

His granny had to bring him to school every day, so I said to him "What's the matter Jack, this isn't a school for grannies, its a school for boys and girls," so I began to call for him and bring him along so that Granny didn't have to trail along. He soon settled down. Somebody had told him that when he came to school he'd get a lot of slapping, and he was wondering when the slapping was going to begin. In the end he didn't want to go home. One day he said "I want to stay here and sleep with you".

The children had lessons just like children now. They had reading and writing lessons and drill. They wore their ordinary clothes for drill, there wasn't time for changing in those days. There was no time for playing in class. I never went until I'd my work programme ready. Every group knew what they had to do. I started them off and they were as busy as bees. I found out, and I'm sure today, that when boys and girls are busy there will be no need for a stick or a strap or any detention.

There were no school dinners in my time. The children had to go home. School dinners started during the war. We used to have prayers every day. We sang 'Jesus bids us shine' every morning until I was tired of it. So we learned new hymns so that we could sing a different one every day. We had no school trips, but we used to give the children a day at the recreation ground. We used to go on the bus not a bus like today - it was a carriage drawn by 3 horses.

The boys used to play football and break windows. When they broke a window we didn't have any more football for a week.

The teachers used to do a week's yard duty, and the teacher whose turn it was had to go out first and make sure there were no cows and horses in the yard. We've shooed horses, cows and pigs out of the yard many a time. The little ones were afraid of them, you know.

You've got a lovely school and you all ought to be proud of it. If you see anyone trying to spoil it you should stop them. I wonder why some children want to spoil everything now?

I've got lovely memories of Britannia School, it was where I started. I always have the greatest regard and respect for Britannia Village and the school.

A. Rhodes, N.B.E.