

WOSA Newsletter 2016



*President 2015 -16
Jill Forrest*

President 2015 - 2016

Jill Forrest

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Editorial

Dates for your Diary

2015 has been a memorable year for WOSA. On Friday 10th July we unveiled a plaque on the first site for the school at Highmoor. This commemorates 200 years since the school opened for the first intake of pupils. A tree had been planted at that time which flourished in the garden until, sadly, it had to be cut down due to old age, and to the fact that it had grown so tall that it would have caused considerable damage to the building if it fell.

The committee are grateful to Godfrey "Dog" Holden, who now owns the house, for allowing us to place the plaque beside the original front door..

The original school house was divided into two residential houses after the school moved out. Godfrey lives in, and has carefully restored, the side originally housing the kitchen and the headmaster.

On the other side, the old schoolroom is still intact with the original shutters. Upstairs the layout of the rooms reflect the original layout of the dormitories.

The second anniversary was celebrated on the Saturday of the AGM when we celebrated 125 years since the formation of WOSA. Kate Rayson (Byers) made us three amazing celebration cakes to mark the occasion.

Several former pupils have made contact via the web-site. Some have joined WOSA and others wanted to make contact with old school friends, or even find information about parents and grandparents who were at the school. Through these contacts we can see that The Association still plays a valuable role for members and former pupils.

I would like to thank those members who sent donations to help defray the costs of production and postage of the newsletter. I hope you will enjoy reading it.

Marjorie Taylor

WOSA Reunion 2016

Saturday 9th 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 10th July

10.30pm Meeting for worship at Carlisle
or Mosedale Meeting

1.00pm Buffet Lunch at Denton House
Hesket Newmarket

Presidential Address



I'm going to start this address with a thank you, to the committee of WOSA and to you all, the membership, for your support for this organisation. The work you have done in supporting WOSA reaching back over the years in maintaining Old Scholars as a living, breathing, viable manifestation of what once existed in bricks and mortar as well. Your loyalty to each other and the traditions in which through our shared experience as pupils at Brookfield introducing us to what it meant to be part of a community. This experience going on to influence us throughout our lives. It has been through the care and devotion in honouring that place and time shown by you and our fellow scholars both present and past that I have been able to touch once again the 'timelessness of childhood'. To enjoy the fellowship of former scholars in the present whilst re-connecting with the young Tony, myself, across the decades. As much different from whom I am now, as I am from each of you, but somehow familiar and to whom undoubted warmth is felt. Inevitably this has been an emotional journey, happy and sad in parts as I come to re-visit those times and the intervening years, but always touched by the kindnesses and understanding that has come with meeting friends old and new.

I have also had the good fortune to experience a Presidency in the year of the 200th anniversary of the school's founding at Highmoor, an opportunity to look at what brought Brookfield into being and the values and standards that sustained it so well over its long history of service. We have been able to commemorate this early history of the school through the kind indulgence of the present owner of Highmoor, with a visit to the site, a ceremony and unveiling of a plaque.

With commemoration comes 'co' the collective sharing, and 'memorate', memories, or for me the discovery of stories that speak about the foundation of the school, foundation stories and foundation myths. This has opened my eyes to the aspirations of the Quaker community in the North; Cumberland, Westmorland and Northumberland, the communities from which the aspirations to found a school in Wigton had come. As was said at the previous centenary celebrations in 1919, (the war years postponing the actual occasion in 1915) in a previous report of the WOSA "The agricultural districts and industrial centres of the North" and for whom there had been in Quakerism's earliest days a commitment to education and as expressed in the language of the 18th century "The education and training of the youth to be, next to our immediate duty to God, the chief concern of every Friend". These explorations greatly added to in discovery and enjoyment thanks to our previous Presidents, and dear friends Malcolm Bell and Marjorie Taylor in a most stimulating correspondence this bringing to the fore : the industrial and financial interests in banking, manufacturing and railways that provided the considerable sums of money that financed the school in its early days . Monies that came from the 'power house' that is and was the North long before the term it finds itself once again in the forefront of the parlance of economic re-generation. Albeit, and a source of considerable personal pride that it was Quakers who were among the most prominent figures the first time round and the creation of Brookfield as but one expression of this enterprise.

Other aspects to the history of the school and around which I had scant knowledge was the schools relationship to the Kinder Transports, the movement of Jewish children from Nazi threatened Europe. Talking earlier to Peter Kurer this evening, he reminds us that of 131 boys at the school at the outbreak of the Second World War, 9 of them were Jewish. With the crisis occurring in Southern Europe and the Mediterranean we can be sure our forebears would have had a humanitarian response. With these foundation stories comes the ideals, the values that which we aspire, the human desire to privilege the better parts of ourselves, such that certain beliefs, attitudes and ways of thinking become parts of our identity, in our case a shared identity . I have much to be thankful for my years at Brookfield:

the friendship, regrettably friendships that I have been too careless with (to quote Malcolm)at a recent address. The idea that I might one day amount to something and though I might not have been overly aware of this at the time, that I was part of something bigger than myself, I was part of a community, one that had fairness and a sense of justice written into its DNA.

This has been perhaps one of the most enduring legacies of my time at school and this combination of community and fairness has been amongst the most sustaining for me, in both my personal and professional life, initially as a social worker and for the past quarter century as a psychotherapist. As a psychotherapist it perhaps will not surprise you to hear that it is through the lenses of psychology and anthropology that I now tend to look out upon the world, when trying to understand things or as a map upon which I attempt to make sense of experience. And it is through this lens, or specifically the school as an 'emotional system' that I will turn to briefly. In particular the emotional system that comes from being part of a unique community, one described by my dear friend Helen at last year's Presidential speech as representative of an extended family. Thank you so much for this Helen, for me the realisation is that when we come here together now it is as brothers and sisters. To talk of brothers and sisters is to talk of multiple and complex relationships, not always comfortable and likely to contain many ambivalent feelings. As children and young people nonetheless these relationships were key to our learning and later to the emotional postures we take in life. That the time we spent with each other in that 'timeless world of childhood' was where we practiced our skills and abilities in thinking about our own thoughts and feelings and the thoughts and feelings of others. Where we were able to develop a 'we' psychology that has enabled us to experience ourselves wherever we go and whoever we are with as 'the same but different'. And with this to go on in our personal lives prepared and able to participate in civil society, in political terms to live according to democratic ideals. In other words to experience a connectedness with others and to start to be able identify with them.

This is an imaginative understanding of people, that comes from the "inside out", and to our good fortune in the main was aided and abetted by the values established at the school's foundation and re-visited according to the needs of subsequent generations through the community that was Brookfield. Clearly this 'culture' had to be mediated by the actions of individuals, and these individuals could be found amongst staff and pupils alike. We may all have our own stories, those that in our time at Brookfield made a difference and that in time were to go on and make yet more difference; in the development of values, in the friendships that we were later to go on and form. There may be numerous examples of this personified for my generation, and any generation, in the friendships and in the favourite people. When thinking about who these were for me, and in particular amongst the staff I could speak of John Woodcock, Dr Owen and Peter Iliffe and among those who had been significant, certainly with regard to my arrival at Brookfield was Kenneth Greaves, Headteacher from 1961 to 1972. A man of considerable warmth and charm. And though not alone in this was someone whose vision for the school was certainly influential in this retrenchment of this 'we' psychology, this sense of family. Trying to tie this idea of a 'we psychology' directly to a single quote from the man himself I don't believe I have been completely successful but the following comes from a report to General Meeting delivered in the years after my arrival at school. When talking about his vision for the school and the year which has preceded the meeting he spoke:- "Inevitably it has been very largely the mixture as before; but I think it is a good mixture in that the ingredients are right – a good deal of work, a good deal of fun and a proper amount of concern for other people'

Not a bad recipe for one's school days, even if at the time my personal pre-occupations were largely elsewhere which is as perhaps it should be for a thirteen year old boy

Someone who has taken an invitation to be concerned about the welfare of others and public service in a very distinguished career in children and young people's social care and who I take great pleasure in handing on the badge of office is Jill Forrest. Much admired by myself (albeit at a distance from our time at together at Brookfield) but nonetheless becoming a treasured friend in the intervening years,.

Thank you for accepting the role of president Jill, to Helen and Malcolm for your inspiration and guidance to me over this year, to the WOSA Committee for your incredible kindness and to everyone here tonight for making it a most special year.

Tony Ferguson

WOSA Weekend July 10th - 11th 2015



Lunch at Carlisle FC

John Taylor, Max Friedheim, Jill Forrest, Peter Robison,, Ruth Robison, Terrence Norman, Madeleine Norman, Ann Fort, Malcolm Bell, Diana Robison, Alison Hetherington, Marjorie Taylor, June Williamson, Mark Elliot, Kate Rayson, Kaye Gilmour, Ken Bowe, Ros Teasdale, Malcolm Teasedale, Michael Taylor, Margaret Taylor, Hedley Redpath, Margaret Steel, Patsy Castree, Heather McKintosh, Maurice Tate, Beryl Risino, Paul Davison, Theresa Davison, Helen Morris, Tony Ferguson, David Perry, Dorothy Pearlman, Russell Teasdale, Anita Webb, Warrick Snowball, Arnold Snowball, Helen Snowball, Donald Dobson, Patricia Dobson, Margaret Robson, Keith Robson, Kenneth Ashford, Robert Williamson, Cameron Walker, Peter Kurer, Judith Beeby, Geoff Cook, Pamela Cook, Colin Walker, Pat Walker, Richard Walker, Tony Kemp, Mary Peile, Avril Solari, Jill Kemp

Home Thoughts from Abroad, with apologies to Mr Browning.

1815 is a year deeply etched into the record of history; for events great and small. The pivotal defeat of the little Corsican which eventually removed Napoleon Bonaparte from the European scene. The births of countless sons and daughters to the nobility and the humble cottage.

Yet it is a year with much more personal links for us all. Earlier than 1815, a small group of men met in the north of England. Vastly different men in both temperament and purpose. Men with a philosophy diametrically opposed to that of the self styled French Emperor. These men were peace loving and sought ways of serving their fellows, not dominating and ruling them. From their aspirations Brookfield was born.

It was five years since the writer's previous OS Saturday and half a score times that span since the one before. And for the record, a dozen times that since his ultimate GM, and those pensive farewell adieux, and an occasional au revoir. Thus his knowledge and even less his experience is far from comprehensive. However being present was not just an awakening, a re-focussing of distant hazy memories, but often a reliving of events or shards of events dredged from the middle of the last century. The hair colour may have changed, or had most evidence removed, the girth may have gently expanded and the height seemingly shrunken. But the intervening years were obliterated with a single comment.

In this special year the chairman welcomed those present, with the apologies and greetings.

Then followed the roll call of those whose links with Brookfield were finally dissolved. The names solemnly, yet fittingly, intoned amid the gripping but familiar silence. But these names were those of people, real men and women. However it was not as feeble elderly invalids that they were remembered but as virile teenagers. With mud-spattered shorts awaiting the outcome of a scrum with one eye on the opponents' goal line. Or a young girl who's immaculately brushed hair framed a blushing face as her eyes caught those of the favoured boy; across a crowded room, and somehow you knew, you knew even then..... Yes they were more than a sadly compiled list. They once had zest, vigour, life and singly or in a group they flickered across the memory's retina. We will remember them.

The AGM minutes will appear elsewhere and is outside the range of this report.

Then there was Arnold's masterly coverage of the first 100 years, or there or thereabouts, of the life of Brookfield. Few would have thought that that life would appear alongside Waterloo and achieve that century sharing the news with Gallipoli. But such is life – and death. The report was comprehensive and yet left the listener eager for more. Will someone be commissioned to report on the second hundred tragically truncated though it was? The nineteenth century revealed names and dates. The twentieth should remind us of those real people more clearly delineated as the years roll on. Our form mates, our teachers; both groups loved, disliked (never hated) or tolerated. That was us. Soon please as the ranks of would-be compilers inevitably shrinks.

Ah, but what of the gaps? The empty chairs? Those we recall with as much affection, and even love, as the ones with whom we met? Many have featured in that solemn annual memoriam. But others for reasons we cannot fathom, no longer have an interest or contact with all that is left of their school days. Do we forget them? Do we not approach the Week-End with the hope that this year we might meet again? Might be given the opportunity for just a few memorable minutes to relive the magic of shared schooldays and more? Memories that still live as precious as ever, but seemingly buried beneath a thickening self-imposed layer of time.

The group photograph. The procession behind the absent goal posts. Brunton Park a gleaming green. How long since several of us sat together in that same grandstand for quite a different reason, in garb appropriate to that occasion.

What about the food? What about the meals? Well I didn't attend just to eat!

The presidential address, also reported elsewhere, was to this writer much different from the customary recollections, humorous and otherwise, of school life in a particular half decade. Tony Ferguson provided a



thought-provoking analysis of that structure, that creation, that environment we knew as Brookfield. The Brookfield Foundation. Education was not just instilling the ability to learn tables, recite a sonnet, replicate scientific experiments and learn something of our fascinating unique planet, locally and it's history and geography. Brookfield offered that and more, much more; an unique experience, an extended family, brothers and sisters bonded in timeless relationships, a timeless childhood. Building character. Finally Malcolm belatedly bewitched us with tales of high finance, of railway stock and rolling stock, of bankers and philanthropists. Quakers all. These were supplemented by men of different makeup who haunted the Solway coast alert for the interfering excise officer. Mr Peter Ostle provided tantalizing fragments of history just the other side of the law. So successful were the Beeby coastal antecedents that the watery area around Allonby was rumoured to be renamed the Beeby Sea. This it was felt could cause future confusion. But the hour became late, the questions muted as questioners quitted the mental Solway and sought the real raining carpark. The tide was out.



The three celebration cakes made by Kate Rayson

"The Old School" - 200th Anniversary



On the Friday afternoon of Old Scholars Weekend about 25 of us gathered at the site of the original School, now known as Brindle Cottage, in the grounds of Highmoor Tower. We were warmly welcomed by the owner -Godfrey (Dog), and our President Tony Ferguson unveiled a Plaque to the school, on the wall by the front door. The weather was beautifully sunny and warm and the atmosphere at the gathering was wonderful and very 'Brookfield'. Ian and Lois Hill very kindly allowed us to park in their yard – both had connections to Brookfield at one time. Dog led people around his home which has retained a few original details including the very wide doors, lovely staircase with its typical Cumbrian half landing window. This was an occasion which will stay in our memories for a very long time it was lovely. What a great start to this special celebratory weekend.

Avril Solari (Kemp) 1944 - 53)



The president congratulates Maurice Tate, who organised the production and mounting of the plaque

Mary Youles' (Martin) teddy bear also came to the unveiling. The bear is now in the care of Kaye Gilmour



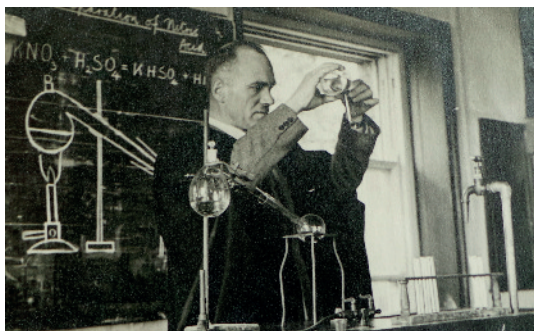
Spotlight on Science



In 1884 the Science Laboratory was opened and was considered a great acquisition. It was fitted out for pupil's practical work, and the master in charge spent the whole of his spare time there. Chemistry became one of the most important subjects on the timetable. Unusually for the time, the subject was studied by girls as well as boys. Brookfield led the country in this aspect of education

Science played an important role in the Curriculum at Brookfield from the early days.

Bob Bramwell (1945 - 50) sent this photograph of Charles Marshall. "Then known as "Ninny Marshall".. He said " Demonstrating I don't know what. The only instruction he gave which has stayed in my memory was the ditty "Little Johnny is dead and gone, his troubles now are no more, for what he thought was H₂O was H₂SO₄



Charles Marshall was the embodiment of Science for generations of Former Pupils. He taught our class for Maths, Chemistry and Physics. His early nickname was "Ninny", but to us he was known as "Tosh". Quite why his nickname was changed, or indeed how he merited either title is not known, but there is no doubt that he was a committed teacher with the best interests of his students at heart. By today's standards his lessons would be considered old fashioned and boring, but he certainly knew how to liven them up. On one occasion, in order to demonstrate the power of the Vandergraph generator he persuaded the whole class to hold hands, and then connected us to the terminals to form a circuit. The electric current generated was such that we could not let go of each other and we had to endure the electric shock until he eventually turned the machine off. It was a good job that none of us had a weak heart. Such a demonstration would be a sacking offence these days, but we perversely enjoyed the experience.



In the picture sent by Bob, "Tosh" is mixing Potassium Nitrate and Sulphuric Acid to form Potassium Sulfate and Nitric Acid. More often he chose to mix chemicals to produce an obnoxious smell which permeated the lab for days.

Chemistry in 1903

John Taylor

Early Quakers at Tiffenthwaite



Thomas standing in front of his door dated 1718.

This was the second farmhouse on the site

settlement of Low Tiffenthwaite. After his father died, when he was twelve, his uncle and aunt sent him as an apprentice to the Quaker clock maker John Ogden in Bowerbridge, Yorkshire. In 1691, John Sanderson returned to Tiffenthwaite and married a Quaker girl Elizabeth Pearson. She was possibly William Pearson's granddaughter. He made his first clocks at Tiffenthwaite, and signed them "Of Wigton Fecit". Elizabeth died two years later but John Sanderson became a Quaker himself and lived and worked in the Wigton area until he died in 1754. His 30 hour clocks often have a religious verse on the centre of the dial. E.g. *"Remember man that dye thou must and after that to judgement just."*

Others joined this clock making community but the three main clock makers were John Sanderson, John Ismay and Richard Sill. Lee Borrett has a collection of clocks by these clock makers from Wigton. (See his website www.earlyclocks.com)

During research for the history of the school at Highmoor, Thomas Todd, a former pupil (1952 - 55), was approached for information concerning the owners of the Highmoor Estate. Thomas not only provided the information, but also told a fascinating story about his farm and the beginnings of the Quaker community at Wigton. Sadly Thomas was too ill to attend the plaque unveiling in July, and he died on 21st August.

Thomas told us that the first Quaker meeting house and burial ground was at the farm at Tiffenthwaite. When George Fox came to Wigton in July 1653 to preach he was given hospitality at the farm by William Pearson. By the time of his second visit ten years later he found that a regular Quaker meeting was held there. The meetings continued to be held there until the "New" meeting house was constructed in the town. When the local Quaker community were looking for a site to form a school, the connections at Tiffenthwaite would have helped to locate the premises on the nearby Highmoor Estate.

One of the group who started the school at Highmoor was a Daniel Pearson from Cockermouth. His son John Pearson was at the school in 1815 and his daughter Hannah joined in 1819.

Thomas was also visited by Lee Borrett who is an expert on old clocks and particularly the Wigton School of Clockmaking. Lee told Thomas that his farm was also part of that history. The clock making in Wigton was started by John Sanderson in 1671. He was born at the Quaker



John Sanderson, Wigton Fecit c1700

(Picture from the website of Lee Borrett)

A clock from this Wigton school of clock making is still in the possession of Old Scholar Mollie Peel and her family. Her son Malcolm said "It was made by J Sill in about 1760. This would be Joseph Sill, son of Richard Sill. Joseph was a clock maker and inn keeper in Wigton until he died in 1803.

Malcolm says: "It is a 30 hour long case (or grandfather) clock and is still in good working order, although Mollie does not keep it going as its strike is quite loud in her small apartment. Its history is a little sketchy. My paternal great grandfather, George Wilson, bought Waver House (on the left, half way between Brookfield and Waverton) in about 1896. My dad Ray Peel (another Old Scholar) was brought up there following his fathers death in Stockton in 1931. Prior to buying Waver House, George farmed at Low Houses, on land next to Brookfield towards Wigton, but whether he bought the clock there or after his move to Waver House is not known. After all of dads family passed away, the house was sold in 1986 but the clock has been with our branch of the family ever since.



Congratulations

Golden Wedding

of Marguerite Theobauld (1954 - 61) to Tor Ugland on 31/07/1965

Platinum Wedding (70 years)

Joan Simpson (1935 - 39) to Eric Bowes on 24th June 1945

In Memoriam - Margaret Gillies

Margaret Gillies (Hinde) who was Brookfield's oldest Old Scholar (Attended 1921-1925) sadly died in August 2015 just before her 105th birthday

She dictated the following article describing her memories while at school

As Sarah Margaret Hinde I was born on 12th August 1910. I went to Brookfield in September 1921, following in the footsteps of my father Robert Hinde, who started in 1882, my Uncles John and Wigham and Aunt Mary Hinde, my Grandfather, William Shepherd Hinde, who started in 1858 and my Great Grandfather, Robert who started at Highmoor in 1820. I was followed by my siblings Edith, Winifred, Mollie and Jack, my children, Sheila, Anita and Iain, and nieces, Helen and Elisabeth and nephew Robert.

To get to Brookfield from Brigham I got the train from Brigham to Bullgill via Papcastle and changed for Wigton. From Wigton station to Brookfield we were transported in horse drawn waggonettes which were eventually replaced by buses. All luggage went two days in advance and was always there when we arrived. One incident on a train journey was when Ted Williamson (father of June) was messing about on the train and broke my new umbrella!

When I started there were about 45 girls in five dorms, one large North Dorm and four smaller ones. There was one bathroom with four baths and a row of wash basins with cold water. We were allowed a bath once a week.

There were about the same number of boys at School but we were never allowed to mix socially. On odd occasions seniors would meet for a chat in the Lecture room but this was very rare. We were never allowed to meet in the grounds or on the field.

Milk was provided at every meal, I never liked it so had to go to the slide for water at every meal. Breakfast was porridge and toast or bread and we sometimes got an egg on Wednesdays or Saturdays. I was always on the same table as someone who must remain anonymous who always 'slopped' his porridge. You had to eat all your food. I remember I could not eat Tripe and onions and Miss Pickering made me stay behind to finish it when everyone else had gone. Fortunately one of the kitchen girls came out and ate it for me!

I can't remember much about lessons. My maths teacher was the 'Head' and he had a very bad temper and used to shout and pick on someone, often me, in each lesson. I really enjoyed Nature and still have my nature exercise book with wild flower drawings. I liked the Chemistry teacher Mr Forrester, he was very tall. We used to have a Staff v Pupils hockey match. I always played right wing opposite Mr. Forrester I was small and could easily run round him.

On clear Friday nights, hobbies night, Mr Forrester would take a few 'chosen' children out to look at the stars. He had a telescope on a stand and we took turns to look through it. I still remember the names of some of the stars and constellations he pointed out. (in March 1924 Margaret gave a talk on 'The Heavens' with blackboard illustrations. She gave the talk without notes and drew some of the stars and constellations on the board including a plan of the 'Great Bear' and one of the stars in the plough is really a double star. Margaret also sang solos in meeting of the Literary and Musical Society)

I did woodcarving on other hobby nights and I still have a stool with a carved seat that I made. Other staff I remember were Miss Littleboy, Miss Alett (French) Oh! and Miss Strong a music teacher. She had a dreadful temper



and nobody liked her. I had to go to piano lessons in the cottage, I hated going. Some of us used to go early and listen outside the door. If she was in a bad temper we went away and thought up excuses not to go.

Betty Doig was the matron, she was a lovely person.

We had prep after tea every evening. Tea was bread and jam and cake, we never had a cooked tea.

I was in the Hockey team when I was a senior. We went to play other schools, Workington, by train, Cockermouth by train and Keswick by bus. We felt important going on a bus.

We went swimming in Wigton Baths on a half day. We walked there and back. We weren't allowed to stop or go into a shop and were never allowed to go to Wigton or even a walk to Mary Os.

I can't remember having any pocket money. A fruit van came and parked outside the front at times but I can't think where the money came from to buy anything! As we got older we must have got some pocket money as we were allowed to go into shops on the way to hockey matches or on the way to the station.

We wore gymslips and could only wear our own clothes when we went on leave out twice a term. Auntie Elsie sometimes came on the bus from Workington to take me out. She once came with a man friend in a CAR. I felt so important.

On Sunday the whole School had to walk to Meeting in Wigton in a crocodile. The juniors had a meeting in a room at the top of the steps opposite the door. We had walks or letter writing in the afternoon then evening meeting in the Lecture room. On the last day of term we had evening meeting in the gym, they always sang 'till we meet again' and the girls cried.

Quakers could go to Quarterly Meeting. Dorothy Graham and I (poor Dorothy, she died very young) went to Quarterly Meeting in Cockermouth and in the afternoon we walked to Brigham to see my family. My sister Molly was ill upstairs with what turned out to be Scarlet Fever. When we got back to school Dorothy and I were isolated in the Nursery (Hillside now) for a month. We were not allowed to see anyone, but two boys used to come and talk to us through the window and leave us presents. It was good.

We went on Monthly walks and had a trip out in summer "Big excursion".

When I started we went in Wagonettes to Silloth and Allonby, later we went by bus to Keswick.



Margaret (sitting front) in her 5th form photograph taken in 1926

Joseph Hall

When the school at Highmoor was well established and numbers increased it was decided to construct a purpose built new school at Brookfield. The governors were very fortunate to be able to persuade a man of the calibre of Joseph Hall and his wife Jane to volunteer as Superintendent and Housekeeper. They oversaw the transfer of the school and pupils from Highmoor to Brookfield between 1825 and 1826 giving their services free of charge. Before moving to Wigton, they lived in Alston. Joseph



The Watch-makers shop & house at Alston

is described by John Penrose in his book "The Clockmakers of Cumberland" as a clockmaker of outstanding ability. It is not known where Joseph was born, but he married Elizabeth Buston at Stanhope, County Durham, in 1794. In 1795 they moved to Alston and he is recorded as having a watchmaker's shop, and accommodation in Town Foot, Alston in 1797, which he had converted from the old Methodist Chapel. He bought the Low Mill at Townfoot and worked as a corn miller as well as a watchmaker. He had been a Methodist, but in 1804 he joined The Society of Friends. Elizabeth died in 1810 as did both of their sons. In 1811 Joseph married Jane Preston of Howbeck near Caldbeck and they had two sons, Josiah who dies in 1824, and Richard born in 1815 who lived until 1881. In 1824 Joseph and Jane Hall sold the property in Alston with a view to retiring to the Wigton neighbourhood.. Joseph bought an 80 acre farm, Milestone House, at Waverton and it was at this time that they took over their duties at Brookfield. While establishing the Brookfield School Joseph continued his clock-making. He built the clock that we all came to know as "The Centre Hall" clock opposite which

many generations of miscreants whiled away their hours. The following extract is from a copy of the School Magazine of 1924 written by pupils.

"Centre Hall Clock"

It is a thirty-hour clock and must be wound up every, day. It has only one weight, which works both the time-keeping and striking parts. The clock is constructed to strike the hours on the same bell as the one used to announce the teachers' meals, &c., by means of a rocking shaft fixed under the hall ceiling. During the long period it has recorded the passing of the years it must have struck five and a half million times, and "tick-tacked" three thousand million times! While the weight on the end of its pendulum will have travelled a distance equal to nine times around the world!

Joseph Hall made the clock under some difficulties, as he had disposed of many of his tools used in his business at Alston, but it speaks well for its sound construction in that it is still "going strong."; indeed, a short time ago, in its joy at being alive and feeling well, it struck sixty-three before it could be stopped.

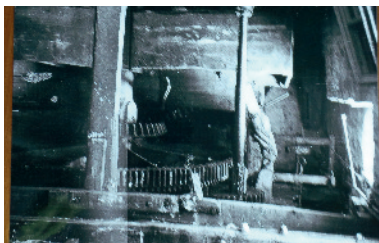
In a few years if its ancient works just keep going, it will have reached its century. It is very wheezy at times, especially when it is making up its mind to strike the hour on the old bell hanging quite five feet away from the clock face at the other side of the passage. A friend the other day was thinking of calculating the number of foot-pounds of work performed in raising the great weight nightly for nearly 100 years. It has been rumoured that visitors new to the school hardly need to be called in



The Quaker Meeting House at Alston

morning because the bell clanging out the hours all through the night just under their door doesn't allow them to get to sleep at all. But the old clock face looks serenely down on all the hurry and scurry, the changes, the comings and goings, and it seems itself to be ready—like Tennyson's Brook—to go on forever.

G. W. and V. F.



Inside the Alston Corn Mill

The clock passed its centenary, and was still going strong when we were at school. It reached 150 years old before the school closed, but unfortunately it has not been possible to discover what happened to the clock after that.



Of his Alston Clocks the most remarkable was that made for himself and his wife. It has two dials, the upper superimposed on the upper part of the lower. The lower rotates giving the month and the date, sunrise and sunset, phases of the moon, and Saints' days. The main upper dial gives the seconds, and by the subsidiary dials, the minutes and hours. The silvered dials are finely engraved and the upper bears the inscription "Joseph and Elizabeth Hall, Alston 1797". Originally it had quarter chimes but these were removed by Joseph Hall when he became a Quaker. The clock is still going 218 years later and belongs to one of his descendants. His family also own five long case clocks and one mantle clock, all over 200 years old.

In his book, John Penrose mentions two he made while he was at Wigton, and our School History, written by David Reed, refers to another one of them that played twelve tunes and also showed the phases of the moon.

Joseph and Jane Hall retired from Brookfield in November 1828. They then moved to their

farm at Milestone House Waverton. In 1839 their son Richard married and took over the farm allowing Joseph and Jane to move into the adjoining cottage. Joseph continued to build and repair clocks using the clock bench in the parlour at Milestone House. The cupboard in the wall where he kept his tools was still there in the 1970's. Many of Joseph's grandchildren were pupils at Brookfield.

We took the opportunity for an Old Scholars lunch at Alston during the research for this article



In the picture: Hedley Redpath, Annette Hall, Eva Cowan, Peter McVittie, Alastair Patterson, Suzanne Thiebault, Alison Hughes

Also present: Patsy Castree, Duncan Hughes, John Taylor, Marjorie Taylor

Over 200 years later Old Scholars met to have lunch in Alston

Old Scholar Gatherings



Several of us met on the Island of Arran



Christmas lunch at Harry's Bar, Newcastle

Informal meeting of former pupils from the class of 1962.



Lunch at Sharrow Bay.



At the lakeside all geared up for a Lake District walk.

Old Scholars' News



Alison Morton

(left 1965) lives in Ludlow and is the fourth generation of her family engaged in weaving. Alison is one of the foremost designer weavers of her generation and has won many awards and prizes

for her work. The family firm "Morton Sundour" produced Avante-Garde furnishing textiles in Carlisle.

Richard Routledge

(left 1973) lives in Norfolk and is a DJ. His company "Richard's Parties" has been promoting soul and dance music for over thirty years. He has recently been presented with "The 2016 East Anglian Soul Music Award" for his work promoting Soul music. Richard's brothers and sister also attended Brookfield.



Jenny Harris, older sister of Roger and Jeremy Harris.

Attended Brookfield from 1976 to 1978

I am the proud mother of 2 amazing young adults. I have lived in different parts of the world and reinvented myself a couple of times. I spent many years as a child and teenager in different parts of Africa. My passion and vocation was paediatric nursing for 25 years. I worked at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, until I moved to Chile and then America, where I continued to work as a nurse.

In 2005 I came to Chile I couldn't speak Spanish so nursing was out of the question. I learnt the real estate trade and opened my own office PREMIUM HOME PROPIEDADES LIMITADA. I missed England deeply but I couldn't move back so I decided to bring a LITTLE OF GREAT BRITAIN IN CHILE (our shop slogan). I started a new importation company and opened a shop called ENGLISH EMPORIO, Chile's first British shop. Our mission is to showcase Great Britain's modern up and coming designers while also representing the well loved traditional brands. We wouldn't be complete without a selection of

packaged British foods, so we have some all time British favorites. If you're ever in Chile come and visit our shop. It's located on Luis Pasteur 6420, Vitacura, Santiago. Hours: M - F 11.00 to 19:30 S 11:00 - 14.30, <https://www.facebook.com/english.emporio.chile>



Shona (Tonge) Collins (left 1969) has lived in France with her husband for many years. They own this beautiful house which also has a self-contained one bedroom gîte and a swimming pool in the landscaped seven acre garden.

Shona has created and maintained the garden herself but unfortunately, due to family ill health, they have decided to sell up. Does any Old Scholar fancy retirement to this idyllic spot near Crevant in Indre, in Central France

WOSA Financial Report

Income and Expenditure for year ended 31 st . December 2014				2013	
Reunion	Receipts	Payments	Balance	Receipts	Payments
Income	£1872.50			£1958.50	
Aspatia RFC					£78.00
Home Baking (Lunch)					£712.00
Hallmark (Dinner)					£665.00
Denton House (Lunch)		£165.00			£130.00
Refund					£29.00
Foxy's		£1545.00			
Hillside		£72.00			
Total	£1872.50	£1782.00	£90.50	£195850.00	£1614.00
General Fund					
Subscriptions	£180.00			£80.00	
Donations	£435.00			£35.30	
Sales	£17.00			£16.00	
Investment Income (Consols)	£36.24			£36.24	
NS & I Interest	£52.28			£55.84	
Printing		£394.00			£382.00
Newsletter postage		£204.64			£158.32
Stationery etc.		£6.00			£14.98
Envelopes/labels		£22.45			£46.00
Plaque					£243.60
Carlisle Meeting house fees					£30.00
Committee expenses					£48.00
Secretary's expenses					£17.25
Treasurer's expenses					£15.40
Gift to Webmaster					£40.97
Donation - Stroke Association					£50.00
Fleece Sales	£1009.00				
Fleece purchases		£499.80			
Fleece Postage & packing		£87.40			
Total	£1729.52	£1214.29	£515.23	£223.38	£1046.52
Owing					
Postage + postage: School histories		£15.33			£2.60
Overall Total	£3602.02	£3011.62	£590.40	£2181.88	£1046.52
Bank balances at 31st December		2014	2013		
HSBC		£778.23	£84.78		
NS&I		£7217.72	£7305.44		
Cash		£1.23	£1.23		
Total		£7997.18	£7391.45	£605.73	
Owing		£17.93	(£2.60)		
Total		£7979.25	£7388.85	£590.40	

For Sale



Brookfield Fleece

These are a heavyweight fleece jacket with full zip. It is Forest Green with an embroidered badge bordered by the words 'Brookfield' and 'We seek the truth' it has two zippered pockets and an up or down collar. It is long length and the sizes are XS-**Sold Out** S-36/38 M- **Sold Out** L-41/42 XL-43/44 XXL-45/47 They cost £35.00+£4.00 UK P&P. £6.00 airmail P&P for rest of world.

We have several Panora Photographs including

1948, 1951, 1953, 1956, 1958 1960 unframed
We have many other sports and group photographs. Contact us if you would like to purchase a particular photograph.

Telephone Marjorie Taylor on 01912595689

If you have any school memorabilia you no longer want such as School Histories, scarves, caps, ties, or any thing else such as these spoons, please donate it to be sold for WOSA funds.



Highmoor



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

This painting was created to commemorate 200 years since the school opened in Highmoor

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

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

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

All proceeds to WOSA funds



Early Engraving of Brookfield

This engraving of the school is by Hudson Scott, engraver of Carlisle. Hudson was a pupil at the school from 1850 to 1857. His brother, Benjamin, and sister Eliza, also attended the school.



The Quaker family "Hudson Scott & Sons" made metal boxes and included The Carr's Biscuit Factory as one of their clients. As well as decorated metal boxes they were colour printers and Lithographers. In 1921 the company was taken over by "The Metal Box Company". The box shown is kept in the Victoria & Albert Museum and is a good example of their products.

Picture reproduced courtesy of The Victoria & Albert Museum

Where are they now?



Can you recognise anyone from this rugby team of 1972 - 73?

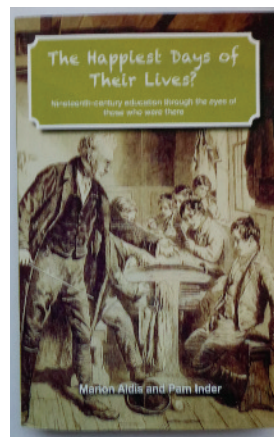
Brookfield in Print

We were contacted by two authors who were publishing books which would include items about Brookfield. One book "The Happiest Days of Their Lives" has already been published and details are included in the newsletter. The book contains a chapter based on diaries held in The Cumberland Archive of pupils at Brookfield between 1892 and 1897. It gives an interesting insight of what life was like at the school in the 19th Century.

The Happiest Days of their lives
By Pamela Inder and Marion Aldis

ISBN Number: 101911105019 £10.99 on amazon

Nineteenth Century Education through the eyes of those who were there



The second book is about the history of Wigton Swimming Baths which were built for the town in 1906 by William Banks. This was the third pool built in the county. There will be a section about the school pool built about 70 years earlier and believed to be the first swimming pool in Cumbria.

Badges



Since the early 1900's metal and enamel badges have been manufactured for the School and for WOSA by Fattorini & Sons. We are trying to collect photographs showing how these have evolved over time. Some of the early ones were made of silver. Some small pendants were also made. If any members have badges or pendants which they no longer want, we would be pleased to have them to sell for WOSA funds.



The 2017 Newsletter will feature a spotlight on "Art", so please send us your memories and photographs



In Memoriam



Olive Johnson	1936 - 41	Date unknown
Ian Constantinesco	1931 - 35	27 th October 2013
Ada Brown (Wilson)	1942 - 44	13 th May 2014 age 85
Heinz Herschman	1939 - 40	September 2014 age 90
Margaret Gillies (Hinde)	1921 - 26	8 th August 2015 age 104
Thomas Todd	1952 - 55	21 st August 2015 age 75
Jane Shaw (Curry)	1942 - 47	5 th October 2015 age 83
*Donald Laidlaw	1943 - 47	21 st December 2015 age 85
*Robert Henderson Preston	1935 - 39	4 th January 2016
Margaret Fensom (Hetherington)	1958 - 63	January 2016 age 69

* Former WOSA Committee member

Margaret Gillies was, until her death last August, the oldest Old Scholar. She had always been a supporter of WOSA and was on the committee from 1933 - 36. The oldest now is Jean Hornsby who will be 100 in June 2016. Jean was at Brookfield from 1928 to 1932. She lives with her daughter in Australia and enjoys hearing the WOSA news. She contributed an article two years ago describing her memories of "The Charabanc" during her school excursions.

Web Site

Booking for this year's annual reunion at Carlisle is now live on the web-site. You can make your menu choices and pay on-line using Paypal via your credit card.

Wanted to borrow

Your "Panora" photographs to put on the web-site.. These will be returned to you once they have been scanned. We already have: 1927, 1953, 1958, 1960, 1966 and 1970 and these can be viewed on the site. Follow the gallery tab and choose Panora. If you hover a mouse pointer over the images it will enlarge so you can see the faces in detail

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