

# WOSA Newsletter 2020



*President 2019 -20  
Patsy Castree*

**President 2019 - 2020**      **Patsy Castree**

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## Editorial

## Dates for your Diary

The newsletter is a communication between Old Scholars of all ages, some aged around 50 and still working, and others in their 80's and 90's. Despite the age differences all shared a similar experience in the teenage years. This year one of our number turns 100, and he still remembers his former classmates.

Last July a group who had started at Brookfield in 1963 attended the annual reunion for the first time. As you will read in the report by Liz Dinsdale, they enjoyed it so much that they decided to trace others from their year group, and are hopeful that many more of them will be attending the reunion this year.

Several of the articles in this newsletter have been inspired by material sent to me by this group, and it gives me great pleasure when these stories spark memories for other WOSA members, A big thank you to all those who have sent me text and photographs, I also want to thank John for the work he does setting out the pages and getting the newsletter ready for the printers.

Marjorie Taylor (Editor)

### Brookfield Reunion 2020

#### Saturday 11<sup>th</sup>. July

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

#### Sunday 12<sup>th</sup>. July

10.30am Meeting for worship at Carlisle  
or Mosedale Meeting

# Presidential Address



“Not another one!”

You may remember the lady from Bristol, on hearing the news that another general election had been called close on the heels of the previous one. ‘Not another one’.

That would, I think, have been a reasonable response from the membership of WOSA on hearing that I was to be your president and was a member of the clan that has already provided at least 7 presidents not to mention I think 18 students through the school.

You can breathe a sigh of relief I am (almost) the last of the line .

I was very surprised and, as many have said before, honoured to be asked to be your president as I had not, until recently, been an active member of the association and apart from a few in the Southern Region , had not attended gatherings since the mid 1960’s. During this year as president, although I have had little input, I have enjoyed greater involvement with the association. The activities and enthusiasm of our committee and their positive approach to encourage an association which is bound to have a dwindling membership and a questionable

future has been very impressive. After such positive remarks in the General Meeting this morning I feel very optimistic.

This address is really a jumble of rambling thoughts and memories. The original idea was to put them into meaningful sections like sport, classroom, free time etc but it has not really worked!!.... As an ex-teacher I did think of structuring the session . ....ie Aims, content, pupil participation review etc but I couldn’t think of any CONTENT that would justify or fit such a structure and certainly no opportunity for pupil participation so any review and ‘plenary’ session would not be possible.

I certainly was not sporty...the sports master’s comment “Giles (most of the time I was called Giles) is the only boy I know picked for the cricket team for his fielding – he can’t bowl and he can’t bat so that must be the case! I still got onto the team bus for away games as scorer. I only briefly managed the first XV rugby but I could run. Loved the frosty days when the ground was too hard for games so we had cross country . 3 mile round Waverton round across to Silloth road and back quick shower and try to be first on Table Tennis table suited me better than games.

Inter house Cross Country was always a good day. (Queue at surgery after breakfast for those trying to get Miss McBeth to give a sick note) The finish of the race running down Cuddy covered in mud and sometimes carrying a shoe which had been sucked off by the mud in the farm gateway at the top of the hill. Finish by the top bungalow gate I never won John Burn (Walker House) always won in our age group. Same in the summer athletics always 2<sup>nd</sup> even though one year I had “ pair of spikes” which in fact were of little use in the long grass on the track round by the long jump pit. In the sixth form I did win a race or two (john Burn had left)

Friday swimming ....down to Wigton baths on the bus, it seemed always to be cold and wet. (the weather not the baths)!!

Much better as a senior if you had a bike you were to cycle down and nip into the chip shop by the fountain on the way back to school (which you were not allowed to do). I was spotted once leaving the chip shop and had them confiscated. I had them returned to me cold by JC on the Saturday morning and had to sit in Centre hall to eat them.

I don’t remember much about lessons apart from science being favourite. One or two lectures stand out. Mr Rippon (Barbara Rippon’s father) came from Sellafeld one evening with some radio active sources and a Geiger counter! He told us all about the recently opened Calder Hall and nuclear fission.. He invited Andrew Holiday to the front and showed us he was ‘radioactive’ (or was it his luminous watch?)

Languages certainly not a strong point for me. It took three sittings to pass 'o'level French. Jo Joachim my French teacher was so relieved he sent me a congratulatory postcard written in French which I could not translate! I started Latin but JC advised to go to 'o'level woodwork after a very short time I was advised by FPB to do extra French!

With the Arts I am not sure if any of the Hinde clan could draw, I certainly could not. I know most of my relatives were musical. Peter Iliffe did his best with me but after my struggling rendering of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star at 'Junior Mucks' (junior musicians concert) in the first year PI suggested I should move to piano lessons, which I did with limited success.

Extracurricular activities made Brookfield 'Brookfield'. 'Association' I forget what went on there apart from A News Report and A School Diary both written by Fourth Formers. I had my turn when the soviet tanks invaded Budapest.



*Iain hands over the Presidents Badge*

Jo Joachim directed the annual parents evening play. I really enjoyed those and think I was in for 4 consecutive years. That was the only times I saw the gym stage let down from its position against the wall.

Saturday evening lectures were often quite long (we did not have prep) with lots of slides of Africa or Thailand or was it then Siam. The one that sticks in the mind and does deserve a mention was a Quaker who had come for the weekend with JC. I can't remember who it was but he was late and was rushed into the gym when we were all assembled. After his introduction by JC he opened his case and to the amusement of us all removed slippers, pyjamas and wash-bag in order to get his notes for the

lecture. Amazingly there was not a sound from those assembled. I can't remember the theme of the lecture. Do you remember we occasionally missed lessons for a monthly walk? It was always a mystery why it was called a 'monthly' walk as it certainly did not take place every month or even once a term! Still a morning off lessons and 6d or 9d pocket money off up Cuddy-Red Dial-Bolton low Houses etc. The girls were all taken a different way! Why!

Assemblies Wednesday a piece of music often choral otherwise Hymns. I used to remember, and still do, lots of numbers 481 Dear Lord and Father, 499 good a short one Glad that I Live am I etc. Assemblies always had a 2-3 minutes silence a practice I carried on when I used to take regular school assemblies and, maybe surprisingly it was always respected.

Evening Reading on weekdays was sometimes laboured, if you were learning the piano and reached a standard which was quite low, your turn came round to play in weekday evening reading to play the hymn. Many of us of my standard could only manage one Hymn 49 "Now The Day is Over" 1 sharp I seem to remember; here we go

BB CC DB CC BB A BBCGCB BBAAG!! Struggle through to keep up with voices 2 verses enough. We must have sung it at least once a week at varying speeds.

GM day; I don't remember any messages from the stage. I do remember the ever running tap, the singing drain pipe, all the carefully drawn maps on the geography room with the coast lines shaded blue to show which side the sea is on. New potatoes (the first of the season) and salad for dinner. Marching onto the lawn all in whites second (John Proudlock was always smaller than me)

Then in the evening mid-night feast in the dorm, why it was called mid-night when lights had to be out 9.30 is another mystery. Talking of lights out how many of you smuggled a radio (not a transistor one the size of an attache case) upstairs on a Sunday night to listen to Top Twenty on 208 medium wave crackling and fading in and out at 11 o'clock? I remember and loved clear, frosty nights walking to bed at Sunnymede pausing by the AA box where there was very little light pollution, it was almost like being in a planetarium. Picking out the stars and constellations, Orion towering over us. What a way to end the day. Sunnymede was a small

taste of freedom, often good on a Sunday when CBM gave us the key after evening reading and said we could go into his sitting room to watch "What's my Line" on flickering TV

Several previous presidents have mentioned bonfire night for various reasons. Will you 'be on' with me? The days before a group of boys took a trailer up the Silloth road to a wood to collect fuel for the fire. The traffic must have been much lighter then.

The Cottage, a sanctuary away from the routine when not well. Fortunately I was only in once when I had measles and only really ill for a few days then feeling quite well but had to be kept away from others so had a very pleasant time, Brothers John and Peter Hall also had measles their parents were farmers from quite close by and brought in fresh eggs and other goodies to aid our recovery.

Saturday night films after prep something informative then, perhaps, a Laurel and Hardy. "That's all for tonight"

Dances... the same member of staff in charge...Did he never have a day off. Dance announced several boys rushing across gym floor focus probably on the same partner! Wednesday afternoon. Fruit parcels 'hooray!' I used to like them best when they contained a pomegranate you could eat them with a pin and make them last.

Bread Basket. Long queue no real chance for juniors to get the occasional sausage or bacon sandwich as the prefects had always been there first. (just wait till I am a prefect!).

The more I think the more come to mind but that's enough! Brookfield was a comfortable, sometimes challenging community. It certainly was not comfortable in the arm-chair sense of the word but it felt cosy and safe and a challenging lifestyle particularly in the early years of attendance. The great benefit was the extended curriculum, what we would probably now call the 24-7 curriculum along with the Friendship and that word I spell with both a small capital F.

I certainly think I would have been a very different person without my time at Brookfield which broadened horizons. Coming from an all age 5 - 15 small village school, at that time there were very few children of the same age. I was an 11+ 'failure' Brookfield opened my eyes and doors enough to pass sufficient O and A levels needed for me to spend my time working at several levels in Comprehensive Education which I thoroughly enjoyed.



*The President with family members*

During this record of wandering thoughts I have referred to silence once or twice. I think the regular recurrence of silence during daily life at school, although not realised at the time, was of lasting importance; 10-15 minutes reading in 'collect' before breakfast, always a silence before and after meals just occurred naturally, a short silence before each stage of an assembly and of course Meeting on a Sunday and longish pauses in Sunday evening reading. The use of periods of silence, probably learnt at Brookfield, I think have a great effect on my life. Silence, whether organised in a meeting for consideration of points, or the silence that often can just occur when in the company of others is a sign of real Friendship and again I spell that word with a capital and small Ff. The silence often within the family where words are not needed and which can occur naturally is a sign of understanding and love.

But what of WOSA? An association, as I said a few minutes ago, with a dwindling membership which can not be stopped and must be faced. I do hope we can steer a course that will enable us to keep connections between us that have their roots in the 'Centre Hall' at Brookfield. I have no answers but as the badge says 'We Seek The Truth' and now a way forward.

Thank you Brookfield and WOSA.

Iain Gillies (1953-60)

# Greenhills Reunion



What magic was at work on April 27<sup>th</sup>, at Greenhills Hotel, Red Dial? A group of respectable (outwardly at least) late middle-aged people dissolved and disappeared to be replaced by their youthful selves. The years melted away; the grey hair and wrinkles vanished as the remembered classmates emerged from their irrelevant disguises.

We chatted and laughed the afternoon away with an ease born of close association with friends in one's formative years. The Quakers were always drumming into us that it is people that are important and they are right.

Most of us went to Brookfield in September 1960 (olden days according to our grandchildren). Some of us hadn't seen each other since we left, but it was a tribute to all there and to Brookfield that the warmth and affection and delight at seeing each other was so evident. Thank you to all who made it so. Shall we try a repeat in another four years? No matter if we need additional accessories like walking sticks and hearing

aids, to me you will all be forever young. A special thank you to all who rounded us up and to Sally's daughter for her generosity and hospitality at Greenhills.

Alison (Hughes) Miller (left 1967)

# Christmas Lunch

## Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> December Harry's Bar

The WOSA Christmas Lunch in Newcastle has become an annual event. This year 25 of gathered together in Harry's Bar for a 2 or 3 course Christmas meal, some having travelled from Cumbria, York and even London. The food was excellent, the service was slick and we had plenty of time for chat and reminiscences. Looking forward to 2020 already.



*Present: Susan Watts, Margaret Nichol, Ann Simpson, Patsy Castree, Maurice Tate, Pauline Tate, Hedley Redpath, Kenneth Ashford, Alison Ashford, John Taylor, Marjorie Taylor, Alison Miller. Eva Cowan, Alastair Patterson, Jean Patterson, Duncan Hughes, Richard Walker, Berni Walker, Michael Hodgson, Suzanne Whitting, David Pringle, Ruth Pringle, Ian Pringle,*

# WOSA Weekend July 13<sup>th</sup> - 14<sup>th</sup> 2019



*Tony Ferguson, Margaret Robson, Keith Robson, Trevor Yerbury, Marjorie Taylor*

*Max Friedheim, Jill Forrest, Andrew Golightly, Alison Standing, Liz Dinsdale, Janet Heeks, Shona Collins, Pat Malone, Robert Williamson, Hedley Redpath, Ken Ashford*

*Ken Bowe, Maurice Tate, Cameron Walker, Margaret Smith, Geoff Cook, Pamela Cook, Pat Walker, Colin Walker, Arnold Snowball, Helen Snowball*

*Annette Reynolds, Ann Source, Audrey Ryan, Anita Webb, Sheila Wood, Arthur Wood, Michael Taylor, Margaret Taylor*

*Kate Rayson, Judith Beeby, Kaye Gilmour, David Perry, Donald Cuthbertson, Joan Cuthbertson, Diana Robison, Alison Hetherington*

*Tony Kemp, Jill Kemp, Avril Solari, June Walker, Faye Yerbury, Mark Elliot, Iain Gillies, Dorothy Pearlman, Patsy Castree*

## AGM & Lunch at Carlisle FC

Following my time at Brookfield I went to the University of East Anglia to study Biological Sciences then after a brief dalliance with a teachers training course at Kings College London, I decided that teaching was not for me and joined the New Charing Cross Hospital in the Experimental Pathology Department .

From here I progressed to the Royal Marsden Hospital in Surrey and the Ludwig Institute for Cancer Research , completing my technical exams in Medical Laboratory Sciences and following an Msc. course in Immunology at Chelsea College.

Moving on to North Devon I ran a Histopathology laboratory before moving to the UAE to set up a laboratory in Sharjah for Histopathology and later a HIV screening unit as in the early 80's the problem was growing.



*Class of 1963*

On my return to the UK I ran a hotel and restaurant on the Welsh coast for 12 years before returning to laboratory work in Devon where I liaised between the hospital and Plymouth University training students on the biomedical science degree and trying to instil into them the reality of lab work

Since retiring to West Wales I have become involved in several wild life interests, including the Dyfi osprey project.

I have had a life long interest in wild life but I have my time at Brookfield and in particular the enthusiasm of Jim Davies to thank for encouraging this interest.

Due credit must also be given to Norman Godfrey for pushing me through my A level chemistry, not an exam often taken at Brookfield in my time.

Following my retirement I found I had time on my hands and browsing the WOSA website I decided to join to see if I could make contact with any former inmates.

Within a few hours of joining I had a phone call from Marjorie Taylor which galvanized me into committing to come to the next reunion, bringing my sister Jan.

We arrived in Carlisle with a great sense of trepidation and nervousness, not having been in contact with class mates for almost 50 years. However within hours of arriving at the hotel we had a call from Marjorie to join her and various members of the reunion in the bar. So the ice was broken and we began to relax.

The next day at the football grounds we met all the old scholars but most particularly the ones from our year: Patrick Malone (Paddy) Trevor Yerbury (Nessie) Andrew Golightly (Golly) Shona Tonge and Alison Davies. It was amazing how the conversation flowed and after an initial exchange of where our lives had taken us, it was down to the nitty gritty of stories from Brookfield and the question of 'where are they now'.

Unlike some other years it seems that very few of us had kept in touch and very few belonged to WOSA. We all decided that we would make it for the 2020 reunion and find as many of our year as possible. We are doing well so far including two who we hope will travel from Prague.

Liz Dinsdale (Class of 1963 - left 1971)



*Dinner in Foxy's Restaurant*

#### *School mothers and daughters at the dinner*



Do you remember having a School Mother to help you settle into Brookfield. When did this start?

Annette (Hall) Reynolds with  
Jan & Liz Dinsdale  
Dorothy Pearlman with  
Kate (Byers) Rayson  
Shona (Tonge) Collins with  
Patsy (Wilkinson) Castree

# Swimming



*An early photograph of the school pool*

The School governors were thinking ahead of the times when they decided to build the outdoor swimming pool in 1832. At that time there were few pools open around the country. Wigton swimming pool did not open until 1901 when the site was acquired by Edwin Banks. The baths were built even though the Wigton town council were unsure if they could afford the upkeep.

In the early days use of the school pool during the summer was the main way in which pupils could keep clean. In the diaries of several pupils written in the 1890's there are references to this. Once Wigton baths opened the school was able to offer swimming to the pupils throughout the year. In addition classes and assessment of Life Saving could be offered in the larger pool.

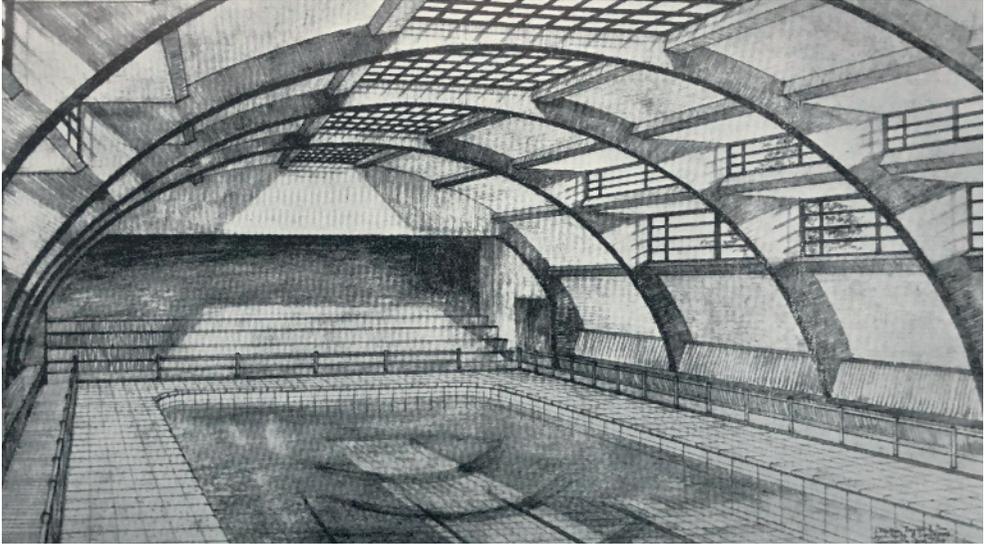
Over the years, swimming continued to be an important school activity enjoyed by the pupils. Three brothers, Leslie, Maurice and Ronnie Taylor who were at Brookfield in the 1920's and 1930's donated the swimming trophy to be competed for by the four houses.

Michael Taylor said that when he came to Brookfield the senior boys had to build a dam in the beck near Hillside at the start of the summer term. When the pool created was full the water



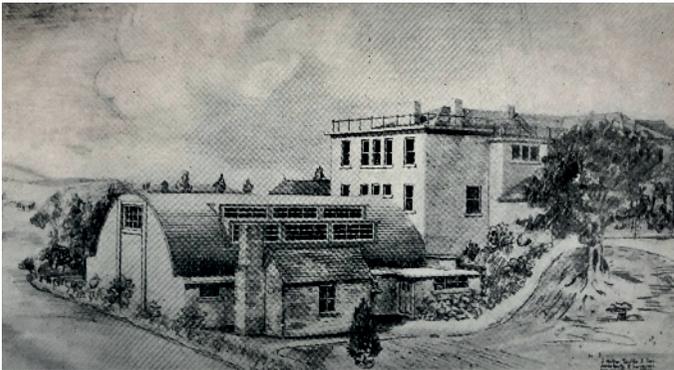
*Leslie and his two younger brothers Maurice and Ronnie presented the School with this swimming trophy in 1947, and each year the houses competed for this.*

was then piped into the swimming pool through a set of filters, but that the pool could not be used until Dr. Dolan had passed the quality of the water.



*The architects vision for the inside of the school pool*

Leslie Taylor, who had followed in his fathers' footsteps as the school architect, realised that in order to continue to be a useful asset the pool needed to be covered so it could be used all year round. In 1951 he drew up plans to cover and improve the pool. Unfortunately it did not prove possible to raise the funds needed, and the project was never completed.



*Artists impression of the pool after the proposed improvements*

Great Ayton Friends School which also had an early pool did manage to have improvements made to theirs in 1948.

I am sure that many of you will remember that over the winter the pool filled up with leaves and other detritus and was often frozen over.

Shona Tonge remembers an occasion one winter when the half full pool was frozen over and one of the boys in her year attempted to walk

across the ice, but only succeeded in falling through into the water below.

She remembers that "Froggie" was livid but not what punishment was administered. She wonders if it was Paddy Malone or Paul Easton?

# Cross Country



*Cross Country Cup*

The House Cross Country Cup was awarded each year to the House which amassed the fewest points during the annual boys Cross Country race. At the end of the last century I was sitting on a Fleet Street news-desk when the post boy handed me a letter from a surprising source – Ken Greaves. It was a profuse apology for something that had been written in the updated Brookfield history concerning the alleged fixing of the senior boys House cross-country run some 30 years before, for which crime he had publicly fingered me!

Fond memories indeed. I hurriedly wrote back to say that far from having brought shame upon my name, it was one of the few genuine achievements of my schooldays and I was pleased to share it with the world. We corresponded, I was invited to visit, and found myself in the picturesque village of Yealand Conyers, shaking him by the hand. It seemed he was apologising to a host of people because when he agreed to help his successor Peter Carey by furnishing information for the new school history, he hadn't expected his contributions to be published verbatim, naming the guilty men.

What astounds me now – and betrays the depths of my naïveté – is that I thought I'd got clean away with it, and that by fixing the

cross-country we'd successfully pulled a fast one on the powers-that-were. In fact they'd smelt a rat within minutes of the finish and confirmed who was to blame before an hour was out. The only reason it passed unremarked was that Fred Bell would have demanded my expulsion, which Ken and George Heslop thought was over the top. It was, after all, a bit of fun.

Everyone hated the cross-country. Plodding through mud in singlet and sandshoes was a mug's game. I thought that fixing the race so that every House scored the same would take the awful pointlessness out of it and make it a little more bearable. Working out how to do it wasn't hard, although the three Houses had unequal numbers of runners and there was a bonus points system for the first three finishers. But I needed buy-in from everyone, and so called a meeting of all male seniors in Room Five to outline the plan. The response was wildly enthusiastic – almost universally so. There was one exception, which ended up almost upsetting the applecart.

There were two potential winners, Barry Lloyd and Nick Cox, and neither would give the other best, so a coin was tossed in the corridor outside to decide the issue. Barry Lloyd won. I thought that was a pity because Lloyd was in Pardshaw, and his House was significantly in the majority – a barely believable cohort of purple hoops had therefore to bring up the rear to keep their points total in check. Someone also had to come last; I had a word with a likely lad named Bennett, and he reluctantly agreed to the sacrifice, for the good of his fellow man. Stout chap. Names and numbers were matched, and everyone was told who'd be in front of them, and who behind. In the week before the race I would test people on this at random, and I caught no-one out. Those with medical exemption were dragooned into manning checkpoints with clipboards to ensure that everyone was in sequence; John Shield had the last and most important pitch, just out of sight up Cuddy. Nothing could possibly go wrong!

But I had reckoned without the competitive instincts of Nick Cox. It was not in Nick's nature to come second. He was a born winner, fit as ten men – 'first loser' was not in his make-up. How it must have preyed on his mind. With two days to go I received shock news: Nick Cox had gone 'on medical'. Consternation! Nick had never been on medical in his life. A complete reworking of the numbers took only an hour, but what about the re-education programme? Could everyone learn new

positions in time? One mistake and the entire plot would unravel, and any result other than a three-way draw would get me strung up.

In the event, everyone played their part to perfection – Walker, Pardshaw and Dalton scores tallied, and when Ken Greaves announced the outcome at breakfast next day there was a huge ironic cheer. And that was the end of it... or so I thought, until the day I got Ken Greaves's letter.

Pat Malone (1963-70)

John Shield recalls his role as the marshal of the final checkpoint, just out of sight of Cuddy Lonnen, where he had to check that the runners went into the final stretch in the correct order as planned. He said that only two boys came into him in the wrong order, but they were in the same house so it did not matter.

John Shields

Tim Sumner recalls the fixing of the cross country run which was a triumph of organisation and cooperation by everyone involved. The planning was a masterstroke of mathematics and to get everyone coming in roughly in the order to be expected. It would have been very suspicious to have me among the leaders! Then it required the absolute cooperation of all the runners to keep to their designated position in the running order. It should be included in sociology textbooks! I had a brief tricky moment in that Andrew Day, the runner ahead of me, started heading for the gap to the left of the tennis courts near the staff bungalows instead of down the centre to the finish between the tennis courts so I had to feign exhaustion (not difficult) or complete collapse until he was sent in the right direction.

Tim Sumner (1963-71)

## The Bridge



This photograph is of the girls from dorm 3 in 1962.

From left to right: Wendy Morton, Margaret Hodgson, Pat Byers, Marjorie Tulip, Margaret Pennie

Many of you will have sat with your friends on the bridge over the beck.



Who are these friends sitting on the bridge ?

## Follow up of Pilot Article

Liz and Jan Dinsdale, Pat Malone, Trevor Yerbury and Andrew Golightly who were original contributors to The Pilot magazine came to the 2019 Reunion in Carlisle and enjoyed it so much they have been making contact with others from their year and hope to encourage many more of them to come this year.

Nick Cox, who also wrote for The Pilot, sent us this update of some his experiences since leaving Brookfield.



"I fell in love with Polar Regions at the tender age of six and found a conduit for that ambition when I met John Bull (outdoor activities master) at Brookfield. John had been in the Antarctic with the British Antarctic Survey (BAS) 1955 - 56. I wrote to BAS and got a polite letter informing me I was too young (21 minimum age) and had nothing to offer. I left school immediately and did a 4 year apprenticeship as a carpenter at the conclusion of which (1975) I joined BAS as carpenter, boatman and quack. In those days BAS did not have doctors on all their bases. Father who was a GP arranged very brief training with his friends. Bruce MacLean showed me some operations, Bob MacMillan anaesthetics and Bill Bousefield dentistry. Some of my Antarctic

colleagues had their appendixes removed before we sailed from British shores. We all had our wisdom teeth removed. I was away for 30 months returning with a horrible beard in 1978. I and another fellow had broken our legs, there was a pneumo-thorax, a detached retina, lots of stitching and lots of dentistry conducted using a 1950's armchair and a bar stool.

I was home from the Antarctic for 4 days when I was asked to skipper a boat in the Arctic. I spent 3 months deploying geological field camps in Svalbard. The boat was a 28 foot Norwegian wooden double ender. I could stay at sea for 6 weeks at a time without returning for food and fuel. I got stuck in ice for up to a week at a time and no one knew where I was. It was great. I did six summers in that boat and led a winter sledge journey on the east coast of Svalbard with surveyors. We had temperatures below -50 C. One lost a toe, another his thumb and another part of his face.

I returned to the Antarctic in 1979 and did my third winter as general hand, boatman and dog driver. We did some magnificent sledge journeys in the depth of winter.

Since 1975 I have been in the Antarctic, Arctic or both every year. I was a mountaineer

sledge guide in the Antarctic and became a base commander. In 1991 the UK Government wanted a station in the Arctic. I established a station at Ny-Alesund, Svalbard which I manage to this day.

Nick Cox (1965-71)



The following tribute to Nick was taken from the British Antarctic Survey web-site.

Nick received The Polar Medal in 1993 and received a prestigious second clasp to his Polar Medal in 2018. Nick has worked at BAS for over 40 years and the second clasp highlights his continued service developing an international research community at the UK's base in the Arctic, where he has worked as Station Leader since it was established in 1991. The Polar Medal is awarded by HM The Queen to personnel who have given valued service in the Polar Regions.

## 150 Year Celebration Memorial Tree



A memorial tree was planted to celebrate the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the school. It was planted by the oldest Old Scholar John D Hinde, and the youngest pupil J. Harris. The pupils in the background dressed in period costume for the occasion. When the builders were building the new houses the top of the drive was altered and the tree was removed along with the commemorative plaque. In 2019 the plaque was found on a back road near Aspatria by a milk tanker driver. He posted a photograph of the plaque on the "Old Wigton" web-site. When we saw the photograph we sent him a message to say we had been looking for it and he very kindly arranged for it to be passed back to the Old Scholars.



We were unaware of the type of tree it had been until we saw the plaque. At the AGM last year the Old

Scholars decided to make an offer to the Wigton Scouts who now own the woods, to plant a new Acer tree and replace the plaque. The scouts and their leaders are keen to preserve the history of the site and the links with the school.

Not much remains of the bushes and plants which surrounded the part of the front nearest to the school. This photograph shows what remains of the beech hedge which many of you will remember.



# Caving

John Bull came to Brookfield 1966- 1969 to teach a range of subjects and to build on the success off the outdoor activities which had proved successful and to develop a wider range of activities. In 1967 the Art teacher, Glenn Tomkinson, who was experienced in Caving as a member of The Wessex Caving Club, introduced caving as an activity with John Bull. Glenn recalls some of the caves they explored.

We took groups from the school to some of the more straightforward caves in Yorkshire but when I realised that there was a limestone area in the Caldbeck fells we began to dig in various promising sink holes. These are described in the 1995 edition of "Northern Caves III". They include Cox's Hole and Frog's Swallet on Mickle Rigg, Doctor's pot on Faulds Brow and Second Hand Hole on Aughtertree Fell. We also explored and surveyed the small caves at Howk near Caldbeck.



*The Swilly Hole*

Our major discovery was The Swilly Hole at Haltcliff Bridge in the bank of the Caldew. This was known to the locals as somewhere where water disappeared in dry weather but the removal of some river debris allowed us to enter a substantial chamber. A side passage could be negotiated with some difficulty giving access to the main stream passage. It was obvious that the cave could flood completely so we laid a telephone wire though it and always ensured that one member of the team remained on the surface. One part of the cave required a duck in water under a low projection and on one occasion while exploring with Nick Cox and others, I managed to cut my wrist quite badly on a limestone flake. We had come

in my car and we eventually got to Nick's father's Surgery in Caldbeck with me steering one-handed and Nick changing gear. Doctor Cox stitched the wound and I was fine. I made a survey of the cave which was published in the Wessex Cave Club Journal.

Our other major cave was Pate Hole near Appelby. This was a fairly straightforward mainly dry cave but I was aware that the final pool had attracted the attention of some of the Mendip cave divers who I knew. By this time John Bull and I and possibly some of the boys had made our own wet-suits out of this new-fangled neoprene. This enabled us to thoroughly explore the pool which proved to be a dead-end so far as human exploration was concerned. John had the idea of spending a night in the cave so that it could be thoroughly surveyed so an expedition was organised to spend a Saturday night in the cave. For some reason I was unable to join them overnight but got to the cave on Sunday morning to find the group staggering out. They had spent the night in the ox-bow passage off the main passage. By the morning some of them began to feel unwell and when an attempt was made to light a stove the match would not burn. John realised that there had been a build-up of CO<sub>2</sub> in the night and ordered an immediate evacuation.

Extract from Northern Caves web-site

## Cox's Hole

**Area:** Vale of Eden and Caldbeck  
**Grade:** 1  
**NGR:** NY273369  
**Lat/long:** 54.7218, -3.1302  
**Elevation:** 314m  
**Length:** 6 m  
**Depth:** 3m  
**Rock Type:** Frizington Limestone Formation

### Exploration

- Excavated 1968 FSWOAG

Tim Sumner recalls many of the caving adventures.

Pate Hole involved a long, low bedding plane crawl to get to the further reaches of the cave and it was this cave that John chose for one of the summer expeditions. We were to camp well down the cave and carry out a full survey including climate, hydrology, a topographical survey and so on. Gareth Broome and I opted for climate and I remember manhandling a packing case containing thermometers, a barometer and home made hygrometers down the low passage. We deployed the instruments at the surface and at intervals down the cave and every four hours completed a full traverse of the system to record the readings. This was particularly spooky, on one's own, in the middle of the outside world night, when the rest of the group were asleep. In the event, we were the lucky ones as we had to go out to the surface on each transit. When the rest of the group emerged at the end of the sojourn many, especially John, had very bad headaches and other worrying symptoms. It was Dr Michael Cox who later suggested that these were probably caused by the build up of CO and CO<sub>2</sub> from the stoves and people breathing as there was no appreciable air movement in the cave.



*Pate Hole, Vale of Eden*

The equipment we had for caving was mostly home made or adapted climbing items. The ladders were made of rope with wooden rungs and unfortunately the rope stretched, moving the rungs further and further apart unlike the modern "Electron" ladders with steel cables and aluminium rungs. Two major improvements were the acquisition of proper miner's "Oldham" electric lights with lead/acid batteries to replace the dirty and unreliable carbide/acetylene lights courtesy, I think, of Charlie Humphries's Dad who worked for the NCB and the discovery of Aquaquipment of St Albans wetsuit kits. For £10 you got sheets of neoprene, paper patterns, zips, fasteners, tapes and glue. For the first time boys were seen with tailor's chalk, scissors and neoprene on any flat surface! For a bit more money you could have thicker neoprene, "Tenax" fasteners and even lined neoprene. Those of us with unlined neoprene had to liberally sprinkle talcum powder down the legs and sleeves to get them on when dry. We smelled lovely! However, wet wetsuits required the application of washing up liquid – not so lovely! Glenn, on the other hand, preferred his old military "dry suit".



### **Calf Hole**

*An aquatint and etching by Glenn Tomkinson*

Tim remembers helping Andrew Fullerton lay out the neoprene in the physics lab to cut out patterns for the wet suit.

These extra activities became known as The Outdoor Activities Club. We had a home-made lapel badge made from silver painted welding rod in the form of a capital "A" enclosed by a circle O, (like a miniature Atkinson Lorry radiator badge). We held weekly meetings to discuss equipment, techniques, navigation, trips and such important topics as hypothermia.

Tim says his experience of outdoor activities at Brookfield were life shaping, and he has retained a passion for mountains and the outdoors throughout his life.

Tim has led expeditions to the main mountain ranges of the world including Annapurna, New Zealand as well as nearer home.

Tim Sumner (1963-71)

# WOSA Financial Report

Income and Expenditure for year ended 31 <sup>st</sup> . December 2018						
	2018			2017		
	Receipts	Payments	Balance	Receipts	Payments	Balance
<b>Magazine</b>						
Printing		£363.00			£396.00	
Newsletter postage		£222.29			£200.38	
Stationery etc.		£249.30			£60.48	
<b>Magazine Total</b>		£834.59	(£834.59)		£656.86	(£656.86)
<b>Reunion</b>				<b>Receipts</b>	<b>Payments</b>	<b>Balance</b>
Dinner (Saturday)	£1778.80	£1755.00		£1870.50	£2013.00	
Refund		£45.50				
<b>Total</b>	<b>£1778.80</b>	<b>£1800.50</b>	<b>(£21.70)</b>	<b>£1870.50</b>	<b>£2013.00</b>	<b>(£142.50)</b>
<b>General Fund</b>						
Subscriptions	£160.00			£60.00		
Donations	£20.00			£25.00		
Sales	£191.50	£20.00		£212.02		
Website						
Bank charge		£4.00				
NS & I Interest				£7.40		
<b>Total General</b>	<b>£371.50</b>	<b>£24.00</b>	<b>£347.50</b>	<b>£304.42</b>		<b>£304.42</b>
<b>Overall Total</b>	<b>£2150.30</b>	<b>£2659.09</b>	<b>(£508.79)</b>	<b>£2174.92</b>	<b>£2669.86</b>	<b>(£494.94)</b>
<b>Outstanding</b>						
Cumberland News					£5.65	
Website					£62.24	
<b>Total</b>				<b>£2174.92</b>	<b>£2737.75</b>	<b>(£562.83)</b>
<b>Overall Total</b>	<b>£2150.50</b>	<b>£2659.09</b>	<b>(£508.79)</b>			
<b>Bank balances at 31<sup>st</sup> December</b>				<b>2018</b>	<b>2017</b>	<b>Difference</b>
HSBC				£7710.67	£8287.35	
Cash						
<b>Total</b>				<b>£7710.67</b>	<b>£8287.35</b>	
Owing					£67.89	
<b>Balance</b>				<b>£7710.67</b>	<b>£8219.46</b>	<b>(£508.79)</b>

# Congratulations

It was an honour to receive Maundy Money this year. You probably know the history, but not everyone does, so here is a brief explanation.

Hundreds of years ago it was the custom for the King to give money to the elderly poor on the day before Easter, Maundy Thursday. This was formalised about 400 years ago and the tradition has gone on since. To-day Recipients have to be nominated by a Bishop based on their voluntary work for the Church and local community. By tradition the Monarch gives to a man and a woman for each year of his/her life. So this year the Queen gave to 186 people in a ceremony in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

I could bring one person so my wife Rose came with me, wearing a colourful African dress. During the service the Queen walked down the aisles handing each Recipient two small leather pouches containing specially minted silver coins. She appeared frail but very alert. Afterwards we all went to a reception in the state rooms. A very memorable day and an honour.

Ralph Palim (1942-50)

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Peter Kurer was delighted to be awarded The British Empire Medal in the Queen's New Year Honours List. This was in recognition of his services to Holocaust Education. The main focus of his work concerns the part played by the Quakers helping the Jews of Nazi Europe.

He discovered some years ago, that at that time, Israel's Holocaust Museum, Yad Basham had no information on the role Quakers had played in helping Jews. He decided to write a thesis himself. He spent seven years working on the thesis called "The Missing Chapter" and received the support of the five historians who were needed to gain acceptance by the museum.

Peter Kurer (1939-49)

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In 2019 Professor of psychology John Raven was awarded doctor honoris causa by Poland's John Paul II Catholic University of Lublin (KUL) for his years-long cooperation with the University.

A holder of the University of Aberdeen's Bachelor of Science in Psychology, a Diploma in Social Psychology of the London School of Economics and a PhD from Trinity College Dublin, Professor John Raven is internationally recognised for the construction,

validation, standardisation and normalisation of psychological intelligence diagnosis tests.

Since the 1980's John has been giving lectures on the theme "Toward a Sustainable Society: Science, Public Management and the role of the University". He was first invited to a conference in Poland to talk about the research he had undertaken over many years with a Progressive Matrices Test devised by his father. Over the years he has given talks at Universities in other European Countries such as Hungary and The Czech Republic.

Professor John Raven is also recognised for having created a concept of new social and psychological forces such as cognitive and social factors, learning and educational potential that may significantly contribute to the development of balanced societies.

John Raven (1952-55)

# Spotlight on Football



*An early match on the front lawn*

Football was a popular activity from the early days. As can be seen from these two old photographs



## **Bob Hardisty**

**(1<sup>st</sup> December 1921 - 31<sup>st</sup> October 1986)**

He was undoubtedly the greatest Amateur footballer to don an England shirt. When Matt Busby was appointed manager of The Great Britain football team for the London Olympics in 1948 he appointed Bob as Captain of the team. He went on to represent the British team in 1952 and again in 1956. He spent the majority of his amateur career with Bishop Auckland and played in all three Amateur Cup winning teams between 1955 and 1957. His side won The Northern League seven times.



*The 1<sup>st</sup> XI from 1938*

He was a pupil at Brookfield from 1935-38 and can be seen on this 1938 photograph of the school team. He is on the front row, second from the left. He credited the school with helping him to develop his interest in football. He

returned to school after the Olympics to talk to the pupils about his experiences. He privately thanked Fred Bell for starting him on his career path and gave Fred, as a gift, one of his international caps in recognition of his encouragement.. The cap was displayed by Fred in Centre Hall, as many of you will remember. Since the school closed the whereabouts of the cap is unknown., And several Old Scholars who remember it have asked where it is.

## Report of an inter-year football match between the Fourth Form and the Fifth Form

From the 1968 edition of The Pilot

On the 18<sup>th</sup> June the fifth form were challenged to a game of football by the fourth form, who by some fluke of fate won 1-0

Unsuspected talent shone forth from members of the fifth form team, notably J Richardson, S Aitkenhead, J Hampson, A Blindell, P Fletcher, and in harassed moments, T Norton and P Grave. A Golightly gave his usual display of inspired play and in the second half, great saves came from T Yerbury when the fourth form forwards broke through. At the beginning of the first half the ball was mainly to be seen among the fifth form forwards who were giving a brilliant display of inspired football. Shortly however some forwards found themselves unusually tired and the ball ventured frequently into the ranks of the fourth form, attacks by whom were many times near the touch line and nearer the penalty area. After a while the fourth form forwards took firm possession of the ball. Throughout the game Richardson, Hampson and Golightly kept up a tireless pace although good defensive tactics by the fourth form held at bay the spontaneous attacks by the fifth. At half time the scores were level at 0-0. Soon after half time the fourth broke through and would have scored had not Yerbury made a good save on the line. The forwards were soon tired again and P Fletcher dropped back to aid the defence. A Golightly was often seen in danger spots around the penalty area.. Soon however, Derek Brunnen drew the defence and passed the ball to Keith Kennedy who tapped it into the goal as far as possible from Yerbury, who despite a desperate bid, failed to reach the ball on time. After this goal, Charlie Humphries dropped back to aid the defence. Attacks by John, Jonty, and other forwards were many times repelled, although a rocket shot from John was only just put past the post by Beagle who was in goal. It is generally agreed that this was a good match and was much more even than was expected.

### Fourth Form Team

C Hine  
D Brunnen  
T Jackson  
S Thompson  
T Orchard  
S Short  
K Kennedy  
C Humphries  
B Lloyd  
M Hacket

### Fifth Form Team

J Richardson  
A Golightly  
S Aitkenhead  
J Hampson  
P Fletcher  
T Norton  
P Grave  
A Blindell  
P Malone  
T Yerbury



The Old Scholars team that defeated the school by five goals to nil in 1970?

**Back Row:** Bill Hopwood, Mike Couzens, Paul Dugdale, Metcalfe, T Maddison, Hugh Routledge,

**Front Row:** Julian Wilkin, Stuart Whiteside, David Atkinson, Richard Routledge, Joe Henderson, Barry Lloyd



## In Memoriam



Joyce Hine (London) 2016 (1942 - 44)  
Martin Wilie 2017 (1963 - 68)  
Thomas Hewitson February 2018 (1950-54)  
Brian Cockburn 2/11/2018 (1948 - 52)  
Brian Crawshaw Nov 2018 (left 1958)  
Dorothy Coulthard (Dixon) 2<sup>nd</sup> Feb 2019 (1943-47)  
David Peile 7/04/2019 (left 1974)  
Thomas Parks June 2019 (1934-37)  
Benson Cook 20/06/2019 (1945 - 51)  
Janet Grindley (Bell) (1938 - 42)  
Mary Nelson (Stockdale) 9/07/2019 left 1959  
Gordon Laidlaw July 2019 (1946 - 52)  
Francis Fabi Sept 2019 (1958 - 63)  
Helen Dobson (Blackburn) November 2019 (1960-63)  
Lillian Teasdale (Hall) November 2019 (1954-58)  
Joan Elizabeth Woodley (Curtis) 19<sup>th</sup> January 2020 (1932-36)  
Peter Hall 18<sup>th</sup> February 2020 (1954-60)

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](http://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](mailto:m@rjorie.com)  
or order from the web-site [www.wosa.org.uk](http://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](mailto:m@rjorie.com), or by post to: 3 Cotswold Road, North Shields, Tyne & Wear, NE299QJ