Nunsthorpe Garden City History Group

Memories

Compiled by Roy and Sheila Ellis between 2007 and 2017
Acknowledgement

We would like to thank all the contributors to this document for their time and patience and most of all their memories.

Many thanks to the Second Avenue Resource Centre staff and special mention to Margaret Horsburgh for her help throughout the time we have been meeting at the centre and her special talent for proof reading.

Full marks to Jayne Smith for her skills as a tutor to two very inexperienced computer students, we appreciate the help given us, some of which was in her own time.

To David Cowell for the photographs of 1936 school days which he made available to us.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Table of Contents

MURIEL PARKER (NEE GREEN) ................................................................. 1
GLADYS WARMAN (NEE KULLICH) ........................................................... 3
The Lamp Lighter .................................................................................. 5
Tiger Kullich ......................................................................................... 9
RON ELLIS .............................................................................................. 13
JACK HOPPER ....................................................................................... 17
BETTY MARRIOTT (NEE ROSS) ................................................................. 21
DAVID THORNTON .................................................................................. 23
The War Years ...................................................................................... 27
The Mission .......................................................................................... 30
Nunsthorpe’s First Community Centre .................................................... 31
PEGGIE JEFFERSON ................................................................................ 46
“Homes fit for Heroes to live in” ............................................................ 46
Special Times at Nunsthorpe School ...................................................... 47
IRENE STOAKES ..................................................................................... 49
The Roper Family ................................................................................. 49
Memories of Nunsthorpe School ............................................................ 53
The Nunsthorpe branch of the Adult School ............................................ 53
DOROTHY BRIGGS .................................................................................. 56
Schooling .............................................................................................. 56
Local Businesses .................................................................................... 57
Nunsthorpe During the War ................................................................. 58
Nunsthorpe After the War ................................................................. 58
NORMAN KIRMAN .................................................................................. 59
5 First Avenue, Nunsthorpe ................................................................. 59
JOHN LILEE ............................................................................................. 68
ROY ELLIS ............................................................................................... 70
Infants School ...................................................................................... 71
Nunsthorpe Secondary Modern School, Class of 1953 ......................... 76
HARRY BUCK .......................................................................................... 79
HENRY TAYLOR ..................................................................................... 82
DOREEN BAKER ..................................................................................... 84
JEAN WILLETT ......................................................................................... 88
LINDA WALKLEY ................................................................................... 90
Muriel Parker (nee Green)

Around 1921 my parents must have been among some of the first tenants in Nunsthorpe Garden City. They lived at 86 Milton Road.

My parents at 86 Milton Road in 1922

I arrived on the scene in April 1923. I was an only, but not lonely, child and had a very happy childhood. There were plenty more children around to play with. I remember how glad I was when Nunsthorpe School opened, prior to that, my parents had sent me to a private school in Augusta St which is now The Abbey Vet, I don’t know to this day how they afforded it. We had a horrible bottle green uniform with a black felt hat for winter and a panama for summer. Miss Rosenberg was my first teacher and Miss Burton the Headmistress. I had seven or eight really happy years there.

I remember us all walking to Peoples Park for the Silver Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary. It was a lovely sunny day and we all received a Mug and Brochure type book (unfortunately mine was destroyed when we were bombed out in 1943).

I remember drawing a big circle in the middle of the road for us to play hop-scotch as well as on the pavement. Rolling marbles along in the gutters! Hide and seek - anybody’s garden would do. We played Cowboys and Indians in the long grass behind the houses whose back ways faced Laceby Road. Played Catch and Kiss too!

Sometimes in the early morning there was a man selling “Hot Cakes, hot cakes” on a bicycle with big containers in the front. Lovely with butter- who cared about Cholesterol then?
We moved from Nunsthorpe in March 1939 but after my marriage we were given the tenancy of a house in Eastville Road provided we agree to share it with my mother and grandmother.

I could look out of the front bedroom window and see as far as Bradley Woods. Grandma eventually passed away and my mother moved to the country. Altogether we were there for 30 years and saw it expand and build up.

The New shops were much appreciated as, at first, we had to walk through allotments to Old Nunsthorpe shops.

Yes- most of my memories of Nunsthorpe are happy ones. I’m glad I lived there!
Gladys Warman (nee Kullich)

GARDEN CITY HISTORY GROUP
MY MEMORIES OF NUNSTHORPE

My introduction to Nunsthorpe happened in 1926 when I was four years old. At that time we lived in a rather large house on Scarthoe Road. My parents had friends living in Milton Road named Duggan. They had two sons Phillip and Bobby. This was my first visit to their home and I was utterly fascinated by the compaction of the house, it reminded me of a large Dolls House. I never imagined that one day we would live at 45 Sutcliffe Avenue. My brother’s and sister’s and I attended Scarthoe Village School where my education began at 4 years old.

When Nunsthorpe School was built in September 1931 we were very excited and as a family we went round before it opened. Great excitement at the thought of being educated at such a wonderful place. At that time we lived on the border so I could go to either school. When opening day arrived we walked in a crocodile from the village to this wonderful new building (not without trepidation I might add) this was the beginning of five happy wonderful years at a school I really enjoyed. All the children from the village were old enough to go in the seniors so it was assumed I was too. It wasn’t discovered for six months that I was only nine years old. I didn’t want to go in the juniors as I was afraid of Miss Burton, I said I would rather go back to my old school but Mr Neal relented and let me stay. Those five years at school were the happiest days of my life.

Miss Krause taught class 1 girls, we all loved her as well as being beautiful she was so kind and patient to us all.

Class 2 was Miss Hurley’s she lived on Scarthoe Road in the house next to the swimming bath. Later she became Head Mistress at Macauley St School

Miss Davis taught cookery and also took the girls on the field to play shinty, afterward we had to put all the sticks back in the barrel. Woe betide anyone who put theirs the wrong-way round.

The needlework teacher came with us from our old school (as did Mr Webb the music teacher)

Miss Cutting lived at New Waltham and she came to school on her motor bike.
Miss Bates was the science teacher. Most of the teachers taught other subjects and we had to go to their classrooms for other subjects than the 3 RRR’s.

Miss Capes came from teacher training she was a revelation in her mini black dresses and stockings. I think the older boy’s hearts beat faster when they saw her (she later became Head Mistress of Chelmsford Girls)

Mr Farrow taught a boys class and also Geography. He was very tall and a wizard at throwing the Blackboard Cleaner, I don’t think he ever missed his target.

Mr Walsham was very popular he taught boys in class 6.

Miss Chapman taught girls class 6 also art and drama.

Mr Lamming came later he eventually married one of the pupils named Ruth Stennet.

After Mr Webb left Mr Terry became music teacher. The woodwork teacher was Mr Armitage he also taught the girls, I remember making a stand to hold a dozen eggs. It was great fun.

Mr Harriman joined the staff but didn’t stay very long. I think the most popular teacher was Mr Hillam, I still keep in touch with my old school friend Pamela Higgins now living in Wakefield, she and I were invited to tea at Mr Hillam’s his wife was a lovely lady and made us very welcome.

While still at school we played all the usual games bat and ball, skipping with a long rope across the road (not much traffic then) sometimes our mothers came out and turned the rope so we could all skip together. I don’t remember any falling out or quarrelling that’s what made Nunsthorpe so special.

We used to go to the bottom of Sutcliffe Avenue slide down the ditch to the tunnel under Scarthoe Road and the field now the swimming baths with a foot either side until we reached the basin with its concrete sides. It was only in later years we were told the water came from the Infirmary.

One of the things I enjoyed the most was roller skating with the boys down Laceby Road to Bradley X Roads and back; the surface was as smooth as glass we spent hours in the summer holidays doing this.

All the children were taken in the corridors to see the Airship pass over the school we had eyes as big as saucers at this wonderful sight.

Jerry Blanchard lived on the corner of Walton Grove at 37 Sutcliffe Avenue he came early in the morning selling hot cakes. Other people sold various things Mr Seal sold vegetables, later came Merrits with a horse and cart then a small lorry, the man from the corner of Newton Grove with his basket of cakes etc, then the ice men Tommy Talbot, Smucker Smith, then after the war Marsarellas.
The Lamp Lighter
When summer was over the street lights had to be lit (no automatic switch on then)
The lamp lighter came from the village on his bike, half his left arm was missing but
he tucked a long pole under it and riding one handed he rode from lamp post to lamp
post, took the pole in his right hand switched on the light and went on his way.

As winter approached and frosty mornings appeared, children waited for the Co-op
milk girl to come pushing her cart and helped her get up the hill on Sutcliffe Avenue.

At school we were divided into 4 houses and competed against each other. On one
occasion, it was a sports day held on the Quadrangle, one of the girls I believe her
name was Phyllis James ran so fast she put her hand through a window I think she
was quite badly hurt.

The day came when it was time to leave 14 years old, time to start work. I was so
very sad I cried in all sincerity I can say they were the happiest days of my life.
School days over, time to write of other things!

....................................................

Nunsthorpe Senior School opened 19th September 1931

School closed at 1.00pm on Friday to allow some pupils to collect their father or
relatives wages from the Grimsby Fish Docks (this was called the fish run).
One day during a storm, lightning struck a house opposite the girl’s entrance. Recognizing it being her house Gertrude Hearn ran from her lesson and across the road to comfort her mum who was an invalid.

Swimming lessons for Nunthorpe girls were at Eleanor Street baths and tuition was by Mrs Phillips.

The first prefects were named as Grace Baxter and David Hobson.
Family photo from Roy Ellis of 1935 Silver Jubilee the young man Derrick Boyle now living in Canada also remembers the occasion.

1935 Jubilee Beaker

Children gathered in Peoples Park to celebrate King George and Queen Mary’s silver Jubilee in 1935 and each child received a beaker.
1936 Staff Back Row: Miss Wilson, Miss Capes, Miss?

Front Row: Miss Cutting Miss Chapman, Miss Watson. (note the sundial!)

1936 Cookery Class

.........................................................
Tiger Kullich
Garden City History Group gets a reply to a plea about a local boxer, Tiger Kullich. Remember our quest in the ‘Livewire’ magazine to find some further information regarding Len Kullich who lived in Nunsthorpe.

Thanks to the Grimsby Telegraph printing our article as a showcase for the community magazines, we received a reply from Len’s sister Gladys Warman. Gladys came along to our last meeting and brought with her some details and photographs of her brother.

Leonard Victor Van Kullich was born on 12th February 1916 at Lime Tree Cottage, Louth Road, Scartho, where on the wall a plaque used to hang depicting where a Zeppelin bomb was dropped in World War 1, causing extensive damage to the stairs. The building is now the bank. After several moves the family eventually settled in Sutcliffe Avenue.

When he took up boxing another local man, Tal Ford of Sutcliffe Avenue, trained him with sessions which took place at Fletchers Yard.
Tiger Kullich

Not only did he box at Grimsby’s Queen Hall but also at the Excelsior Club, Sidney Park, Doughty Road Barracks and Louth. A Mr Weiss was also involved with promoting him. Gladys also thinks that he may have boxed at the Winter Gardens in Cleethorpes, and then called Olympia, but then he would use a different name.
When serving with R.A.F

During the war years Len served with the armed forces as part of the Air Sea Rescue Service with the RAF, but sadly he died while serving in Italy.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Gladys for sharing her memories of her brother with our History Group and it has been nice for us to be able to put a face to a name, especially one so unusual!

……………………………………

Murmurings of war with Germany was the topic of most conversations eighteen year old males were conscripted into the armed forces, my youngest brother Stan was one of the first to go and one of the last to be demobbed.

Len (Tiger) joined the R.A.F. volunteers as did my boyfriend not knowing what the future could hold we married on June 8th 1940, he was called up in October 1941 fortunately he was still in England when our daughter was born on June 12th 1941 seven months later he was sent to Africa.
I went as a “First Aider” at Nunsthorpe Maternity Home and was only allowed day
time duty having a young baby which my mother cared for.

My father was an Air-Raid Warden working from the post in Milton Road. He had a
tin hat, navy blue coat, a different gas mask in a haversack than the civilians had, also
a wooden rattle in case of gas attacks.

On one occasion during a raid we had shrapnel through the front window. Looking
back my worst experience was walking past 5 Butterfly Bombs carrying my baby
dughter wrapped in blankets, the all clear had sounded and my mother went through
neighbours garden (they had gates leading to the allotments) I went to see if Auntie
Nellie at 3 Walton Grove was alright, as she was gone a long while I went to see if
anything was wrong. Fortunately everything was alright so we went back the same
way. Next day the bombs were discovered. Two years after the war ended my father
was digging Auntie Nellie’s garden when he discovered a butterfly bomb he called the
police who said it was a dud. Dad insisted they call the bomb squad to make sure it
was safe they put a few sand bags round it and when it went off it blew windows out
in the Grove.

Then the war was over peace declared Street Parties were held, men began to come
home sadly some never returned, rationing continued I wonder how today’s young
wives and mothers would cope.

Eventually life began to get normal again my husband came home and we stayed with
my parents. Sadly my father died in 1949.

Having been on the housing list from 1940 in 1954 we were given a house in which I
still live.

I was very sad to leave Nunsthorpe I will always consider it a privilege to have lived
in ‘THE GARDEN CITY’.
Ron Ellis

MY MEMORIES OF NUNSTHORPE

1920 -1928

BY RON ELLIS

We moved to 19 Sutcliffe Avenue in 1928-29. I went to Welholme School by a single decked Albion Bus, until the new Nunsthorpe School opened. We all thought we were posh kids because it was so new and impressive.

ALBION BUS

My two sisters Minnie and Madge and myself and brother’s Byron, Roy, and Peter all went to Nunsthorpe School. My elder brothers Jim, Dick and Harry finished their school days at Holmehill School. In 1931–1932 We moved to 22 First Avenue.
Miss Capes and Mr Neal

The teacher who was most remembered by the boys at Nunsthorpe was Miss Capes. Most of the boys fell in love with her, because she invented “The Mini Skirt” “OOLALA”...Also Mr. Stephen Neal (Sam) Headmaster his favorite saying was “Cane in the corner”.

14
The 1930 “A” Team run by Mr Walsham.

Left to right: Johnson, Dobson, Rimes, Brigg, Birket, Walker, Kelsey, Wilson, Higgins, Hull and Ellis.

Picture from 1930’s PT lessons Mr Walsham’s class
The vaulting horse would be remembered by those of us who followed in later years it weighed a ton and had to be carried by the pupils.

The names I remember from the Nunsthorpe area.

SUTCLIFFE AVENUE

Doug Hiles, Harry, and Walt Goude, Gladys Huylet, PC Smith, Barbara Smith, Mr Slocumme and sons, Roland and sister England.

WALTON GROVE

Percy and Madge Adams, Garrod and two sisters, Stanley Neilson, Herbert Hibbit, Robert, Jack and Iris Cardy,

FIRST AVENUE

PC Barns and two sons, Ron, and sister Derrier, Dorothy Bell, Hartley and two daughters, Mary finished as a Matron.

MILTON ROAD

Stan Watmarch, Gordon Barker, Waters family.

SECOND AVENUE

A Marshall a post office worker, George Newby and George junior was a football referee
In 1924 my parent’s took tenancy of 60 Sutcliffe Avenue, I was two year old. At this time the avenue finished at No 72 and opposite at No 77. On the south side from First Avenue were No 50 the occupants from there to No72 was No 50 Taylor, 52 Elvin, 54 Seel, 56 Smith, 58 Page, 60 Hopper, 62 Kirk, 64 Dales, 66 Winn, 68 Fryman, 70 Goodhand and 72 Watson.

On the odd number side opposite were – Watson, Schofield, Baker, Percival Davy, Neal, Dawson, Smith and Calthorpe. Two or three years later houses were built up to Second Avenue along with the old shops, eight in all, to be initially opened by – Whitings – Grocer, Wilkinson’s – Newsagent and Post Office, Madame Tate – Hairdresser, Pearson – Cobbler and over the road, Major Clare – Fish Shop, Supply Store – Grocer, Williamson – Butcher, Mrs Payne – Fruiterer. The Maternity Home followed in 1933.

In 1927 I had to go to school and the nearest was Welholme School at the east of Welholme Road. We were taken by a private bus (photo above) from the junction of Milton Road and First Avenue at 8 am, taking our lunch and gym shoes carried in two bags round our necks. We were returned at 4 o’clock. At seven years old there was not any room on the bus so we had to walk. In those days there were no Corporation Buses.
Nunsthorpe School was built in 1931 and I believe was opened in October. Being nine years old I went to the junior School under Miss Krause – moving upwards were Misses Hurly, Cutting and Miss Capes and Messers Terry, Farrow and Mr. Walsham, the Headmaster was Mr. Stephen Neal, who incidentally in his early career taught my father and his three brothers at South Parade School. I entered school in 1931 on the day it opened and remained until 1933

The following pupils lived in Nunsthorpe or close proximity.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUTCLIFFE AVE</th>
<th>MILTON ROAD</th>
<th>FIRST AVE</th>
<th>OTHERS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary Addison</td>
<td>Fred Benson</td>
<td>Cliff Barnes</td>
<td>Joyce Barraclough</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cyril Anderson</td>
<td>Harry Benson</td>
<td>Margaret Berrier</td>
<td>Enid Barraclough</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ken Baker</td>
<td>Bob Beals</td>
<td>Enid Birkett</td>
<td>Betty Borril</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bert Blow</td>
<td>George Black</td>
<td>Tony Birkett</td>
<td>Kathy Brant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norman Briggs</td>
<td>Gordon Boyd</td>
<td>Ted Cerrino</td>
<td>Betty Drayton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amy Briggs</td>
<td>Roy Cadey</td>
<td>Mike Dawson</td>
<td>Peggy Drayton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billy Calthorpe</td>
<td>Betty Faires</td>
<td>David Dawson</td>
<td>Brian Edwards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reg Davy</td>
<td>Arnold Giles</td>
<td>Ken Greewood</td>
<td>Dick English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Elvin</td>
<td>Eileen Hall</td>
<td>Fred Hull</td>
<td>Guy Fisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Farmery</td>
<td>David Hobson</td>
<td>Albert Hull</td>
<td>Jessie Fisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norman Flower</td>
<td>Gladys Manning</td>
<td>Billy Merrikin</td>
<td>Daphne Fleet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leon Fryman</td>
<td>Ken Oram</td>
<td>Pauline Rimmington</td>
<td>Rita Fox</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horace Hearne</td>
<td>Clarie Oxley</td>
<td>Ted Stanton</td>
<td>Joan Gillman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Hiles</td>
<td>Margaret Poucher</td>
<td>Queenie Wishart</td>
<td>Alma Moss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelma Hiles</td>
<td>Molly Richardson</td>
<td>Bunny Wishart</td>
<td>Wally Patchet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Holdsworth</td>
<td>Arthur Wells</td>
<td>Pam Wishart</td>
<td>Cherry Plumb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alan Holdsworth</td>
<td>Peter Westcott</td>
<td></td>
<td>John Poppleton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alan Kemp</td>
<td>Dorothy Westcott</td>
<td></td>
<td>Jim Porter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stan Killick</td>
<td>Margaret Thornton</td>
<td></td>
<td>Elsie Porter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joyce Neal</td>
<td>Ernie Troop</td>
<td>SECOND AVE</td>
<td>Sam Ridal</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mr Stephen Neal Headmaster

In 1933 at 11 years old, Miss Hurley’s class was the Scholarship Year and all who passed the end of year exam went to Wintringham College in Eleanor Street. I believe I remember all who passed – Betty Borril, Franklyn Poppleton and my-self.
Around 1934 Kingsley Grove was built, backing onto our part of Sutcliffe Avenue. Originals there were my uncle, George Hopper, Hannah Cliff, Blow, Scott, Coo and Stannard. This is now 70 years ago.

My family moved to a new house in Marklew Avenue in 1937 and my next close connection with the school were re-unions which were first held at the County Hotel in Brigowgate over 20 years ago. It continued at the Oaklands Hotel in Laceby and only stopped about five years ago.

Of the originals from Sutcliffe Avenue the only person I occasionally see is Ken (Jim) Schofield who later ran the cycle shop in Second Avenue, formally the shoe repairers. Ken now lives in Yarbororgh Road with his sister Rene.

Mrs Harness who moved into 58 Sutcliffe Avenue before we left is still there.

After reading this perhaps it has brought to mind more memories, especially of the original shops that were in Second Avenue.
My cousin, who still lives in Grimsby, forwarded the recent article featured in the Grimsby Telegraph about your History Group. Reading it set off so many lovely memories of my childhood in Nunsthorpe.

Our family moved to Nunsthorpe when I was just over a year old that was 1925. I am now 79 and my sister 83. Our maiden names were Jean and Betty Ross and we lived at 40 First Avenue.

I can remember starting school at the Tin Mission at the top of Sutcliffe Avenue. I then went to Scarthoe School, my sister to Weholme (why that was I am not sure). Then the wonders of the new school that was built in Nunsthorpe and we were two of the first pupils to go there.

I also remember that whilst in the brownies I went with the pack to see the opening of the new maternity hospital that had been built in Nunsthorpe. The ‘Garden Village’ as it was known was much smaller in those days. I remember all the houses being built beyond the shops that housed the people from around the docks.

As I look back I realise what a carefree life we had as children. As the seasons came around it was whips & tops, skipping, roller skates, hop scotch and relievio. All the kids knew each other, it was a real community. In turn we all seemed to have Christmas and Birthday parties, even though there was very little money about.

Good Friday, early morning, the baker would come around calling “hot crossed buns”

Also, sadly, if a trawler was lost the newspaper boy would come around calling the news, no matter what time of day or night.

On a happier note, I enclose a photograph of the May Festival (1934 I think) at Nunsthorpe School. The new queen was Gladys Manning and the retiring queen was Desie Chivers. I am one of the train bearers (marked with an X)

To end all this, I left Nunsthorpe when I was 11 years old. I have lived in the Midlands since, but I still go back to Grimsby once or twice a year. I guess at heart I will always be a ‘Lancashire Lass’
Betty Marriot (nee Ross) attending train to Gladys Manning.

I hope the above and the enclosed photo is of interest, and send my very best wishes to you and your group for continued success and enjoyment.

Children from Scartho
The first stage of building Nunsthorpe would appear to have been, Newton Grove and Milton Road, approximately half way between First Avenue and what was to become Second Avenue, also Milton Road in an easterly direction to just past the development of Leighton Grove. The style of houses makes this development clear.

The parlour at 8, First Avenue was used as a surgery by Doctor Burnett, also on the same corner appeared the first post office pillar box.

I remember that 47, First Avenue was also used as a surgery by Doctor Dobson and Doctor Trotter.

The first Corporation bus service was the old Albion middle entrance single decked, which turned left into First Avenue and proceeded to the junction with Sutcliffe Avenue, then turned round and proceeded back down town via First Avenue and Laceby Road, the kerbs at this junction are curved, so they had a complete cycle to turn. This was before roundabouts had been considered.

I will now mention residents and trade people from this period. Mr. Cammack and his horse and cart from Laceby with his market garden produce and called on numerous customers and also a Drayton who lived on the corner of Newton Grove and called with his covered barrow selling Lyons cakes and biscuits etc. (Remember at this time the nearest shop was Tate’s white bungalow structure that sold groceries)
As Second Avenue developed, following shops, opened.


**Westside** Fish and chip shop, Supply Stores – groceries, Willamsons – butcher, Bradbury’s – fruit and vegetables.

Milton Road was then continued to Second Avenue and on the west corner which was open fields just after the last house on the north west corner, the clerk of works had a shed for storage with a joiner, plumber and electrician working there for the corporation, therefore, any repairs for tenants took place from this point.
The first stages of Nunsthorpe

Trying to bring to mind certain residents of that period include Mr Beales who was an undertaker living in Milton Road near the corner of First Avenue.
P.C Barnes who lived in First Avenue nearly opposite Newton Grove and always worked day’s at Riby Square Green Police Box, controlling traffic as required.

Samuel Boyce, a rent collector for the corporation, he lived at 83, Milton Road, he was smart with a moustache, a trilby hat and a long coat carrying his Gladstone bag, when collecting. He had a very important electric light bulb in the porch for when people calling at night to pay rent, presumably because they had been out when he called.

Also in the later 1930’s another person who trudged the streets of Nunsthorpe was a Mr Seal pushing a large coloured hand cart selling fruit and vegetables he lived in Sutcliffe Avenue between First and Second Avenue on the south side.
The War Years
IN 1943 Grimsby began to feel the full force of war when the town experienced two particularly heavy air-raids. The first was on the 12th June 1943, coincidentally at the end of the week that had seen the towns ‘Wings for Victory’ campaign. The siren sounded during the night and my family and I all rose and dressed quickly. We lost no time in making for the garden air-raid shelter and as we went outside an awe-inspiring sight met our eyes.

The night was lit by hundreds of flares and searchlights probed the sky looking for enemy aircraft. There was a heavy drone of engines overhead and this suddenly changed in pitch as the planes dived and wheeled over the town.

It was quickly apparent to everyone that Grimsby and Cleethorpes were to be the target that night. There was continuous noise from the heavy anti-aircraft gun batteries that surrounded the town; this interspersed by machine gun fire.

Having already experienced previous raids our ears were well tuned to the sounds usually associated with a raid. We were, therefore, considerably puzzled by the numerous smaller bangs that we heard at intervals. After some time the noise began to lessen until all we could hear were the lesser bangs that still continued. Eventually the ‘All Clear’ sounded. As we climbed out of the shelter we saw huge fires burning in the area of the Grimsby docks.

The mysterious small bangs continued at intervals and we could hear shouting in the streets. Being summer time it was light by about 4am and not feeling like sleep after the event of the previous hours, many people out and about wanted to see what was happening. Word soon began to get around that Grimsby had been showered by ‘anti-personnel bombs’, later known as ‘butterfly bombs’, and many people were killed and injured that night as they left their shelters.

A.R.P personnel, the police, the National Fire Service, and ambulance crews, all worked to their limit throughout the next few hours. The grey painted cars and vans that in the early days of the war had been converted to open backed vehicles fitted with four green wire-mesh stretchers, were all pressed into service to deal with the many casualties. At 8am the following morning I remember seeing a number of bodies laid out at the junction of Milton Road and Leighton Grove that were still awaiting collection. Houses near the scene in Milton Road were pockmarked with shrapnel holes that were later filled with red-coloured cement. This is still visible today.
Among those killed in Milton Road that night were Police-Constable Rouse, at that time said to be the tallest officer in the Grimsby Police Force, Inspector Duckett, Inspector Wilkinson of the ‘Specials’, Arthur Eaton, who was a fire-watcher, and a Mr Johnson who lived at 61 Milton Road.

The bombs that caused so much damage were dropped in containers of about twenty-six. When, at a certain height, the container opened, the bomb spilled out. A bomb was shaped like a tin of peas and it had two wings wrapped around it, which in the course of descent, opened and allowed the bombs to spin down to the ground much like a sycamore leaf. The spinning movement had the effect of winding up the delayed action mechanism and so the bomb was active when it reached the ground. From the moment it landed any vibration, or touch, would cause it to explode.

With the bomb being so small they were hard to see and that is why so many people were killed or wounded that night as they left their shelters, and in the days that followed. Two Nunsthorpe people were Mrs Benson of Newton Grove and Mr Waters of First Avenue. Another Nunsthorpe lady, who lived in Leighton Grove, was injured a week after the raid when she went to the bottom of her garden to feed some rabbits. In so doing she unknowingly disturbed a bomb that exploded. Yet another victim was a man ploughing a field at Great Coates.

Following the raid army and civil defence personnel toured every part of Grimsby and Cleethorpes checking houses, gardens, and other properties for these diabolical devices. Many streets were closed due to unexploded bombs and on the day following the raid I recollect seeing an unexploded bomb with sand bags around it at
the junction of Victoria Street and Pasture Street and another on the pavement outside the main Post Office lower down Victoria Street.

Schools were visited and children told in no uncertain terms not to touch any strange objects and keep out of gardens and fields where the grass was long. Posters appeared all over the town bearing the warning words, ‘Danger Unexploded bombs’.

Doughty Road cemetery, which is now an open green, was closed to the public with warning notices fixed to the railings. Sadly, on two separate occasions, or so I believe, a child disregarded the warning and was killed there.

The cemetery remained closed for at least twelve months after the war ended and a flamethrower and flails were finally brought in to clear the place of all remaining bombs.

For weeks following the raid Grimsby suffered severe disruption, including the local ‘bus service. During the war it was the custom for some ‘buses to be parked at night along Victoria Street and at the Cattle Market at Cromwell Road. The idea being if the ‘bus depot were to receive a direct hit by a bomb, at least some ‘buses would still be available for service.

One of the buses that had been left outside on the night of the raid was found to have a bomb lodged in its roof. The story goes that the bomb was not found until the conductor went upstairs the following morning to change the indicator board. The device was later exploded by men of the bomb disposal squad, who in so doing, blew the roof off the ‘bus.

Many other buses lost their windows. For months afterwards these vehicles were driven about with windows boarded up with plywood sheeting, an inch wide gap being left at the top for the purpose of ventilation. Internal lighting had to be kept on all day and in the winter months passengers found the ‘buses very cold and draughty’.

When the parents of a friend of mine, who lived in Sutcliffe Avenue, retired to bed following the raid, they looked up to the ceiling and noticed a bulge. On investigating my friend’s father found that a bomb had come through the roof and was lying in the false roof immediately above his bed. He lost no time in evacuating his family. This could have had serious consequences, but fortunately, it didn’t, and it was incidents like this that sometimes allowed us to smile in the face of adversity. Another Nunsthorpe property that suffered damage on that night was the Mission Hall of St. Martin’s Church when a bomb went through its roof.

In that particular raid few heavy bombs were dropped but a land mine completely demolished the whole of the area where the Police Station now stands. This was the cause of much loss of life as a lodging house was hit as well as some other houses and shops. Weelsby Hall, which that time was being used as a hospital, was gutted by incendiary bombs and army personnel helped in the evacuation of the patients.

Another casualty was the ‘Bon Marsh’, a large drapers and general store on the north side of Cleethorpes Road beyond Riby Square where now stands the Post Office and a bank. This, too, was gutted by incendiary bombs. Many of the town’s shop windows were shattered and for the remainder of the war these premises had boarded-up
windows with a square insert of glass let in to allow shoppers to view the goods on display.

The majority of the bombs dropped that night were incendiary or anti-personnel devices. Following the raid it was rumoured that ‘Lord Haw Haw’ a titled Englishman, who at the end of the war was tried and executed at the Tower Of London, regularly broadcast from Germany in the English language, commented that Grimsby had been raided. He went on to say that the heavy bombers that were to follow the planes that showered the town with the butterfly bombs and incendiaries had turned back by R.A.F night fighters. He ended his broadcast with the chill warning that the ‘heavies’ would return.

The Mission

St Martins Mission Church was built at the junction of Sutcliffe Avenue with Milton Road, close to Scartho Road corner.

The wooden building still stands on its original site but over the years it has been used for a variety of different purposes, including, sometimes, that of being a target for vandals. Its present boarded up appearance is testimony to this.

The newly erected mission church was named St Martins because it so happened that Armistice Day, 11 November 1918, fell on St Martins Day and St Martin is patron saint of soldiers.

There was space in the new Mission Church for 200 people and the design of the building meant that the altar and chancel could be completely shut from the remainder of the structure by large folding wooden doors.

The layout of the mission as I recall it

This left a good sized hall that was used for dances, concerts, whist drives, meetings of different kinds, and the many youth activities that thrived there.
There was also a classroom which could be used as a Sunday school, a kitchen for the preparation of light refreshments, a cloakroom, and all other necessary facilities for social use. Functions held on a Saturday evening had to end well before midnight so that Mrs Drayton, the caretaker who lived in First Avenue, could set out the church ready for services the next morning.

During a service the Main Hall area had seats arranged in rows either side of a main aisle.

For dances or concerts the large green wooden shutters would both be closed and seating placed around the walls. They would be folded back when necessary.

The Meeting Area could be used for serving refreshments, jumble sales, etc, also choir vestry and scouts and cubs.

The Mission as seen in April 2007 Sutcliffe Avenue.

--------------------------

**Nunsthorpe’s First Community Centre**

A meeting was called to discuss the above at the Junior Hall in Nunsthorpe School one evening in the summer of 1948. The hall was packed and it was chaired by Councillor Ron Danby who lived in Milton Road. A provisional Management Committee was formed including Tom Mumby a coal merchant who lived on the corner of Milton Road and Second Avenue and who was a Town Councillor.
A further member who when the hall was erected was Charles Bauckham who lived in Second Avenue and formed a strong Methodist and Baptist Sunday School. I myself was elected to look after the children’s interests for sport and games and later MC as to large number of the dances etc. Eventually the building was erected as shown in the map I have prepared below:-

Layout of Community Centre

The kitchen and refreshments were provided and put on sale under the care of Miss Wikinson who lived in First Avenue.

By the time the centre opened membership was well into the hundreds. I fortunately retained the brochure of the opening night and this now has proved valuable in putting together the history of the centre.

Dances were held on a Tuesday and Saturday nights, entrance fee was 1/6p. A number of local dance bands were hired including Duggie Atkinson a well known Bread Salesman for Bradley Bakery and who lived at the Prefabs on the corner of Sutcliffe Avenue and Walmsgate. Other bands included Sid Wheeler and Alan Chamley and his brother Colin Chamley. Membership cards had to be provided to ensure entrance. Other nights included whist drives on Monday and Thursdays.

A strong Nunsthorpe football club in the local Grimsby League and a football pitch was provided on the opposite side of Sutcliffe Avenue. We also had two strong table tennis teams in the local league.

No alcohol was allowed. Plays where also put on by the drama group.
Mr Cyril Cusack was appointed warden by the town council.

I found a very strong relationship between the people of Nunsthorpe following the War and many residents looked forward to the variety of entertainment provided. It must be remembered at that time, not that many people had television, which sadly has killed off a lot of people taking up interests outside their homes. Those of us who remember have lots of happy memories!

Following is the brochure advertising and explaining the opening night, Monday January 10th 1949
NUNSTHORPE & DISTRICT COMMUNITY CENTRE
BURWELL DRIVE, NUNSTHORPE

OPENING NIGHT
MONDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1949, at 7 p.m.

TAKE YOUR N.H.I.
PREScriptions TO

GORDON LOCK
(Grimsby) Ltd.

A. Wimble & Co., Ltd., Printers, 411, Victoria Street, Grimsby.
I. What is a Community Centre?

A Community Centre exists so that neighbours may come together to enjoy social, recreative and informal educational activities, either on the basis of their common needs and interests as persons living in the same locality, or as members of groups following particular pursuits or hobbies. It seeks to serve all members of the community and welcomes all to join as members of the Community Association. Its purpose is to stimulate interest in, and provide facilities for, the enjoyable use of leisure.

In small communities, people, while pursuing their special interests, could still feel the bond of the common ties which linked them with their neighbours. Much of that sense of 'community' has been dying out. The modern pattern of society has grown so big that its personal significance for the individual has decreased. Here then is the peculiar place and function of the Community Centre, a place where people may mix socially and informally with their neighbours. From this social mingling will arise a feeling of common interest and an understanding of other people's interests and outlooks, and this will bring with it a sense of 'belonging' to a community and having a share and stake in its life, and that, after all, is the basis of democratic citizenship. New interests will be created, and in the management of the Centre, members will learn in the general give and take, the principles and practice of democratic government.

In summary then, a Community Centre should be a place whose functions are:

(a) to provide a common meeting place where members of the community of all creeds, opinions and interests can flock together for social and recreative purposes and enjoy the satisfactions of neighbourliness.
(b) to develop in all sections of the community an interest in, and a responsibility for, the life and problems of the community.

c) to provide facilities, equipment and leadership for the development of such recreational, cultural and educational interests and activities as are suitable to the needs of the community, interests and activities which will give satisfaction and enjoyment, call forth and extend skill, increase knowledge and understanding.

II. The Nunsthorpe Community Centre.

The Nunsthorpe Community Centre is situated in Burwell Drive, Nunsthorpe, and consists of a large ex-Y.M.C.A. hut, formerly situated at Thirsk, which has been purchased, enlarged and erected by the Grimsby Education Committee to form a building convenient for Community Centre purposes. The accommodation comprises a main hall 88' x 30' capable of seating 300 people and provided with a small stage and dressing rooms; a secondary hall 30' x 20', connected to the main hall by a corridor, which is very suitable for a meeting for 60 to 70 people; a kitchen equipped to serve refreshments and light snacks; a Committee room for small meetings; a Warden's office and cloakroom facilities conveniently situated on either side of the entrance to the building. The premises are warmed by a modern system of tubular electric heaters, thermostatically controlled and automatically adjusting the heating of the premises to the weather conditions.
The interior of the hall.

Telephone 31182

F. H. SMITH & SON
13, BULL RING, GRIMSBY.
BUTCHERS, GAME AND POULTRY DEALERS.

Seasonal Greetings to all Present and Future Customers.

Our Motto: "SERVICE AND CIVILITY."
The building is the property of the Local Education Authority, who, in addition to assuming responsibility for the structural maintenance of the fabric of the Centre, have undertaken to contribute substantially towards initial furnishing and equipping of the building and also to appoint a full-time Warden and a part-time Caretaker.

III. How is the Centre Managed?

The Centre is governed by a body of 10 Trustees, who are ultimately responsible to the Grimsby Education Committee for the maintenance of the Centre. There is a Management Committee of 19 members, 15 of whom are elected by members of the Nunsthorpe Community Association at the Annual General Meeting, and 4 members of the Education Committee interested in the Community Centre. This Management Committee will deal with the day-to-day affairs of the Centre, such as the establishment and financing of various sectional activities, the allocation of the use of the premises, and will present reports and financial statements to the Trustees. In this way the day-to-day control of the Centre will be in the hands of a Committee largely elected by the individual members of the Community Association.

At a public meeting held at Nunsthorpe Secondary School on 27th August, 1948, an interim Management Committee was elected to make arrangements for the opening and management of the Centre until the first Annual General Meeting of members. This Committee has met regularly since September, 1948, and has carried out much detailed work necessary for the equipping and opening of the Centre.

Already enthusiastic Committees have been established to deal with catering, social and youth activities, and as membership of the Association grows and volunteers come forward to serve, Committees to organise other activities will be established. The
success of the Centre will depend on the support it obtains from individual members, and all are cordially invited to join the Association. A subscription of 1/- has been fixed up to March next, and the Honorary Treasurer (Mr. T. Mumby, 43, Gloucester Avenue) will be happy to enrol new members. It should be made perfectly clear that the facilities of the Centre will only be open to members, and those prepared to work in the interests of the Centre will be given the opportunity of accepting their share of responsibility for its organisation and government.

IV. Activities.

A wide range of social, recreational and cultural facilities will be available to any members who care to take part in them. The aim is to encourage people to meet together in a social atmosphere, and it is hoped that debating, drama and music groups and similar activities will develop within the Centre. As has already been said, the success of all these activities will depend on the support of members, and it is the purpose of this pamphlet to bring to the notice of all residents the nature of the opportunities offered by the Community Centre.

W. R. COB,
Hon. Secretary.

FRANK GIFFORD LTD.

HOUSEHOLD COOKING UTENSILS
(Pots, Stewpans, Steamers, etc.).

Brushes of all Classes. Buckets, Wringers.
Non-Electric Sweepers. Scouring Pastes & Powders.

In fact everything that “MAKES” a Home.

142, Cleethorpe Road, Grimsby
Dear Friends,

In the preceding report Mr. W. R. Coe our Hon. Secretary has dealt very ably with the aims and objects of a Community Centre explaining also the "build up" and background of our own Centre at Nunsthorpe.

I have not the space to write all I should like about the history of the Centre and the kind friends who for many years have worked so hard in your interests to secure the erection and equipping of this building, but I welcome this opportunity of making a short personal appeal to YOU and the members of your family.

The Centre is here at last and it is an excellent building in which to commence the experiment of joining together in an effort to pool our ideas and organise and accommodate our personal and family interests which now given an opportunity to function are bound to develop in a progressive Community.

Above all it must be a "Family Centre," a place where each member of the family can meet members of other families and discover and share together their common interests.

The Centre is not a Dance Hall, or a Club, but a place to house the varied Social and Educational activities which are compatible with a decent and well ordered standard of conduct. It is to be the "Hub" of the social life of Nunsthorpe and District, and a place where we can all find something to usefully employ our leisure time, but with the building of the Centre has come responsibility and a measure of this responsibility is YOURS. The Centre belongs to YOU and upon the amount of support and co-operation that you give to this new enterprise depends its success or failure.

And so having lived and worked among you for the past 24 years I claim the privilege of making this personal appeal to you.
On another page will be found a list of events for our Opening Week. Come along to the Centre on the Monday night and let's "Air the place." Have a look round, and a cup of tea and a game if you like. We can have a chat about the interests you have, and the activities you would like to see started at the Centre. Bring your family too and join them up as members of the Community Association, and then during the week come to as many of the events as you can.

Interest your neighbours in this project and persuade them to come along too. I know that many families in Nunthorpe and District have become "dug in" their homes and will take a lot of digging out, but you can help here by doing a spot of "digging" among your friends and neighbours.

Yes YOU have a great responsibility but I know that if you have any interest at all in the welfare of your fellow men and women you will not shirk this responsibility.

With your support and co-operation we can make this venture a great success.

In conclusion may I take this opportunity of expressing Seasonal Greetings. May the year 1949 bring to you and yours a good measure of Health and Happiness and may we together by our efforts at the Centre help to make a better and brighter Nunthorpe.

Yours sincerely,

R. DANBY,
Chairman Community Association.
EVENTS FOR THE OPENING WEEK.

January 10th, Monday. 7-30 p.m.

- A “get together” evening, come and have a chat and look round the Centre. Music, Dominoes, Darts, Draughts, Cards, Table Tennis and Billiards available. Refreshments obtainable. Here’s a chance to join the Association and secure your membership card. ADMISSION FREE.

January 11th, Tuesday. 7-30 p.m.

Social and Dance organised by our Social Committee. A well known local band has been engaged and there is a programme of games and dances to suit all ages. Refreshments available. ADMISSION 1/-. 

January 12th, Wednesday. 6 p.m.

This is the youngster’s night and our Youth Committee has been granted the full use of the Centre on this evening for the purpose of providing entertainment and a Social for the children. Times as follows:—Children aged 11 to 14 years 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.
Children aged 15 to 18 years 8-15 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Your children can join the Community Association as Associate Members. Membership fee 1/-, payable by instalments if necessary. This is the night to join up.

January 13th, Thursday. 7-30 p.m.

This evening has been organised by the Nunsthorpe Tenants Association. Presentation of One-Act Plays by a well-known local Amateur Dramatic Society, followed by a Concert and Dance until midnight. Refreshments available. ADMISSION 1/-. 

January 14th, Friday. 7-30 p.m.

A repeat of Monday’s “Get Together Evening.” Come in and out as you please. ADMISSION FREE.

January 15th, Saturday. 7-30 p.m.

Official Opening of the Centre. The Mayor, Cmnd. W. B. Bailey, accompanied by the Mayoress, will preside, supported by the Chairman of the Education Committee, Cmnd. H. D. Meldrew and other members of the Corporation. After the formalities we shall be entertained by well known local artists, and conclude the evening with an impromptu Dance. Refreshments, Admission free. Come and see YOUR Centre Officially Opened.

January 16th, Sunday. 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Children’s Service organised by the Youth Committee. NON SECTARIAN.

Evening 7-45 p.m.

Come and enjoy some Community Hymn Singing at the Centre. Efforts are being made to secure the services of a Band to lead the singing. Refreshments will be available. A Silver Collection for Community Centre Funds.
WHITING’S
THE GROCERS

Invite you to register for
Groceries and Provisions at
any of the Branches
CIVILITY AND SERVICE
ALWAYS
W. & M. BREAD & CAKES
our Speciality
NUNSTHORPE - CHELMSFORD AVE.
LEGSBY AVE.

PARKER & SPIVEE LTD.
DISPENSING CHEMISTS

Old Market Place,
130, Victoria Street,
70, Freeman Street,
125, Pasture Street,
GRIMSBY.
Phone 2400 Night Service Phone 7706 or 72381

LAMBERT
Ladies and Gents Hairdresser

If there’s something you need
visit 53, SECOND AVENUE
or Ring 77478

Drapery, Toilet Goods, Hardware, Pottery

R. BRADBURY
Fratherer, Grocer & Confectioner

52, SECOND AVENUE,
NUNSTHORPE

Fresh fruit & vegetables daily
Orders delivered

AT YOUR SERVICE

Heres Wishing
The
Community Centre
every Success.

Councillor C. W. Ja’ra.

BEDFORD MILL
PAPER WORKS LTD.

60/62, Cleethorpe Road, Grimsby
Telephone 4998
Tel. 77094

R. H. WILLIAMSON
High-class Family Butcher,
Poulterer and Rabbit Dealer,
50, Second Avenue,
GRIMSBY.

Families waited on daily.

THE NUNSTHORPE
CYCLE AND RADIO STORES
(R. J. SCHOFIELD)
55, Second Avenue.

Stockists for
DUNLOP & MICHELIN TYRES & TUBES
EVER-READY BATTERIES, LAMPS, Etc.
STURMEY-ARCHER
3 and 4 Speed. Repairs.

Try
SUPPLY STORES
GROCERY
PROVISIONS
48, Second Avenue
Nunsthorpe
for Quality Value Service.

BREAD FRESH DAILY.

Delivered to your Door

BEERS, WINES & SPIRITS

HORNSBY'S LTD.
71-73, GARIBALDI STREET.

PHONE 4979.
GREAT GRIMSBY CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY Ltd.

THE

PEOPLE’S PROVIDERS

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, MILK, MEAT
AND COALS
DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR

We hope shortly to be able to announce

IMPORTANT and GREATLY
INCREASED VARIETY
of
Goods and Services
to the
Nunsthorpe and District Residents

WATCH for ANNOUNCEMENTS!

SHOP AT THE CO-OP
Besides the GOODS
there’s the DIVIDEND!
Peggie Jefferson

“Homes fit for Heroes to live in”
That was the Slogan that gave hope to the men returning from World War 2.

So many people returning in 1945 and the Married Family men needed a home.

We applied to the council and were given a key to No 46 Winchester Avenue. New Semi-Detatched houses in Nunsthorpe. Being a ‘Nunner’ I felt pleased to be going back to my roots.

What a shock we got to find another couple already living there! Was it a mistake!! No. It was a “Share a home Scheme” The other couple had chosen the bay-windowed Front Room, front largest bedroom and the smaller one for themselves. We had a small Room, and a small Bedroom at the back! But worst was yet to come. A list of do’s and don’ts was pinned onto the Kitchen Door.

A small kitchen it was, with a boiler in the corner. The ‘Rota’ for use of the kitchen, bathroom, and toilet, times for cooking and washing!!!

Their child was almost three. My son was a baby needing lots of ‘Terry Towel Nappies” Fortunately my mother still lived in Nunsthorpe, so I took my washing there to use her boiler, wash tub posher and wringer.
I know the husband of the couple! He to was a Nunner! He and his two sisters were school friends of mine. This only caused more friction with the woman! I was never invited into her part of the house, but she felt free to check mine!

This way of living lasted over a year, then my brother-in-law came home from the Air-force and we shared with them in Redbourne Road “Peace and Bliss”. No longer did my Silver Cross Pram have to stay in the shed.

We shared washing and the clothes line. No longer did I have to have a clothes-horse in my small room.

For the first in his life my son had his own bedroom. Some people were worse off than us. Our neighbours sharing family had three children each.

We also had Dockets for furniture, one table, 4 chairs a sideboard, one bed, one dressing table, and one wardrobe!! All very plain and bearing the “Utility Mark”

For cupboard space in the shared kitchen we each had a food shelf a half of a cold slab (no fridges in those days) in the pantry. With food still being rationed and tin food scarce the cupboard was hardly full.

We had a small stool with a raffia top given to us for a Wedding Present so the room we lived in was very crowded.

The kitchen floor was tiled and had to be washed everyday!

We had Lino in the small living room, with a snip rug to take away the plainness.

The side-board had two drawers one holding a hotchpotch of cutlery one with lovingly embroidered linen and tea towels. The cupboards had varied items in, including any books we owned. How did we manage!

How we envied the people given a Prefab, a fitted kitchen large dining room a lovely bathroom and toilet, two large bedrooms and only one family.

I look back on my house sharing days with disbelief! It lasted for a long time and although I never heard of any Fighting. I never heard of any long standing friendship made.

Such was the state of things after the Second World War to end all wars.

................................................

Special Times at Nunsthorpe School
How privileged we children of ‘THE GARDEN CITY’ where a NEW MODERN SCHOOL was opened in 1931 a light airy building.

Long glass windows! A glass corridor opened onto THE QUADRANGLE. An area of lawns kept in pristine condition by Mr Allen the school caretaker.

A sundial stood on a concrete path between two lawns. This place provided a worthy setting for many functions, May Queen Festivals, Gym and PE Displays.
To me the most important one was April 23rd ST Georges Day, children who belonged to various organizations etc, brownies - guides - scouts – St Johns – First Aiders and boys brigade all wore uniforms with pride.

I can still hear Mr Terry (Toby) asking for six strong boys to push the piano onto the Quad I still stand tall at the sound of marching militaries! We marched in twos round the area and then we sang patriotic songs, ‘Rose of England’ Land of Hope and Glory and of cause God Save Our Gracious King.

England meant a lot to us of a patriotic generation all that seems to be swamped by political correctness today.

We were as I stated Very Privileged Children.
Irene Stoakes

The Roper Family

In 1926 when my sister Peggie was two years old we moved into 69 First Avenue. My grandmother was so worried about them taking a child to live in the country she wouldn’t speak to my Mam on the day they moved.

To my Mam and Dad it was bliss to have a house of their own with a garden, hot water and a bathroom. Most of their new neighbours were young people with children.

My Mam could get a bus into town, Tates had a shop in an old railway carriage, and our Doctor had a surgery on Scartho Road. Kingsley Grove was not built then so the ladies could take the children onto the field to play.

My Dad arranged a football match on the field between the men of the street and a team of soldiers from Bull Fort the score was a bit uneven, but a good time was had by all.

I was born in 1929 so don’t remember the field but some saw the Quinn family move into the end house in Kingsley Grove. Patsy Quinn was a life long friend.

I don’t recall much of First Avenue, but the long line of black cars down the Avenue when there was a funeral at the Jewish Cemetery I do remember. Mr Green the coalman his horse Dolly, the big tree at the corner of First Avenue and Sutcliffe Avenue, we used to climb around the roots that were above ground.
The families I knew then were Hull, Hobins, Day, Storey, Sears, Wisharts, Merrikin, Rawcliffe and the Jolly from that end of First Avenue.

In 1935 a Labour Government was elected and my Dad's wages were cut by 10/- a week so we moved to 96 Milton Road a none parlour house because the rent the rate and water rate was 5/- instead of the 7/6d we had been paying. We liked the new house with its big living room with windows each end and a separate kitchen. The garden was bigger to with 4 poplar trees at the end, part of a row that ran between Milton Road and Byron Grove. The council removed the trees later as well as the two oak trees in the back garden at No 100, which we liked to climb.

Nunsthorpe was a lovely place for children to grow up in. The street and the field on Laceby Road between First and Second Avenue were ours. No one complained if we played in the street at night playing rounder’s with 4 trees for hob, dustbin’s, kick ball fly, roller skating, skipping etc. No one was very rich but we all had roller skates, bicycles etc. We got on well with the children at school, but our social time was spent with the kids in our section of Milton Road. There were not very many church going families and teetotallers.

The Peoples Park and Barretts Rec were on our doorstep. No worry about safety then, big swings two kids could get on, a see-saw that held a dozen kids each end with someone to balance it in the middle, and a may-pole with iron rings to hold on to.

In 1934 I started school. The junior school then was from 5 years to 9 years. The ten-year-olds were part of the Senior School. Miss Burton was the Headmistress of the Junior School. Miss Nicholson had the first class; she would send someone to Bob’s the fruit shop for a 2d bar of chocolate and a penny banana for her lunch. Miss Williamson had the top class, with Miss Clark, Miss Sharpe, Miss Werner, Miss Palin, Miss Dowse and Miss Ingermalls.

We were well-behaved kids with 48 or more in the class we needed to be. No writing on walls or desks, at the end of the school year we polished our desks. In 1939 we had half-day schooling and the youngest children didn’t go to school at all while the air-raid shelters were being built. In the sewing class we knitted socks for the soldiers instead of the woven tea cosies and wool rugs we had been making.

The 10-year-olds came back into the Junior School for the scholarship year. Eleven children in that year passed for Wintringham, mostly boys Piggott, Eastcrabbe, are ones I remember.

In 1940 I went up to the Junior School. The children from Scartho joined us then. They were so eager to answer questions they would dance in the aisles, waving their hands and hissing Si, Si, Si. We old Nunsthorpes looked on askance, but they soon settled down to our ways.
Children from Scartho who joined the school in 1940 Mr Webb far left.

Education was a bit basic then no woodwork, science, no new books, make do and mend, with sewing class and gardening for the boys. The artistic ones went to the Art School in Silver Street on a Friday afternoon and the boys went swimming.

By 1940 the sons of the first Nunsthorpe settlers were of an age to join up for the military service. Bon Hobson and one of the Beals boys were killed while flying. Apart from Mr Goodchild from 102 Milton Road who was probably the first casualty from our part of Milton Road, he got his bike wheel caught in the tramlines in the blackout and was killed. I don’t remember any more not even with the butterfly bombs. Life went on much as usual for the children of our street.

Dad went into the forces, and it was nice when they came home on leave.
The Nunsthorpe shops seemed much as usual the fish shop opened most nights. We were sorry when Mr Wilkinson was killed; he was part of the Nunsthorpe we knew.

In 1943 the war was calming down a bit in England and for Wings for Victory Week the school was allowed to have an open day with visitors coming into the school. All the children took part, infants, juniors and senior. I was in the top class of the seniors and Miss Capes and Mr Potts arranged PE Displays. The girls did PE, Country and Scandinavian dancing and fancy skipping. The boys did PE apparatus work and mat ball. The sewing class had a girls display the make do and mend clothes.

Mr Terry’s band, drums, triangle and tambourines played. The display was in the afternoon but the seniors gave it again in the evening. A display was given every year after that and it was one of the highlights of the 13 years for the Estate, each getting better.

1945 the end of the war the bonfire we had ready on the field was lit with most of the street joining in, then the grown ups going onto celebrate and the kids who had spent the war years together sitting around until the early hours. Two street parties were also held in May & August.

When the new houses were built in Nunsthorpe, Weelsby Road and of Littlecoates Road, the tenants in “Old Nunsthorpe” were given the chance to have one. Many people did, but of the people of our part of Milton Road who took up the offer some had bad luck, Mr George Potter, Mr Brasted, Mr Clark died, Mrs Stoakes youngest daughter died, and Desmond Cox from Second Avenue died, so when my Mam got a key to look at a new house she sent it back.

1972 the Council started to modernise the old Council houses. In our house the pantry and the coal house that opened to the kitchen were taken out and a window put in to make a roomy kitchen, a toilet was installed upstairs, central heating was put in and a shed built in the garden.
My Mam and Dad ended their days in 96 Milton Road, like a lot of the early tenants, and very happy days they were.

............................................................

Memories of Nunsthorpe School
Miss Burton was telling the class that when she was young she wore dresses down to her floor and she us how old we thought she was. One lad said 100 and was told not to be silly. One bright spark said 21 she said that was a lot nearer and gave him tuppence, she was white haired then so I thought it would have been fairer to give them a penny each.

I cannot remember which teacher it was, maybe Miss Williamson who was so fed up with Patrick always looking into his desk she told him to put his head into his desk until she told him come out. After a while it was playtime and a break for her. When we came back Cormack was still there with the desk lid resting on the back of his head, the teacher had forgotten him. She did apologize.

In the Senior School after a heavy snow fall Mr Neal ordered everyone, kids and teachers alike out into the fields for a snow fight, it was really exciting and we didn’t have to come back in the afternoon.

One last lesson on a Thursday we were working quietly when the teacher shouted who struck that match? It was only one match and nothing was set alight. No one owned up, it was the boy’s side of the classroom so the teacher said the lads couldn’t go swimming in the morning unless the culprit owned up.

Next morning Howarth confessed and the lads went swimming. We didn’t think he had struck the match so maybe the lads had done a deal between them selves.

............................................................

The Nunsthorpe branch of the Adult School
The Nunsthorpe branch of the Adult School began I think in the mid thirties. They met at the school and Mrs Ellis from 80 Milton Road and Mrs Bromley from near Bradley Cross Roads were prominent numbers, I think it was like the “Mother’s Union”. They had outings to Knaresbrough, Cleethorpes, Burton Stather and Pelhams Pillar.

They held a concert at the Church Hall (the old one). I remember Mrs Waller and Mabel Ellis singing “On a bicycle made for two” someone sang “nobody loves a fairy when she’s forty”. Joyce and Doreen Haigh did a song and dance. Olga Calvert remembers her father playing the piano for them. I am sorry the photo’s got a hole in it my Mam cut herself out for some reason.
Mrs. Ellis is the one in the middle of the row she was the mother of Betty and Mabel who lived in Milton Road for years. Next but one to her is Mrs Haigh of Milton Road. (Olga and Barry) I think the one next to her might be Mrs Pearson (Ray) then maybe, Mrs Cliff and next but one to Mrs Ellis on the left is Mrs Carr perhaps of 46 First Avenue, (Ethel Edwin, Pete, Dinah, Edith and Noel) Mrs Dunk is the first one in the middle row (Kathy and Ken) I think the next one is Mrs Rayner (John, Shirley and Carol), they lived in Byron Grove then they moved to Milton Road, next but one is Mrs. Stockton lived in Walton Grove (Dave and Terry) of Leighton Road. Two from her is Mrs Hill of Second Avenue, then Mrs Lill Benson of 1a First Avenue? The tall lady on the back row is Mrs Smith, (Jack and Barbara) of Second Avenue. Ethel Carr is the lady with the fly-away hair on the back row.
The Pageant they did at Claremont House I think in 1936 was the biggest thing they did Mrs Barns of First Avenue is in the centre we think she was Queen Victoria three from her is Mrs Davies of Second Avenue. (Barbara and Winnie) then Mrs.? then Mrs Tansley (Bill, Jane) of Second Avenue. Mrs Hibbert (Bob and Rita) is behind Mrs Davies, the lady in the bodice is Mrs Smith and Mrs Haigh is the lady in black had behind her is my mother (Mrs Roper) who was Queen Estler. The graduate is Mrs Perkins she lived next to Mrs Hibbert opposite Whitings. The three ladies in white were Faith, Hope and Charity; Barbara Davies was Faith, Mrs Bridges Charity. The little girls are me (Irene Roper) Rita Hibbert, Barbara Smith, Winny Davies, Vera Potter and maybe June Tansley. The older girls who taught us to dance (I think with ribbons) is Mrs Pages daughter, I don’t know her name, she has a younger sister called Brenda and they lived near the Church on Scarthoe Road.

Maybe some of the group will recognize other faces.
Dorothy Briggs

MY MEMORIES OF NUNSTHORPE 1938-1945

Schooling
In 1939 I lived at 116, Sutcliffe Avenue, a non-parlour type house, and I started school at Nunsthorpe Infants when it first opened in September 1939.

The Head Mistress was Miss Burton and the teachers were Miss Mackerel, Miss Dowse, Miss Ingomels, Miss Nicholson and Miss Bowker.

War had just been declared and air raid shelters were being built but there were not enough to hold all the children so we only attended school on a part time basis (half-days until all the shelters were finished).

In 1945 I went up to the Senior School and Mr. Neal was the Headmaster. He was very brusque, and it used to frighten us girls to death when we heard his footsteps ringing along the corridor. The teachers that I recall were Mr. Terry (he used to go barmy and call us thundering thickheads) Miss Metcalf, Miss Capes, Miss Earl, Miss Cutting, Mr. Potts, Mr. Bell, Mr. Watkinson, Mr. Prendegast, and Mr. Walsham. During that time Mr. Hillam and Mr. Fox came back from the war and replaced Mr. Watkinson, and Miss Metcalf.

Typical Rehearsal for parents open day 1950’s

We used to hold an open day each year and the girls would demonstrate country dancing and skipping and the boys would do P.É. and mat ball. They were always well attended by parents.
We would also save waste paper to help the war effort, and would get badges, depending upon how much paper you collected. You would start off as a Private and if you collected a lot of paper you could end up as a Field Marshall.

In 1946 I passed the Commercial Scholarship and left Nunsthorpe School to start at Eleanor Street.

**Local Businesses**
There was a block of shops on the east of Second Avenue containing Whiting’s-grocers

Wilkinson-newsagent, Lamberts-this shop was split into two units, Mr. Lambert had a barbers shop on one side and Mrs Lambert had a drapers shop on the other side, Pearsons-cobblers, Schofields-cycle shop. There was some waste land next to Schofields on which was built a large static water tank and next to it, on the corner of Kingsley Grove and Second Avenue, was the co-op.
On the west side of Second Avenue was the Fish and chip shop owned by Mr. Rayton, the supply stores—a grocery shop owned by Mr. Ellerby, Williamsons—butchers, Bradburys—greengrocers.

**Nunsthorpe During the War**
Most people had air raid shelters in their back gardens but the air raid shelters in the school playgrounds were always open and people could always shelter if they wished.

Grimsby and District had lots of air raids during the war and I well remember how terrified I was when I heard the aeroplanes flying over head and the gun fire and bombs dropping. You could see a glow in the sky when Hull was being bombed—they had it much worse than we did. There was no serious bomb damage in Nunsthorpe that I recall. Just a few broken windows! Quite a few Nunsthorpe people were killed on that terrible night when we had that anti-personnel bomb raid. Mr. Wilkinson newsagent, was killed as was P.C. Rouse and Mr. Gresham. These are three people I can recall but there were many more. Lots of unexploded bombs were lying in the streets and the army had to come and defuse them.

**Nunsthorpe After the War**
All the building stopped in 1939 and Sutcliffe Avenue stopped at no 148. After that was field and allotments until building started again in 1945 on the prefabricated bungalows at the end of Sutcliffe Avenue and then houses were built in Winchester Avenue and all the Avenues off. There was an acute housing shortage and families had to share a house until more became available.

Later, a block of shops were built at the end of Sutcliffe Avenue. There was a fish and chip shop, the ladies outfitters—Mary Crummy, grocers—Dumbletons, newsagents—Forwards, cake shop—Glentons, and butchers—Shooters. A pub was also built and a children’s recreation ground.
Norman Kirman

I and my family (mother, father and younger sister) came to Nunsthorpe to take up residence at 5 First Avenue. I was only seven years of age so my earlier memories start in another place. With your indulgence therefore I will start in an effort to show why my parents decided to make the move to Nunsthorpe.

In my first seven years of life my family had several homes in both Grimsby and Cleethorpes, it was in 1937 that we came to live in Cleethorpes in a small terraced house that had the Corporation Gas Works at one end of the road and Grimsby Road at the other, I should mention that the Cleethorpes cleansing dept had a slurry dump at our back gate.

So we had gas works steam valves venting off several times a minute day and night as the manufacture of Coal Gas proceeded and at the other end of the street the rattle of Street Trams passing by illuminating our street with a slash of electric light, which over came the feeble light given out by the old gas mantle street lights, it would seem that we lived in a permanent state of gloom. Troglodytes had nothing on us in those dark days.

In the wider world many things were happening which went above the head of a seven year old boy but obviously the adults were very concerned, and looking back now I can begin to understand how my parents must have worried at that time. I can only think of one event that happened around that time which would have scared my parents so much that they would want to move homes, that was when the Army came in to Cleethorpes in order to blast the middle of the Pier to thwart any enemy using it as landing stage for possible invasion took troops. Many years later my Father told that if an invasion took place then living near to the coast was the best place to be, so an application was made to be rehoused somewhere else, so it was we moved to 5 First Avenue, Nunsthorpe.

5 First Avenue, Nunsthorpe
The Council records show that the tenancy of No 5 First Avenue was taken up by my father on 4th November 1940, it would be safe to assume therefore that it was this day that the Kirmans moved lock, stock and gas cooker into that house, the rent to be paid was set at 9/- per week this to include Rates and Water Rates.

The house previously had had several occupants the first was a Mr Charles Wilson who had moved in according to the Electoral list in 1922, it is possible that Mr Wilson was there a year before since it takes almost a year to collect and print off the Electoral roll. Between that date and November 1940 there had been a total of 6 different occupants of the property.
The house today gives a totally different external view to that which the Kirman's first saw when they came to their new home, the present owner has embellished it possibly as far as one can, the house next door on the left is more truthful to ones memory even taking into account that the rendering has been painted, the overall colour then would have been a dirty grey. This can be seen on the house at the extreme left of the picture (No9) where it seems that no effort has been made to cover the years of grime since it was built. This then would be the appearance of No 5 consistent with the previous 18 years of coal fires, smoke, fog, smog and damp having its way unchecked before our arrival.

I have no doubt whatsoever that my parents were delighted with their new home, but what of me? What were my feelings? Thinking back I must have had mixed emotions, to be uprooted from ones familiar surroundings, from ones school and friends to be taken to the other side Grimsby to start all over again.

Soon the positive benefits began to register in my mind first and most important was the realisation that we had an INSIDE TOILET! no more nocturnal visits to the outhouse bearing a screwed up length of newspaper lit at end to light ones way and give a modicum of warmth whilst doing what one had to do, no more the need during the winter to carry out buckets of hot water to melt the ice before using the toilet, what a bliss! How many times did we pull the chain before it dawned on us that it would work every time winter and summer.

So to the bathroom, with hot and cold running water, just turn the tap and wash, no need to boil the copper in the outhouse and carry it to the kitchen to use in the tin bath on the floor in front of the fire, my mother was also delighted to find hot water piped through to the kitchen, this luxury came to us via a back boiler to the rear of the fireplace in the living room, this had its own ritual to be adhered to if one wanted to be sure of constant hot water, damper up or damper down, fire to be backed up with that days potato peeling or damp coal dust out of the coal house,(also indoors) next morning it was the declinkering of the fire hoping always to catch the fire still alight and the removal of the ashes. I remember also that the living room fire came with its own oven, how many Conkers went into that oven to bake hard enough for me to try to beat all comers in the school playground Conker Championship, which I never did.

It can be seen today that No 5 occupied a corner position between First Avenue and Milton Road which meant that it enjoyed having three gardens, front and side, the rear garden was a triangular shape and small, when my fathers shed was built to the very rear there was very little room for anything else we did however manage to put in a chicken run during the war where we had about 8 chickens in the hope that some eggs might supplement our rations. That chicken run came in very useful during the winter of 1947.

In the eyes of a 7 year old the front garden held the most promise of fun and games, in the years before we came to live there someone had planted three trees to the front and five to the side, the front trees were full grown bushy type trees bearing a red berry type of fruit just the right size for peashooter ammunition and were treacherous to climb as the branches were brittle and prone to snap off as I was to find to my cost. It soon became apparent that the trees shielded the house from the sun and daylight so there was an element of gloom and dampness all the day, more about this later.
These then were some of my thoughts regarding my new home, what then of Nunsthorpe, there have been several essays written regarding this estate and its environs, I cannot better them and I am not going to copy them and I will try not to repeat them.

I joined Nunsthorpe, Junior School as soon as a place was found for me but unfortunately I am not able to remember much that time, I do remember the Headmaster Mr Langley and one teacher will remain in my memory for life, it was a lady teacher who will remain nameless. Looking back now I can only assume that she took an exception to me from the start, perhaps because of my build (I was tall even then) but it was her pleasure to single me out in the playground and lift up my pants leg and give me a thrashing on my thigh. Looking back I believe that she had a thing for boys! Which made me a target every time?

The playground in the juniors had some air raid shelters near the gates where we boys would play “faggies” with cigarette cards and in the season there would be Conker battles galore. Always it seems to me that one would keep looking up the playground towards the Senior School knowing that sooner or later we would transfer to the seniors and our school world would change forever.

When I entered the senior school one of the first things out of the ordinary to happen to me was when Mr Bell (one of the teachers) sought me out and questioned me about my father, he then told me that he had played football with my dad in the Grimsby Boys Team when they were youngsters and he hoped that I would make the school football team, which I eventually did.

A similar event took place when I started to take swimming lessons, it will be remembered that we had to go to the Eleanor Street School baths (was that water ever warm?) the baths attendant Mr Jackson told me that he new all about my Dad and that in his opinion he was possibly the best young swimmer that Grimsby ever produced, I did not know about inferior complexes in those days but I recognised that I would have to do some thing special if I was ever to be as good as my father, I tried but my Dad was still the best.
Norman hands on hips watching Tug of War

What of the senior staff, I have lots of and fond memories of these teachers, who prepared me and my friends for life after school,

The Headmaster Mr Neal, he with the steel heel plates on his shoes who could be heard coming down the corridor long before he got to your classroom, upon hearing the sound good behaviour was guaranteed,

Miss Capes, that gym skirt caused pulses to race in many a young mans heart, we were to meet many years later when I was appointed as a Grimsby Magistrate and Miss Capes now Mrs Kendall welcomed me.

There were many good men and women teachers in that school but first among these was Mr Farrow or Joe as we liked to call him, he was the best there was, he and I got on like a house on fire, was it because we were both tall, whatever it was I held the memory of him close to me all of my life and I owe him much.
Life in Nunsthorpe as in many other places throughout England was made difficult because a war was on going, there was rationing and shortages practically in all things, from a child’s point of view there was a lack of sweets and when there was some in the shops one did not have enough coupons, as with clothes, mothers were very inventive in making do and altering old clothes to look different, so too with cooking, mothers could work miracles with the ubiquitous dried egg that seemed to abound at that time, and yet one could still go to the fish and chip shop in Second Avenue and get a meal off ration. I remember that at least once a week a man with a horse and cart would travel the streets selling his wares so too a small van would arrive in First Avenue and the driver would ring a hand bell out of his window to let his customers know that he was outside in the street. It was possible in season to gather mushrooms from the fields and at other times one could always get some apples if you knew where!

Two events took place in the early days though they are not related both played a part in the street where I lived, one day a group of workmen arrived in First Ave with a large apparatus and proceeded to cut down all of the steel fences in the area, this held the interest of us youngsters for sometime, we were told that the large steel was needed to build ships with, and the second event was that whilst I was at school someone arrived at my home and cut down the trees in our garden. When I arrived home the bushy trees in the front garden had already been removed, however the Poplar trees in the side garden having been cut down were collected and taken away.

By this act the whole vista and outlook of No 5 changed, daylight was now able to access the front parlour and front bedroom, the dark appearance of the house was lifted, it was an altogether brighter place to live.
I have to say that because the trees had gone we were able to see the terrible effects of the bombing on the City of Hull, the night sky was aglow with the fires which were reflected on the under side of the clouds and because we at Nunsthorpe did not suffer bombing like this I and my parents were shocked at the sight of a city in flames.

The greatest shortage at this time was that of adults, Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters were away in the services so all the responsibilities of caring for the family and looking after the home fell on the shoulders of the Wives and Mothers, who were left behind, they are the ones who deserve the accolades and medals.

Of course one could never forget the war going on about you, one lived ones life by the sound of the sirens, many sleepless nights and disturbed school days, and I have often wondered how we ever got an education. There was time now recorded in the history books that the German bombers dropped those frightful little Butterfly bombs and many seemed to land in and around Nunsthorpe, indeed one came to land about 20 feet in front of our gate, we had to stay in the house until the Army came and blew it up, it didn’t take them long. Unfortunately several people in Nunsthorpe were not so lucky and they paid a very high price, as for the High Explosive bombs we in this area were very lucky as the nearest to us fell in Gloucester Ave, one on a house and two in the adjoining fields

Life was not dull for a young boy at this time one could always go to the cinema, there were plenty about in those days. School holidays were always something for me to look forward to because my father drove a lorry all over the country helping to build airfields it was often my joy to accompany him, I never knew where I would be going from day to day. It’s even more a mystery for me to understand how my father knew which roads to take as all the road signs had been removed when the war started.
Milton Road was considered to be the right width and the trees the right distance apart for the perfect game of rounder’s many an evening after school was spent enjoying this past time.

It was a little known fact that the Auxiliary Fire Service in Chelmsford Avenue would put on film shows for us kids so that too was something to look forward to. Later an American unit was based in Chelmsford Avenue where they assembled Jeeps and Trailers that had arrived in crates from the docks, there was always a gang of us kids talking to the Americans as this was something new to us as we had only seen Yanks on the screen before.

Another place which attracted the young from my area was the Corporation Rubbish Tip in Hereford Avenue, (now the College sports field) many a happy hour was spent down there rummaging among debris from hundreds of houses, later it became a little more than a game when salvage collection became very important and the tip was a good source of waste paper and Aluminium pots and pans which were taken to school from where it would be collected and sent away to build Spitfires and bombers for the war effort.

The war continued but the air raids diminished gradually and it was possible to get a nights sleep undisturbed, generally the only aircraft one heard were our own flying out at night and coming back in the morning, some how one was able to sleep through the noise of their engines flying overhead. It was still a shock to hear engines running rough and misfiring, we knew that there was still a great danger over on the Continent. Long before Television the only source of news were the Papers and the Radio, it became normal practice to tune in the radio for the 6 PM news, it was at this time that all the available war news was given out, it was the custom in our house and I believe in many other houses that every thing would stop and silence would reign until the news broadcast was finished.

The radio was also the only source of in-house entertainment and we would listen to the likes of ITMA, In Town Tonight, Henry Halls Guest Night, and one of my favourites was The Man in Black, there were many programmes to cheer up the listeners, all was not doom and gloom, there was Workers Playtime, and record requests from the Armed Forces to their loved ones at home, many comedians made their name entertaining us through the war years, Arthur Askey, Tommy Trinder and many more.

And so the war ended! Winston Churchill decreed that hostilities would end on the 8th day of May, this day will never be forgotten by me as May 8th is my birthday and so that day saw bonfires and some fireworks and lots of people gathered in the streets followed days later by numerous street parties and parties in the class room in Nunsthorpe School itself, it was a happy time in Nunsthorpe, but over night nothing seemed to change, rationing was still with us as was shortages of many items, it took a long time for the street lights to come back on, even so I thought that they were very dim or perhaps were running on reduced power, but overall the pressure was off, life could begin to take on an appearance of normality albeit slowly.

In the next couple of years the Council and Parliamentary Elections were held and Grimsby returned Kenneth Younger to represent us in Parliament, I can remember
now running up and down the streets with photographs pinned on to a long stick shouting “Vote, Vote, Vote for” the names all escape me now it was fun.

The Council also recommenced building houses along Milton Road behind the school sports field and some beyond Sutcliffe Ave, I believe at about this time the first Prefab came into being.

The next great event that occurred and has entered the history books is the winter of 1946/47. I do not recall hearing a warning being given that severe weather was due and certain precautions should be taken, it just seems that it started to snow and couple with very low temperatures the snow lay to be covered by fresh snow almost daily, efforts were made to clear the snow away but it still kept on falling until finally snow clearance was abandoned, in the country it was a great deal worse, animals were lost in deep drifts and the farmers could not get to them, farms were cut off and gradually the Country ground to a halt. We in the towns did not escape either, where possible some streets and bus routes were cleared but the clearance did not go beyond the town boundaries, one heard on the radio that most towns and cities became islands surrounded by impenetrable snow drifts, everyone was cut off from every one else.

We were able to go school however when the Headmaster let it be known that pupils could wear heavy weather footwear to school and then change into sandals or slippers for classes, I chose to wear a pair of my fathers dock clogs, these kept my feet dry but had a habit of collecting clods of snow between the plates and made it very difficult to walk, but they were excellent for sliding on the ice slides in the street.

As the farmer was unable to get fodder and food stuffs to his livestock we too in the towns were unable to get heating coal for the fires in our homes, the sever low temperature that covered the country had frozen solid the axle boxes on the goods wagon that were used to haul coal from the pit head of the mines to the sidings so that the coal merchants could off load and deliver coal to their customers and very soon all stocks had run out, things seemed dire, I noticed in Nunsthorpe that several houses were short of a garden gate at this time and trees were missing their lower branches, anything that would burn at a premium and also it was that my Father decided that our chickens had to be killed off and the chicken run used as fuel for the fire, this lasted for some time but so did the winter, the next thing to go was the floor boarding of the shed in the garden. A trickle of coal was getting through now to feed the Gas plant so one was able to push some wheeled appliances to the Gas Works and get a bag of Coke, this helped us out until the grip of winter reduced and released the wagons of coal frozen in the pit and supplies arrived in the sidings for distribution round town and smoke once again came out of the chimneys of the house.

The time is now June 1947, I was 14 years old and I was considered old enough to enter a Naval School near Chatham in Kent and so I left Nunsthorpe, I came back for leaves until at 16 I entered the navy.

During this time my parents were given the tenancy of a brand new house on the Weelsby Estate, when on leave I had to be met at the station and shown where I now lived.

But that is another story………  Norman Kirman  Tuesday, 22 February 2005
John Lilee

We at one time lived at 92 Sutcliffe Ave fourth house from Second Ave next door to Mr Wilson who was a teacher at Nunsthorpe his parents lived opposite the school gates. One of Mr Wilsons party pieces was to ask if you wanted to see a dead Germans finger, he would then open a matchbox and you would see a finger on cotton wool with a bit of red paint on the cotton wool, we did not know it was his own finger in a hole in the matchbox.

One of my teachers was Miss Clark who in later years was to teach both of my children at Holton-le-Clay Infants School. Another teacher I remember was Miss Dowse, I think everyone knew her we used to go to her mothers sweet shop in Alexandra Road close to Garth Lane.

It would be about this time that the butterfly bombs landed in the playground and coming through the school roof I think near to headmasters Mr Langley’s office. I think a few people in Nunsthorpe died as a result of the bombings.

I remember around 1950/1 we had a science master Mr Hallet who together with myself and others installed a telephone system around the school corridor from the science room and back.

Another one of my memories was going to Wilkinson’s paper shop when we were able to buy chocolate again when it came off ration. I used to take mine back to school and leave it in my desk nobody took any as I recall something you are not able to do today.

In my last year I was a prefect and one of my duties was to fetch headmasters Mr Neal his Rennies from the shop.

But my claim to fame was to have Mr Cheeseman as a teacher who was better known as Patrick Wymark the actor who stared in I think T V series Plane Makers/Power Game and in films.
The wood tray and poker made around 1950/1 in the woodwork class with Mr Pendregaust and the metalwork class with Mr Galloway

Another piece of history people may know is that the 1914 Squadron Grimsby Air Training Corp formed a second squadron at Nunsthorpe School around 1943 enclosed is an article I came across in the Bygones relating to it.

I left school at Christmas 1951
I recall that the first pick up point for the buses on the daily run to Nunsthorpe School was outside the shops in Yarborough Road, which were in those days Firths (hairdresser) Caruthers’s (groceries) Eely (butcher) Palmers (fruit & veg) and Woods (Post Office).

The children from Clifton Road, Chelmsford Avenue, Corinthian Avenue, Cross Coates Road, Elm Avenue, Birch and Baytree Avenue, St James Avenue, Grange Walk, Baroness Rd, Marcus St, Limber Vale, Gosport Rd, and pick-ups being in Littlecoates Road, Bradley x Road, and Laceby Road.

We all congregated on the front of the shops each morning, among the kids I remember were cousin Richard Ellis, Charlie Burnett, Derrick Meggitt, Brian Abey, Melvyn Wilkins, John Jolly, Mike Taylor, Hoskens, Morris Hewson, John Firth, Terry Gray, Trevor Mellor, and Paul Roberts I am not certain they all used the bus all the time but they are names I remember as living in the area, Don Copestake, Allenby, John Stanley, Jane Warman, Barbara Woods, Marlene Meggitt, Wendy Aidan, Souters, Graham Croft, Ronnie and Rita Edmonds, Mavis Beacon, Jackie Jacklin, Roy and Kenny Beckett, Pat Warman Jean and John Trueblood. Other names at the school
John Bird, Henry Taylor, Roy Ward, Colin Witt, Ralph Rix, Colin Reader, Malcolm Bell, Ron Green (I always think of “Binghamstown” a horse owned by Louis Furman. Ron Green told me he rode-out to exercise the racehorse that took part in the Grand National I was always envious of that)

Songs often being sung whilst travelling on the bus one of which was, “We’re off, we are off in a motor car, fifty cops are after us and they don’t know where we are”. This being repeated time after time until only “one cop” was after us and still did not know we were where.

Nunsthorpe Infants School viewed from Sutcliffe Avenue to the far left was Miss Bowker’s class, and was the first class I attended.

Infants School
Sadly my recollections of my progress through infants are very few, although I remember it as a happy and seemingly safe time in spite of it being wartime.

I think that must have been down to the staff and their dedication and care for children in the exceptional circumstances of the war.

One thing I do remember is being in the main infant’s school hall and being taught to play a small drum in unison with other people. Channel 7 on NTL has recently run an item on Nunsthorpe Community School in which the same thing was going on in much the same theme.

Another memory is the frontage to the school being set with potatoes, no doubt to do with the war effort whether they were used by the school or not I do not know.
On a visit to the school in 1983 I had sight of the register for the period during the war. It was interesting to note of the numbers of times the air raids and other factors interrupted the life of the school.

In many cases it was inability of the staff to get into work because of the air raids and the difficulty in travelling during those times.

Speaking to a pupil who remembers the infant’s school vividly and unlike me she can remember most teachers; she is convinced the school provided her with exceptional education. She is adamant that something magical happened during her time there and is forever grateful that she was there. She went on to be a Head Mistress of a local school.

I am reminded of the interaction within the community of Nunsthorpe at that time when I tripped over the first of the concrete steps at the back of the infants school and gashed my head on the top step. A teacher was delegated to take me to “hospital” to dress the wound, the hospital was the maternity home in Second Ave who had no qualms about treating me although they could have refused but such was the bond within the community.

After moving on to the Junior School and sampling the school dinners of that era, which were not too bad, I used to like the chocolate concrete!!! The canteen was erected between the infants and junior school during my time at the junior school. During that time stories of what the senior school would be like left everyone in trepidation of the moving on to senior school, in reality the move caused us no problems at all. We moved initially into the prefabricated classrooms between the school and Milton Road there were six classrooms I believe classroom one was Miss O’Brien, in two Mr Dennis Robbins, three Mr Brian Wilkinson, four Mr Hillam, five Mr Rex Manders, six Miss Matthews. The cycle racks were behind Mr Brian Wilkinson's class and entry from Milton Road gave access to the classrooms and the school.

I think the main changes between the two schools was the emphasis on the crafts and sports although still a good quality of academic education was maintained ensuring a rounded education in a secondary modern school and in no way did we feel secondary.

The fundamental change was the house system where we were split into four houses Wellow, Nunsthorpe, Scartho, Weelsby and the system of winning stars gold, silver and bronze gave incentive to do well in what ever activity you pursued.

Another part of school life was the school inspection each morning, hair, nails, hands, and shoes were regularly inspected by the teachers thereby encouraging everyone to be of smart appearance but I do not recall any pressure to wear school uniforms maybe that was because of the after effects of the war time rationing.
Senior Staff

Back Row: Mr S Wilson, Mr G Bell, Mr J Farrow, Mr E Hallett, Mr J O’Callaghan, Mr Davies

Third Row: - Mr D Robins, Mr B Wilkinson, Mr R Manders, Mr B Watkinson, Mr H Galloway, Mr O Evans, Mr G Wright.

Second Row: - Miss S Walmsley, Miss E Booth, Mr Wainman, Mr H Hillam, Mr H Hodgson, Mr Chapman, Mr W Pendegast, Mr J Booth, Miss Smith, Miss M Mathews.

Front Row: - Miss B O’Brian, Miss F Kyle, Miss O Parr, Miss E Cutting, Mr S Neal, Miss J Capes, Miss Hudson, Miss Skinns, Miss ?.

A focal point for the year was played out in the school quadrangle and was in the main looked forward to by the majority. Many varied activities were put on by the pupils that included tug of war, physical training, apparatus displays over the vaulting horse with skipping and dancing for girls.

My speciality was the slow bike race which I managed to come last in and so won the race twice in two years but was disqualified on the third occasion, when I was adjudged, in my eyes unfairly, to have broken the rules because I rode off in front of all the competitors and showed off my ability to ride backwards, whilst facing forward this was not considered to be within the rules!! These open days were enjoyed by pupils and parents alike.

The crafts enjoyed by most of the pupils at the time were woodwork (Mr Pendegast) basket weaving and bookbinding (Mr O’Callaghan) metalwork (Mr Galloway) I still have the shoe horn I made in the metalwork class that prompted Mr Galloway to
“All that glistens is not gold often have I heard that told” it was made of brass and I had put a lot of energy into polishing and making it shine, I am still not sure if it was a put down or a compliment. On a recent visit to the school it was interesting to note that the old metalwork workshop is used by students doing brickwork.

Mr Prendegast was the woodwork teacher and he was excellent, in fact he taught my son at Western School and asked Darryl if I would take into Western the tea trolley I had made back in 1950’s. It was a shock to me that the materials being used all those years later was second hand timber where as I used nothing but new in the 1950’s!

Another aspect of the school life that I remember well and I am sure cousin Richard Ellis would agree on this, the “Ellis” name at Nunsthorpe was well known each teacher would either cringe, or make some comment when they first identified who was about to be their challenge for the next term.

The Ellis clan on holiday at Humberston 1938 yours truly in my dads arms Grandad, Nana, Min, Madge, Bud, Roy, Peter.

Uncle’s Ron, Peter, Roy, Byron and Aunt’s Minnie and Madge had all been to Nunsthorpe School when they and our grand parents, Minnie and Jim Ellis lived in 19 Sutcliffe Avenue and later 22 First Avenue. Uncle Ron still lives in Nunsthorpe area. Anyway we had a tradition to live up to and hopefully we did because those Ellis’s who went before us were highly thought of and if they had not been they would have Nana Ellis to face and if anything other than respectful behaviour was not given that
would have been a daunting prospect believe me! That is not to say we where to be subservient either!

The prefabs were built whilst I was at the school. Everyone will tell you they were only to last ten years, that’s what they were told then. Many tenants could not prise out of them when later years it was suggested they should be moved on.

During my time at school I delivered morning and evening papers for Ryders in Chelmsford Avenue, my round started at Winchester Avenue and included Stainton Drive, Crosby Rd, Amcots Rd, Kirkstead Crescent, Langton Drive, Sutcliffe Ave, Withern Rd, Scawby Rd and all the groves and roads adjoining that area, so I knew the new Nunsthorpe of that time very well, and the people in it.

The often late delivery to the shop due to bad weather snow and ice, particularly morning papers, would find the dead-line of being at school by 9:00am very tight and when on occasions I was late the subsequent visit to see the headmaster left me in no doubt as to the error of my ways and that my first duty and priority was to be at school on time!

The paper round did prepare me for the rigours and discipline of going out to work for a living and the experience of being out on my own and the responsibility of doing the job. It also brought out unexpected experiences and decision making opportunities, such as the dark early morning when cycling through the newly made up roads of the Grange Estate, with bulging morning papers hanging around my neck with no houses or street lighting, in a howling gale and blizzard no one in sight and finding a dead body and a cycle, decision time!

It did not occur to me when I delivered the papers that later in life I would also have the privilege to represent the same people and area on the Grimsby Borough Council when I was elected as their councillor many years later.

Incidentally the Grange Estate was the Grange Farm where we often had school visits to see the workings of the farm and farm animals, this added to the varied life and education at the school. I feel that we had a great school and very good teachers it was privilege to be there and do not regret being there for one moment to other accommodation.
“On the whole a happy time with very dedicated teachers, that gave us a good basis for our future lives.”

“Miss Capes, especially gave advice on deportment, behaviour, hair care and styles and I think she was a great influence on a lot of girl’s lives.”

“The building containing Junior and Senior education was magnificent, with a wonderful quadrangle used for giving open days and exhibitions our skills to our parents.”

“Miss Joan Capes who taught us manners and decorum.”

“Assembly in the hall was once a week for inspection of our shoes, hands, hair, and uniform.”

“I enjoyed the sport side of my school days netball and athletics.”

“I wasn’t too keen on school, quite nervous, yet hated to be absent in case I missed anything important.”

“I only felt more confident as I reached the final two years, although I enjoyed everything.”

“It was an age when even the harsh discipline was an era of learning and camaraderie and I am sure set me up for later life to instill my standards of life.”

“The Teachers were second to none, and helped everyone as required - I am always proud to say I belonged to this school.”

“Some school meals were served where bread was served instead of potatoes.”

“On open days I would be in the cookery room and had a photo in the paper taking a cake out of the oven.”

“Swimming at Orwell Street and Riding to school every day on my bike.”

“Having great friends, I have two school photos of MRS O’Brian and MR BELL classes”

“Dancing around the maypole!”

“Writing 200 lines of seven letters, (In advance)”

“How about a group photograph of us all together.-The only school photograph I have is the one where I am sat next to you which you already have”
“Clearly the number of ex pupils will diminish but the gathering at Cleethorpes Golf Club indicated that a good number of pleasant and successful old boys and girls had enjoyed their time at Nunsthorpe School and found a pleasant group of people who enjoyed re living their days at the School.”

“Living near the school and the shops in Second Avenue!”

“Enjoyed going to Barrett's Recreation ground and Bradley Woods.”

“Sang in school choir and sang solo at the Town Hall.”

“We lived in a Grove with eight houses and it was a great community spirit.”

“We had a party in the street for V.E. Day, My father collected money every week for this event.”

“We had “Hitler” strung up on the street light standard.”

“Family dances at The Nunsthorpe Community Centre!”

“Street parties! (V.E. Day and Coronation day)”

“Checking the time with the workhouse clock!”

“Sister Blood (Matron at Nunsthorpe Maternity Home).”


“The area which I lived was heavily populated with children; hence a lot of games, sports and enjoyment were readily available. In those days the Sand hills, Willows, Paper Mill Sports Ground, The Cattle Market, Waterworks Sports field, Cow field, Fire Station (Chelmsford Ave) were often visited.”

“We would play games in the middle of the street. Our bonfire on waste ground is now Cambridge Road.”

“We had to stop half way Chelmsford Ave on most days on going to school so the cows could go to be milked.”

“One year the snow was so bad I was unable to go to school.”

“Our Sports Day was on a field which now is Hereford School.”

“We would put on Concerts, ride bikes; play hop scotch, and roller skate.”

“Holidays were spent with relations; we did have a week in Humberstone in the pouring rain.”
Nunsthorpe School
Harry Buck

Of course I remember the most gorgeous resident of Kingsley Grove! But seriously, it is remarkable that the period begins with 1938 because that was the year I first saw the light-born on 2nd March at 11 Kingsley Grove, so I was at the start of the war.

Nunsthorpe was the garden suburb of Grimsby and houses had a bathroom and gardens, but outside toilets or lavatories (or lavs). The people were mainly poor decent folk in those days of rationing and were in and out of each others houses, sometimes ‘on the borrow’. I remember our Mam, left with a young family of five kids and just above the poverty line, lending all manner of things from cups of loose tea, sugar and milk to buckets of coal, much of which was never returned!

There was actually a family called Burkill at No 2 who had rugs and carpets as opposed to the mats and canvas enjoyed by the majority. And the Burkills had a telephone-only because Mr Bob Burkill was an Engineer who also had a little van! We used to speak with great reverence of Mr Burkill who was allegedly on £10 per week-a princely sum for those years!

Other household items in those days were chamber pots (or poes)-essential for houses with no indoor toilets and warming pans in which hot coals from the fire were placed to provide some comfort on chilly nights with no such luxury as central heating. Warming pans were for the more affluent-we used lemonade bottles filled with hot water! Little ‘Kelly’ lamps, filled with paraffin, were used as nightlights and children were often told stories before they went to sleep. We used to sit around in the kitchen with a coal fire in the grate of black-leaded fireplace, which had an oven and a back boiler for hot water, and listened to Mam reading story books-usually of Enid Blyton adventure variety. We also had an old valve ‘steam’ wireless for our other entertainment, it was a few years before the first T V was due to be beamed from Sutton Coldfield.

Talking of entertainment brings me to the present cry that young people have “Nothing to do!”’. We played endlessly in the street at kick ball and fly, throw up and call, relevio, dustbin lids, football, cricket, hopscotch, faggies, conkers, the list was endless and on lovely warm summer evenings we lads would be down at Barretts playing cricket until it got dark. People communicated more in those pre-telly days and women used to spend hours talking over the garden fence or the front gate.

Then of course, some nights were entertained by ‘Uncle Adolf” and were woken up by the dreaded noise of the siren and had to hurriedly put on some clothes and rush to the air raid shelter to wait in the cold night until the welcome ‘All-Clear’ sent us back to our beds. My father used to go up to the Maternity Home at the top of the street to see if any help was needed but, on the night of 13-14th June 1943, he became the fatal victim of a butterfly bomb which had fallen into the Grove. Almost 100 people perished that awful night in Grimsby and we joined a long list of War Orphans. My father was 32 and my mother was left to become both father and mother to four children below the age of eight and ‘one on the way’ Geff was born on the 30th December of that year.
Nunsthorpe had the shops-Bradbury’s Fruiters, Williamsons Butchers, Supply Stores Grocers, Ye Old Fishie shop, Lamberts Drapers and Hairdressers/barbers, Persons Cobbler and the Co-op. War rationing meant that we kids only had 2 ounces of sweets twice a week (2 ounces cost tuppence- halfpenny or thruppence). A bag of chips were a penny, fish sixpence and a basin of chips was a shilling. Sometimes queues formed if a shop got something in not normally available like bananas for example.

Between the Co-op the cobbler was an open area of land known as ‘The Co-op Hills’ on which there was a large crude hook and line. There was supposedly a ‘red doctor’ in there and although most of us were totally ignorant as to what this was it became the quarry for every boy seeking some local kudos but, to my knowledge, this mysterious denizen of the deep remained forever unensnared! I remember that ‘The Co-op Hills’ hosted a political meeting in 1945, addressed by the first Post-War government led by Clement Attlee.

One thing I forgot to mention was going to the pictures. There were no cinemas in Nunsthorpe but about a dozen in Grimsby and Cleethorpes, three things I recall here are the theatre organs that seemed to rise up and down, if you knew someone with a car, he was someone very special. There were plenty of horses still being used, both for business and pleasure. A number of horse-troughs where still around. One survives to this day in Bargate.

I forgot to include the games that the girls played. I think the main activity of the fairer sex was skipping, reading comics (as did the boys) like the ‘Dandy’ and the ‘Beano’ and ‘Radio Fun’ and ‘Film Fun’ and playing with their dolls. I think the Burkills even had a Dolls House!

Nunsthorpe ended at its western fringe just past the Infants School and there were iron railings along where Winchester Avenue is today.

I think there were allotments beyond these and then about eight fields up to Bradley Woods. Another wood I remember playing in was Tennyson’s Holt reached from the bottom of Ferriby Lane off Scartho Road. Nunsthorpe expanded fairly quickly after the war ended and some of the Pre-Fabs still survive. These were styled “Temporary Housing” and intended to last only 10 years.

One further memory concerns the Street Parties that were held to celebrate the V E Day, when people got together and the women all baked cakes and made sandwiches and jelly and blancmange.
Very few women went to work and they stayed home to look after the kids and those days of ignorance of contraception produced some large families - the Goodwins at No 13 had 18! The women had no labour-saving devices either - one day was baking day, another washing day with the dolly tub, dolly pegs and mangle and yet another was ironing day and so on. The only outside work that most women did was ‘fruit picking’, ‘tatie-picking’, ‘stooking’, etc, although some women used to make fishing nets at home.

One more memory concerns me the callers, because everything was “on the weekly” collectors like the milkman, rent man, coal man and insurance men and women for ‘tickets’ some shops took these and you paid the “ticket man” or woman so much a week until the amount was paid-off an old version of the credit cards. I think everyone had slot meters for their gas and electric, shilling in the meter and get the rebate when the man came round to empty it those were special days of brief wealth!

Other callers were rag and bone men, tinkers and knife sharpeners and many people often had to resort to visiting the nearest pawnbroker and sometimes lost precious items when they could not afford to when the time came to redeem the loan. My mother lost a Mizpah ring in this way.
My first recollection of Nunsthorpe was when I started school in 1943 at the age of five. Mum took me the first time, and then left me in tears, after that it was the school bus from Bradley X Roads, twice a day.

This is one of the buses on the school run in those days first on the bus rushed for the front seat next to the driver.

I recall having my gas mask and going to school air-raid shelter just off the playground.

The only teacher I remember in the infants was a Miss Appleton, who gave both my thighs a good slapping for hanging on the cloakroom peg instead of being in my class.

When it came to music in the hall everyone wanted a drum, not a triangle or a castanet.

Tying laces on the plimsolls when going into the hall was an ordeal for some, especially for me.
The Infants School much the same façade as today but now the Community School.

I always looked forward to the milk we were given each morning, everyone saved the bottle tops. They were such happy times, if only the clock could be turned back.

I don’t ever recall being frightened during the war years, as it was the norm.

The Doodle Bugs, Search Lights, Barrage Balloons, and Anti Aircraft Guns are still vivid in my mind. There were six large guns down Broadway about 500 yd’s from my home in Clarendon Road, seen and heard them fire many a time.

I used to go to the camp cookhouse with a friend to collect the bones for his father who bred Alsatian Dogs for the Military. There was a soup kitchen in St Michaels Road, their broth and rice puddings were delicious.

A barricade and water reservoir was built on the corner of Brocklesby Road and Littlecoates Road. I remember them cutting down all the railings for the war effort. There being one huge pile on the corner of Bargate and Westwood Ho!

We children used to walk on treacle tins held up on your feet with string from your hands. Then in came wooden stilts. We made kites of crossed sticks and pasted newspaper; they only flew when you ran fast into the wind. If you got two pairs of pram wheels for a ‘trolley’ you were on top the world.

Later the Willows, Irby Dales, Laceby Saw Pits and Bradley Woods were our domain. Newts, frogs, stickle backs and red doctors by the bucket full, not forgetting my best friend ‘Jack’ the jackdaw.

Coming back to school it was in one end and out the other. Ten years in a good school, lots of good times that will never return.
Doreen Baker

I was born in Garibaldi Street, just off Freeman Street Grimsby, in October 1938 and shortly after my birth my mother was admitted to the Corporation Hospital at Springfield with an illness called tuberculosis, together with my mother, I was also admitted.

My father, who was in the army, and my mother were on the council waiting list for better accommodation as her health was deteriorating and in 1941 after a second admittance to the hospital and with the help of Doctor Glenn my parents were offered number 21 Burns Grove on a newly built estate called Nunsthorpe also known as Garden City. The 3 bedrooms and a bathroom was something my mother had always dreamed of, two rooms downstairs, one being her best room, the other being the kitchen where we lived and had our meals. It had a small garden at the front also a small back garden with a view of farm fields, in later years to be built on and become New Nunsthorpe.

My short memory of the war, was mother coming into my bedroom and awaking me to put on a garment she had made, called a siren suit, it always lay at the bottom of my bed ready for use and down the stairs I would be carried to the shelter, I remember one night on carrying me down the stairs she suddenly laid on top of me for protection as a massive explosion rocked the house. When reaching the shelter the Ansell family where already there as their shelter was continually flooded, and to entertain us kids, Mam would get us all singing some of the songs that we all knew for example “Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag”

My best memories were of the VE day party, which was organised by the mothers. On the chosen day all tables, chairs, and decorations where brought out onto the street, and each mother, as best she could, because of the rationing, gave food and drink.

Our gramophone also came out into the street; it was my job of winding it up to keep it going. Mam loved singing and Vera Lynn and Gracie Fields were her favourites, her voice was always louder than Gracie’s and she knew all the words so she got every body singing and in the mood for the party.

The photographs I have of this occasion bring tears of happiness of the close knit community we had in Burns Grove. Most of them are no longer with us but they will never be forgotten, as they were part of my childhood, and attached are photographs of our VE party.
I started school at the age of 4 years, much to the surprise of my Mother. The next door neighbour Mrs Ansell had to attend an appointment at the Infants School regarding her eldest daughter Marina, she took me along with her and whilst there she enrolled me to start the following term.

I remember the inoculations we had to have, and on one occasion I ran down the corridor as fast as my little legs could carry me to get away from the nurse. I was quickly followed by the teachers who struggled with me in the cloakroom yelling and screaming they had to carry me back to have my jab in my arm along with everyone
else. As days passed, my arm became very swollen and Mam became concerned. But when the nurse returned to check the results of the injections I was so relieved to find I was not in line for the TB jab as I was already immune to tuberculosis, inherited from my mother.

I attended the best school ever, built for the estate and surrounding areas. The memories I have, and listening to the ex-pupils of my age group and older, whom have attended our school reunions we all speak very highly of our headmaster and teachers which makes me proud of attending Nunsthorpe School from 1943 to 1953.

![Staff of our era 1940-50s](image)

Staff of our era 1940-50s

The summer school holidays were wonderful, lovely warm days that seem to last for ever, Mam and other mothers and all us kids would gather to make an afternoon hike across the farm fields, through Tennysons Holt and onto Bradley Woods, taking with us food and drink for us all. The mothers would settle down and prepare a picnic leaving the kids to venture in safety. In those days our neighbours were as close as any relative, they cared for each child as well as their own. Tired out but happy we made our way home holding bunches of bluebells and having lovely memories of our outing to Bradley Woods. A day out which cost nothing, but the joy of being together.

Easter was a time we did not get chocolate as it was rationed, but most kids came out into the Grove dressed in new clothes for Easter. The boys would have new shoes and the girls would have new dresses all bought from a shop close by called Lamberts this shop served the community of Nunsthorpe. A gentleman who I remember was called Mr Shepherd and he was a regular visitor to our back door and Mam gave him money with a card. I was told later as I grew up he was the ticket man and he loaned money to Mam so she kept me well dressed buying my clothes from Lambert’s.
Another memory I have is the bonfires we had for November 5th all scrap and junk was stored over the past months then collected by the older kids to make an enormous bonfire on the farm field at the back of Burns Grove. I remember there was a rumour that Dame Kendal Grove kids were going to set it alight before the schedule day, so a few teenagers decided to keep guard and sleep out in the field on the last few nights. The parents could not sleep either knowing their siblings were out on watch, but in the end nothing happened and we had another great Guy Fawkes Night.
Jean Willett

My first memories were when I visited a friend who lived in the prefabs in Torksey Drive. To get there I had to catch a number 11 bus to the riverhead and then get a 3a to Second Avenue? I believe it cost one and halfpenny in old money. This was when I was fourteen and I would go there on a Friday night and then on Saturday I would help her mum with the housework. When the chores were finished I would be sent to Pearson’s fish shop for fish and chips for dinner. To my young eyes the prefab was a palace having a bathroom and indoor toilet.

I next returned to Nunsthorpe in 1957 when I was pregnant with my first daughter. I gave birth in May and the formidable sister Sharman who I believe later became nurse tutor delivered her. Husbands were not allowed in until after the babies had been born and visiting times were strict. There was no husband involvement in the birth and we had enforced bed rest for several days. Nunsthorpe maternity home was a daunting place for young mums unlike today where everything is so much more relaxed.

In 1958 I was admitted to the home for bed rest and I used to look out of the windows at Kingsley Grove and Second Avenue and to my unsophisticated young eyes they looked very posh, however in June 1958 after the birth of my second child we were given a house in Kingsley Grove. The whole area was lovely, every garden was kept tidy and most people swept their fronts every day in fact the rules on your rent book stipulated that you had to keep your garden in good order or they would do it for you and bill you for it.

When we moved in there was cast iron fireplaces in three rooms and picture rails around most of the walls, there was a cast iron bath and an outside toilet and hot water
was via a boiler at the side of the kitchen fire. Of course you had to keep the fire going all day if you needed hot water so the first thing we did when we bought the house was to install an electric immersion heater. Now forty years later cast iron is back in fashion as are the picture rails we took down and so we wish we hadn’t done it.

When we first moved in I did most of my shopping at the Meadow Dairy which was adjacent to Pearson’s beer off. You would give the assistant your list and they would weigh up your order. If you only wanted a quarter of butter they would weigh it for you, nothing was too much trouble. There was Williamson’s the butcher’s who sold beautiful fresh and cooked meat and Pearson’s fish shop where we always bought our Friday dinner. Across the road were Wilkinson’s paper shop and post office and Ken Whitting’s corner shop. He became a chiropodist when he sold his shop. Then of course there was Lambert’s which was like Aladdin’s cave, you could buy anything from shoelaces to dressing gowns. Above the shop were Muriel’s hairdresser and I don’t think she changed her styles till the day she retired? Of course there was the Co-op with those fabulous overhead tills. The assistant would put your money and bill into a little cup and the wire would zoom it along to the cashier who sat in a little box like an office, she would then send your change and receipt back the same way.

At four years old my eldest girl went to nursery school and I believe Miss Wetherall was headmistress. One by one my three daughters attended infants and juniors were I believe Miss Degenham was in charge. There did not seem to be the bullying or bad behaviour in schools then, but teachers were able to command respect unlike now when legislation has brought so much restraint on the teacher’s roles that kids seem to be able to do anything without fear of punishment.

In 1980 I began work at the maternity home and like the rest of Nunsthorpe I found them a friendly close knit group.

Over the years Nunsthorpe has enlarged with building of Bradley Park Estate and school. Now Nunsthorpe School has been rebuilt and Grimsby College has taken over the site enriching the facilities available to residents.

Nunsthorpe has always attracted negative publicity, which I believe it totally doesn’t deserve. When you consider the size of the estate the amount of problems are no more than any other area of comparable size. I am very proud of Nunsthorpe having lived here for nearly fifty years. The school gave my children an excellent education, the maternity home provided me with employment and we own a solid well-built house.

The Second World War destroyed many communities but they were rebuilt when the people moved to Nunsthorpe and I believe that sense of community prevails today.
Linda Walkley

I was born and brought up at 63 First Avenue. My mother and father moved to First Avenue in the 1930s. My brother, sister and I were all born in the same house. My sister died in the war of Pneumonia with going to and from a warm house to a cold air raid shelter. I was born just after the war, and everybody still had ration books.

There was a good community spirit and everyone seemed to help each other. Most neighbours got on well.

Mrs Buck who lived in Kingsley Grove was the caretaker of the Jew’s Cemetery. On November 5th she would open the first lot of gates at the bottom of First Avenue so all the neighbours could build a bonfire on the spare land next to cemetery. At the night time we took chairs and sat around the fire. Some people let fireworks off and others roasted potatoes in the fire and we all sang songs. It was very exciting for the children, especially being able to stay up late.

When Mrs Buck stopped being caretaker of the cemetery, Mr Hull of First Avenue took over. The Hull family lived next to the cemetery. I used to help Mr Hull weed the graves.

I started infant school at 5 years of age. I remember my first day at school very well, playing with lots of toys and then getting very upset because my mother wasn’t around. One year my lessons were in one of the portable classrooms at the back of the school with a teacher Miss Maguire. Mrs Coupland was another one of my teachers, this time in a classroom in the main building.

At 7 years old I moved to the junior school. The boys had one part the school and the girls had the other part. There were no mixed classes. We also had separate playgrounds. My teachers were Miss Sharp, Miss G A Clarke, Mrs Sawyers and Miss Pick. Miss Pick taught us how to sew and that was my favourite lesson. There were usually more than 40 pupils in a class but most were well behaved. Most of the teachers were kind. Each week the class went from school on a hired bus to swimming lessons, either to Orwell Street swimming baths or Eleanor Street.
swimming pool. On the way home we would be very hungry, so we shared our bread and dripping sandwiches.

The older girls took turns being milk monitors. We had to carry crates of small bottles of milk from the playground to each classroom and every child got a bottle. In winter sometimes the milk would be frozen. We also took it in turns running down the corridor ringing the school bell to let everybody know it was time for each break, lunch time and then home time.

In the 4th year we had a day trip. I was in 4b Miss Picks class and we went to Stratford-upon-Avon.

When not at school, friends got together and played in the street. We played `what time is it Mr Wolf, kickball fly, hide and seek and many other games. Neighbours didn’t seem to mind if we hid in their gardens. There weren’t many cars about and First Avenue was a quiet place Mr & Mrs Whiting who lived at 55 First Avenue had a car and a very nice garden. I thought they must be rich.

In June 1953 all the neighbours in First Avenue and Kingsley Grove got together and provided a street party for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth 2nd. It was held in Kingsley Grove. We had lots of food, played games and every child was given a mug and a present. I received a red, white and blue skipping rope. At school we were given a blue book, about Kings and Queens with a coin inserted in the cover, for the celebration of the coronation.

On Sundays after tea, I would go for a walk with my father and neighbours dog and we would end up sitting on the seat at Nuns Corner, opposite Nuns farm, watching all the people going back home after a day out to Cleethorpes. There were so many coaches, I wondered were they all come from.

At 7 years old I joined the brownies, I was in the Pixie group. The meetings were held in the ‘Tin Mission’ St Martins church hall. We had lots of fun there and we learnt all sorts of crafts and skills so we could pass a test to get different badges to sew on our uniform. One year we marched in our brownie uniforms from St Martin’s church to Wheelsby Road to see Queen Elizabeth 2nd open King George 5th playing Fields.

As I got older I joined the guides. The meetings were still held in the church hall. I also went to Sunday school every week there until the new church was built. The church would organise outings each year for people who attended Sunday school. There were trips to Mablethorpe, Hubbard’s Hill and Spurn Point on the ferry.

As a teenager my friends and I had nights to look forward to dancing at the Yogi Bear club at the community centre on a Friday night and then dancing on a Saturday night at St Martin’s in the new hall. There was also youth club on a Sunday night.

I lived in First Avenue Nunsthorpe until I got married. I had a lovely wedding at St Martin’s church. I still visited my father when I was married and also took my children to visit First Avenue.
My father lived there until he died in 1974. The house was then used as a store and workshop as that year the council started to modernise the houses on the old part of Nunsthorpe.

The names I remember between First Avenue, Sutcliffe Avenue and the Jews Cemetery are:-

Shepherd, Merrikin, Whiting, Holland, Whishart/Smith, Walkley, Sears/Moy, Story, Atkins/Frances, Hull, Shelton, Cook, Hyde, Jolly/Dickenson, Cook, Connon and Story.