

WOSA Newsletter 2012-13



*President 2012-13
Malcolm Bell*

WOSA is about the Brookfield culture we all have in common. It is celebrated in many year and regional groups. As President I am enthusiastic to both encourage these and also support the new connections already started to bring us all together into the "friendship" of WOSA. Please join us this Summer, we have much to share, much to do. "Old Scholars" belongs to all of us, it has plenty of active life ahead. Together, let us do this – and enjoy it.

President 2012- 2013
Chairman
Secretary
Treasurer
Editor
Social Secretary
Webmaster
Committee

Malcolm Bell
Fred Hall
Margaret Steel
Ann Fort
Marjorie Taylor
Patsy Castree
Fred Hall
Kaye Gilmour
Helen Morris
Bill Sykes

Some committee members are retiring this year, and we would be pleased to hear from you if you are willing to join the Committee. The Committee meets twice a year, once in Spring, and once the night before the Summer Reunion. Please contact Marjorie Taylor by email or using the address below

Editorial

First I would like to thank everyone for sending me reunion reports and stories very promptly. This has enabled me to improve the balance of this newsletter. During the last year we have heard of many gatherings of old friends including new venues in different regions. You can read about these in the reports and they include reunions organised by old scholars who left Brookfield in the 1940's right up to those who left when the school closed. There is definitely a keen interest to keep in touch with our old friends, whether it is a large group or a small meeting. Keep the reports and the photographs coming.

Marjorie Taylor (Editor)

Address List update

Over the last few years we have tried to update the WOSA address data base. However there were some people we couldn't check. To help us keep our database up to date can you please send us details of any changes in your contact details to m@rjorie.com, or to Marjorie Taylor, 3 Cotswold Road, North Shields, Tyne and Wear, NE29 9QJ

Dates for your Diary

WOSA Reunion 2013

Saturday 13 July

Aspatia Rugby club

Meet at 11.00am for coffee followed by AGM

Lunch at 12.30

Dinner at The Hallmark Hotel Carlisle

7.00pm for 7.30pm

Sunday 14 July

Meeting for worship at Carlisle or Mosedale Meeting

Lunch at Denton House, Hesket Newmarket

12.30 for 1.00pm

1.30pm - 4.00pm Tea & Scones at Hillside with optional walk along Cuddy Lonning (2.30pm)

Southern Reunion 2013

Saturday 8th June at home of Angela Bourn (Taylor) in Slinfold, West Sussex.

For details contact Angela by phone on 01403790780 or Ann Fort by email: annfort.wosa@yahoo.co.uk or phone 01883714760.

Presidential Address



I felt honoured but surprised to be invited to be President of the association. I wasn't someone who had made my mark in any area at school except perhaps a place in Centre Hall! I am not going to dwell on my unremarkable school career; instead I want to consider what being at Brookfield meant to me. We are all here because we shared the same Brookfield experience and we have that in common even though we were not there at the same time.

The most important thing for me in having the opportunity that Northumberland County Council gave me by sending me to Brookfield was that I met John fifty three years ago and went on to join a family steeped in Brookfield history.

John's Great grandfather's sisters attended the school in the 1820's travelling from Edinburgh. Another sister from that family Rebecca was housekeeper at the school for two years in 1851 when her husband Frederick Rous was headmaster.

A son of one of the sisters was James Fenwick who was a very active and keen member of WOSA when it first started. He donated the paintings which hung in the centre common room and were the backdrop of our early morning meetings. He also donated the carved wooden eagle and the bronze lion which we remember played a part in the games we played when we were old enough to do our Prep in the library.

James Fenwick's cousins Laurence and his sister Lucy were the first pupils at the school with the Taylor name.

Laurence went on to become the school architect and was responsible for lighting the school with electricity which he originally set up to be generated by the school. He had installed a similar system in his own house at Heddon. He sent his sons Leslie, Maurice and Ronnie to Brookfield and they rarely missed old scholars' reunions.

They all became Presidents of WOSA and I found it interesting reading their speeches and seeing what concerned them. They all followed a thread of how to keep a lively and active old scholars' association going.

Laurence in 1933 was commenting on how the reunion had originally started as a half day excursion but had grown to cover a weekend of activities.

Leslie became the school architect after his father and his speech looked at how the school buildings had changed and expanded as the school grew.

Maurice was worried about falling numbers in the association and suggested that personal contact was important and could letters be sent to old scholars who hadn't come to reunions.

Ronnie's speech I found fitted in with exactly how I was feeling. He considered why we keep coming back to reunions especially people like himself who would normally avoid big gatherings. He felt that it was because of the common experience we had all shared. However in 1968, forty four years ago he was also worried about declining numbers and had doubts about the future of the association. He felt they should reach out to all old scholars and encourage them to renew their old friendships. He felt that contact and communication were the rock of WOSA.

This has been my strong feeling ever since Archie asked Patsy and me to join the committee. I felt we needed to update the address list and try to find out why so many members don't come to reunions. In my own experience I had kept in Christmas card contact with some friends since school but some good friends I had not seen since I left school nearly fifty years ago. When I met Patsy again we just picked up where we had left off and we began to wonder how other old friends were and set about tracing them. We traced most of our year group and found that our friendships were still as strong. Since then we have organised four reunions and met up with most of the people who were at school when we were.

Talking to this big group of old scholars we find that they all want to know what their friends have been doing over the years. Most want to meet up but some are unable to travel or are not keen on big gatherings. However it has been rewarding to put them in touch with old friends after over forty years. In organising these reunions and contacting many people we have realised the importance of personal contact. Some people who had been going through difficult personal times have found it was good to have again the support and friendship that had been there for them in their teenage years. It is often easier to talk to old friends who understood you forty years ago and still do. These friends know you well and don't judge you.

What about the future of these reunion gatherings?

We are all getting older and I have spoken to many who can no longer travel but still feel part of the group. Some don't attend because they can't afford the cost of travel and overnight accommodation. Others can't make it for the whole weekend.

It is hard to organise something that fits everyone's needs.

Perhaps we have to return to how the association started with a half day gathering. We could have a leisurely lunch in a pleasant venue as near as possible to Wigton. Then try to organise more regional gatherings and publicise them widely among old scholars within the area with personal contact.

I know there is a demand for this type of leisurely lunch with friends getting together in their area as Patsy and I are often asked when we are organising the next one in our area. Just this year at the southern reunion three people met up who had been in the same class fifty five years ago and I know they hope to keep in touch.

As I said before I agree with Ronnie Taylor the key is good communication. With the internet we can now communicate quickly and cheaply with old scholars all over the world. However in my experience personal contact by telephone is the best way to encourage those who are a bit anxious about meeting friends again after so many years.

Marjorie Taylor President 2011 - 2012

Southern Reunion

Saturday May 12 2012



Eleven of us joined Ann Fort and her husband James at their house in the pretty village of Hurst Green, near Oxted, Surrey.

We were so lucky because we had just had the most awful rainfall, day after day, for a month.

On the Saturday, though, we enjoyed wonderful warm sunshine for the whole day. We sat in the garden and had a drink, followed by a tasty buffet lunch.

Most of us then strolled around the village and inspected St. John's church before returning to Ann's garden for a delicious selection of cakes and scones with her excellent homemade jam.

We were entertained by Heinz Hershmann, who told us

about his travels in Eastern Europe before the Berlin Wall fell.

We were also joined by an uninvited guest, a ferret, which had escaped from its cage, to James' surprise.

Although we had not all been at Brookfield at the same time, we had affectionate memories of the school and it gave us great pleasure to recall and share these with people who had been there. We remembered the exotic names (eg. Tank, Tosh, Baggy) of people we had once known, who will forever be associated with our young selves.

Thanks to Ann for all her hard work in organizing such a special and unforgettable day for us.

Margaret Malkoun (Lawther) 1950-55

WOSA Weekend July 14th - 15th 2012



Lunch at Aspatria Rugby Club

Trevor Green, Malcolm Teasdale, Maurice Tate, Dorothy Pearlman, Jill Forrest, Henry Ridley, Ann Source, Ann Fort Greta Saul, Mollie Oliver, Betty Stronach, Ros Teasdale, Patsy Castree, Liz Clark, Margaret Ball, Jean Green, Mary Robinson Jean & David Yates, Jack Baxter, John Goldsbrough,

Malcolm Bell, Tony Ferguson, Heather McKintosh, Jeanne Speed, Beryl Risino, Helen Morris, Peter Kurer, Ronnie Robinson Michael & Margaret Taylor, Elaine & Malcolm Atkinson, Mary Youles, Alison Hetherington, Hector Cameron, Cameron Walker, Barbara Dodd, Sheila Rankin, Avril Solari, Angela & David Bourn, Marjorie Taylor, Archie Rankin, Joyce Nanson, Judith Beeby, Irving & Margaret Coulthard, Edna Wood, Mary Peile,

Margaret Steel, Jill & Tony Kemp, Fred Hall, June Walker, Kaye Gilmour, Robert Williamson, Bill Sykes, Russell Teasdale, Max Friedheim, David Perry also present Keith & Margaret Robson, Peter Ostle and photographer, John Taylor.

WOSA Reunion Weekend - 14th and 15th July 2012

Three of us drove from Carlisle to the reunion lunch and AGM. As we turned the corner from Aspatria's main street to enter the Rugby Club car park immediately in front of us was the panorama of Skiddaw – a view we saw every day from Brookfield, but maybe now appreciated more than we did then. The only difference was the sight of progress – a line of windmills on the horizon that were not around during the Brookfield years!

Approximately sixty-five attended the buffet lunch, which was as in previous years first-rate. From noon the hall gradually filled as more and more old scholars arrived, and as the numbers increased, so did the chatter and laughter. Most of the Brookfield years were represented and simultaneously there was the annual rekindling of old friendships – many years may have past, but the reunion acts like a "time machine"!

Between lunch and the AGM, there was the annual group photograph; this required some organisation – who was fit enough to stand on chairs or to get down onto the floor (and then get up!)

As is the custom, the AGM started with a minute's silence – this 'shared silence' refreshed memories of meetings long ago- an emotional 'binding'



Quite a spread at the rugby club



silence' refreshed memories of meetings long ago- an emotional 'binding' of all present. All business was concluded fairly quickly and the AGM finished with a plea to encourage other old scholars to join.

Over fifty attended at Hallmark Hotel evening meal; we had a splendid meal, beautifully presented. The room allocated provided an intimate environment and the round tables ensured lively conversations and plenty of laughter. Moreover, the committee had carefully placed people of same years together, so friendships were renewed and histories told and remembered. Many made a weekend of it and stayed on at the Hallmark, so the chattering

continued into Sunday breakfast until some left to make their way home and others went on to Meeting for Worship.

Approximately thirty attended for a buffet lunch at Denton House in Hesket Newmarket. About one third of the people attending hadn't managed any of the Saturday events, so this became a forum for more catch up. After lunch a few donned their walking boots and went for a hike locally; however the weekend main exercise was that of wagging tongues!

Margaret Steele (Pennie)



A walk had been nudged into my mind when I first had the weekend invitation so I threw my hiking boots in at the last minute as we left for Cumbria. A walk brings all kinds of fears and alarms to my mind with thoughts of wet slippery terrain, vast distances, flagging at the sight of the first hill, asthma pump ready at the first ascent: well - with lots that goes on in my mind, reality bore no resemblance to all that rubbish.

Seven of us started the walk – an equal number returned – and it was a spectacular experience. Swaying long grasses enhanced by delightfully colourful flowers, in almost all the fields, gentle supportive hands to get us over all the stiles, friends with ordnance survey map joined forces with friends with impressive credentials around leading walks, who were joined by botany experts and photography buffs who joined forces with friends with local knowledge of landmarks who finally needed friends who could tell the difference between a Holstein and a Friesian and a bull and a cow. What a group. What an incredibly beautiful sunny walk 'neath Turner-esque skies and even the shaky start where two thirds of us got involved in deciding on THE path only got us into the mood at the next decision for THE way forward saw one intrepid hiker brave the possible wrath or at least a lecture of a local farmer. Huge fun. We even found the non-takers for this had warmed a place and waited for us at a local hostelry to bring us to a most conducive conclusion to our weekend. Thanks to Susan Watts for organising it.

June Walker (Williamson)



There really is a path here

We all voted this a superb experience and with not a wet spot on feet or body we highly recommend the committee put this on the itinerary for next year.

Keswick Reunion

Class of 62 Reunion Dinner –Skiddaw Hotel, Keswick – 29 September 2012.

Attendance: (old scholars in bold) **Judi** Roebuck, **Tansy** (Potts) & Tony Parsons, **Elie**(Simpson) Peeover, **Babs**(Scott) & Andy Bullough, **Bill** Sykes, **Rob** & Barbara Stevens, **Robbie** & Judith Grant, **Ken** & Mary Duckett, **Marion** (Hedworth) & **Peat** Grave, **Jon** & Maureen Hampson, **Andrew** Rolland, **Ian** & Jane Pringle, **David & Anne** (Straughan) Palin, **Phil** & Kathy Warrior, **Kieron** & Brenda Hill, **Willie** Little, **William** & Penny Pielle, **Keith** Bell.



This was our first Class of 62 Reunion, 50 years on from our first arrival at Brookfield.

Some of us met at the Skiddaw Hotel during the afternoon and had time for a wander around Keswick during a dry spell of weather.

The main evening event started around 7pm with drinks in the bar at the front of the hotel, before moving on to a function room for our buffet dinner. As most of us had not seen many of the others for 45 years,

recognising each other was fun but not as challenging as expected. We quickly settled in to tales of mischief and mayhem from school days and finding out what each has been up to in the intervening years.

After food, we continued all the social banter, circulating around tables to make sure we all had a good chat with each other.

Most of us were staying in Keswick that night, so the party atmosphere continued until we started to thin out around midnight, with some having long journeys the next day.

The gathering was so successful that we are all determined that it will not be the last. We were 20 Old Scholars, from a class of about 28 and great effort was spent in trying to locate the others, particularly Jamie Fishwick and Wendy Grieve. It was gratifying to note that we have only lost one of our form over the years since school days and we remembered Margaret Crozier who sadly died in a traffic accident many years ago.

Contact details and photographs are now circulating, along with thoughts about a further gathering, perhaps in 2 or 3 years time.

Special thanks go to David, Keith and Babs for their remarkable efforts in bringing everyone together and arranging such a successful and memorable gathering.

Bill Sykes

Nottingham Reunion

Reunion for those who left Brookfield between 1972-1984 held at Nottingham Park Plaza Hotel, Nottingham 22-23 September 2012

Wendy Broughton, Ruth Robson, Jackie Anderson, Louise Everett(Kennedy), Nicki Dezeeuw, Karen Salthella, Claire Asplin, Xenia Wiczczynska (Dobbs), Andy Young, Robert Parrott, Richard Parrott, Fiona Cameron, Nadia Lister and husband, Andy Carr, Carla and Ronnie Skillen, Gillian Trueman and husband, Katherine English(Byers), Fred Hall, Jeremy Greenwood, Steve McIlraith, Fiona Arlett (Laidlaw), Kaye Gilmour, Stuart Bladen, Mark Powell, Lorna Green, Maggie Coker Green, Debbie Blundell(Reynolds), Elaine Curcher, Maria Whitehead, David Perry, Geraldine Fayle, Roger Knott Fayle & wife, Susanna Kokko.



This reunion started off as a "why not meet up for a weekend and have a catch-up" quickly snowballed into a substantial reunion involving a meal and disco. Indeed due to the distance a lot of Old Scholar s had to travel ended up as a weekend break for a substantial majority of attendees who took the opportunity to explore the culture, shops, restaurants and pubs of one of our major cities. There can be no doubt that a Brookfield reunion has a positive impact on the economies of the towns they take place in.

To the main event the reunion get together on Saturday night. The Function room had been decorated with balloons in the old House colours, (Blue, Green and Burgundy) with matching sparkles

on tables. A hot buffet was available which rapidly disappeared thus proving chefs' reputation as a good cook!!! A DJ was hired, and most people spent the night dancing and just having good old fashioned fun. A facebook connection ensured that people could monitor the shenanigans via a link on facebook.

The evening went onto the early hours of the morning with diehards propping up the bar with tales of days of old at Brookfield ranging from Dorm raids to seniors attempts at making beer in the roof space. The drink and the tales flowed in equal measure.

And so, to Sunday a leisurely breakfast and fond farewells and a promise to meet again.

Karen Salthella & Fred Hall

Very Southern Reunion near Sydney Australia

There was a reunion of the Gillies/Snowball clan near Sydney, Australia last year

Warwick Snowball 1946 - 55, Helen Snowball (Gillies) 1946 - 56, Arnold Snowball 1948 - 55, Elizabeth Fidler (Gillies) 1952 - 59



There were many smaller gatherings during the year and here are some photographs of these.



For the Trans-pennine reunion, Tony & Jill Kemp, Cameron & June Walker joined Donald & Patricia Dobson in Knutsford for the May Day parade

In November Bill Blamire passed through Northumberland on his way from France to visit family in Scotland and met with friends from his years at school.



David McVie's visit to the UK from Canada gave a good excuse to get together



*Duncan Hughes, John Taylor, Hedley Redpath, Ken Ashford
Patsy Castree, David McVie, Marjorie Taylor*



Some of us met with Miss Metcalfe who taught music from 1958-63

Seeking the Truth in Israel and the Occupied Palestinian Territories

Our school motto urges us to "Seek the Truth" – an exhortation which can lead us into uncomfortable places. This was my experience between June and September last year when I spent 3 months based largely in a small Palestinian village 15 kilometres South East of Nablus as part of the Ecumenical Accompaniment Programme in Palestine and Israel (EAPPI). EAPPI is a programme of the World Council of Churches, founded in 2002 in response to a call from the Heads of Churches in Jerusalem for international support for vulnerable communities in the Occupied Palestinian Territories – communities suffering due to the Israeli military occupation or because of settler violence. Ecumenical Accompaniers (EAs) serve in international teams in 7 locations across the West Bank, providing protection through visible presence, monitoring and reporting on human rights abuses, working with Israeli and Palestinian peace groups and telling as wide an audience as possible what they witness on the ground on a day-to-day basis. Crucially they act from a basis of 'principled impartiality', meaning that they do not take sides, but base their words and actions on respect for human rights and International Humanitarian Law. Since 2002 more than 1,000 EAs from over 20 countries across the globe have answered the call to service.

What does the work of EAs mean in practice?

Protection by presence is about being visible with our distinctive jackets at potential flash-points for violence and abuse of human rights, such as military checkpoints, road blocks and non-violent demonstrations. In Yanoun, the village where



I was based, one of our daily tasks was to go on a morning and evening walk – a bit like a police patrol - so that the security services in the surrounding settlement of Itamar and the military were aware of our presence. This sounds mundane, but the village was nearly wiped off the map in 2002, when – due to persistent settler violence and threats – the villagers fled, and were only encouraged back by Ta'ayush, an Israeli peace group, and through international pressure. Ever since that time there has been a continuous EAPPI presence in the village – 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

Monitoring human rights abuses entails visiting the victims of violence and writing accurate and factual reports, which are shared with UN agencies and other NGOs such as the Red Cross, and with organisations able to provide legal

aid. On a typical day we would be called to one of the surrounding villages to monitor or log attacks by settlers on people or property, most of these involving damage to olive trees and agricultural land. At the end of our first two weeks I did a quick calculation, and estimated that - in that time – we had seen the destruction of 200 olive trees, 5 Palestinians injured either by settlers or the army, and vandalism to 2 homes. Confiscation of land by settlers is another huge problem to communities whose main livelihood is agriculture. Yanoun, a village which relies largely on its sheep and goats, as well as the olive and almond harvest, has now access to only 30% of its land. The remaining 70% is 'out of bounds' either within the settlement or the surrounding security zone, and guarded by armed settlers.

As seekers after Truth, what does this experience have to say to us? We realise that there is a mis-match between the 'truths' we are fed by our media and what is really happening on the ground. We deplore, rightly, what happened to the Jewish people in the 20th century, and uphold their right to a safe homeland – but would not wish this to entail the displacement and oppression of the indigenous population of Palestine. We may hear on our news that the UK government has condemned settlement expansion, without realising that what this really means is Israeli government approval for the development of colonies on Palestinian land, where privileged Jewish communities complete with swimming pools, sprinklers and modern infrastructure live side-by-side with Palestinian communities deprived of mains water, decent roads and access to services. We are told that our government supports moves towards a 2-state solution, whilst a viable Palestinian state – like a piece of Swiss cheese - is rapidly disappearing amongst the holes punched in its territory by the settlements. We do not hear about Israeli peace groups – a minority in their own society – who are working alongside Palestinians and internationals for a just peace.

Under the facts on the ground are some eternal truths – that peace cannot be achieved without justice and equality; that fanatical adherence to religion in the narrow sense can kill empathy and blind us to the humanity of the Other. As seekers after Truth let us aim to be well-informed, and to speak Truth to Power.

Jane Harries (Pennie) 1961-68



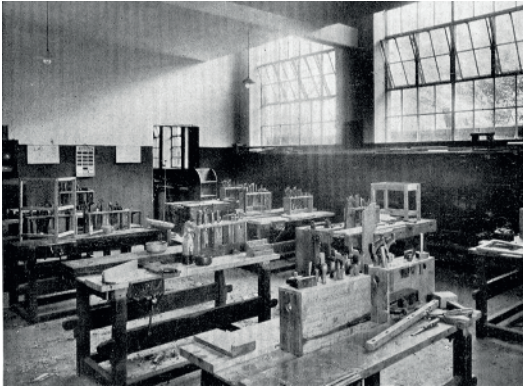
For further information, see:

- My blog: <http://janeharries.wordpress.com/>
- EAPPI web-site: <http://www.eappi.org/>

Eappi Team 44 - Yanoun

Spotlight on Woodwork

The woodwork room as you might remember it



At least two old scholars have made a career out of the woodwork skills they honed in this room.

'Max Friedheim left Brookfield in 1976 to learn how to make fine furniture at Rycotewood College near Oxford. He has had a varied career, from making scale models for architects to doing special effects for commercials. He set up and ran a workshop co-operative for artists in the the mid 1980s. He now specialises in making hardwood furniture featuring carved details.'



John Spielman (1956-61) Sculptor in wood

Born in Welwyn Garden City, 1944
Since 1968, John has had one-man exhibitions across the country, including two London shows at the Alwin Gallery called, appropriately, 'Rhythms in Wood' and 'A Touch of Wood'. He has exhibited abroad, and at the Barbican, London, as well as in his Downfield Gallery with 'New Life', 'In Flight' and 'Outside In'. His works are now in private collections throughout the



world. In 2007, after thirty years at 'Downfield Gallery'; John moved to Waterford, deep in the Hertfordshire countryside near to Hertford.



Robert Stevens (left 1967)

Here are the table and stool shots of the two items I made in Freddie Bell's woodwork lesson. I can't remember which year these were made in but given that we have just had our 45th reunion last September from when we left Brookfield each item must be at least 46 years old. The stool has only had the original brown and green wadding replaced with the wicker you can see in the image the rest is the original wood work which is testimony to Fred's



designs. None have had any joints re glued or repaired and both get regular usage (table as plant/flower stand) and stool as seat and foot stool! All the boys will recognise these two as they were

standard pieces in the woodwork classes and may well remember struggling with the joints and gluing! I remember Fred once taking someone's (no names) stool and point out the poor joints and made them do them again!!!!

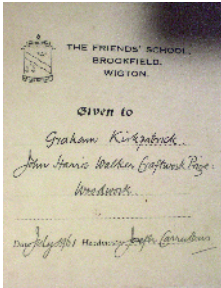
I hope these will bring back happy memories for a 'few' in woodwork classes!



I went on to work as a machine tool designer for the car industry and then moved into sales and marketing in senior management roles. I now run my own company as an internet consultant helping companies use the internet to achieve a return on their investment with clients all over the UK and Europe. Whilst it's not hard work I am looking to retire in the next two years and move to France.

After 50 years many of us still have items we made in the woodwork shop. Some are in use, some are treasured on display and some have made their way to the attic! Here are a few examples kindly sent in by old scholars.

With Fred Bell's guidance I made various pieces of furniture which I took home some of which I still have. One of these is an exact copy of the wrought iron garden seats located around the grounds which we used to sit on at school. After all these years it needs attention but next spring I will rebuild it. Another item he helped me with was an oak cabinet with roll aside doors which was good



enough to win the 'John Harris Walker Craftwork Prize' in 1961. Sadly this no longer exists but I still have the book with the certificate inside. One of our early skills taught to us was to make a half-lap joint like this. Graham Kirkpatrick (1956-62)



Another example of Japanese fumigated oak is this bookcase made by John Taylor when he was 12. It contains only 8 half-lap joints and two dovetail joints. Fred awarded it a grade of B-, more for effort than any woodworking skill

How many of you remember making a teapot stand during your first year at the school?

In the picture is Peter Robison(1957-64) with his teapot stand and wooden box. Peter's mother was pleased with the cupboard he made.



It became known as the "Babycham cupboard". It did not matter that it only had one door.

Another winner of the John Harris Walker Prize in 1957 was Russell Teasdale(1951-58), perhaps better known for his considerable sporting achievements. Pictured below is his winning coffee table, made in Japanese oak. This was Fred Bell's favourite wood, and it had to be kept for a period in the "fumigation cupboard before use. Over 50 years later and the table is still in use and looks as good as when it was made.



Has anyone else still got woodwork treasures in their attic or even in the sitting room? Did any one else win the John Harris-Walker craftwork prize for woodwork?

Rob and Edith Gillies

In the chapter of the school from the war to the seventies, the time I knew Brookfield the best, there were many personalities who are often spoken of with respect, amusement and sometimes mischief. Mostly these are members of the teaching staff and others, like the Misses Wash and Macbeth or Tommy and Kitty, also figure. All significant people who lived "front of stage" as it were. They were the deck officers of our ship, seen daily, who guided and chided us forward. But like all great ships, Brookfield had an engine room and in it the Chief Engineer who rarely left his post below, rarely on deck and if he were it was only to be making haste to his duty or to perform some anonymous task in



the public forum. These men and women do not enter the folk law and history, except as footnotes, and yet without them the ship does not sail. They must be given respectful appreciation and stature in the history of our lives.

The Chief Engineer in HMS Brookfield was Rob Gillies and his lieutenant wife Edie. Their engine room was in the under-stairs cupboard on the "boys side" sandwiched between the Lecture Room and the Library. In fact a pleasant Tardis of space with a view out to the Fells, an enviable room. There Rob kept tight control of the School's affairs and stationery. He purchased everything including food, materials for the workshop, laboratories, art room, music school and gardens. All this passed through Rob and Edie's calmly authoritative hands, and never an error. Edie typed all the school mail and the notices for the notice boards – including class lists. Do you remember even the slightest "typo"? No you don't. They did not make mistakes. They also sent out all our school reports.

Whilst I knew Mr and Mrs Gillies all my life until I went away to University it was as the parents of my very good friend their son Robert. They were "grown ups" to me so I know little of that side of their lives and personalities. What I did know of them was as pillars of the Meeting House. Indisputably solid, Cumberland Quakers, the real thing; probably the most literal Quakers I have known, which did not make them dull. They were members of the extended Gillies/Hind "clan" who were also, like the Williamsons and others, long standing "Brookies" (they would be horrified by such a term!) over many generations from near the beginning of the foundation. These were the families who as much as anyone created the ethos, the heart of the culture that nurtured us.

As well as a good sportsman, Rob was also a highly competent pianist and singer, always without fail there to play for Evening Reading, "Little Meeting" or choir practise if the appointed player was not available. It could simply be assumed that Rob would stand in – no fuss and usually unacknowledged. I have clear memories of Edie buttering hundreds of slices of bread in Meeting Houses in Wigton, Cockermouth and Pardshaw for special events and Christmas parties, jolly and chatting to anyone who came to help. Where there was work to be done to make things run smoothly there they both were, pleasant and good to be with. Without them "stuff" would not have happened. No one had to ask, they just knew what had to be done and did it. Engine room again.

Rob came to driving late in life – probably late forties anyway – and to every one's astonishment he bought a lovely new Ford Anglia. You can see it parked in front of the School in many of the pictures. It was the colour that surprised us – not a nice quiet colour as might be expected of a Friend but a very jolly bright, primrose. I think that was the private Rob shining through. Rob was an Elder of the Meeting and two or three times a year he would be moved to speak. Unlike most others who stood to give us guidance or tell an improving story, he remained in his seat, leaning forward, head bowed, and speaking more in prayer than to instruct. His prayer would be to address some common concern of the time and he would not be instructing but instead asking for guidance. It was rare that anyone would risk standing up to speak following Rob's insightful enquiries.

Why he left Brookfield when he did I of course do not know – but it was a disaster for our School. He brought wisdom and stability to its management. It must have brought him great pain such was his love for the school. If he had stayed then perhaps --- well there is no value in "might have been". Let me say finally that Rob Gillies was held in the very highest regard, without reservation, by my father and there were very few adults in that club. He must not be forgotten.

Malcolm Bell
27/11/12

WOSA Financial Report

Income and Expenditure for year ended 31 st . December 2011				2010	
Reunion	Receipts	Payments	Balance	Receipts	Payments
Income	£2,167.50			£2,047.35	
Aspatria RFC		£47.00			£47.50
Home Baking (Lunch)		£638.00			£616.00
Greenhill Hotel (Dinner)		£1,154.50			£1,080.00
Denton House (Lunch)		£224.00			£288.00
Refund		£0.00			£34.00
Photocopying		£35.49			
Badges		£0.00			£15.50
Total	£2,167.50	£2,098.99	£68.51	£2,047.35	£2,081.00
Owing: Badges		£13.03			
General Fund					
Subscriptions	£40.00			£120.00	
Donations	£500.00			£10.00	
Sales	£144.00			£17.00	
Investment Income (Consols)	£36.24			£36.24	
NS & I Interest	£16.34			£16.62	
Newsletter printing		£285.48			£179.39
Reunion Invitation printing		£73.12			£71.22
Newsletter postage		£141.50			£217.90
Envelopes/labels		£39.27			
Web		£35.88			£26.45
Sale of goods from WFMH	£56.50				
Survey expenses - printing		£56.45			
Gift to editor		£50.00			
Total	£793.08	£681.70	£111.38	£199.86	£494.96
Owing: John Lewis fee		£2.50			
Owing: Gift to Editors wife		£8.50			
Owing: August postage		£2.61			
Bank balances at 31st December 2011				2010	gain
HSBC	£451.84			£128.30	
NS&I	£8,057.40			£8,192.56	
Cash	£0.51			£9.00	
Total	£8,509.75			£8,329.86	£179.89
Owing	£26.64				
Total	£8,483.11			£8,329.86	£153.25

School Play - Where are they now?



In addition to the memories below, the following cast members have been traced and live in the locations below:

Pamela Robinson, London area; Valerie Cairns, Rothbury; Ian Blyth, Hexham; Daphne Alexander, North Yorkshire; Alan Laing, Edinburgh; Duncan Coates, Bermuda; Johnny Hallows, Africa; Peter Robison, Bristol; Margaret Collins, Canada; Sadly Peter Parkinson and Malcolm Yeo have died.

After leaving Brookfield, I worked for a while in the family business, then:

1971 Went to college as a mature student.

1974 Lecturer in Business Studies at Derby College of Further Education

1978 Moved to Burton-on-Trent Technical College where, eventually, I became a senior lecturer in business and management and head of the Forest Business Centre

1996 Took early retirement following heart surgery

1997 Continued to lecture part-time for a couple of years, then spent 18 months driving taxis. (Most enjoyable job)

2001 Moved back to Carlisle. My main interest now is local history. I have been involved with the Holme St Cuthbert History Group and the publication of their 'Plain People' books (www.solwayplain.co.uk) now working on a third book. Peter Ostle

In Autumn Term 1960 I played the part of the housekeeper, Mrs Pearce, in the play Pygmalion, suitably attired in starched cap and apron. Other than that the performance went well, I recall very little. My time at Brookfield between 1954 and 1961 left me with many happy memories and the principles (thoughtfulness towards others was never far from the top of the "list") of the dedicated staff, which rubbed off on to pupils living with them as a family then, I have tried to hold on to and seem to have instilled in my two thoughtful and hard-working daughters. With four lovely grandchildren aged 16 to 26yrs, all still at home and me in retirement, my cap and apron are regularly pressed into duty when I volunteer for ironing duties. Brought up on a farm outside Stamfordham village in unbeatable Northumberland, I moved to another farm within a mile on marriage and retired into the village a few years ago. My working life with the MOD in programming the training of Junior Soldiers, assisting in their education and posting them to their respective battalions was full of interest, not least in seeing the change in young men between enlisting and passing off. My trips up to Otterburn Training Area during Battle Camps, when I was allowed to indulge in 9mm pistol target practice and observe teenage trainees using grenades while I sat up the open-topped tower with pebbles from the throwing pit screaming overhead or against the tower's observation screen, all added to the enjoyment of my duties. Around this I fitted helping on the farm evenings or weekends at lambing or sowing and harvest times. I will always be deeply indebted to Miss Bagwell for the love of all aspects of Geography and Geology which her teaching encouraged in me and I now enjoy world travel, getting up close to the lives of the "natives" of very diverse countries and appreciating physical and geological features first explained by her. I am equally enthralled when driving around our own Lake District, remembering School Excursions, Youth Hostelling weekends or the day after we finished A Levels. Our dear Headmaster gave us a day off and four of us (girls) chose to climb the horseshoe of fells including Grisedale Pike, dropped at Braithwaite by "Baggy". When we returned to school in the evening, very happy and well sunburnt between our rolled-down hockey socks and knee-length brown shorts, "Boss" ball-fagged for us on the grass court near the Joachim's bungalow. When driving past the Pardshaw sign a year or two ago on my way to watch my youngest grandson racing at Rowragh circuit (at 15 he became Under 18 World Champion Karter celebrating with Sebastian Vettel, Mark Webber Jenson Button and the F1 Family in New Delhi), I was reminded of the annual exodus of the whole school to Pardshaw Meeting. The smell of dampness as the stone walls and wooden benches were heated up by the big stove is unforgettable, just as the smell of bread and margarine, toasting over the girl's schoolroom fire on hair-washing days lingers in the mind. Quite forbidden, of course, but Happy Days indeed!

Margaret Nichol (Tulip)

I started Brookfield in September 1958 going straight into the 3rd form as I was a 13+ scholarship girl from Northumberland. Nothing could have been stranger than moving from a tiny 2 up 2 down miners terrace house with outside loo, near Blyth where I grew up with only my grandparents, to a bed in "big dorm" ! Brookfield was to be a formative and happy experience for me over the next five years. I loved acting and being chosen by the redoubtable English teacher Joey Joachim to play Eliza in Pygmalion (as pictured) was the high spot. I had some lovely friendships at school especially with Margaret Lewis (now Lynn) we are still in touch but haven't met since Gwen Bagwell's memorial service in Gloucester. However Valerie Cairns(now Hope) and I and our families have stayed closely in touch over the years, very handy as she still lives in beautiful Rothbury in the Cheviots, my favourite place to visit! I was very privileged to be made Head Girl in my final year alongside Colin Campbell as Head Boy, both influenced by Kenneth Greaves as a "modern" and intellectual Headmaster. I kept in touch with him until he died.

After school and au pairing in Geneva I "came down" to London to study at the London School of Economics, and never went back. I met my husband Denis while studying and living at the Lady Margaret Hall Settlement and we married straight after university in 1967. We have both spent our careers in social work and I retired in 2004 having spent my early career in psychiatric social work at the Bethlem Royal & Maudsley Hospitals and the last 17 years in Wandsworth where I was Assistant Director of Community Care. A thoroughly satisfying if at times gruelling

career. There's nothing like a Quaker school education to instil the "service" ethic.

Denis and I have lived in Croydon and worked in London for all except the 1st year of our married lives. We have a son Adam and daughter Beth who each have two boys ranging now from 5-11yrs. We are very hands on grandparents with Adam's family nearby and Beth's near Farnham in Surrey. Retirement has been a mixture of grandchildren, golf, gardening and the many delights and easy access of London's cultural offerings. We are frequent opera, music and theatre goers.

It was lovely seeing the photo after so many years and even recognising some of the cast. I am sorry not to have made it to any reunions so far despite intentions. My very best wishes to anyone who remembers me.

Helen Dobson (Blackburn) 1958-1963



Helen and her husband at Malcolm Teasdale's exhibition in London

I remember well taking the part of Clara, an obnoxious character in Pygmalion. My memory of the drama backstage is even more vivid, the details of which I won't divulge here.

My working life since leaving school in 1963 includes training to be a teacher in Newcastle, working in Leicestershire, teaching English in Norway, teaching part-time near London, teaching at The Technical College of Bahrain, taking a BA then an MA specializing in phonetics and teaching that subject at Copenhagen University.

I live in Denmark and have done so since 1979. I have three lovely daughters, Anne-Katrine and Birgitte from my first marriage to Stein, a Norwegian engineer, and Nina from my second marriage to Niels, a Danish engineer who died almost two years ago.

I resigned from the university at 65 but have taken a job working part-time as external lecturer at Copenhagen Business School which I enjoy. My four grandchildren, two girls and two boys, give me joy too. Niels and I had looked forward to retirement and to spending more time in our cottage in Sweden and visiting the Greek Islands we both adored but life is unpredictable. I intend staying in Scandinavia as two of my daughters live here in Denmark and the other in Norway. Copenhagen is also a great city to live near.

I'd like to thank those who took the trouble to arrange the reunions I've attended. Meeting up with friends from school days was wonderful and I look forward to the next time we meet up again.

Catherine Ross (Meinertz-Nielsen)

PYGMALION - RUBBING SHOULDERS WITH THE STARS

Of course, I was not quite good enough to be chosen to act in George Bernard Shaw's play however I was allowed to be involved as a stage electrician with Sandy Collins. Not quite sure why this was but it may have been because I was quite good at making crystal sets that could be used to listen to 'Radio Luxembourg' at night under the bed covers!

Having got over the disappointment of not being one of the chosen few rapid relief followed with the realisation I would not have to learn any lines. And so I began to look forward to my first real test with Sandy as a 'Sparky'.

And of course 'Sparky' was quite apt considering the blown fuses, the unreliability of the lighting, the humming of things not meant to hum and the occasional full blown lights out situations when overloading various switchboards. However after some practice Sandy and I got the hang of things and all too soon the opening night was looming upon us.

Fiddling about with wiring and fuse boxes and rheostats and a variety of plain & coloured light bulbs & spotlights gave us the opportunity to rub shoulders with the real stars. And there was a real benefit in being able to watch the performance backstage at ankle height and, indeed, there were some very nice ankles on display too!

Rehearsals were clearly important for those acting but also very important for us aspiring 'Sparky's' too. We tried very hard to make sure that the lighting complimented the actors, was not too hot so as to melt makeup and did not actually dazzle the stars too much so that they couldn't see their way about the stage. And we definitely didn't want the actors to appear to be squinting or shielding their eyes throughout the performance.

Some stars were able to remember line easily and didn't have to be prompted. Others, who shall remain nameless, required quite a lot of prompting. I well remember quite a lot of whispering to aid forgotten

lines and one particular actor saying 'pardon' to Betty, the prompter, on a couple of occasions. But really the actors performed very well on the night and the audience seemed on the whole to enjoy the play. Looking at the photographs of the cast after all these years I can see that some actors must have been quite blinded by over bright lighting whilst others seem to be rather in the shade. However, considering the equipment we were using, the quality of lighting does seem generally quite tolerable. And I feel a certain amount of pride when I see today on the full cast photograph that my attempt using a very special bulb all those years ago to make Valerie's hair, third in from the left, appear quite auburn on a black & white photograph has rather succeeded!

Graham Kirkpatrick - *Electrician extraordinaire!*

It was lovely to see the photo of Pygmalion, a blast from the past. Just to let you know that I am on the back row far left. Margaret Lynn (Lewis). After leaving school I went to Teacher training college in Newcastle. I am married to David, a civil engineer. During our married life we have lived in several midland counties and are now retired in Warwick. We have a married daughter who has two boys aged 18 & 14 and a son who is married and has one little boy age 3.

Both families live within half an hour of us and so we are lucky to see them all quite often especially the 3 year old as both his parents work.

We are enjoying retirement doing all the usual things, having plenty of holidays and generally trying to keep fit and active!!

Margaret Lynn (Lewis)

Where are they now?



This was an unbeaten rugby team from 1961-2

Were you on this team? Please send us anything you remember about school especially the rugby matches, and we will publish it in the next issue. Did you play sport after leaving school?

Congratulations

Golden Wedding of David and Hilary (Bolton) Barnfather

David and Hilary were unable to join us at the WOSA Reunion last July as they were gathering their extended family at The Crown Hotel in Wetheral to celebrate their Golden Wedding. Hilary wrote to thank everyone for the congratulations card that many old scholars had signed for them. Angela and David Bourn had delivered it to the hotel on the Sunday. Hilary writes: please do say how touched we were to receive the cards which Angela and David brought to the hotel, and that it brought back many memories of our school days. There were 21 of us at Wetheral and we mini-bussed everyone to see where school had been and also to Hadrian's Wall, Carlisle's Tullie House with its excellent exhibitions of Romans and Border Rievers, and also to Lanercost where Barnfathers had been buried for about 300 years. We also showed them Megs Hill where generations of my mothers Quaker family had attended (also the Wigham family) and walked across fields to view remains of family farms near Kirklington. So now our 12 grandchildren know where they come from!

The Diamond Wedding anniversary of Alfred and Norma Jefferson October 18th 2012

It was open house all day at their lovely home. Huge quantities of all sorts of food and drinks were available. It was almost a WOSA meeting.

Those present were: Graham & Malcolm Atkinson, Archie & Sheila Rankin, Mary Peile, Donald Penrice and Alfred Jefferson.

We were able to see how young we all looked in 1952 from the wedding album produced by an old scholar Alan Wolstenholme, who was at that time a Professional photographer in Wigton. It was really a day to remember.

Donald Penrice (Best man)

Sadly Alan Wolstenholme died just before this celebration

It was also the golden Wedding of Madeleine and Terence Norman (1944-49) on March 10th 2013

Friday, 24.	Lecture, 6-45; "Antarctica, Mr. E. W. K. WALTON
Saturday, 25.	Mixed Hockey v. Old Scholars Dancing, 7-30—9-0 (IV, V, VI)
Sunday, 26.	Evening Reading, DERMOT O'C. GRUBB (London)
Monday, 27.	School Examinations begin
Thursday, 30.	School Play, Dress Rehearsal
DECEMBER	
Friday, 1.	Parents' Evening
Saturday, 2.	School Committee 1st XI v. Thomlinson G.S. 1st XI (A) School Play, Public Performance
Sunday, 3.	Evening Reading, Mr. CARRUTHERS
Thursday, 7.	Quarterly Meeting, Wigton, 10-45 (IV, V, VI)
Saturday, 9.	1st XV v. Penrith G.S. 1st XV (H) 1st XI v. Penrith G.S. 1st XI (H) Association, 6-45
Sunday, 10.	Evening Reading, Carol Service
Monday, 11.	Christmas Party
Tuesday, 12.	Films, 6-45
Wed'sday, 13.	End of term



Were you at Brookfield when the School gates were knocked down by this lorry?

Fiona Dingwell (Scott) was at Brookfield for only one term in 1950 while her parents were home on leave from Rhodesia. Amazingly she still had her school calendar, one page of which is reproduced here. She wrote to say that she particularly enjoyed the films and lectures. She remembered that Mr Walton brought a real husky along to his talk on the Antarctic.

For Sale



Commemorative china mug with a picture of the front of the school and bearing the legend:
Friends School Wigton
1815 - 1984.

£10.50 including post and packing,
or they can be purchased for £7.50
at the Reunion Weekend

You may have slept here, but you won't have had marmalade for breakfast



Wild and Fruitful

*Maker of Specialist
Homemade
Preserves*

Specially commissioned Brookfield
Marmalade made in Hillside, Cuddy
Lonning, Wigton

£3.50 plus postage

Or collect at Reunion weekend

Panora Photographs 1956 in frame
1948, 1951, 1953, 1958 1960 unframed

We have many other sports and group photographs. Contact us if
you would like to purchase a particular photograph.

Telephone Marjorie Taylor on 01912595689

If you have any school memorabilia you no longer want please
donate it to be sold for WOSA funds.

A Brookfield Winter



Malcolm Teasdale is a former pupil and artist whose work
is now exhibited in many galleries around the country and
has been included in "Best Of British", a collection of some
of the best of 21st century British Art.

The painting above is the result of an idea he has had for
many years to paint a winter scene at Brookfield with pupils
returning up the drive from Sunday meeting

Malcolm's work is very collectable and you can see
examples at www.panterandhall.com/Artists.aspx

Malcolm has produced signed limited edition prints size
40cm x 31cms which are for sale at £30. The proceeds will
be used to fund future reunions.

To order one of these prints contact Marjorie Taylor
☎01912595689 or email: m@rjorie.com

All proceeds to WOSA funds

School Memories

We arrived at Brookfield in April 1936 when I was nearly nine and my sister Coral was nearly eleven. I loved it from my first day whereas Coral was never really happy there. There were about 100 pupils, 32 girls and 60+ boys. Out of the 32 girls there were three "Fredas"- Freda Wilson, Freda Byers and myself Freda Thornley. So different from today - very very few girls get called Freda now. The school was very different from the city schools where we had been before - this was more like a big family and so it remained throughout my days there.

My classmates were Margaret (Wigham) Griffiths, Kathleen Bell, Elisabeth Marsh, Barbara Cook, Archie Rankin, Peter Sturrock, William Watson, Michael Melville. I'm sure there were others but I have forgotten their names. I remember the Kemp brothers, and the Kurer boys but they were not in our class. Margaret Wigham remained a close friend until she died a few years ago, indeed she was my bridesmaid. My brother Geoff Smith went to Brookfield 1947 to 1953. He now lives in California and we see each other on "Skype" every few days. My sister Coral died four years ago.

I remember many of the teachers - Mr Marshall, Mr Bell, Mr Paterson, Mr Reed who was our Head Teacher, Miss Fleming, Miss Harwood, Miss Robinson, Miss Ashford and our Matron who was Miss Morrison and she came from Stornaway and had the most delightful soft Highland way of talking.

I remember so many "special" days there - Halloween and playing "sardines" GM when we had country dancing on the front lawn and we played "Turza". We had sausages for dinner at GM, the only time of the year we had them. Bonfire night was great fun and so was "Excursion" to the Lake District and our Monthly Walks were great too and early-morning swims in the pool and "Association" evenings.



When war was declared in September 1939, quite a lot of us from the cities returned to Brookfield early because everybody expected Britain to be bombed straight away as Holland had been. We had a great time, having the school to ourselves and no lessons.

In July 1940, after Dunkirk, we left Brookfield because my mother thought if we were invaded she wanted us to be with her, so we returned to Liverpool and finished our schooling there - actually three weeks after we returned to Liverpool the "Blitz" began. But that's another story.

Once, in 1980 when we were staying with Margaret and her family we drove to Brookfield and had a great welcome from the headmaster who delegated one of the senior girls to give us a guided tour of the school so that we could see the changes which had taken place. This was a delight for me as I had long wanted to show my husband the school which meant so much to me, and at last I could.

We again visited Margaret when we were next in the UK in 1989 and found to our delight that we could attend the WOSA. reunion. When we walked into Kathleen Bell's house, where we were to have lunch, a voice cried "Freda Thornley" how amazing !! And so began a wonderful day.

I was devastated to hear of the closure and then the fire. What a sad end to a lovely school but its great that WOSA. keeps on going and nothing can take away our memories of being there.

Freda Cooke (Thornley) 1936 - 1940

The 2014 Newsletter will feature "A spotlight on Music", so please send us your memories and photographs



In Memoriam



Peter Parkinson 1956-61 date of death not known

Mabel Rattrie(Wigham) 1932-37 date of death not known

Joan Little(Barnes) 1940-48 died 19th June 2010

Michael Malone left 1975 died 2011

Agnes May Ellwood 1936-40 died 10th February 2012

Michael Atkinson 1956-61 died February 2012

Joyce Laidlow (Hodgson) 1942-47 died 27th March 2012

Sandy Bell 1947-57 died 13th May 2012

Ann Messenger 1947-57 died 22nd June 2012

Alyson Barker 1975-82 died 25th June 2012

Eileen Diaz (Purvis) 1938-41 died July 2012

Edmund Crozier 1959-63 died 1st August 2012

Bill Luke 1960-65 died 10th August 2012

Hans Kurer (President 1982) 1939-45 died 17th August 2012

Frances Goodfellow (Greggains) (President 1993) 1949-56 died 20th August 2012

Alan Wolstenholme 1938-47 died 14th October 2012

Irving Coulthard 1941-43 died 11th November 2012

Marion Baynes (Deputy Head) 1968-74 died January 2013

Archie Rankin (President 1992, Chairman 2008-12) 1934-43. Died 9th March 2013

I hope that you have enjoyed reading this newsletter. We are always pleased to receive contributions and would welcome text or ideas for the next issue. Please send your text by email to m@rjorie.com, or by post to: 3 Cotswold Road, North Shields, Tyne & Wear, NE299QJ