

WOSA Newsletter 2019



President 2018 -19
Iain Gillies

President 2018 - 2019 Iain Gillies

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Editorial

Once again, thank you to all those who sent articles or reports for inclusion in this newsletter. The articles that members sent last year reminded others of events which occurred during their own time at Brookfield. They have responded with their own reminiscences. Memories of the bridge over the beck was sparked by a photograph posted on the Old Scholars' Facebook page which contains items from former pupils from all over the world. I have included the first and most recent photograph of the bridge in this issue but I am sure that many of you have their own photographs and memories of the bridge. Please send them to me.

The good news this year is that Wigton Scout group were able to gain funding to buy what is now called Brookfield Woods though many of you will remember it as the front lawn. If it had been bought by a developer more houses may have been built there. The area had been neglected since the school burnt down but the scouts have plans to manage the woods sympathetically. They welcome Old Scholars to visit and walk through the wood. The Scout group is very conscious of the history of the school and site and there is an article in the newsletter with some of their plans.

Please continue to send me any news, and I hope to see you at the Reunion in July.

Marjorie Taylor (Editor)

Dates for your Diary

Brookfield Reunion 2019

Saturday 13th. 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 14th. July

10.30am Meeting for worship at Carlisle
or Mosedale Meeting

Presidential Address



This will be a short speech, as public speaking is not really my thing.
BUT Let me say a few words:

Disobedient- unruly - wayward - errant- badly behaved- disorderly - undisciplined-delinquent - troublesome rebellious - defiant mutinous recalcitrant - refractory. Obtuse, difficult, spirited, bold, wilful,

As you can see my vocabulary and skills in thesaurus use was honed at Brookfield.

All the above are names that might be used for the naughty child, and I am reflecting today on the "naughty child",... because I was one. Still more so, because I think I am not alone in having been so.

OK. - - HANDS UP ANY OTHER NAUGHTY CHILDREN IN THE ROOM.
NO DINNER UNTIL YOU SOME OF OWN UP NOW!!

On coming to my first WOSA I was fearful of judgement because I was that child, with that reputation, and those memories. However the draw of the school which I consider to have shaped me into the human being that I am was too great.

At that first WOSA I reacquainted with a former partner in crime; now running a museum and making puppets, having been a housemistress in a fellow Quaker school. "WOW" I thought "She turned out really well". Though I questioned whether I had done so.

I had a long hiatus before returning to my next WOSA. I travelled with "The Essex Mob" as we tend to refer to ourselvesand can I say to anyone else from Essex reading or hearing this, ours is an inclusive gang which you are most welcome to join... I learned of their lives; their families, their achievements, their losses, their gains. "WOW" I thought "They've all done really well". But I questioned whether I had done so.

I started speaking to former pupils from years below me, and years above me. They were teachers, social workers, artists, artisans, administrators, accountants, publicans, bakers, policemen, nurses, soldiers, and much more. "WOW" I thought. "They've done well" and I started to ask of myself might I also have done so.

I spoke to people, and many of them were also "naughty kids". And I was stunned. This person used to sneak out of school to go dancing, another was a secret smoker at school, some brewed beer, some "borrowed" the lead from the roof, some drank alcohol on school trips, some were "cheeky" to teachers, ONE EVEN TOOK A POT SHOT AT ME WITH AN AIR PISTOL... ITS OK MR CHAIRMAN. THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS IS LONG PASSED FOR THAT ONE. I could go on... They also had at times been "naughty" kids, and they were here at a reunion, and so was I. I realised that I deserved to be here as much as anyone.

Of course many people attending WOSA were not "naughty" kids. I was shocked when they did not judge. They accepted me, and indeed many became friends. Though some are actually rather naughty adults now... well sort of! I realised that I should not allow myself to be defined by being that naughty kid. That some of those names for naughty are positive things. I was spirited and questioning, I could be wilful. I may have been defiant. Yes, I made mistakes but I was also hard-working, friendly, caring, diligent, studious, involved, and enthusiastic. Those qualities were nurtured by the staff I have recollections of discussing literature with a group of students at Wendy Graham's whilst sampling my first ever taste of spaghetti bolognaise. Julia Messenger introduced the delights of a breakfast of french toast sitting in her lovely country kitchen, whilst encouraging us to converse en Français. Looking at this perhaps Brookfield also encouraged my love of food.

Whilst we are talking about my love for food I do wonder why I was sat on a table of all boys and me. I learned at that table that almost EVERYTHING tasted better slapped between two slices of soggy white bread. Cottage pie sandwiches still hold an allure for me....

But I digress... .Friend's School Brookfield allowed us to grow into rounded adults. To harness that spiritedness. They saw beyond the wilfulness and defiance. They allowed individuality and creativity to flourish. Creativity in its broadest sense.., from those involved in arts and crafts to those applying creative thinking in their sphere of work

Brookfield enabled us to care and be cared for. One thing I often reflect on is how so many people whom I've met through WOSA are involved in teaching, social work, and the caring professions. It may be pure chance, but I think not. I think experiencing love and care, seeing role models guided us.

I recall feeling a sense of wonder on hearing that Mr Joachim had been a conscientious objector. I saw that our teachers had led inspirational lives. It opened my eyes to the fact that you could walk a different path, that you could stand out from the crowd for good. I continue to hold the Quaker movement in great respect. In fact the more I learn of their ethos the greater respect I have. In my own field of work, which is palliative care, Quakers operate "Down to Earth" which offers financial help to people struggling to pay for a funeral. Brookfield encouraged friendship. It created sociable beings who are able to talk to people from all walks of life. Having not seen my peers for many years, on meeting up to travel all the way to Cumbria from Essex, there were no silences on the journey... not one. Boy we can talk! That ability to talk helps me in my professional life, and so I again thank Brookfield for taking a scared wee Scottish girl, and creating this blethering "monster" (My husband is not quite so thankful for this skill)

There is a warmth and a sense of family for me. I won't name names, but I was offered accommodation during WOSA from a pupil whom I mentored briefly on her arrival at Brookfield. No questions asked. She mentors and mothers me way more than I ever mothered her. She feeds and waters me, and sends me home with marmalade, cakes, and goodies. Ex pupils have welcomed me and my family, and even my son's friends into their home! Not an eyelid blinked. "Come anytime they say", and that welcome feels real, and has been taken

up on many occasions. Committee meetings are held in the wonderful home of a former pupil.

It genuinely is a place of wonder, and has to be seen to be believed., and our host is gracious and welcoming. I have met for lunch with people whom I never knew before WOSA, who left school years before I arrived. I have become friends online with many people. All have become people with whom I can talk easily. Even if we only see each other once or twice a year, lifelong friendships have been made. I want you all to know how much you all mean, and how much Brookfield means to me.

I felt so proud last year to be asked to be president. It felt such an tremendous honour. It was the pinnacle of being welcomed back in to the Brookfield family. I really was happy that I was part of the that family., that I was accepted. That I belonged. That I too had done well. That I was entitled to be here.

Finally , I'd like to speak directly to those ex pupils who don't come to WOSA meetings. Perhaps, like me, you think you won't fit in, that past misdemeanours would taint you. That life events might cause you to be judged. That it isn't for you. I promise... from the one of the biggest queens of misbehaving to ever attend Brookfield. . . you will be welcomed, and looked after, and included, and listened to. I'd encourage you to come...

.and if so inclined DO bring your party frocks as we do hit the town after the formal proceedings... and I have discovered, much to my surprise, that Carlisle is THE party town no matter what your age.

Well, I started writing this speech a year ago... and I finished it last night! So much for my being diligent!! So you can't win them all!!!

Thank you for listening to my ramblings, and can I wish good luck to our next president



Dorothy hands over the Presidents Badge

Dorothy Pearlman

WOSA Weekend July 14th - 15th 2018



Lunch at Carlisle FC

Marjorie Taylor, Patricia Thornton, Jennifer Miremadi

Judith Beeby, Tony Kemp, Jill Kemp, Jill Forrest, Helen Morris, Mark Friedman

Hedley Redpath, Ken Ashford, Colin Walker, Pat Walker, Geoff Cook, Donald Dobson, David Perry, Kaye Gilmore

Ken Bowe, Maurice Tate, Keith Robson, Margaret Robson, Robert Williamson, Iain Gillies, Arnold Snowball, Anita Webb, Helen Snowball

Cameron Walker, June Walker, Margaret Taylor, Michael Taylor, Peter Kurer, Malcolm Bell, Annette Reynolds, Patsy Castree

David Yates Jean Yates, Tony Ferguson, Mark Elliott, Kate Rayson, Dorothy Pearlman, Margaret Steele

Another year, returning to greet and be greeted by familiar faces always brings that anticipation that maybe someone will be there for their first time. That is such a thrill to have the opportunity to hear new stories from school days followed by often fascinating further tales from years beyond the bounds of Brookfield that leads us to Carlisle. These people are welcomed with the proverbial open arms as they often bring news of someone they've kept in touch with. So dear reader it's never too late. Your group needs you.

This year was no exception. Anticipation was high. Those of us known to be 'regulars', met to reinforce our (in)frequent friendships but hugely important nevertheless. A surprise awaited a group of us. Before us were banners and balloons, blazoned with the tell-tale number - 80. This was our lucky year. We had made it and all through that day everyone began to know who we all were. No pretending. I found being 80 a hugely exciting landmark but being at our reunion also brought a sense of sadness, aware of class friends whose lives had ended before they could share this day with us. Because those who shared your years at Brookfield remain a significant part of your life. They have shared the best and the worst of you as you prepared to be an 'OLD' scholar. Whatever your experience, good or bad, OS is a time to put ghosts to rest or laugh through some crazy times.

The weekend format has been tried and tested and we enjoy the familiarity of the programme of events because during, between, and after, is when we all reminisce or catch up with the trivia or the triumphs of our lives.



The chatter, the hugs, the smiles, the support all built to a ground swell as we arrived. There was that sense of "Oh there's" or "Who's that?" to "I trust I'm still recognisable" or "I hope I remember all the names". Never fear, our beautifully designed name badges were available as we arrived.

Badge thankfully worn, we were either 'watered' or fed, continuously it seemed by the venue's regular cheerful staff. There were also the usual careful preparations of artefacts, memorabilia and merchandise to browse that



prompted more sharing of stories alongside the recognition of many who we knew were out there living their lives waiting for us to welcome them to Carlisle. It was at this point we were aware that this display represented the willing work our committee do to make our reunions so special. With some difficulty trying to interrupt this flow, we were gathered to focus and be reminded of the valuable service these people do on our behalf. We heard their deliberations, had reports from our officers and respectfully held a moment of silence for those who had

died during the past year. Reality surrounded that moment as those names represent our dwindling finite numbers. Boy did I value those around me (but would love to welcome more). It was very heart-warming to hear a much longer list of those unable to be with us but who sent greetings. A well-deserved vote of thanks was given to the committee. More quiet encouragement was needed for THE PHOTO.

More talk, always more talk, followed by an excellent lunch when talk continued.

Time to check in for some revival time ready for the later time when new people only able to join in the evening did so. A table had been prepared for our 80 year old group with decorations reminding me of being at a children's party. Very decorative and thoughtful. Apart from a lovely dinner in lovely company, the highlight was the President's speech. It will be shared in full, but hearing it and seeing it delivered was a memorable experience. Perhaps it created some tension for waiting all through dinner for her turn but it was a highlight for me. Huge thanks to our President. But then came the ceremony of handing over the badge to our new President Ian Gillies. Great anticipation for next year.

Things continued for those able to make a weekend of the reunion, so on Sunday we visited Mosedale Meeting to join Friends there. The Lakes had suffered near drought conditions but the drive there was stunning, with dried bracken giving a glow to the fell sides.

Next year my turn for an 80 year old banner will have gone but I'm planning on being there. Another year of stories to share.



Thanks to the hard-working staff

June Walker

BROOKFIELD CLASS OF 1961 – 1968 REUNION

MARSHALL MEADOWS COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL BERWICK UPON TWEED 29th & 30th JUNE 2018

Pam (Wilson) Vedhara and I were “elected” to organise the 50th anniversary of our class leaving Brookfield in July 1968.

We started in June 2017 by searching for appropriate venues, somewhere in the north east of England, as this was where the majority of the class went to after leaving Brookfield. It became fairly obvious that anywhere close to Newcastle was not appropriate and it was Pam who “discovered” Marshall Meadows. Whilst it was right on the edge of our area, it was very close to the A1 and Berwick Station, so very accessible. Having made some provisional bookings, Pam & I decided we needed to go up to the Hotel and check it out. When we arrived and drove down the drive as soon as the building came into sight Pam exclaimed “Yes this is it, just what we want”. I now realise what she was thinking was it looked like Brookfield, and so she was determined that we should book the whole hotel so that it became our “Brookfield” for the reunion.

Arrangements progressed over the next few months and then we were all shocked to receive an email from Pam in March 2018 telling us that she had just been diagnosed with stage 4 cancer. In the email she clearly indicated her wish that it was only our class who attended the reunion because we were her “family” and she would only feel comfortable being with us. It was not until the end of May that I started to become concerned that I had not heard from Pam for a few weeks and when we found out she had passed away on 17th April we were all devastated, especially as we had missed her funeral on 3rd May. Of course our first thoughts were to cancel the reunion, however we remembered what she had said in her email and knew she would want us to go ahead with it.

So, on Friday 29th June, people started to arrive at Marshall Meadows Hotel. Some by car and some by train. By 7.00pm everyone gathered in the bar ready for an informal dinner. As happened at the previous reunions conversations continued as if we had all been together the previous week rather than in some cases 50 years ago.

The next morning after a hearty breakfast we all met in the conservatory for a memorial meeting for Pam, where we remembered our fond memories of her.

By mid morning the sun was out in a clear sky and the North Sea was a lovely blue and we set off along the coastal path towards Berwick. Unlike previous walks, this one was reasonably flat, all be it that, it was a bit rough and narrow in places. The scenery was stunning especially Lindisfarne Priory and Bamburgh Castle in the distance.

After two and a half hours of thirst building walking, we descended on a few local hostelries for some well earned refreshments ! We returned to the hotel (most by taxi !!) and prepared for the official reunion event in the hotel ballroom.



Hugh Routledge, Tom Hughes, Robin Wannop, Kate (Urwin) Adamson, John Webster, Helen Simpson, Paul Dugdale, Julian Wilkin, Sue (Williams) Harrop, Liz Hughan, John Warrior, Dylan Edwards, Berry (Ess) Dicker, Michael Chapman, Helen (Duffield) Robinson, William Latimer

I had put together a slideshow of photographs from our school days and the previous two reunions, and these became the entertainment for most of the night with everyone enjoying the memories they brought flooding back as we kept studying them time and time again. In the background we had the Top 20 from July 1968 which also jogged some memories of sitting in the boys' common room on Sunday afternoons listening to the Top 20 Show on the radio. There was a buffet during the evening and the night ended with some of us having a final nightcap in the bar at midnight.

Sunday morning, and after another good hearty breakfast people started to depart. The hotel was perfect and as good as anticipated. The food was excellent and the staff were very helpful and attentive. It really made the whole weekend very special.

Robin Wannop

Skiddaw House

John Martin has written a book on the history of Skiddaw House (now a Youth Hostel) which contains a chapter on the period 1969 -1986. Recently the warden forwarded him a message from a former pupil of Brookfield sharing his memories of his time there during a visit organised by the school. John is very keen to obtain further reminiscences from anyone who also visited Skiddaw House during that period. If you stayed there he would like you to email him on dijon.martin@virgin.net with an account of your visit.

Skiddaw house is situated at the back of Skiddaw and is one of the most remote run by the YHA

The Pilot



Jim with the editorial team

Jim Davis drew our attention to this magazine that the pupils published with his support in the late nineteen sixties. It was produced on a Roneo Gestetner and a few copies survive. These photographs show the editorial team working in the Biology Lab and in Jim's room.



Patrick Malone & Tony Norton

Below is an update on the careers of two of the editors since they left Brookfield

Patrick Malone

I drifted into journalism in 1970. I'd been 'encouraged' to leave Brookfield on the day of my last exam and got a job in a sawmill in Wooler, which cured me of any idealistic notions about the Dignity of Labour. I joined my local paper, the Berwick Advertiser, after answering an advert for a trainee reporter. Three years later I was sent to another paper in the same group, the Hawick Express, as Acting Editor; a memorable experience there was ducking into a shop doorway in Hawick High Street to avoid rain, only to find Susan Henderson on the same errand.

I went on to the Southend Evening Echo in 1974 but left to bum around the world, ran out of money in Australia and got a job on the Sydney Sun newspaper. After two years I was offered a job on a new newspaper Rupert Murdoch was planning in America. I spent the next eight years in New York, working as a foreign correspondent for The Times, The Sun and the News of the World, a show business writer on a magazine called the National Star, and a crime correspondent on the New York Post, at a time when NY was the crime capital of the planet – our average was eight murders a night. Variety was the spice; I interviewed many, many household names and once did Dolly Parton, Glen Campbell, Loretta Lynn and Harold Wilson in a single day. This must have been 1979; Wilson, such a colossal figure in my youth, was an object lesson in what happens when the aura of power is punctured. I met him in his room at the Waldorf - he was shrunken, inconsequential, and lost. But sitting in the Waldorf on that very busy day, I reflected on the fact that I was a long way away from the sawmill.

Back in London in 1984 I worked variously for the Observer, Sunday Express and Sunday Times before joining the then-new Mail on Sunday, initially as a reporter, later as Deputy News Editor. During this time I ran into Hugh Routledge, who was then the most accomplished sports photographer in Fleet Street.

I became News Editor of the London Evening Standard but left in 1998 to start a contract publishing company specialising in niche magazines in the aviation field. I'd learned to fly in 1984 as an antidote to the pressures of work; in 1990, while I was on a multi-engined aircraft course in West Palm Beach, Florida I discovered that the owner's wife, Meg Fensom, had gone to Brookfield. I moved on to helicopters in 1992, and in 1999 I bought a helicopter and qualified as an instructor, working weekends at Redhill in Surrey. I have owned several aircraft, which I've flown through Africa, Asia and America; in retirement I keep a light aircraft at an airfield near my home in Cornwall.



Ironically, one of the few magazines for which I continue to write in retirement is called Pilot – it's Britain's best-selling general aviation magazine and I function as its helicopter correspondent, test-flying new helicopters and writing a monthly column.

I've won quite a few journalism awards, some coveted, some not, but I had a lot of fun and I was just happy never to have to go back to the sawmill. I enjoyed the best years of the newspaper business and got out before the industry began to wither and die. My main talent is being dead jammy, and I haven't finished yet.

Patrick

Trevor Yerbury sent us an update on his career since leaving Brookfield

Trevor Yerbury is a 4th generation photographer in the business founded by his great grandfather in Edinburgh in 1864. Trevor was born in 1951 and joined the family business straight from boarding school in 1968. He underwent a 4-year apprenticeship where he experienced working in a daylight studio, using tungsten lighting before studio flash began to take over. In 1978 Trevor met Faye who was styling a shoot he was on and they eventually got together in 1979 and have been inseparable ever since as husband and wife.

With such a history in photography it is not surprising that Trevor has a keen interest in vintage printing techniques especially platinum/palladium printing, which he first experimented with back in the mid 80's. Trevor & Faye are currently building a new darkroom and going back to true analogue work

Trevor is passionate that his work is simple and elegant with a classic, sophisticated look.

Trevor uses a variety of cameras both film and digital, 10x8, medium format Hasselblad 500c, and more recently Fuji XPro2 for which he was a beta tester.

Trevor & Faye are highly respected International Chairman and Judges and they travel globally. They have had exhibitions of work in Edinburgh – London – Paris – Vancouver – Madrid – Valetta – Copenhagen as well as having work featured in many magazines and books.

He has received many accolades during his career including Fellowships of 3 major photographic bodies and in 2014 received a Lifetime Achievement Award from the industry and was also invited to become a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society, a rare honour.



In the summer of 1966 Janet Dinsdale wrote an article in The Pilot about the dances.

So far this term only three dances have been held. One of them, arranged by Mr. Marshall, was held on the boys' playground, but later on some of the seniors retreated to the gym.

Undoubtedly the best was the athletics dance which was held in the gym. The decorations of javelins and muscley looking cartoon men were very well done, and a special word of praise must be given to Roger Stephenson for his brilliant arrangement of the lights. Although only a few dances have been had this term, we hope for more in the near future.

Her sister Elizabeth also wrote an article about dressmaking in the magazine. The sisters hope to come to the reunion this year and would like to meet with their contemporaries from school.

Brookfield Woods



Julie Bryceson sent this aerial photograph showing the field opposite the school which the scout group purchased.

She said "I thought I'd give an update on Brookfield land.

The Scouts have now owned the small field opposite the school for 3 years and love it, it is a major asset to the Group. This year we were successful in getting the grass verge area outside the field, along with part of the lay by and we

have now fenced it all, giving us more room and making it safe even for the 5 year olds Beavers."

You are probably aware that the land in front of the school came up for sale a few months ago, I walked my dog Poppy past it one Thursday morning and it was just Brookfield as usual, later that day on the way to Cubs I saw it had been renamed "Brookfields Wood" and was up for sale.

Having a great interest in the history of Brookfield, as well as seeing the use the land could be for my Scouts, I thought we might be able to buy it because I didn't think it would be worth much - ha - how wrong I was £19,950 made it totally out of our reach, so I took a photo of the trees touching across the road and put the idea out of my head.

Some 3 weeks later and having walked Poppy through the trees several times, I thought I'd see if there was any possibility of getting a grant towards the cost of buying the land. Long story short, we were extremely lucky and are now the new owners.

What I'd like to know is what trees (if any) have a sentimental value to the school and their history.

The trees have two TPOs on them, which stops them being cut down unless dangerous and our intention is to keep the area wooded but tidy it up, it really is quite neglected. The children in my Group are taught local history, with an emphasis on Brookfield because that is where we are based. I have the history books on the school, as well as many of the old WOSA reports and I know the memorial garden to David Reed was to the west of the front, I presume on what is now the lawn of the old Headmaster's house but I'd love to know about anything else to do with the grounds.

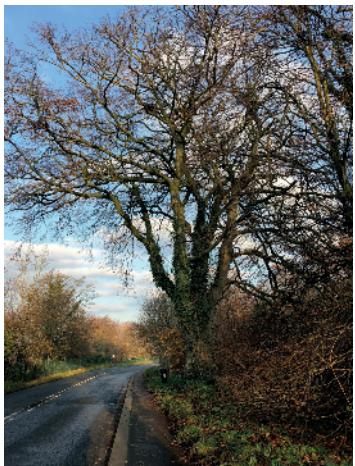
I hope to find where the bridge was built across the beck and find the tree that was planted to commemorate 150 years of Brookfield School, if it is still in existence.

So if you are able to help with any knowledge of the grounds, I'd be most grateful.





In September an area Scout event was held at Brookfield and Wigton Scouts won four area trophies for "fire lighting, cooking, knots and lashings, and map work". Most of the events took place in the woodland



This is the only remaining hazel tree from the line of trees which many of you will remember. They contained the rookery and bordered the road. Many of the larger trees have fallen down due to age and adverse weather.

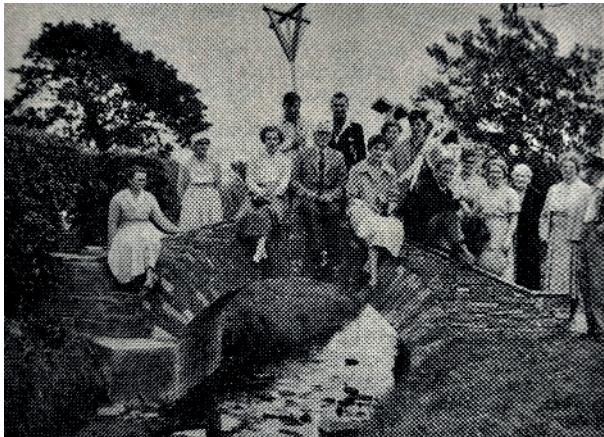


A view of the woodland now showing that the trees have self seeded and the scouts plan to manage this area



This horse chestnut tree was in the triangle at the top of the drive by the girls' side. Sadly it is now diseased and work needs to be carried out to preserve it. It will be remembered by many pupils who collected conkers here. Michael Taylor still has a scar on his head from the occasion that he was hit by a large chunk of wood thrown by his friend in an attempt to knock the conkers down.

The bridge over the beck



The ‘new’ stone bridge over the beck was donated by The Old Scholars in 1957. The picture is of members of the Old Scholars present at the Annual Reunion when the bridge was first declared open.

By 1981 the bridge had been adapted to prevent pupils from sitting or standing on the edges. Was this “Health and Safety” gone mad?



The bridge over the beck is still standing in the garden of a bungalow on the road that leads to the former Headmaster’s house. The bridge is no longer accessible but Tony Ferguson, Jill Forest and Max Freidheim were invited to see the bridge by the owners of the bungalow. The extra “safety” stones along the edges have now been removed

Do you have any pictures of the bridge over the beck?

Spotlight on Domestic Science

In the early 1960's a new wing was built which contained a room for the teaching of Domestic Science. Girls learning cookery skills were able to invite a boy of their choice to lunch. On the occasion of my invitation, Judith Parrish had made some French Onion Soup. For a boy permanently hungry due to the paucity of the school dinners this was an occasion to be savoured. The French Onion Soup was wonderful, and even to this day I have not tasted a better one. Cordon Bleu cooking at Brookfield. It was a pity that the school kitchens could not come to the same standard.

JMT

An extract for the July 1966 Pilot said: This year after the GCSE examinations there were cookery courses for the boys. These courses have been well attended by most of the fifth form boys. The fifth form girls have also done their fair share of cookery this term. Eleven girls took the Domestic Science GCSE paper. Almost every day for a week there was a delicious smell in the corridor outside. Only a select few were allowed to their meals.

This term the school committee have frequently been served with good food during their meetings. The teas were made by the fifth and sixth form girls. These teas were served by girls who were being assessed by the "good manners" section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

Emails received in response to articles in the 2018 Newsletter

The Ostrich Egg

Bill Blamire wrote that he remembered the egg being broken. He writes

"I confess I was one of those passing it along the three-quarter line in the Geography room. I honestly cannot remember who dropped it, but it was me who made the pass, no spin and not too quick either...then a feeling of absolute dread when it hit the deck and shattered into numerous pieces. Superglue would not have solved the problem. I cannot remember what our punishment was so it can't have been too painful.

Tony Kemp wrote to say that he remembers the severe winter of 1947 when they built igloos on the playing fields. Peter Youngson built a 2 room version and he recalls that they tunnelled through drifts on the side of Cuddy Lonnen

Many Old Scholars remember the car rallies held at the reunions. Keith Robson recalls the following incident.

We had tea at Lanercost, near Brampton. After tea we crossed a ford that was in full flood. Francis Greggains(Floggins), with a full car of girls, was a few cars ahead of me. At the next junction her wet brakes failed to work and she could not slow down and went off the road. The girls were all hurt or shocked so the next cars on the scene, me included, ferried them all to Carlisle Infirmary to be checked over. As I was prone to do when anything medical was involved I fainted in the hospital and was not allowed to drive afterwards. I never got back to Brookfield as someone ferried me straight home to Slaley. The car was left at Carlisle and had to be sought later in the week.

The 2020 Newsletter will feature a spotlight on Football, so please send us your memories and photographs

Old Scholars' News



Peter Kurer with Prince Charles at a reception to mark his work in connection with The Kinder Transport.



*His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales
requests the pleasure of the company of*

Dr Peter Kurer

*At a Reception for
The 80th Anniversary of Kindertransport
to be held at St James's Palace State Apartments
on Tuesday, 20th November 2018*

Dear Friends

*Date: 19.09pm
Dress: Lounge Suit*



Ann Skelton (Taylor) sent this photograph of a mini reunion in Wales in August.

It was held at the house of Claire Gorman (Saunders). Her sister Christine Doran OAM was visiting from Melbourne in Australia and Anne Sheldon (Bowness) from Lincoln and I joined them.



Ann's mother Mary Taylor (Williamson) made this table while at Brookfield (1920 - 23). Mary won the woodwork prize while at school.

An Old Scholar sent this account of a visit to the School site.

In July 1990 I returned to the school to have a look around fully expecting it to be empty as it was the school holidays. I was shocked to find the building partly demolished and a ruin. I knew nothing about its recent history as my last visit was in about 1977.

There were prominent notices saying "Dangerous building do not enter" I ignored this advice and went inside to see what was left. I remember wandering along the corridors and up to the science block at the end. I took a few photographs.

As I was leaving along the rubbish strewn corridor I came across what looked like a new book. I picked it up and written on the first page were the words "This is my brand spanking new exercise book". There was nothing else written in this new book and I cannot remember if there was a name on it.

I left with a great sense of sadness to what had been a fine building and a good part of my school life.



Weekend reunion in York



A birthday gathering in Luxembourg



Gathering in Hexham

Congratulations

Diana Robison has been awarded the British Empire Medal in recognition of her work supporting the Church and the local community. Since she retired from teaching she has spent two decades visiting patients in Haltwhistle War Memorial Hospital as well as being in several projects to support the elderly.



WOSA Financial Report

Income and Expenditure for year ended 31 st . December 2017				2016	
Magazine					
Printing		£396.00			£384.00
Newsletter postage		£200.38			£211.68
Stationery etc.		£60.48			£50.88
Magazine Total		£656.86	(£656.86)		(£646.56)
Reunion	Receipts	Payments	Balance	Receipts	Payments
Dinner (Saturday)	£1870.50	£2013.00		£1560.25	£1437.04
Denton House (Lunch)					£108.00
Subtotal				£1560.25	£1545.07
Owing					
Total	£1870.50	£2013.00	(£142.50)	£1560.25	£1545.07
General Fund					
Subscriptions	£60.00			£120.00	
Donations	£25.00			£115.00	
Sales	£212.02			£30.00	
Investment Income (Consols)				£1030.70	
NS & I Interest	£7.40			£43.69	
Flowers					
Committee expenses				£63.79	
Total General	£304.42		£304.42	£1339.39	£710.35
Overall Total	£2174.92	£2669.86	(£494.94)	£2899.64	£2255.42
Outstanding					
Cumberland News		£5.65			
Website		£62.24			
History Postage					£16.96
Overall total	£2174.92	£2737.75	(£562.83)	£2899.64	£2272.38
Bank balances at 31st December	2017	2016	Difference		
HSBC	£8287.35	£1466.19			
NS&I		£7315.54			
Cash		£17.52			
Total	£8287.35	£8799.25			
Owing	£67.89	£16.96			
Balance	£8219.46	£8782.29	(£562.83)		

Where are they now?



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

Response to Where are they now? from last year



We have been able to name all of those in this photo which was the under 16 volleyball team from 1980 which won the Northern Area Schools Trophy.

John Woodcock (Coach), David Robinson, Howard Yim, Alireza Afshar, Michael Toll, Andrew Forbes and Paul Smith

Unfortunately we have not been able to find where they are now. If you have any ideas please let us know.

Brookfield Diaries

Many pupils at Brookfield were in the habit of keeping a diary to record their time at school.

The first diary extracts we have, come from a diary held in Carlisle Archives.

The diary was a group effort - some of the diarists signed or initialed their entries and at least eighteen pupils and teachers took part. Some were regular contributors and wrote the diary for several weeks at a time, others contributed just one or two entries. Some obviously enjoyed writing as a literary exercise. Keeping the diary does not seem to have been set as an exercise - there seem to be far too many in-jokes for it to have been written in class. It begins:

1892

December 1st: Model Drawing Exam December 2nd: Literature Exam December 3rd: French Exam

December 5th: Grammar, History and Model Drawing Exams

December 6th: Science Exams

December 9th: Geography and Geometry Exams

The school favoured healthy outdoor exercise and - unusually for the period - had its own swimming bath. This was used for swimming but it also seems to have been seen as an alternative to washing.

June 19th 1893: The girls bathed for the first time this year in the outside bath.

August 8th 1894: Bathing still continues - tho' today it took place during the rain. Fresh bathers made their first plunge today and all the new girls but one have now had a 'dip' and as nearly all the old girls bathe there are only a few to reckon among the 'great unwashed.'

On September 3rd 1894 the diary recorded that Miss Bunt, one of the teachers, was the only one of the 'noble fourteen' still taking regular dips in the pool.

The children seem to have got on well with their teachers - certainly there are no unkind descriptions of any of them in the diary - and the teachers seem to have had fun with the children: '

April 1st 1893: We were all made April Fools by [redacted] and M Lidbetter [the headmaster and his son] putting empty eggshells the wrong way up in the eggcups with paper inside with 'April Fool' on.'

August 26th 1895: At supper the boys and girls were delighted to find pleasant surprises in the way of honey and cake presented by Mrs Grone - unusually large meals were made on either side of the room.

September 19th: We had bramble jam to tea.

September 28th: Brambling. The boys got 16 1/2 lbs, the girls 17 1/2.

October 6th: We each got three biscuits sent by Josiah Hall.

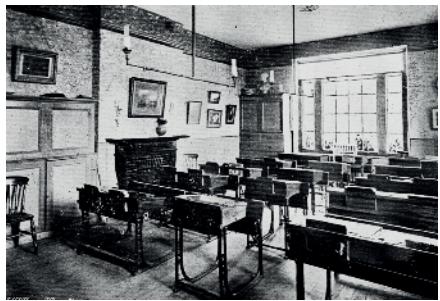
February 19th 1896: The Miss Halls gave us each a large bun which we all greatly [sic] received.

March 10th: We had rhubarb pie to dinner today, the first we have had this year.

November 10th 1897: When Sarah Ostle went to her desk to put her books away after school, she found it in great confusion and a large rat jumped out. Of course, all in the schoolroom screamed as loud as they could, and those who were outside rushed in to see what was the matter ...'

Needless to say, the rat escaped.

This is one of the last entries in the rather curious diary kept by pupils. Miss Bunt was something of a favourite; in summer she would allow the younger girls to swing in her hammock and both she and Miss King were invited to contribute to the diary.



Mark Moody sent this copy of the menu for a week that he kept in the back of his diary in the 1970's

	Brekkers	Lunch	Tea
MONDAY	Porridge, Bacon, Bread+Butter, Milk	Liver, Potatoes, Peas, Manchester Tart	Pasties, Rock Cake, Bread, Jam, Milk
TUESDAY	Rice Krispies, Beans, Fried Bread	Lancashire Hot-Pot, Sponge Pud	Cheesy Spaghetti, Oranges, Cakes
WEDNESDAY	Cornflakes, Scrambled Eggs, Milk	Sausages, Chips, Crumble	Soup, Spam Fritters, Scones
THURSDAY	Porridge, Bacon, Beans	Meatballs, Tatties, Choc Pud + Custard	Sausages and Beans, Apples, Shortbread
FRIDAY	Porridge, Hamburgers	Fish Mornay, Tatties, Marmalade Rollover	'Chicken-Cakes', Lemon Curd Tart
SATURDAY	Weetabix, Banana	Shepherd's Pie, Apple Sponge	Sausages, Mashed Tatties
SUNDAY	Porridge, Fish Fingers	Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce, Apple Crumble	'Dinosaur Chops' or Mince 'n' Dumpings

A week from Suzanne Thiebauld's diary 1960

Sunday May 8th. Jimmy on duty. Sac took evening reading. Listened to top 20

Monday May 9th. Hair washing. Jimmy on duty.

Tuesday May 10th. Swam my length today

Wednesday May 11th. Played rounders. Wore summer dresses

Thursday May 12th. Sports Day. Pardshaw won. Sac on duty.

Friday May 13th. First Aid course. Everyone passed.

Saturday May 14th. Cleaned Sac's car

In Memoriam



Archibald Ritson (1932-36)	18 th January 2017
Ivan Prachar (1940-50)	7 th October 2017
Keith Bell (left 1967)	18 th March 2018 aged 66
Peter Connon (1955-60)	1 st April 2018
Pam Vedhara (Wilson) left 1968	17 th April 2018
Mary Youles (Martin) 1942-47	26 th June 2018
Neil MacRae (1947-50)	August 2018
William Wilson Miller (left 1960)	30 th August 2018
Alan Waller (left 1973)	December 2018
William Grey (1945-49)	1 st January 2019

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



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](tel: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