

Glentress Re-Visited.

I spent two years there 1951-53 when it was a Forestry Training School.

I re-visited Glentress in the Summer of 1999. I was not surprised that all but one of the Tin Huts had gone. They were built in the 1920,s.
The forest which was originally planted wall to wall with conifers,(Government policy at that time to create a strategic timber reserve in case of war).

What did I find now ?. First of all there is a fine Tarmac road right up the Glen and down the other side, now used as a Forest Drive. The trees have been thinned and Broadleaved trees planted, a water feature has been created and Picnic tables provided. Large Douglas Fir trees remain as a tribute to David Douglas the botanist who introduced them to this country. The leaves of broad-leaved trees flutter in the breeze in what was once an exposed glen with poor soils and inadequate drainage. The first broadleaved trees were planted by the Forestry students according to plans prepared by Prof. M.L. Anderson of Edinburgh University who, had the foresight, so long ago to re-structure the forest.

We left Forestry School in the Summer of 1953 soon after the Queens Coronation and remember seeing the ceremony on a Black and White Television at Glentress. We had a visit by the Queen of Tonga en-route to London for the Coronation. Much work was done in preparing the school grounds for her visit. On the way down from the forest I spotted one or two boulders at the roadside which we White washed in army fashion for the visit. I did not see any of the lumps of coal which were also white washed at the edge of the bunker at the cook house !!!!.

At the end of our Session we were presented with our awards by Forestry Commissioner, Sir John Stirling of Fairburn Muir of Ord, Ross-shire. The school then closed and moved to better accommodation at Faskally House, Pitlochry which had been a Hydro Electric Board Training establishment and had all mod cons. A change from Glentress which had icicles hanging from the shower heads on frosty mornings.

I was pleased to see the new hostelry at the side of the main road entrance. I went in and enjoyed a lovely meal looking out on the lands of Horsburgh and over the River Tweed to Cardrona Forest where students planted many trees over the years. I sat there enjoyed the view and the food, reminisced on how many things had changed for the better. No food rationing, No bumping up the Glen in a clapped out Ex Army vehicle with poor Springs, No slaving in the Forest with a 7 pound axe and 5ft crosscut saw to cut down a few trees per day.

The students from Glentress, around 30 per year from 1946 to 1953 mainly went on to work for the Forestry Commission, others went to the private sector at home and abroad in Africa, the Colonies (We had some then). America and all over the world.

My visit brought back so many memories. I was delighted to see so many changes, for the better, and thoroughly enjoyed re-visiting after many years,I can recommend it to any forester passing down the Tweed valley as worth a drive round a picnic or a meal in the hostelry at the road end with excellent food and views.

JOHN KEENLEYSIDE

The second Story from Glentress Forestry School.

In May 1953 A Joint Excursion of the R.F.S. and R.S.F.S. was being held one Saturday at Kyle Woods in Northumberland. A special treat for the Senior students was being invited to go along to the outing and to be taken there in an Ex Army QL truck a type used in World war II for transporting troops. The distance around 60 miles.

We were welcomed there by the Mitchell family from Palinsburn who helped to conduct the party around these well maintained woods with a wide range of species.

At the lunch time stop adequate alcoholic liquid refreshment was provided free of charge by our hosts and students were encouraged to partake of this free refreshment.

In the afternoon it was noticed by the instructors that some students were not paying adequate attention to the plantations being demonstrated and the instructors went around nudging the students and telling them to take notes on what we were being shown, on arrival back at Glentress we were told that the matter of not paying adequate attention would be dealt with on Monday morning.

On Monday morning T.A. Robbie Head of School confronted the students and asked who the people not paying adequate attention were and no one volunteered, so we were frog marched into the class room. He gave us each a sheet of A4 lined paper and told us to write a report on what we saw at Kyle woods on Sat. afternoon and gave us 10 minutes to do so.

This was T.A. Robbies way of finding out who the culprits were, he received several sheets back with little or no information on them. Those with little information on their sheets had their P.A. (Personal Assessment) adjusted accordingly. This was an effective way of dealing with those that had imbibed rather much of the free drink at the lunch time break, and cooled down the high spirits of Saturday.

JOHN MCENLEYS:126

Two Stories of High Spirits at Forestry Schools.

The first by Tim Taylor a retired Chief Forester from Torrachilty in the old North Scotland Conservancy.

He was a student at Glentress in the 1950-52 class. He was sent to Gwydr in Wales with others for "The Exchange Course", that being the term from Jan. 1952 until Easter 1952.

Things at Gwydr were similar to Glentress consisting of tin huttet army type accommodation. All went well at Gwydr under the direction of Mr Cruickshank, head of school until the final day of term and the Easter break. The students went out on their final nights visit to the local hostelry.

The English and Scots went to the Swallow Falls hotel, but the Welsh went to The Tennie Cotte The hotel which had a horse drawn stagecoach in the Car Park at the front of the hotel, after some had a few drinks too many and came out of the hotel they decided to take the stagecoach back to Gwydr and man handled it back to the huttet camp site. On arrival late at night they saw Mr Cruickshanks car complete with caravan situated there. They decided that they would unhook the caravan from the car and hook up the stagecoach to the car. They unhooked the caravan. The students actually hit Mr Cruickshanks tin house with the Stage coach. Quite a Racket - Mad Scramble. The 2 foot high rope and pole fence round the Blocks took a terrible toll on the perpetrators of this dastardly Crime. Evidence Gravel Rash on some Welsh students faces next morning. In the morning Mr Cruickshank was not amused and demanded that the culprits be named and he would deal with them. They would not reveal the perpetrator of the prank, so he said all rail warrants for the Easter holidays would be with held. A small contingent of Welsh students pushed the coach back up the hill to the hotel. Very Hard Work. The hotel owner, a lady was so glad to get her stagecoach returned that she gave all the students a free drink. They returned to Gwydr. Mr Cruickshank handed out the rail warrants and everyone went off for their Easter holiday in High Spirits.

Footnote:- At a later stage the wheels of the Stagecoach were set in concrete to prevent a recurrence of this problem.

JOHN KERNLEY31pc

LYNFORD HALL RECALLED

For me, I suppose forestry as a career really started in April 1946 - in Naples! Towards the last few weeks of Service in the RAF we were invited to undergo a voluntary psychological test to determine what effect six years of Service - three at home and three overseas, had had on our personalities and to offer some advice and preparation for future civilian life. My answers to the many and varied tests apparently indicated an 'Outdoor Life'. On offer was a choice of information on farming, horticulture, forestry and zoology!

Once home, the results of much research, interviews and discussions over the next couple of months, was acceptance to begin student training in forestry on the Royal Estate Windsor, under the Government Forest Worker Scheme. I was to learn a lot in the next 18 months, and endure the awful winter of 1947 - the coldest ever. Ably supported by the Windsor Park Authorities, in December 1947 I was accepted by the Forestry Commission for a Forester's Course beginning in January 1948.

Taking my trusty 350cc AJS motor-cycle with me, I duly reported to Lynford Hall, near Thetford on January 12th to meet my fellow students - and the Staff. They were to attempt to teach us the rudiments of forestry (as it then stood) over the next 20 months. Lynford Hall is a fine Victorian mansion - perhaps a 100 years old then, - we never knew much of its history. It did feature in several episodes of Dad's Army, which was filmed on the adjacent Battle Area - on Army training heathland.

'Our Year' was some 29 - all ex-service men and as splendidly diverse a collection of eccentrics that could possibly be assembled! We comprised several Senior Officers - a Lieut Commander RN, a Lieut Colonel, and a Sqdn. Leader - and the rest of us, Petty Officers and other ranks, each a fascinating character and wonderful friends.

Our wartime experiences stood us in good stead for a life of hardships - poor food and long hours of work. We 'juniors' were housed in the dark, damp basement, emerging for meals, lessons and the upstairs luxury of vast sitting rooms with roaring fires. I shared a basement room with five others, and a varying display of fungus emerging from the wet walls. We studied the species with interest and regular measurement.

'Our Seniors', who had begun in January 1947, were an even more impressive group, who inhabited the upper 'guest rooms', comfortable and spacious, which we were to occupy for our second year. They were older than us - some into middle 30's. I recall they were quite distinguished - several Eighth Army veterans - commandos, Far East survivors, some quite embittered by dreadful experiences. All wonderful to talk to with a very special humour, and great to work with.

As to teaching staff at Lynford. The Principal was R.J. Streets, who prior to the war was a Public School teacher in Bury St. Edmunds. He had been a Link-Trainer instructor in the RAF in the war and later taught in Cyprus. His second in command was John Goodwin, a former F.C. district officer in Sussex, who because of eyesight problems, was seconded to Education. He was quite well liked and did his best to make certain boring subjects as interesting as possible, especially to some of us who were not bright on algebra and geometry!

Bob Streets tried very hard with us, obviously being a skilled teacher and a good organiser. Probably, quite wrongly, we always imagined he 'mugged up' his lecture the night before, and delivered it piece-meal to us. We greatly admired his forbearance once when, demonstrating the mattock as a planting tool. He held it above his head and the blade slid down the handle to deliver an echoing blow on his head. He never flinched, and carried on his lecture. In addition there were a number of Head Foresters who backed-up the education syllabus and supervised our considerable practical work in the forest and nurseries. I recall Don Sherrell, Jim Bruce and a well known Welshman (whose name I have forgotten!) Tragically, one of the other forester-instructors, named Allen, was killed on his bicycle on the Brandon road on January 16th. A remarkably unlikely accident, given the almost complete lack of traffic on those straight roads, and that the vehicle involved was a NAAFI tea-wagon, not noted for speed! His body was placed for several days pending the inquest, in the basement, next to our room.

In addition to resident instructors there was a procession of visiting experts. Notably the charismatic Dr. Neil Chrystal an eminent entomologist from Oxford, accompanied by his suave and equally white-coated assistant, Skinner. We enjoyed too, a regular programme of educational films, and some general entertainment movies to which local worthies were invited.

Later, in our second year, we attended Kings Lynn Grammar School on Saturday mornings for Botany. These lectures were particularly enjoyable and delivered by two young and very brave girls, of about 23 or 24. Their sessions were anticipatory of the joys of the forthcoming weekends with our girl-friends and wives! In addition there were excellent forest tours both locally, and farther afield, and visits from V.I.P.s. such as Hugh Dalton then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and various venerable members of the Commission's Committee - famous names from the past.

After some debate, I have left till last to reveal the horrors of the domestic staff at Lynford. They were led by an inadequate Warden named Humphries who, poor chap, tried to do his 'best' on the meagre rations of the time. Some of his concoctions were abominable, - sandwiches filled with porridge mixed with fish paste, ancient suspect pies, questionable rissoles, and frequently mouldy bread.

The kitchen was presided over by a formidable 'female' traditionally named by students for evermore, as 'Black Annie'. Even after more than 50 years I find it daunting to write more about her! There was in addition, in our day, a 'handyman' named 'Bruiser' who 'attended' to the ill-mannered generator, which provided electric light from time to time.

Such then, was this amazing mix of personalities which somehow produced 30 or 40 young foresters to fill the gaps of the Commission's retiring and very experienced old Teams. Friends made then remain close, and relationships are picked up in minutes upon meeting. A good stock of photographs ensures a permanent record of precious memories .

At the end of our first year, and for a whole term, our course was split up, most of us went to the Dean School in January '49, and the remainder to Gwdyr. The change of forest-activity and environment was very beneficial to us and we revelled in the excellent home-cooked food and pleasant atmosphere. I was married at Easter 1949, and returned happily for my final term at Lynford, ending that July.

JOHN WOOD

Herewith an incomplete list of 1948/49 Lynford Students

Peter Parsons
R~~A~~* Kirkland
Ron Reid
Bernard Beard
Steve Chapman
Norman Hindley
Norman Sage
Ian McLeod
Stan Law
'Bart' Bartholomew
Alec Pyman
Ron Bartlett
Reg. Genever
Charles Pearson
Dan Dudley
John Wood

Can we name the rest?

Lynford Hall 1948

From a letter to John Wood from Bernard Beard

1. The Colonel. Quite a con man. We went to his wedding when he hoped he'd found a rich lady but it turned out she'd been hoping he would clear her debts.
2. Quercus Reid. So called because his stature was oak like but I well remember standing on a rideside having our eleven o' clock break when a hornet aimed at his temple and big though he was, felled him.
3. The Cypriots, two of them I think. Were they with us because of Streets association with Cyprus or was it Government policy?
4. Rex Kirkland and his brother. Were we ever sure which one was which? I'm sure the girl friends had doubts!
5. Who was the fierce young man who had been a commando and came up fighting if aroused from a snooze?
6. Ron Bartlett.
7. Bartholomew. Took a job just out of Elveden on the London road without waiting for an FC placement.
8. We did have trips to King's Lynn for some instruction and two young teachers did come to Elveden sometimes.
9. Steve Chapman. I regularly broke down on my little motorcycle on my way home to Surrey at weekends and I used to dread hearing the purr of a newish 350cc approaching and I knew I'd see a pair of shining boots and gauntlets to match and hear a soft "Trouble?"
10. "The Vicar". Black market anything, certainly petrol coupons.
11. Little Genaver, so knowledgeable on botany.
12. Doc Chrystal on bugs and what was the name of his assisatant?
13. What was the name of our short sighted instructor? (John Goodwin).
14. Black Annie. Cook under Humphrey, an awesome sight. Later, when I had charge as HF of the Lynford quarter of Thetford Chase one of my duties was to collect the rent from her mother (she was the widow of the blacksmith at Backenham Tofts and continued to live in the smithy with Annie and her daughter). Mother would always keep me waiting before she actually paid me, just because she welcomed gossip with anyone, but she would regularly tell me Annie was in the best room, "Star Treked and a pleasuring of herself" Can you think of anything more terrifying?

Tel:01844 346231

'BRADFELD'
MANOR ROAD
PRINCES RISBOROUGH
HP27 9DJ
26th September 00

Dear Henry

History of the Forestry Training Schools

Thank you for your recent letter, I expect John Wood mentioned that I sent him the names of my fellow students and also a few copies of photographs. At the same time I suggested that a better source of information would be Ted Acott, my senior, who though just about the same age as myself nevertheless does seem to have a much better memory. His address is:
13 Windmill Way, Greens Norton, Northhants, NN12 8BZ
and his telephone 01327 350507

If you eventually include any of what follows, it might be headed 'Accommodation'. I shared a room with John and Peter Parsons but before moving in, as Juniors we had temporarily been housed in the 'Dungeons', a very gloomy basement of the Hall which in its heyday had housed the laundry, dairy etc and all the utilities that were a proper part of a large country house. It was not only damp but cold too which was of course why the room next to ours had been chosen to house the mortal remains of poor Tom Allen, one of the instructors, who, when going down to Mundford had been knocked off his bike and killed.

Not the happiest of introductions to a new career but as ex-servicemen we had of course experienced some 6 years of similar conditions and so were not only disciplined, but also accustomed to making the best of things. I have since reflected that though in some ways that attitude to life may have been commendable, it nevertheless schooled us to accept much that, even then, should not have been taken on board so cheerfully, let alone regarded as a challenge. I am convinced that most of my classmates consistently undervalued themselves.

Having married in 1943 I had not only my wife Joan but also daughters Susan and Anne to think about, so when towards the end of the course we were told that married men, especially those with children, would be given preference for houses it seemed we really were on the way. A quick trip down to Surrey to wife and family resulted in my returning to Lynford with a list of jobs to do such as ascertaining floor areas, curtain requirements, proximity of shops and schools etc. Because my poor little 125 cc Coventry Eagle was at the best of times a doubtful runner, my good friend Rex Kirkland offered to take me pillion up to Yorkshire on his splendid 350 cc machine. We arrived at Cropton Head Forester's house near Keldy Castle and were told to head off up a rough track, which, after a stile, quite soon deteriorated into simple pasture with no track whatsoever. We began to wonder how a furniture removal man would view the job let alone charge for it. The 'house' when we did arrive proved to be a one-up\one-down cottage with no staircase, just a ladder through a hole in the ceiling and plenty of straw indicating that its recent tenants had been four footed. No sanitation, no piped water. Rex suggested we should take samples from the well and it really was the eventual finding that the water was not fit for human consumption that persuaded the powers that be that maybe this was not a home fit for returning heroes.

Back at Lynford our Principal indicated that I was not only ungrateful but possibly a trouble maker too and he felt that my personal file should be so noted. A more suspicious mind might link that to the fact that in the event I was the last of our class to be housed but we did finally end up in a very nice Red Cedar house at Wigsley near Newark on Trent, since sold I believe like so much FC real estate

Whenever foresters get together they always talk shop and there is much more to be told I'm sure. Perhaps this modest contribution will start a ball rolling and that other memories will surface. I do wish you well and look forward to reading about it all one day.

Yours sincerely

Bernard Beale

LYNFORD HALL
FORESTER TRAINING SCHEME - 1950/52

Back Row

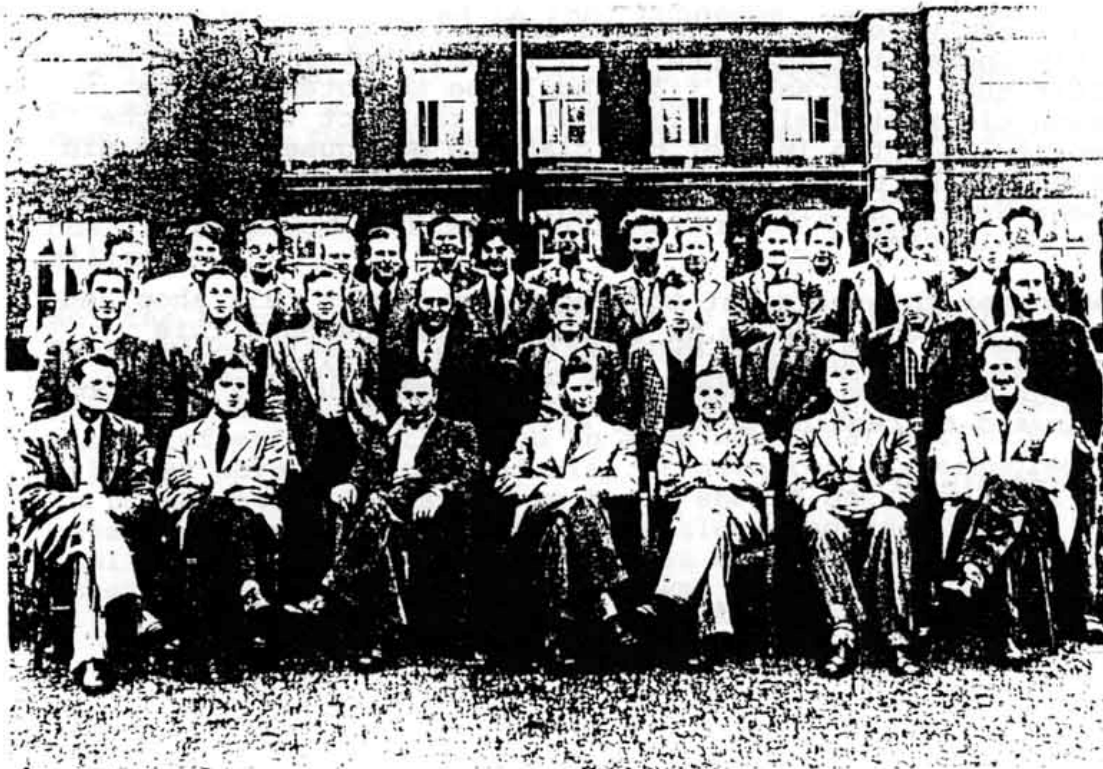
Bob Crofts
Freddie Platt
Mike Terry
Ted Chase
John Conduit
Graham Hobbs
John White
Adrian Hartley
Fred Webster
Les Howe
John Morris
Phil Wade
Frank Pridham
Sandy Powell
Pat de Warr King
Mick Miller

Centre Row

Dave Durrant
John Howland
Freddie Garrard
? Gavriledes
Ron Nye
Charlie Batt
? Jackovides
John Butcher
Bill Young

Front Row

Bill Lang
Dave Hawkes
Leyton Jenkins
Phil Gough
Don Sherrell
Dave Robinson
Dave Snelgrove



Photographer BILL BELTON

Students regularly played cricket and football against local teams.

One cricket match in 1951 our fast bowler Gordon Flint took six wickets in one over, the main point about this he hit the wicket of each batsman out bowled, no catches or LBW.

Students 1950

Ted Chase, Phil Wade, Mick Powell, David Snellgrove, Ron Nye, John Conduit, Dave Durrant, David Hawkes, Graham Hobbs, Charlie Batt, Frank Pridham, Bob Crofts, Michael Miller, Bill Lang (West Indies), Jacovities and Garolides (Cyprus), Bill Young, T Robinson, John Butcher, Mick Terry, John Morris, Bill Belton, Freddie Platt, Freddie Gannet, Pat King, Chalky White, Adrian Hartley, Fred Webster and myself Les Howe.

The course was made up of quite a wide age class. I think there were 3 or 4 around 20 years, with David Hawkes probably the youngest. The rest were mainly ex-servicemen and the age spread up to 30years, who came through the Forest Worker Training course..

There was already a course in progress when we arrived, they were just starting the second year. The names I recall are Ron Bailey, Gerry Hackett, Talbot Bashall, Eric Irons, Ted Lewis, Dickie Bell and Ralph Hodgson.

The following year (1951-53) I can recall Henry Smith, Peter Daborn, Peter Davys, Eric Rogers and Rex Howell.

The progress and make up of the course was probably the same as at the other schools, which included a change of school for the second year from Christmas to Easter. Part of my course went to Glentress where we met students from the other schools. I only remember a few names from that period, John Keenleyside (he was obviously a candidate for quick promotion).

Ken Baker who became a research forester based at Exeter.

A scots lad called Dobbie who I think was a professional footballer.

Back at Lynford we found that Mr Streets had been replaced by Mr Tulloch. We continued work and lectures from Mr Gough (DO), Mr Leyton Jenkins and Mr Don Sherrell (Foresters).

I think without any reflection on the others we preferred Mr Jenkin's style of putting his lectures across.

Our leisure time included cricket and football matches against local teams and one or two dances.

At Christmas time we provided local children with a party.

There was also a selection of activities such as Camera club, Botany, Bird watching and at one time Ted Lewis began a jazz club which meant sending away for suitable records.

There was a library which included a selection of books from Norwich Library.

I recall that Freddie Platt was a dab hand at wood artistry.

The top boy on our course was Frank Pridham who led the way right from the start. After completing the course he took an appointment in Africa. I Think Ron Nye finished up in New Zealand and John Morris out in Malaya and other eastern countries.

It is probably worth noting that very few students were vehicle mobile, we went everywhere on bikes.

Lynford Hall was situated in very attractive gardens which I think included a lake. Some episodes of Dads Army were taken locally and at one time right in the garden area.

I also recall being awakened early by low flying aircraft taking part in war games in the well known battle area.

The Hall was very attractive and most of the rooms were large enough to take 6 to 8 students although some were were unlucky enough to be placed in the dungeons.

Les Howe 1950-52.



LYNFORD HALL



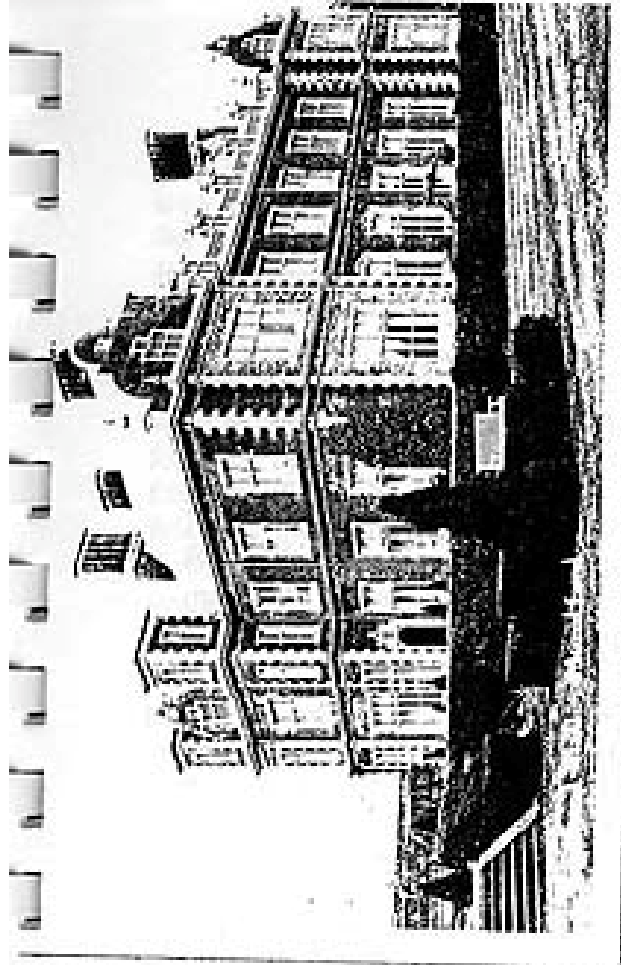
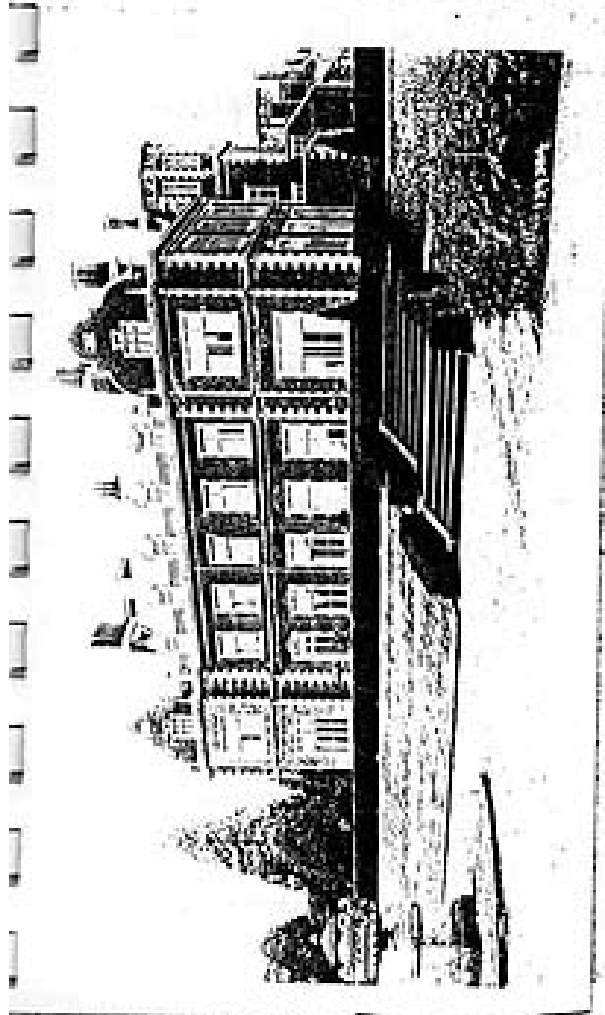
STUDENT TRANSPORT



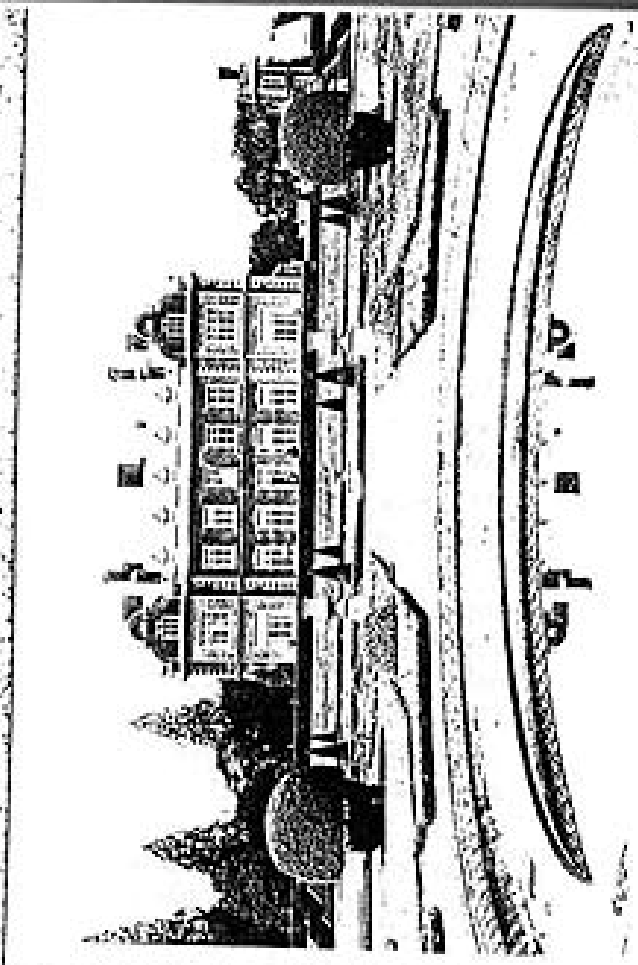
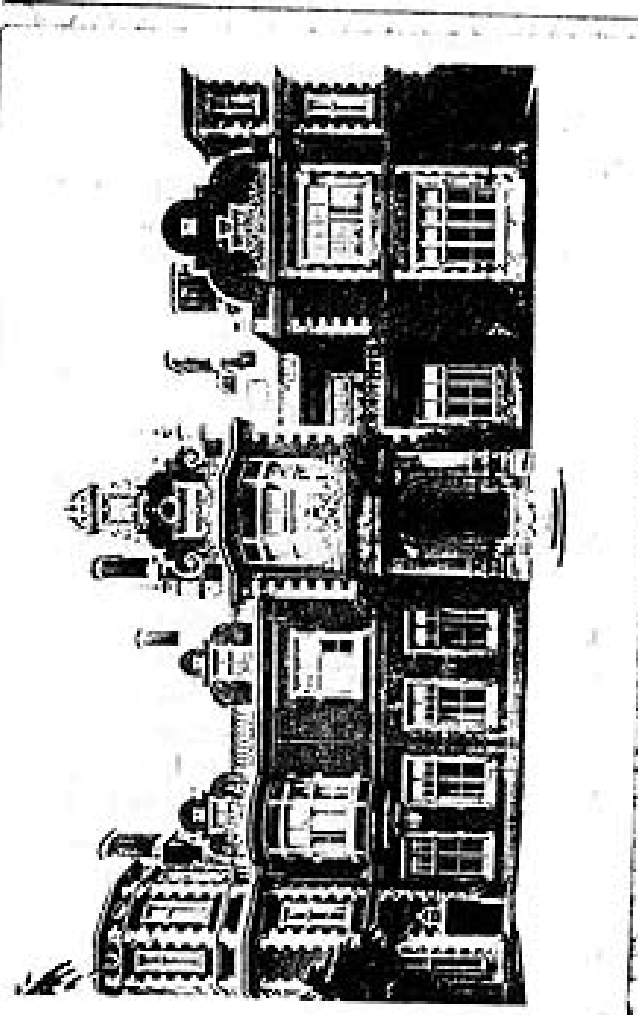
MR LISTER SAW DOCTOR



Bill Belton Photographer



FROM ERIC ROGERS
1951-53



LYNFORD HALL FORESTER TRAINING SCHOOL 1951-53 H.J.Smith

The next move was to the above training school to train as a forester for the Forestry Commission. It was a two year course in practical and theoretical forestry to qualify as a forester supervisor..

Margaret came with me to Liverpool Street station to see me off to Norfolk:

The train arrived at Brandon station in the dark and a lorry awaited us to take us to Lynford Hall. There were about 15-20 young men from all parts of England full of enthusiasm for the next two years. We arrived at the school, a rather imposing building with an avenue Sequoia trees. We were allocated rooms and I was in one of the so called dungeons in the basement with 5 others, all unknown to me. We had army style single beds and one washbasin. There was a communal bathroom elsewhere. From the group photograph later you would see they were all respectable people.

The upstairs rooms were occupied by the senior students

The principal was a Scotsman called Mr Tulloch with Mr Goff as assistant Principal. These were Forest Officers. There were two forester instructors called Mr Jenkins and Mr Sherrell. There was, briefly, a younger instructor called Caborn.

There was a catering officer called Humphreys and a cook called Black Annie, a very large woman (more of her later).

The routine in the first year was working in the week in Thetford Forest with one day of lectures. On Saturday morning we travelled in the two school lorries to study botany in the Technical College. The lorries were driven by two of our fellow students and it used to be a race to see who would get there first which was dangerous and exciting. There was little other traffic because at that time Norfolk was rather a depressed area apart from the US Airforce at Lakenheath.

During these visits I bought a set of kitchen tools with one weeks allowance. (I had married Margaret the previous June). These are still with us after 49 years and in good condition. On another occasion when I was going home for the weekend I bought a large pineapple for 5 shillings. Otherwise I was very careful with my small amount of money. Margaret was working and supporting herself.

We split up into gangs with a ganger in charge. Each student had had a chance of being a ganger. We were doing normal work in the forest but were supervised by our instructors rather than local staff. We had outings including private estates.

We had end of term examinations and a personal assessments.

At Christmas the seniors departed for their exchange term at one of the other schools and after Christmas we had seniors from the other schools. This gave us contact with students from all over the country.

At this point I was elected to be school librarian. Books were supplied by Norfolk County Council. When the books came for exchange the Librarian was someone who was junior to me at Borden Grammar School.

Surprisingly, with a mixed bag of people from all over the country we had little conflict and seemed to band together as a group.

We studied silviculture, mensuration, pathology, botany, entomology, surveying, tree measuring, tree recognition and FC rules and regulations. Some of us took the exam for the Royal Forestry Society for England and Wales for a Forestry Certificate.

There were some amusing incidents. We were in a field close to the school having our

photographs taken sitting on a donkey until someone noticed that the donkey was crawling with fleas. Another was when our seniors were felling one of the sequoias in the avenue. There was a group of them at the base of the tree and a rope. Mr Jenkins warned the students that the rope was attached to the tree. As the tree fell the rope caught the foot of one of the students and as he was dragged along Mr Jenkins said as the student passed by, "I told you so."

We all had a week with the local warrener to learn about vermin control. My warrener explained the layout of roads. He said the mouse made a track which was followed by the rabbit. The fox followed the rabbit and enlarged the track. The deer followed the track made by the fox. The man and the horse followed. Then the cart followed the route and eventually man laid hardcore to be followed by tarmac. It explained why country roads sometimes follow a tortuous route. Modern roads straightened these out.

He also taught us how to set snares and traps.

One of our instructors was driving in the school car along the road to Lynford Hall, passed the Principal's wife who was walking towards the school. Within her sight he stopped to pick up his dog. The next day he was on the school motorbike. He is dead now so wouldn't be offended.

We were thinning Ash Carr by the lake in the school grounds. We had a small tractor driven by a forest worker extracting the timber. It was an airbourne which used to be dropped on the battle area by the army. It was frosty and the tractor was difficult to start. The driver got very frustrated and lost his temper which made matters worse. I was his mate and completely unused to machinery but I said to him, "let me have a go". I carefully turned the handle and the machine started first time!

One of our seniors Ron Nye told me that when he had finished the forestry course he was going on a Mosaic Flooring course (he didn't). There were many such courses at that time for ex-servicemen.

Ron also wrote to me from his home in Kent (his father was a diamond merchant) and said he went to the labour exchange each week and met the nicest people

queueing up for their dole. He also wrote to me from Finland where he was on a cycling holiday.

He caused problems at the school by once blowing up a waste paper basket in his bedroom. He once showed me a crib for a botany examination about the size of his finger nail- it might have been on his finger nail! I also heard later that he had been in charge of a survey party in India and became lost and lost the job. I heard much later that he had gone to New Zealand and got a job in research and had done very well.

In the second year my friend Paul Winkworth from Gillingham, Kent bought a car. I had been going home by train but he invited me to go to Gillingham in his car and Margaret used to meet me at Gillingham bus station on a Saturday. We crossed the Thames on the ferry and on one trip there was a violent thunderstorm. It was black with heavy rain, thunder and lightning and we couldn't see either bank. It was like being at sea. The ferry survived and the sun shone when we reached the Kent coast.

One sunday afternoon we went to Gillingham to meet Paul for the return journey. He was at the bus station and told us the car had broken down so we would have to go back on Monday. We did go back on Monday and resumed work on Tuesday. I was in charge of a gang of juniors. In the evening we were called to the Principal's office and told we were suspended for the Wednesday.

He deducted the pay for the two days absence including the cost of board.

A certain Black Annie has been mentioned before, a large woman dressed in old fashioned clothing who was our cook. The food was rather poor, although working hard in the woods we were always hungry. At one union meeting one of the senior students put forward a motion to sack the cook, but he said it should be an appeal from the whole union rather than him personally. Nothing was done about it. Later Black Annie was away for two or three days and when she returned we were told she had had a baby. There was no evidence of a husband but he may have been around somewhere.

The year before I went there a complaint had been made about the sandwiches we took out when we were working in the forest. They were made up by the kitchen staff. One of the students complained he was given a porridge sandwich and another said he had a marmite sandwich which had a thin line of marmite from one corner to the other.

We had fish and chips for the evening meal on Wednesday. The fish and chip man came at midday and when we ate in the evening it was pretty horrible. Saturday morning we had a boiled egg. The eggs were boiled overnight and left in the saucepan of water. The eggs when cut open were green. Following complaints the kitchen head said that whenever there was a surplus there was always a rush for it. Of course we were working hard and needed the food.

The chap in charge said, I am only allowed £1 per week for each student.

Whenever I had a weekend at home Margaret would bake me a pie and other things to keep me going.

The sandwich problem was changed by the time I arrived. The bread and fillings were on the breakfast table for us to make up our own sandwiches, which was an improvement.

There was a fish and chip shop in Mundford in one of the cottages which was well used by students. Unfortunately after a time it was closed and the room let to an American airman.

At the end of the fourth term we all went our different ways for a term at another school. I was supposed to go to one of the Scottish schools but if I went there I would be unable to go home in term time because of the expense. I told the Principal I had worked in the north and I would prefer to go to the Dean school to which he agreed. I must have been more popular with him than I thought.

LYNFORD

I remember seeing a woodcock in the school grounds pick up a young bird between its legs and fly a short way and deposit the young bird safely.

I remember a bat flying along the corridor in the dungeons.

Eric Rogers had a mosquito net over his bed which caused some hilarity.

The central heating was fed by a huge solid fuel boiler in the cellar.

I remember taking Mike Whitlock on the back of my motor bike to the Broads where we saw a bearded tit, the only one I've ever seen.

The only time I've got drunk was when we hired a bus to take us to Kings Lynn for something or other and we went pub crawling and I was put to bed by Peter Gascoigne.

I remember a couple of our seniors felling a Sequoia in the Avenue with axes and cross cut saw. They felled it so low that you stepped down on to the stump.

I seem to remember seeing red squirrels in the lane and the big pines but never saw a deer.

Peter Davys 1951-1953.

LYNFORD HALL 1951- 1953

Back row; Pat Marsh Wilf Meek Pete Gascoigne Keith Shaw Paul Collings Alan Flint
Eric Rogers Henry Smith Ray Monk John Webster
Middle row Ted Baldwin Rex Howell Peter Kirby Peter Davys Dickie Bird Peter
Daborn Peter Pritchard Neil Cochrane
Front row Mike Whitlock Norman Fugler Bill Tyler Paul Winkworth

CHARLIE HINDS



The journey from home, Carstairs to London (Euston) on a crowded train.

Across London to Liverpool Street and the journey to Brandon. First sight of the pinewoods of Thetford Chase.

Arrival at Brandon to be met by Don Sherrell and the famous Bruiser.

The long, straight on the first part of the journey from the station to Mundford. The road flanked by rows of Corsican pine.

Through the arch and into the courtyard at Lynford Hall.

Allocated to a room on the upper floor, sharing with two other students, Allan Green (Dodger) from Essex and Peter Bell (Dinger) from Surrey.

A little job to do before tea. Alex Davidson and I, two staunch Presbyterians, collecting material (cones and branchlets of scots pine and norway spruce) for the Church of England Harvest Festival. For the Vicar the Rev Rokeby.

OUR BEDROOM

On the upper floor with a view across the lawn and formal gardens to the lake. A bed with a thin mattress, starched linen sheets and army blankets. A rickety wardrobe, a set of drawers and a light with a low wattage bulb. We soon got a 150watt bulb, replacing it every morning as Jack the spy reported back to the man in charge. We bought a small radio from another student for 10 shillings, used it for our time at Lynford and sold it on for 10 shillings at the end of two years.

The imposing entry to the hall and the staircase, the dining room with the tables and forms, each table accommodating six students.

The massive sitting room used for the end of term dances.

The room with the full size billiard table. Oak panelled walls and the big open fire. I remember the roasted chestnuts at the end of the first term.

THE STAFF

Norman Tulloch the Principal. A canny Scot from around the Firth of Forth. To stay awake during his lectures took a great effort. He would talk at great length about Glentress school and forest in Peebleshire, his previous assignment. Years later when I was at Wauchope in S(S) the young forester Jimmy Wilson had just come from Faskally. He reckoned the T man as he called Tulloch at Faskally school had talked at great length about Thetford Chase. I think that sums up Norman Tulloch.

Phil Gough, a Yorkshire gentleman from a forestry family. One brother was a head forester in Yorkshire and another brother worked as a forest worker. He moved to Benmore and I met up with him again when I was on exchange at Benmore in the spring of 1954. To be quite honest I can't remember what subjects he took (ED, mensuration)

Leighton Jenkins, an ebullient Welshman from the Valleys. (Ed. still alive 2001). Specialising in nurseries and costings. A staunch supporter of the CSU. He also had a brother in the FC. Might even have been a twin brother. I remember seeing a photograph of a pre war group of students at the Dean and they were both in the group.

Don Sherrell, a west countryman. A contemporary of the cricketer Graveney, brother of Gloucester and England fame. Don was a chain smoker of roll your own cigarettes. Silviculture his main subject. Fire danger exists whenever there is insufficient moisture to prevent all types of vegetation from igniting and the rabbit is an unmitigated pest still springs readily to the mind.

Donald Plant. He arrived when Phil Gough departed to Benmore. Being unmarried he had to have accommodation in the school. It caused a bit of upheaval as he needed a bigish room. I do believe at a later date he married the Clerkess Miss Johnstone and left to take up teaching. His one claim to fame was the playing of the trumpet (badly). When at university he actually calculated the rate of growth of a scots pine shoot in miles per hour. Forever after known as the rule of Plant.

Mr Humphries, the warden. Reputed to have been a NAAFI manager and it showed. Miss Prior the "cook". I'll be PC and refrain from using her nickname. She was quite a sight on her bicycle.

The central european couple who also did a bit of cooking when they were not arguing with each other. She was not the most beautiful woman in the world and was having an amorous dalliance with one of our year, David Bryant. They left suddenly as did Mr Bryant.

The old codger who didn't appear to have a name. He would appear at mealtimes dishing out the grub including the disgusting stew.

Jack the spy no.1 cleaner.

Penny Slack Alice the other half of the cleaning staff.

Bruiser. What did he do other than fix the water pump when it broke down.

Food. I should say to the start that before going to forestry school I stayed at home with my parents. My mother had been a professional cook and I had been used to good wholesome food well cooked and presented.

Food was of course still rationed but we were told there would be plenty of bread and potatoes. I never tried the porridge. The sight of it was enough for me especially when it was the turn of Miss Prior to do the cooking. Meagre helpings of cornflakes (not Kelloggs). We overcame this by being down early for breakfast, tipping two helpings into one plate and slipping the empty plate on to the plates provided for the porridge. The week's choice would be fatty bacon, sausage, scrambled egg and that was about it.

We were rationed to one pound of sugar a week. Everyone had a jam jar. At our table we had an extra jar labelled Herbert. This jar went up every Monday morning and was collected every Monday night filled up.

We made up our sandwiches for lunch, half a pound of margarine divided into six portions. Fillings would be dates, a piece of really fatty ham or Marmite as a special treat.

Dinner was two courses. The one thing that sticks in my mind was the disgusting "stew". Sweets included steamed sponge puddings and stewed rhubarb in season. I can only remember having soup once in the whole two years. It was to be a special treat one night for supper. Thankfully it was never repeated.. I think they got the soup mixed up with the dishwater.

During the first term we had one good meal in the week. On wednesday nights we had fish and chips for supper courtesy of the travelling chippy.

Saturday and Sunday we had a midday lunch and a cooked meal at teatime. I remember the rissoles, mainly potato and deep fried Spam in batter and for a special treat a bun with with currants and raisins in it.

WORK

My first job was with friend de Whalley on maintenance of fences. I remember him putting in a new straining post. He dug a hole about a yard square and deep enough for the strainer. He stuck the strainer in the middle of the hole and proceeded to fill

in the hole, pounding everything in and fixing struts on the strainers to make it firm. I dug the next one as I had been taught. A hole just big enough to take the strainer. The second fortnight was spent brashing Corsican pine with a billhook.

ROUDHAM NURSERY.

With Arthur Pyewell. A wonderful really down to earth character. Lining out with the short boards in a mild December. Sitka Spruce going out as 1+1 with a little bit of Nitro Chalk. The following spring preparing the seed beds and sowing the seed. One day we had a real dust storm. Had to shelter amongst the trees and could not see the trains on the railway line. Thankfully we had the grit on the beds before the worst of the gale. Back again in summer hand weeding the beds and hoeing between the transplant lines. I remember some of the characters who worked in the nursery. Their broad Norfolk accents. They would no sooner sat down at lunch time when out would come the cribbage board.

The other nurseries at Lynford Point and Diddlington. Diddlington was a weedy nursery. Lifting Corsican Pine without stripping the roots was almost impossible.

Screefing and planting CP on the sweating course at Diddlington, I take it where the horses were exercised. Planting behind the East Anglian screefing plough, again at Diddlington.

The usual hand weeding in the plantations, monotonous and back breaking.

Marking thinnings (SP) on a damp morning with bracken up to your thighs. I visited some of those areas in 1976 and was surprised how little growth had been put on.

The thinning squads on Thetford were tough characters with their bow saws, light axe and peeling spade they produced a lot of timber. Someone did tell me that at one time there were twelve men undergoing hernia operations.

I remember our attempts at thinning. Pat Dineen and I were working away one day when there was a hell of a bang. One of our American friends going through the sound barrier. We were sure there had been a mid air explosion.

We did a bit of felling at Brandon Park. On Monday morning a council lorry would appear. Some places still had dry closets and this was collection day. Don't know what happened to the load but if the wind was blowing in the wrong direction it was a disgusting stink.

I spent a week with the local warrener. Probably the most interesting week in the whole two years. The Imbra trap had just been introduced and he could only catch rabbits when they were emerging from their burrows. He was a mine of information.

Went around the nest box scheme with Peter Daborn. Never any nesting birds.

The beetle traps. Checking for the Pine weevil and renewing the billets of wood with Ted Baldwin.

Another interesting time was at the nursery at Brandon Park collecting Lawson Cypress and Thuya cones. This was compensated by some tuition on grafting apples and pears.

One day R.T.Rowland and I were sent out to fell poplars. Presented with a good looking cross cut saw. Not making much progress with the saw I found that someone, attempting to sharpen the saw, had failed to reduce the height of the rakers so the cutting teeth were not doing their job. No one on the staff knew the first thing about saw sharpening. An old codger (ED Mr Lister) used to come up from Mundford to give instruction on the upkeep of bowsaw blades. He had the broadest Norfolk accent and I for one could not understand one word of what he said.

We had a visit from the chief education officer Mr G.D.Rouse. He had with him a

light weight axe of Swiss design (an Altis). I remember Tulloch asking me to try it out. I didn't think much of it and told him so. Elwell make perfectly good light axes. I must admit that I had all my working life used the American style axe but I was converted to using the English style wedge axe at Lynford. Looking back I don't recall ever being shown how to use any tool or implement by the training foresters.

VISITING EXPERTS

Dr Neil Chrystall the entomologist spent his time trying to sell his book. Would even autograph it. Davie Thomas, who looked like a cherub, could not get over being propositioned by the good doctor on the back stairs and left the school voluntarily shortly after the visit.

T.R.PEACE Forest Pathologist

An expert on the breeding of Poplars. This at the time when estate owners and farmers were encouraged to plant up odd corners of land with poplars. I wonder what happened to all the poplars when the plastic baskets came on the market.

Dr Myles Crooke FC entomologist

He always made the study of insects interesting.

Allan Gracie, Forester on Mundford beat.

He came up at night during the first two terms to give extra tuition on Maths.

THE VILLAGE

Olletts General store and petrol station. Mr Ollett, sometimes known as Ned Kelly. Did it also double as the Post Office?

Emms General store. He was a strange character but had a well stocked store.

The Crown Hotel with mine host Albert Alberg. A native of Newcastle who had been a chief engineer. His cap and his fiddle were on display in a glass case on the bar. On special occasions, at closing time the fiddle would be taken reverently from it's case and Albert would give us a tune. The Lynford glee club would in return give out with Blaydon Races. Albert was not very tall but his wife was a biggish lady. All heart. Even the village copper would join in on a Saturday night.

The Kings Arms. An entirely different establishment with a miserable looking landlord.

The Oddfellows Hall. The social heart of the village, famous for it's dancing classes

The football field. Some hard, tough games played there.

CORONATION DAY at Mundford. A cold wet miserable day weatherwise. We had a tug of war team at the sports and won the competition. Come to think of it we never did receive the prize. Everything was so wet they had great difficulty lighting their bonfire. Warwick Deal, forester at Lynford beat was master of ceremonies. All rounded off with the grand dance at night.

The Saturday Market at Swaffham. A stall that sold ex Army clothing, mainly American. Owned by a man originally from Ayr.

The school cricket team under the leadership of, firstly Norman Fugler and then by John Brain. We visited a fair number of the local villages. Weeting Manor the best wicket we played on. Reputed to have been played on by W.G.Grace. West Dereham famous for the quality of it's food, plentifully laid out on trestle tables in the old cart shed adjoining the cricket pitch. One elderly bowler who played showing his braces. Methwold on the edge of the Fen country.

One of the Pickenhams. The pavilion was an old double decker bus. The wicket, matting on grass. A wicked combination. A bruised thumb off the bowling of Farmer Jones, it bothered me for years.

The Battle area. The pavilion, the fuselage of a Halifax bomber and a real umpire with a white coat. I can still hear his "That is the over ball" at the end of each over. Santon Downham. Where we had the pleasure of playing against Charlie Redford BEM, the forester at Santon.

Cycling to a village beyond Thetford, I think it was Croxon. Stopping off on the way home for a refreshment in the Red Lion at Thetford and the beautiful young lady who sold the War Cry.

Three memories from the cricket. Dinger Bell ducking so low to what he thought was a short pitched ball that he was actually clean bowled.

John Clark's catch at mid wicket from a full blooded swing and Brian Birtwell's throw from the boundary right on to the stumps for a run out.

In 1999 the old concrete wicket was still to be seen and the memories came flooding back.

Playing football for Mundford in the South Norfolk league. Even travelled by bus to away games as far away as Diss. The leading light in the football club was Bill Tapper (could have been a nickname). We actually had to be registered with the Football Association for the princely sum of 2/6d per season.

The Saturday morning ritual for the first year was the trip to King's Lynn for our Botany and Biology class where we had some real tuition from a professional. The journey through Northwold, Stoke Ferry of duck pond fame into King's Lynn. The hundreds of pheasants in the fields. All shades from silver to black. The squads, mainly women harvesting the sugar beet. Lifting and topping and tailing by hand. I wonder how many fingers were lost. In the spring the same squads spreading dung.

The end of term dance. People came from far and wide. December 1952 when Roy Stimson had so tastefully decorated the big sitting room with loads of crepe paper. Mr Humphries deciding that the lighting was much too muted and going round all the lights removing the paper.

December 1953 when a company of us went round the village singing carols and making sure a good sum of money went into the Crown Hotel's Christmas box to the delight of Albert Alberg. Even managed a drink from the Rev. Rokeby.

As you can see it was not all work.

In the winter there was a dance class in the Oddfellows Hall and some of us went to Brandon to the Square dancing, complete with professional caller. Strenuous stuff but enjoyable.

The day of reckoning came at last. Final exams and the presentation of certificates by the then Deputy Director General Sir Henry Beresford Pierse BL who ended his speech by declaring that we would have an extra days holiday. Appreciated by all.

I remember early on Don Sherrell talking about the countryside and saying "It will grow on you". As far as I was concerned it did grow on me. Met some wonderful characters and an experience I have never forgotten. Fond memories.

I have been back to the Brecklands. Took me twenty two years. In 76 and 78 we spent holidays at Heacham and visited Lynford Hall. In 91 we were at Gt Yarmouth and did the grand tour of Thetford Chase and in 99 at Northwold and at Sunny Hunny.

We started off with 36 students. At the end of the two years down to 27 and by the beginning of 1957 another ten had fallen by the wayside.

Two phenomena occurred during the two years. 31st January 1953 The great gale and floods. In King's Lynn on the Saturday morning the manhole covers were flying

around. A fountain of water at every manhole.

A week after the floods some of us went down to fill sandbags to try and plug a huge gap on the banks of the Great Ouse.. It was quite a sight. The man made banks on the river, wide enough to take a football pitch and with this massive gap in the bank. The end of June 1954. After three or four really dull days, a sudden clearance giving rise to a radiation frost. A grass minimum of 20 degrees Fahr followed by a daytime high of 70 degrees Fahr. The bracken was all completely frosted. Scots and Corsican Pines frosted for two or three feet covered by the rolling frost. The tops of the trees having been above the frost level, still green.

Students 1952-54

Jim Kennard from Crowborough in Sussex. A member of the Society of Sussex Downsmen. Sussex, the centre of the universe for Jim.

Terry McGrath from the south coast. Southampton or Portsmouth. A motor bike enthusiast. Did scrambling and trials. Transferred to MOD.

Roy Stimson an ex steward on the Queen Mary. Left the FC.

Bill Summers ex pilot officer the RAF. Also left the FC.

A.A.Green from Essex. A room mate at Lynford. Spent a good deal of time in Research. Now lives in Lossie mouth. Though not a Scot he did the next best thing. He married a Scots girl.

Ian Wood from the south east. Suffered terribly from hay fever.

Frank Carpenter also from the south east. Left the FC.

John Fogden from the south west. John had a little sports car and used to do time trials. Left the FC.

John Wilson Harper from Birkenhead ex navy. left FC.

Pat Dineen ex RAF regiment. Played a bit of tennis.

Derek Fulcher. Finished up in Education Branch. Met him once or twice in Edinburgh.

Pete Lawrence from Northampton. Fast bowler with with a whirlwind bowling action. Left FC.

Allan Nichols from Thetford. Spent some time in the Chase and was for a time in Kielder. Used to hear his voice on the radio (Kiel Fire Control)

John Clark. His claim to fame was the wonder catch he caught. Left FC.

Keith Shaw the baby of the course. He went to Roudham and spent most of his time in East Anglia.

Allan Lamb an ex captain in the King's African Rifles. Left the FC.

John Woods was from Norfolk. Died a comparatively young man.

Alex Davidson from Aberdeen. Managed to get back to the north east of Scotland.

Dennis Goodbody from Northampton. He had his BSA Bantam motor cycle. He was banished to Wales.

Peter Bayston from the south east. Spent his later FC years in South Scotland and now lives in Gervan area.

Peter Bell from Surrey. My other room mate. Another motorcycle enthusiast. At times he would have parts of the bike in the room being repaired. He went to Research but sadly died three or four years after leaving the school. He had suspected that he had cancer and sadly took his own life

Mike Burke from Newcastle. Had worked at Kielder. He went to Nyasaland.
Bryan Birtwell from Burnley. Left the FC and worked for Lancashire County Council.
We still exchange letters at Christmas.
Keith Dickenson a Yorkshireman. Left FC to work with Greens the timber merchant.
Two not on the photograph.
David Montagu Tibbles from Plymouth. A dead ringer for Malcome Muggeridge.
First person I ever saw with tinted spectacles. He went to Yorkshire, developed polio
and lived as a recluse in the forest until his death.
John Brain from the Forest of Dean. One claim to fame he inherited three small coal
mines in the forest. I met John at a couple of courses in Edinburgh. Still played
cricket in his fifties. Now lives in Exeter.

Publications

FC Journal 1951 No.22 page 104 Breckland Bird Studies by F.H.Pridham and
T.S.Flint. (Lynford School Bird Club)
page 161 Old Brecks or New Forests.
FC Journal 1952-54 No. 23 Report of Lynford School Bird Club 1953 D.A.Sherrell
Raids on nest boxes by weasels D.A.Sherrell
FC Journal 1955 No.24 Bird notes from Lynford Hall N.W.Tulloch.
FC Journal 1957 No.26 Photograph of Lynford Hall Plate 29 The met station with
R.J.Streets and T.L.Jenkins looking on.

I arrived at Brandon station rather late one dark evening in
early October 1951 after a long journey by train from Cornwall
where I had been working. I was met by a senior student driving
a lorry which transported me to Lynford Hall where I was escorted
to a dormitory bedroom in the basement (cellar?). I was one of
the last of my course to arrive and found that I was sharing the
room with about five other students.

Next day after a typical Lynford breakfast (I leave others to
comment upon the meals) and after, very little introduction, it
was out to work. This involved cycling to Didlington nursery and
weeding transplant lines using a dutch hoe and hands.
Fortunately, the weeds were not numerous and the job not so
tedious as hand weeding seedbeds which came later. I will
mention here that every student had to possess a bicycle.
Although two lorries were in use to transport larger numbers of
students to more far flung parts of Thetford Chase, bicycles were
needed for small groups travelling shorter distances.
Incidentally, the lorries were a Ford and a Thorneycroft.

The newly appointed principal of the Forester Training School
(Norman Tulloch) had not yet taken up the post when we arrived as
he was on sick leave. The school was in the charge of P.C.
(Percy) Gough. Eventually Norman Tulloch arrived and with his
family moved into a flat at the top of the Hall. This had its
disadvantages for all concerned as will be seen.

Saturday mornings during the first year saw us travelling to
Kings Lynn to attend botany classes at the Technical College.
This was looked upon as an outing and not taken seriously by all
the students. The morning break gave us the chance of exploring
the delights of Kings Lynn! I remember one fellow student, who
shall be nameless, buying shrimps and cooking them up on the

college bunsen burner.

At one stage we were silent actors in a film about forest fires. This involved the usual film production "mock up" with much use of smoke canisters. It probably looked very realistic in the finished product but not at the time of filming. The film company either left a smoke canister behind or one was purloined by a group of students (I am not sure which) and hidden in the wood where the filming took place. When November 5th arrived this was retrieved and ignited in the main entrance hall of the school. Igniting such a device in a more confined space than the open air caused an effect greater than the perpetrators realised. The smoke penetrated most of the building and was accompanied by a general pillow fight - seniors against juniors. The general mayhem, although principally the smoke, caused Norman Tulloch to make an appearance from his 'eyrie' at the top of the building. I seem to remember that having discovered what was going on he was fairly reasonable about the affair. No one was punished. In fact it would have to have been a general punishment if one was imposed because all the students were involved.

I was elected chairman of the Students' Union for one term but lost the job at the next election. I was probably not very successful although the task was difficult because we did not have official standing with Forestry Commission hierarchy although we were listened to by local management. We did have one success although it was probably not finalised after I ceased to be Chairman. This was an allowance in lieu of a travel warrant for travelling to and from home during holidays. A number of students had motorbikes and one or two cars which they wished to use for travelling home rather than travel by train. They had to sign an indemnity form absolving the F.C. from any claim whilst travelling by such means. This the students were reluctant to do claiming that if they were involved in an accident involving a F.C. vehicle they would be in a difficult position legally.

We also tried to obtain a subsistence allowance whilst on holiday but this claim was rejected. The response was that if the students could not afford to live at home they should forgo their holidays. Needless to say, this reply, to put it mildly, was not well received. All negotiations had to be conducted with the principal who passed matters such as those referred to the Chief Education Officer.

Our tenure in the basement bedroom came to an end when we became the senior course. We were then moved to a more congenial room on the first floor with, in my case, a view over the lawns to the lake. Our move to a higher level in the building was eventually followed by a move to higher things career wise (at least for some of us).

M.D. Whitlock

LYNFORD FORESTER TRAINING SCHOOL 1952-1954

Back row; Jim Kennard, Terry McGrath, Roy Stimson, Bill Summers, Allan (Dodger) Green, Ian Wood.

Middle row; Frank Carpenter, John Fogden, John Wilson Harper, Pat Dineen, Derek Fulcher, Pete Lawrence, Allan Nichols, John Clark, Tom Nelson, Keith Shaw, Allan Lamb.

Front row; John Woods, Alex Davidson, Dennis Goodbody, Peter Baystone, Peter (Dinger) Bell, Mike Burke, Brian Birtwell, Keith Dickenson.

Reading from left to right.

