



SALIX

The newsletter of the Carlton le Willows Grammar School Society Number 2 January 1997

First General Meeting, 8 September 1996

Present: David Carnell (Chair), Jan Briars (Secretary), Stuart Andrews, Carole Brewster, Chris Gibson, Kath Hardisty, Jennifer Hardy, Robert Hardy, John Higgins, Val Hunter, Jeff Mann, Tim Marshall, Roger Pikett, Alan Streater, Rosemary Telling and Cynthia Wood.

It was decided to adopt the name Carlton le Willows Grammar School Society and Salix was confirmed as the name of the newsletter.

Aims of the Society: to promote and provide social contacts and activities amongst those who attended Carlton le Willows Grammar School as pupils or members of staff. Other activities may be supported at the discretion of the Committee.

Officers: the following were elected.

Chairman	David Carnell
Treasurer	Margaret Jordan
Secretary	Jan Briars
Social Secretary	Val Hunter
Membership Secretary	Jeff Mann
Newsletter Secretary	Alan Streater

Committee (in addition to the officers): Stuart Andrews, Kath Hardisty, Tim Marshall, Roger Pikett, Pat Tavner, Rosemary Telling, David Thorpe and John Williamson.

Membership: it was decided that the initial subscription would be £10 per person. Anyone wishing to join the Society should send their subscription to Jeff Mann with the enclosed application form. Initial membership will be valid until December 1997. Members will receive future editions of Salix which will include details of future reunions and social events.

REUNION 19th APRIL 1997

This will take place at the Carlton le Willows School. Anyone wishing to attend should complete the enclosed form and return this to Val Hunter with their remittance. A number of people commented after the 1995 reunion that they would have liked the event to have lasted longer. This time, therefore, the School will be open from 12 noon until 9pm. Refreshments will be provided.

Contributions for Salix should be sent to Alan Streater, 34, Lawson Avenue, Tiddington, Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire, CV37 7BT. Tel. 01789 294863.

Barbara Priestley (née Hind) (1955 - 1960)

“I feel my most valuable contribution to life has been to raise three super and successful girls within my own very happy marriage. They are all in their 20s - two are married, one is engaged.

Like David Thorpe (*see Salix no.1 - Ed.*), I’ve always felt an academic failure, having only attained four ‘O’ levels, although the Maths. and English successes helped enormously. Mr. Lee, our Geography teacher, told us during a careers talk that we could consider ourselves having failed if we left school at 16 with less than five ‘O’ levels. However, I did gain further qualifications at college and night classes and enjoyed a short but very interesting working life within the N.H.S. as an administration assistant in a primary health care team.

I stayed at home for 17 ½ years to raise our three daughters whilst my husband Ian steadily progressed through British Gas until he became a senior manager. However, like many others, he decided to take the very generous retirement and redundancy package as he was over 50 and I also decided to retire a year ago, as I was entitled to draw my pension too.

So here we are - two pensioners with a beautiful grand-daughter - but guess what? Ian has a place at Derby University to study creative writing with European Studies and I have enrolled to take more G.C.S.E.s, then ‘A’ levels. We both know that our extremely thorough grammar school backgrounds gave us a much better level of attainment than today’s state system.

Ian failed to get into three universities at 18 with Pure and Applied Maths. and Physics ‘A’ levels and I wish I’d gained five instead of four ‘O’ levels. However, it’s never too late to study again. Ian and I both know we’ll be academically successful during the next few years and feel very privileged to have been given this opportunity.”

Rosemary Lloyd (née Daws) (1953 - 1958)

“I just have to reply to the first Salix newsletter. Although not knowing the writers of the autobiographical sketches, except one, I enjoyed reading them.

Roger Pikett’s contribution was simply delicious; it made me giggle. ‘Prof’ entered through the doors of Carlton le Willows for the first time on the same day as myself, but we never had the experience of sitting in the same classroom, he being in the brainy science class while I struggled with the German language.

I don’t believe one word was ever exchanged between us in all the years until our reunion day in April 1995. It was then that I discovered that ‘Prof’ was not some aloof, brainy scientist but a great big ‘pussy cat’: warm, funny and friendly. What a delightful surprise!

At the reunion, I was bitterly disappointed to find not a single person from my class had made the journey back. One of the persons I was hoping to be reacquainted with was Tom Timms, one of my special friends who disappeared from my life within a year or two of leaving school. Remember me, Titus? Dilly Daws! I never did find out how I earned that name. Even the teachers used it.

Now ‘Prof’ tells us Tom is indeed still walking this Earth, so when the next reunion rolls around, Tom, please walk, run, ride or fly in the direction of Carlton le Willows. I would love to see you again and learn how life has treated you. That goes for the rest of my class: you know who you are! I shall endeavour to be there, with bells on, travelling over the barren arctic wastes and the Atlantic Ocean, just to see all your precious faces again.

Many thanks to David Carnell and his late wife Christine for the many hours they devoted to making our first reunion such a wonderful success. The day did not end there. I have enjoyed the company of new old friends on subsequent visits to the United Kingdom.”
(*Rosemary is living in Canada. Ed.*)

Ruth Ward (née Kirk) (1961 - 1968)

“Left Carlton le Willows in 1968 to study Drama and English at Bretton Hall. Left there to teach English and decided that it wasn’t as easy as it had been made to look when on the receiving end. Taught for the opposition, i.e. Arnold Hill Comprehensive. Got married in ’74 and moved to Lancashire. Moved to Leicestershire in 1980 and abandoned all hope of ever earning an honest living as a teacher. Freelanced for magazines and newspapers and have finally graduated from writing about bonfire night in the school magazine to getting my first book published, the aptly named ‘Making It’ published by Arrow and written by Ruth Carr. This bit gets confusing, I know. Blame the publishers who think that grovelling around on the floor and scraping ankles under ‘W’ is not a good start. Now you can find me in Dillons or Waterstone’s, next to le Carré. A very big thank you to all English teachers at Carlton le Willows, especially Mrs. Prime.”

(John le Carré [real name David Cornwell] was an ex teacher too - he taught French at Eton. Ed.)

‘Mouths go round and round with the sticky goodness of bonfire toffee.’ *From ‘The Fifth’, by Ruth Kirk, printed in the 1962 school magazine.*

“‘Eez not good time, Nee-co-la,’ warned Paolo when I asked to speak to Carlo. ‘Ee is stuffing the zucchini flower.’

I’ve seen Carlo do this before and wondered at his care and gentleness in handling the flower petals. There have been times when I’ve wished he’d use that technique more often when he’s making love to me, rather than the one he uses for flattening chicken breasts: throw them down on the nearest available surface, bash and shake around a bit.” *From ‘Making It’ by Ruth Carr, published in paperback, June 1996. Ruth suggested the link between these extracts was the subject matter of food but readers might gather from the above that Ruth’s novel is not exactly about food. Ed.*

“1966 did not exist.”

In the first edition of Salix, I mentioned that I did not have a copy of the school magazine for 1966. Andrew Gardner (1963 - 1970) informs me that this is due to the fact that the magazines were dated from the start of the school year until 1965 and from the date of publication (after the New Year) thereafter. Thus 1966 disappeared from the calendar as far as the school magazine’s editors were concerned. I think we should be grateful to them for making us all a year younger than we thought we were. Ed.

Carlton le Willows memories

A pipe smoking member of staff always replaced the used match in his box and was reading the other side of the headmaster’s newspaper. The match was still lit and the headmaster’s newspaper went up in flames.

‘Mrs. Lavelle prefers to play on the floor.’

Our scrum half was picked for the Midlands and taught his forwards a few Polish words to fool the opposition. After the game, the Northern XV scrum half confided in our scrum half “I’m Polish too.”

Courtesy of Harry Makins (offered in the hope that some people might remember the personalities involved- Ed.)

Fred Poole (1955 - 1960)

“I was no star pupil, being both lazy and lacking incentive. The latter was because from when I’d been big enough to hold a pitchfork, it had been drummed into me that I would follow my father and grandfather to work on the family farm, so who needed ‘O’ levels to muck out cows? My favourite subject was woodwork; a mortise and tenon seemed more purposeful than the plot of Henry IV (sorry, Mr. Wood!) A close second was geography: I just loved maps and mountains. That’s probably why my most endearing memory of my time at le Willows was the Easter 1959 Rambling Club holiday. We were based in the Yorkshire Dales, at Bell Busk I believe, and spent most of the time conquering the likes of Ingleborough, Whernside and Pen - y - gent. The best treat, however, was kept

for the last day: a trip to the Lake District, with Great Gable the target. We left at dawn and I'll always remember that coach trip up past Grasmere and Rydal Water, over Dunmail Rise and down into Keswick for breakfast, before meandering off down Borrowdale.

There must have been heavy overnight rain because every gully and crevice in the sides of that U-sectioned glaciated valley (thanks, Mr. Lee) contained its own gushing white torrent, whilst those that caught the sun shone like streaks of lightning against the dark fell side. We hobbled up to the Sty Head pass and spread out amongst the rocks to eat our sandwiches with dark clouds forming over distant Helvellyn.

On the restart someone declared their rucksack missing and I was one of the three volunteers chosen by Mrs. Denne to stay behind and search for it. After 20 fruitless minutes, not only was it declared well and truly lost, but it was also considered to be too late to catch up with the main party. It may have had more to do with the black cloud poised over Glarramarra but that couldn't have been as black as the look of disappointment on my face. After an agonising delay, all of three seconds probably, Mrs. Denne agreed that we would carry on, but we "had to get a move on".

We timed that ascent at 33 minutes with the last 30 in a howling blizzard, but we made the summit and caught up with the rest of the party on the way down to Windy Gap.

I fell in love with the Lake District that day and have been going back ever since.

By the time I came to leave school, the farm was no longer viable due to loss of land for spoil tipping by the National Coal Board. Anyway, I preferred the smell of sawdust to cow manure, so followed my nose into an apprenticeship in carpentry and joinery. I soon discovered that 4 mortises and tenons make a door and that houses needed doors, people needed houses and people were needed to build them! Then everything clicked into place and I was launched into a career in the building industry. I would do exactly the same if I had my time again. I eventually moved into management and can look back with satisfaction at my involvement

with Baths at Beechdale, a shopping centre in Mansfield and many different projects in Nottingham.

In 1970 I married Judith and we have three children - Justin (23), Nicholas (21) and Elizabeth (18).

The following year, whilst contemplating the usual 25 year mortgage etc., we saw an advertisement for a building supervisor in East Africa and that saw the beginning of a challenging and rewarding four years of overseas work. In that time I worked on a rural hospital in Idi Amin's Uganda, a cement factory, an office block and water purification and supply schemes in Jomo Kenyatta's Kenya. Along the way I climbed Mt. Kenya (16,550 feet) but it took a bit longer than 33 minutes!

Returning to Nottingham in the late seventies, with a young family, I needed settled employment and after two years as a local government Clerk of Works, I went to work as a building surveyor for who else but the National Coal Board - retribution for my non entry into farming 20 years earlier?

For the next 15 years I toured the County inspecting, assessing and arranging repairs for damage caused by mining subsidence to houses and other structures, plus roads, rivers, railways, pipelines etc., including houses I had helped to build 20 years earlier in Hucknall! (*What happens when a river subsides? Does the water develop a lean to one side? Ed.*) When the coal industry was privatised in 1994, I was fortunate enough to be in the right place at the right time and at the right age to benefit from their early retirement and pension scheme, with retraining as well. For the latter, I chose languages and language teaching in Further Education. (Yes, Miss Squire, I know I couldn't even do French at 'O' level, but my interest in languages was stimulated when I discovered that you couldn't run a building site with 200 Kenyans when your Swahili was limited to 'Jambo Bwana'). I now have an 'A' level equivalent in Spanish and have been teaching it at basic level recently, as well as still doing some subsidence surveying, part time.

I might not have been a star pupil, but there are a lot of people drinking clean water on the slopes of Mt. Kenya as a result of my efforts!

Thanks, David, for making contact with others from the school possible. I would like to hear from any of the old 2B (1956) and 3C (1957) set.”

Fred's detailed recollection of the 1959 Lake District trip seems to be a tribute to the general success of Carlton le Willows outings. Agnes Denne is living in New Zealand, about three miles from John Jerome (started 1954), incidentally. Ed.

Extracts from essays and test papers *(spellings as they originally appeared)*

‘H₂O is hot water and CO₂ is cold water.’

‘To collect fumes of sulphur, hold a deacon over a flame in a test tube.’

‘When you smell an oderless gas, it is probably carbon monoxide.’

‘Water is composed of two gins, Oxygen and Hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin. Hydrogin is gin and water.’

‘Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, vanes and caterpillars.’

‘Blood flows down one leg and up the other.’

‘Respiration is composed of two acts - first inspiration and then expectoration.’

‘The moon is a planet, just like the earth only it is even deader.’

‘Artificial insemination is when the farmer does it to the cow instead of the bull.’

‘Dew is formed on leaves when the sun shines down on them and makes them perspire.’

‘Mushrooms always grow in damp places, so they look like umbrellas.’

‘The pistol of a flower is its only protection against insects.’

Courtesy of Harry Makins and there are more where these came from. (These are not the work of Carlton le Willows scholars but are representative of the sort of stuff some us used to write, I fear. If anyone can supply examples of actual Carlton le Willows ‘howlers’, these would be welcome. Ed).

Val Hunter (née Coker) (1955 - 1960)

“From leaving school with no particular ambition in mind, I started working life in an office. It wasn’t long before I changed that and left to join the GPO as a telephonist. During that time I met husband Gil who insisted on telling everybody I was a Call Girl! Despite that, the job was interesting as it coincided with the start of the changeover to STD and involved travelling all over the country assisting at different exchanges.

Once the children started to arrive, I did various jobs on a part time basis, from Croupier, bar work, catering, back to the GPO, house clearance to starting up as a market trader. However, during this time I realised that I really wanted to join the nursing profession. I applied, trained and qualified (I was obviously a late developer) and eventually became a midwifery sister working both at Nottingham City Hospital and in the community for 21 years until I decided to retire in 1993. It’s amazing just how many more ex pupils I came across during those years. The health service certainly had its fair share of employees from Carlton le Willows.

For the past seventeen years Gil has worked in the Middle East which of course opened up lots of opportunities for travel - my favourite hobby. He thankfully survived the Gulf War which was a terrible time for the children and I, with us having to rely on newsreels and phone calls during which we could hear the Scud and Patriot missiles going off. His gas mask is a souvenir of those days and now hangs in the bathroom!

Though we are both retired, we are still kept very busy with a boutique in the village and a second home in Portugal. Our two daughters

live close by in Sandiacre and Castle Donington and our son lives in Germany where he's a well known pop star and choreographer. His girlfriend is the daughter of an ex Carlton le Willows pupil. How's that for a small world? We also have two granddaughters and a grandson and last, but not least, a Great Dane (one of three over the years, thanks to the influence of Muriel Kent many moons ago). Our 'spare' time is taken up with antique hunting, gardening and socialising in various local hostelrys; some things never change!"

Carnarvon's 'Scenes from Pygmalion' (*See Salix, no. 1*).

I am indebted to Harry Makins for supplying the following information. Ed.

"As woodworker and plumber, stage manager and producer, Stuart Andrews was convinced he could produce a bathroom with hot running water in seconds - this would allow us to display Miss Sheila Cupitt, our nubile Eliza, in a flesh coloured costume and win (*the competition*). On reflection, we would have done better to have done the cleansing of Eliza behind a glazed screen. (*That would have spoiled the fun. Ed.*) Sheila Cupitt married a policeman."

Ike Stamper

"'If you have any trouble, cluft 'em one'. This was the advice given to me in 1946 by a lady from Worksop. She was deputy head of the primary school to which I was assigned by Notts. Education Committee for my first teaching job. I was an ex gunnery sergeant. My only teaching experience had been as a student; in 1940, as soon as qualified, I was called up. Six years later the army released me as a much needed 'teacher'. Now I stood in front of forty mixed ten - year olds knowing I was clueless. The deputy head's well - meant advice was grotesquely misconceived. The poor mites shrank visibly if I gave them a good hard look. I never laid a finger on them and in September I moved to secondary - modern boys.

Here I was given charge of twenty lads who were going to reach the age of fourteen and leave school by Christmas. They were very varied in ability. I had carte blanche to increase

their general knowledge, improve numeracy and literacy but above all to keep them happy. The deputy - head there advised me that if I had any trouble I should call out the offender and give him a few whacks with a plimsoll. This was the school's accepted disciplinary sanction.

We had a pleasant term together before they left, but one fourteen - year old was a persistent nuisance. He was a big lad for his age, good natured, but not academically gifted. During discussion lessons he was inclined to jump up and bawl out unhelpful, would - be humorous comments. When told to cut it out he would be quiet for a minute or two, then explode again. At last I used the ultimate threat: 'Shout out once more and you'll get the slipper!' For about three minutes he lay low, then leapt up and yelled out another stupid comment.

He came out for his slippering. Feeling out of my depth, I consulted the class. They grinned with delight and voted for a sentence of three strokes. Normally a school plimsoll was used - canvas, cardboard and a thin rubber sole. I had just bought myself plimsolls with thick, springy soles, which rolled up into something like a rubber truncheon. In my ignorance I decided one of these would do. The lad bent over. With muscles hardened by years of manhandling guns and ammunition I delivered what I thought was a modest thwack.

'Aaaaaargh.....!' He leapt into the air, clutching his backside. 'That's too 'ard', he yelled, 'I'm not having no more of that' and he went back to his seat. My heart sank. I told myself I was an idiot. But the class and I coaxed him out to bend over once more. I gave him two gentle taps and everybody laughed. There were no more interruptions. When he had left school I ran into him once or twice and he was most friendly.

From then on I used my bare hands only, except for the brief period at Carlton le Willows after Steve Marshall died, when slippering was brought in for girls and caning for boys. I dissented, but was outvoted and was required to cane one boy. At the reunion I expressed my regret to him. He bears no grudge, but I suspect he is the one who thinks I've turned into 'a pussycat.' I hope so. I always was, really (underneath)!

The creation and development of Carlton le Willows played a major and immensely rewarding part in my life. I am especially grateful to the young people with whom I was brought into contact.”

Marguerite Squire, a gifted teacher of French and Senior Mistress at Carlton le Willows, has been troubled with ill health recently and now lives in West Bridgford. Our representative has been to see her and she will be very pleased to receive letters from any of us. Replies may be difficult at times but you can be sure your contact will be greatly appreciated. Her address is: Croft Lodge Retirement Home,
51, Musters Road,
West Bridgford,
Nottingham,
NG2 7PQ

OBITUARY

Winifred Jerome

Sadly, we have to report that Winifred, mother of Mel and John, who both attended the school, died on 16th March 1996 at the age of 82. From 1958 she taught violin and viola at Carlton le Willows and was regarded with much affection by her many pupils.

John Panter (1956 - 1996)

John died on Sunday 14th July, aged 40. He died from a brain haemorrhage which would have been sudden and painless. His quality of life had been suffering from the increasingly invasive effect of his haemophilia. Shortly before his death, he had been diagnosed as having a failed liver due to Hepatitis C, contracted from an infected blood supply.

These stark medical words had been facts of life for John and our parents since the cradle. From Priory Road Junior School, his education developed via Henry Mellish into a very happy time spent at Carlton le Willows from the 4th to the Upper 6th (1970 - 1974) where he made many friends who were to help and support him in later life. School life was disrupted by lengthy, sometimes life threatening spells in hospital which, while allowing for reasonable academic progress, effectively precluded Further Education. John started off junior school

in a protective rubber helmet and callipers. With progress in medicine, particularly blood plasma transfusion, and the excellence of the Oxford Nuffield Hospital, coupled with a scathing resistance to taking a ‘sensible’ approach, John was able to partake fully in school life with an ethos that he took into his twenties. Playing cricket for Gedling C.C. and contact sports in the playground were not recommended activities for haemophiliacs.

In his later career John worked in the local government employment services and for the D.H.S.S. Benefits Office. An accident on torn flooring caused knee dislocation, later replacement and permanent pinning leading eventually to an ill health retirement at the age of 36. John’s energy being undiminished he took up voluntary work for Victim Support, particularly in cases of racial harassment.

John leaves a daughter, Sally, aged 14, from his marriage to Linda and a father and mother whose selfless sacrifice, love and dedication can only be truly understood by those who have supported a handicapped child. John also leaves an indelible memory of a man who never gave up his fight to live life as fully as possible - in his effects was a half finished letter to an uncle in Australia looking forward to a trip he was planning at Christmas.

The most often spoken words since John passed away have been that **‘he never complained’**. To me that was the measure of my brother. Whatever hand life had dealt him, and in his case it was often grim, I never heard him express regret or ask ‘why me?’ - these sentiments simply didn’t exist for him.

In his passing John would have been pleased to have been an inspiration to those who knew him, to remember that there are always those worse off than you. **Never complain.**

Jim Panter.

REUNION 1995



Rosemary Lloyd [née Daws] [1953] with right , Angela Yates [née Reddaway] [1955]. Rosemary comments that she and Angela were dancing partners in their early teens.



Elizabeth and Roger Pikett. *Courtesy of Rosemary Ward.*