

I remember being waste monitor at the school. Together with my friend, Gerald Powell, I had to carry the bucket of kitchen waste up the hill to the farm where it was to be used as pigswill, but the geese were very aggressive and we dropped the bucket and ran away.

There were two stone-built classrooms and, when I arrived, two portacabins. A third was added later. The reception class was in the portacabin in the playground and class two was in the one across the road in the park. When the third was added, also in the park, those two became the infants' school. The one in the playground became Standards I and II, with Mrs. Lane, who had previously been Head, and only, teacher at St. George's School, which closed in 1970.

Mrs. Lane had some strong interests. She loved Bible stories, poetry, and nature walks. Poetry is the one that stuck with me. She read us *The Lays of Ancient Rome* (Horatius guarding the bridge) when we were seven, and we loved it. She was passionate about nature walks, and could talk for ages about the ecology of the local area.

On the day the new school opened, we all assembled at the old school, and marched to the new site. I was in Standard IV, the oldest year group, and we led the way.

The new school was exciting. It had indoor toilets and a kitchen. Previously Mrs Fox had simply kept the food delivered from Cardiff warm for us. Now she was cooking fresh food, which was much better.

In parallel with the changes at the school, the village's greatest landmark also changed.

Some time in the early 70s, the White Bridge was closed to traffic over two tons. The refuse truck was banned from Wyndham Park. Rees Griffiths, the farmer would collect our black refuse bags and take them to the bridge to be picked up.

Once Wyndham Park Way was constructed, the White Bridge was closed to all traffic and the footbridge was built. The old bridge must have been stronger than it looked, because Rees Griffiths would still take his herd of cows across it twice a day.

The White Bridge was still standing when I left the village in 1974, but the fiftieth anniversary of its demolition must be coming up. It amuses me that people still refer to it on the Facebook group, with the rubber duck race being described as running from the White Bridge to the Stone Bridge.

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Congratulations to Peterston super Ely Primary School on the 50th anniversary on its current site. I was very happy to be head teacher for 21 of those years. but it was almost not the case. Two days before my interview there was a terrible fire at the school and I was uncertain about whether to go ahead with the interview. However, standing looking at the school and blocking out the fire damage I decided I REALLY wanted this job and was very pleased to get it!! The fabric of the school was rebuilt and from the ashes we built a school with a good reputation.

Peterston holds many happy memories for me. I worked with some excellent teachers and with some lovely children as well as many valued non-teaching staff. For 12 of my 21 years there my 2 children attended the school and had a wonderful grounding.. Like me they have happy memories of the school.

They say children don't remember a maths lesson on a Wednesday morning but other memorable events. A few that I remember in particular are the 1995 21st birthday party when the children and staff re-enacted the walk from the old school to the new and had a birthday party. I'm sure there will be similar celebrations for the big five 0!!

Another unusual event that comes to memory is the Harry Potter sleepover. The children had several activities and then slept in the school on the Friday night. I'm sure the past pupils are more likely to remember these events than one of Mr G's maths investigations.

As a sports loving person it was always great to see our children competing against other schools and always being competitive but playing in the right spirit.

I was always proud of our Chess club as they did well locally and nationally but as importantly some of our special needs children got great enjoyment from the game.

My lasting memory of my 21 years at Peterston is being lucky enough to have had the pleasure of working with such lovely children.

Best wishes for the next 50 years.

David Griffiths - Headteacher