

I Googled MHGS, as I spent several happy years there (from 1951-58). I didn't realize at the time that Mr Armishaw was new in 1951. I remember later standing in his room and him asking what A-level subjects I intended to take (he studied languages too). He told me he loved travelling "but", said Mr A "my wife is an armchair traveller". I often wondered whether his travels were curtailed as I can't imagine he travelled alone.

I have many happy memories of my time there but it's the small details that stick in the memory most vividly after all these years. In first form Mrs Chadwick, maths teacher, checking the boys finger nails and knees for cleanliness (they wore short trousers then) . In second form grappling with biting dogs and Trojan wars. Most pupils found Latin irrelevant and boring but I loved it and went on to study it at A-level.

In third form, although only 4ft10", I took to netball and became a pretty good shooter, practising with the 4th form girls.

I remember finding a wooded hollow to the left of the gate to the playing field. My friends and I formed a secret society on the lines of Enid Blyton's "Famous Five". We must have enjoyed this for at least a year before the school found out about our "den" and banned us. I remember school dinners which were fine by me, except the mashed swede - you could smell it a mile off - and the tapioca, the "frog spawn" curse of that era.

I loved every minute at Moseley Hall, did well at my subjects, made friends, although unlike them I never grew much taller and was never into partying : drink, drugs and the like. I had a crush on the French teacher and decided to follow in her footsteps in the future (with high heels and a grey suit!.) but tragic circumstances put paid to that.

Some memories are as fresh as ever. At the end of my last year there was a leaving party. Having secretly discovered that my favourite (geography) teacher was to be there I managed to be at the top of the grand staircase at the same time. He armed me down in my fine party dress and unaccustomed high heels. Halfway down, smiling graciously, I lost my footing and he had to grab me around the waist. Not the grand entrance I had planned. And I remember so well what he said. "Are you alright? Don't worry - you'll mend but your tights won't!"

I still have a school photo in front of the black-and-white building. I was sad to hear it had been pulled down
I've had an interesting life since: family life, travel, ESOL teaching to Asians etc. But that's another story.....

Alder Allen
(MHGS 1951-1958)