

As one who only recently became an Old Bradfordian and as a pupil from 1943 to 1950, I wondered if other old boys from a similar period might be interested in sharing some of my memories from that time.

I won a scholarship, but being too young to attend the main school, I started at St. Peters in Saltaire, just up the hill from the roundabout. My first recollections are of a kindly, (seemed) elderly, lame, gentleman, Mr Wilkinson who took us for maths, of chatting to Belgian soldiers with my mate Daniel at the roundabout by saying 'Avez-vous de Belgique monai s'il vous plait'. I have no idea how we had the cheek or the language to do so, but we did end up with two or three shiny lightweight coins. We would go to lunch at a British Restaurant nearby, one of many set up throughout the country at that time to provide cheap, substantial meals from the limited food supplies which were available during the Second World War.

It took ages to get to school and back. I caught a tram from Low Moor to Bradford which clanked down to town in about half an hour, walked across to Forster Square to board a trolley bus to Saltaire (the fare was one halfpenny). The total journey time was between one and a quarter and one and a half hours each way. I think that I had only one term there before moving to the 'proper' junior school at Thornville, opposite Manningham Park. This had been commandeered by the army, hence St. Peters earlier, and it was quite an adventure to explore the overgrown garden of our new premises. I think that there will not be many boys who attended four different buildings connected with the Grammar School, the two as mentioned, before moving to the old school in Manor Row, and later to the present school.

I remember the old school as being a dark and dingy place, a caring headmaster (Dr. Graham), a frightening deputy (Willie Head or Mr. Clarkson), and masters with black gowns and the occasional mortar board. The black corridor (or was it the dark corridor) seemed to be in the very bowels of the school, and an attic served as our French classroom under Mr. Whitham I think. I found it strange that with our country in a war against Germany there were two German masters, Mr. Bayer (woodwork?) and Dr. Kripps (German?), the latter entertaining us at times with songs from his homeland in a rich bass voice. There were three masters with the surname Jones - Roscoe, Phipps, and Iolo - I assume Welsh. In my form we had three boys with the names of well known brewers of the day - myself, Tetley, a Ramsden, and the present OBA president, Hammond.

Our move to the present school was welcomed with anticipation and excitement, and we were not disappointed. The official opening was by the present Duke of Edinburgh and whatever he said in his speech was totally overshadowed by his request to the head that the boys be granted an extra days holiday. Work on the new building had not been completely finished and various parts were out of bounds including the flat roof, but my pal, Earnshaw and I decided to explore. Sadly for us, we were caught, taken to Mr. Clarkson's room, and given two strokes of the cane to our posteriors - we didn't do it again!

One of the favourites in PT was 'pirates' - a chase around the gym on ropes, bars or whatever without touching the bare boards, and the 'pirate in hot pursuit. On one session,

I was at the front of the buck, and the build up of boys behind forced me to fall and fracture my elbow. I had three sessions a week at the BRI, and I well remember Douzie's remarks on my Latin report - ' These regular visits to hospital should not be used as an excuse for poor work' - I didn't like Latin anyway!

Eventually I gained 6 credits in my School Certificate just enough to count as adequate, and on leaving school I was articed to an Estate Agent before National Service mostly in Edinburgh, afterwards in Local Government, and now long since retired.