

WOSA Newsletter 2018



*President 2017 -18
Dorothy Pearlman*

President 2017 - 2018 **Dorothy Pearlman**

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Editorial

Dates for your Diary

Many thanks to those members who sent articles and photographs for inclusion in this issue of the newsletter. The articles you send remind others of events which occurred during their time at Brookfield, and they often respond with reminiscences of their own.

Memories can also be sparked by photographs and posts placed on the Old Scholars facebook page which contains items from former pupils who are scattered all over the world. We have also received several questions and comments about items on the web-site which continues to attract a steady influx of new members to the Association.

Recently I posted a picture of "The Lodge" in snow and this has received 29 likes and 50 comments at the time of writing. It also led to the article on page 9.

Please continue to send me any news about yourself or others.

We hope to see you at the Reunion in Carlisle in July

WOSA Reunion 2018

Saturday 14th. July

Meet at 10.30am for coffee
followed by AGM
at Foxy's Restaurant, Carlisle United FC
Buffet Lunch at 1.15
Dinner at Foxy's Restaurant
7.00pm for 7.30pm

Sunday 15th. July

10.30am Meeting for worship at Carlisle
or Mosedale Meeting

From 1.00pm Coffee & Biscuits at
The Cottage, Brookfield
(Old sick bay)

Marjorie Taylor (Editor)

Presidential Address

Friends, Romans, Countrymen lend me your ears...oops sorry wrong audience, that one is for Shakespeare's Globe Theatre next week.....I wish.. Friends and fellow Brookfieldites it is wonderful to see you all again, another year down life's road. I am deeply honoured and very surprised to be standing in front of you as your esteemed President. Reading back over last years wonderful address by Jill I feel this one is going to seem very shallow, but we all cannot have had a life filled with public service as Jill has, and thereby makes it worthwhile telling the gathered company all about it. In principle I have been an administrator, salesman and company Director rather boring although fairly successful having employed 21 wonderful Cumbrian people.



Right, the only place for me to begin was at the time my mum and dad (God bless them) first brought me to the school to decide whether they were happy to leave me there while they returned to their lives in Bombay, India...or is that Mumbai. We were met by Joseph and Mary Carruthers who proceeded to show us all around every part of the school including the games field and even their bungalow. They did a magnificent job of selling Brookfield which was to become my home for the next 8 years, and so I was committed to serve my time there. I am not even sure that their surname swung the deal, as it just happens to have been my mothers maiden name.

And so in September 1956 a nine, yes nine year old boy started his adult education 5000 miles away from his parents. I believe that I am the youngest scholar ever to start as a secondary pupil at Brookfield.

Joe and Mary promised to look after me as their own and I am certain that explains the many happy hours that I spent in Centre Hall standing listening to the ticking of the clock, and almost learning every name on every honours board off by heart. The only occasion that I specifically remember for being there was the time that Gwen Bagwell was explaining the ideology of turning the other cheek, a real Quaker one, and on pressing her that she would not want any retribution if her dear sister was shot, I professed that should I see her sister in the street.....I would shoot her. Gwen ran out of the classroom, crying her eyes out and a very short time later a very angry Mr Carruthers arrived to escort me for clock duties. Another much happier memory of Gwen is while entering the Geography room with a fellow pupil who asked me in a loud voice "I wonder where the old bag is" as she was nowhere to be seen, a head popped up from behind the large storage unit at the back of the room to announce in an equally loud voice "The old bag is here". For those of you to have not been taught by that wonderful lady, her surname created the obvious nickname.

There are so many memories that I have of the school that there is not nearly enough time to bore you all with even a tiny proportion of them, but if you will allow I will highlight just two. The first concerns having been put in charge of a science demonstration by Charles Bungalow Marshall, you know the one with nothing upstairs, his joke not mine, for Parents day to demonstrate the relative volatility of the three elements that react with water, namely Calcium, Sodium and Potassium in that order of danger.

Suffice it to say that yours truly got the order reversed and on putting a rather large piece of Potassium into the sink of water, the explosion soaked every parent in the room, shattered the sink.

The second relates to someone who is very close indeed to one of our gathered company, namely Mr Fred Pass Bell, games master in charge of recommending games colours. Although I did make the teams for Cricket and Rugby it was only because of the small numbers of us, so the only sport that I was fairly decent at was Swimming for which my early life in India had given me a great start as my mother had taught me to swim by the time I was 2 years old. I represented the school every year from First to 6th form and spent the last 3 of them trying to persuade Fred to introduce swimming colours to be told swimming was not a sport but simply a recreation. I left colourless only to find that swimming colours were introduced the very next year. As they say C'est la vie.

God rest your soul dear Fred, a lovely master who taught me Woodwork which I was fairly decent at and has proved very helpful during my life, only to have it stopped in

order to learn Latin from guess who... Joe Carruthers, you see he really was trying to look after me...Latin has after all been really useful to a Salesman.



I do believe that our old school succeeded in its efforts to make me a rounded man of the world, It certainly installed in me a sense of right and wrong, fairness and hopefully helpfulness towards my fellow man, reinforcing the values I had been taught at home which was then a very long way away.

Let me close by thanking Patsy and Marjorie for organising this AGM yet again and especially for searching the wilderness that is West Cumbria to find me for our year reunion which brought me back into the fold of Old Scholars which I had never thought to join previously.

Thanks also to the staff at Foxy's for their hospitality. All I need now for a happy year is for Carlisle United to get their fingers out and get promotion at the end of the season.

Once again thank you to our committee for doing me the honour of electing me as President a position I never in my wildest dreams thought I would fill, and it now gives me great pleasure to hand the badge over to our next President Dorothy Pearlman.

Maurice Tate

WOSA Weekend July 8th - 9th 2017



Lunch at Carlisle FC

*Mark Moody, John Linnel, Malcolm Teasdale, Ken Ashford, Hedley Redpath, Maurice Tate,, Kaye Gilmour, Jill Forest, Donald Dobson, Tricia Dobson
Tony Feguson, Madeleine Norman, Anita Webb,, Audrey Ryan, Ann Smart, Michael Taylor, Margaret Taylor, Diana Robison., Alison Hetherington
Malcolm Bell, Max Friedheim., Ann Fort, Mararet Smith, Avril Solari., Jill Kemp, Geoffrey Cook
Dorothy Pearlman, Kate Rayson, Tony Kemp, Helen Snowball, Arnold Snowball, Ian Gillies, Russell Teasdale
David Yates, Jean Yates, Robert Williamson, Terry Norman, Judith Beeby, June Walker., Cameron Walker, Annette Reynolds
Helen Morris, Mark Elliott, Peter Kurer, Marjorie Taylor, Margart Steel, Patsy Castree*

It was not without some trepidation that I turned into the car park at Carlisle Football Club as, I am ashamed to say, I had not attended an Old Scholars gathering for almost 50 years.

That I had come to the right place was confirmed by the sight of a cluster of people about my age (elderly) enjoying greetings and smiles of welcome in the car park. We joined this group and, even before we pinned on name labels, spotted several familiar faces which was very encouraging. Much more relaxed now we made our way up to the conference room for coffee where about sixty members were already engrossed in animated chatter. An atmosphere of joy, frowns of thought, scratching of heads to aid memory and exclamations of surprise, the full range of expression.

"There's John Linnel I haven't seen you for 60 years" and Malcolm Bell "how like your dad you are, so good to see you!"

A look at photographs of teams, prefects, brothers and sisters etc It is surprising that names and faces that were so familiar years ago come flooding back when sometimes it is difficult to bring to mind the name of someone who lives "down the road".

The formalities of the AGM confirmed that WOSA is in a good financial state. We were encouraged to inform the committee if we knew of anyone who may be in need of some support. Relevant photographs or information can always be added to the website or magazine and should be sent to John Taylor or to Marjorie Taylor.

As part of the meeting all members of the association who have died during the year were remembered. Mollie Peel who was our oldest member died in April. Helen Snowball explained that Mollie was the last

of the fourth generation of Hindes to attend the school since her great grandfather Robert had started at Highmoor in 1820. There are still 6 WOSA members of the sixth generation but not with the Hinde surname.

At the end of the meeting Peter Kurer was made an honorary member of the association for his invaluable contributions over many years. He was presented with a glass plate inscribed with the WOSA logo. After the AGM, Peter Kurer gave us an extremely interesting illustrated talk on his life. In particular he emphasised the role of the Quakers in the organisation of Kindertransport of refugees from Berlin and Vienna.



Time for lunch and more chatter which lasted well into the afternoon before dispersing for a couple of hours to recharge for the evening.

The evening dinner is a very relaxed occasion. A very good meal and a seating plan of, in most cases, contemporaries. Do you remember when?..... What was the name of? Oh, I had forgotten that!...etc

Maurice Tate addressed the gathering and told us of various interesting stages of his life before handing over the badge of office to Dorothy Pearlman, the President elect for 2017/8.

As most drifted off home or to hotels a 'hardy' group drifted into a Carlisle wine bar to complete their evening there.

On Sunday morning Meeting for Worship was held at Carlisle or Mosedale. A few of us went to Brookfield to look at changes and remember. The Cottage which along with Hillside and Cuddy Lonnin really are the only recognisable parts.

And so home after a very enjoyable weekend- I must not leave it another 50 years!!

Iain Gillies 1953-60



Five generations of The Hinde Family at Brookfield

When Mollie Peel nee Hinde passed away this May just before her 97th birthday it brought an end to the Hinde dynasty of Wigton Old Scholars.

It began when My (our) Great great Grandfather Robert Hinde from Maryport attended School at Highmoor from 1820 to 1823. My Great Grandfather William Shepherd Hinde attended Brookfield from 1858 till 1863.

The Hindes then moved to Brigham near Cockermouth and my Grandfather another Robert Hinde, the eldest of five children who all went to Brookfield, Wigham, John, Mary and Annie.

Grandfather Robert was on School committee for many years and an active Old Scholar being President in 1937, his brother John D Hinde was the oldest Old Scholar and jointly planted a tree to celebrate the Schools 150th Anniversary with the youngest Scholar, John Harris.

To continue the Hinde connection all the next generation attended Brookfield, Margaret, Edie, Win, Jack and Mollie, all Robert's children and their cousin Dennys.



William Shepherd Hinde age 92 (at school 1858-63). His great granddaughter Helen Snowball age 1 she was at school 1947-56

Margaret has been mentioned a lot recently as being the oldest Old Scholar and died just short of her 105th birthday, she served on School Committee for many years. Her three children Sheila, Anita and Iain all attended Brookfield and it is lovely to have two thirds of them with us today. I think it would be no exaggeration to say that second daughter Edie lived and breathed Brookfield. She was David Reeds secretary before she married and Secretary again when Rob, my Dad became Bursar. She kept in touch with many Members of staff and pupils as her Christmas card list would confirm. She always organised accommodation for OS Weekend and spent a number of years as Magazine Editor. She was President in 1964. Her children Elisabeth, Robert and myself are all Old Scholars.

Win was a regular attender at OS and a lifelong friend of Gwen Bagwell who she went to school with. Jack moved away from Cumbria after the War and didn't attend reunions.

Mollie, the youngest was always the life and soul of the party. She met husband to be Ray at Brookfield and they were prominent members of most School sports teams, including Ladies Cricket and were Head Boy and Head Girl in the same year. They very rarely missed OS apart from their time in Kenya and their love of sport continued having long innings as Sports reps. They were the first of Joint Presidents in 1966 and modestly forbids me to say who the next ones were in 1978.

Mollie was always the lively member of the family, she was our glamorous Auntie with her stylish clothes and sense of mischief, great sense of humour and a wonderful hostess. She also was the Oldest Old Scholar for a short time. Her passing brought to an end the long list of the Hinde connections with Wigton School and Old Scholars from Robert Hinde starting School in 1820 to his great grand daughter Mollie's death nearly 200 years later in 2017.

Helen (Gillies) Snowball 1947-56

Spotlight on Geography

Judy Litt (Prescott) and I had the pleasure of being the only two in our year to do 'A' Level geography and so spent a very happy two years in the company of our teacher, George Heslop.

One Easter we went on a week-long residential course in Shropshire. As we went from school we travelled there by train, but after a week's activities I thought the best way to get home to Morpeth and Thropton was by hitching. Great idea eh? It all went reasonably well until we were stranded somewhere remote in Lancashire for a long time. With no cafe etc and no toilet facilities, I was on the point of diving behind the nearest bush

when an ancient lorry stopped and offered us a lift roughly in the direction of Carlisle. So abandoning the idea of the much needed hedge we climbed in. Unfortunately there was only one passenger seat, which naturally went to Judy. I had to perch on the engine cover which was between the two seats. It was not only very hard but vibrated viciously and as in those days there was no M6 at that point, I was in agony. Judy just about held in the giggles as she knew exactly what my problem was--imagine the effect of all that vibration on a very full bladder--and I was too scared to tell the scary looking driver that I needed to stop in case we lost our lift on a remote part of the A6. We crawled up the long haul to Shap but as we reached the cafe on the summit I had to scream to the driver to let me out. Judy by this time was in stitches as we scrambled out and I scuttled off in one direction for any loo available and our ancient lift disappeared off North.

Eventually we made it home but a lesson was learnt, and as usual Judy spent the whole episode with a smile on her face.



The Geography Room

Hugh Routledge (1961-68)

Warrick Snowball wrote from New Zealand to say he would never forget fifth form sessions in front of the map of the world every morning before assembly.

Patsy Castree and Marjorie Taylor remember members of their year throwing Gwen Bagwell's prize Ostrich egg round the Geography room while she was not there.

Gwen was a very good Geography teacher and she ensured that we were made well aware of the capitals and countries of the world as well as the main cities of the UK by repeated tracing of maps of the world and UK.

Note from the editor: "I have enjoyed bringing some of these exotic sounding places alive such as Samarkand and Kathmandu since I have retired.

The following extract is from a description of her Geographical Excursion, by Marilyn (Smith) Bradshaw. Instead of the usual trek to see some interesting geographical feature, “the powers that be” decided that we should do things in style. As a result we left Wigton station at what seemed an incredibly early hour of the morning in the direction of Whitehaven. From Whitehaven we transferred to Ravenglass by steam train.

At Ravenglass we changed trains, this time to the small train that was to take us up the “Ratty” Railway. The line up the valley from Ravenglass was used to transport iron ore from quarries along the valley, and all along we saw signs of disused mines and quarries.

Refreshed by coffee from the shop at the end of the railway, we set off on our return journey. We walked from Ravenglass station to the garage belonging to Joseph Pharoah who was to take us over to the “Gullery” by rowing boat. The boat was too small for all of us so the boys had to wade over getting very wet in the attempt.

We wandered round the Gullery for about an hour and then made our way back to Ravenglass to meet Mr Alp, who was to show us round the Roman Baths. These are very interesting remains, being unique in having so much of the walls still standing, and Mr Alp was an excellent guide. We had spent so much time in the Gullery that we had to rush away to the station where we found Joshua waiting to show us photographs, which have appeared on television, of birds found in the Gullery.

We arrived back at school at 7.30pm.

Follow-up to Spotlight on Art

This is a photograph that appeared in The Cumberland News in 1966 (approx.) showing off the new Art room.

Pupils present include: Jane Henzell, Audrey Thompson, Drummond Percy, John Webster, Robin Wannop, Joyce Bell, Margaret Shircliff, Pam Wilson, Frances Jackson and George Armstrong who sent the picture.

Later Audrey Thompson went on to study art at college and returned in 1972 to be the art teacher where she stayed until 1978. She married George Heslop who was also a teacher at the school.



The 2019 Newsletter will feature a spotlight on “Domestic Science”, so please send us your memories and photographs

Brookfield in the Snow



This photograph was posted on the “Old Wigton” facebook page before Christmas and resulted in this response from Jennifer Turner.

She wrote to say that she had been born in the school lodge in July 1947. Her grandfather William Johnston had been the caretaker. William died while still working at the school and her father William Stainton took over for a few years. Jennifer lived in the lodge from 1947 - 53. Michael Taylor remembers that when William Johnston died some of the Sixth Form boys attended his funeral. The picture was also posted on the Brookfield Facebook site with the caption “*Do you remember Brookfield in the snow*” Janet (Carruthers) Gifford remembered the heavy snows of 1947 and that the boys built igloos on the school field. Michael Taylor was one of the igloo construction squad!

Sheenagh Jones and Shona Collins both remembered that the swimming pool was frozen. Shona said that the pool was half full and that one of the boys in her year walked across it. He fell through the ice and “Froggy” was livid. She asks: “Was it Paddy Malone or Paul Easton?”

Roger Harris remembers playing rugby and football with snow falling, and that the pitch was solid with ice. Mr Woodcock braved the freezing temperatures alongside them. This was followed by the bliss of a hot shower except for the agony as frozen hands and feet warmed up. It was he says “character building!” Many people remembered Tommy Stuart and his family living in the lodge (1957 - 74).

When Avril Solari saw the photo memories came flooding back.. She wrote: I well remember Mr. Johnstone at the Lodge as Caretaker. Brookfield grounds were the playground of Sue Marshall and myself in the holidays, climbing the trees on the girls' side, messing about in the swimming pool in the Summer which always managed to be half full with green water!! It was great riding our bikes up and down the drive. The beck ran along the edge of the girls' side and was a source of fascination.

June Walker sums up what many others will agree with. She says “I can almost touch the lodge in my memory when I see this picture. I cannot imagine it not there.

This picture has elicited many comments on both the “Old Wigton” facebook page and also the Brookfield Old Scholars facebook page.

Diaries

Confessions of 13 to 15 year old boy at Brookfield

I keep a diary, I'm not sure why but I blame my Father. I was given a diary more or less every Christmas. At the time I thought I had better fill it in. I dutifully filled it in with the daily goings on at the beginning of every year, but I seemed to run out of steam by mid- year, so many of my early diaries contain nothing from about July onwards.

During a recent clear out of the loft I came across a dusty shoe box containing diaries of my time at Brookfield as a young boy. Re-reading them brought it all back. I enjoyed my time but no way was I a model pupil. Even to this day I feel slightly ashamed of my behaviour. Anyhow I think sufficient time has now passed that this "classified" information can now be released. I hope you enjoy them!

I have extracted what I think the more funny, newsworthy or downright embarrassing bits. The words are taken exactly as written but I have added some explanation in red ink.

With apologies to Mr Marshall and other teachers for using their nick-names. I have no idea why Mr Marshall was called "Tosh"

1956

Jan 20th – Had a power cut. Used candles for light

Jan. 21st – Got a cube from Tosh and he cancelled my leave. I could never work out how Mr Marshall managed to determine whether the answer was right or wrong within a few seconds behind a half closed door to his office, especially when he made up a random four number cube. Many years later I found out the workings of a slide rule!

Feb 14th – Today Tosh cancelled my leave for two weeks for making a noise on the new lab stairs.

Feb 27th – In prep we made a noise so we were all sent to bed early. Mr Richardson read us a story – "The dog Crusoe"

March 8th – Today Tosh was on duty. Nothing much happened except I got put in the "black book" for pillow fighting. *The shame of this!*

March 13th – Today in science there was a lesson in glass blowing. I blew a good one but it broke.

March 26th – Today there were lessons in the morning then packing in the afternoon. I was excited. The end of term film was called "The Importance of being Ernest"

1957

Feb 4th – Today we did not have games because of the weather. We walked to Cuddy cross roads instead. Had some tuck pinched.

Feb 6th – Today there was a run for games. Nicked off after being checked off. Came back by the railway. *Must have been a short cut!*

Feb 7th – Today was fairly cloudy and wet. For PT we used clubs and practiced juggling etc.

April 1st – Caught German Measles on the last day of term. Have to stay at school. A right April Fool's joke on me!

April 6th – Listening to Mr Caruthers's radio. *I remember that he was very kind and caring when I was in the sick bay.*

May 30th – There was a row over one of the Danish boy's ruler. We had a lot of "collects". At last ----- owned up but he said he hadn't done it but I think he did. *Cannot remember anything about this!*

June 27th – Today we found out that we had done the wrong science prep because of ----- putting it up wrong on the board. Most of the boys had to stay in at 4.00pm to repeat the prep but I didn't have to. Went to the library and read the papers. Had to do a cube for Tosh for charging out of prep.

July 2nd – Today some men came and started to build a new bridge over the beck. An old scholar left some money and wished to be remembered by this bridge

July 11th – Today Miss Bagwell took us on a trip to Carr's flour mills at Silloth in the afternoon. A man took us around and we saw all the machinery for processing the wheat. The engine room had two massive steam engines developing 750 horse power.

July 23rd – Today we all went home. Had to walk down to the station because of the bus strike. Caught the 8.30am train as usual. 46239 "City of Chester" pulled us. Had fags as usual. *This is news to me!*

Oct 18th – Today I went to the baths and had 6d worth of chips on the way back. *Always tasted lovely especially when you asked for "bits", the remains of the batter.*

1958

Jan 18th (Sat) – Very cold and windy. In the afternoon Mr Richardson brought his television into the School and we all watched England v Wales rugby (3 – 3). He let us see “Whirlybirds” on children’s TV.

Jan 19th – Mr Illife was on duty and the walk was short river. *Any ideas what this walk was?*

Jan 22nd – Today was very cold with 26 deg of frost in the night. No games because of the snow so I just messed about on the slide in the yard. *Must have been deg F.*

Jan 23rd – Today was bitterly cold with 25 deg of frost in the night. Mr Marshall was on duty. Went to the estate shop and nearly bumped into him. *I obviously should not have been off site*

Feb 6th. Today was mild. Mr Marshall came and told us that Manchester United football team had crashed at Munich. *The memory of this is as clear in my mind as if it was yesterday. As a United supporter this still hurts. I have been on the stadium tour and I pay my respects to the very moving exhibition and memorial.*

Feb 7th – Today the weather changed. The wind came from the east. It was cold and started to snow at 4pm. Had to go down to Sunnymede in a blizzard.

Feb 8th – There was 6” of snow and drifts up to 3ft. The main Wigton to Carlisle road was blocked outside Wigton for two hours. There was a dance tonight instead of films because they didn’t come.

Feb 14th – Supposed to go to the baths but didn’t go in. Nicked off with Scotty and out through the back entrance then through Wigton to Mary Os and back along the lonning. *What was Mary Os?*

Feb 16th – Mr Joachim was on duty for the walk which was to short river. It was very muddy. Evening reading was by Stanley Farrar who talked about the problem of feeding the world. Nothing changes here!

Feb 17th – There was a run for PT up Mary Os and round to Spitten Box.

April 19th – *I have included this entry from my diary when on holiday to show how things have changed* – In the afternoon went to Ringway (Manchester Airport). Didn’t see anything take off or land except a D.H.Fox Moth. Cycled home in 20 minutes.

April 30th – Went back to school on the usual 9.30am train from Manchester Exchange with Brian Tyldesley. Had a steak and kidney pie lunch on the train and a bottle of cider for 10/4d. Almost left my cap on the train.

May 14th – The cricket match against Nelson Tomlinson School was cancelled due to rain. Went with Michael Elliott to watch the Wigton and District Sports. At 4.00pm we went to the Robin Hood cafe and had pie, chips and a bottle of Vimto for 1/9d. *Anybody remember the Robin Hood Café?*

May 17th – There was a cricket match against Penrith Grammar School at Penrith. They batted first and scored 97 for 8 . We only scored 48 all out of which Russell Teasdale scored 34 *I remember him as a fine sportsman.*

May 19th – Cut the cricket pitches with the new Atco but the handle came off.

May 20th – After lessons went down to the Robin Hood café with Michael Elliott. We had beans and chips.

May 23rd – Today half term began. After lessons walked down to the station with Edward Robinson and caught the diesel train to Carlisle. We should have caught the 4.10pm to Preston but it was so late that we decided to get the Perth to London train. Arrived home on time in Manchester. *Would today’s young boys do this?*

May 27th – After lessons went to Waverton then onto Kirkbride on bikes to have a look at planes. Went with Michael Elliott and Arthur Dunlop. *I have a recollection that there was a disused airfield there which was used to store old Gloster Meteor jets.*



The Spitting Box!!
Waverbridge

John Linnell (1954 – 61)

I know that other scholars kept diaries. Would anyone else like to share some memories.
Editor

Pupils from Scandinavia

This article was inspired by Old Scholar Elizabeth Gate who wrote to say that two boys from Denmark were in her class for a term who later became well known in their own country.

Svend Gunnarsen Auken (left 1957)

was a Danish politician. He represented the Social Democrats as a member of the Danish parliament (Folketinget) from 1971 until his death in 2009

Svend Auken was generally acknowledged to be one of the most naturally gifted and charismatic Danish politicians of his generation, and he is sometimes referred to as "the best Prime Minister Denmark never had". He is one of the few Danish politicians to be honoured in the United States House of Representatives.



Fin Lomholt (left 1957), Svend's cousin

He still lives in Copenhagen and met up with Catherine Ross who lives nearby.

He wrote to say:

I think that the reasons why Brookfield was chosen by our parents were:

- 1) Quaker schools have a good reputation,
- 2) In those days there was a steam-ship sailing from Copenhagen to Newcastle and
- 3) Svend's parents knew someone in Newcastle who could make sure that we would catch a train to Carlisle. Thus, neither of our parents needed to bring us to the school. Instead, Svend's parents came at Whitsun time and my parents came to bring us home.

Birgitte Reinhold (left 1959)

Birgitte often joined Margueritte (Thiebauld) Uglund and her family in Allendale for leave-outs. Margueritte stayed with her in Copenhagen when she was a student in or around 1962, but lost contact afterwards. She came from Charlottenlund near Copenhagen.

This photograph is of Margueritte, Birgitte, and Margaret (Hunter) Ferguson.

Margaret can remember joining the Theobalds with Birgitte in Allendale for leave out.

Sometimes Margueritte and Birgitte enjoyed their leave out at the Hunters' farm in Kirkby Thore near Penrith



Torild Thomsgard (Frodesen) (left 1957)

Torild lived with my parents, Rob and Edie Gillies, at Park Square, Wigton , while she attended Brookfield. Torild and I used to ride our bikes to school every day.

I remember going to Carlisle with my mother and grandmother to meet Torild and her mother at the train station. I think it would be circa 1957. They would have travelled by sea to Newcastle. We had lunch together in Binns then travelled by bus to Wigton.

I can't remember how long Torild was at school. She was a tall, blonde, elegant girl and made some good friends at school.

30 years later, in 1987, my husband ,Mike, and I took Mum and Dad to Norway and we visited Torild and her husband in Arendal. It was a lovely reunion for us all.

60 years later we still exchange Christmas cards. We now live in Australia and Torild in Arendal. Indeed I was just printing out Christmas card address labels when I received your email from Helen.

Elisabeth Fidler (née Gillies)

Torild was married and has lived with her family in Arendal since 1963, where Margueitte Theobaud (Ugland) also lives.

Torild writes: I do really have many very good memories from my stay with the Gillies family. I felt like a member of the family. They were all very nice people, and so were their relatives who lived quite near by in the Lake District. I was often invited to visit them. Brookfield was quite a new experience so very different from the school I left in Norway. I felt a learned more in one year then I had done the last 3 years in Stavanger. I remember with great pleasure Mr. Carruthers, Mr. Marshall, Miss Bagwell (always wearing green or red) the music teacher, Mr. Bell and everybody else I met. I even liked the lunch at school.

I do remember the two Danish boys, but we did not have any contact. They were younger than me I believe. My best friend in school was Hilary Bolton. Unfortunately we lost contact, but she did come to visit me and my family in Stavanger.

As far as I can remember, my mother was informed about Friends School from a friend in Stavanger. I was only 16 at the time. Torild also lived in Hisoy, Arendal from 1964, and says she knew the dentist who was probably Eva's mother so it is likely that she recommended Brookfield.

Eva Halvorsen Østbye lived on Hisoy near Arendal when she was at Brookfield in 1975



Eva writes: I lived on the island of Hisoy just outside Arendal. I think the reason I was sent to Brookfield was that my mother , who was the school dentist in Arendal, met someone who recommended Brookfield. A main argument was “they are Quakers so they are not allowed to hit the pupils”

Since leaving school she has been engaged in development, humanitarian and peace-building efforts in a broad range of countries such as Malawi, Sri Lanka, Afghanistan, Sudan, South Sudan and Indonesia/Aceh.

Eva has extensive experience with international collaboration both as a researcher and practitioner in governmental and non-governmental organizations, with particular focus on conflict affected situations

She joined CDA in 2015 as the Country Director to Myanmar.

Old Scholars' News

Patrick Malone (1963 – 70) has won the UK's Aviation Journalist of the Year award for the second time in four years. The awards, sponsored by the Royal Aero Club and the Honourable Company of Air Pilots, are particularly prized because they are decided upon by aviation professionals and test pilots; the photograph shows Patrick receiving his award at a ceremony in the Guildhall in London from Captain Jim Lovell, Commander of Apollo 13, whose laconic phrase 'Houston, we have a problem' redefined *sang froid* when his spaceship blew up 200,000 miles from Earth in 1970.



Patrick's 2017 award follows his first accolade in 2013. He has worked in journalism in Australia and America, where he was a crime reporter on the *New York Post* in the 1970s, and his career has included periods as a reporter on the *News of the World* and the *Sunday Express*, a columnist on the *Observer* and a News Editor on the *Mail on Sunday* and the *London Evening Standard*.

He left Fleet Street in 1997 to start a publishing company specialising in niche aviation media. A pilot since 1984, he is a qualified helicopter instructor whose aviation experience was quoted in his citations as lending a unique authority to his writing – he has flown his own light aircraft across the Sahara to Niger, through Turkey to Armenia and to more than 30 other countries. In retirement he continues to test-fly helicopters for specialist media outlets.

Hugh Routledge (1961 - 68)

I came down to study photography in London straight after school and never left. I met my wife Carolyn at a "school re-union" in a pub in Gosforth about a year after leaving school, and having also moved down to London she has for some reason been with me ever since! Carolyn was Liz Hughan's (Wilkie) flatmate when training to be a nurse at The RVI in Newcastle.

After working in studios I eventually ended up as a sports photographer and I have worked for several newspapers over the years, including The Financial Times, The Mail on Sunday, The Times (20 years) and The Sunday Times (27 years).

Now I am starting to wind down and as a freelance I mainly cover horse racing with lots of golf and tennis thrown in.

My children and two grandchildren live close by so we see a lot of them thankfully, and any spare time I have is spent murdering small white balls round the golf course. If any Old Scholars are in the vicinity of Watford/Rickmansworth and want to play a beautiful woodland golf course (West Herts), please get in touch.



School Sports Fixtures Resume For Brookfield!!!!

2017 saw the resumption of sports fixtures for Brookfield when Watford Grammar School for Boys challenged us to a golf match. Paul Dugdale and Hugh Routledge (both 1961-68) accepted the challenge from former Dep. Head at Watford GSB, Peter Nunn and colleague John De Braux. The first match was played at West Herts GC (Hugh, Peter and John's home club) in August when Watford Boys squeezed home 2&1. But the return fixture at Paul's club Mid-Herts in October was a different story and saw Brookfield victorious with a thumping 6&5 victory.

It is planned to have fixtures at roughly six month intervals with the first one probably in the spring of this year. If anyone is interested in joining us you will be welcome and I am sure Watford Boys can match any number we can turn out. Contact Hugh on routsport@aol.com or 07860 245160 for details.



A mini reunion at Llanhydroc near Bodmin, Cornwall. The three seated will all be eighty next year but we need the senior prefect in the back row to keep us in check.

*Cameron Walker, June Walker,
Helen and Arnold Snowball*



Fourteen of us attended the Newcastle WOSA Christmas Lunch at Harry's Bar. Old Scholars travelled from as far apart as Workington and Glasgow to take part., This has become an annual event so check the web-site for dates for next December.



A mini reunion in Yangon, Myanmar.

John Taylor, Marjorie Taylor, Eva (Halvorsen) Østbye, and partner Stein



This picture was reprinted in "The Cumberland News" in April 2017 during a series of articles looking back at events and news of the past. It shows a photograph taken in 1974 in which Adam Tickle (head boy of Brookfield) is planting the last of 300 trees planted by the school.

WOSA Financial Report

Income and Expenditure for year ended 31 st . December 2016				2015	
Reunion	Receipts	Payments	Balance	Receipts	Payments
Income	£1560.25			£1950.50	
Coffee (AGM)		£1437.04			£135.00
Lunch		Inc. Above			£660.00
Dinner (Saturday)		Inc. Above			£1017.00
Denton House (Lunch)		£108.00			£138.00
Subtotal	£1560.25	£1545.07		£1950.50	£2050.00
Owing					£11.50
Total	£1560.25	£1545.07	£15.18	£1950.50	£2061.50
Celebration					
Display					£19.78
Toasts					£118.80
Cakes					£103.55
Cake boxes					£11.01
Postage					£15.20
Total					£268.34
General Fund					
Subscriptions	£120.00			£218.36	
Donations	£115.00			£30.00	
Sales	£30.00			£1486.00	
Investment Income (Consols)	£1030.70			£20.18	
NS & I Interest	£43.69			£54.13	
Printing		£384.00			£410.00
Newsletter postage		£211.68			£204.37
Stationery etc.		£50.88			£61.67
Plaque					£150.00
Notelets for Chairman					£52.98
Committee expenses					£125.00
Room Hire					£140.00
Fleece purchases					£235.20
Fleece Postage & packing				£4.00	
Flowers	£63.79				
Total General	£1339.39	£710.35	£629.04	£1812.67	£1379.22
Overall Total	£2899.64	£2255.42	£644.22	£3763.17	£3609.06
Owing					
Refund on Reunion					£11.50
Postage		£16.96			£27.93
Overall total	£2899.64	£2272.38		£3763.17	£3648.49
Bank balances at 31st December	2016	2015	Difference		
HSBC	£1466.19	£889.71			
NS&I	£7315.54	£7271.85			
Cash	£17.52	£2.95			
Total	£8799.25	£8164.51	£634.74		
Owing	£16.96	£39.43			
Total	£8782.29	£8125.08	£657.21		

Where are they now?



1980 Brookfield Under 16 Volleyball Team.

Winners of Northern Area Schools
Competition.

John Woodcock (Teacher)

David Robinson, Howard Yim, Ali
Afshar, Michael Toll, Andrew
Forbes & Paul Smith.

Where are these pupils now? If you know please write or email and tell us

Response to Where are they now? from last year



Last years "Where are they now picture" is not a school team but actually an Old Scholars team from 1973/4 who turned up to play the school in one of those Old Scholar weekends.

With apologies to those members of the team who have not been identified. The team consisted of:

Back row, Left to right,

Bill Hopwood (now back in Vancouver Canada), Another, Paul Dugdale, Another, Another, Hugh Routledge.

Front Row Left to right

Julian Wilkie, Another, David Atkinson, Richard Routledge, Joe Henderson (lives in Sydney, Australia) and Another.

Bill, Paul, Julian, David, Joe and Hugh were all in the same year. Richard was younger.

Staff Stories

Frederic Grunder (teacher from 1948 - 51, died August 1975)

My Grunder story involves my brother in law, Ed. Williamson, "loves labour lost", nocturnal activity and Miss Bagwell.

Frederick was off for a week end "Jolly" and realising that an entry to the Cottage, where our loves lay, as in Simon & Garfunkle, was possible through his room and along the "Up -across" wall and thence through a bathroom window to an unknown interior we determined to "boldly go" What could possibly go wrong? Started well, found ourselves on the wall, outside the window which proved to be unlocked.

I was the advance party, and squeezing through the window gave verbal instruction to Ed .

"One foot on the sill "quoth I" then one foot in the bath".....Only It wasn't the bath but a wash hand basin and considerably further to the floor. Down I went in a welter of tooth brushes ,soaps and unguent bottles. Hasty retreat seemed advisable and we were just sliding through Herr Grunder's window as the head of Miss Bagwell popped out of the bathroom looking , with the paper twists in her hair, .like a pacifist Medusa..

Not realising the subtlety of the "Terrible's" defences we failed to notice the little tins mounted on ball bearings and filled with sugar that we upset on our way through!

Retribution followed when we confessed our culpability at the following mornings Collect

Fortunately for us "Tosh" was in charge whilst "the Boss" was elsewhere and we were only ritually humiliated by being required to stand in our pyjamas in Centre Hall all our free time for a week!.

I think that you have really started something, Warrick, though we shall have to be well aware of the laws of slander, libel and the statute of limitations!

Cameron Walker

Warrick Snowball wrote about Frederic Grunder to say:

My copy of David Reed tells me that he was at Brookfield from 1948-51, which, assuming that is correct, reminds me that my memory is not infallible. I did not think that he was there for that long. However I do recall some of his characteristics. While he was attempting to teach us French, he was at the same time widening his English vocabulary and when he discovered a new word he would use it at every available opportunity. One lesson I do remember, he had added the word "righteous" to that ever-growing list and almost every sentence somehow included the word "righteous". You can imagine the verbal contortions that involved. Then one of his favourite standbys was dictation. He would stomp into the classroom and attack the board with a piece of chalk almost stabbing it, with "Dictée" (not sure about the accent) then amidst universal groans, underline it savagely. At least once he decided to join in a game of rugby. In physique, he was not inconsequential, his shorts were immaculately white but he lacked a proper jersey/shirt and wore a polo necked jumper, probably grey. Needless to say he remained untackled. Quite unlike the time Dickie Richardson also decided to play. My recollection is that every time he was given the ball, and that was many more times that he deserved, he was simultaneously tackled by the other 29 players. Yes I know that included all his own team, but what an opportunity!!! Then back to Frederick the Great, one term he produced a soccer ball which was much smaller than standard size. You will remember the gales that used to sweep the playing fields? Well on their first outing (ball and man) he punted it high into the air and it was caught by a strong wind which took it well into touch and it eventually, watched by horrified onlookers, landed in front of Crut's Cottage and then bounced right over the building. Where it ended up is not disclosed.

Barbara (Pennington) Coldwell (teacher from 1947 - 53) said that her friend knew Frederick Grunder during the war when he taught at a school in the South.

Angela (Taylor) Bourn remembers that he taught her "Leatherwork" in Hobbies.

Robin Greaves, the wife of Kenneth Greaves (Headmaster from 1961 - 72) celebrated her 90th birthday with her family last summer. Robin first met the Kurer family in Manchester where she lived with her family. Her parents were Quakers and the Kurer family were living with another Quaker family in Manchester. The Kurers were invited for tea and brought a gift of some leather boots that the boys had outgrown. Robin remembers the smell of these boots which were beautiful soft leather, and she loved wearing them. She next met Peter and Hans Kurer when her family moved to Brookfield in 1961 following the appointment of her husband Kenneth as Headmaster.

The Kurer brothers were always very involved in Old Scholars, and came back to the school most years.



Tribute to Peter Kurer



The July reunion marked a special tribute for one of our most esteemed members Peter Kurer. Peter kindly agreed to give a talk on his experience of his time at Brookfield, shortly after his arrival in England following the Anschluss in Austria and the occupation of Vienna by the Nazis in 1938. Peter provided a deeply personal account of his time at Brookfield, evocative of those memories many will share, a safe place amidst the turmoil taking place in the world at the time. Peter delighted us with his irreverent take on his relationship with authority and at times ambivalence with the Headteacher. The presentation illustrated with both film and video of Peter's involvement with the school, including rare archive of Old

Scholars at reunion in the late 60s reminded us how fortunate we are to have Peter amongst our number having served Old Scholars in every office of the committee. A deep and abiding relationship with the school and its staff and scholars that has worked both ways. This was illustrated with skills acquired in Fred Bell's workshop providing a major breakthrough in orthodontic prosthetics that Peter was able to popularise world wide. A commitment to Peter's Jewish faith that has unfolded in his unswerving contribution to the Jewish community in North West and further afield including Israel was perhaps strengthened by a profound understanding of Quakerism and the beliefs enshrined in practice. Peter is generous with his time, energy, warmth and compassion. This is as true today as in the past and this was marked by the presentation of a commemorative plate, a small token of the love and esteem with which Peter is held.



Peter has the WOSA plate in pride of place at the centre of his wall which displays many of the awards that he has achieved.



In Memoriam



Jack Baxter (1942 - 50)	July 20 th 2016
Susan Marshall (1942 - 46)	March 2017
Sandra (Tomkinson) Little (1950 - 56)	April 2017
Mollie (Hinde) Peel (1931 - 37 aged 96)	May 11 th . 2017
David Spearman (1949 - 52) aged 79	May 15 th 2017
Rosemary Goldsbrough (1944 - 54)	July 2017
Andrew Jefferson (1953 - 56)	date unknown
William Messenger (1952 - 57)	date unknown
Betty (Scott) Miller (1932 - 36)	date unknown
Shiela (McNaught)Preston (Teacher 1952 - 57)	October 2017
Billy Bell (1947 - 52)	November 2017
Margaret (Powell) Lucas (1953 - 60)	November 2017
Rani Mattar (left 1978)	January 2018
David McVie (1958 - 63)	January 2018
Benita (Evans) Wilson (1948 - 51)	January 2018
Mollie Oliver ((1944 - 50)	January 2018
Marjorie Miller (1943 - 47)	January 2018

We have a very few of these limited edition prints by Malcolm Teasdale left for sale



House Match



West Gate



Brookfield Winter

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 or order from the web-site www.wosa.org.uk

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