



# SCHOOLDAYS

I was very happy at Poplar Road School until my Dad decided I was becoming too cheeky and sent me to Blakesley House (left), a private school, next to Nelson Hospital. I remember we wrote on slates, mostly English and Arithmetic, to prepare us for the entrance examination to grammar school. Discipline was very strict – the cane was always being taken down from the mantelpiece – and one day my little boyfriend, Johnny Jordan, was caned six times, not for bad behaviour, but just for making mistakes in his work! Fortunately, the girls were never caned! I had just started at Wimbledon County School for Girls when the War broke out, and the next six years brought many changes.

Muriel

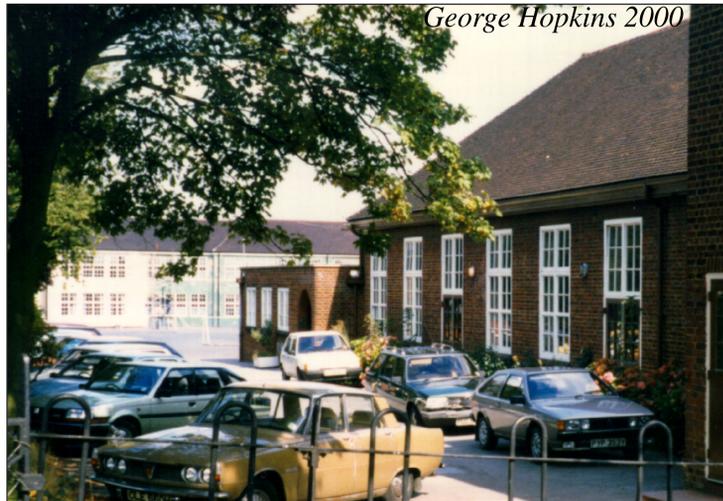
I was born in Hammersmith in 1933 but moved to Morden when I was eight months old, as my parents had bought a house in Cherrywood Lane. I attended the newly opened Hillcross Infants School when I was five, but when I was six, war was declared with Germany on September 3rd 1939. This memory is firmly imprinted on my mind. My education was often spent in an air raid shelter. When my elder daughter, Karen, started school at Hillcross Mr Barker, who was my headmaster, was still there.

Richard



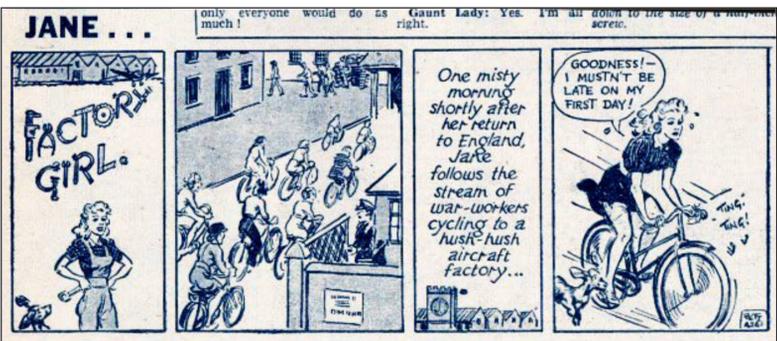
I started in the Infants at Aragon Road/Tudor school – it must have been in 1943. It was the lower floor, with the Junior school upstairs. The headmistress was Miss Baker - she always reminded me of Jane in the *Daily Mirror* cartoon strip (below)! Later I went to the Senior school across the playground, where the new houses have been built. The headmaster was Mr Roberts. The boys and girls sat at different sides of the classroom, and in the playground we were separated by an imaginary line – we were not allowed to stop over this line!

Mavis



I started in the Reception class at Hillcross Infant's school in 1948, but have few memories of it, apart from a teacher called Miss Bowmaker. Apparently I was off sick with German Measles or the like, and Mum was told to buy me a set of early reading books, which I still have. I hate getting rid of books! In the Juniors I was in Miss Sotheby's class, then Miss Field – I think for two years – and finally in Mrs Jeffries' class. There were four 'houses' – Celts, Saxons, Vikings and (my house) Normans – the red team.

Peter



Hatfield School was built in 1952, in the grounds of an old farmstead that had been occupied since at least the 13th century. The farmhouse was still standing when this photo of the new building was taken.

Peter



The 1952 structure of Hatfield School had to be rebuilt in 1994 due to subsidence. The new building (left) was badly damaged by flooding in the summer of 1981 and was again rebuilt, this time on stilts (right)!

Peter

