Elementary Flying Training School) at Shillingford near Oxford where we flew Tiger Moths.

I am sorry I have nothing more interesting to offer.

Yours sincerely

Brian Tashara

LETTER RECEIVED FROM MR, GWYNN NELSON GRIFFITHS OF 8 COASTGUARD COTTAGES, BUCKLE DRIVE, SEAFORD, EAST SUSSEX ON 3 DECEMBER, 1991

Dear Mr Percy,

I was so very pleased to receive your letter. I did not know that the Evening News had printed my letter and so was doubly pleased.

I will try and to give you some background to my stay in Scarborough, I joined the 161 R.A.C. Regiment Green Howards, straight from my training regiment, in October, 1943. The show was held in March, 1943. I was one of 3 soldiers who joined the St. Martins Players a local group attached I believe to St. Martins on the Hill. I have since visited the church and they have told me that they do not now have a drama club.

I was billeted in the Wessex Hotel (now Wessex Court) in a small back room over looking two roads where we parked our vehicle. The Cumberland Hotel was our Medical Centre. Further along the road the R.A.F. were in the Crown Hotel where I stayed recently. My stay in Scarborough was a very happy one except I remember the extreme cold. I purchased a flowerpot and candle in the town to try to warm the room. The people in the town were very friendly and of course we were a County Regiment. In particular I remember a Miss Maisie Graham a lady who owned a rather fine house and who gave "musical evenings". I was invited there on many occasions. Whenever possible I visited either peoples homes, the cinema or the Opera House, which had very 3rd rate touring shows. (One I can remember was called "Scandals of Nineteen Naughty Three". ENSA shows at that time were not present in Scarborough.

One unhappy incident was a murder. From what I can remember a girl was found strangled in the inspection pit of a garage used by the army. I remember doing Guard Duty at this garage and being called out in the night presumably because of an air raid. Detectives came down to Trowbridge to question some of us but I do not remember hearing of the outcome. (I am certain that you can check these facts but of course it is a long time ago). Thank you for mentioning Charlie Chesters show. I met him briefly with my good friend John Boulter when he took me to the inauguration of Prince Charles, as a Water Rat, John Boulter speaks fondly of Scarborough as he did a season with the Black and White Minstrals at the Futurist after the run of 7 years in London at the Victoria Palace. If I do not enclose the photo with this letter it is only because I have not got a large enough envelope. I will most certainly let you have it and any info I can give you.

Sadly many of the soldiers billeted in Scarborough did not survive the war. For me Scarborough was a happy time-friendly people, football on the sands, dancing at the Royal Hotel, and an occasional invitation to tea at the now demolished Pavilion Hotel.

One again thank you for writing to me, I am most grateful.

Yours sincerely, G Griffiths.

NB – the murder he refers to happened in the garage in Vine Street. The murderer was never found and it was rumoured that it was a local man whose name I cannot print here.

A LITTLE INFO FROM MR TOM (PAT) ROWLEY OF COOKS ROW 1991

The Emulator H468 (trawler) came from Hull originally and was bought and registered as SH83 in August, 1927 by F. Wood of Burniston. It was broken up in 1960.

It was built by Mackie and Thomson in Glasgow 1899. The length was 104ft by 21 beam and 10ft by 7.

Drought. Triple expansion 40hp. Owner F. Harrison, Scarborough.

Crew 1940.

Alf Cox – Skipper, Frank Eade – Mate, Tommy Wilson, Tom King, Tom Rowley – deckhands, Bill Carsay – 3rd hand, George Skelton, George Doy – engineers, Jack Skelton – fireman, G. Whittleton – cook.

With above crew they were fishing off the Firth of Forth when German planes were laying mines by parachute. One dropped between Persian Empire and Emulator and exploded on hitting the water so close to the Emulator that the boiler tubes were extensively damaged. The ship was towed to the River Tyne to have new tubes fitted and was estimated to take 4 months.

The Pride GY 846 was built in 1916 as the Challenger and renamed Pride in 1920. It had a Grimsby owner then and at one time was owned by Guthrie of Scarborough.

It was blown up just leaving Scarborough harbour after hitting a mine on 16 October, 1940. All on board were killed.

CAPTAIN HUGH DAVIDSON MILLER ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS OF SIGNALS.



Captain Hugh Davidson Miller – was billeted in town with the Royal Army Medical Corps of Signals and in the Blitz (18 March, 1941) showed great courage by crawling under the wreckage of bombed York House, 1 Queens Terrace to administer morphine etc to those trapped and dying. For this he was awarded the George Medal. The following is a letter from his eldest son Robin.

Robin Miller
Sunflower Cottage
Devon
(I have omitted the full address)

Dear Richard,
Thank you for your telephone call concerning my father. It has taken me sometime to collect all the information.
Like you I tried to find the original citation concerning his George Medal and my search took me to Aldershot to the RAMC Headquarter's Library, but unfortunately they were unable to help. Then in 2005 the British Medical Journal published article on "Doctors at War" and in that article they mentioned that 3 George Medals had been awarded to doctors serving in the Armed Forces during World War Two. They were able to tell me that one was awarded to my father. They did not know why as they were unable to trace the citation.
I then contacted the Imperial War Museum in London who were extremely helpful and I was able to research various books concerning the awards to people who had been awarded the George Medal. As a result I now have the original citation for my father.
My father was born on 29 September, 1909 at Ballochmorriek, Kirkcudbrightshire and some time later his parents moved to Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. He had 3 sisters. His father, who was a market gardener, died when he was 12. He went to school at Uddingston Grammar School and left there at the age of 16, in 1925. He won a scholarship to Glasgow University to study Medicine. He spent 6 years at Glasgow and finished top of his year winning various certificates and medals for his outstanding work. Whilst at University, he used to play soccer for Hamilton Academicals as an amateur for several years until he left University. He qualified in April, 1932.
After University he left Scotland to join my grandfather's practice in Hebburn in 1932 and married Moire Jean Lindsay (my mother), the daughter of my Grandfather on 4 June, 1936. I was born on 30 April, 1938, just before the outbreak of war.

In January, 1940 he joined the Army and was initially stationed at Catterick, where he was attached to the 1st Holding Battalion of the Royal Corps of Signals.

At some stage he was billeted at Scarborough as I remember being there, but the reason why he was sent there I do not know. But, I do remember that we used to go boating on a lake there and also that we were not allowed on the beach as it was mined and had barbed wire all along the front.

It was on 17 March, 1941 that he was awarded the George Medal (it is here that the date is wrong both on his citation and in Robin's letter as it was 18 March, 1941) and the George Medal was awarded to him by King George VI on 17 June, 1941 at St James's Palace.

As a result of the injuries he received in the incident he was barred from active service and would have been discharged on medical grounds from the Army but he insisted that he could still do medical work for the Army in a limited capacity. (A beam had fallen on him when he was under the wrecked house).

He was then attached to the DDMS based just outside Northallerton for the remainder of the war and became Medical Officer for various POW camps around Northallerton and Thirsk. As a result we as a family moved to a small village, Coxwold and lived in a rented cottage (I presume) for the rest of the war. At the end of the war he returned to Hebburn where he practiced with my grandfather. He retired on the grounds of ill health because of his previous back injuries on 31 March, 1967. He then moved to Mallorca where he and my mother had 3 years together before he suffered a cerebral aneurysm in February, 1970. I was then working in Edinburgh in hospital and I flew out to bring him home. He was admitted to the Department of Neurosurgery at the Western General Hospital in Edinburgh. Unfortunately there was nothing that could be done to help him. He died on 9 March, 1970.

Funnily enough during the whole of his life he never once mentioned to anyone that he had been awarded the George Medal but I gather that this is not unusual as I know that my uncles would never talk about their war experiences. Perhaps the memories were too painful to recall.

I am enclosing the original citation, The London Gazette, and various newspaper cuttings also photos which I would be grateful if you could return after you have copied them. If there is any further information that you would like please let me know.

Kind regard. Robin.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BOMBING OF BURNISTON **BY MRS HURD.**

My recollections of the morning of 26/27 June, 1940 are that we had been awakened either by the siren of the bombs and my mother and I went downstairs to sit beside the chimney breast as that was one of the recommended places before the table shelters were issued. Before my father who was an air raid warden could get dressed and downstairs other wardens or helpers were coming over the back garden to tell him that damage had been done to the village.

When he arrived home he told us bombs had been dropped on Boundary House, The Anchorage, Miss Scott's house, Burniston Farm and behind Granville House.

Before going to work in Scarborough I went to Cloughton on the bus to see the damage at Burniston Farm and I remember from the front of the house (approaching from Scarborough) no damage was obvious, but on the way to Scarborough the gable end was damaged as the photo shows. The left hand side room at the back was a large walk-in pantry, then the stairs to the back bedrooms and a large kitchen.

Mr and Mrs Hurd were sleeping at the front of the house. In the back bedroom were Mr Hurd's son Kenneth – my later husband- Mr Burnett and Mr Hodgson who had to make their way amongst

broken glass etc. down the front stairs as the house had been lifted and dropped and doors were jammed. The house was unsafe and was demolished within a week or so.

Mr Arnott was injured at Boundary House – these houses were demolished and replaced by bungalows.

The Anchorage – Helen and Phoebe Marshall.

Sunnyside – Angeline and John Morris.

Boundary House – Thomas and Eliza Arnott.

Granville House – John and Cathleen Beadle.

Burniston Farm.

Nine bombs damaged 5 cottages.

FALSGRAVE ROAD

Until the 1970s Falsgrave was a select shopping centre that many people used instead of going down into town. I suppose some still do that but it had an atmosphere all of its own.

There were many various shops and the owners used to live above them and not like today when we see bedsits the whole length of the road.

The road itself was much narrower and had grass and trees the whole length. The roundabout with the toilets and the police box outside Falsgrave School and now the bed warehouse gave it a special feel.

Many will remember Captain Boyle who lived at 3 Westbourne Park. A gentleman if ever there was one but of course in those days there were gentlemen and ladies about and not like today when tends to see the other clique first. He had the most wonderful yacht in his widow which would have been about 5ft in length and about 3ft high. I don't remember him living with anyone in that very big house. He always wore a straw boater and white spats and white jacket and every day one could see him on the seats under Falsgrave School clock. Of course the girls at Falsgrave School always said he was there to chat up them up but this was complete rubbish.

Going back to the 1920s or so what became Falsgrave Post Office and which closed in the 1990s was the Police House and at the back what is now a garage was where Falsgrave's Fire Engine was kept.

Next door to what was Davison's Newsagents on the corner and his now Wiseman's Newsagents was a garage with an old petrol pump outside. It is now a Chinese restaurant. I often wonder when passing if the big petrol tank is still under the ground.

Where the Spar supermarket is was a passageway that led down to some very old cottages. These were called Mile End Cottages and up till recently the name was on the wall at the side of the Spar Supermarket. They were called Mile End Cottages as it was one mile from the Market to these cottages.

Going round onto Avenue Road and to the Dark Arch the house at the top is very interesting.

Known as Westover Lodge, Rose Cottage, Springhill House in its time it is totally different to its original design. No one knows the exact date of it but it was certainly there in the 1840s when the railways inspector lived there. Next came Dr Rooke whose diary from the 1860s give wonderful information of his family and the alterations he did to the house with an end result one sees today except when it was bought by the Todd family in the early 1970s they – and I have to say it – destroyed its character. They pulled down all the ornate interior and staircase and what was the cellar they filled with soil and rubble. The present owners Kate and Tony Flinton got in touch with me and I told them about the cellar which they had no idea was there and Tony was abit disbelieving but I told them where the entrance had been and low and behold when they took the floorboards up there was the staircase down. It is lucky they did as it was full of water. When the Todds dug the gardens up and concreted everything they had presumably blocked the drainage ditches that Dr Rooke had made to allow the natural springs to run away.

It has taken Kate and Tony an awful lot of work to get the cellar back to its original state without the water.

It is a strange cellar under the oldest part of the house as it is built on huge boulders and not bricks or stone as one might think.

The house is haunted and I remember when the Todds were there what was Mrs Todd's bedroom had originally been the breakfast room and 2 dogs used to lay their heads on the bed. Dr Rooke had dogs and it is supposed that they are his. Childrens' laughter can be heard and again they could be Dr Rookes.

Until the Todds moved in the land to the house stretched way up Westover Road to the old Quaker burial ground and it was a well stocked orchard that we as children used to climb over the walls to sample the delicious pears and apples.

There was also Sunshine Castle at the side of the road (Westover Road) and this belonged to Dr Rooke's house and it was where he made his mixtures and pills. Earlier though the well laid out gardens had been open to the public and ladies and gentlemen would visit on a balmy evening and stroll through them looking at the varied and interesting flowers.

This castle was demolished in the 1970s and with it another wonderful part of Scarborough's history.

It is still an on-going thing trying to find the date of the house. We know it was there before the railways arrived in 1845 as the land then ran all the way down to the Valley and the railway company bought the land off the owners. One day it will all come to light and the mystery will be solved.

SCARBOROUGH RAILWAY STATION

Up until the late 1960s and into the 1970s the Railway Station was a hive of activity with many trains running in and out all day long – in fact during the summer months 200 excursion trains each with about 10 or more carriages would steam into the station. Steam had more or less been replaced by diesels by the late 1960s but one or two steam trains could still be seen. It might be a wonder to younger people just where the carriages all went. Well there was Gas Down and Gas Up – sidings where the carriages were shunted to be small steam and later diesel shunting engines. They stay there until they were needed and then shunted back to the platforms. Of course there was Londesborough Road Excursion Station and this was in use until 1965. This station was also used for troop trains and many is the time in the 1950s when I have stood and watched soldiers and their equipment marching up Londesborough Road on their way to Burniston Barracks. Back in the 1950s my mother ran the Londesborough Road Refreshment Room and often by herself and it used to stay open until midnight in those days. She then had to come in the dark over the railway lines to the main station to take the days takings in.

During the war the Military took over Londesborough Road Station and it became their NAAFI. Later after the war the Scarborough Amateur Operatic Society did their rehearsing there if the weather was bad.

Scarborough Station unlike these days was covered completely over and stretched as far as the Falsgrave Signal Box. It also had three times as many platforms..

W.H. Smith had there shop on the platform just in the main entrance and to the right. Of course no one could just walk onto the platform in those days. One had to pay one old penny which they got from a platform ticket machine. This was then shown to the ticket collector at the gate and he punched it and of course it was shown again when one came off the platform.

The number of staff was impressive – porters, footplate men, engine drivers, guards, shunters, signalmen, P-Way men, gangers, the men who changed the paraffin in the lights on the signal

gantrys, wheel tappers (to see if the wheels had over-heated), parcel office clerks, book boys in the signal cabins, and many more. The Station Master ruled supreme and unlike today where all the staff look the same he would look resplendent in his uniform and one immediately knew who what his position was.

There was the Station Signalbox, Falsgrave Signalbox, Washbeck Signalbox, Gasworks Signalbox (stood roughly opposite Mount Cottages on Seamer Road and near to the Engine Sheds which were there as well) and then onto Seamer and Seamer West Signalboxes.

The first train in during the 1960s was the mail train at 5.30am. This came onto platform 1 and it was packed solid with parcels etc. These were all loaded onto large carts and there was in those days a battery operated machine called an EEL which was steered by the plate that your feet were stood on. If one wanted to go left the porter driving it put more pressure on the left side and it turned left. This could pull about about 6 or 7 carts into the Parcels Office which in Victorian days had been the waiting room and the way out was up the passage way which is still there today but belongs to the Tile shop opposite Westborough Church.

The Parcel Office was still Victorian in the 1960s as was the Station itself being lighted by gas lamps. There were roaring fires in the parcel office and one has to say that the chap in charge Cyril Addison was the most dreadful person and was not liked one bit – although I am sure someone must have loved him. He treated everyone as though they were below him. He lived on Prospect Mount Road.

When the parcels were brought into the Parcels Office they had to be sorted and all around the two large rooms where districts such as Westborough, Falsgrave, Sandside and so on. Parcels for these destinations were put in their respected districts. They then had to be recorded and the clerks sat at a desk whilst the porters read out the labels – “Ledger One, 234533, Rowntrees, Westborough” as an example. They then had to be re-packed onto the carts and this usually took about 2 to 3 hours to get through the load. They were then taken outside to await the van men who arrived at about 8.30 –9am. They drove Scammells which were 3 wheeled vehicals with a large trailer at the back. There was also ordinary lorries but whichever they all had to be packed with the various districts to be delivered so the poor porter had packed and re-packed those parcels and some were very heavy 5 times.

Large boxes of fish came as well and they went into the fish house where the smell is to be imagined. When they were collected the carts and the fish house had to be hosed down to get rid of the smell.

The Parcels Office was just not for goods coming in. It was well used by the local firms or by passengers who wanted to send their luggage in advance or to save them having to carry it. It was weighed and then went on the next available train and in those days carriages had large goods vans. One can tell how big these goods vans were as elephants once arrived in them and then the poor porters had the job of cleaning them out. One remembers little Louie Orr who worked in the Refreshment Rooms on the station being given that job. She was only just over 5ft tall and there she was with this large shovel cleaning out after the elephants.

Today all is different – good or a bad thing? – well it depends I suppose.

GLADSTONE LANE MEWS COTTAGE AND STABLES SOLD

My Great Grandfather Thomas Pottage was a cab proprietor and his home and stables were in Gladstone Lane about 20 yards on the left going up from Gladstone Road. It is still there and one can see that it has been a house in its time. Today it is some type of car parts factory.

In 1896 my Great Grandfather died of TB and my Grandfather John Pottage took over. However, he obviously did not want this property because the papers show advertise that it is to be sold by auction. Here is the piece out of the evening paper.

“To be sold by auction by Mr James Clarke at the George Hotel on Friday, 21 February, 1896 at 8.o.clock in the evening precisely.

All the cottage with coach house and stable adjoining situate in Gladstone Lane and now in the occupation of Mr. John Pottage.

The property is of a useful and desirable description suitable for a cab drive, milk seller, builder or anyone desiring central and convenient premises.

For further particulars apply to the Auctioneer, 9 Eastborough or to Watts, Kitchen and Donner, Solicitors, 38 Queen Street.”

ZEPPELINS OVER YORKSHIRE

Although no Zeppelin raids occurred over Scarborough during the First World War, although they were seen over the town and the air raid warnings were given, they were cruising around in the sky over the surrounding district and dropping bombs.

On 23 April, 1915 a Zeppelin was seen off the Yorkshire coast by a trawler off Flamborough heading in an easterly direction at 4am.

Throughout 1915/16/17 they could be heard prowling through the clouds.

In 1916 a Mr Fletcher of Raleigh Street who was a well know businessman having his shop in North Street decided to leave Scarborough and live in another place. That place was visited by Zeppelins in the May and his daughter was killed and sister injured.

There was an outcry in the June of 1917 when the popular magazine “Home Chat” when discussing Lady Irene’s marriage it went on to state that “When the Zeps’ came to Scarborough some time ago a bomb was dropped in the gardens of Londesborough Lodge” It was flatly denied that “There has never been a Zepp’ or any other aircraft bomb dropped in Scarborough”.

The nearest bombs dropped by a Zeppelin was at Seamer and Cayton.

SUBMARINE ATTACK

The German attack by warship in 1914 is well documented as is the attack by a German submarine on 6 September, 1917 but the damage to property is not fully known. Here is the full list of properties in the town that were damaged in that 1917 raid

KILLED

Thomas Temple Pickup (64) cabinet maker at Tonks of 2 Queens Terrace –killed near the Rose and Crown Pub.

J W Perry (47) from Manchester injured on Foreshore Road.

Mrs Elizabeth Swift (39) 108 Hoxton Road, wife of P.C. Swift. Standing at her front door when shell hit house opposite.

INJURED

Alice Appleby (17) 8 Whitehead Hill.

F. Hartley (47) Eastborough.

Mrs Rea 145 Longwestgate.

Mrs Fanny Beswick 109 Victoria Road.

Charles Bray 110 Hoxton Road.

DAMAGED PROPERTY

1/3/4/5 and St. Wilfreds, Albert Row.

St Hildas, Queen Street.

107/108/110/111/112/113/116/117 Hoxton Road.
4 Cambridge Street.
109 /111 Victoria Road.
23 New Queen Street.
17 St Nicholas Street.
1 James Street.
19/23 Foreshore Road.
64 and 64a St Thomas Street.
Post Office Tavern, Eastborough.
6/8/41 Eastborough.
Rose and Crown Pub, Albert Row.
Railway Station.

This damage was really nothing compared to the 1914 raid when over 300 properties in town were damaged.

GUARDS ARMoured DIVISION

This Division was formed in 1941 and moved to the Scarborough area in August, 1943. No tanks were allowed in Scarborough proper but some tracked vehicles which had been fitted with rubber instead of steel tracks were parked in St Martins Square and Trinity Road. At one time there were over 100,000 men on exercises on the Wolds and after these exercises conferences were held in the Futurist which went on from 10am to 5pm. There was not enough room to billet all the troops in town but two infantry battalions from the Rillington area used to take turns and turn about in billets on North Marine Road. There was an Officers Mess in Grosvenor Crescent and a Quatermasters Store in Albion Road.

THE RED HOUSE, SPRINGHILL LANE

I have already mentioned the Red House and to many older Scarboroughians the tale of spys signalling to German ships from Red House has circulated around town all this time.

It was always thought of as a tale really but not so. It was very real and the owner of the house at that time was very upset over the matter that she wrote a letter to the Scarborough Mercury and also to the War Office. Here is the piece as quoted and dated 29 January, 1915.

“The Red House Mystery, War Office and Mrs Chatt, letter expressing “much regret”.

We have received the following letter from Mrs A.B. Chatt.

Dear Sir,

As late tenant of The Red House, Falsgrave Park, Scarborough, I was subject to much annoyance owing to untrue statements respecting my nationality. On three occasions the house was searched by the military authority and on the last occasion they also went through my private books, papers and letters.

The only reason I was given as to any cause for suspicion was that the house was situated on the top of a hill and close to the Wireless Station. I would point out that I occupied the house for some years before the Wireless Station was erected. In justice to myself I should be glad if you would publish a copy of a letter received from the War Office reading as follows :-

“I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 17 November, concerning which I have made enquiries. I am directed to express much regret that you should have been put to any inconvenience or should have been annoyed by the inquiries which were made with regard to your house.”

The police were voluntarily given every facility to look over the house and expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied.

As an Englishwoman with a son in the Army, the annoyance became unbearable and my only remedy was to communicate with the War Office and have the matter cleared up.

Yours etc., (Mrs) A.B. Chatt, Newham Grange, Stockton-on-Tees Jan 25, 1915.

Mrs Chatt has forwarded for our inspection the original letter from the War Office. Mrs Chatt took possession of The Red House in Spring, 1910 and the Wireless Station was erected in 1911.

FORGE VALLEY COTTAGES

These picturesque cottages stood alongside the River Derwent roughly opposite the Old Mans Mouth and which is a car park to day. They used to sell afternoon teas etc to the visitors and were sadly pulled down just after the Second World War.

I received a letter from Mrs N Jenkinson of 1 Kendalls Dwellings in St. Mary's Street some years ago after I wrote about them in the Top Trader. Here is the short letter that she sent me.

Dear Editor,

After the competition and picture of Forge Valley Cottages then the write up, I was surprised you did not mention Mr. R. Caddy the dentist, Westborough who was a great figure in his years.

They had the end cottage for a long while, I know because I was their house maid for years – 1934 to 1939 when war broke out. I used to cycle out to work when they went for weekends.

Many happy memories.

Mrs Jenkinson.

FOOTBALL CLUBS

The Saturday League Football Club used to play out at Seamer and held their meetings at the Westleigh Hotel, Westborough. A few names come to mind – George “Busker” Bailey, Dick Candler who lived n Stepney Avenue, George Burns and Jimmy Tindall.

The Wednesday League always played on the ground now occupied by Sandybed Court Flats on Sandybed Lane.

HOLE FOUND IN CELLAR

It was during building work at a house in Tuthill in 1983 that a hole in the cellar which was being used as a basement kitchen was discovered. It was thought to be either a well or a tunnel. It was a 7ft deep bricked shaft which was full of water and silt. The house in question was 11 Tuthill.

An expert from the Rotunda Museum came to look at it and the finds that included a small bottle and a bone that were found that were at the bottom of the shaft.

The deeds of this house date back to the 17th Century when it was called Birkswell House. The owners of the house had heard rumours that there was a tunnel under their house or the adjoining property.

THE GEORGIAN HOUSE, ST NICHOLAS STREET

This property on St Nicholas Street is really called the Bell Mansion but the above name is widely used now. It was the summer home of Mr Bell, a respectable confectioner from York who used to summer in Scarborough with his family.

His daughter to cut along story short was found murdered after being strangled and thrown down the cliffs near Cayton Bay. It was known that she was keeping company with a young officer from the Castle. He denied the charge and his fellow officers came up with an alibi for him. Years later on his deathbed he did confess to the murder.

It is said by many that the mansion is haunted by the ghost of Miss Bell who has been seen wandering through the house by workmen and occupants alike. Her dress can be heard rustling down the stairs.

**The following is a copy of the will of her mother Elizabeth Bell who died in 1794.
(Some of it is hard to read so have put a question mark near it)**

In the name of God Amen I Elizabeth Bell of Scarborough in the County of York widow being of sound and disposing mind and memory and understanding so make and publish this my last will and testament in manner following that is to say I give and devise unto my Grandson John Bell all that is my dwellinghouse or tenement adjoining the Great House in Long Room Street in Scarborough aforesaid with the right and privilege in the yard near thereto as the same were lately purchased by me of John White to hold to my said Grandson John Bell and his heirs forever I do give and devise unto my Grandson Thomas Bell all that messuage or dwelling house situate in Newborough Street and known by the name of the Coffee House now in the occupation of Ann Park a Widow Also all that messuage or dwellinghouse adjoining the said Coffee House which I lately purchased of William Gill Turner and Jane his wife with the chambers over the Gateway and cellar belonging to the same said house as the same are now occupied by the said Ann Parke Graves and John Jordan the Dining room part of the said last mentioned house which I lately let to the said John Jordan the occupier of the dwellinghouse adjoining called the Plow Inn he the said Thomas Bell his heirs or Trustees shall have the right to take the said rooms from the said Plow Inn when he or they shall think proper and to wall up the doorway or passage which I lately acceded to be broke through there for the convenience of the said John Jordan To hold the same and every part thereof with their and every of their rights members? and appartenences? unto the said Thomas Bell his heirs and assigns forever charged and chargeable nevertheless with the payment of two-hundred pounds £200 apiece to my two Grand daughters Jane Elizabeth Bell and Ann Bell when they severally attain the age of twenty-three years or when he the said Thomas Bell attained his age of twenty-one years in his opinion I give and devise unto my daughter Ann Bell and her heirs forever All those my social dwelling houses and tenements situate and being in Tanner Street (Now St Thomas Street) and Batty Alley in Scarborough aforesaid and Falsgrave with their and every of their appartendies? as the same are now in the several tenures or occupations of Benjeman Ainsworth and John Rowntree James Gray George Hebden John Tweedy and another I give and devise unto my Grandson John Piper and to his heirs and assigns forever all that my westmost messuage and dwellinghouse or tenement lately erected and built situate and being in or near the Market Place in Pickering in the said County of York adjoining Strait Lane there on the west and also the westmost half of the garden and ground adjoining to and lying on the south thereof as the same is now devided by a partition wall with the like part or share of the Low Garth Stables and other building down to the Low Street called Hungate I give unto my daughter Ann Bell and her assigns for and during the term of her natural life All that my other messuage dwellinghouse or tenement adjoining to the last mentioned messuage with the Easternmost half of the garden and the like part of the Low Garth Stables and the buildings down to the said Low Street called Hungate as the same are now occupied by John Harrison surgeon Also all that Frontstd? and Garth in Eastgate in Pickering aforesaid formally the estate of George Ness and from and after her decease I give and devise the said last mentioned messuage dwellinghouse or tenement Frontsted and Garth Hereitaments and premises with their appartements unto my Grandson Thomas Bell and to his heirs and assigns forever charged and chargeable nevertheless with the payment of £200 to my Grandson John Hebb at the end of 12 months next after the said Thomas Bell or his heirs shall

become entitled to the rents and profits for the same messuage hereitaments and premises I also charge the said house and premises devised to my said Grandson John Piper with the payment of £200 to the said John Hebb when he enters into business for himself but not till he attains the age of Twenty-one years and such payments to be paid to him in such measure and in such proportions as the said John Piper shall think proper and whom I hereby appoint tutor for the said John Hebb for this and other monies thereby given to him I give and devise unto my said daughter Ann Bell for her life the two closes or parcels of ground in Scarborough aforesaid adjoining the turnpike road now in the several occupations of Widow Ellis and Benjeman Dove and after her decease I give and devise the same two closes or parcels of ground unto my said Grandson John Bell and to his heirs and assigns forever I give and devise unto George Stockton of Scarborough aforesaid my late son's clerk all those my four tenements or dwellinghouses situate in Tindalls Garth near Castlegate in Scarborough aforesaid and now or late in the several tenures or occupations of John Bowcock? William Thompson Mary Plummer and others to hold the same and every part thereof with the appurtenances unto the said George Stockton his heirs and assigns forever and whereas I have lately purchased of William Fowler esquire a certain messuage dwellinghouse or tenement with a little tenement stables coach house yard garth garden ground hereitaments and premises situate in Queen Street in Scarborough aforesaid as the same are now in the occupation of Henry Clarke esquire Now I do hereby charge the same messuage dwellinghouse or tenement stable coach house and hereitaments with payments of the sum of £20 per annum of lawful money of great Britain unto my Grandson James Hebb during the term of his natural life by equal half-yearly payments to commence from the time of my decease and he being now on a voyage to or in the East Indies as such may probably be sometime before account can be had here whether living or dead as such I do order and direct that the sum of £20 per annum out of the rents of the said messuage hereitaments and premises commencing from the time of my decease as aforesaid be paid into the hands of my said Grandson John Piper the executors or administrators for the term of 5 years for his use without allowing any interest for the same or to be in his opinion and the same to remain in his or their hands till called upon by the said John Piper his heirs or administrators and at the expiration of the said 5 years the said yearly payment of £20 to be paid unto his brother John Hebb during the term of his natural life in inducer above mentioned nevertheless in case the said James Hebb returns to England or upon proof of his being living to be entitled to the said yearly payments and the said John Hebb to give up the same to him but not to pay back any of the money received by him the said John Hebb during such interval and subject thereto I give and devise the same messuage dwellinghouse or tenement little tenement stables coach house and all other premises purchased by me of the said William Fowler unto my nephew John Robinson of Welburn in the said County of York Clerk and the said John Piper and to the survivor of them and to the heirs of such survivor In trust they and the survivor of them and the heirs of such survivor shall as soon after and absolutely convey the said messuage dwellinghouse or tenement hereitaments and premises either in a public or private manner for such price or prices they or he can reasonably get or obtain for the same and the conveyance thereof by them or him and their or his receipts for the money to be paid as and for the consideration or purchase thereof shall be good valid and effectual in the law to every or any purchaser thereof without any other person being joined in such sale or conveyance or in the receipts of the said monies arising and without any purchaser seeing to or being answerable for the application or misapplication of the same monies and the money arising from such sale to be by them placed out on real or governmental security and out of the interest thereof in the first place to pay and discharge the said yearly payment of £20 and the residue of the interest or rents to be by them received to pay the same unto my Grandson John Bell when he attains the age of twenty-one years together with the same principal money subject to the payment of the said yearly sum of £20 in manner as aforesaid and in case the said last mentioned messuage dwellinghouse or tenement stables coachhouse and premises shall remain unsold until my said Grandson John Bell attain the age of twenty-one years the and in such case I give and devise the same every part thereof unto the said John Bell and to his heirs and assigns forever (subject as aforesaid) I give and bequeath the several legacies or sums of money following that is to say to my

Grand daughter Elizabeth (HERE THE NAME OF THIS WOMAN SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN LEFT OUT ON PURPOSE OR BADLY WRITTEN) £200 to be paid to her at the end of 12 months from the time of my decease To my Grand daughter Ann Piper and Grandson Robert Piper £200 each when they respectively attain the age of twenty-one years and in case either of them die before their legacy becomes due the same to be equally divided between the survivor and the said Elizabeth (AGAIN THE NAME IS BADLY WRITTEN SO ONE CANNOT READ IT) I give unto my Grandson William Williford £200 and to my Grand daughter Elizabeth Hood £250 to be paid to them respectively at the end of 12 months from the time of my decease with benefit of survivorship To my Grandson John Thornton £200 at the end of 12 months I do hereby nominate and appoint the said John Robinson and John Piper Trustees and Receivers of the rents and profits of the several and respective estates so hereby owned by my said Grandson John Bell and Thomas Bell respectively And where ever it is my earnest wish and desire that as well the several devises mentioned in the will of my late husband and of my late deceased son John Bell should respectively take affect and that the estates mentioned to pass by the several persons to whom the same are given in such manner and for such interest as appears to have been intended by this my will and by the wills of my husband and son respectively Now I do therefore for those purposes hereby order and direct that the several devises and legacies in this my will named or such of them as may be necessary shall upon request and at the costs and charges of any person or persons to whom any devises is given by the will of my late husband and son respectively or any or either of them make do or execute any lawful and reasonable acts deeds and conveyances for the confirming and establishing the several devises hereby and by the said several wills of my late husband and son respectively made And in case any of the legacies named in this my will should object and refuse to execute such acts deeds conveyances and assurduces?? I hereby order and direct that the legacy or legacies hereby given to him or her or them so refusing shall abate and not be paid or payable to such legatee or legatees so refusing but that the same shall be paid to the devisee or devisees who shall request such confirmation of the estates devised to them according and in proportion to injury or loss they shall or may sustain by such refusal And I do further order and direct that my executrix shall retain in her hands the legacies hereby bequeathed for the space of 40 days after the same shall become payable to the end that the said devises may have opportunity to make application to the said legatee or legatees to confirm and vest the said devises according to the intention of the parties making the same in case the said devises shall neglect in that time to make such application I do hereby direct that the said legacies be then paid And that the devises shall have at any time after the said legacies shall be paid power to recover the same on refusal as aforesaid of the party to whom such legacies given to execute as aforesaid All the rest and residue of my money securities for money mortgages in fee and for term of years sum and sums of money due therein household good plate linen and all other my personal estates and effects whatsoever and wheresoever (not herein before disposed of) I give and bequeath the same to my said daughter Ann Bell her executors administrators and assigns forever chargable with the payment of all my just and lawful debts and funeral expenses and the several legacies or sums of money hereby given and bequeathed by me to my said several grandchildren Elizabeth (AGAIN DELIBERATLY LEFT BADLY WRITTEN) Ann Piper Robert Piper William Williford Elizabeth Hood and John Thornton in manner herein before mentioned And lastly I hereby make and ordain constitute sole executrix of this my last will and testement hereby revoking all former wills testaments and codicils by me heretofore made in witness whereof I have heretoset my hand and seal this the 11th day of September in the year of our Lord Christ 1794 Elizabeth Bell Signed sealed Published and declared by the before named Elizabeth Bell the Testatrix as and for her last will and testement in the presence of us who in the presence and at her request and in the presence of each other subscribed our names hereinto as witnesses D Comber?- Francis Rogers – Allaton Burgh

1st August 1812

Examined by us

Thomas Bell Solicitor Scarborough
Thomas Frankish his Clerk

(I have written this exactly as written in the original will)

LETTER FROM MR STANLEY MARSDEN

I received this letter from Mr. Marsden back in 1990 after one of my books was published:-

Stanley Marsden
56 Broadway
Hawksworth Estate
Leeds LS5 3PS
13 May, 1990

Dear Sir,

I read with considerable interest an article in the Leeds "Evening Post" of your book regarding "Scarborough in the 1930-40" period.

I came to Scarborough as a boy of 10yrs in 1929 and lived in Valley Road opposite Royal Avenue. I was a pupil at Gladstone Road school (Mr. Halliwell being the Headmaster at this time).

I can remember an old battleship called the "Walrus" being stranded in the South Bay for some weeks. It was there when the "Grand National" was run, and many Scarborians backed a horse by the name of "Battle-ship" which won!

As I grew older and entered my teens I spent many happy hours dancing at the Olympia Ballroom and also on the Spa to Maurice Winnick and his Band.

I worked some time at the Floral Hall in the Spot Light Box and put the light on such Sunday Stars as Paul Robson and Turner and Layton.

I was called to serve my country in Sept, 1939 and came back fro Dunkirk to get to Cyprus, the Western desert 8th Army, Sicily and back home for the invasion on D.Day. I was with the 50th Northumbrian Div. 69th Infantry Brigade , 7th Batt. Green Howards.

I can still remember the concerts of Alex MacLean and Neal Kelly on the Spa, and have many happy memories of Scarborough.

Therefore I write this letter to you hoping you could inform me how I can obtain your book which I feel sure would be most interesting.

Thanking you and anticipating your reply.

I remain yours faithfully,

Mr. S. Marsden.

THE FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

Many older people will remember the Fifty Shilling Tailors that could be found in most towns and cities – in fact there was over 350 of them throughout the country.

Fifty shillings (£2.10s.0d) or for those not old enough £2.50p.

In Scarborough before the war the Fifty Shilling Tailors was at 2 Westborough.

An advert in the paper was as follows and showed a man and wife – the wife admiring his suit.

Smart isn't it?

She – Smart? It's the nicest suit you've ever had. Suits you too.

He – Then you agree it was worth all that money?

She – You haven't told me how much it cost. But it's worth every penny of it, whatever the price. Of course it is.

He - Then you won't say I'm extravagant .

She – Why all the mystery? Naturally a suit like that costs a good deal – you can see that from the way it fits, and the cloth , and – well it *is* good and you look grand in it.

He – Would you say 6 guineas (£6.6s.0d –about £6.30p) was extravagant?

She – Oh!

He – Don't look so glum! I was only teasing. Fifty shillings is what I paid.

She – Never! Why that's *cheap*, you clever old thing!

He – Well I *am* proud of myself. They're a discovery – these Fifty Shilling Tailors. They really do deliver the goods. I never dreamt they could do it for the money. But several of our fellows go to them regularly, and from now on I'm going to them, too.

The saving - especially over a few years – is enormous.

GUARANTEE If for any reason whatsoever any suit, overcoat or raincoat supplied by The Fifty Shilling Tailors fails to please you, return it within seven days and we will, at your option, either correct it, replace it or return your money I full.

PATTERDALE SCHOOL, BELGRAVE CRESCENT

Patterdale School was what is now the Ravensworth Lodge old peoples home etc in Belgrave Crescent. The following letters I received from an ex-pupil and a friend will give you an inside to the school.

THIS IS A COPY OF A LETTER I RECEIVED ON 5 NOVEMBER, 1986 FROM MISS K. D. BLAKELEY, COMBE HAY HOUSE, SCARBOROUGH

Dear Mr Percy,

I think it is worth "blowing" another stamp to get you out of a mixy-mix (little sisters word!) and as I can give answers to other points raised in your charming National Trust notelet. Here goes – Ravensworth School (Saunders)? not Patterdale evacuated World War One to Appleton Hall (Patterdale a much later school). After Saunders gave it up Mrs Endecott – husband in due course (HERE I COULD NOT READ HER WRITING).

After war ended owners of Hall claimed it back. Ravensworth School had to take to Vicarage, sundry converted stables etc, and sundry (AGAIN UNREADABLE). in large gardens – The Hut, The Tin Tab (round and small) etc,

and girls boarded around village. Miss A. M. Nicholson taught at Hall, Not , I think, in Vicarage days. She went back to Scarborough to found Patterdale School. Why Patterdale? She loved Patterdale in Lakeland and had some roots therein. Patterdale School in old Ravensworth building Scarborough. Some girls attended first Appleton Ravensworth, then Patterdale in Scarborough. Ravensworth in Appleton continued in Vicarage and conditions described? a few years longer then died out probably around 1922 /23.

Herewith a reunion (combined) notice of Oct this year. Owing to her mother's health conditions Miss Nicholson had to sell Patterdale (now the Ravensworth Old Peoples Home) to the Haggards, but she continued to take a few delicate girls in her West Ayton home for many more years.

Reunions nowadays include these as well. They played an active part in West Ayton community life and were highly commended educationally by a "prepared to by scathing inspector! Despite no science labs etc.

One feared not to? right on a National History matte.

I now pass to matters irrelevant but connected. On a holidays lakeland visit may Nicholson achieved the somewhat astounding feat of getting a party of girls and me (her friend) to the top of Great Gable with them knowing till they were there. It was Sly Head Pass, Windgap etc quick time across Aarons Slack. Finding themselves atop something? they rushed up to a man and asked what, you can imagine result!

I was quite unable to see, I for ages because I thought that was in the

Dear beloved Great Gable. I have led that in my day, with another school. I am now familier with 3 routes (in the day when there was a Drumhouse on Honnester). One day alone at Drumhouse I was asked by a gent in city suit, patent leather shoes and (a crime) something dangling over his arm, the way to the top of Great Gable. I was sorely tempted to reply "Don't be a fool". May Nicholson taught us mountains properly "Never run down into the green but it will be a bog etc, nothing loose to trip you up.

My teaching life 1928 to 1960 was Durham High School (Independent Church High) which celebrated its centenary 1984. It goes from strength to strength and my pupils too. Wendy Craig, actress, Charmian Welsh, Olympic diver, Empire Games Gold Medaller etc. etc. 3 times Helsinki to Adelaide.

Not least Evelyn de Rocs Norman retires as matron (another title these days) of St Thomas's Hospital on the Foreshore (which spinally afflicted, she ran from her bed in it for some months or weeks. She can drive her car again now.

It is such a pest not to be able to see the right hand end of ones line!

Yours Sincerely,
Dorothy Blakeley.

What a wonderful old lady. They don't seem to make them like that anymore

THIS IS A COPY FROM A LETTER RECEIVED FROM MRS, MARJORIE POLLOCK, 9 MONKS WALK, REIGATE, SURREY, RH2 0SS ON THE 26 NOVEMBER, 1986

Dear Mr Percy

Thank you for your letter. I was interested to hear of your articles on Patterdale School and would very much like to see them.

I was a pupil there from 1921 to 1928.

I do not think we had a motto, just a badge in Orange and Blue with PS.

Recently I attended a reunion of some of the women who were at the school with me. This took place at Appleton Hall, now an hotel at Appleton-le-Moors near to Kirby Moorside. There I learnt that Ravensworth School from Ravensworth Lodge, Scarborough was evacuated to Appleton Hall during the First World War.

Our only surviving teacher under 86 was at the reunion , also two of the former pupils at the Hall. The school did not continue at the Hall after the war but was taken over by the Vicar of Appleton and his wife the Rev and Mrs Endicott. One of their teachers I think Miss A. M. Nicholson, now dead, started Patterdale School in Alma Square, Scarborough (and here Mrs Pollock has drawn a rough plan of which house – it was roughly in the middle of the houses at the top facing down to Westborough) a house in which 2 rooms were used as classrooms and Miss Nora Greenwood who was at the reunion was her assistant and lived with her for the rest of her life.

When I first went to the school there were about 20 pupils I think of mixed ages and taught in 2 groups.

Later when the Endicotts gave up their school which was mainly if not all boarding pupils, a number of girls were transferred to Patterdale so called because of Miss Nicholson's connections with Patterdale, Ullswater.

When in Alma Square a room at the Liberal Club at the south end of the Square was used for physical education. Dumbbells, deportment in particular. We had to walk with books on our heads and learnt that a lady would never cross her legs above the ankles. The same room was used for concerts and prize givings.

As the school grew which did not aim at high academic achievements but in making us good citizens tho' we did take public exams and one pupil went to St Andrews University and another to the Royal School of Music and a few of us went on to further education and became nurses, teachers, secretaries, civil servants etc.

Larger premises were looked for and when Ravensworth Lodge came on the market it was taken over and the school returned to its original building tho' the name of Patterdale was maintained.

Ravensworth Lodge has for many years now been a Quaker home for the elderly.

The Midland Bank had some arrangement for sending to the school as boarders girls whose fathers had been killed in the war.

Uniform was very strict and I remember wearing long black stockings for the first time on the first day with my new gym slip and yellow sash. The stockings were hand knitted by my mother and were rather short and very uncomfortable. She also knitted a swimming costume in school colours which stretched to below my knees when wet.

Gloves had always to be worn in the streets and the boarders has white serge suits for Sundays.

Long white stockings (cotton) were worn for tennis which we played first on the courts belonging to the Pavilion Hotel (now the supermarket car park in Pavilion Square) and later at the cricket ground.

We swam in the unheated pool at the south bay as soon as it opened after Easter – often very cold but we were warmed up with hot Bovril afterwards.

Hockey was played on the sands and the time table was adjusted to fit the tides.

Two girls would go ahead to mark out the pitch with a rake and string. The goal posts were kept in a little hut on the south bay near to the Spa entrance.

To be chosen for this role meant an extra half hour off lessons and the job was much coverted. All these activities took most of half a day because of the distance to be covered on foot.

The basement of Ravensworth Lodge was used for recreation on wet days and for Assembly.

When the school grew larger more teachers were employed including one for Latin, two or more for the sciences and one for elocution which with music and painting were “extra” subjects. Later I believe horse riding was also an extra.

There were more domestic staff and any pupil could be catered for at lunch time.

I usually stayed for High Tea as well as Boarders walk, and prep before I went home.

The school grew to about 100 I think before I left. Later younger children only were catered for and boys and girls were taught.

I don't think Miss H. Greenwood, 2 Castle Rise, West Ayton YO13 9JY phone 3217 who ran the school with Miss Nicholson would mind if you contacted her.

(I have a feeling I did try and contact her but I think she was ill at the time)

Though old and lame she has a very lively mind and a good memory, also some good photographs. She is much loved and respected by us all.

Miss M. Todd, Garden Flat, 70 The Esplanade, Scarborough. Who was at Ravensworth Lodge before coming to Patterdale would I am sure be willing to help you.

She was at Patterdale when I went there and we met at the recent reunion.

My father Thomas Lowthian Pollock MPS was a chemist at 24 Victoria Road, Scarborough. A long established chemists business and when he took over in 1920 he found instruments for removing teeth there.

Many people remember ginger wine essence first made by R. H. Hill at that shop, continued by my father and later by Mr Walker who bought the business and property from my father.

The shop and house would be built in the early 1800s. There were lovely marble fireplaces there when we occupied the house and the drawing room as well as the white marble had lovely Dutch tiles showing the seasons of the year with old Father Time in the centre.

There was a stable with a stall and a coach house at the back where we kept our car.

Probably all this has gone now but I thought as an historian you would be interested.

I hope all this is of help to you.

Yours sincerely

Marjorie L Pollock.

Ps-

Mr Hill's daughter was the only qualified "Major" chemist in Scarborough. When her father died she did not wish to continue with the responsibility of a business but remained with my father as a dispenser until he retired in 1934.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD'S HOUSE , SANDSIDE

In one of my books I mentioned that King Richard the Third's was opened by a local man in the 1920s. I received a letter from Mr Burrows who lived a couple of doors away from my parents in Oak Road, and later at 104 Coldyhill Lane to enlarge on that statement, Here is a copy of his letter.

Dear Mr Percy

In regard to your book "Scarborough in the 1930s and 40s".

Should you reprint this may I point out an error on the page "King Richard 111 House", opened as a Museum by a local man in the 1920s".

The facts are it was opened by my uncle E. Booth Jones, a Manchester antique dealer in 1914 and my father E.H. Burrows came from Birmingham to be manager.

Mr Jones was drowned on the Lousitania and my father E.H. Burrows bought the business and property from the estate and my family ran it as a? museum and antique business until 1964, when my wife and I, the current owners, sold it and it became a café.

Yours sincerely

C H Burrows.

COOKS ROW

Most of the houses in Cooks Row dated back to about 1790 when old property was demolished It makes one wonder what the property was like before 1790.

Off Cooks Row ran Tissimans Yard and Porretts Yard – quaint little places which must have had so much character.

The Turbot Inn stood at the corner of Cooks Row and St Sepulchre Street and was still there in 1927 when Ada Hurst was the landlady. During the 1930s it passed into the hands of George Needham who turned the premises over to his second-hand furniture business.

In 1952 when old properties in Cooks Row were being demolished workmen discovered an old brick built oven which was thought to be a bakers oven. It was eight and a half feet in area by two and a half feet in diameter. It is thought that Bakehouse Passage that stood in the vicinity took its name from the bakers that traded from here.

Discovered in the debris at the bottom of the oven were glazed-ware and stoneware from the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, the butt of an early 19th century pistol, a George 111 farthing dated 1775 and two 19th century clay pipes.

At the corner of Cooks Row and Springfield adjoining the Adult Sunday School which is still standing today and which in the 1960s was used for rave dances with live groups held by St. Peter's Youth Club, stood Taylor's Dwellings. They had been built in 1810 from a legacy of £1.000 left by Joseph Taylor a one-time member of the Society of Friends. By 1950 only Miss Lucy Ann Rowlin was living there and when she died around this date the buildings were demolished.

HINDERWELL SCHOOL

Back in 1996 when I was teaching art at Hinderwell School I organised a reunion which proved very successful and with the small book I compiled gathered £400 for the school's funds. In it ex-pupils and teachers wrote down their memories and I included them in the book. The following are an example.

MISS GRIST Who at the time of writing is still alive and well into her 90s lives on Ramshill Road.

The following is what she told me at her home and which I have put into words.

Miss Grist who was a teacher in the Infant Department from 1935 to 1942 has many happy memories of the school. She praises Miss Rhodes (headmistress of the Infant Dept) for her modern approach to education and who was a prime mover in starting up the Parents' Association and PT classed for parents.

It was during the early part of the war that free meals were introduced. These meals were held in the classroom with the partition.

Miss Grist remembers that the air raid warden made the sand pit for the children near the orchard. In this area stood an elderberry tree and Miss Grist being the resourceful type decided to make elderberry syrup – a wonderful source of vitamin C. The only trouble was the shortage of sugar, but help was at hand. The following morning all her pupil arrived with little bags of sugar – a very big sacrifice for parents who were only allowed an ounce or two per week. She then had a marvellous idea of making dandelion wine and she and the children spent an enjoyable afternoon picking the flowers. She bottled the wine and left it to ferment in the staffroom.

On nights the teachers took it in turns to fire watch and camp beds were supplied. A night or two after the wine making Miss Grist was off duty and the teachers on watch snuggled into their beds when a terrific explosion echoed round the school. Thinking a bomb had landed nearby they rushed around to see what damage had been done. When they reached the staffroom they saw a trickle of "Grist's Potent Brew" seeping under the door. All the bottles had exploded.

Miss Grist also remembers that Miss Rhodes "encouraged" the pupils when passing teachers to always say, "Good morning Miss or Good afternoon Miss " This they would do but when they had passed by would shout, "Hi teach".

HAPPY DAYS REMEMBERED BY RICHARD JAMES PERCY

I was at Hinderwell School from 1950 to 1957. I should have left in 1956 but because my birthday fell in September after the school had gone back from the summer holidays I had to stay on that extra year so instead of being 11 when I left I was 12.

I started Hinderwell Infants in the September of 1950. Miss Rhodes who lived in Westbourne Park was the Headmistress. I can remember the day clearly. My mother had taken me from home at 31 Oak Road and I had settled in Miss Lister's class nicely. However, by playtime I had had enough

and walked home by myself. My mother started to take me back, but just as we turned the bottom of Oak Road Miss Lister was turning up Oak Road. I can see her now, black hair done in a bun, a cream swagger coat and black, flat heeled shoes. She took me back to school and from that day on I enjoyed every minute of it.

I remember that in the infants we used pencils, but when our writing was considered neat enough we were given pens with nibs which we had to dip into ink pots – no biros in those days! The school uniform was grey and maroon, although not many wore the blazer and cap.

I also remember Sports Day – very much like today's; the only difference being that parents were not allowed to attend, in fact Mr Catton, who was the Head of the junior department would not allow any parent through the school gate. My mother remembers on one occasion when a few mothers had brought their children to the main entrance on their first day at school he had rather sternly said to them. "You mothers are all looking as if you're sending them to jail".

I can remember uncluttered corridors except for the iron cages where ones' plimsolls were kept. The brass plates on the doors and hand rails down the steps, now black, were polished daily and shone with a brilliance – a credit to Mr Copper the Caretaker.

Assembly was very different. We all sat in rows as they do now, but in those days there was a stage where Mr Catton stood reading the lesson from a wooden lectern. Although Mr Catton was Head only of the juniors, Miss Rhodes being the Headmistress of the infants, he always took assemblies. They always started off with a hymn, ""Day by Day we Magnify Thee", played with much gusto by Miss Horsman whom I'm sure thought was winning a race. No one could keep up with her and we were always a line behind her. She always finished with a flourish of the keys and then turned and glared at the assembled pupils like a viper ready to strike. She was certainly a demon, but she did her job, and that was to run a well disciplined class. Sadly the days of the likes of Miss Horsman have gone, because believe me, there would be no trouble in classrooms as there is in certain situations these days. She was always regarded as being strict and the pupils knew not to cross her but if I got the bus from the stop near the school and got off at the bottom of Oak Road and she also got the bus, she always paid my fare for me which was one old penny. I have to say I always found her very nice but there again I was never in her class.

Mr Catton then read a passage from the Bible followed by prayers. Another hymn, usually "All Things Bright and Beautiful" or occasionally "You in Your Small Corner" or "Jesus Loves Me" finished off the Assembly.

I also remember that infant and junior teachers did not mix, in fact it was not encouraged at all and very rarely, if ever, did they speak of socialise.

At various times of the day broadcasts were listened to on very large, wooden wirelasses. The first wireless at the school was in 1948 when two points of the Scarborough Radio Relay Service were installed. We listened to such programmes as "Let's Join In" and "English for Under Nines". I can remember on one occasion the broadcast being interrupted for the announcement of the death of King George in 1952.

When I moved up into the junior school it was still happy for me, although I and many others did not like Mr Catton, the Headmaster. Looking back he did have one or two tough-nuts to deal with. There was a ditty sang to the tune of the "Happy Wanderer" – a song in the hit parade at the time. It went as follows:-

*"I hate my school and teachers too,
The classrooms and the sinks,
I hate the smell of Mr Catton and his bell,
And the dirty powdery inks".*

It was said at the time about Mr Catton and maybe it was right, I don't know, that only a certain number of pupils could be admitted to the Girls or Boys High Schools and he had them in his study

prompting them and giving them extra tuition. This was said at the time by many parents who were not happy with the situation. Whatever is true I know that only about six or so passed the 11 plus and got to the High Schools.

In the top playground on the slope that runs down to the classroom now used by Mrs Stephenson, the dreaded Miss Ruby Horsman's of my day, all the boys had Dinky racing cars which they raced down the slope. This craze lasted a couple of terms.

The memories fade, but yes, happy days, nice teachers and class-mates, many of whom I still see today – Pat Thomas, Pat O'Neil, Pat Brown, John Robinson, Peter Sellers, Mike Nolan, Sandra Flounders, Evelyn Rogers, Dot Harland, John Page, Danny and Rose Hodds, Billy Keen, Irene Agars and Steven Davison to name but a few.

What I did not put in my memories was and still is a mystery to me as I cannot find anything out about it to this day, is that one day a pupil found up in the woods behind the school an old parchment and sword. I can see this parchment now - fairly large and rolled up. I have tried to find out about this find but nothing ever comes up.

So if anyone reading this in the now or in the future knows about it I hope that they will come forward and put it on record.

MEMORIES OF HINDERWELL SCHOOL BY RAY MUIR

Although I only spent 3 years at the school, they were no doubt a major influence on my future development in that it was there that I received my basic education.

The school was opened on 28 October, 1932 which was in fact my birthday; a plaque to the effect is on the wall outside the school hall opposite to what was then the Headmaster's study. In actual fact the school was opened to pupils a few days later; around 2 November. As I recall the plaque states that the school was officially opened by the Chairman of the Education Committee of the Scarborough Council, Alderman J. W. Butler who was a noted local optician with a business in Westborough. At that time the Scarborough Council was the local authority with responsibility for elementary education within the borough.

The opening of Hinderwell School was quite an important event in that it was the first newly built school in Scarborough since before the First World War 1919-18. It had been built to meet the needs of the newly developed Seamer Road and Edgehill estates. The opening involved the arbitrary transfer of all infant and junior pupils from Falsgrave School who lived in an area delineated from Spring Bank in a southerly direction down Seamer Road. As I lived in Edgehill Road I came in that category.

My early impressions were no doubt numerous at the time, but several stick in one's memory. Polished block parquet hardwood flooring throughout as opposed to the untreated tongued and grooved wood floorings at Falsgrave. Spacious classrooms with windows running the full length of one wall, and a large Assembly Hall which was non-existent at Falsgrave.

The ultimate luxury was however inside toilets and cloakrooms with hot and cold water and a battery of wash basins.

I was under 3 teachers during my time there. The first was a Miss Adamson of whom I have little but nominal knowledge. The second, and possibly the most influential, was a Miss Ruby Horsman. Looking back I realise that it was her task to seek out the potential scholarship candidates for streaming in the final year before they sat the eleven plus examination for admission to the two High Schools. My third teacher for my final year was Miss Norah Purvis whose task it was to coach the now creamed –off echelon to pass the dreaded 11 plus. There was a Mr. William Varlow who took the boys for woodwork; another innovation compared to Falsgrave; and sports activities. We had a school football team but no sports field and Hinderwell was too far for us to travel to Northstead so we were denied the use of the football pitches there except for inter-school matches at night or week-ends. There was no provision for school transport or buses in those days.

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Another change was that Hinderwell was a mixed school; we were segregated from the girls at Falsgrave. Not that this made a lot of difference as in those days boys tended to ignore girls; one could almost think we were chauvinists in the making.

Of course everyone went home at lunchtime, or dinnertime as it was referred to by schoolchildren in the 1930s. I remember the teachers going home at the end of morning lessons, and they used to catch a bus at the bottom of Barry's Lane; Miss Purvis had to change to a South Cliff bus at the Station; but they all managed to get back for the afternoon session before 1.30pm. The bus service must have been reliable in those days. There was a cycle shed but few of us had bicycles as such a luxury was the traditional reward for passing the 11 plus.

Discipline was strict but generally fair. Teachers were looked up to and one rarely took liberties. I well remember my father asking me one Saturday morning as to what trouble I had been in at school and I was baffled that he had found out about my being caned for some misdemeanour. It turned out that Mr Varlow was an old school friend of my father and they both were habitués of the old North Eastern Hotel on Friday nights. In those days one did not complain to parents about punishments inflicted at school. It taught me to be particularly careful and avoid any trouble at the end of the week on the run in to Friday when I was convinced all would be revealed at the pub. I had very happy times at Hinderwell School and actually achieved my goal in that I passed the 11 plus and progressed to the Boys' High School the following September. It was a parting of the ways as I was the only boy that year who got through and most of my fellow pupils went on to Gladstone Road School. I started another stage of my education in what was until early 1996 the Stephen Joseph Theatre, but that is another story.

On 8 April, 1936, Mr. McWhan retired and Mr. Varlow took over as acting Head until 1 May, 1936 when Mr. Albert C. Goddard commenced duty as the new Headmaster.

HINDERWELL SCHOOL GAVE ME INSPIRATION BY LESLIE STURDY

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As a ten year old I went to Hinderwell School and I really did enjoy my time there. That's where my public piano playing started. I'd won first prize in a local Eisteddfod and headmaster, Mr McWhan, had me play my winning piece at assembly. I then went on to play for the school's country dancing team, and that was the start of my accompanying.
Thank you Hinderwell.

GOOD AND BAD DAYS AT HINDERWELL BY BY MRS. MARGARET LAVELLE NEE CAPPLEMAN-SCHOFIELD

We had one girl in the junior school who had quite a reputation for being a bully. For no apparent reason she would single out any child at random for her "treatment" after school. We all dreaded the day when our "turn" would arrive, boys as well as girls. Came the awful day when I was chosen with the threat "I'll see you after school". Being rather timid in those days I tried to rally friends around me and delay the meeting, but there she was, waiting in the lane. I was pushed against the high brick wall, a small crowd of classmates watching and no doubt feeling pleased it was someone else getting the "treatment". "Who do you think you are?", she shouted, giving me another hard thump against the wall. It may have been sheer terror that caused the following – my left arm swung up and I gave her a resounding slap on the face. "Oh dear, now I'm in trouble", but no, she burst into tears and cried "I'm telling my father about you". I heard no more of the incident, but she

adopted a friendly attitude towards me from then on, even into later years when she always enquired about me of my mother when I married and lived abroad.

We always kept our gym shoes in a cloth bag hanging on our numbered peg in the cloakroom. One day a shoe was missing from someone's bag. The class were asked about it, no one knew anything. As money was not over-plentiful in the 30s it was important to find the missing shoe, so we were all set to search in various parts of the school and outside. A reward of sixpence was offered to the finder. This was my lucky day, I found it under a washbasin next to the cloakroom and got my sixpence reward. But I have since wondered why the one who put it there didn't find it.

I remember Miss Rudd, a sharp, thin lady with boney fingers and long finger-nails which she used for jabbing you in the hollow of your front shoulder to emphasise her point. Very painful, especially after 3 or 4 jabs.

In those pre-television days we all had vivid imaginations, put to good use in the "Romance" between Miss Purvis and Mr Varlow, who taught the boys woodwork. Mr Varlow always wore light brown, tweedy plus fours and rode a motor bike. At the close of every school day Miss Purvis climbed on the bike behind him and off they rode together – into the sunset? We couldn't imagine where they went!

On 28 April, 1939 Mr Goddard terminated his position becoming Headmaster of the Central School. His place was taken by Mr H. (Daddy) Razzall who had transferred from Falsgrave Junior School.

EVACUEE MRS S. GLASEBROOK REMEMBERS

I was evacuated from Middlesbrough when I was 7 years old in September, 1939. We were packed up with gas mask, tin of corned beef, tin of evaporated milk and a tin of fruit. I was a bit of a weakling I'm afraid, had been poorly on the train, when we reached Falsgrave School, not the main one, it was up a side street, I think Sitwell Street, I was really poorly.

We were all collected in the yard with various teachers and allocated our billets. I think I was about the last one to go and was taken by a Dr and Mrs Elliot in Stepney Road. It was a house on the left of the road going from Falsgrave, number 81 or 83 I think, with ivy all over the gable end. They were very, very kind to me. They had a son and daughter, grown up, but the only trouble, I had to travel up and down to get the bus at the corner of Seamer Road so as to get to Hinderwell School as that was the nearest junior school. Always being poorly on the bus and getting lifts in the car to Seamer Road, the authorities decided I needed a nearer billet, so was taken to a lovely family at 175 Seamer Road, which was much easier. I just had to nip over the playing fields beyond the Football Ground.

I can't remember much about the teachers, but I do remember the head was called Mr Razzall and how strict he was with everyone.

I had 4 happy years there and got to watch the football matches out of the back bedroom window. The people I stayed with were Mr and Mrs Wood and had a family of twelve, so you know what a lovely kind family they were.

We had a bomb shelter built just in the corner of the Football Ground entrance next to 175 Seamer Road. We didn't use it too much as there weren't many raids. I used to go to the local Co-op at the corner of Edgehill Road with coupons for groceries. That was my job after school, and I remember food under the counter for the "good customers" those that spent well at the shop. We spent a lot of time at the Mere and Olivers Mount. Everywhere was barbed wire. Numbers 175 and 179 Seamer Road had a very big, cement brick wall built over the pavement and so far into the road and the same of the opposite side. There was a gap just wide enough to get a bus or car through and I suppose that was for invasion purposes.

From Hinderwell School I went to Falsgrave School until I was 14 years old. The war finished and I had to come home to Middlesbrough, but I was a long time getting used to everything as I had left 12 years before.

I certainly won't forget my stay during the war, in fact my husband and I talk about retiring there at Scalby, just for me to maybe get in touch with all my old friends whom I kept in touch with until I married.

WARTIME MEMORIES BY EVACUEE HILDA BINNS

I was evacuated to Scarborough from Fleetham Street School, Middlesbrough in September, 1939 and went to Hinderwell School for 19 months. I was 9 years old (the war started on my 9th birthday).

We were treated very well and mixed in with the local children. We had air raid practice when we had to go to our billets. Mine was right at the end of Edgehill Road. It seemed endless getting there.

I remember teachers, Miss Purvis, Miss Horsman, Mr Clark and a lot of student teachers who I can't remember. We had to have our names on our tunics for them to get to know us.

Here are some names of Scarborough girls I remember:- Olive Brown, Margaret Meek, Doreen Jackson, Stella Wilson, Joan Hartley, Eileen Haddington, Jean Eade and Audrey Muir.

HAPPY WARTIME DAYS AT HINDERWELL BY MRS MARGARET WHITE NEE NAITBY

My parents were separated and my mother had brought myself, my brother and two sisters to live with my grandparents here in Middlesbrough. The school that the three eldest of us were at was Fleetham Street School and some of the children were evacuated to Hinderwell School along with some teachers. My mother would not let us go alone so she and my youngest sister came too.

We were put on a train with luggage labels tied to our coats. We were billeted with a family in Edgehill Road. I know that Eric Church and his sister and Sylvia Mitchell and her sister were among the group that we were in. We then moved to another house in Edgehill road, but I do not remember the names of the people who we were billeted with.

We went to Hinderwell School and it was such a change to come to a school where there was a big green after coming from a very built up area. We were treated very well and my brother John, and sister Joan and I have very fond memories of the school. I was always such a happy place; our lives there were very carefree; a big difference to listening to the bombs going off here.

My parents eventually got back together again and got a house in Spring Bank and then moved to Seamer Moor Road, so we moved there and Sylvia Mitchell and her sister came to live with us. My father was a bus driver on the United and was an ARP Warden who was stationed at Hinderwell School.

In 1941 I was presented with a New Testament from the Bible Knowledge Foundation for proficiency in biblical knowledge by the United Society for Christian Literature. I can still remember the day I was presented with the prize. I know that the presentation was delayed as the printers who printed the books had been burnt down in an air raid (E.T. W. Dennis and Sons, Melrose Street). I still have the New Testament.

I recall that the person who taught my class was very particular about the way we wrote and formed our letters and we spent many hours practising our alphabet. I also recall John Birley and Marmaduke Vickerman being in the same class. We all sat the Scholarship together which was done in two halves, and we all three along with many others passed the first half. We all had to go

to the High School to sit the second half. John and Marmaduke passed the second half, I did not. I ended up at Falsgrave School and hated it.

In 1944 we returned to Middlesbrough as my grandfather was ill and needed caring for and my father thought that there would be more opportunities for us when we left school here.

My brother, John remembers a teacher called Miss Horsman and another teacher who always stood with her arms behind her back.

I do recall that there was a family called Messruther living opposite us and a family called Johnson living next door. Someone (but I don't remember who) used to put on parties for the evacuees and I remember going to one and they hadn't enough cups so we had to drink out of jam jars.

I recall Shrove Tuesday on the Foreshore when the girls got skipping ropes and the boys whips and tops. The Saturdays when we were all walked all the way to the North Sands with a big sweet jar full of cold potatoes for our lunch and then after a tiring day had to walk all the way back.

I must admit that Hinderwell School was the happiest school I have ever been to and I am sure that it instilled into me and my brother and sisters the love of learning and the thirst for knowledge. If I was given the chance, but I suppose I must content myself with the help I give my grandson's school where I help in reception class, I find it very rewarding.

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WAS I ONE OF THE FIRST VANDALS? BY CHARLES BRAITHWAITE

I was 9 years old when I started school at Hinderwell, having been transferred from Northstead School when the family moved to the Edgehill estate.

I had only been there a few months before the outbreak of the Second World War and consequently the most vivid of my memories of those days is the issue of gas masks to each pupil. I remember the frightening experience when the mask was first placed over my face for the fitting to be adjusted and wondering how long I could breathe properly should the need for prolonged usage ever arise. Each mask was packed in a neat carton with a string loop for carrying over the shoulder or around the neck and unless you could afford to purchase a canvas type protective cover for the carton it soon became shabby and at worst, disintegrated. Obtaining a replacement from the authorities was today's equivalent of winning the lottery and a new carton was certainly something to show off. I cannot remember what eventually happened to the masks since it was not required when I moved on to further education some months later.

On a lighter note, I recall the frustrating experience of being denied the opportunity to develop my musical talent. I had always considered myself capable of reaching Halle Orchestra standard on the tambourine, but our music teacher consistently handed me the simple triangle and positioned me out of sight (and sound) at the rear of our group. What a waste! I think my frustration eventually boiled over in the classroom as I was informed by the author that he had found my name in the school "Punishment Book" as having received two strokes of the cane for "Wilful damage to a ruler" - the first of the vandals perhaps?

IT WAS "BLOOMIN" LOVELY AT HINDERWELL BY BRYAN BERRYMAN

Two things in particular take me back to those infant days at Hinderwell half a century ago. One is a small hole in my left knee; the other is a sweet scent of wallflowers. They bloomed somewhere near the sandpit and climbing frame, I seem to remember; perhaps they were grown by the older boys who gardened at the top end of the junior school. There were other fragrances – ripe plimsolls

(for PT not PE) , even riper little footballers in the changing room, Gloy paste in Craft lessons, and from the kitchen the occasional aroma of a mystery pudding (Sage with added Gloy?) which spread to Seamer Road and mingled seductively with LNER smoke and the output of the nearby gasworks. Of course I wouldn't have put it quite like that in

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1946, and I never tried the pudding nor, come to that, any school dinner.

I must have started in 1944 with a daily ration of two biscuits from home to eat with the morning milk (a third of a pint at room temperature), and with wartime experiences already burned into my tiny mind – air raids, gas mask, and especially the huge fire in October 1943 at Plaxtons, opposite 204 Seamer Road where we lived.

The siren which sounded chilling alerts and cheering all-clears was mounted on the school roof and was still there when I left in 1949 to go to the High School for Boys at Westwood.

Peacetime brought certificates from King George VI, fruit handouts from the Empire, paper salvage drives, and a civil defence demonstration of how to cook wonderful sausages outdoors on dustbin lids (not the rubber kind).

Being a small boy with short legs in short trousers I remember the deep snow of 1947; I remember being one small tuneless voice amongst many singing, for Dr. Bull the adjudicator, on the stage of the Spa Grand Hall; and of course some of the “fun bits” of school life linger in the memory – sports days, footer wars, nature walks to the Mere, and the Christmas parties enhanced by our painstaking prepared paper chains and lanterns, and Honesty seed heads, dried and coloured.

Names and faces come to mind – Ray Armitage, Ernie Southwick, Wendy Atack, Ann Cammish – and as they say, many more. And of course our teachers – among them Miss Rhodes, Miss Berryman (my sister!), Miss Beswick, Miss Horsman, Mr Wilson and especially Mr Catton, who performed emergency surgery in the clockroom after the Battle of Wounded Knee, removing a chunk of embedded playground gravel and leaving me with the aforesaid lifelong scar to remember him, and Hinderwell, by.

DAVE IDLE REMEMBERS

I broke my right leg in the playground on 26 July, 1954, the day before my 7th birthday. Mrs Gordon tried to get me to walk, but I couldn't stand. I remember sitting in her window-sill in the classroom with my knees up after being carried in by Dave Smith and someone else who I can't remember.

My best pal was Jimmy Carlton who had a sister called Judith. They lived at 7 Barry's Cottages which was a small terrace of seven houses below the school playground. We used to climb over the garden wall; at the other side was a climbing frame and a sand pit. Their dad was a teacher at Friarage School. Their mum died and eventually they emigrated to Canada.

The school caretaker, Mr Cooper, lived at 1 Barry's Cottages.

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I remember the Queen's Coronation very well. We ended up having our street party in Hinderwell School canteen as we had nothing but rain that year.

The teachers I can remember in the infants were, Miss Sanderson, Miss Deighton and Mrs Gordon, and in the juniors, Mr Catton (Head), Miss Harling, Miss Farmborough, Miss Horsman and Mr Barker. A few names of pupils that spring to mind are, Jim Lawty, Ann Thompson, Suzanne

Leadley, Pat Spaven, Cathleen Wardle, Zoe Naylor, Ethel Ingledew, Susan Waller, Christine Gaines, Angela Heelbeck and Elaine Charlesworth.

I also recall a John Pennycad who came to the school from Tasmania and his father worked on a whaling ship, and then there was Jackie Smithson who hailed from South Africa, but lived with his grandparents on Asquith Avenue.

I also remember Janet and Jean Shaw, Jean especially because she broke her left leg the week before I broke mine.

DAVID K. UFFINDALL (FORMERLY BLOOMFIELD) ADDS A TOUCH OF HUMOUR TO HIS MEMORIES OF HINDERWELL.

Having to go to school and crying all the first day despite meeting Jennifer!

Inspired by an excellent teacher – Miss Farmborough.

Nasty and foul-mouthed bullies in the playground.

Dreading Miss Horsman's lessons.

Excited by English – except when the Head poured unjustified scorn on my work.

Running in the sack race – I nearly won.

Wouldn't be a school prefect when told! What a problem!

Enticed to be a shepherd in the Christmas Nativity.

Loved the pottery (and still like looking at the products today!).

Looking out of the window and envying the birds flying free.

Struggling to do mathematics.

Coming very near the bottom of the class – regularly!

Hoping things might change!

Observing plants and trees on nature walks.

Oliver's Mount and thinking of times I walked around it with my Grandfather.

Leaving.

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HAPPY DAYS BY MR RONALD E. PEARSON B.Ed., A.I.L

What I do remember about the Class 4B, as it was my first year as a teacher with full-time responsibility for a class, was how much I enjoyed teaching it after the experience I had in an all-age school in West Leeds with 11 to 14 year olds. I came to Hinderwell in 1956 and some of the pupils I remember are Richard Percy, Danny Hodds, Margaret Reed, Arthur Hunter, Donald Graham and John Robinson; as to why I particularly remember them, I've no idea; except to say that Donald and Arthur were outstanding players in the football team and I do recall that Margaret was quite a bright, albeit very shy girl.

It wasn't easy teaching by any means, as there were a number of children who had learning difficulties, not to mention a few emotional ones, but other members of staff were very supportive and Arnold Catton was particularly sympathetic and understanding. The school regime was strict without being overpowering and I think both pupils and staff knew where they "fitted into" it. The staff certainly got on well together during the last two years of my being there, especially after Ann Jackson become Secretary. She did a great deal to mellow the organisation of the school office and Arnold Catton into the bargain, whereas he took much greater part in staff activities.

I certainly learned a great deal about teaching during my time there, Howard (Milnes), Clare (Farmborough) and Arnold were good mentors and the collegial atmosphere between the Infant and Junior Departments was fine.

I remember thinking how happy I had been at Hinderwell, wondering in fact why it was I was leaving there and heading for a new life with B.F.E.S. in Germany. Strangely enough I still have the two books (History of Everyday Things in England) which I received as presents on leaving in 1959.

WHAT A RACKET IN THE CANTEEN BY

MISS CLARE FARMBOROUGH

September, 1952, I was 21 years old and had spent my first year as a teacher at Stokesley County School which catered for children whose ages ranged from five to fifteen.

I was to spend the next 7 years at Hinderwell County Junior School, Scarborough.

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These were some of the happiest years of my life and I left in 1959 purely to further my career. This was as a peripatetic head for the North Riding County Council (later North Yorkshire C.C.). Hinderwell County Junior School under the Headship of Mr G. A. Catton was a very orderly and well disciplined place – for the staff as well as the pupils. Schemes of work were adhered to; forecasts (a weekly summary of what one hoped to teach) were handed in every Thursday morning - plus lesson notes (often lengthy) for subjects such as history and geography.

Before school started in the morning and again in the afternoon the classroom was prepared. Work was written on the blackboard, spare pencils sharpened and art paper guillotined. Lesson time therefore was devoted to the children and things ran smoothly. Monitors helped in these preparations – a position held with pride.

Two bells rang before school and at playtime – morning and afternoon. The first one brought us from the staffroom and when the second rang we were in strategic places on the corridors near our classrooms – our eagle eyes forbidding jostling and running. Follow the class immediately into the classroom and work commenced!

No classroom was ever left unattended. If nature called inconveniently a child was sent to bring Mr Catton who supervised for the duration! Yard duty and dinner duty came round –well – too regularly. I don't know which was the worst –outside in wind and drizzle or patrolling the corridors when the elements were at their worst.

Miss.....! Miss.....! fortunately when we were inside boxes of comics appeared –gosh – were we so lenient – and these were lifesavers. The creators of “Desperate Dan” and “Keyhole Kate “ have my everlasting thanks.

We had, however, many lighter moments.

A truant being brought back to school by his irate mother (those were the days!) “I've brought him back Mr Catton”, and then turning, presumably to give the truant a helping hand into the classroom said, “Well, the little b....s gone again”.

Stopping a dinner racket where the servers were selling the corner pieces – always largest portions in a pie-dish cut into eight – for 3d a piece!

Looking back I remember classes of happy, hardworking children; very quiet at times when concentration was necessary and, during subjects such as needlework and art when a little conversation was not discouraged, many happy moments. Rose coloured spectacles? I think not. I still see many Hinderwell pupils of those days and am happy to number them among my friends.

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HOT AND COLD AT HINDERWELL BY JASON BEECROFT

Being a pupil at Hinderwell School between the years 1976 and 1983 I have found some fond memories. I recall the vast area of playing fields and I remember that it could take a quarter of an hour to get back to class after dinner.

There were two well ventilated parts of the school, one was the toilet which was always freezing and the other being the canteen. Whatever time of year they were both very cold.

We were fortunate at school, being able to go swimming at Springhill School and have our own pottery room below the school. Summer was by far the best time of year, playing outside, having the summer fair and sports day.

Mr Buckle was Headmaster throughout my time at Hinderwell and he always seemed fair, but firm. Like any other schoolchild we only went to school for the playtimes and dinnertimes. We had a little gang at school, Paul Sellers, Neil Brocklehurst and Stuart Rowntree to name a few. I've plenty of memories of Hinderwell; many I wouldn't dare to put in print.

AND WHAT DID PUPILS THINK THE SCHOOL WOULD BE LIKE IN 2096 WELL IN 1996 10 yr OLD PUPIL MICHAEL COULSON SAID –

I write it exactly as Michael wrote it for me.

“Wednesday 8th May 1996. School life in 2096
the building will be under ground it is really big and tall and as big as the grand hotel.
The school uniform will look like this with gold jumptrousers and a bronze hat”

Well there you go, plenty of happy memories of a school .

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN BY MALCOLM STEPHENSON AT GLADSTONE ROAD SCHOOL IN THE MID 1950S. MALCOLM AT THE TIME LIVED AT 37 LIVINGSTONE ROAD

MY TRIP TO CLOUGHTON.

Cloughton – a small farming village on the Yorkshire coast five miles north of Scarborough.
Communications – By rail – the first station from Scarborough on the Whitby line.

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By bus – United bus No. 114 leaves Valley Bridge every half hour, at a quarter to, and a quarter past.

Single fare – adult 7d, children 3½d (this is old money of course)

Our Trip to Cloughton.

On the 25th of July, 1956 our class went to Cloughton. We caught the bus at Manor Road, it was a private bus. We all got on the bus and went to Cloughton. The conductor was Mr Ward. He has a

son who goes to our Scouts and he is one of my pals. When we got to Cloughton we got off the bus and we saw a War Memorial, school and the Cober Hill Guest House. We went down the path by the Cober Hill guest House. At the bottom there was a garden . Some of the girls went in and there was a poem on the gate and they copied it. When they came out we went a bit further. The fields were full of corn. Some was barley and some oats. When we got to the end of the road we could see the sea. We went through the ferns onto the cliffs and then we had our dinner. Some of the class started to throw their bits over the cliff, after we had finished our dinner. Mr Doyle said the girls could go a bit further on to leave the room. When the girls had got out of sight the boys went in the ferns and Alex and Graham kept throwing us in the ferns. We had some good fun until the girls came. We all packed up and went onto another cliff. We stopped there all the time. We had a music lesson then Alex and some more boys went to a brook and when they came back I went (we) and we went exploring. There (was) were some cows in the field and one chased me. Then when we came back Mr Doyle said “We will go back”, so we all packed up and set off back home. Mr Doyle said we could on the rocks. One boy fell and cut his leg but somebody had a bandage. Then we set off to go home and when we got home all the flowers were dead. I had a very nice time.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE GATE AT COURT GREEN.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God What.
Rose plot, fringed pool, ferned, grot,
The vexiest school of peace
And yet the fool contends that god is not.
Not God! In gardens! When the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
‘Tis very sure God walks in mine.

T.E. Brown (1830-1897)

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WESTWOOD SENIOR BOYS SCHOOL

In 1959 what had been the Boys High School at Westwood moved to the newly built building what today is the Graham School. Gladstone Road Senior Boys which was rather cramped in their top half of Gladstone Road moved into the old Boys High and became Westward County Modern Senior Boys School with the motto “By Wisdom and Courage”. The uniform was bottle green with the tie being green and yellow stripes.

In 1959 I had only another 6 or so months before I left school but I remember that summer holiday I and other boys spent our time transporting books etc from Gladstone Road to Westwood Schools. In February, 1961 the school issued its new magazine “The Westward” and even though I had left school then I managed to get hold of two of them at the times of publication. They were interesting mags and here I reproduce some of the contents of the first two.

FEBRUARY 1961

THE SPEECH DAY – TUESDAY, 19TH JULY, 1960

Speech Day this year was an historic occasion because it was the first to be held in Westward County Modern School.

The service opened in the School Hall at 7.30pm with the hymn "Immortal, Invisible God only Wise". Prayers were offered by the Rev. Canon D. Oxby Parker. After the Prefects Report the School Choir sang, "Haste Thee Nymph" (Slater) and "Ring Out Ye Crystal Spheres" (Shaw). The Headmaster's Report covered the School's activities during the year.

The School Choir then sang, "Thanksgiving" (Dyson) and "Marching Along" (Gilbert).

The presentation of prizes was followed by the address of R. Fern-Smith, Esq., County Youth Employment Officer.

After a vote of thanks by Councillor G.F. Hodgson, Vice Chairman of the Governors, there followed the National Anthem.

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It would take up too much space to list the full holders of the Form Prizes but to give a few names from that Speech Day –

4th YearFirst P Maher, P Priestley.

3rd YearM Stewart, R Percy, J Robinson.

2nd YearP Wiles, J Cobb, G Fox, S Wilson.

1st Year N Crawford, B Thacker, A Farley, M Davison, S Scott, J Bairstow.

Subjects –

English P Maher

Maths J Hill

Science J Hill

Geog B Snowden

History P Maher

Tech Drawing . A Mulvana and J Hill

Art L Moore

PE I Stubbs

Woodwork .. P Leadill

Metalwork .. A Mulvana

I wonder where these lads are now.

CHRIS BAGNALL KNOWN FROM HIS DAYS AS VOCALIST WITH THE INCAS IN THE SWINGING 60S

WROTE AN ARTICLE ON RUGBY FOOTBALL

For the first time in the history of the School, the boys have been given the opportunity to play rugby football, which is quite unique for a Modern School in this area. Throughout the year there has been tremendous enthusiasm and a great deal of enjoyment; unfortunately results have not always been favourable towards the School.

Primarily this is because the team has encountered boys in a much older age group than themselves and in consequence the opposing teams have had just a little more experience at the game.

Nevertheless, the game is giving a great deal of enjoyment to some of the boys and results should be more favourable when the game is more fully understood and the opposition more on a level with the school age group.

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At present we only field a Senior team by the junior part of the School has the opportunity to play rugby during their period at fields and, in fact, practice games have been held for both the 1st and 2nd Year. Again, unfortunately, lack of opposition in their age group thwarts the School's efforts to introduce competitive rugby matches with other schools.

The Senior team has played games against Scarborough Colts, Technical College and Driffield School but on each occasion the opposition has proved too strong and we have suffered some heavy defeats. Somehow our "first-ever" try has eluded us, although on many occasions we have just failed to register a score!

It is difficult to single out any one member of the team but Corcoran, I think, during every game has shown the correct way to tackle a man. Every member of the team should follow his example and perhaps the scores may be reduced. Generally, everyone has done his best and once tackling and passing are more thoroughly mastered, better results and even more enjoyment should follow.

CHRIS BAGNELL

Football 1960-61

At the start of the season the Senior XI was considerably strengthened by the addition of boys who were previously at Friarage School. During the Christmas term games were played against local schools and schools at Driffield, Malton and Whitby. The visits to Malton and Driffield were very enjoyable and it is hoped that we may play at Whitby against West Cliff and Eskdale Schools later this term.

Apart from these friendly games, the Senior XI took part in the local Schools' Knock-Out Competition and won the Shield, beating Scalby 8-2 later this term.

A pleasing feature of all the teams has been the desire to play good football although at times, a little more big kicking might have brought better results, particularly in the junior games.

When some of the junior boys realise that more determination and harder play are necessary, we should have two useful sides.

The Senior XI has been well represented in the town games at Bradford and Leeds. In all, nine boys have played, those being Anderson, Stone, Whittaker, T Porter, J Porter, Gilbert, Brearley, Warrener and Gregory. Gilbert is to be congratulated on his selection for a trial with Yorkshire Boys and a North Riding trial. Gregory also attended the North Riding trial, and as he is still only in the Third Year, he should prove to be a valuable town player next season. Of those not already mentioned, a word must be said about Eade who is probably the most improved player in the School Team.

In the Third Year there are several boys who have had at least one game with the Senior XI. Boyer, Livingstone, Atkinson, Cooper, Blakemore, Oldroyd and Hewitt have all shown that they will be useful players to have next season and also in the running for a Senior XI place will be Muir, a promising goalkeeper, Kushner,

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Ripon, Lily, Beanland, Moss, Ramm and several others. Competition should certainly be keen! The outstanding players in the junior half of the School have been Davison, another goalkeeper who seems to improve each game, Atkinson and Dunn with the Second year side and First Year's Moss, Moor and Bailey, all hard workers and good footballers.

Finally, I should like to pay tribute to the fine spirit shown by all players who turn up for games regardless of the weather, appear on the field looking a credit to the School and never resort to rough or foul play whatever the position of the game.
By D.B. (I am not sure who D B was)

In 1960 the school went to Switzerland and Italy.

TRIP TO ITALY BY JOHN HILL

The coach left Scarborough at 8.40am and we reached London at 4.55pm. After some confusion at Victoria Station, we boarded the train for Dover. The Channel crossing was a smooth one and no sea-sick cases were reported. We left Boulogne by train and spent a restless night sleeping on luggage racks and the floor. Our first stop in Switzerland, Basle, was reached at 10.50am. I was immediately struck by the contrast between the mountainous nature of Switzerland and the flat unchanging scenery of France.

At 11am on Saturday we left Basle by train for Lucerne. Here we boarded a ferry which took us along Lake Lucerne to Brunnen, situated in one of the lovely bays of the lake. A mountain railway ascended the mountain side to Morschach where we were shown to our hotels. After an enjoyable meal and a hectic journey we were all very glad to retire to bed.

On Sunday morning we went for a walk along the mountain paths which surrounded our hotel. We found the way rather muddy owing to the incessant rain during the night. However, the splendid views brought a great consolation for surrounding us on all sides were mighty spires of snow.

After lunch we walked down to Brunnen where the majority of us decided to go for a

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swim in the crystal-clear water of Lake Lucerne. The sunlit water of this lake is surrounded by mountains. Towering up in the distance thus creating the magnificent beauty of Lake Lucerne. Provided especially for swimmers are artificial beaches with cubicles to change in. There is also a lawn for games. Mr. Booth, Mr. Stanworth and a few volunteers walked back to the hotel but the rest of us returned by mountain railway.

After breakfast the next morning we took the train to Brunnen where we boarded a paddle steamer bound for Fluelen. From here we caught a train to Lugano travelling through the St. Gotthard Pass (a three-mile tunnel). A coach took us to Tesserete where our second hotel was situated. After a wash and a fine meal, the majority of us went straight to bed; the rest played games.

On Tuesday morning we walked through the picturesque countryside to one of the nearby lakes for a swim. We were told by some strangers that two boys had been drowned there some time ago and were directed to a much safer place, where under the watchful eye of the teachers we were allowed to swim about in the cool, clear water.

After lunch we walked down to Tesserete where we boarded a train for Lugano. Everyone had a wonderful time exploring Lugano, buying presents and strolling down the promenade which looks over the lake.

After breakfast on Wednesday we went by train from Tesserete via Lugano to Como – our first stop in Italy. Lying on a lake of the same name, Como is a beautiful holiday resort full of artistic buildings. After two hours we entrained for Milan, Italy's main industrial town. Hydro electric power generated by the mountain streams is plentiful making up for the lack of coal. Milan is the centre of the silk industry. It has Italy's highest and most modern skyscraper, a building thirty-two storey's high. On our way to Milan Cathedral we saw "Mon Tealini" (a famous business house)

and the statue of Leonardo Da Vinci, the famous inventor and painter. Our next stop was the Vittorio Emanuel Gallery, the finest in Europe. It is six hundred and forty feet long and three hundred and forty-five feet wide. Our last stop was the magnificent Gothic Cathedral. It is externally decorated with ninety-eight small Gothic towers and about two thousand statues. It is made throughout in white marble and is the highest building in town, its spire reaching three hundred and fifty-four feet. The interior is in the form of a cross and compared with the exterior is very plain. The stained glass of the windows is hand painted and is priceless. We returned to Tesserete by train and walked back to our hotel. After dinner we went straight to bed. In the morning we began our journey back to Scarborough taking the same route back. This is the most enjoyable holiday of my life and I know that if I ever get the chance I shall certainly return to the unique beauty of Switzerland.

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WESTWOOD SCHOOL DID HAVE A TUCKSHOP SITUATED IN A LITTLE ROOM ON THE STAIRS THAT LED INTO THE GYM'

THIS IS A POEM THAT APPEARED IN THE MAG
AN INNOVATION: THE TUCKSHOP
(WITH APOLOGIES TO ALFRED LORD TENNYSON)

Throught the Hall, down the stairs,
Past the gym, downwards,
Down to the basement floor
Rush the six hundred.
"Bags I the first!" he said.
!No, I'm the first!" "Drop dead!"
Into the little room
Rush the six hundred.

"Dainties" to the right of them,
Crisps to the left of them,
Liquorice in front of them,
Beckon invitingly.
Ours not to reason why,
Ours but to serve, and sigh
As mounds of sweets do fly
Into the six hundred.

When can their hunger fade?
Their appetites be stayed?
All the staff wondered.
Not, we trust, before
We get a projector (Ouch!)
For the insatiable six hundred.

I have to say that I do not have the faintest idea who to credit with this little piece of prose. I only hope now forty odd years later somebody will recognise their work.

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THE HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING BY B. SWIERS 4a.

Our school was built by the Scarborough School Board. In April, 1896, 18.000 square yards of land in Westwood were purchased from the North Eastern Railway. The plans of 1897 were carried out with the exception of a caretaker's house and a swimming bath, neither of which were built. One of the architects was a young man named Cooper, who later rose to fame as Sir Edwin Cooper.

The first children entered the school on November, 26th, 1900 although it was not officially opened until February, 23rd, 1901. The senior pupils were issued with copies of Baden Powell's letter to boys on "Juvenile Smoking", but we don't know if it had any effect. There was some difficulty in getting the workmen out of the school and the caretaker was not very efficient. He couldn't keep anything clean and did not understand the electric switches or the working of the heating apparatus. Once he even lost his keys.

The first Headmaster was Mr, Tetley. The Speech Day was in January, 1903. The school was open for inspection at 6pm and the speeches began at 7.30pm.

The Municipal School, as it had been called, ended in 1922, when the girls departed and formed the Girl's High School at Westland, where they remained until their new school was built just before the Second World War. St. Martin's Grammar School was closed at the same time and their boys merged with the boys of the Municipal School to form the High School for Boys. This new school had 800 pupils.

During the last war, which began in 1939, Kingston High School joined the Scarborough High School for Boys as evacuees. The younger teachers who joined the Forces were replaced by lady teachers. The old air raid shelters are now used as potting sheds.

Mr. F. Mayor became headmaster in 1923. He was followed in 1926 by Mr. King. In 1930 Mr. Marsden took over the Headship of the school and only retired in July, 1960.

In July, 1959, the High School for Boys moved to new premises near the Scarborough Hospital and these buildings were taken over by the combined Gladstone Road and Friagage schools, with Mr. Rollett as headmaster. The school has been given the the original name of the site, Westward. It is still in excellent condition and no doubt has several years' service left in it.

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There is such a lot in these Westward Mags but will finish this section with –

SOME OLD BOYS WHO LEFT IN 1960

AND WHO ARE MENTIONED IN THE MAG.

JOHN HILL ... Farnell Instruments Ltd., Wetherby.

Extract from Wetherby News, Friday, January, 20th, 1961

"One of the most enthusiastic workers in this department is probably 16 years old John Hill, whose home is in Scarborough. He has always been interested in electronics. After a period in the AVO Dept., John hopes to go to the development section. Meanwhile he will sit for his Ordinary National Certificate in three years, followed by the Higher National Certificate"

William Duncan ... Malta. Admiralty School.

Keith Foster, Brian Philps... Apprentice Engineers, British Railways, York.

David Cappleman... Engineer Apprentice, The Army.

Ian Stubbs, Barry Saunders .. N.E. Area Electricity Board Apprentice School, York.
Colin Shepperd ..A boy entrant in the R.A.F. stationed at St. Athan, S. Wales. Has gained 1st prize for best practical test job of his entry in his Graduation Examinations. Highly commended by his Commanding Officer.

I wonder where some of these lads are now. I know of a couple such as Ian Stubb etc., but it would be nice to know where the others are.

MEMORIES OF KEITH CORRIE

Many people will remember Keith Corrie who lived at 14 Castlegate and who was sadly killed in his car on Racecourse Road some years ago. Keith was one of the nicest lads anyone could hope to meet. I first met Keith back in 1964 when I joined the YMCA Pantomime group. Keith was a member and over the years he took part in many pantos and reviews at the Floral Hall and other places.

Keith was also a master at playing the accordion and had played with Max Jaffa at the Spa Grand Hall and with Hughie Green at the Floral Hall. Keith had first started to take lessons at the age of eight from Ernest Jaconelli and his accordion was a Christmas present from his parents.

Keith had other pastimes as well. He was a keen member of the Scarborough Mere Angling Club and also collected pop records of his favourite singers such as Roy Orbison and Gene Pitney. He also enjoyed playing table tennis at the YM'

Keith worked as an electrician at Plaxtons. A very sad loss.

MEMORIES OF DUMPLE STREET BY

MEG SOMERS.

I once visit Meg at her home at 92 Longwestgate back in the early 1990s when I was in the process of compiling one of my books. She was full of such wonderful tales and many that I would not dare to put in print.

Meg died a few years ago but I remember her telling me about Duple Street which is now Friargate.

Meg used to live in Batty Alley, a cul-de-sac off Duple Street. She remembers an alleyway leading to a tallow factory, and Mr. Chapman's grocers where ham and bacon were cut with a knife – "lovely thick slices". "We used to buy a bladder of lard in those days that hung from the ceiling in his shop next to the Yorkshire hams".

The houses up the street were "little palaces" to all the folk that lived there and Meg said that they all had nice clean windows and kerbs that were white-stoned with a pennyworth of yellow stone. Lissie Richardson, Meg had an assorted shop selling hot cakes with bacon in the mornings for 2d (old money). Alice Hartley's shop was in the street and Meg remembers that she sold sheep head broth and dumplings for 3d. The next day said Meg it would be rabbit and there was always a queue. Meg said that Mrs. Jennie Leaf kept a lodging house and were she took navvies in for one week or just one night. Another lodging house, remembers Meg, on the bend of the street was kept by Frank Hopkins and his son and further up the street was May Swalwell who had a hand laundry. The washing was all done by hand and starched and ironed. "My aprons were looked lovely. I was a waitress at the time".

At the top of the street said Meg, was Mrs. Tucker's shop were she sold apples and sweets and on the end of the the alley were Meg lived was a warehouse kept by the Isaac brothers.

Meg looked back at that street maybe through rose coloured glasses I don't know but she ended by telling me, "A lot of us who lived there will never forget old Dumble Street. Those days in the 1920s can never be repeated".

I bet they couldn't!

I also remember when I went to Meg's place that she had a Locust bean. You don't see many of them these days. It was chocolate coloured and about 8 inches long. These pods are the fruit of the Carob tree. The flesh is mixed with butter fat or palm oil and has a chocolate taste. It is known as Carob and is regarded as good for the stomach.

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There is much more that could be written and it could cover pages – The lady who lived on Scalby Road – well into the 1960s – and who kept her pet donkey in the house with her: the gardener who went and did peoples gardens and planted them up; charged them and then went back at night and dug them up and re-planted them in another customer's garden and charged them etc etc., or Little Jimmy who collected watercress from the stream on Lady Ediths Drive and sold it in town. What colourful characters and yes there are still some about. Perhaps the most remembered of late and it was sad really was "Rose" who could be seen in town until only a year or two back when she died, who would strip off her clothes and start dancing if she heard music, in fact she even went into show business by "entertaining" the shoppers going into Tescos with a song or two and of course the customary strip. Of course Rose was not her proper name and she had had a very good job in the Accounts Department at the old Rowntrees department store.

So I hope that this little potted history of some of Scarborough's Characteristic Worthies will bring a smile to your face and maybe a tear or two.

RICHARD JAMES PERCY, 11 SEPTEMBER, 2006

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