

# Education after school

## The Universities

Before the 1960s there were 22 universities in Britain. These consisted of Oxford, Cambridge and the ancient Scottish universities, and the more recent civic universities such as Sheffield and Manchester. By the end of the decade there were 45.

## New universities that opened in the 1960s

Sussex (1961), Keele (1962), East Anglia (1963), York (1963), Lancaster (1964), Essex (1964-65), Strathclyde (1964), Kent (1965), Warwick (1965), Heriot-Watt (1966), Salford (1967), Stirling (1967) and Ulster (1968).

In 1963 the Robbins Report was published which recommended a massive expansion of higher education for all who had the necessary ability. In 1963 the university population was about 7% and by 1970 about 15%.

The establishment of new universities had started before Robbins – Sussex in 1961 was the first and the report mentions their progress. The Report also recommended that Colleges of Advanced Technology should be converted into universities. They all entered the university sector in the 60s.

**1965** – Anthony Crosland delivered his definitive Woolwich speech on the future of the polytechnics, which led to the eventual creation of more than 30 non-university, degree-level institutions, mainly out of pre-existing technical institutes.

## Universities created from colleges of advanced technology

Aston, Loughborough, City University London, Chelsea College of Science and Technology (originally part of the University of London then later subsumed into King's College), Surrey, Brunel, Bath, Cardiff (initially part of the University of Wales), Salford and Bradford.

Harold Wilson's famous White Heat of Technology Speech emphasised the importance of Science and Technology for the future of Britain.

## **The Open University**

It was opened in 1969 and also stemmed from Wilson's desire for developing technical education through a university of the air. The reason that it did become established, against much opposition, was because of the drive and enthusiasm of Jenny Lee. Thanks to her it became a university where all subjects might be taught to anybody with the ability and whatever their age or previous qualifications or lack of.

## **Memories of University**

Warwick and Keele were new universities in the 1960s

### **Warwick University 1966-69**

#### Sue

Warwick University opened its doors in 1965, one of the so-called new universities, campus based, with innovative courses. And being a new kind of a girl, this appealed to me. I had excelled in English literature at school, and I wasn't quite adventurous enough to go for something completely new, like philosophy, although I was tempted, so Warwick's Comparative Studies course looked like a great option for me. The literature strand of the course gave choices to read French, German or Italian literature with English, and traced the roots of European literature right back to the bible, Icelandic sagas and the Babylonian myth of Gilgamesh. It also included courses on Aesthetics, a branch of philosophy concerned with the arts and theories of beauty and our responses to it.

In the first year I took the French option but failed to make the grade in the French language paper, so swapped to American literature in my second year, a decision I certainly never regretted. One of my great friends that year was someone who had dropped out after his first year and returned to be in my year in 1967. He was Malcolm Peet, who later became a prize-winning author of many teenage fiction books. He was also much beloved by Germaine Greer, who that year joined the university as a lecturer. She appeared at the first meeting of the faculty, Afro hair, see-through white crochet dress reaching just below the knicker line, enormously tall, with high heeled shoes adding to the height. We didn't quite know who she was at that point, being prior to *The Female Eunuch*, but we knew she was "one of us", involved with the counter-

culture, with Oz magazine, for whom she had posed nude, and other “out there” institutions. Her course on the heroines in Shakespeare’s comedies was a revelation to me, and I admired her greatly. Malcolm broke her heart by marrying Barbara who worked in the bank on campus. Truth be told he rather broke my heart too.

That year my friends Bridget and Judy and myself had found ourselves a flat in Leamington. It was upstairs from a Pakistani family, who owned the house. We had our own kitchen and bathroom and an enormous living room. None of us knew how to cook much. But we were so happy. Until the university welfare officer came to call on us. She told us we could not stay there. It was unsuitable. We would soon begin to regret it when we were constantly bombarded with the smell of curry. In other words, it was pure racism, expressed with no compunction.

The underground music scene of America was huge for me and my friends. We would avidly lap up The Velvet Underground, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company with of course the brilliant Janis Joplin, The Doors. We also liked some of the quirkier British musicians like the Incredible String Band. One or other of us, usually a boy, would arrive at a gathering wielding a new LP, saying “You’ve got to listen to this”. One day Alan, a not especially cool guy who loved to hang around with my set, came in with the Beatles Sergeant Pepper LP. We were sceptical at first, but when we listened we knew that something very new and special had happened. Later that year Alan was arrested for supplying cannabis. I think he had taken on that role in order to be accepted by the cool cats. Alan was extremely bright and this incident probably ruined his life. I don’t know what happened to him later on. Others were equally guilty, but only Alan ended up both being charged and expelled from the university. I know at least one of my friends felt terribly guilty that he never owned up.

My friends on the social committee booked Jimi Hendrix to play at one of our dances at the end of my first year. There was great excitement, with girls daring each other to try to get off with Jimi. Fat chance. Near the time of his booking a message came from his manager that he had been booked to play a festival in Monterey and would be unable to make it.



*The three-day concert drew 200,000 people to the Monterey County Fair Grounds in Monterey, California, to see some of the most important acts in pop music. For the line-up alone, it would rank as arguably the greatest music festival in American history. But it's even more significant as a touchstone moment for the fusion of rock music, anti-war politics and millions of young people.*

So, Monterey or Warwick University? Jimi wasn't coming. His management suggested a new band would come instead, definitely up and coming, even though no one had heard of them yet. So it was that Pink Floyd came to play for us in 1967. I'm not sure I remember being terribly impressed. I just remember the disappointment of it not being Jimi Hendrix.

As an undergraduate I remember much more of the social mores and student life of the times than I do of the education on offer. We were on the cusp of great social changes. At the end of the 1960s education entered its liberal phase, the teaching of all kinds of subjects in the humanities took on political significance, with ructions about the nature of art and literature and its relation to politics and culture and society. Feminism would play a huge part in this. The signs were there, but the seismic changes were yet to happen.

Despite the presence of Germaine we were fed a diet of mainly male writers and literary critics. Emily Dickinson managed to creep in there, the American

poet obsessed with death and religion. And I discovered the wonderful women novelists of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, especially George Eliot for whom I have an enduring passion. American literature also involved reading African American writers like Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin, who provided more revelations for a young mind.

We had a visiting lecturer from the University of Missouri called Professor Hadas. He was a long thin version of Alan Ginsberg. He was Jewish, like me, and would ask questions like "What is literature about?" We cast about for answers to this question, until he threw his arms out wide, like someone being crucified, and said, "Literature is about religion!" I had at that time not a religious bone in my body, but I thought I knew what he meant. Literature focused on the ties that bind, the rituals of human life and their deep roots in communities, and the tragedies that befall those who try to break these bonds. Literature dealt with the spiritual depths. That's what I loved about it.

Warwick has now become one of the top Russell group universities, highly regarded for maths especially I believe. I had no inkling at the time that it was especially rated, although we did have some splendid teachers. Being so new hardly any of the excellent facilities that exist now were in place then. In my time there Warwick had won architectural prizes for its new library complex, a white tiled building that students unkindly referred to as the giant public lavatory. Inside it had paternoster lifts, always a great favourite with the inebriated student. One day a student narrowly missed being brained by falling tiles outside the library. More and more tiles began to peel from the building and it soon became out of bounds. So much for architectural prizes.

Universities in those days were a minority occupation. I think we might have been amongst 7% of young people who attended. We got grants. We paid no fees. We could be as dilettante as we wished. We rarely thought about where it was all going to lead. We were there for our own personal and intellectual development. There were no league tables. Universities were not competing for everything, although research grants focused their minds somewhat.

Sexism was rife. There were few black faces, apart from a few foreign students from African countries. Privilege went unquestioned. All was before us. Things could only get better. During my time at university the black civil rights movement was raging in the United States, the Vietnam War was turning young people away from conventional politics, the troubles were brewing again in Northern Ireland, the feminist explosion was about to happen. As

Wordsworth said, "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive/But to be young was very heaven". We knew we could and would change the world.  
And then came the 1970s...

### **These are Christine's answers to a questionnaire**

#### Christine

Christine went to Keele University (established as a university in 1962). It was formerly the university college of North Staffordshire, established in 1949.

On the whole the university experience was what she expected.

'I remember the staff called me Miss Langley and referred to the boys/men by their surnames (as at school).'

For Christine university was a positive experience and she remains friends with a number of people she met during the four years at Keele.

Christine wrote about the courses in this new university. Keele had a foundation year plus a three-year honours degree course. All degrees were joint honours. If you wanted to change subjects during foundation year for your degree there was some possibility of doing this. Christine said that the foundation year was wonderful. 'We had a common lecture course in the morning and sessional subjects in the afternoons. If you were studying arts subjects, for example, in your principal years you had to have a spread of subsidiary subjects e.g., One pure science and vice versa for the scientists. There were three awards, Arts, Social Sciences and Science.

Keele was fully residential so it was friendly and there were a lot of activities available. Christine played tennis and went swimming at the public baths.

Christine didn't have any political engagement while at Keele but said there were there were a lot of demonstrations and movements. For example, NUS wanted access to the university files and some rules to be abolished etc.

Christine went away from home to university and said that most of her friends did the same.

She got a grant, but this was means-tested and her parents had to contribute. She said she was lucky that they paid their contribution fully.

University accommodation at Keele was very good. It was modern and centrally heated. There was a laundry room, a guest room to hire and a kitchen to share. The accommodation has now been demolished to become detached housing in Keele Village. Christine remarked that students now want en-suite facilities, 'which we didn't have'

Christine went on to Nottingham University to do the Certificate in Education.

### **Sheffield University - A civic red-brick**

#### Margaret

I was at Sheffield University from 1964 to 1967. It was expanding at that time, but the number of students was still only about 4,000 to 5,000.

I studied History and, in our year, there were about 15 of us doing honours. The curriculum was British and European History until about the Second World War plus Economic and Colonial History and historical philosophy. Looking back, it seems it was a traditional curriculum.

We didn't have many lectures a week and most were not very stimulating. To be fair lecturers were dependent on just talking. I can't remember anything like an overhead projector. There were no handouts. We had occasional tutorials to discuss essays. A lot of the time we were expected to read many books. I found it frustrating that I had no idea how to take/make notes. For me the best part of the History course was the final year special subject. A small group of us studied the first half of Charles II's reign. It was then that I really discovered the pleasure from using primary studies and historical interpretation. And Charles was an interesting man in interesting times.

All assessment was by three-hour exam papers. There was no dissertation.

Having been a little less than enthusiastic about most of the courses I have to admit that I wasn't the most dedicated scholar. There was a good social life to join in with. For me and my friends the Union was at the centre of it. Then as now it was one of the best, if not the best in the country. Every Saturday the lower refectory was cleared and there was a dance known as a hop. Some of

the best-known bands played for us live – just standing on a slightly raised area at the end of the room. – The Moody Blues, The Hollies, The Cream, The Kinks, The Who, to name but a few. Also, on Saturday nights there were parties in at least one of the men's halls and occasionally in a flat.

We got happy mostly on cider. I don't have any memory of drugs being circulated. We knew that there were people who took them but I'm sure it wasn't anything like as common as now. What most of did do was smoke.

The Union provided meals and large and comfortable coffee bars. We spent as much or sometimes more in these than in the library "hanging out" with friends and acquaintances.

Were many of us fully paid up members of the swinging sixties? Probably not. We shortened our skirts and enjoyed great music. We were away from home and free to enjoy ourselves. However, there was a feeling that things were really changing for our generation. From the media, films etc we knew a lot about Swinging London, albeit at second hand. Apart from music there were kitchen sink dramas, angry young men, working class novels and films with 'grittier' subjects. Satire really took off in the 60s. 'That Was the Week That Was' came onto our screens in 1962 and mercilessly lampooned our 'elders and betters'.

Having a car at university was very rare. We walked everywhere in Sheffield, up and down the hills which made us fit. If we wanted to go further afield, we hitch-hiked. In a group and wearing our university scarves we had no problems. Incidentally, scarves were a bit of a status symbol.

We were aware of the outside world and the threats of the Cold War were still very real. A possible flashpoint, The Six Day War in the Middle East broke out as we were taking our finals. However, most of my friends and acquaintance were not as far as I'm aware, politically active. We couldn't vote while at university because we were not 21 for the 1964 election.

The following, taken from memories collected by the Sheffield University alumni office, give a flavour of political involvement that I can relate to.

"This was the beginning of the period of major student unrest throughout the world, so what did we discuss in our daily conversations over coffee in Graves coffee bar? Who was top of the charts, why were the Beach Boys so passé



now, and who on earth were the Love Affair who had a major hit with *Everlasting Love*? This was the real student life ... endless hours in Graves."

"An essential pre-tea ritual in the mid-60s was for students to cram into the small TV room in the Link Building of the Union at 5.50pm to watch five minutes or so of *Magic Roundabout*. A cult following and once it finished the room emptied before the BBC news came on!"

Other popular programmes were 'Monty Python', 'Pete and Dud' and for some reason the "Forsythe Saga" was popular on Sunday evenings. We did watch some serious dramas like "Cathy Come Home".

### **According to a history of the student union:**

"In the late sixties the Students' Union became more political, with protests against the Vietnam War and high-profile speakers such as Malcolm X drawing large audience.

In 1965 we were the first students to go into the new Arts Tower. Before that lecture rooms had been in the red brick Firth Court. Some of the towers in there were quite gothic. Now we were in a brand-new glossy building. A main excitement of the Arts Tower was the paternoster lift known as Professor Empson's prayer wheel after the poet and Professor of English, William Empson.

There were five halls of residence, close together and all within easy walking distance of the university. Four were for men and one for women, reflecting the male/female ratio. A lot of students lived in digs. Most of us did in first year and some chose to remain there for the rest of their time. Digs were presided over by landladies. My digs in first year were not very comfortable but I shared with seven others and we supported each other, especially welcome when we were newly away from home.

For the next two years I was in the women's residence, Halifax Hall. My room in the old part had an old-fashioned gas fire and a washbasin as well as bed, desk, shelves and a cupboard. We shared facilities, about two bathrooms on each floor and one room to do laundry. In some ways Hall was formal. We wore gowns for dinner. We were not supposed to have men in our rooms from early evening. Needless to say, the rule was not always observed and at the same time we knew that there were few concerns about girls being in

men's rooms in their halls after hours. Before Christmas and at the end of the year there were hall balls.



Of course, many took their work seriously, but the main memories of Sheffield alumni were of fun. Here are some of them.

This is the reason why so many famous groups came to our Saturday dances:

A lot of new groups were forming, and playing the college circuit, so [as members of the ENTS Committee] we had to decide whether we could attract a big enough audience, at higher ticket prices, to cover the extra cost of these bands, and still make a profit. We decided to go for broke, and for our first big event we booked The Animals and The Hollies (both huge at the time) on the same bill. Tickets were priced at 10 shillings (50p), a big increase from the usual, and we were concerned whether people could afford this. We need not have worried. Tickets went on sale at noon on a weekday, and by the time we opened our ticket counter in the Link Building the queue was stretching past the Porters' Lodge and down the stairs – we sold out in two hours.

The evening was a great success, and after that there was no turning back. We devised a programme for each Saturday of term booking a 'name band' in the £100-£300 range, supported by a local band for around £25. Each band usually played 2x45 minute spots, which filled the evening nicely, and tickets were generally in the 5 to 10 shilling range. Trad jazz was still popular at the time, and we presented Chris Barber, Acker Bilk, Terry Lightfoot and Kenny Ball (along with our own Addy Street Five). Blues music was coming into vogue and John Mayall, Eric Clapton and Zoot Money all played for us. The backbone of our programme however was provided by booking big name chart acts. It was a bit of a gamble getting the right band at the right price, but we generally succeeded, and among those gracing the lower refectory stage were The Who, The Searchers, Spencer Davis, Dave Clark, Georgie Fame, Alan Price, Manfred Mann, The Fortunes, Lulu, Marianne Faithfull and many others.

David (BA Sociology 1967)

Rag week was fondly remembered by many people.

Rag week was a big event including the boat race and the procession of floats.

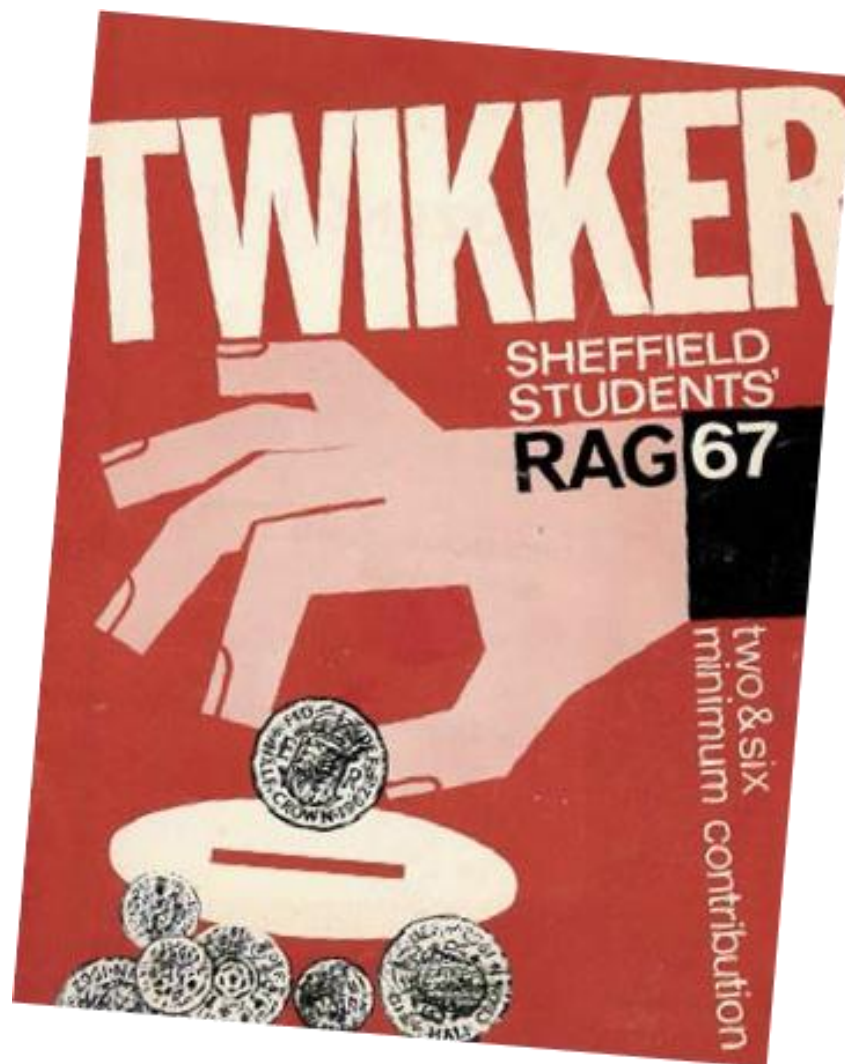


“For Rag Week, we explored the sewers of Sheffield and participated in the Annual Boat Race down the River Don. This was presided over by the Rag Fairy waving his wand from one of the bridges as the locals dumped flour on the passing boaters. We made our own boats – the lawyers all contributed for a barn door and then, of course, they all wanted to be on board, sinking it and them in the toxic stream. Mine was a coracle from a lorry inner tube and a gunny sack – I won the novelty class. The only problem, as you can see from the picture, is that the end of the race was at the main sewer outfall into the Don and I had to work very hard to stop circling in the current of sewage. Never mind, as we climbed out a battle-hardened nurse had us “Drop-em” and receive our tetanus shots!”

From the alumni collection







In the 1960s the rag magazine was famous for its scurrilous content and met with some disapproval. Nevertheless, it was often sold out and people were requested to return copies for re-selling.

The following video sums up quite well life in Sheffield university in the 60s

<http://www.yorkshirefilmarchive.com/film/sheffield-student-rag-week-1967>

Neither Rag Week nor the Twikker remains, though Rag continues as an all year fund raiser: apparently the Rag Week became too big and boisterous for police and residents alike. Twikker was always notorious for jokes in bad taste and had to be pulled in 1975 after protests against its sexism.

## **Oxford**

### Paul

Paul went to Oxford university. He was at a school, King Edward School in Sheffield, which regularly sent a number of boys to Oxbridge. According to the then headmaster, this reached a peak of 28 in 1962.

Because he went to this school Paul found the university experience to be much as he expected. He had many school friends there.

He found the experience and his qualification to be positive. He did languages which included a 'lovely year in France'.

Paul said he wasn't aware of changes going on in the university world.

He said there was a good social life. He didn't expand on this except that he enjoyed the pubs. Nor did he speak of particular influences of the 1960s.

He had no political engagement.

He couldn't remember if he got a local authority grant but he did get a scholarship grant.

He thought accommodation at Oxford was very good.

## **Training colleges**

By the 1960s training college places were increasing. In September 1960 the two -year course became three. In 1961 there was a campaign to persuade 50,00 married women back into teaching. During the 60s there was a big expansion in teacher training.

As a result of the Robbins Report on higher education (1963), the teacher training colleges were reformed as Colleges of Education. Such colleges, as in the case of those in London, became 'constituent colleges' of the Institute of Education, with their academic award being from the University of London. Students were offered an extra year of study, bringing the course up to four years in length and resulting in the award of the Bachelor of Education degree. The first Bachelors of Education graduated in 1968.

## **Memories of training college**

### Shirley

I went to a direct grant school and then to a college of education. On the day I arrived I was shown around by a first-year student (a member of the first cohort for the B Ed. I decided I would try to do that. We had extra lectures in Psychology, Philosophy and the History of Education during the third year, then an exam. I passed. For the fourth year we did one main subject and Education. For the first three years we did two main subjects and Education. We had to get a good pass in all three to be allowed on the B Ed course. We had one lecture a week at the local university during the fourth year.

In answers to a questionnaire, Shirley said that she felt positive about her experience at training college and about her qualification.

She felt the changes going on in her institution were forward thinking and very beneficial.

She trained for Junior and Secondary teaching to, hopefully, cover the new Middle Schools. She ended up in a Comprehensive.

She wasn't really involved in the college social life. Though away from home, only about 45 minutes away so went home every weekend – not allowed!!

Her accommodation was OK. She had her own room in the women's wing and then was out in digs in the village with a day room shared with seven others.

### Anon on training college

She did the three-year University of London Teacher's Certificate (the four-year course started in her third year).

College was different from school – more intense teaching.  
She trained to teach infants and juniors.

She was asked if changes were going on in her institution and if they were beneficial. She replied that her college was told by the Wilson government to expand or close. 'We got many good lecturers who were inspirational.'

There was a good balance between theory and practice. The teaching practice was very useful.

In reply to was there a good social life. We had to be in by 10am (10.30 on Saturdays). I was in the folk and drama groups. I went to London to see the RSC in Winter and the National theatre in Summer (student rates). Also with my music group to Sadlers Wells and Convent Garden several times a year.

I was away from home and got a grant.

Accommodation: I was in digs for three years and they were excellent. Rooms in college were mainly modern with sinks, but shared bathrooms.

### Jo on teacher training

I ended up in Sheffield and found it quite restrictive. For instance, girls weren't supposed to wear jeans in lectures. I'd just bought new Levi's and defiantly wore them daily. Realising (after teaching practice) that I didn't want to teach, I applied to the University of Sheffield to do a degree in Economic History, much to the dismay of my father. The college was deliberately obstructive - sending my UCCA forms too late and making sure my LEA didn't give me a grant. I persisted and got my place through clearing, having temped in London to earn enough cash to pay my way (just) through the first year. I received a grant after my first year and had a successful and enjoyable three years. My father, though, thought my degree was inferior to my brother's. He was led to believe that girls were given an easier course. I forgave him.

### **Teacher training in a University Department of Education**

#### Margaret

I did my teacher training in the Education Department of Liverpool University from 1967-1968. We had lectures in the first and second terms and a complete term's teaching practice in the middle term.

For me the most valuable element was the teaching practice. Some of the lectures were quite interesting but didn't seem to be very relevant. There must have been a reason for those going to secondary schools to study early child development through such as Piaget and or a course called human development for which we revised from a friend's O Level Biology textbook.



There was a practical element. The History students had a session with a tutor, probably once a week. I don't have strong memories of this. I think we were encouraged to consider new teaching methods such as teaching by topics rather than a chronological run through. I do remember that visual aids were considered to be important, but these were of a concrete nature. I remember somebody bringing in a suitcase but not the contents. I produced a picture of an Elizabethan gentleman, but I don't know why. Looking back, I think I was disappointed because I wasn't given a good structure to build my teaching on. My teaching practice was in St Hilda's Girls' High School. The school was founded and still run by Anglican nuns. It moved into new buildings in 1967, with 361 pupils and 32 in the sixth form. It overlooked Sefton Park.

I was there the Spring term 1968. Most state schools in Liverpool had recently become comprehensive and at this time St Hilda's wasn't in the system. (The Diocese persuaded St Hilda's to become comprehensive in 1980.)

It was perhaps a pity not to experience teaching in a comprehensive school during my practice but I feel in many ways lucky to have been at St Hilda's. I remember the girls as being well behaved and reasonably willing to learn. The exception was a "notorious" fourth form. I later learned that I had been given (undeserved) brownie points for staying in the classroom and trying to teach them.

The staff room was friendly towards the students doing their teaching practice. The head of History was near retirement and quite a character. She was kind and approachable. I was amazed to be given a Lower Sixth to teach. After a week's observation I was more or less left to my own devices. I would have benefitted from more observation of what I was doing but I also take blame for not asking more questions. The University tutor came to observe me twice during the term and feedback was quite brief.

The textbooks were mostly a bit worthy and dull, but a few illustrated ones were coming in. I knew from my flatmate that her school had a photocopying machine and staff could get worksheets done. I liked the look of this visual aid but there was no offer of worksheets in my school. My Mum who had trained as a teacher in the 30s suggested we did a home-made version of a copier. It was called a hectograph and was basically a gelatine mould in the bottom of a swiss roll tin on which the sheet to be copied could be printed. I did produce some worksheets and I think they were quite successful.

An unexpected addition to my teaching practice term was a bus strike which lasted for most of it. It meant over a 2 mile walk there and back.

Edward, RLP and Brian

**In their contributions can be seen the roles of apprenticeship, technical colleges and the possibilities of gaining of university level qualifications later in life. It would be fair to add that personal motivation would also play its part.**

Edward

Born Bradford, Yorkshire  
September 2nd 1941

Parents both working in the textile industry.

1952 to 1958

Bradford Grammar School (Scholarship boy).

An educational experience not without its ups and downs.

In retrospect I drifted, aware for the first time of social differences, as a pupil reasonably capable for the most part, but without motivation, resulting ultimately in five GCE O levels,

English Language, English Literature, French, Maths and Art.

Leaving school was looked forward to, and only later did I

realise that, almost unbeknownst to me, I had caught an eagerness and enthusiasm for learning in certain areas, particularly in the Arts.

1958 to 1963

Associated Weavers (Furnishing Fabrics) Bradford.

Assistant in the Design Department.

A job offered by word of mouth, as a vacancy if I was interested.

It was a job.

It seemed to have something to do with Art.

I earned a wage.

It allowed me to move from Schoolboy to Young Working Man, a desirable working-class symbol of passage.

Perhaps for the first time I felt that I was in the right place, accepted by older men as an equal of sorts, men whose talents for art and design I aspired to, in an environment that had variety, purpose and

status.

Education in the academic sense was imparted in Bradford Technical College, on courses which were work-related.

However, after five years of growing awareness of life's social and cultural aspects, interested in politics, music, art and new literature, and having a talent for design recognised by an evening class lecturer, I (along with mum and dad's approval!) handed in my notice and enrolled as a full time student on a new, four year art course, the Diploma in Art and Design, a foundation year at Bradford Art College and three years on the Diploma course at Sunderland Art College.

1963 to 1964

Bradford Art College

A seminal year. Again in retrospect it seems to me that, during this year, I acquired the basic shape of the adult I later became.

Influential and charismatic lecturers, new ideas, relationships, possibilities and a growing folio of work which was acknowledged by people whose opinions I valued, led to perhaps one of the most exciting years of my life to date!

1964 to 1967

Sunderland Art College

A rewarding few years, culminating, by the end of the course, in a respectable Upper 2nd qualification, a marriage, a baby son and a reinforced conviction that art was what I wanted to continue with in some form.

As I had, by now, a wider responsibility for a wife and child, and

being, by this time, twenty six years old and, I think, fairly realistic about my ability to live by painting alone, I saw art teaching as the sensible way forward.

1967 to 1968

Leeds University Department of Art Education

A relatively difficult year, one which drew heavily on my ability to be disciplined and task-focussed, not areas of my personality which had had much demand made on them in previous years.

Preparing projects, learning theories, delivering lesson plans and actual lessons(!), handing in written work on time etc. were at times stressful obviously, but nothing during that year persuaded me against the idea, well-formed by now, that I wanted to be an

art teacher.

1968 into the 70s etc..!

Which, in due course and in Sheffield, I became.

Assistant Art Teacher at Abbeydale Boys Grammar School was the relatively gentle introduction to my life in education, which in 1969 expanded as the school became Abbeydale Grange Comprehensive and the 60s drew to a close.

RLP: 28 August 1936

#### Background

Starting Point: Totally ignorant of the world's needs or requirements being from a working class family with no history of Education systems or the sophistications of city life

Surprisingly passed 11 plus to go to a Lancashire Grammar School in 1947  
Stayed the 5 years required and exited with modest 'O' levels but included the essentials

Employed in office work thereafter

ONC - then had a years break from work and rather than National Service which would have been my preference spent 12 months off work to recover my health from a serious problem

Over this enforced rest I came into contact with a broader range of people realised I had to do something to 'get on' in life or stand out from my fellows

Studied at evening classes at Wigan Mining and Technical College and qualified as a Chartered Secretary in 1959 - this qualification gets little mention now but then was degree level accepted and rated by employers and proved the key to most of my career progression. It particularly imbued me with some confidence that I could go onwards and upwards.

Oddly I did get one afternoon off work to study as my boss was keen for me to develop.  
Unfortunately this was at a college that only did day time tuition and could not attract sufficient students to run the course so back to evenings only.

I had some interesting evenings invigilating local exam board exams which were at an unbelievable basic level - so I thought - but brought in a few shekels

Having joined the Education Service I had some personal family problems but in 1967 commenced a 1 year evening course at St John's College Manchester to prepare for A levels and having got an A and a B in Economics and Government decided to press on and tackle a external degree with London - At this time I was working in Cheshire at Hyde, south of Manchester. I had to travel to Wigan Tech to access the course and so a car was essential. One or two evenings a week proved physically and financially a considerable problem as I had to work full time often with some evening meetings. Remember that as the last student to arrive on the first evening I had to go and find a chair as 33 people had turned up to start the course  
By the end of two years only seven or so entered the for the examinations and I think 3 of us actually passed. About as rewarding as anything I achieved in life.

## Brian

Brian gained all his qualifications after leaving Hathersage Church of England School in 1954. The following summarises the institutions he attended, the qualifications he gained and the career it led to.

In 1954 Brian did a craft apprenticeship in Mechanical, Production and Maintenance Engineering.

From 1954 to 1964 he studied at Sheffield College of Technology (which became a polytechnic in 1969). This was part-time study, night school and day release courses. He obtained a City and Guilds Machine Shop Engineering Certificate (1<sup>st</sup> Class award), A full technological certificate (1961) and an Ordinary National Certificate (Mech/Eng)

He went to Chesterfield College of Technology from 1964-1966 where he gained a Higher National Certificate in Mechanical/Production Engineering.

In 1969-1970 Brian was at Wolverhampton Technical Teachers College (University of Birmingham) where he gained the Technical Teachers Certificate in Education.

In 1975 he became a member of the Institute of General Technician Engineers. T.Eng (CEI).

These led to the career that developed in the 1960s

1954-60 Apprentice fitter and turner (Blue Circle Group Ltd Hope Derbyshire).

1960-64 Fitter and turner Blue Circle Group.

1964-1966 Detail/design draughtsman (Civil and Military Aero Engines) Rolls Royce Ltd Chesterfield.

1966-69 Service engineer (Aero engines – military) Rolls Royce Derby.

1969- 1970 Technical teacher training. Wolverhampton Technical Teachers college.

Brian went on to lecture in mechanical engineering at North Oxfordshire College, Banbury for 22 years.

Brian's comments on his teacher training: He felt that there was a good balance between theory and practice. He also felt that lectures and theory were not very relevant, and that teaching/lecturing practice was all. He planned to teach in FE and Higher Education

Brian got a maintenance grant only.

The following are some of Brian's thoughts on making one's way through education in the 1960s and a comparison with today.

In the 50s, 60s and into the 70s there was [and still is] an ideology among the so called "ruling class" extending down into management circles, of keeping the "working man" in his place in spite of his [her] abilities. It was only through education and persistently pushing at the door of advancement that working class young men and women who had any form of ambition, could by demonstrating their abilities and competence, force their way into positions of responsibility.

Such has been the advancement of technology into all ways of life that young people of today who choose to take advantage of their skills in such fields have opportunities to change their way of life that we, their parents either did not have or found much more difficult. However it is not just through "Education, Education, Education" that society can move forward, it is the Barriers that are set up by "Privilege" that must be removed if the young people of this country are to have a better life through their own efforts.

### **Evening classes**

For many there was an opportunity to gain vocational qualifications through evening classes. There were also educational classes for subjects like languages and art.

### Evening classes

1967/68

Jo

I joined an evening class at our local school, purely to have extra tuition for shorthand (Pitmans). I had done private lessons while still at my own secondary school but felt my speeds in both shorthand and typewriting needed improving.

I attended one evening each week and at the final exams I reached 85 wpm shorthand and 46 wpm typing.

Hazel

After leaving school, in order to gain further qualifications, I spent many of my weekday nights during the 1960s attending evening classes. There were a number of further education colleges which offered a wide variety of courses, both educational and recreational.

I hoped to be a court reporter so I attended classes to improve my shorthand speed as well as language classes for foreign holiday purposes. For recreation, my friends and I attended exercise classes, swimming and also undertook floristry classes.

Sadly, nowadays very few of these of these options are available.