

## Lorna Newbold



I was at Queen's Park School in the 1930s and one of my strongest memories is of the cookery classes, which were not held in the school itself. We had to walk to Bromham Road and go to a building behind Priory Terrace. We had to pair up with a partner and my partner and me always seemed to be in trouble. One particular day we left a tea towel on a lighted stove. So no marks that day.



Girls in summer dresses 1930's (loaned by Mrs Smallwood)



1930's (loaned by Mrs Smallwood)

*Photographs from 'The Living Memory: The History of Queen's Park School'*

We used to sneak currants and sultanas out of the bottles but there was a mirror between the two rooms we worked in and invariably the teacher caught us red handed. We had to carry the meals home but inevitably there were a few accidents en route! Unfortunately for me, the teacher whose name was Miss Cook, lodged two houses down from where I lived in Cutcliffe Grove so I lived in trepidation in case she reported my lapse in behaviour. My cooking efforts usually ended up in the bin, as mother never thought they were worth eating. She never allowed us in her kitchen, so it's not surprising that I've done little cooking in my life particularly as I had a sister ten years older than me. Being a teacher, she arrived home before me and did the necessary at lunchtimes. Arriving an hour later, I did the clearing up. Now at 84 all I have to do is to purchase "Ready Meals"!