

Archived by Wheathampstead
History Society from the website
compiled by the late Brian Joyce.

Wheathampstead Expatriates Page 3

Some of those who have moved away

Nigel Barden Barbara de Mornay Penny Simon Johnson Nicholas David King Kim Lewis
(nee Jackson) Paul Langford Jean Collen (nee Campbell) Zoe Minton (nee Dixon)
Duncan Stickings Claire Roberts (nee Milton) Brian Snellgrove

Updated 05 February, 2013

Nigel Barden

hi my name is **nigel barden** i used to live at **12 tudor road** wheathampstead from about **1966/67** cant quite remember was very young my dad was **michael** and mum was **Pauline** she worked at the **abbott john** pub and the **swan** pub my dad worked for **schweppes** in st albans

i went to school in wheathampstead until i was old enough to go to **townsend school** st albans then my parents broke up and we moved to **canvey island** essex then i married and went to **cornwall** then we moved again to **spain** where i own a tattoo shop and a bar the people i remember are the **wrights** ,the **pike** family ,the **wards** the **kennard** family **tracey munroe sharon archer sharon preston** the **cox** family the **puddelphant** family i think thats the way it was spelt ,i spoke to **michael kennard** a few months ago does anyone remember him

any way got to do some work now **nigel**

contributed October 2008

Barbara de Mornay Penny

I have just found Wheathampstead web site which brought back old happy memories. My name is **Barbara de Mornay Penny**. I was born at **Gustardwood** the daughter of **Mr and Mrs R. de Mornay Davies**. We moved down to Wheathampstead in 1946 to the brand new Swedish house which were I believe the first stage of the new Marford estate, remembering clearly the development of Conquerors Hill, Caesers Road etc. This was my home till **1962**. I married my husband **Anthony** (formerly of Ayot St Lawrence) in 1960 and from 1962-2004 our home was in **Caesers Road**. On retirement we moved to **Wells, Somerset** to be near to our daughters **Deborah** and **Yvonne**, and Granddaughter Phoebe who all now live in Glastonbury.

Since moving to Wells I have discovered this was the birthplace of my Grandfather and his forbears, evidence of which can be seen on floor plaques in Wells Cathedral and St Cuthberts Church.

For your interest and others I have attached a photograph of a **girls sports team** (of which I am one) to partner your photograph of a boys team taken the same year **1955**. Incidentally I can confirm the boy holding the cup was indeed my brother Ian de Mornay Davies.

Also in my possession is another sports photograph of my daughters era which I will forward when I have seen my daughter who will be able to name most.

Barbara de Mornay Penny.

contributed March 2007

Simon Johnson

Hi my name is Fiona. My husband used to live in Wheathampstead about 15 years ago. He went to **Beech Hyde** school and he was in the villages promotional video in the 90s. his name is Simon Johnson. If anyone remembers him and wants to get in touch with him you can email me at my address because we are thinking about moving back into the area and would like to get in touch with his old friends and family.

Fiona

Rugby, Warwickshire, England Thursday 28 April 2005

Nicholas David King

I have been in Egypt for three years now and before that I lived in the Yemen for seven years - not very computer literate countries.

I happened to come across the expat reminiscences and the past came flooding back - all forty years of it. I remember the visit of the **Queen Mother** because I broke out of line to open a glass door for her as nobody seemed about to do so. "What a nice boy", she said.

I, too, remember the **boiler** and the **buckets** and **Mr Parkes smoking** in the front of the class on the dais - and I remember his **slipper** - that boy has his "head in the clouds" he said

I remember a new headmaster insisting that we swilled out our mouths after eating into the painted metal beakers and going with the music teacher to see some old friend (perhaps famous) in a nursing home/hospital

The **vicar**, and his wife who always shopped at Sainsburys - a replacement vicar who was drunk and began Evensong with the morning rubric: **half a crown** for singing in the choir at weddings - tins of baked beans at harvest festival and running through the graveyard to avoid the ghosts

The **third-of-a-pint of milk** with the yellow-top often "on the turn" - and being **ink monitor: finger-nail inspections** and collecting spiders' webs with a strip of privet on the way to school.

But most of all, I remember **Miss Gray**

She taught us the names of the **islands of Japan**, (which I still remember), and on one revolutionary day took us outside, sat on the grass, and read to us from "**The Voyage of the Dawntreader**". She told us how 'when you get older, you get more frightened to try new things' and gave an example of ice-skating, (which she used to do when she was a child).

One day, she told us gently that due to an allergy, (an exotic word at the time), she had to **return to Canada**. I waited until the end of the lesson and then asked her to marry me, in the vain hope that she would stay. Understanding, as always, she declined.

As a child, one forgets quickly but now whenever three things are mentioned the beautiful Miss Gray returns for an instant: **Japan, ice-skating, and chalk-dust** - all unrelated except to me.

Dr Nicholas David King

contributed June2007

Kim Lewis (nee Jackson)

Have just come across the Wheathampstead website, and have thoroughly enjoyed the trip down Memory Lane it prompted.

Our family moved to **2 Tudor Road** from Harlow in December **1963**, when I was 20 months old. My parents are **June & Herbert Jackson**, my brother **Colin** was born at No.2 in June **1965**. We left Wheathampstead in July **1978**, moving to Gloucester with my father's job.

NEIGHBOURS - Neighbours I remember include, the **Smiths** at No.1 (children **David, Caroline** and a.n.other), the **Woodrows** at No.6 (children **Susan, Anne** and **Jonathan**), the **Wrights** at No.9 (sons **Gordon, John** and **Alan**), the **Pikes** at No.18 (**Gwen & John**, sons **David** and **Alan**), and a girl called **Melanie** at No.3 who had a cat called Cassidy. Neighbours on Dyke Lane I remember as the **Playells** (children **Karen** and **Kevin**), the **Wards** (**Jenny & John**, children **Matthew, David** and **Ruth**), **Marjorie & John Brown**, and Mrs **Carter**.

ST HELENS SCHOOL - I went to St Helens, initially in the **Victorian School**, before moving "over the road" to the new buildings, and was taught by **Miss Bailey, Mrs Lefevre, Mrs McNally, Mr Sharpe** and **Mr Parkes**. At the old school, I remember buckets on the floor to catch the rain, the **woodburner** or boiler in the middle of the room which we weren't allowed too near, the **sliding door** which divided the huge space into two classrooms, the little triangular playground above street level, and nature walks to Bury Green. I was christened at **St Helens Church**, and remember **Harvest Festivals** being held in the church, the **Christmas Carol Concerts**, and going to church for school assembly on Thursday mornings. My most surprising memory, by today's standards, was that **Mr Parkes** smoked at his desk in the classroom - and no-one batted an eyelid!!

Names I remember from St Helens are **Ghislaine Walker, Heather Clarke, Jayne Seymour, Sandra Culpitt, Tian Cappy, Debbie Holpin, Debbie Smith, John Beckett, Andrew Hurst, Graham Harry**, plus others who, try as I might, I can only remember christian names - Carolyn, Caroline, Denise, Janet, Paul.

EVENTS - I remember the demolition of the **railway bridge** after the station had closed, and the demolition of the farm on the corner of Marford Road the The Hill - which I think made the evening news, as there was a preservation order on the building?

SHOPS - I clearly remember all the shops - all detailed already by previous ex-pat contributors! - but particularly the chemist, **Halls** the bakers, where we used to get free stale bread to throw to the swans on the river which ran under the building, the **Doctor's** surgery with its dark waiting room where no-one ever spoke, the wool shop, **Stewarts** the tailors, where my dad got his suits made, the **Salad Bowl**, the **hardware store**, and **Stimpson Lock & Vince** the estate agents, where I used to clean, once a week, for the princely sum of £2.50! I also cleaned the offices upstairs, and I think I earned £4 in total. I remember the **Marford Road shop**, at the top of Necton Road, where as a youngster, I'd take my mum's shopping list in, and they'd deliver her order to the door later that day. As a teenager, I'd buy my cigarettes there!

SCHOOL DINNERS - I have fond memories of St Helen's school dinners - Jamie Oliver would have approved, I'm sure. My mum was a dinner lady for a while, and remembers **Lizzie Latchford**, the head cook, and her daughter **Margaret Drewett**. I THINK I remember there being two Drewett boys at St Helens, and that one died in a tragic accident.

I left St Helens for the Girls' Grammar in St Albans in **1973**, and as I said earlier, we left the village for Gloucester in **1978**. I hold very fond memories of my Wheathampstead childhood.

Regards to anyone who remembers me; apologies to those I've omitted to mention!

Kim Lewis (nee Jackson)

From **Paul Langford**

Found your web site very interesting, wonderful for the nostalgic

I was a teacher at **Wheathampstead Secondary School 1966 to 1971** responsible for **Environmental Studies** and **Head of Casio House**. Beryl & I had a very happy time in the village

joining in many of the activities then available. We also helped with **Scouts & Cubs**. We still hear from one or two old pupils and one parent each Christmas.

Leaving in **1971** I became **Deputy Principal of the London Borough of Newham's Outdoor Education Centre** where I remained until I retired in **1993**. We still live in the village. I visited Wheathampstead in 2000 to take photographs of the village to compare with those I took in 1968. Very little had changed in the photographs except the **Railway Inn**, later The **Abbot John** (my local) has gone to make way for the roundabout on the bypass!! I have a photograph of the old railway bridge being dismantled, about 1968.

Paul Langford

From **Jean Collen (nee Campbell)**.

I was interested to discover your website. I taught music and drama at **Wheathampstead Secondary School from 1966 to 1968** and have fond memories of the children I taught. My colleague, **Vera Brunskill** was a flautist and had a recorder group. She and I taught ourselves the guitar and worked with groups of children who were keen to learn the instrument in the days when the Beatles were all the rage. I have **a recording of a number of the "children"** who were keen enough to give up their break to come in to the music room to work at their singing. In particular I remember **Reginald Dyke** and **Denis Andrews**, who sang duets together, **Sheila Faulkner**, **Mary Rose** and **Jeannette Wright**.



I directed several plays at the school and enjoyed the improvised drama classes, where everyone let their imaginations run wild, although imagination was often tempered with TV series of the time, notably 'Till Death Us Do Part'!



During the time I was there the school was officially opened by the **Queen Mother**. We all spent a great deal of time practicing our curtsies for the moment when the headmaster, **Mr JD Thomas** would present us to the Queen Mother. Her private secretary came to the school several months before her visit to ascertain what she would discuss with each person being presented to her.

Although I am British by birth, I had lived in South Africa and had studied singing with Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth, who were living in Johannesburg at that time. I was told that the Queen Mother would discuss South Africa and my association with Anne and Webster, whose singing she had always enjoyed.

The day of the visit was very exciting for staff and students alike. The music pupils played and sang "Cheelo Cheelo", a South African folk song, for the Queen Mother in the school library. I still have **several photographs** of us in that performance, and being presented to her afterwards. She was very charming and I'm sure everyone who was present will remember that memorable day thirty-six years ago.

I returned to South Africa in 1968, where I met my husband and married in 1970. I kept in touch with some of the children for a while, and with **Vera Brunskill** until the early **1990s**. I was sorry to hear that the school in Butterfield Road is no longer there, as it began with great promise and had so many wonderful open-hearted children and staff.

It would be lovely to hear from anyone who remembers me or the days at Wheathampstead Secondary School all those years ago.

Jean Collen (nee Campbell)

From **Zoe Minton (nee Dixon)**

Our family moved to **Tudor Road** from London when I was 6 months old in **1961** to what was then 14 Tudor Road; some more houses were built and ours became no 24. I remember playing with my 2 sisters in the the unmade road where there were plentiful puddles and and mud pies to be made. We lived next door to the **Redwoods** who said I should never walk past their gate again - I was about 5! Our other next door neighbours had a Cortina Mark I and lots of people envied it including us! Opposite us lived the **Jowatt** family and and next to them a family with 3 boys younger than us [one of whom - Alan who was autistic profile, but liked snails?] Next to them but one lived the **Hollands**. **Mr Holland** was a maths teacher who wrote maths books and taught at **Sandridge junior school**. They had an only daughter **Elizabeth** who was quite a few years older than myself. She was very good a knitting and I still have a tiny knitted jacket that my girls use for their dolls. She even won guess the name of the doll at the library Betty when it was Betty Lou and she gave it to me! Towards the end of the road there lived the **Daltons** and the **Roberts** family - one of their sons was called **Robert**. Parked near them was the owner of a bubble car - what a great site to see this vehicle going by negotiating the puddles!. At the entrance of the Road lived identical twin boys whose names elude me at this precise moment - they always wore the same clothes. Another family who moved in to No. 7 were **Doreen** and **Douglas** who had 2 boys I think and were into **Woodcraft**. A Scottish family with 3 boys moved down from Scotland and lived in a house about halfway down. They had plenty of comics that I read/devoured and they taught us naughty words!

My mum was friendly with **Mrs Fuller** who lived in **Necton Road** and she had a glass clock which fascinated me. The dustcart was old fashioned and the men used to ride on the back and there were always deliveries of coal. We used to love going to the Devil's Dyke and usually Elizabeth would take us and we would see if we could find blue, pink and white bells. We love running down and then up the other side of the dyke - what freedom. I remember going quite often down to the farm across the main road with our parents for walks via the pub. The farm was opposite a nice house where the **Hicksons** used to live [they moved to Rugby]. There was **Rosalind** and **Hal** and an older boy with dark hair. They might have been one of the first families to have a Hygena kitchen. My Mum is still friends with the **Randall** family who lived in the house with the steep drive down - they now live in Old Welwyn. **Nicholas** and **Emily** were the same age as us.

My sisters and I went to St. Helens school. I started with **Mrs Lefevre**, **Ms Rose**, **Mrs Bailey** and then **Mrs Mc Nally** - I loved that school with the bucket/pails to catch the rain from the leaking roof. **Mrs Baileys** class had toffee glue in red pots with white lids and I learned to tie knots. We read Little Black Sambo stories and made Easter cards of chicks with screwed up pieces of crepe paper. In my class I remember **Carol Barrie**, **Katherine** [Butterfield Rd?] **Carolyn Olney**, **Ian? Whattaker**, **Vincent** and **Jasmine**, My Mum was friendly with the **Munday** family who lived in a new house just up from the school - **Jeremy Alan** and **Nicholas** were the sons - all older than my sisters and I. I remember going to the Harvest Festivals with the school with home made bread and also the blind man who came to tune the piano at the school. My Dad used to go to work in London using the **Wheathampstead station** before it was closed down - very Victorian and lovely so it was. I remember going to the **Dr Ackroyd's** surgery in the village and getting injections and remembering how the surgery smelt of strange things - he had half moon glasses and was very old then. I remember the Chemists and the sweetie shop just up from their opposite where the new Fine Fare was. In there you could get jamboree bags, Bimbo comics and 3D lollies that came in chocolate or lime. I could go on for hours recounting lots of memories like blackberry picking on **Nomansland Common** with all the gorse bushes and picnics etc. I enjoyed reading the other tales too.

We left Wheathampstead in October **1968** to live in a larger house in St. Albans. None of us are there either any more! I last visited W'stead about 10 yrs ago; Newcastle is a long way away!

Zoe Minto nee [Dixon]
added 16 May 2004

From **Duncan Stickings**

I was born in St Albans 1962. and lived in **1 High Ash Road**, probably until I was around 8 or 10. Then I moved away with my parents to Leicester. I remember cutting through the churchyard to go to the store on the high street. My mother would give me a threepence to get a mars bar. I remember fishing for those little fish (stickleback?) in the river near the pub. One day the **Queen** was

to drive through the village and, all the school children including myself would line the sides of the road, waving union jacks. I recall walking home from school in the snow. At the end of High Ash road, was fields that led to the commons I think. I recall having a hiding place in one of the trees there. Now I live in Vancouver, BC, Canada. I was browsing and found this site. Quite amazing.

So long ago now. :)

Some people might recall my parents, **Alan & Barbara Stickings**
Duncan

From **Alan Stickings**

Hi, My wife and I were the first owners of 1 High Ash Road. We lived there from early 1960 to November 1972. Our 4 children, **Duncan, Hazel, Graeme** and **Veronica**, were born during our time there. For a time in the mid '60s I was Chairman of the Playgroup Management Committee, and in the late '60s and early '70s Chairman of the Scout Parents Support Committee.

One of the regular highlights of the year used to be the Annual Parish Meeting, held in the Memorial Hall, when we all got our chance to question all the Parish Councillors on their activities over the previous year. All Councillors sat on the stage facing those present. If any Parish Councillor was absent the first question from the floor would be "Where is Councillor XXX."

I have numerous photos and 8mm cine film of my time living in the Village, and many memories of the time we spent there, and am pleased that I was able to view your web site.

Regards

A G Stickings

Brandesburton

East Riding of Yorkshire

added 29/4/04

By **Claire Roberts (nee Milton)**

Contributed December 2007

Photo's added Dec 2008.

I was born in **1959** and lived in Wheathampstead until 1980 when I moved away and got married. I lived in a 27ft. caravan at the bottom of **Sheepcote Lane**, which the **Cory Wright Way** now cuts across. Our caravan was on a strip of privately owned land across the ford and up a driveway bordered by tall lombardy poplar trees, all long gone now, although it seems new different trees have been planted. Our caravan was the fifth of five and right at the top of the drive, neighbours to our landlords who were the Watts family. I lived next door to **Renshaw, Mark, Graham and Stephanie. Mrs. Watts** was extremely kind to us when we lived there and I can remember she allowed my sister **Heather** (two years younger than me) and myself to play on their lawn and to ride her children's bicycles. On one occasion we swam in their pool, and sometimes we had a go on the zip-line which hung from a tall tree at the end of their lawn and allowed us to ride down it to the bottom. We also played with their collie dog called Shadow, but mostly we played at the edge of the river which ran at the bottom of the land behind the caravan, and roamed the fields and climbed trees. I was a total tomboy. There was no one else about and nothing but trees and birds and the cows in the fields, so with no television or music I lived very much with my imagination.



We did not have any modern conveniences or electricity (until 1974) and life was very tough for my poor Mother, washing our clothes by hand and filling our water tank with a hosepipe from the tap in the



garden. We had a chemical toilet which needed emptying each week, and she had to go in to the village almost every day because meat, milk and butter had to be kept on the air vent in the floor, so food wouldn't keep. Cooking was on a small gas stove and heating was from two paraffin heaters which also served to dry the washing when it was hung on a clothes-horse in front of them. There was a coal fire in the caravan but it burned the side of the water tank after about ten years so we couldn't use it.

My Mother had come to England from **West Berlin** after the war as a Housekeeper on a four year visa. She met my Dad, who was English, they got married in 1955 and so she stayed in England. I never met my German relatives although I got to know them through my Mother's descriptions and photos. We lived in our caravan until the by-pass came and then we were housed at **12, Saxon**

Road. I found this a very traumatic experience, being almost sixteen at the time and never having lived in a house before, suddenly to be surrounded by other houses with no fields, trees and river outside. I had nightmares for years (still do) about trying to get back to the caravan and not being able to quite get there due to something terrible happening each time.

I can remember playing with **Rosalind Hickson** who lived in a house almost opposite **Marford Farm**, at the bottom of **Sheepcote Lane**, next to what was then a Potato yard. **Rosalind** had red wavy hair and freckles. Her older brother was called **Nicholas** and he had a bicycle which he sometimes let me ride a short way. Their younger brother was called **Hal**, and he was very fair. I can remember clearly one day when Rosie's parents were out, at work I think, and we (**Rosalind**, my sister **Heather** and I) went back to her house. There was a Cadbury's chocolate and orange-squash dispensing machine in their house and we were able to get chocolate bars and plastic cups of squash from it, which we thought was heaven. We played a game with a lipstick and no mirror, then we dressed up in wonderful clothes from a huge dressing-up trunk and Rosie (Rosalind) put '**Lily-The-Pink**' on the record player very loudly, and we danced all around the house, ran upstairs and jumped up and down to the music on a bed (which I think was Nicholas' bed) and swung from a rope ladder which was hanging from the ceiling above the bed! That record is always associated in my mind with that wonderful memory.

The entrance to the yard on **Sheepcote Lane** was directly opposite the entrance to **Marford Farm**. Two alsatian dogs called Bamby and Kim were kept loose in the Potato yard and would rush out on to Sheepcote land and bark and chase anyone passing by. They did this regularly and it wasn't until after they had bitten me on the backs of my legs and my parents had called the police, that we discovered I wasn't the first person who had been bitten, so in the end I think they were 'put down'. I had a phobia of dogs for years after I was bitten. I was absolutely terrified. I was fourteen or fifteen



when they attacked me. I was walking along on the pavement near the farm entrance, and I realised they were coming for me and I knew not to run or scream, I stayed calm but they still attacked me.

Mr. Lamb and his family lived at **Marford Farm**. I can remember his daughter **Carol**. My sister and I used to help **Mr. Lamb** by swilling out the yard with water to prevent the cow pats sticking to the concrete, then running to the field to shake the chain on the gate and shout to the cows. The cows came running to the gate as they were ready for milking and **Heather** and I herded them up the lane,

over the ford and in to the farm yard, where each cow knew her own place to go in the milking stalls. We also fed the calves, who had the same names as their Mothers with a number attached, but the next number up from their Mothers. It was terrible to hear the Mother of a calf call endlessly for about two days her calf after it was taken away from her.

I attended the **Infants school, St. Helens school** near **Bury Green** in **1965**. My Mother held me back a year as she didn't feel I was ready for school aged five, so I was six when I started school. It was a long walk. I clearly remember being greeted and welcomed in to the classroom by **Alison Palfreyman** on my very first morning. I remember teachers vaguely, names more than people. There was **Mrs. Bailey** and **Mrs. McNally**, and I know the names **Mr. Hayes** and **Mr. Price**, although I can't remember much about them. I believe it was **Mrs. Bailey** who made me stand on a chair for something I had done wrong or had not done correctly, but I don't know what. When I told my Mother she came to the school with me and told the teacher in front of all the children that she did not send her daughter to school to stand on chairs! She must have been very angry as it took a lot for her to do something like that. We used to line up and hold hands in pairs and march in a crocodile over to the Church where we sat on the hard wooden pews and sang hymns. I loved going in **St. Helens Church**. I have since been back in there twice, for my parents funeral services. They are now together in a double grave by the path from the lych gate. The wonderful **Reverend Jill Hazelwood** conducted both services, my Father's in 1992 and my Mother's in 2003.

In the **Junior** school over the road from the **Infants**, I remember **Mr. Parkes** who sometimes shouted and got impatient, which made me scared because I was quite timid, and **Mr. Sharpe** who was very nice. In **Mr. Parkes'** class I can remember **Denise Gilham** drawing beautiful pictures in yellow or red abstract forms which resembled exotic birds, and which greatly impressed **Mr. Parkes**. In **Mr. Sharpe's** class I can remember he staggered our desks boy-girl-boy-girl in an attempt to prevent talking. I had **Jeremy Raine** one side of me. We were made to drink those little bottles of milk, which I hated. In winter they sometimes had ice in the milk but we were still supposed to drink it as fast as we could, if we wanted it or not. I remember **Julia Willis** who played the piano in the class room and we all crowded round as she played it so beautifully, and she must only have been about ten at the time. One snowy day some one threw a snow ball with a stone in it at **Annette Drewitt**, and I can remember the shock of the blood running down her head through her hair. **Mr. Sharpe** was furiously trying to discover who had thrown it, and the class was crowding around **Annette** to stare at her. I was friends with Sharon **Flitton** who lived on **Lower Luton Road**, and her Mother invited me back to their house for tea once and I was over-whelmed by the lovely selection on the table, as we never had that much, and she kept coaxing me to eat more and I couldn't!

I moved up to the Secondary **Modern School** on **Butterfield Road** in **1971** when I was eleven. It is true to say that I hated it. I didn't fit in, found it hard to make friends and was a bit of a loner. I got called 'Gippo' because I lived in a caravan, and couldn't find anything much in common with others my age because we didn't have a television or a record player so I had no idea what was No.1 in the charts or who was on Top of The Pops. Also my clothes probably appeared shabby, and I was extremely self conscious so I was a target for bullies. I can remember **Giselle Battin** who came to school for a while, with her wonderful French accent, because she was nice to me and we sometimes walked to school together or home together, as she lived at **Water End House** which was en-route past our drive way. **Giselle** had a very long walk. It was about a mile and a half to two miles from our caravan to her home, and nearly a mile to school as well. She had to walk across the fields after I said 'Goodbye' to her from the end of our drive. It would not be safe today, but that was 1971 and it seemed much safer back then. I did not have many friends but I saw her as one of them. Then one day she was gone! She had moved away.

I was friends with **Carin Berriman** who was very artistic, and she had very blonde almost white hair, also **Lyn Osbourne** who lived with her parents and brother **Peter?** in a house one of a pair of houses at the far end of **Tudor Road**. Then there was **Sigma Robertson** and her cousin **Betsy**, who had an infectious laugh, and **Susan Collier**. **Pauline Rolfe** was my friend when we were fourteen. Sometimes she took **Susan** and myself back to her house at lunch time where we gave her our dinner money and she put the chip pan on and cooked us eggs and chips which were delicious! **Pauline** lived with her Dad and I think also her brother. One day **Pauline** asked me if she could tell me something and would I not laugh at her. I told her I wouldn't. She then told me her Mum had come in to her room the night before and tucked her up in bed and said 'Goodnight' to her. She explained that she was frightened in

case in happened again, because her Mum had been dead several years, so it was her ghost and she was scared. I told her that her Mum loved her and that if it happened again, all she had to do was say 'Goodnight' back to her, because it was only her Mum and nothing to be afraid of as her Mum loved her and would never hurt her. (I never knew her Mother but I felt my advice must be true.) Shortly after that, **Pauline** died, I believe it was from leukemia. She had always been very pale and tired. Looking back, I believe her Mother came for her. I saw her on the Friday at school and on Monday they announced it in assembly. I couldn't get over the shock. I was in shock for weeks. She must have been fourteen. I still think of her quite a lot.

I remember **Miss Finnegan** who taught the girls P.E. and **Mr. Oxley** who taught the boys. I hated P.E. although I liked netball, because I was mortified having to undress naked in front of others to take a shower afterwards. I had very long hair so I used to hang my hair down over my front like lady Godiver to hide myself, I was so embarrassed. Others weren't bothered, I think it was just me. There was **Mr. Gerry Barber** who taught English. **David Sneddon** taught Art, which was my favourite subject. (I now have my art work for sale on an artgallery website.)

I left in school in **1976** and worked in **Wheathampstead Engineering Co.** on **Southdown road, Harpenden**. I walked there and back, quite far. Later I worked at other places but ended up at **Murphy Chemicals** in the **High Street** and finally **Timberland**, which was a D.I.Y. store opposite **Murphys**. Then I got engaged and moved away. I now live in Mid Wales and have four grown up sons. I still get home sick for **Wheathampstead**, especially the area where our caravan used to be.

People I remember in school;

Pauline Rolfe who lived on **Brewhouse Hill**,
Susan Collier,
Carin Berriman who lived on **Butterfield Rd.**,
Sigma Robertson and **Betsy**,
Lesley Smith,
Lyn Osbourne on **Tudor Rd.**,
Giselle Battin from **WaterEnd House**,
Claire Newland-Smith, who was friends with **Joanne**,
Karen Hirst, from **Gustard Wood** who had a pony,
Susan, **Anne** and **Jonathon Woodrow**,
Jim Mc. Culloch,
Jeremy Ewer,
Nigel Shadbolt because people said it was his Dad in the 'R-Whites Lemonade' advert,
Gavin,
Jean Miller, who lived on **Saxon Rd.**,
Julia Willis, I think she lived on **Bury Green**, and had a younger sister,
Jonathon and **Tracey Munro** who lived in **Necton Road**,
Angela Deacon who lived on **Marford Road**,
Sharon Flitton from **Lower Luton Rd.**,
Alison Palfreyman, because she was the first person I met at school ever, and was so kind,
Rodney Westwood,
Celia Johnson,
Carol Pitt and her brother **Steven**,
Sidney Monaghan,
Fiona Chivers,
Alison Potter,
Denise Gilham,
Spencer Gunn,
Annette Drewitt,
My sister **Heather's** friends who
were **Heather Clarke**, **Jane Seymour** and **Debbie**, **Carole Genevieve** who was brilliant at baking and cooking; I once had a fight with her in the Art room so I'd like to apologise for that now **Carole** if you read this, and **Kim**. That's about as far as my memory will serve me. I can't say I liked school because

I was a bit of a loner and I didn't fit in, but I really miss **Wheathampstead** and this website is wonderful and has brought back things I had forgotten all about.

The pictures show the caravan I have described which I grew up in; me with my sister on the back step and me aged ten standing in the doorway of our caravan, as it used to look, in 1969.

My name is **Brian Snellgrove**.

I was born in Wheathampstead in 1952, but we moved to St. Albans the following year. I was Baptised in St. Helen's Church and my father is buried there. My mother's ashes were scattered on his grave.

Whenever I am in the area, (not often as I live in Yorkshire) I return to the grave. I have also been to look at the house I was born in on Conquerors' Hill.