

Gladstone Reflections

1922 – 1939

THE 1922 SENIOR CUP FINAL

How many of you remember the 1922 Senior Cup Final played in front of some 500 spectators between Central School and Gladstone Road?

A tinge of disappointment still lingers in the memories of the Rev. Bernard Crosby as he recalls how his team, Central School, led 1-0 at half time only to be beaten 2-1 by a strong Gladstone Road Eleven captained by Syd Chapman.

No designer strips in those days - the boys all wore white shirts with a coloured band to identify the opposing teams. Goalkeepers considered themselves lucky however as the crossbar was lowered a foot to accommodate the size (or lack of it) of the schoolboy keeper.



Football Team (1922)

SENIOR SCHOOL TEACHERS - RESPECTFULLY REMEMBERED

By Albert I. Webb (Pupil 1920 - 30)

MISS NALTON taught the new boys who came fresh from the Infants' to the Senior Boys' school. She could be very kind and amusing, got her subjects over very well indeed and had a very strong arm on occasions when things did not go according to plan.

MISS LOMAS taught second year boys and was a very keen disciplinarian, there was no levity at all, none-the-less Miss Lomas was a fine teacher and would take us for singing when Mr. Davidson was not available.

MR. DRAKE "Ducky Drake" to us, put the fear of God into all of us but could be very nice when he wanted to be. He used to chew the ends of his moustache when cross and could sometimes produce a nifty back hander.

MR. DAVIDSON of happy memory. He had an artificial leg and rode a motor bike and sidecar to school and wore a leather flying helmet. He loved singing and coached us to win the Junior First Prize for School Choirs on the Spa, circa 1926. Freddy, or "Daveo" as we called him, once walked behind me when we were lined up in the playground, grabbed me by the coat collar and the seat of my trousers and held me upside down for a few seconds because I had been fidgeting. He used to bump us on the bottom with the side of the foot of his Tin Leg, to the amusement of all but the recipient. He was at heart a kind man.

MR. LEONARD RAZZEL "Our Len" - I remember with great respect, he brooked no nonsense in class. A thoroughly dedicated teacher who always had his pupils' interests in mind, he had a sly sense of humour and was a very smart man. He sported a Swan Fountain Pen .

MESSRS. PERCY and PASSMAN did not teach me for any length of time, "Passo" certainly had the reputation of being a tough cookie not to be crossed!

MR. POLLARD was highly respected , being easy going and a thoroughly likeable man. He doubled as Woodwork and Sportsmaster, subjects very agreeable to most boys. "Polly" made two shields to be competed for at football. I was to receive one of these as Vice Captain of Rhodes House.

MR. HAIGH "Our Charlie" was a very nice man, much younger than all the rest. He taught us science and hygiene. We were older boys by now and gave Charlie a hell of a life, nothing vindictive but truly mischievous. We used to make, in our class, fly cages; two pieces of cork held together with pins to form a cage, catch a fly, lift up a pin and pop the fly inside and Bob's your Uncle. I don't remember Charlie ever catching us at it!

MR. JOHN SYDNEY WRAY Pa Wray - no one referred to him in this way, must have been a legend in his own right.

He was an exceptional teacher in many ways and I believe totally dedicated to the welfare of his pupils, very stern and strict, but with a wry sense of humour. I don't think he had any real favourites, he could praise in one breath and verbally chastise in the next.

On occasion he was known to start Arithmetic (after Scripture) at 9.30 a.m. and finish at 4.30 p.m.; likewise on another day, if the mood took him, he would spend a similar period on General Knowledge. If he came to school wearing his knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket, as he did on rare occasions, we instinctively knew we were in for a bad day!

Pa Wray made everyone learn the old and new Books of the Bible. He would also hold up a dictionary and say "If you have nothing else to read, this little book is full of useful information, try to learn a new word each day." He taught us lettering and sign writing. Copper-plate handwriting was Pa Wray's obsession, it was his forte, as any ex-pupil of that time will relate. If you were poor at it, hard luck!; if you were good, the sun shone out of you. During the school year Pa Wray would collect pennies from us and, near Christmas time, he would take us down to Lodge and Lightfoot's bookshop in Westborough and we would buy books of our own choice.

We dare not enter his class in an untidy or sloppy manner. Hair had to be brushed and parted properly, shoes cleaned every day and socks turned down correctly at the top; no sagging! He hated us to leave lessons to go to choir practice or woodwork, even rehearsals for school plays; but he did not seem to mind football. We had mixed feelings when he left us to cross the hall and became first Headmaster of the newly formed Junior School, at the time of re-organisation. I for one, will never forget Pa Wray, having much to thank him for. To my mind he must be Gladstone Road's Mr. Chips.



Scarborough Carnival (1921). Gladstone Road School, "Neptune Doing Homage".

'THE NEW LIBRARY'

By John Crimlisk

In 1931 a School Library was opened in the Senior School by the Mayor, Alderman Butler. At this time I was fifteen and had passed the age most of the boys had left school. My father would not let me leave until I had got a job and so I had to be occupied. Instead of repeating the previous year's work I was allowed to study on an individual basis. Along with a boy named Brown (from Snainton, I think) I occupied a table in the top classroom. No doubt this was the reason I was given the task of running the new library. The books were kept in two bookcases at the side of the main hall and after school the boys were allowed to come into the hall and choose their books. I stayed on at Gladstone Road until I was nearly sixteen.



Opening of the School Library
Mr. Crimlisk (sixth from the left) - Mr. Halliwell (Headmaster) extreme right.

'WE DESERVED IT!'

By Stan Giles

Early in the summer of 1937 I think it would be, a fire occurred in Rowntree's Depository opposite the school gates. The blaze was in its height about 1.30 p.m. and most of the school were outside the gates, eager spectators of the blaze and totally oblivious of masters shouting 'fall in'.

Eventually we were herded into the school yard, fallen in in classes then marched into school - not into our classrooms but round the corridor. 3A to which I belonged, finished at the Wykeham Street Bridge end of the corridor and the line of boys stretched out to the Wooler Street end of the corridor. We waited.

We had not long to wait; we were informed that Mr. Halliwell, the headmaster, was going to cane the whole school and this he did. Starting at the Wooler Street end he caned every boy. We were pleased to be at the end of the line thinking he may tire, but no such luck. He was going as well at the end as when he started. It was nice to know that some of the 'teachers' favourites' were included also.

THE DAYS OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

By George Dixon

In my days at 'Glago', some teachers went over the top with corporal punishment. My school days were clouded by fear. How on earth I learned anything at all beats me.

I recall one occasion, when not being able to remember the date of birth of William Shakespeare, I received a blow around the head, which felled me like an ox and for a few seconds I passed out. How I feared and loathed that man and would have been the first to volunteer to pass him the poisoned chalice. Come to think of it, I was none too pleased with dear William also and wished he had never been born. He was on my blacklist for many a moon. We were not only afraid of 'corporal punishment', 'twas 'capital punishment' we were worried about!

Much water has flooded under the bridge since then and it has been wonderful to watch my children progress. Education is never wasted. I understand that one of my old teachers is still in Scarborough, Les Rollet. Will you please pass my greetings to him. I wish him well.

P.S. By the way when was Shakespeare born!
Have a good centenary.

ARRIVING AT SCHOOL IN THE 1930's

By Norman Bogie (ex pupil 1928-34)

Boys and girls, some singly and others in small groups, shuffled, skipped, sometimes raced each other along the streets leading to school. Some boys played extended games of marbles in the gutters if the weather was fine, as road traffic was not a serious problem and was always slow enough to allow the safety of the pavement to be reached in plenty of time. Harrison's sweet shop, at the corner of Wooler Street and Gladstone Road, was crowded with children with coppers to spend on gob-stoppers, acid drops or liquorice bootlaces. Double wrapping was a thing of the future and only a single sheet of cheap paper separated sticky sweets from the fluff and foulness of a boy's trouser pocket.

The playground was a noisy turmoil of screaming children, many of them running around at high speed with arms outstretched pretending to be Amy Johnson, then attempting to fly solo from England to Australia. A few quiet corners could be found where boys swapped cigarette cards, building up sets according to their interests - cricketers, footballers, battleships, tropical birds, national costumes and many more subjects. This business, highly competitive and full of interest, was rudely interrupted by the bell, when all talking stopped, followed by a second bell when we silently formed class lines and, on the command of the class teacher, marched in step into school, along the brown glazed brick corridors and into our equally sombre classrooms.

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

By Mrs. Esther Robinson (nee Atkinson)

I attended Gladstone Road Junior School for a time in 1928 then again in 1930/31. The time between was spent in Kirkbymoorside Orthopaedic Hospital where I had three major operations to correct a dislocated hip and short leg. Teachers and classmates wrote to keep me up to date with school events.

The first Easter I received along with a signed card, a large chocolate egg filled with chocolates with my name on it, nestling on a bed of pink satin. The pink box was tied up with pink satin ribbon. I wonder if anyone remembers this. The Class Teacher was Miss Stephenson who, sadly died the weekend I came home. Later, in 1930, I was welcomed back like a princess. Miss Sanderson, wearing a long black dress and with her hair pinned up was very kind to me, helping me to catch up on lost schooling.

My own children - Leonard, Neil, Marion, Valerie and Peter, also attended 'Glaggy' covering some 18 years! It was always a school with a good reputation. the winter 1947/48 was quite memorable as we had to carry the children to school because the snow was waist high.

My present day connection with the school is that, for a few years now, I have received gifts from the school's Harvest Festival complete with card and delivered personally by the children. It is a much appreciated gesture.

May the school go from strength to strength in the future.

'A HOLIDAY JOB'

By Leslie Pipes

I remember during the long school holidays in the late nineteen thirties volunteering (along with a fellow pupil J. Clark) to help the Science Master, Mr. Haigh, (Charlie to everyone-behind his back of course!) clean the shelves and dust the equipment in the Science Room. For about two or three weeks we would tidy the seemingly hundreds of bottles of chemicals used during the lessons. No pay just the satisfaction of getting everything ready for the next term.



1929 School Play "The Empire". Mr. A.I. Webb second right after the globe.

AN O.A.P.'s MEMORIES OF HIS HEADMASTER IN 1938

By William Temple

I recently discovered a copy of the 1938 "Gladstonian" and reading it made me remember Mr. J.H. Milbourn (JAS.H. as we boys called him when he wasn't there). He was a man with a stern face and manner but if you looked him straight in the eye there was always a twinkle, even when we got the cane, the boys who looked away or cried never saw it. I do not remember many boys crying because the only worry was not to be seen to cry in front of the other boys, one knew when one had earned the cane. JAS.H. never talked down to us. I remember him saying, "You are leaving school just 14 years old. To survive, join the evening institutes, love your country and keep fit." We never fully understood his words on our departure Easter 1939 but we obeyed JAS.H. even when we left school.

I remember being pleased to be recognised by him in 1940. He stopped me and said, "Will you and a few other boys (by now we were 15 years old) help me on Saturday afternoon?" He told me he had been an orphan when a small boy and had lived at the Trinity House Orphanage in Hull. We met him in Bar Street and got a barrel organ out of a cellar, pushed it around old Scarborough collecting money for this Orphanage.

We boys knew by instinct this man was special. He was ahead of his time for reading his message in the 1938 Gladstonian, he said the raising of school leaving age to 15 years was most important and he hoped further developments would provide the best possible extra year of school life. He also said "Peace cannot be made - it must be kept."

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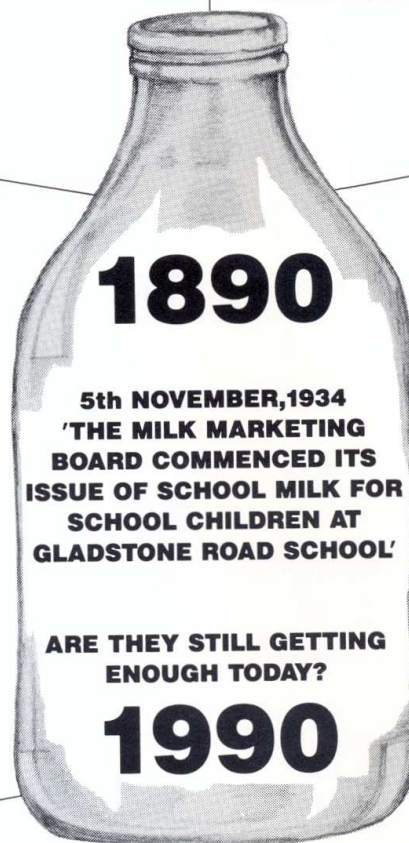
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THE EDUCATION AND TRAINING OF TEACHERS

By Wendy L. Sellors B.A., M.Ed.
Deputy Principal of North Riding College

Numerous reports and education acts have influenced changes in teacher education and training during the history of Gladstone Road schools. Although a few training colleges had been established by the churches in the nineteenth century, providing a two year training course for some teachers, the vast majority were untrained and uncertificated. Many children were taught by pupil-teachers who were older pupils, initially as young as thirteen but rising to sixteen years of age by 1903, who taught in the elementary schools during the day and who were themselves taught in special pupil-teacher centres during the evenings and on Saturdays.

After five years of service a pupil-teacher could enter for a competitive examination to obtain a Queen's Scholarship which was tenable at a training college. Teachers obtained a teaching certificate at the end of a two year college course or by passing an external examination for practising teachers. The examinations were set and marked by members of the Board of Education who also saw a trial lesson.

The Education Act of 1902 empowered the newly established local education authorities to make provision for the training of teachers and by 1907 an alternative to the pupil-teacher system was introduced. This was known as the bursary system whereby school pupils of sixteen years and over who had been attending secondary school for three years were eligible for grants to enable them to stay at school until seventeen or eighteen when they could enter a training college or they could become student-teachers for a year prior to entering college. This system of student-teachers continued to be in existence until the late 1950's.

The years immediately after the war saw the need for more teachers and consequently another expansion of training colleges. North Riding Training College was founded in Scarborough by the local authority at this time opening in 1948. Initially, offering a two year certificate course the College has seen many of the later national changes reflected in its own history.

1960 marked the introduction of the new certificate courses which included increased academic content of the curriculum following the extension of the course from two to three years. In 1963 the Robbins Report on Higher Education recommended a change of name so that all training colleges became Colleges of Education. It also introduced Bachelor of Education Degrees. At this time the majority of students pursued the three year Certificate in Education which included the study of subjects to a level of higher education, professional training, relevant curriculum knowledge and education theory together with practical teaching obtained in schools. The first B.Ed. degrees were taken by a minority of students but by the mid 1970's these degrees were taken by an increasing number of students until teaching has now become an all graduate profession with two standard entry routes by the four year B.Ed. degree and the three year degree followed by a one year Postgraduate Certificate in Education.

Today the North Riding College is one of only three Colleges in the country specialising in the training of primary teachers and the students at present on course spend the second year in the University of Leeds, gaining a degree of the University which includes qualified teacher status.

We have a well qualified teaching profession working to further the education of the young. However, it is a demanding profession and there are teacher shortages in many parts of the country. Some areas with acute shortages are introducing schemes for Articled and Licensed teachers where unqualified people will receive training in schools. Some people may think this is not so different from the pupil-teacher schemes of yesteryear.

EXTRACTS FROM LOG BOOK

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| 15th March 1948 | Three students of York Emergency Training College spent the later part of the morning and the afternoon studying the work of Classes 1, 2 and 3 preparatory to taking Teaching Practice. |
| 22nd June 1950 | Headmaster left school at 1.45 to visit the new Newby Primary School and the official opening ceremony of the North Riding Training College. |

MEMORIES OF SCARBOROUGH 1939

By Cyril Hull (an evacuee)

In September 1939 war was declared and I was evacuated from Elwick Road School, West Hartlepool to Scarborough. It seemed an odd choice as Scarborough had been shelled in the last war!

My new family, Mrs. Appleton - 'Aunt Lil' and Mr. - 'Uncle Alf', Alfie aged 7, Miriam aged 5 and Jean aged 3, made me very welcome. We attended Gladstone Road half days, spending the other half either on a visit i.e. railway station, lighthouse, museum etc. or in a hall on Seamer Road.

If I remember rightly we had about three or four air-raid warnings while I was there but I do not think there were any bombs dropped at all. We had regular practices where we ran up to our allotted addresses then marched back to school but if we were in the woodwork room which had a glass 'lantern' roof we had to open the benches and climb inside until the practice was over.

Life was full of new places to see and explore, there was so much to do. We were 'regulars' in Pickup's Iron Foundry watching them casting manhole covers and enjoyed playing in the coal-yard at Roscoe Street.

Eventually I moved billets to Tindall Street with Mrs. Williamson and daughter Janet who now lives in Burniston. I still have close contact with Uncle Alf and Janet and had a 'fifty year reunion' in September 1989.

Happy Centenary and many more years to come!

GLADSTONE ROAD FOOTBALL - 'THE WAR YEARS'

By Geoff H. Bowman

Football for me was played at Northstead Playing Fields on Saturday mornings and, I suppose, often following an air raid on the previous night. Mr. Les Rollett was the sports master in those hectic war years and I was later to join him as a seventeen year old with Scarborough Reserves which he managed.

Gladstone Road had two teams in those days, the under elevens and the under fourteens. The first eleven-a-side game I played in was against Scarborough High School who at that time played football as well as Rugby. A boy called Peter Brewins, who captained Gladstone Road, put my name forward. I cannot remember the result but the High School always had a strong side. We played against Friarage, St. Peter's and Scalby but because it was wartime I do not think we had a league as such.

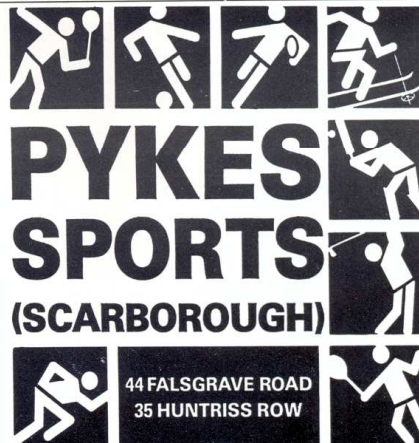
At thirteen I played for the 'under fourteens' along side Maurice Baker, Raymond Boyes and Barry Bernard. The year would be 1945 and the war was coming to an end. It would not be long before our dads were returning home and football returning to pre-war standards. Charlton Athletic would be playing in the F.A. Cup at Wembley and we would be hearing the final air-raid siren.

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