



1855—2005

Images and Living Memories of

**HORSINGTON
SCHOOL**

Celebrating 150 years of Education

1855—2005

Images and Living Memories of

**HORSINGTON
SCHOOL**

Celebrating 150 years of Education

Compiled by David Jones

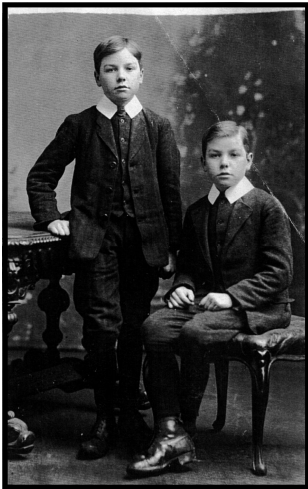
Preface

In 1855, Horsington was, in a way, a very different place to what we see today, with the fast, tarmacked A357, mobile phones, television and the internet. But one thing has remained constant in that time—an extraordinarily good local school. From its beginnings, Horsington school has educated thousands of pupils, many of whom have held a lifelong fond affection for it. Horsington school has succeeded in providing a first class education appropriate to local needs of the village's children over the decades by the cooperation of its local inhabitants, and remains the very model of everything a local village school should be.

In November 2005, many of the former pupils returned to Horsington school to attend an afternoon of nostalgia and local history to celebrate the 150th anniversary of its foundation. This book is a record of the exhibits and the attendees that day. It is written by dozens of former pupils and has been a joy to compile into this book. Not all the details are present or accurate. It is hoped that this book will be added to, corrected and modified over the years by the use of that most modern of tools—the computer. To keep it up to date requires the spirit of cooperation and hard work which has been the hallmark of Horsington school's activities over the last 150 years.

David Jones
January 2006

Fred and Bill Barrett



The twins at 9 or 10 years before going to choir practice in Horsington with Rev. Daniels

Fred and Bill both left school at 13 years of age and both found jobs on Templecombe Railway station. Fred working in the Refreshment Room for Spears and Ponds and Bill for WH Smith newsagents. Bill remembers having to travel daily by train to Gillingham and en route throwing the bound papers out of the train windows to farmers to save them driving into Gillingham. (He does admit to deliberately mis-directing them sometimes).

Fred moved into gardening at North Cheriton Manor and also Sandford Orcas House. He married Ivy Day and they had two sons, Tony and Nell. He worked at the milk factory in Bason Bridge, which also made cheese during the war years (1939-1945). He then found employment on the Somerset and Dorset railway on the permanent way and signal maintenance until the line's closure in the mid

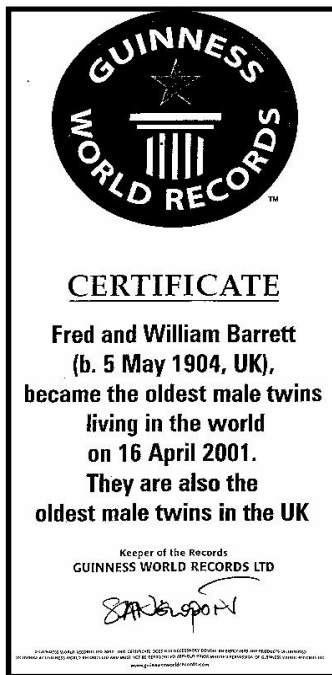
1960's.

Bill went to work in the wagon repairs at Templecombe and had to tell a fib that he was already 18 to get the job. At 18 he was transferred to Swansea's railway workshops, but all his wages went on lodgings so he left the railway. He became a painter and decorator with Stagg Bros. (Wincanton) and married Gladys ("Cis") Hannam in 1928, also having two Sons George and David. At the outbreak of war in '39 Staggs lost a lot of work leading to Bill, the most junior, being laid off. He joined Grant and Hutchings painting and decorating for 2 years before being called up to join the war in 1941. He joined the 151st Field Regiment Royal Artillery serving in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. De-mobbed on Christmas Day 1945, he arrived home for the New Year. He re-joined Grant and Hutchings and completed 33 years' service before retiring in 1972, aged 68. He moved from 6 Tower View, Horsington, having lived there there about 60 years, to his present home in Stalbridge in 1994.

Fred and Bill Barrett celebrated their 99th birthday on May 5th 2003. In January 2001 when they were 96 they were recognized by the Guinness Book of Records as the oldest living male twins in the UK. At that time Dale and Glen Moyer in the USA at 105 years were the oldest male twins in the World. Glen died in April 2001 and this prompted further enquiries to Guinness, who again researched and confirmed in December 2002 that Fred and Bill had become the **oldest living male twins in the World** and issued a certificate in recognition.



In reaching 99 years they outlived any member of their family by 30 years- Their brother, George, died at the age of 51 and their mother Lily Rose at 42. The old-



A certificate confirming that Fred and Bill are the oldest living male twins in the World

est brother Eddie lived to 69 and was the longest living.

The chance of identical twins both reaching and surpassing the age of 100 years is 700 million to 1. (Bill says he is going to go easy on this year's celebrations ready for the big one next year) The twins were the youngest of a family of 5; Bill is the youngest by 20 minutes. Their parents were George and Lily Rose Garrett (nee Churchill) from Sydling St. Nicholas near Dorchester.

The eldest son Eddie was born in **March 1901**. The eldest daughter Aice was born in **March 1902**. Next born was Kit who was born in **March 1903**. When March 1904 passed with no addition the locals quizzed George as to what had happened this year? To which he replied, "Wait and See." The twins were then born in **May 1904**.

Recalling the earliest years when they were 3 or 4 the twins had a nasty experience in the river that runs through Sydling. They were both fishing for minnows in the shallow waters when unknown to them the Mill upstream released a torrent of water that swept the twins downstream towards a bridge. They were able to grasp hold of some ivy branches on the wall by the side of the road and shout for help. Men working in an orchard opposite heard their shouts, leant over the wall and pulled them to safety.

The family moved to Elliscombe near Wincanton where George was employed as a gardener. All the family and possessions were transported by horse and wagons from Sydling over Cerne Hill to Sherborne where there was a change of horses to complete the journey. The children attended Maperton School for a while, until they moved again to Horsington and attended the school there. George was employed as a gardener for Mr Chichester and the family lived in Hazlecroft Cottage. Upon the death of their parents the children were given two weeks notice to quit the tied cottage. This led to the children moving or going in to lodgings.

A photograph shows the twins at 9 or 10 years before going to choir practice with Rev. Daniels. Because of their identical looks it always stood them in good stead if there had been any misdemeanours, each denying and getting away with it.



With thanks to David Barrett and
www.stalbridge.net

Harold House
(Horsington School 1924—1933)

I left school when I was 14. I remember my last day well. It was mid-morning playtime and a group of us decided to play Fox & Hounds. We left the school grounds, and being one of the foxes, I led a lot of the younger boys across three or four fields.

Whilst we were far away across the fields, the schoolmaster, Mr Skuse, blew his whistle expecting us all to come back. He stood at the style for 10 minutes blowing but still some of us didn't hear him.

When the last of us finally returned to school we went straight to lessons. Myself, Fred Rose and Ron Williams were quite surprised when Mr Skuse came into class and called us to the front. He went to the corner of the room to fetch his cane and gave us a stroke across each hand. To sooth our stinging hands, we sat holding the legs of the desks which were made of iron and nice and cool. That was my last day at school and what a memorable one it was.

In the afternoon, Mr Skuse called me out of class and told me he had been surprised at my behaviour. However, on principle he was pleased with my schooling and proceeded to give me a glowing reference. I thanked him and to this day still have the reference at home.



Haymakers in front of partly-built hayrick and elevator.
Including George Hatcher, Fred Foot, Hugh Francis, Gentleman owner-farmer and Bill Candy Sr.

Phyllis Mary Williams (nee Sanger) 1924

Horsington School as I remember it: by Phyllis Williams.



I started school in 1924 when I was four and a half years old. The first year I was there the Headmaster was a Mr. Mycock. He used to cane girls and boys. I was taken to school with Gladys Bennett and Kathleen Hillier for the first year. Then they left the school aged 14 years. The infant teacher at that time was Miss Miller and a very kind teacher she was. First of all we played with sand trays, bricks, plasticine and learnt our letters and numbers. She was a very good pianist and taught us how to sing. The girls were taught how to knit on big wooden needles. Standard 1 & 2 were taught by Miss Evett, another nice teacher who left to get married. Miss Stockwell took her place. Miss Burge taught standard 3 & 4 and Mr. Skuse, who had taken Mr. Mycock's place as headmaster, taught 5, 6 & 7. The school started at 9 am. And the school bell, which has since been removed, rang at 8.55 am. To warn children it was almost school time. The Headmaster would blow the whistle at 9 am. The register was called for all the children attending.

As it was a Church of England school the first lesson was religious knowledge for an hour. Then came arithmetic and at 10.45 am it was playtime for fifteen minutes. There was a boys and a girls playground and the playing field, which was the whole field – not the small part of the field they have now.

After playtime it was an English lesson. Then at 12 noon it was dinner time for an hour and a half. Those children who lived in the outlying districts – Wilkinthorpe and Horsington Marsh - brought sandwiches. My three brothers and I lived near enough to go home unless it was a wet day. Then my mother would cycle out to the school with a can full of hot stew, four dishes and spoons, rather than let four of us get wet through. She was the fore runner of school meals, though we didn't appreciate it at the time and felt embarrassed, wishing she had brought sandwiches like the rest of the children. After dinner it would be history or geography. Sometimes it could be sewing or knitting for the girls or handicraft or games or physical exercises. Once a week the older boys would go to a woodwork class in a room in South Cheriton and the girls would go to a cookery class in St. Mary's Hall Templecombe. Some of the Templecombe girls joined with us. Once a week we would have a library van called at the school. We were only allowed to borrow a book a week.



That wasn't enough for me as I loved reading and could read a book in an afternoon and evening. I still like reading. Every year we went to the Rectory (now called the Grange) for a Fete and the school girls did Country Dancing. The boys were too shy to take part, so some girls had to wear blue sashes to represent the boys and the girls wore pink sashes. The Rector and his wife had a very pretty parrot they used to put out in its cage for us children to admire.

Another place the school used to visit to have tea and do Country Dancing was in the garden where Mr. and Mrs. Minns used to live. It was a maiden lady (Miss Mead) who lived there then and she used to play the violin and Miss Miller, our infant teacher, played the piano.

I remember once an aeroplane flew over the school playing field during the dinner time and it looked as if it had landed in the Marsh and of course all the boys went off to look for it and came back late for school. They were all caned. Mr. Skuse never caned girls. They were given a 100

lines to write "I must not talk or eat sweets in school".

The "nit nurse" used to come to the school. Also the school dentist would come to St. Margaret's Halland two families would go up at a time. I should mention children who were not C of E were not made to sit in at Religious Knowledge. They could sit and read or sew or knit. Only one family did that while I was at school.

The lavatories at the school were outside and not flush toilets. Boys and girls were separate. During the time when the farmer in the village was having oats and barley thrashed the children in their spare time would go to the farmyard at the top of the village and watch as the rats and mice would run out of the ricks. Some of the boys would catch the mice and take them to school and put them down the ventilators. The headmaster would wonder where all the mice were coming from. They would also hide his canes down the ventilators. I really enjoyed my time at school and was sorry when it was time for me to leave. I think I am correct in saying that in later years I was the first scholar that went on to be a School Manager, and later called Governors, for 30 years. Many children who started their education at Horsington School have gone all over the World and done well. Long may it keep open and congratulations on 150 years.



Horsington School photo taken in the 1920's

Back Row: Stanley Knight, Edward Brissey, Reg Knight, George Herrin, Gerald Isaacs, Fred Kellam, Fred Hopkins

2nd row: ? Fox, Vera Rolls, Vrea Blandford, Eva Green, Violet H??, Mary Cockerell, Kathleen Hilliar

3rd Row: Billy Clothier, Joan Hilliar, Elsie Stephens, Marjorie Isaacs, Mr Mycock, Ethel White, Hilda Cockerell, Doll Davey.

Front: Charlie Hix, Stanley Hix, Julia Isaacs, Olive Sargeant, Harry Blandford, Bill Norman

Arthur Isaacs



Arthur Isaacs visited us on 6th September 2005 and showed us some photographs which are copied into this collection. He told us a lot about Horsington and the school when he was a boy.

He was a pupil at Horsington School from 1926 – 1935, from 5 yrs old to 14. He was one of 12 children, 9 boys and 3 girls. They lived at 23 Horsington, opposite the duck pond. His mother must have struggled to feed them all. She bought bread from the local baker 3 times a week and often had to go back for more to make enough lunch of bread and cheese for all the children to take to school. They took cold tea with them as their drink. Of course with so many children there was not a lot of money to go round. Mr. Isaacs remembers going to school with some girls high boots on for lack of any boys ones.

He told us a few stories of that time which I will record here.

He said when he first came to school, Mrs. Skuse, the headmaster's wife, asked him his name. He replied in his usual Somerset accent – "Arthur Errk Issacs". Mrs. Skuse replied crossly "Your name is Arthur ERIC Isaacs and you will stay in school until you say it properly"!

Another thing he remembers at school is that in the large classroom there were different types of wood, small pieces of them at the top edge of the wall. They were expected to memorize these, and know the wood types even when they were not looking at them.

He told us there were shops in Horsington and Templecombe, so that they did not need to go out of the village much. There was a full choir in the church which he went to until he was 15. They had their own entertainment. They played with hoops on the way to school. You could have one made in Templecombe from wood bent round and secured for 2/-. They would play marbles all the way to school. One would throw his marble on the road and the next would throw his to try and hit it.

Cigarette card flicking was another game. Arthur remembers a toy he had which was bought from M & S for 1/6p. It was a wind up tank which would go over the bridge by the duck pond and gave him hours of pleasure.



Arthur Isaac's family

When we asked about traffic on the road, Mr Isaacs told us there were steam engines coming from the Somerset coal mines all the way down to the Poole power station. I thought this would be rough for the roads, but he told us they were regularly resurfaced. They could pick up 2p for sweeping the road before the tar

was brought and poured on. The men would put sacks over their boots and when the tar was poured onto the road, they would spread it quickly with a wide spreader. The grass at the edges of the road were also scythed and kept neat.



Arthur Isaac's House: Winner of Best Decorated House 1935

He told us about the woodwork master who taught in an upstairs room in the Old Bailiffs at South Cheriton. Templecombe School would go there in the morning and Horsington and North Cheriton Schools would go there in the afternoons once a week. Of course there were always pranks. They would see the woodwork master in his car outside the house with his eyes shut looking as though he were asleep. So Sam Day put the clock forward half an hour. But he was not asleep, and he picked up some

blocks of 4 x 2 wood and threw it hard at Sam. Another punishment the woodwork master thought up was to have the boys hold on to some large pliers attached to the car battery while he started the engine! He also liked a drink of milk and asked one of the lads to go to the farm and fetch him some. Well this lad did, but on his way home he drunk some and filled the bottle up with water from the brook. Fortunately for him it was not noticed. (This same young man later in the army was told to polish the buttons on his uniform. So he took them off and polished them, and on parade appeared unbuttoned with his collection of shiny buttons in his hand. He was discharged as unsuitable).

Freddy Francis was in the RAF and would "buzz" the school, flying low over it. The young lads were sure he was about to crash and ran to see. But all was well and the plane rose into the air again.

There was street lighting in Horsington in those days – a few gas lamps. There was one by the Lower Lodge, one by the Half Moon and another outside Mr. Isaac's house. Dick Godfrey was the lamp lighter, but was paid so little that he went on strike and that was the end of street lighting in Horsington.



From left to right: Les Lawrence, George Isaacs, Bert Isaacs, Sam Barret, George Bulgin (Landlord of The Half Moon Inn), Ronald Isaacs, John Chant, Arthur Isaacs

MARY WATTS' SCHOOL DAYS (1929-)

I was born Mary Watts. I had one brother – George – who was 18 months older than me. Our parents were village bakers at South Cheriton. My brother and myself both attended Horsington School from the age of 5 to the age of 14 when we left.

After the summer term of 1929 I started school. Opposite our home a family lived called “Davey”. They had a little girl, Sylvia. She was just 12 days older than me and we started school together. Her older sister Edna took us. We went all through school together. We are now in our eighties and have been friends all of our lives. In my days Miss Miller took the infants, then Miss Stockwell, then Miss Burge and finally Mr. Skuse. When Miss Burge left to get married Mrs. Skuse took her place. They were all good teachers, but it is Mrs. Skuse that left the biggest impression on me. I can recall several things that I have never forgotten.

1 ... I used to enjoy sewing and embroidery and I made a really nice sewing or knitting bag. When it was Completed Mrs. Skuse said “well done Mary, now you can take it home”. I always found it hard to accept things and so I said “Oh I could not do that”. So I was told to put it into the cupboard. Now I really wanted to give this bag to my dear Mum, and one day I plucked up the courage and asked if I could buy it. I was told to take it and if in the future anyone offered me anything and I wanted it, I must learn to accept

.
That was lesson number one!

2...We often wondered why Mrs. Skuse sent so many of us into her home so often. One day she announced that she had a very honest class as she had sent all of us in turn into her home and left things lying about to see if we would take anything, which no one had. I felt proud to think we were all honest. It has stood me in good faith throughout my life. If I have ever seen anything lying about I think “it is a plant”.

Lesson number two!

3....Another day Mrs. Skuse left the classroom for a while and left a boy in charge who was a real bully. I was afraid of him. He had to tell Mrs. Skuse who was the best behaving and who was the worst. I felt in my bones he would say that I was the worst, so I hung my head and worked as hard as I could. Imagine the shock when he said I was the best. I could hardly believe it.

Lesson number three. Do not always put yourself down!

When the girls were in the top classes we used to go to Templecombe to cookery classes on a Wednesday. That was great. We all had some fun!
The boys did woodwork on Fridays and the Templecombe boys joined our boys for that.

At Christmas we always had a lovely party, tea and games and a play.
Mr. Skuse worked hard going around the big houses collecting funds for it. We used to have a lovely time. I enjoyed all of my time at Horsington School and I thank God for the school and teachers and all they taught us.

MARY BUTLER (NEE WATTS)
2005



Back row: Brian Foot, Dennis Williams, Bill Candy, Gordon Isaacs Dick Isaacs
Front row: Gordon Brockbank, Dick Brockbank, Jim Young Dennis Foot Philip Hatcher
The Choir master was Mr. Frank Moorese. Photo taken in late 1930's

Ticky Judd (born 9/1/34) and Peter Judd (born 11/10/29)
24th August, 2005

Peter and Ticky Judd came to Horsington School on 17th November, 1940. Their mother was obliged to bring her 9 children from Coventry by train, as her husband was in barracks in Horsington House. Peter was the oldest and at the age of 12 had 2 years at the school. There were 3 classes in the school at the time, and for them, when they left Horsington School at 14, that was the end of their school life. Because of an influx of evacuee children from Southampton, the newcomers had to have lessons in St Margaret's Hall (which was divided into 3 by screens), until there was room in the school itself.

They lived in Hearne Cottage and walked to and from school, about a mile and a half. They got their water from a well. Their mother would burn whatever was available on the range – wood from the surrounding area, old boots etc. They would walk to Wincanton with a heavy accumulator to have it recharged. They were allowed 20 half days a season to help in the fields. They would pick apples for 6p and hour. There were vegetables to pick.

Mr. Scuse was the Headmaster at the time. He was a short, bald man, and his wife was taller. She was the driving force and stricter than he was. There was caning everyday for various misdemeanours, but the children would not get any sympathy from their parents – on the contrary. They would probably get another clip round the ear for having behaved badly to deserve the cane. So they would



A country dance competition, 1956. The Horsington team are seated in the front row

probably not tell their parents.

By the sound of some of the stories, I think Mr. Scuse had a hard job with some of the lads. They told us a story of Basil Foot. He put a young rook (which he had fetched from a nest in an elm tree) into Mr. Scuse's desk and secured the lid. The mess over the Register and inside the desk was atrocious. "Come out the boy who did it" he said in a fury. As no one did so, he made them come up one by one. He knew it was Basil really, and he was so furious that he clipped him over the ear. Basil's dog barked (he somehow managed to have his dog at school!), and Mr. Scuse said he should take his dog home. Basil wasn't seen until the next day when Mr. Scuse asked him why he had not returned. "Because you told me to go home and stay there sir!" Basil was fantastic at climbing trees and could jump from one to another like a monkey.

Another time Mr. Scuse had lost too many canes, and he was suspicious as to where they had disappeared. He made Denis go through a trap door in the floor, where he found many rulers and a load of canes, which just happened to find their way there! Another teacher was Miss Pritchard, who later became Mrs. Burge – "Burge Custard" - as the pupils nicknamed her.

They used dip pens, and would flick them for devilment, especially to get Mr. Scuse on his clean coat. Mr. Scuse would read a story to them for half an hour during the day. They had reading, maths, composition and sometimes singing with Mrs. Burge on the piano.

The Rector, Rev. Carter would come every Tuesday and teach them scripture. They played rounders, and shinty (kind of hockey). They would like to try and make the ball hit Mr. Scuse on the ankles. Mr. Scuse was good with a tennis ball, but John Holt could whip up a tennis ball so that it would take ten minutes to come down!

No homework and no uniform, but not the same clothes for working on the farm as for school. Weeding the War Memorial opposite the school was one of the schoolchildren's responsibilities.

Another game they would indulge in was climbing through the "gouge", a narrow channel which ran under the road from the school to the field opposite. I wonder if the channel still exists, as the school has been flooded a couple of times recently. Peter said he took sandwiches to school. There was free milk, but you could buy an extra glass of milk for 2p. Later, Ticky said, there were free school meals, though these were not cooked at school as they were some years later.

The boys and girls were mixed in class together, but not at playtime. There was a wall between the two areas.

Match of the Day by Jeanette King

A story about my uncle **Basil Foot (1931 – 2001)** told to me as a child.

Basil was the youngest of five children, probably a little spoilt and used to getting his own way. As a small child he was given a puppy. They grew together, becoming the greatest of friends and were inseparable. On reaching five, it was time for Basil to go to school. Being more of a nature lover than an academic he decided his dog, who was called Jock, should go too.

Despite brave attempts to separate them Jock was far too protective and would become very anxious and aggressive, so Basil and Jock walked to Horsington School together. On entering the school door, the resounding voice of Mr. Skuse, the headmaster, could be heard for miles around. "Get that dog out of my classroom" he bellowed in condemnation and utter disbelief of what he was. Basil and Jock stood their ground. Now Mr. Skuse was no pushover, a strict disciplinarian and a stickler for rules whom no one would dare to defy. As Mr. Skuse approached the two, the dog bared his teeth, his hair stood vertically along the length of his spine and his menacing growl was enough to frighten the bravest of brave. The headmaster realised he had met his match and returned red-faced and defeated to his seat. Basil sat down at a vacant desk and Jock lay quietly down beside him.

Boy and dog had a deep understanding of each other and of the situation. Mr. Skuse was probably humbled by this tacit propensity. The pair remained inseparable for the rest of Basil's school days.



Modern schoolchildren being given a lesson on the former local cooperative, "The Horsington Friendly Society"
(Inset: How it was reported in the Western Gazette)

Tom Richards

(at Horsington Primary School during the Second World War)

As a young boy during the war, Tom Richards was evacuated to South Cheriton from Rotherhithe. He lived for some years in South Cheriton and attended Horsington school. Sadly he is not too well now, but was persuaded to let his sister-in-law, Beryl to write down his memories – not very happy ones. He now lives in Herne Bay, Kent.

He writes:-

Sadly my time spent at Horsington Primary School does not bring back the fondest of memories. My mother, sister Gwen (who as a 16 year old went to work at Cow & Gate in Wincanton), my 14 year old brother Albert (who worked on Sweet's farm in the village), my youngest brother, 4 year old Roy and myself were evacuated to South Cheriton – living at No. 58 where Mrs. Phyllis Williams now lives. The 5 of us lived in just one half of that property.

We came from Rotherhithe, London, where my two elder sisters and my father (a blacksmith/farrier) remained – my eldest brother, Bill, was a soldier away in the war.

At Horsington I, as a “vaccy” was not at all favourably received by the then teacher, a most bigoted short, fat man whose name I have forgotten. I quite vividly remember, as a 12 year old boy, being involved in a 50/50 fight with a local lad, but I, as the teacher so delightfully put it, “look what the bombs have brought”, was quite severely caned whereas the other boy wasn't even questioned!

Because we'd been bombed out of our house in London, and lost much of our clothing, we were very scantily clad. Although my Wellingtons were split down the back (there being no money to replace them) and I had no overcoat, not scarf, no winter clothing I was forced to go out into the playground at playtime despite the bitter cold and snow and upon daring to complain the only response I got from the teacher, who was clasping a mug of hot tea, was to be told to run around and get warm!

After six months of attending Horsington my father came down from Rotherhithe to take us all back home “as there appeared to be a lull in events” - we returned home the day prior to the commencement of the Blitz. This made me reassess even my time spent at Horsington Primary School.



Footnote: You might like to know that Horsington's poor little “Vaccy's” claim to fame is that I was responsible for erecting the two guns (one from HMS Ramillies) that are on display in front of the Imperial War Museum in London.

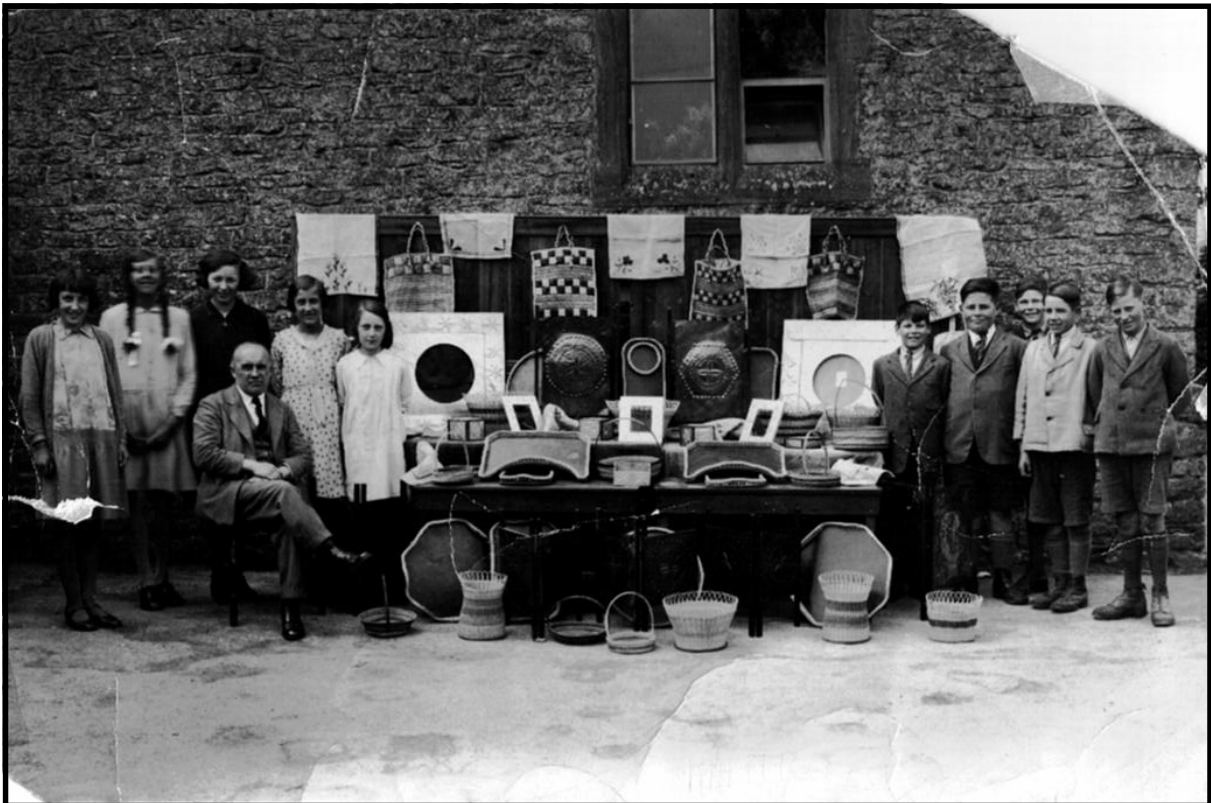
Roy Hix
1945 - Memories of Horsington School.



I remember going on a nature trail with one teacher, Mrs. Burge. As we were walking across a field we were stampede by two horses. Mrs. Burge told us children to run to the gate out of the field. She then grabbed their halters to hold them back, therefore giving us a chance to escape. I remember seeing her legs badly bitten and her stockings ripped in shreds. I often wonder if her bravery was ever recognised.

Another memory is of a spring in the ditch that ran alongside the school and from this we used to pick watercress – also it was clear enough to drink from.

Headmaster Mr. Skuse, wanting to show us very young pupils what would happen if we misbehaved, brought an older boy, Ian Rolls, into our classroom and proceeded to use the cane, caning him across his back, but through his clothes. At each strike on his thick coat a cloud of dust was sent up. On leaving the room Ian looked at us and winked his eye to let us know it hadn't hurt him at all.



The oft referred-to Mr. "Pop" Skuse, Headmaster, seated. John Hix, another of Roy's family, is standing far right

Memories of Horsington VC Primary School
By Julie Hibberd, (nee Norman).

Most of my family attended Horsington School at some point in their lives, my Mother and Father included. My father recalls this as being his first school and that he walked from Broadmoor Lane every day in all winds and weathers. He also remembers going to a house in South Cheriton for woodwork lessons every week! However his family moved around the area and he cannot recall when he left Horsington School.

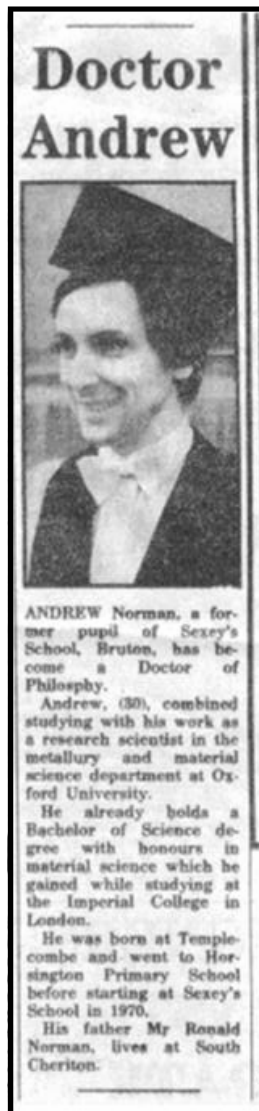
I myself started at the school in 1962 when I was 5 years old, my brother Andrew started in 1963 when he was 5 years old. He is now a scientist in Colorado, USA, after attending Sexey's School Bruton (he passed his 11+ exam) and then on to Imperial College London and Oxford University (see photo overleaf).

Of course the most obvious memory I have is of the swimming pool and how lucky we were to be able to use it so much. Our headmaster, Mr. Brice, would supervise its opening in the evenings and in the holidays so that we could enjoy extra swimming. I believe Andrew Morgan and myself, being the youngest pupils at the school, presented a bouquet of flowers to the person who officially opened the pool.

Another occasion which sticks in my mind is of walking up to the main road one day believing that we were going to see a trailer bringing giraffes on their way to Longleat. We never did see them and I can only assume Mr. Brice had been



Photo submitted by Julie Hibberd



Julie's brother,
Andrew, receiving
PhD (Oxon)

misinformed of their route. Still it was nice of him to think of taking us out of school for the day.

I remember I did not like eating school dinners and when I first started they made my cousin Diane sit with me at dinner time trying to encourage me to eat! I am sure she enjoyed this or otherwise missing out on her playtime. Mum was determined however, that I should stay for school dinners even though we lived not far from school.

We had lovely school trips at least once a year to Bristol Zoo, Corfe Castle, Shell Bay, the New Forest, sightseeing in London and Cardiff Museum for instance.

I shall always think of the "spelling tests" we had sat outside in the sun. The trips to Bath to enter the Music Festival as Mrs. Stokes our music teacher was very keen on music and singing. Playing the chime bars at church for special services and in the classroom just before we were going home.

The lovely Christmas plays that were performed at St. Margaret's Hall. I suffered from a very noisy barky cough and there was at least one occasion during practice when they were recording our singing that I had to leave the room because they did not want someone coughing in the background! I remember singing one song. "On Mother Kelly's Doorstep Down Horsington Lane", which of course was appropriate because we had a shop run by Miss Kelly in Horsington. I am sure she was sitting in the audience enjoying every moment. We had lovely Harvest Festival services at the church when I used to bring chrysanthemums grown by my father and fresh vegetables from his garden.

Living within sight of the school is probably an unusual occurrence nowadays, but my cousin, John, lived even closer in a farmhouse just a couple of hundred yards away. Most of us walked to school but a few children further out were picked up by Mrs. Brice and brought by car. If there was a flood in the road by the memorial, then to save us getting too wet Mr. Brice would pick us up and drive us through the flood. I don't suppose for one moment we thought about walking the long way around by main road and down Horsington Street.

Just three of us left in 1968 to go to King Arthurs School, and moving schools was quite a shock – from approx 40 pupils, 2 classes to a school with approx 500 pupils!

Carolyn Fisher (nee Morgan)
(now living in Tasmania)

Mr. Brice was the headmaster in my time and my memories of him are good except the time I picked a large poppy from the playing field and got into terrible trouble, which to this day I don't really understand! I remember thinking it was crazy to have a flower you didn't want to have picked in a playground. Miss Stokes was one of the teachers who is clear in my mind. She drove a dear little grey Morris Minor with red leather seats which I thought was the ultimate in style. I also spoke to Phillippa Waldron (Greenwood) about her school memories and I'm sure many children will remember that she was collected every day by Judy (her mother) and rode her pony Misty home from school. She said she remembers the children would crown at the gate waiting for Misty to arrive.

I guess it's not appropriate to reminisce on the most vivid memory of an awful school bully at the time who tormented a number of us! I remember his name but shall not share that with you! I'd be fascinated to see results of your little survey.....

SUE McSHANE Nee WOOD
Stonewell, South Cheriton

Attended Horsington Primary School 1964 – 1970

HEADMASTER	Mr. BRICE
TEACHER	Mrs. STOKES
JUST QUALIFIED	Mrs. HOWELL
DINNER LADIES	Mrs. TOMKINS
	Mrs. CHOWN

My Memories of HORSINGTON PRIMARY SCHOOL are mixed.

GOOD MEMORIES

Walking to school from day one with my brother (100 yards in front of me) and then riding my bike on my own in all weathers. I was usually one of the first to arrive as then it was play time before we were called into lessons. The day always started with the calling of the register.

At the morning break we always had 1/3 pint of milk which we HAD to drink through a straw. In the summer months it tasted creamy but in the winter months the ice had broken the seal and the bottle top was about 1 inch above the top of the bottle, so we had to wait until it warmed a little – then, yes, we HAD to drink it.

I remember that our whole class was taught on the blackboard, so we all learnt the same thing at the same time. Anyone who didn't understand had to put up their hand and say so, then Mrs. Stokes would go over it again.

At Horsington School every pupil learnt to swim. We had at least an hour every day during the summer out in the pool whether it was raining or not! We used to have swimming galas where our parents were invited to see "our wheel barrow races" and our "relays" amongst other length races and for the new swimmers the width races. We used to have Sports Day very much like they probably still have now a



The school swimming pool in 1962

days.

During the Summer months and providing it was sunny, Mr. Brice always let us have our lessons outside. We were able to help carry out the tables and chairs onto the grass behind the toilet block. I remember sitting on a table one day swinging my legs, listening to a story being told when John Vincent crept under the table and I kicked out his two front teethstraight out, hardly any blood and he reckoned it didn't hurt!!!

Certain times of the year Mr. Brice would have student teachers in to talk with us and to play games. They always bought guitars with them so the whole school could have a good old sing song.

I was fortunate enough to usually be in the top three of the class so there was always great competition to see who would be top this week, either for writing a story or perhaps the dreaded spelling test.

A new teacher came in on a Wednesday and did sewing with us. This was Mrs. Howell, and I remember going outside to pick a leaf, then bringing it to trace around it, we used this as a pattern to make up a green leaf complete with veins which somehow ended up as a picture. I remember I was really proud of my creation.

BAD MEMORIES

School dinners were my pet hate. There were two sittings, first the infants, then the juniors. After the first sitting the tables used to be wiped and if you were unlucky enough to be sat there before they were cleaned then the odd bits of food were flipped into your lap by the cloth the dinner lady used! Mrs. Tomkins and Mrs. Chown used to dish the food up for us. In those days we HAD to eat everything. Mrs. Stokes stood over us to check this. I used to sit and cry at lunch time because I really hated some of them. She used to make us eat all the fat and gristle. I remember going home and being very sick and in the end having to go to hospital to have an x-ray to find all the non digested meat in my stomach. To this day I never ever eat sausages, burgers, mince or any fatty meat and certainly not semolina!! This certainly had a lasting effect on me. After the hospital trips then I could have a packed lunch....I think there were only two of us that had these.

I remember the top three in the class (me and two others) were really good friends until one of their sisters started getting up gangs. Some girls (including me I expect) were really bitchy. Today it would be known as bullying. I remember some nights not sleeping or eating and faking illness in the morning so hopefully I wouldn't be sent to school. Once the older sister had left then the problem went away and all was well again. But at the end of the day did it do us any harm? Surely this was part of growing up and learning. I must admit you never forget it.

I remember the day I took the 11+. After lots and lots of mock tests obviously we were not told "this is the real thing". I remember feeling really grotty (as I'm a big

migraine sufferer, and had one the night before) but being a goody-goody off I went to school. Mr. Derbyshire (the local vicar) had been to see my mother in the morning and told her about us all taking our 11+ that day. She was cross that I sat mine as I was obviously not well.

THE CONCLUSION

I LEFT Horsington School and went to Sunny Hill after taking their entrance exam (Never wanted to go to King Arthur's as I heard about a girl being pregnant and I was scared...I had no idea about the birds or the bees...but a girls school seemed a good move). Memories of HORSINGTON SCHOOL with Mr. BRICE are happy memories on the whole, but forcing me to eat school dinners has had a lasting effect on me.

When I had my own children, Ben and Sam Gawler I was determined that they should go to HORSINGTON, so even though I lived in Milborne Port at the time I registered them at Horsington. Both of the did extremely well and were happy there.



School group with Mr Brice in ?1960's



Football team 1960.

Standing: Bertie Hicks, Chris Bentley, [Barnado's boy], Roger Courtney, Philip Franklin, Mr Brice (Headmaster), Brian Tompkins, [Barnado's boy], Stewart Hoddinot, Kevin Rayworth.

Seated: Raymond Franklin, Trevor Norman, [2 Barnado's boys].



The successful 6-a-side football team.

Standing: Andrew Cockerill, Anthony Martin, Anthony Cockerill

Seated: Raymond Franklin, Raymond Hix (captain), and Harry Carey



The 1962 Horsington School football team



The 1984 School football team



Janet Hallett (nee Cross)
started at Horsington School in September 1966

I started at Horsington School in September 1966 when I was four and a half years old. There were two class rooms. The infants class was run by Mrs. Stokes and the Juniors by Mr. Brice. There was a kitchen indoors but the toilet block was outside across the playground, boys on the left, girls on the right.

I loved being in the Infants. When we had assembly there was a large flip chart upon which there were hymns printed. From my days there I still love to sing "Allelujah, sing to Jesus", "When Jacob with travel was weary one day" and "my faith is like an oaken staff"!

I remember one assembly when John Isaacs had a nosebleed and he had to lie down on the floor until it had stopped. He was a tall boy and took up a lot of room!

We did sewing in the Infants – my Mum still has her needle-case. I also made a bookmark and a cover for a hard boiled egg. We had the old foot trestle sewing machines which I don't remember getting on very well with.

At the end of the day we used to gather around the piano which Mrs. Stokes would play while we sang a song. I can't remember what we sang but I never wanted to stand at the front because the veins on Mrs. Stokes hands were very prominent and blue and I didn't like looking at them! Playtime was fun. We used to play "Budge", "British Bulldogs" and "Stick in the mud" The coal bunker had a shiny sloping roof and we used to hook our feet over the edge and lie hanging down it. It was lovely and warm in the summer.

There were big A frame climbing frames on the grass and when we were older we would go round and round on the end bar and hang upside down. We would jump off all the bars and hang and drop from them, even the top ones. It was great, and it would never be allowed now!

In the summer Mrs. Minns would send down sacks of apples and all the children would be given one at break-time, except me – I used to hide behind the toilet block and the PE shed because I didn't like apples.

Once there was a frozen sheet of ice down one part of the playground and we used to skid and slide down it. Great fun – I'd be too scared of falling now! We used to skip a lot too. We had a long rope and we would spend all our playtime skipping. Everyone enjoyed that.

In the summer we swam in the pool. I learnt to swim there. I remember when we all had to walk round and round in one direction and make a whirlpool, and then turn round and swim against the current.

At some stage Mr. Brice retired and the Juniors had Mr. Hunt and Mr. Harris, who only taught on a Thursday. I liked both of them but Mr. Harris had a little finger missing on his right hand, I think. So if ever I had to go up to see him I used to go to his left side because I didn't like to look at his three fingered hand!

I was in the Juniors when the “new” currency came in. I don’t remember learning about it being any problem. I think we all just took it in our stride.

Once, horror of horrors, we had a dish with a little ball of liquid mercury in for us to look at to see its properties. We were told not to touch it because it was poisonous, so we did as we were told – we wouldn’t dare touch it. Couldn’t do that now!

After lunch, everyone had to put their arms on the tables and put their heads down to have a rest before they went out to play.

We used to have milk in small bottles. In the winter we had to put it on the heater to melt the ice inside so that we could drink it.

We used to make a book for Mothering Sunday and we always went to church and the Mums would come and we would recite poems en masse to them. I remember it being very special.

There was no school uniform then and I remember once when the school photographer came to photograph my brother and me, I was wearing a nice pink dress and he called us “Pinky and Perky”. Show your age now – Do you remember them?

We used to play rounders on the playing field. Often after we had been swimming we would go on to the playing field and have to run all round its perimeter to get dry. Then the boys would get dressed in one corner of the field and the girls would get dressed way over in the opposite corner.

Horsington school was a good school to be at. I learnt my alphabet by Mrs. Stokes pointing at the alphabet on the wall and us all reciting A..B..C.. and my tables by reciting them by rote in class. But it worked. I can recite them all still. We learnt to read with “Janet and John” and “Peter, Jane and Pat the dog”

Some people I remember being at school with:-

Valerie Burt, Stephanie and Dawn Eastment, Sarah and Caroline Morgan, Huw and Carolyn Morgan. Karen and Robert Mitchell from Home Farm, Horsington, John, Alan and Ronnie Vincent, Jonathon Grimstead, Joanna and John Cockerel, Carol and Peter ? (after whom we named the budgies at school), Noel and Annette?, Carolyn Norsworthy, Janet Dibben, Marina Norman, Glen and Anne Fiddy, Rosaling and Marian Brine, Anita Shortland, John Isaacs, Tracey Lane, Denise James, Gerald Sanger, William Sanger, William Timpson, Hayward Burt, Sally Peters. Cora, Zena and Maria from the Half Moon – can’t remember their surname. The older girls were in the choir at one stage. Julie Norman and Andrew Norman, Richard and Suzanne Wood, Adrian King and Jayn Mant, Neil, Glen and Paul White, Steven, David and Jason Collins, Mark Hoddinott. There were also children from Dr. Barnardos there at one point, but I only remember Keith Sansom because he was always getting into trouble.

Denise Halford nee James

Mr. Brice was my first head teacher. I remember him telling me not to carry my "Looby Lou" rag doll around the playground by her hair and I remember taking my dinner money to him in a fish-shaped purse and him making it "jump" around.

We walked to Horsington Manor to see the Hunt meet.

At the end of our final term Mr. Hunt, Mr. Harris and Mrs. Nicholls took us to Badbury Rings and cooked sausages in their VW Dormobile.

I can remember learning about decimal coins and weights although oddly I do not recall the coins or weights pre-decimalisation!

The dentist came in a van and I think we went to Templecombe school to see him on some occasions.

We had snow one winter and the Dinner Ladies had to improvise a lunch of soup and bread for us as the meal vehicle couldn't get to us.

Mrs. Howell brought her baby in for us to see.

I was not keen to learn to swim but Mr. Hunt persevered and once I got going there was no stopping me! Being able to use the pool in the summer holidays was brilliant.

One Christmas we did an alternative Nativity play and I got the part of the equivalent of the Innkeeper.

The frozen milk was placed on or near the huge heater in the infants' class to thaw out.

Shiny orange cardboard folders with letters in them to use to spell words and sentences in the infants' class.

The Catholic school from Wincanton would come along in a bus to use the swimming pool.

Making angels and stars out of polystyrene tiles at Christmas, using a heated wire to cut out the shapes, which made quite a smell!

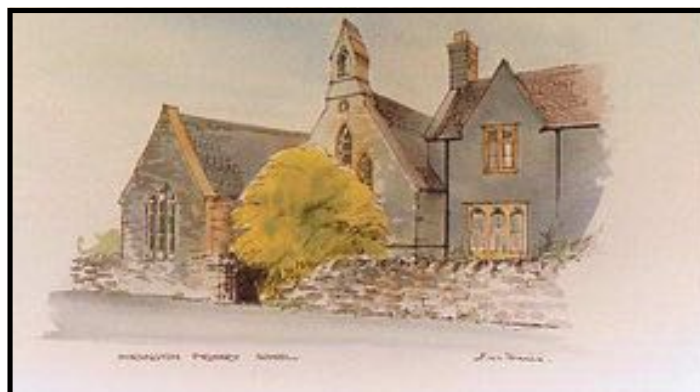
Watching Concorde on the television – I may be a bit confused on that one, it may have been a space flight, but Concorde sticks in my mind.

There was a temporary/part-time lady teacher who drove a Morris Minor and had an English Setter or two.

The Silver Jubilee celebration, but I don't recall anything specific about that, although I still have my commemorative items.

The school was used on Polling Days and we got a day off school.

I don't know if any of this will be of use to you. I have an appalling memory. But I do know that I had a wonderful time at the school and realise now how lucky we all were to go there.



David Jones
(1976 - 1980)

I have very fond memories of Horsington School and have spent some time gathering those fractured, fleeting memories of early childhood.

I remember my first day at school. It was June 1976, the very hot summer, and I went into school on my first day holding hands with Emma Butler, my friend from South Cheriton. I went in "Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays" and, as such, had to explain to the deputy head, Mr. Harris why I only had 3 days' dinner money for him. The sight of the mustard-coloured top of the dinner van filled me with revulsion. I knew it was carrying for me some disgusting combination of over boiled fish in watery cheese sauce (I vomited it up one day – put me off boil-in-the-bag for life!) and rhubarb with custard (Yuck!) or gooseberries and custard (even more Yuck!).

I enjoyed playing with the red plastic weights in class – all very modern in grams and kilograms. I still estimate a gram from the memory of those weights.

My most shameful day was when we had to learn "taking away" as opposed to adding up, which I could do quite well. Mrs. Nicholls (who attended my wedding in 1999) took each one of us up- in turn to demonstrate the complexities of subtraction. I just couldn't get the hang of it and when set some simple sums to do, I simply added them up instead of taking away.

Mrs. Nicholls was a much-loved teacher. She used to get quite annoyed and say "I might as well be talking to a BRICK WALL!". She tried talking at us in French sometimes too, "because you obviously don't understand it when I tell you to be quiet in English!" She used to tell us a story just before home time and I loved the stories, but couldn't wait to go home and see my mum.

Playtime involved hanging around with the girls, mainly because I was no good at running or football. I remember Sarah Kelly, another Sarah, Emma Butler, Charlotte Evans, Paul Hodges, Martin Haskett (bit of a bully!), Steven, Richard, the Beresford boys, Lee, the "other Jones" (Michele, Hayley and Roger) and the Crabb girls to name a few. We used to play Kiss-chase, What's the time Mr. Wolf, Grandmother's Footsteps, Snail-racing, Role-play games and catching "shrimps" from the stream in old crisp packets.

The day I moved from the infants to the juniors, no-one had told me, and I hung my coat up in the infants' class. Mr. Sweetlove (of whom I was initially rather frightened) told me that I wasn't an infant any more and to come to class. At this I dissolved into my customary tearful fit and was inconsolable for about 15 minutes! However I grew to like the juniors' class and Mr. Sweetlove was an excellent teacher.

I think even today that Horsington School was lucky to have such an inspirational headmaster as Peter Sweetlove. He really cared for us all and gave us a well-rounded education. An example of this is when he was teaching us the difference between "seeing" and "looking", because one child couldn't find something she'd been sent to get. Without realising, he said "you often look, but don't see" He was so pleased with himself that he put it on a big piece of card and stuck it to the wall.

He introduced the school athletics day and Pottery (for which he made his very own kiln in the playing field.) He wasn't as warm as dear old Mr. Hunt, but very funny, and had our interests at heart. He was also very good about my leaving Horsington two years early to go to a private school.

Mrs. White was a nice lady and taught us lots of songs which she accompanied on the piano, such as "The Ink is Black, the Page is White" and "Jimmy Crack Corn". Her daughter was at school at the same time. I remember they tape-recorded her piano one playtime so that we could sing at morning assembly (from those wallpaper-covered books) in her absence. I also remember the huge "Duplicator", before the age of modern photocopiers and computer printers. Mr. Sweetlove used to spend a lot of playtimes going "clunk clunk clunk" turning the wheel and out would come these faint, scratchy, purple lines, just discernable as writing, on each sheet. He used to have to draw what he wanted copying in the messy ink-covered master sheet.

Of the days out, I remember the trip to the American Museum, near Bath, the best. We spent weeks preparing for the trip, learning all about Indians and American Settlers. Mr. Sweetlove introduced the concept of school teams which thereafter were named after the Indian tribes such as Sioux, Black and others which I can't remember any more.

I loved swimming in the summer time. The smell of the chlorine, the races and the lessons were such fun in the school pool and Mrs. Isaacs used to help dry us afterwards. It was very fashionable to be able to say to her "please be gentle when you dry my shoulder because I got sunburnt down at Weymouth last weekend"

Well I think that's just about all I can remember for now. It all seems very mundane for what were very formative years, but I guess they've stood me in very good stead and I am very grateful for everything I learned at Horsington from Mrs. Nicholls and Mr. Sweetlove.



...Extra Lines

Lena Vaughan remembers queuing up for the dentist and hearing, for the person ahead of her, a tooth go “clink” into a bowl. ? the boy concerned was Wilcox. So she didn’t stay for her turn but ran all the way home which was by the level crossing. Her mother asked her why she had come home. She said she was ill! Her mother said she thought she could not be ill as she had been running hard. Lena insisted she had Pneumonia. Den Foot came to fetch her.

Philip Franklin 1954 – 60. I always remember the Nativity Play in the village hall. We travelled to away football matches in Mr. Brice’s, (the headmaster) Hillman Imp and whenever we travelled to Milborne Port via Stowell he always told us to “hold on boys” over the river bridge just beyond Stowell.

Toby Jones writes: Blissful: a place of endless kindness and generosity. I recall the school dividing into 2 halves in 1979 – one half “Labour” and the other half “Conservative”.... Students having political scraps in the playground. The swimming pool, I always think about that...it seem huge. Mrs. Nicholls was both ferocious and very kind, at least as seen by a 6 year old. In the summer when the grass was cut we used to build “houses” with the cutting!

Steve Beresford 1970’s

Remembers 2 class rooms and Mr. Sweetlove, Mrs. Nicholls and Mrs. White, so thinks that 4 classrooms and computers must make the school seem very different.

Louise Beresford 1980’s

Remembers the school fete, history week and sports day. “I mainly remember having an easy time there playing sports a lot and lots of girly games in the school yard with an outdoor toilet block in the middle of it”.

Isobel Franklin 1990 – 1993 I remember riding my pony, Thomas home from school

Oliver Franklin 1986 – 1989 I remember squashing elderberries and throwing them and making dens in the hedge.

A History Project
by Tobias Jones, former pupil of Horsington School
Written in 1987 when he was 15 yrs old.

Sources taken from the earliest log book (1872 –1901) and the Punishment book, (I believe these books are now housed in Taunton).

Earliest days

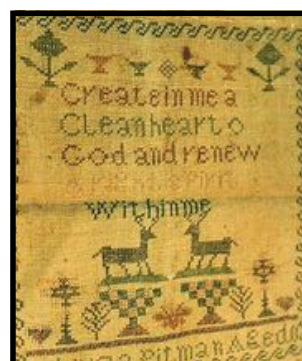
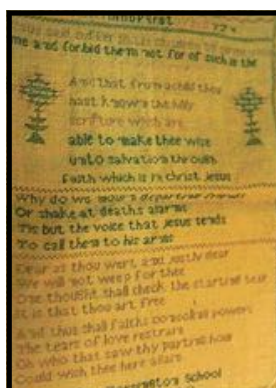
The school was built in 1855-6, fifteen years before the elementary education act of 1870. Previous to the building of the school, education in Horsington was by way of various Dame schools, paid for by a bequest of Mrs. Martha Wickham who in 1734 left £5 per annum, the rent of the school ground “for the instruction of twelve poor children to know God’s will”.

In 1821 this sum was still being paid to Elizabeth Cross “the mistress of a small school at Horsington who teaches 12 poor children to read; they are chiefly girls who are also instructed in sewing”. This sum of £5 was still being paid until very recently - ? exact date.

When the school was built in 1855-6, the Rev. Thomas Wickham was Rector. The school was built largely as a result of the efforts of Rev. Hill Dawe Wickham, his nephew who succeeded him as Rector in 1856.

John Bailward supplied the land and local farmers carted the stone. Every landowner having £50 per annum or more had to supply his cart and horse for a day for every £50, or pay 5/- per day in lieu. The total cost of the school and master’s house was £925 17s 6d raised by subscriptions and contributions from the vestry, parish council, diocesan board and national society. The school account in 1868 read like this:-

Income: Endowment	£5	Expenditure: salaries teacher	£60
Contributions	£38 12s	assistant	£2 12s
School Pence	£21 13s 1d	books	£2 10s
(Scholars' fees)		fuel	£3 8s
		repairs	£2 10s



3 samplers which were done at the school in 1861. Two of the samplers were done by the grandmother of a lady who herself attended the school nearly 70 years ago. It is thanks to her that I have been able to obtain these copies.

There is also a copy of the first page of the earliest log book 1871 – 1901
Edwin Loveless Headmaster - (Strange that in the 1970-80's we had a
headmaster called Peter Sweetlove!) Mrs. A.C. Loveless mistress Mary
Mason – assistant.

From further readings through the log book in 1871 it is clear that Rev. Hill Dawe
Wickham and also curate Rev. Clement Davis both visited the school three times a
week to take scripture.

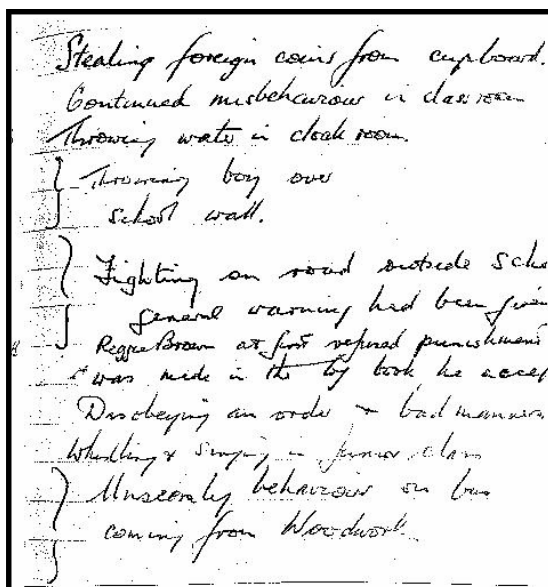
April 25 th , 1871	Norsington Elementary School Edwin Loveless. Schoolmaster A. C. M. Loveless. Schoolmistress Mary Mason. Assistant	1
Tues.	The Log book was supplied to day, Revd H. V. Wickham visited the School in the morning, A fair attendance of scholars E. Loveless. Master	
Wed 26 th	The elder children have made considerable progress in the last two months, A very limited attendance, Mary Mason absent without leave, E. Loveless. Master	
Thurs 27 th	The Revd Hill Wickham notified that he had received a letter from the Educational Department intimating that the School would be inspected in the month of July, E. Loveless. Master	
Friday 28 th	A limited attendance, unfavourable weather E. Loveless, Master	

The earliest logbook from 1871

The school was built to hold 92 boys and girls, and 65 infants. In 1872 an entry in the log book states that 120 pupils were present. This was, however, and unusually high number to attend and attendances were usually nearer 70. In 1874 Mr. Loveless was given three months notice to leave and Mr. Apted and his daughter took over on November 16th. There were 53 pupils present for the annual exams in 1876 but the following year Mr. Apted says that "attendance is increasing due to compulsory clauses through the attendance committee of the education act" On the 16th January 1879 Everard and Ellen Willett took over from Mr. Apted and his daughter. Mr. Willett was to be paid a salary of £70. A scheme was designed to use the £5 endowment money to remit the school fees of the best attenders. The fees for the artisans' children were then 2d per week for the first child and a penny ha'penny for any others. Artisans were classified as "masons, carpenters, plasterers, blacksmiths, painters, shopkeepers and those renting over one acre".

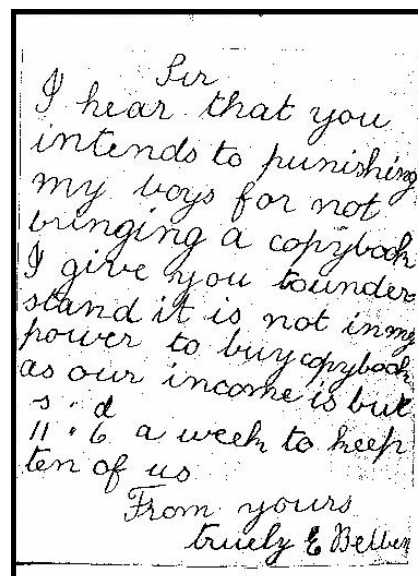
Throughout the following years regular appearances of H M Inspectors are noted in the log book along with his various comments which range from "improvement all round" to "a poor attendance". In 1883 the managers offered a farthing per attendance over 300 in any year to encourage regular attendance. Three years later in 1886 there were 131 children attending on one day, the highest attendance in the log book.

In 1888 Mr. Willett became ill and a year later he was forced to resign through ill health. On the 13th May Mr. and Mrs. Hillyer took over. Mr. Hillyer has written



Stealing foreign coins from cupboard.
Continued misbehaviour in classroom
Throwing water in cloak room.
} Throwing boy over
} school wall.
} Fighting on road outside school
} General warning had been given
} Regret Brown at first refused punishment
} was made in the log book he accepted
Disobeying an order & bad manners
Whistling & singing in junior class
} Unseemly behaviour on bus
} coming from Woodwork

Excerpt from the punishment book. Includes "Stealing foreign coins from cupboard", "Continued misbehaviour in classroom", "Throwing water in cloakroom", "Throwing boy over school wall", "Fighting on road outside school", "Disobeying orders and bad manners", "whistling and singing in junior class", and "unseemly behaviour on bus coming from woodwork"



Sir
I hear that you intends to punishing my boys for not bringing a copybook
I give you to understand it is not in my power to buy copybook as our income is but 11s 6d a week to keep ten of us
From yours
Truly & Belben

Letter from William Belben's mother to the headmaster, Mr Hillyer:

"Sir, I hear that you intends to punishing my boys for not bringing a copybook. I give you to understand it is not in my power to buy copybooks as our income is but 11s 6d a week to keep ten of us"

frequent details of punishments in the log book.

On 12th December of the same year Mr. Hillyer gave William Belben (amongst others) until after Christmas to provide a copybook for further schoolwork. The following term Belben failed to produce a copybook and was threatened with punishment and as a result you can see a copy of the note sent to Mr. Hillyer by the boy's mother. "I hear that you intends punishing my boys for not bringing a copybook. I give you to understand it is not in my power to buy copybook as our income is but 11s 6d a week to keep ten of us."

A further incident was noted by Mr. Hillyer took place in 1891. A tile had been broken and on a page of the log book 4 witnesses write that they saw a certain William Hix throw a stone. After caning Hix for lying Mr. Hillyer made him admit throwing the stone and with very shaky writing Hix wrote in the log book the incident.

During the following years the attendance was often affected by scarlatina, mumps and measles. In 1905 Mr. Hillyer died and Mr. Salt and his wife took over. With the new headmaster, attendances rose. The inspector also gave good reports of the school. From about this time the hand of outside organisation appears increasingly in the log books with county council stationary orders, cookery classes at Templecombe and woodwork class at South Cheriton. There were also visits from the school nurse, the dentist county oculist and attendance officers gain increasing mention.

Coronation celebrations on a Tuesday in June 1911

Everything was organized by Mrs. Bailward and Mr and Mrs. Salt. There was a procession from school to the church where a short service took place. The bells tolled and a procession followed. The band led off with Mr. Sharkey, 25 bicycles, followed by mail carts and perambulators. On the recreation ground the children formed a human Union Jack. (see photograph). Songs were sung and 350 children were then given tea. There were sports with 1000 spectators. Dancing continued in the evening until 10 pm.

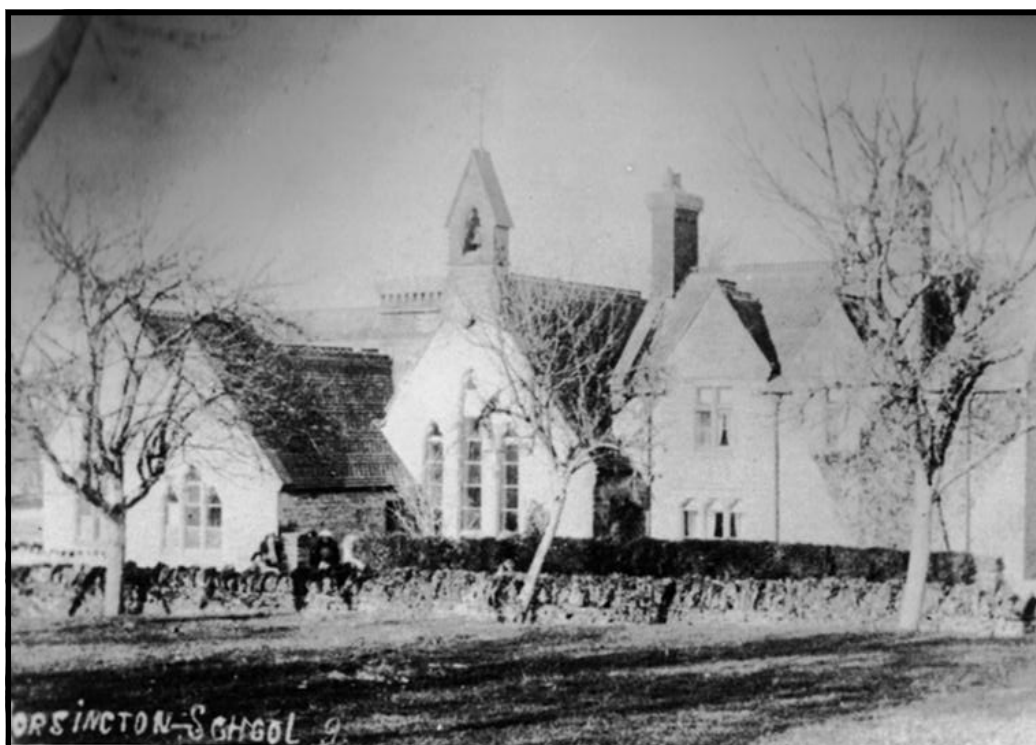


Post First World War

In this section Toby did not refer so much to the log books for information, but spoke to some former pupils, so described the days' events at school as he was told about them.

In 1918 Mr. Mycock took over from Mr. Salt and it is during this period that Miss Hilliar and Mrs. Durant were at the school. At this time Mr. Mycock lived in the school house and was assisted by Miss Bennett. The school bell would have been rung at 8.50 am and all the pupils would walk to school – the only form of transport for them at that time. At 9 am a whistle would have been blown for assembly. I was told that there was little truancy as pupils were too scared of the cane. The age for attendance at Horsington school at that time were between 5 and 14. For most of the pupils this school would have provided their only education. However, if they were able to pass the 11+ then they would have continued their education at Sunnyhill or Sexey's in Bruton.

The vicar visited them once a week to teach scripture; other subjects included reading, writing, maths, art, cookery and woodwork or needlework. The sports included football, rounders and tennis, but no school matches took place. There was no music taught in school hours, but pupils did give concerts in the village hall. There was also a fete once a year which took place on the school playing fields. At this time there were 2 classes – Seniors and Juniors. The children were mixed in classes and wore no form of uniform. The Doctor and Dentist would both have visited the school once a week. In 1925 Mr. Mycock was replaced by Mr. Skuse.



Name	Date	Offence	Punishment
Chas. Hatcher	13-1-19	Repeated Disobedience	2 on each hand
Ivan Foot	do	do	do
Nichol Foot	15-1-19	Litering to School - Late	1 on each hand
Wm. Tucker	15-1-19	do	do
Beal Bunce	21-1-19	Disobedience	do
Herbert Martin	21-1-19	Bad Work followed by Impudence	do
Beal Bunce	30-1-19	Untrustworthy in	do
Ivan Foot	do	absence of Mr. Sten	do
George Bunce	Feb 4 th 1919	Insubordination &	2 on each hand
Chas. Hatcher		refusal to obey Mr. Sten's Order	do
Beal Bunce	do	disobedience	1 on each hand
John Mason	do	do	do
R. Curtis	Feb 5 th 19	Talking	1 on left hand
M. Hillian	Feb 5 th 19	Talking Busybodying	1 on left hand
M. Foot	Feb 7 th 19	do	1 on left hand
R. Curtis	do	do	do
O. Norris	do	do	do
R. Curtis	Feb 10 th 19	Downright Laziness	Detained after school
I. Martin	do		
Hooper	do		
I. Martin	Feb 12 th 1918	Bad careless work	1 stroke

Details of the punishment book from 1919. Note the offence of "Talking and busybodying" committed by 4 pupils from 5th-7th February

During the Second World War

The school had to cope with an influx of evacuees from Southampton and Barking. In addition to lessons in the school building, they also had to take place in the village hall. Other than this the school continued normally throughout the war.

Post Second World War

Again Toby managed to get information about the school at this time from former pupils who were there at that time. Following the war Mr. Skuse remained at the school until 1949. At this date Mr. Brice took over. The school continued to take children between the ages of 5 and 14. The Headmaster still lived in the school house adjacent to the school and a bell would have been rung at 8.50. The only form of transport to school was still by foot.

The cane was still commonly used but other punishments were also common. These included writing lines after school and washing-up. To demonstrate how often the cane was used there is a copy of a page of the punishment book attached. All the offences shown were considered punishable by the cane. I was informed that there was very little truancy due to the threat of the cane. I did however notice in the log book of the time punishment of caning for some truant offences. There was usually an average of 90 pupils attending and the vicar would have visited them once a week. Other than the Headmaster, teachers included Mrs. Skuse, Miss Sharpe, Miss Wright and Miss Brice who taught dressmaking.



Needlework class in 1953.

Significant developments after the Second World War

Introduction of another class, making 3 in all.

Meals for the pupils were provided for the pupils at the village hall

Further sports were taught and there were school matches in football

Plays were produced in the village hall and recorders and singing were taught

Development of academic education: science, history and geography

Introduction of cookery classes and woodwork classes.

Two major developments occurred in the school in the late 50's:

Firstly the **development of the new school**. Until 1958 Horsington had been an all-age school. Unless one was lucky enough to pass the 11+ exam the ten years at Horsington school would have provided all your education. However at this date **King Arthurs secondary school** opened in Wincanton. This meant that the ages attending became 5 – 11, thus reducing the age of leaving Horsington school by 4 years.

Secondly, also in 1958 Horsington School became known as **Horsington Church of England Voluntary Controlled Primary School**. This meant that the Church of England (the local diocese) had a representative on the Governing Body and took an interest in the welfare of the school.

Slightly later on, in the 60's, a **swimming pool** was built with a lot of local help and enthusiasm. It was a proud boast that no child left Horsington school without learning to swim. I myself learnt to swim in that pool, and it provided another form of recreation for the school. The pool is opened in the summer holidays and is used by many of the younger people in the village.

Mr. Brice retired in 1970 and was replaced by Mr. Hunt. He was then replaced by Mr. Sweetlove in 1977. Mr. Sweetlove was the first headmaster not to live in school house adjacent to the school, and it has remained that way since.

Present Day

Mr. Button replaced Mr. Sweetlove in 1982. He still teaches at the school and is assisted by Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Bryant. There are now 2 main classes at the school with an additional small class for reception.

There are now some 40 pupils at the school, some of whom travel from Wincanton or Templecombe. This added attendance is obviously possible due to travel by car. Though some still do walk to school as pupils did years ago.

In the 1950's a badge was worn bearing a horse's head. Now however there is a school uniform. This includes a navy blue sweater with a motif of a horse's head and a cross on it. This was designed by one of the pupils at the school. A school tie is also worn. The cane is no longer used for punishing offenders of the school rules, but strict discipline is still observed. It is noticeable that teaching techniques have improved; the school have a computer for aid in teaching and are hoping to acquire a new one soon. Subjects taught include history, geography, sciences, creative activities (music, drama and art etc.) and religious education and mathematics.



Class photos from the 1950's

School meals are provided although children can bring in sandwiches if they wish.

Homework is set occasionally, but this usually only applies to the older pupils. Unlike former generations pupils will, when finished at Horsington, continue their education elsewhere. They no longer have to pass the 11+ exam in order to leave the school for further education. This usually means going to King Arthur's school in Wincanton at the age of 11. The school will, usually once a year, produce a concert or play in the village hall. It will also attend a Christmas Service at Horsington Church.

In producing this project I am grateful to the following for their help and assistance and willingness to loan photographs, books, certificates etc:-

Former Pupils:

Mrs. Elliott
Mrs. Durrant
Miss Hilliar
Mrs. Crabb
Mrs. Parsons

Staff

Mrs. Jones (School Governor)
Mr. Button (Present Headmaster)
Mr. Bailward
Mr. Cross.



The school in 1987

Drama at Horsington School



Nativity play 1935, starring Charlie Sanger, Sam Day, Arthur Isaacs (as Herod) and Dennis Williams



Another photo from the nativity play 1935



"The Well of Wishes"



Another photo from "The Well of Wishes"



Another photo from "The Well of Wishes"









Roll Call 1950's



Derrick Piercy



Walter Hughes



Geoffrey Cox



Ruth Hale



Paul Combes



Ann Cockerell



Robert Timson



Paul Piercy



Hazel Bateman



Michael Moulard



Hazel Butcher



Muriel Hughes



David Green



Delia Haines



Eileen Tasker



Reginald Brown



Roger Fido



Ronald Wills



Heather Rae



David Bowen



Christopher Gill



Frank Matthews



Heather Chant



Gillian Young



Philip Fudge



Philip Hix



Richard Hoddinot



Rosemary Candy



Tony Hughes



William Rae



Donald Beeney



Graham Booth



Peter Gill



Andrew Gill



Joy Morgan



John Murray



Charles Biffin



David Barrett



Raymond Bush



David Norman



John Ody



Victor Matthews



Margaret Hughes



Ann Vincent



Margaret Isaacs



Margaret Butcher



Brian Ody



Patrick Murray

Roll Call 1950's—continued



David Young



Anthony Barnes



June Tuthill



Gwen Butcher



Ann Butler



Alan Hix



Arthur House



Royston Hix



Grace Miles



June Goff



Joe Cockerill



William Trigg



Philip Rodgers



Derrick Johnson



Colin Pitman



Betty Hix



Charles Butcher



David Spratling



Iris Norman



Leonard Spratling



Michael Freestone



William Hardie

Some earlier school photos



Les Day



Ern Day



Ken Day

Victorian Project at Horsington School



Victorian Project - continued



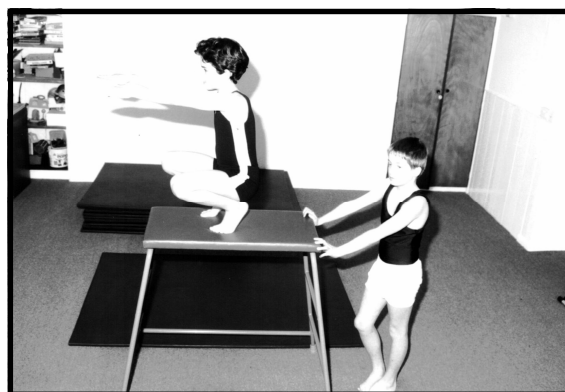
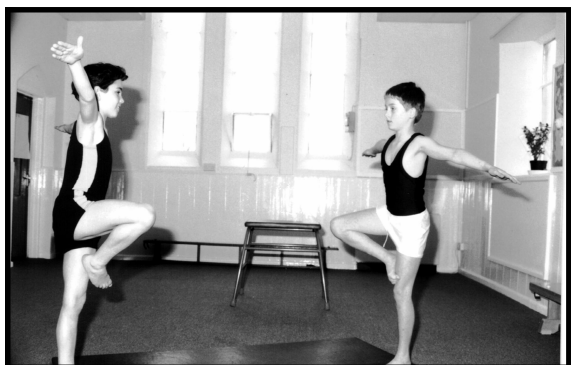
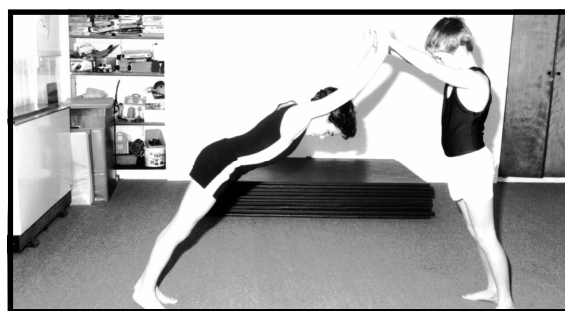
Victorian Project - continued



Sports at Horsington School



Sports at Horsington School - continued



The Anniversary Open Afternoon. 16th November 2005



The Anniversary Open Afternoon. 16th November 2005



The Anniversary Open Afternoon. 16th November 2005



The Anniversary Open Afternoon. 16th November 2005



**Names of former pupils and staff who came to the Anniversary open
afternoon on 16th November 2005**

Weston Broadway 1927
Mary Butler (Watts) 1929
Gillian Chaney Young
Joy Crabb (Morgan)
Dorothy Curtis (Sweet)
Lesley Davis
Les Day 1930
Ken Day 1932
Margaret Dinsdale 1938
Dennis Foot
Ruby Gory (Rogers)
Ruth Hale
Richard Harris
Margaret Hatcher (Wilson)
Roy Hix 1945
Robert Hoddinot
John Holt 1935
Harold House 1925
Marjorie House (Broadway)
Arthur Isaacs 1921
Pamela Isaacs 1930
Mrs. Jones (Sweet)
Paul Jones
Charlie Judd
David Judd
Peter Judd 1940
Mary Judd 1940
RW Ticky Judd
Rosemary Kerry (Williams)

Betty King (Hix) 1945
Pat Lampert (dinner lady)
Sue MacShane (Wood)
Ellen Melhuish
Ann Moore (Vincent)
Grace Moore (Miles)
Edna Newman (Davey)
Inge Nicholls (teacher)
Derek Pearcey
Michael Rendle
Philip Rogers 1945
Doreen Sanger (Wilson) 1944
Graham Sanger
John Short
Jessie Short
Phyllis Short (Cory) 1939
Chris Short 1945
Olive Stocker (Day) 1935
Dennis Sweet
Elsie Target (Holt)
Mrs. Tester (Fudge) 1940
Robin Timson 1949
Olive Tompkins (dinner lady)
David Vincent 1939
Virtue Vincent (Sweet)
Ron Vincent
Phyllis Williams (Sanger)
Dave Young