

Celebrating the Life of

Barry Clatworthy

At the
United Reformed Church
in Withernsea

24th October 2008

B A R R Y . . .



Barry as a baby

Bernard
Barrington
Clatworthy was
known as Barry,
and was called
Bud by his
mother, Ruby.

He was born on
Saturday 11th
August 1928 and
died at home on
Saturday 18th
October 2008,
aged 80 years 9
weeks and 5
days.

He was married
to Olive for 59
years, 1 week and
3 days.

Barry was born to humble parents: George, a coal miner and Ruby, a seamstress. Their poverty was circumstantial, though their intelligence made their life rich. Both were musical and practical. Both had a strong sense of duty, compassion and kindness which passed on to their only son.

Even as a young boy Barry saw himself as a small part of a very big picture. He noted that the year he was born, 1928, was the year women were enfranchised - a good observation considering he was to become the father of two daughters.

He considered it important to note that in May 1930, even before he was 2, Amy Johnson made a solo flight to Australia, and that in 1935 when he was nearly seven years old, he had the day off school for George V's Silver Jubilee. He remembered hearing about Italy invading Abyssinia.

Alongside these global observations were very personal ones; he recorded that his dad had bought him a female puppy from Doncaster, to cheer him up after he'd scalded himself. He called her Jock!

"First memory: Sitting on a small 3 wheel pedal bike in Eric Street near the 2 feet tall iron pillar there. I was round about 2 years old or less.

Earliest remembered song: Mum singing to me 'Little man, you've had a busy day'."



Barry recorded his memories in notebooks, scrapbooks and diaries from an early age.

He collated and catalogued photographs with great care.

Recording events in this manner showed his intense interest in history-in-the-making and he was destined to become an English and history teacher, escaping what would normally be expected of a boy from his background – to become a miner like his father.

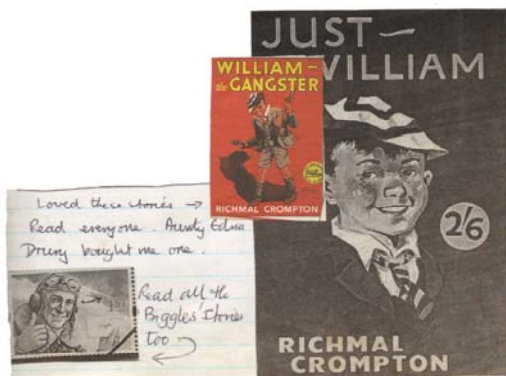
Barry was born and grew up in the mining village of South Elmsall, West Yorkshire. He was one of few boys from the village to go to Hemsworth Grammar School, which would nurture his thirst for knowledge. He was a modest lad who was most comfortable working behind the scenes. He would make friends with whom he would correspond and reunite with in later years. Amongst many, he was friends with Charlie Williams, who became a comedian, and Leonard Parkin, the newscaster. In 1939, aged 11, when the Second World War was declared, he wrote:

“Sunday, September 3rd.

We were on holiday in Blackpool at Auntie Dot’s. I was in a shop buying sweets when I heard that war had been declared on Germany.”

Childhood can be egocentric but in Barry’s notes, it’s clear to see an awareness of a wider context and a developing sense of

responsibility. In 1936, when he was 9, he was nearly run over by a van. “My fault,” he wrote – “not Dick Davison’s”.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

- 1937: TOY ZEPPELIN
- 1938: ROLLER SKATES
- 1939: '0' GAUGE RAILWAY
- 1940: MECCANO SET
- 1941: STEAM ENGINE
- 1942: MICROSCOPE

B A R R Y . . .



When he was 17, Barry went to Saltley Training College in Birmingham. He documented his life at college, noting his friends' nicknames (his was Jasper because of his black hair and tough-guy look). He saw Ted Heath's band (he loved swing bands and his favourites were Benny Goodman, and The Squadronaires). He followed current affairs avidly and wrote about the Nuremberg trial.

He recalls his father giving him a gold ring for his 18th birthday, which his dad had been given when he was eighteen. This was to become the ring he wore on his wedding ring finger.

In July 1947, Barry received his Teacher's Certificate and returned to West Yorkshire and taught at a local school for a few weeks before joining the army for his National Service.

One demob was postponed because of the Berlin Airlift. His mum and Auntie Sybil attended his passing out parade.

NATIONAL SERVICE

Sept 47 - July 49

NS at Pontefract Barracks, then on to Oswestry, Wales, then Chiseldon and Swindon in Wiltshire. Became a sergeant in the Royal Army Education Corp at Worksop College, Notts.



Barry on holiday in Blackpool, 1946, aged 18

In the early months of 1947 the winter was so harsh the students were sent home from college because there was no water. All the pipes had frozen up!

Barry met Olive at a Miners' Institute dance in South Elmsall. He wrote: "Took first photo of Olive at sheepdip near Winkhouse Farm." It was on a Sunday. One of their first dates was to see Olivier's Hamlet in Leeds, his favourite Shakespearian play. His college copy is heavily annotated.



Later, when he revised his notes, Barry recorded details about Olive, the woman he married at 21: her birth, where she lived, what happened to her family before he met her. Reading

In 1949 after leaving the army and getting a teaching post at Westfield Lane in South Elmsall, Barry and Olive married and honeymooned in Blackpool. They settled in Minesthorpe and, not owning a TV, watched "Café Continental" at a neighbour's house.

1949 Taught at Westfield Lane, South Elmsall. Lived in rented rooms, then bought a house for £850.

1951 14th July, Julia born at Minesthorpe Vale. Voted for the first time in a General Election.

1952 Cycled (or walked) to school every morning. Salary from 1st April was £457 p.a. Rented TV.

1956 Taught at Brackenhill, Ackworth.

1957 3rd July, Pamela born at Wakefield Hospital.

1963 Moved to Brotton, Saltburn-by-the-sea. Taught at Brotton School.

1970 Moved to Keyingham. Taught at Alderman Cogan School in Hull.

1979 19th October. Moved to Withernsea.

back on his notes it seemed important to him to identify the strands of information, personal, cultural and political, which had given his life meaning.



Secondary Modern School,
 Sth. Elmall,
 Nr. Pontefract.
 23rd February, 1952.

MR. BERNARD B. CLATWORTHY taught at this school for a few weeks in 1947 while he was awaiting the call up for military service. He took some Maths., part of the English and a few classes for Games. Although he was practically without teaching experience he showed such promise as a teacher that he had no difficulty in obtaining a permanent post here when he completed his army service in September, 1949.

Since taking up his permanent appointment here he has taken complete charge of the teaching of Art, throughout the school, and senior Forms English. Mr. Clatworthy is an excellent disciplinarian and, without being in any way harsh with the boys, he has secured a strong control over his classes and has gained the respect of every boy in the school.

Mr. Clatworthy's lessons are prepared promptly and conscientiously and his classes have made very satisfactory progress. He takes his full share of duty as a House Master and is always willing to devote some of his spare time to extraneous duties.

Mr. Clatworthy appears to enjoy excellent health and he has always been punctual and regular in attendance. He has a pleasant manner and always maintains a good presence in front of his class.

Although I should be very sorry indeed to lose Mr. Clatworthy's services it is my duty to recommend him strongly for consideration with a view to appointment.

(Sgd) Chas. Pearson.
 Headmaster.

Thank You

For being so thoughtful
 In everything you do
 It really makes life wonderful
 To know someone like you.

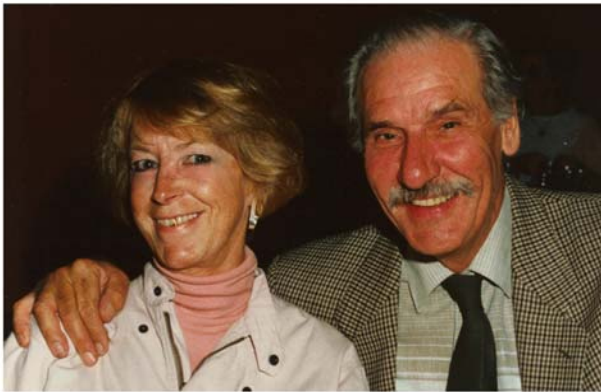
Thankyou Sir, for being a
 great teacher all year round.

Thankyou!





A family man



Barry continued to chart his life in his diaries, note and scrapbooks. Over the years he recorded what was happening in the world, his thoughts and feelings, his teachers, his education, the births and deaths in his family, his jobs, addresses, friends – even their nick names (his was Jasper!), vehicles he had owned, books he had read, plays he had seen, his favourite films, the colleagues he had worked with, the progress of his family. His memories were so important to him...

Barry suffered from Alzheimer's in the last few years of his life. His practical and optimistic nature helped him to cope. He followed a daily routine which gave structure to his life. He knew he had a compromised short-term memory and apologised for it constantly. He told the same jokes hundreds of times, often preceded with the question, "Have I told you this one?" He rallied against memory loss with his notebooks, diaries and scrapbooks. He assigned himself jobs to do. He kept his sense of humour. He was insightful, resourceful and wonderful.

Barry's last joke was quipped on the day before he died. His daughter, Pamela was giving him medicine and dribbled some on his chin.

She said, "Sorry Dad, I've got a drip on your chin."

Barry responded, "Drippity do dah."

A B I T A B O U T A L Z H E I M E R ' S

Alzheimer's disease is a physical and progressive disease affecting the brain and is the most common cause of dementia, affecting around 417,000 people in the UK. There are some common symptoms of Alzheimer's disease, though no two people are likely to experience Alzheimer's disease in the same way.

People in the early stages of Alzheimer's disease may experience lapses of memory and have problems finding the right words. Over time, more parts of the brain are damaged.

As the disease progresses, they *may*:

- + become confused, and frequently forget the names of people, places, appointments and recent events.
- + experience mood swings, perhaps feeling sad or angry, fearful and frustrated.
- + become withdrawn, lose confidence or have communication problems.



As the disease progresses, people with Alzheimer's need more support from those who care for them.

www.alzheimers.org.uk

Barry's last entry into his notebook was a summation for the year 2007. He wrote:

2008 80 This year on 11th August.

“The worst year for perpetual hard rain that we have ever known. Houses flooded in many places including Hull and Doncaster. Only our drive and garage flooded. Cleared up the back patio garden. Three trees removed.”

He continued to keep a diary.

In the year 2000 he wrote: “I wondered, as a child, if I would ever reach the year 2000. I made it!!



THANK YOU to all the people who helped and cared for Barry. Dr. Fouracre and staff at the surgery; the staff at Withernsea Hospital; O.T. staff Karen and Rhianne; Cris Hughes; Shirley and Claire, the District Nurses; Doreen and Les Miles; All at the Premier Café; Sharon Wright; Frank Pickles; the local community. Thank you to all Barry's *many friends* who gave him support and understanding.

Barry - dearly loved husband of Olive, cherished father and father-in-law, grandfather and great grandfather.

Olive and Barry were married for 59 years, 1 week and 3 days. Barry would always squeeze Olive's hand three times to signal, I-love-you and he did so until the day he died.

All Things Bright And Beautiful

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

Refrain

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

Refrain

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;

Refrain

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows for our play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day;

Refrain

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Refrain

Words: Cecil F. Alexander, 1848. Music: English melody.

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge;
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
thou wilt find a solace there.

Words: Joseph Scriven, 1855. Music: Charles Converse, 1868.

BARRY: THE MAN WE KNEW AND STILL LOVE

Barry never lost his sense of humour or his ability to communicate. In his last years he loved walking, crosswords, puzzles and jokes. I heard his jokes thousands of times, but he could still make me laugh. He was a devoted and very loving husband and a loving, kind and fun father.

We will all miss him.

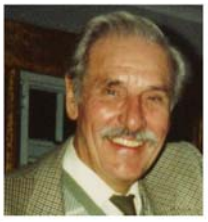
*Olivia
X X X X*

Thank you, Opa, for the hugs and the books, the sandpit and the spelling tests, and all the fun we had. We love you.

YOU WERE A HAPPY MAN, DAD.

If there was a song that would fit you, it would be, Bring Me Sunshine, by Morecambe and Wise, who you loved. Comedy was always in your life. That's one way you dealt with children and there were never discipline problems in your classroom. As a teacher and a dad you were fair and forgiving, you supported, encouraged and praised. As a man, you were methodical and practical, intelligent and compassionate. You inspired loyalty and love, and in your final days of this life, it was a privilege to look after you and show you some of the tender care you had always shown me. You knew us to the last, which is a great triumph, and told us that you loved us. I'll eat ice lollies for you. I'm going to wear your socks and your hat. I know you're not far away.

I love you Dad. Ever & always. Pamela xxx



Real-life quip from Barry in the doctor's surgery.

Doctor: Hello Barry. What's brought you here today?

Barry: A Ford Cortina!

For Barry from Patrick

Q. How do you get rid of a trumpet tree?

A. You roo-ti-tout!

