

WOSA Newsletter 2017



*President 2016 -17
Maurice Tate*

President 2016 - 2017

Chairman
Secretary
Treasurer
Editor
Social Secretary
Membership Secretary

Maurice Tate

Tony Ferguson
Margaret Steel
Mark Elliott
Marjorie Taylor
Patsy Castree
Helen Morris

Committee

Malcolm Bell
Jill Forrest
Max Friedheim
Dorothy Pearlman
Fiona Waters

Editorial

Over the last two years we have lost some of our oldest "Old Scholars" who had supported WOSA over many years. In spite of this the membership has increased over this period. This is mainly a result of contact via social media and the use of the web-site which has generated between several new members each year. When people reach a certain age they often begin to recall their time at school and wish to get in touch with their old friends.

The photographs and articles on the web-site together with those in the Newsletter often act as a trigger to prompt members to catch up with their friends once again. Recently we have heard from the great granddaughter of Elizabeth Bracher who taught at Brookfield from 1885 - 92. Seen above with her pupils, she was one of six



members of staff at the time. Can I encourage more of you to attend the Annual Reunions held each summer, which provides a good

opportunity to meet your old friends once again. We are also very short of more recent photographs of events at the school, particularly from the 1970's and 1980's and would be most grateful to receive copies for our archives. We would also like to receive

articles of news of Old Scholars from this period to include in future newsletters.

Dates for your Diary

WOSA Reunion 2017

Saturday 8th. 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 9th. July

10.30pm Meeting for worship at Carlisle
or Mosedale Meeting

Marjorie Taylor (Editor)

Presidential Address



This year is the 190th anniversary of Wigton school moving from Highmoor and when the story of our Brookfield began. Some people will remember the celebrations we had at that years GM in July 1976. We had a marquee on the field with all day entertainment including a sports day, fancy dress, prizes, speeches and a singing and dancing show about the school, in which I sang a song about the Hillside ghost to the tune of 'Begin the beguine'.

That year I was very proud to be Head Girl and remember how terrified I was when I stood up on stage to give a reading. I have no idea what the reading was about but I remember the experience vividly and the feelings of joy when I had completed it successfully.

Yesterday I came straight to this 2016 WOSA reunion from the annual national leadership conference of the Association of Directors of Children's Services. As a child protection Social Worker myself for 30 years, working with our most vulnerable children, young people and their families, I have been repeatedly impressed by our human ability to find positive ways through the most horrendous situations.

I believe that often the key role of social work intervention with families is to offer positive leadership through the maze of complexities which people face. I think that one of the functions of the social work profession in our society is to be the scapegoat for when things go badly wrong in the pillar of our society, the family. I am fortunate to have accepted this very early on in my career which has enabled me to concentrate, not on what is awful in a child's situation, but on what I can do to make it better.

Vulnerable children show us how to be: by smiling despite it all; by protecting and looking after the people they depend on and love; by seeking out and making positive relationships with other adults who can give them positive experiences and encouragement.

Rewards come frequently in the work: by the opportunity to be trusted with people's innermost fears and thoughts; by seeing children, young people and their family's lives improve so that they don't need a Social Worker anymore and by small but amazing things that validate what Social Workers can do. For example I had been working with a family for some time when a violent incident occurred in the home. The youngest child at two and a half handed her mother the phone and said 'call Jill'. To have this level of trust placed in you is a profound experience and a privilege.

After 10 years of working directly with children and families I started to move up the leadership ladder and the values I have at my heart are what ground me in everything I do. Values of honesty, integrity, equality, kindness, caring and the joy of the human spirit.

These were learnt from my parents and brought out in my developing personality during my years at Brookfield, helped by the people and ethos of the school and all the Quaker readings we heard read out in morning assembly. Leadership is not something which is either celebrated or taught by the Quaker way but when it is conducted in the spirit of 'equality in the sight of God' and 'we look for that of God in everyone' I believe that positive leadership is essential for unity and working together.

At this time of national confusion as to which politicians can lead us safely through the maze following the Brexit vote. I hope that people will look behind the rhetoric and choose our leaders based on positive values and their ability to 'hold us all in mind'

I have been delighted to be your committee President this year and I am equally delighted to hand my badge over to Maurice Tate our new President.

Our thanks go to Patsy for organising such an enjoyable event and to the staff of Foxy's for their excellent hospitality. Two special thankyou's today go to Ann Fort for her very dedicated support over many years for the WOSA committee and most recently as treasurer, and to Malcolm Bell for his thoughtful Chairmanship

Jill Forrest (1969 - 76)

President WOSA

WOSA Weekend July 9th - 10th 2016



Lunch at Carlisle FC

Keith Robson, Donald Dobson, Ann Fort, Helen Morris, Malcolm Teasdale, Mark Elliott, Marjorie Taylor

Margaret Robson, Patricia Dobson, Tony Ferguson, David Perry, Annette Reynolds, Hedley Redpath, Diana Robison, Russell Teasdale

Malcolm Bell, Max Friedheim, Ken Ashford, Dorothy Pearlman, Fiona Waters, Ken Bowe, Maurice Tate, Mary Peille, Alison Hetherington

Jill Forrest, Jeanne Speed, Kaye Gilmour, Judith Beeby, Cameron Walker, Peter Kurer, David Yates, Jean Yates

Jill Kemp, Avril Solari, Tony Kemp, Robert Williamson, June Walker, Helen Snowball, Arnold Snowball

Odd (perhaps not odd but comforting) to realise that Carlisle Football Club has become so familiar to Old Scholars. It may be that our connection with the club in the person of Andrew Jenkins has something to do with it. In any event it has proved to have given us, as that confusing football cliché has it, "a result" by drawing 80 Old Scholars or "Brookies" to the 2016 gathering, a little but not significantly down on last year.

Once assembled we chatted over the welcoming cup that "clears today of past regrets and future fears" repairing fractured time lines as we caught up with the latest thrilling instalment of the lives of much valued friends, glancing the while, hoping to see a familiar face coming through the door.

The formality of the Annual General Meeting followed, highlighting the virtues of consensus, prevarication, tolerance and spirit that Brookfield fostered in us.

After lunch many of us withdrew to an anteroom where Arnold Snowball presented a paper outlining the School history up to the date of closure. As he and Helen could almost be considered as "insiders", his take on events proved insightful, measured and informative. The text will be available on the web-site in due course and we hope that members who could not attend will use it to discover more about the closing years of the school.

Dinner in the evening was a great success with the gastronomic complementing the verbal offerings perfectly, round a well thought out seating plan. Jill Forrest completed her year in office as President with a thought provoking address before she handed over her badge of office to Maurice Tate, the President elect for 2016/7.

No doubt "Private Enterprise" filled the downtime between the end of dinner on Saturday and the gathering at Denton House on Sunday, some attending Meeting for Worship in Carlisle while others journeyed to Mosedale.

The Association "Cloud" seems to act as a repository for all of our accumulated "Brookfield" experience and memory and we are free to upload or download using our built-in nostalgia App.

We missed Patsy and we said farewell to some office bearers and welcomed the heroism of those who took their place. Although aware of a slight thinning of the ranks, we were grateful for the presence of all who made it to another memorable Annual Reunion.

Cameron Walker (1946 - 51)

Southern Reunion



This event was held at 20 Church Way, Hurst Green, Oxted, Surrey. It is the home of Ann Fort, James, Kirsty, Elizabeth, three hens and some ferrets. The day was reasonably warm and our welcome was warmer. We were a very select group, numbering but five over and above our hosts. Many more had been invited but, for varying reasons, several could not attend.

We all seemed to arrive together as though we had synchronised watches beforehand. The truth was that Hazel & David Taylor and Jill & I had independently taken cunningly devious routes to get there. Not to put too fine a point on it we lost our ways and only Tony Ferguson found his unerring way there by sat. nav.. Once through the door we were offered drinks and nibbles to sustain the weary travellers. None were too weary to chat but 'twas ever thus when Old Brookfieldians meet. By the time the dust had settled and we were all in a pleasantly mellow mood it was lunch time and our hosts ushered us through to the Dining Room where we dined handsomely on a large joint of venison from a deer shot in James' wood and vegetables from the garden followed by red and black currant crumble. Hazel elected to stay with Ann and Kirsty, (Elizabeth was away tending to sick animals in Richmond, Yorkshire), but the rest of us, led by James, took a stroll round the village. At one point we crossed from the Eastern Hemisphere to the Western Hemisphere where, James informed us, the Greenwich Meridian runs down the middle of the road. We didn't see it but it's an even bet that Gwen Bagwell would have known it was there.

Back at No. 20 it was teatime and we tucked into scones, jam and cream with a splendid cake to follow and a cup of that which satisfies but does not inebriate. Ann had several notes from people who were unable to come, wishing us well and there were those mentioned who had died during the year giving pause for thoughts of remembrance. Then it was time to say farewell to our hosts who had fed and entertained us well.

Follow-up to Spotlight on Science

I got my WOSA magazine this morning and was very pleased that it contained John's article about "Tosh". He was the only person who has ever been able to make me understand Maths. I can still hear him say "Just go back to first principles". In my case this was a very long way! The other thing that I remember was his occasional end of term party trick, when he jammed the lid on a syrup tin, heated it over a bunsen burner, and the lid then flew through the skylight in the roof and into the attic. I wonder how many lids there were up there.

Marylin Bradshaw (Smith) 1957 - 65

Reading the newsletter John Taylor speaks of Charles Marshall and wonders how he got his nicknames. Having been told as a pupil that I was a "ninny" (short for nincompoop) and that I was talking "tosh" I recall very clearly how he got his names! He was a very nice man with a real sense of command and I spent my first term as a paying guest in his house as there was no room in school accommodation so felt a real affection for him - not that I would have dared express that either to him or my peers.

As a pupil from 1942 - 1950 I had both David Reed and Joe Carruthers as headmasters and remember my time with gratitude for the character-building of the school.

I recall having my principles tested in 1943 when my elder brother who was an officer in the Marines came to school to say "goodbye" to my brother and me. We did not know whether to be proud of this tall handsome man in uniform going off to fight for King and Country or wondering whether we should be feeling slightly ashamed that he was not a pacifist.

Peter Stephenson (1942 - 50)

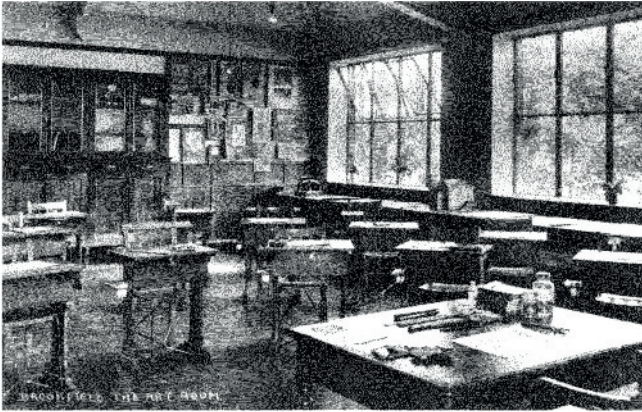


Jim Davies was at the school from 1963 - 66 and taught Biology. He was best known by the fact that he discovered a new species of bat, which led to more than a few jokes on his behalf.

His Biology lessons were fascinating and given by a man who was extremely enthusiastic about his subject.

After he left Brookfield Jim continued with further research and studies in Nottingham. He retired in 2004 after working for several years as warden, and in advisory roles, for Welsh National Parks. In "retirement" he has continued working to protect the natural world helping to organise campaigns against infringement by incinerators and open cast mining. He continues to live in South Wales and now sees himself as a guru on biodiversity.

Spotlight on Art



This is an early photograph of the Art Room. Do you have any memories of lessons in here?

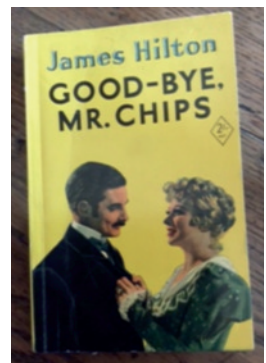
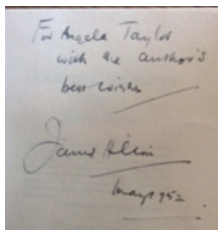


- This beautiful arched gate was designed by my grandfather, Laurence W. Taylor in honour of the memory of Joseph. J. Jopling who was Headmaster at Brookfield for thirty years.

In the Spring Term 1952 when I was still only 12 years old and knew nothing about the history of the gate or its family connection, I was kept in detention by our lovely Art Mistress, Barbara Pennington, for some misdemeanour which I don't remember.

I had to paint something so I looked out of the Art Room window and painted

what I could see----The West Gate!! Miss Pennington must have quite liked what I did because, unknown to me, she sent my painting to be exhibited at Selfridges, London, in what must have been a schools Easter Art Exhibition. Imagine my surprise when at the end of April 1952 I received a re-addressed letter sent via the school to my home (as it was still Easter holidays) and James Hilton, the famous author, was saying he liked my painting and would I sell it to him?!! I, of course, said I would be pleased to give it to him and his letter back told me to send it to his agent who would then forward it to him at his home in Long Beach, California. When he eventually received it he sent an autographed copy of his book " Goodbye Mr. Chips", which featured another Brookfield school, and a Cowboy tin with a doughnut shaped Fruit Cake in it. This, of course, was immediately confiscated by Baggy (Miss Gwen Bagwell) as it was " illegal tuck " so I didn't get to enjoy that until I got home at the end of Summer term! I still treasure the book and his letters.





Helen Richardson
Art Teacher 1961 - 65

Helen only taught art at the school for 5 years, but was a great influence over many pupils who went on to study art after school. After leaving Brookfield she taught at Farnham but she was badly injured when hit by a motorbike while out walking. She was forced to give up work and go and live with her sister. Later she moved back to her home area in Northern Ireland where she died in 2011 aged 84.

Audrey Thompson was a pupil at the school from 1963 - 67. After school she studied Art in Newcastle. While there she won a competition to design a new logo for The Passenger Transport Authority. Her winning logo was on the new Metro trains at Newcastle and can still be seen on some of the older carriages. After



college Audrey worked in London for a short while before

returning to teach Art at Brookfield from 1972 - 78. During that time she married George Heslop, another teacher at the school.



I was in my early teens when Helen Richardson asked me to do a drawing of our school front for a competition of drawings of Friends' Schools around the country. I sat on the front lawn to draw it.

The picture won the competition, and now it is in Friends' House in London.

I was awarded £10 which was a lot of money in those days

David Howe (1958 - 65)

Malcolm Teasdale (1956 - 62) 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. Malcolm was also taught by Helen, and many of you have bought copies of his limited edition prints of the school.

The 2018 Newsletter will feature a spotlight on "Geography", so please send us your memories and photographs

Brookfield in the Sixties

By Robin Grieves and her daughter Caroline

Brookfield lies at the edge of Wigton, with trees and a large lawn at the front of the school, and a fine view of Skiddaw and its surrounding fells from the rear. The main buildings were dignified and impressive, with a semi-circular drive up to the main entrance. Behind the buildings were playgrounds, then a productive fruit and vegetable garden, bordered by flowerbeds, at the end of which ran the beck, spanned by a narrow bridge. Across the beck were grass tennis courts, on the right of these were staff bungalows, and on the left the headmaster's bungalow and then the large playing fields.

When Kenneth Greaves, my husband, became headmaster of Friends School, Brookfield, he had already taught in two other Friends Schools, both co-educational. When he arrived at Brookfield, and was asked by the bursar to allocate classrooms and common rooms, and in the absence of the senior master or mistress he did so in a coeducational fashion. He did not realise what a revolutionary act this was. Although boys and girls had been taught together since the 1880's, after school they were segregated. However the pupils settled down, happy with the new arrangements. For the staff, especially those who had been at the school for many years, nothing was ever the same again. Throughout Kenneth's headship there was always a division between those eager to bring the school up to date, and those who were reluctant to change anything in their beloved school. Kenneth knew that changes had to be made to bring the school up to modern standards if it were to survive, and he persevered, but his life was often made very difficult.

In the conclusion of his first Report to General meeting he said "This has been a busy year; above all it has been a year of change.....I am not insensitive to the Schools long history between or to the

traditions established by many generations of those who have faithfully served the School in years gone by. As a newcomer, one has to discern, however, the subtle difference between habit and history, between that which is merely customary and that which is truly traditional in the best and deepest sense of the word "In their joint Presidential address of 1966, Ray and Mollie Peel said, "It is possibly true to say that the youth of this country has never been so full of vitality and promise as it is today Hair might be slightly longer on Britain's young male, and skirts might be slightly shorter on Britain's young female, but cannot these two trends be attributed to an explosion of vitality, which is all for the good of the people of our generation and older? We believe in youth.

Many changes were made during the 1960's, frequent expeditions went to the Lake District and local fells. Boys and girls entered for the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards , and the first two



Staff Rounders Team 1963 - 64

Robin is bottom left next to Sylvie Wakefield

*Also identified are: Joyce Hewson, Helen Bradley, Beryl Hibbs
And Helen Richardson. Pearl Waldron appears in the background.*

Gold Medals won in Cumberland were awarded to Brookfield boys. Members of the sixth form joined other Friends' Schools to visit places of importance in the founding of Quakerism. One change which was noticeable was that of the school uniform. Tweed jackets (made at Redmaynes, Wigton) replaced blazers for the Sixth form boys, and the wearing of school caps, brown felt hats and panamas were made optional, and consequently disappeared.

A tuck shop was established, run by a committee of senior pupils, who bought the stock, and decided how the profits should be used. During this time a room, formerly known as the girls common room, was converted into a common room for senior pupils, who designed and made the seating, and decorated the room. It became the coffee bar, and was run by another committee. A School Council was set up, with representatives from each year group, and from the staff. It did not have executive powers, but could put forward proposals and recommendations to the Headmaster. Some very positive ideas and recommendations came from the meetings of the School council over the years.

Some school events continued as before; Sunday Evening Meeting, with very often a guest speaker brought Friends from near and far to speak to the school, and this meant that many Friends from London and even on several occasions from America got to know of our existence. The Saturday evening lecture also continued, sometimes a talk, sometimes a film, and on one memorable evening a first class conjuring show.. The Halloween and Christmas parties were still greatly enjoyed. Association continued in a different form. Kenneth writes, "It became an oral magazine, and we became quite proud of the standard of this satirical review of recent events. No one was immune, even the Headmaster, but the comment was always in good spirit and never in bad taste!"

The Brookfield I remember in the 60's was a lively and thriving school, always under-funded, but in good heart and very much a community. On the first evening of every term, Kenneth read the prayer by Robert Louis Stevenson which begins, "Lord, behold our family here assembled." This is how I remember Brookfield, as a family, of different talents and capabilities working together for the common good.

Robin Grieves

My memories of Brookfield are really happy - all those "big girls and boys" who were so kind to us. I suppose that my memories are from a different angle to those of the pupils of the school. We loved the freedom of the school grounds in the holidays. Mum sometimes let us play in the gym and we would tie knots in the ropes, climb up the wall bars with them and then launch ourselves off to swing to and fro. We had an old trapeze that we tied to the back of a bike and one of us would cycle round and round the top playground with another of us wearing roller skates and hanging onto the trapeze. We really used to hurtle around the corners! The white logs were a favourite place for playing Top of the Pops. There were some hockey posts that had turned ends that we used for microphones. Sneaking into the marquee to play when it was put up ready for GM day. And the beck - making dams and rafts and catching fish. Lovely, lovely, times. We had school visitors most weekends so we had to be on best behaviour. We often had no idea what sort of people would be staying with us and it was always a relief when they were nice. If they stayed the whole weekend they would be asked where they would like to go on Sunday for a trip out. It was always either the Lake District or Hadrian's Wall. I remember the excitement of getting to secondary school and finding that we were going on a History trip and a Geography trip. I'd never been on a school trip before - and we went to Hadrian's Wall and the Lake District! I remember the Halloween parties - the smell of turnip lanterns and how all the new children had to sing. And the formal dances. I was the same age as Jill Forrest and as we were both small with long dark hair, people often got us mixed up.

Caroline Bagnal (Grieves)

Brookfield - the irony

My name is Kenneth Bowe. I was born in West Cumbria to a farming family, the eldest of four children. My parents probably knew from an early age that I didn't have the interest or aptitude for farming so, when I failed the 11 plus to go to the grammar school, it was a big disappointment to them. My parents had heard good reports about the Friends School, Brookfield and so they decided that that was my best option for secondary education.

I started as a very shy 11 year old boarder at Brookfield in 1956 full of trepidation. I only knew three other scholars from the Workington area; Beryl Crawshaw, Margaret Cook and Peter Parkinson. My first few weeks were quite daunting and when in my first week the Bursar, Robert Gillies, asked me if I was a Quaker, being a naïve 11 year old and unfamiliar with Quaker religion, I assumed he was asking if I was nervous, so I replied "yes". He probably had me recorded as a Quaker throughout my school years.

I haven't got particularly fond memories of my school days; I think, perhaps, you can only appreciate your education as you mature but there is no doubt that my time at Brookfield did me some good. I did reasonably well in my GCE 'O' levels; only failing one of the eight exams that I took. I made some good friends, unsurprisingly mainly from farming backgrounds as myself, although unfortunately, it was easy to lose touch with most of them when we went our separate ways.

I didn't particularly excel at sport but did represent the school in the County cross-country championships at Carlisle in about 1960 (I didn't win!). The most influential school master during my time at Brookfield was, without any doubt, Fred Bell for whom I had the greatest respect. Thanks to Mr Bell's tuition I was awarded a woodwork prize at my final speech and prize giving day. He may have influenced my choice of career path in construction albeit that I advanced into administration rather than a tradesman. I was also fortunate to spend my last two years at Brookfield boarding at Hillside, the home of Mr & Mrs Bell.

After 'O' levels, I didn't want to stay on at school for the sixth form and do 'A' levels. I wanted to leave, get a job and earn a living but I had no idea what field of employment I wished to pursue.

I left Brookfield in 1961 but not before a very enjoyable 11 day school trip to Norway in July of that year where twenty of us, boys and girls, accompanied by Miss Bagwell and Mr Marshall set off for Bergen via train to Newcastle and ship to Bergen calling at Stavanger. I've had the good fortune to visit Bergen some 50 years later and it was fascinating to re-visit some of the places that we explored on that memorable school excursion.

On my first meeting with the Youth Employment Officer he reviewed my examination results, discussed what kind of work I felt, and he felt, I might be best suited and arranged for me to go for interviews for three junior positions that were available at that time. One was in banking and the other two in different disciplines of construction administration. Over the next few days I attended the interviews and in the subsequent days I received notice that I had been successful for all three jobs - it must have been easier then! I chose a position of trainee building estimator for a local firm quite simply because the other two positions were going to involve moving away.

My weekly wage in 1961 wouldn't come to half of the minimum hourly rate now but I suppose it was the going rate at the time. From estimating I moved into cost control and then quantity surveying. Qualifications were via evening classes and day release to college and then correspondence courses. I certainly wouldn't recommend the latter as it left no time for a social life. I spent 14 years with my first employer and in subsequent years made a few career moves; each time, I would like to think, was for betterment. The last 10 years of my working life (I worked until I was 66) was as Area Manager in charge of the English office of a Scottish construction company. Prior to that, in the late 90's, I was Construction Manager for a house building company and this is the **IRONY**. One of our development sites was the land on which my old school, Brookfield, had stood. The main school building had already been demolished when the company had acquired the site. It was my job to plan the layout and the construction of roads, drainage, services and houses on this most revered piece of land. One of the first properties constructed was to be the show house which happened to be on the site of our open air swimming

pool. As this house was being built, I couldn't help reminiscing of the times that I had swam in that cold murky water accompanied sometimes by water beetles and even the occasional frog.

Some of the later constructed houses were on part of the gardens that had been used as vegetable plots and pupils had been allowed to grow their own. I recalled my two square yard plot where I had planted carrot



and lettuce seeds and couldn't wait for them to grow with the consequence that some minute carrots and numerous little lettuce plants ended up in just one break-time bread and margarine sandwich.



These photographs are reproduced with kind permission from Trevor Grahamslaw 's book "Wigton Through Time"

The recent picture shows the houses that Ken was involved in helping to build.

The sick bay (one of the few buildings still standing) can be seen in both pictures.

Away from work my passion was and is golf. I have been a member of Workington Golf Club for a long time and was a Director for over 20 years, been Captain twice including the great honour of being the Centenary Captain in 1993. I was never an exceptional player – my lowest handicap was 8 -- but my playing days came to an end in 2000 when, as a spectator, I was hit by an out-of-control rally car on a Lake District stage of a national rally. It did make the television news!

My greatest achievement in golf (more so than my only hole-in-one!) was introducing my 10 year old nephew, William, to the game. I didn't teach him (he was a natural) but I would like to think that I 'steered' him in the right direction. That was over 20 years ago and he has gone on to be one of the most outstanding amateur golfers for Club and County. He has played for Great Britain, has won both the Workington Golf Club Championship and the Cumbria County Championship a

record number of times. His skill as one of the three man team helped the Workington win the Champion Club of England in 2009 (from an entry of over 2000 golf clubs!) and in 2015 he won the English Champion of Champions. A prestigious competition competed by all of the English County Champions. My life in building and civil engineering has been interesting and fulfilling. The knowledge gained has allowed me to build two houses, the first one when I was in my mid-twenties with very little money. I can again thank Fred Bell's tuition as I did much of the joinery and carpentry work myself including building all of the kitchen units. Imagine anyone considering that nowadays.

I am married for a second time. I have two sons and three step-daughters, all happily married and my wife and I are blessed with nine grandchildren. I am pleased to be a member of the Wigton Old Scholars Association and excepting health problems; life has been good!

Ken Bowe (1956 - 61)

History

Those of you who attended the two previous Summer Reunions were privileged to hear Arnold Snowball present his detailed research into the history of the school. The two presentations are too long to be reproduced in this newsletter, but can be accessed through the History section on the web-site and are well worth reading. As part of his talk he referred to the document below.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AT BROOKFIELD

80 YEARS AGO

By **William Walker Dixon, of Toddell, near Cockermouth.**

I was taken by my father and mother to Wigton School in the Summer of 1826. We drove in a gig from Cockermouth and put up at the George and Dragon Inn. We arrived at the School at dinnertime, and after dinner the boys went to bathe in the Waver and I went with them. Bathing is a pastime I never took pleasure in, and on this occasion I went into the water for the first and last time, but one in my life and was put in over my head against my will by Isaac Robinson, a boy who hailed from Eaglesfield.

On return to School my father and mother had left for home and I did not see my father again for three and a half years and my mother only once during this period.

Our studies consisted of, spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, standing in line and reciting passages of the Bible in unison, also reciting poetry and drawing. I drew the map of Cumberland, and a very good one it was! - the only one I ever saw that had Toddell in.

The Superintendent of the school was Joseph Hall, the Headmaster was James Cook, who had taken over from J Harker who had died at School.

Thomas Williamson (Allonby) and I were the joiners, and had a joiners bench and tools down in the bake-house underneath the

boy's schoolroom. The other boys did joiner work if inclined in the play-shed. During my time at School Thomas Williamson and I had at one time or another, nearly all the windows taken out for the purpose of putting chords in them. The last window we had out was the girl's wash-room window near the kitchen door. The girls, like the boys had to go out to their wash-house on getting up in the morning to do their ablutions. A long trough was provided, which was filled with water from a tap at one end, and a dozen or fifteen could wash at any one time. I say could because there was a difference between the capacity of the trough and the amount of washing done!



An early picture of girls at Brookfield

On frosty mornings cold water and I made as slight an acquaintance as possible and many other boys like me; the more so as we had no one to see that we did wash properly.

The food was not of good quality and the only dinner we relished was Tuesday's which consisted of boiled beef. Every Monday we had potato hash; Wednesday, cold boiled beef; Thursday "clarty" pudding – a baked pudding in a big dish, the inside being only half-cooked; Friday we had rice as an accompaniment to the cold beef of Tuesday, which lasted all the week. On an odd Saturday we had fried bacon. On one memorable Monday we had a rebellion, in consequence of the badness of the dinner—the potato hash of the previous Monday had been kept all the week until it had gone sour and was served afresh after it had been warmed up. This was more than we could stand, especially as the girls were getting rice and laughed at us getting sour potato hash. The boys pushed their wooden trenchers into the middle of the table and rose up in a body and walked right out of the dining room. The masters were powerless in face of this resolute conduct and we raked up all the pennies we could and sent two boys to Wigton with a basket for penny cakes. The boys refused to go to lessons and the Committee were hastily summoned and on considering the matter upheld the boys in their action and after this the food was much better and the wooden trenchers abolished, white plated being substituted. Our drinking vessels had been three bulged tin quarts for the lot, but after this we each had a white porcelain mug.

Amongst incidents of my School life was the disappearance of Isaac Robinson of Eaglesfield. For some offence he had been committed a prisoner to a room upstairs, and he escaped by forcing the lock on the door and getting onto the roof, letting himself down to the ground by a spout. In the evening just before going to bed I was surprised by a voice from an outside garret, and on looking up I saw through a hole the features of the delinquent who asked me to get him a piece of bread, and for two days I took him bread. (This was the same I.R. that had 'ducked' W.W.D. on his first day at School! Ed.!) At night he wandered about the fields feeding on turnips until he tired of this sort of life and came in again.

We went to Meeting twice on First Days in Summer, and once in Winter and we liked going. We liked best a visit from Thomas Richardson who always gave us a treat when he came-- tea and a half day holiday

Our bounds were confined entirely to the playground. We were prohibited from going on the front or anywhere else. We had one half holiday a week Wednesday afternoon and we were often taken on walks.

Our games consisted of marbles and ball games but cricket and football were unknown. Punishment consisted of solitary confinement in a dark room for a couple of hours upstairs, and in some instances flogging was resorted to.

On the whole my schooldays were not a pleasure and boys of the present day (1906) may congratulate themselves that they live in better days than were our portion 78 years ago.

William Wigham and I left on the same day having been at School three years and a half, during which we were never away from School all night. Holidays there were none.

I was born at Toddell on November 25th 1817 and previous to going to Wigton had attended School at Pardshaw Hall under Isaac Fearon and Paddle School near Cockermouth under Draper Saul, a noted Headmaster of that day.

W.W.DIXON.

Written on the 6th July 1906. (He died at Toddell in 1908)

Old Scholars' News



Jean Hornsby (Murray) 1928 - 31, celebrated her 100th birthday on June 11th with her family in Victoria, Australia. She was delighted to receive a card with good wishes and flowers from WOSA. Sadly Jean died in August.



Richard Routledge (1966 - 73) After 35 years running his very popular "Music and Dance" events "Richard's Parties" he has branched out into a new venture. His new shop "What is Hip" on the High Street in Gorleston-on-Sea is a vintage clothes shop selling garments from the 40's 50's and 60's for men and women. If you are visiting Norfolk, Richard would love to catch up with you.

Ann Simpson (1960 - 65)

Ann celebrated her 70th birthday in 2016 and decided on an unusual event. She invited friends to join her for a showing of a film made in 1946, the year of her birth. She chose the film "Nortorious" starring Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergmann, produced and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. It was a special occasion and Anne was joined by four of her old school friends from Brookfield as well as family and other friends.



Malcolm and Ros Teasdale celebrated their ruby wedding on 24th. July 2016

Robert Williamson (1949 - 54)

Bob joined Brookfield School after the war where he earned the nickname Ginger Bob. One of the great benefits of Quaker School he says were the friendships. After school, he became apprenticed as a Naval Architect at Vickers in Barrow in Furness where during World War Two he became a conscientious objector, but conceded that his appointment as safety officer with the nuclear submarines would benefit Vickers' workers. He enjoyed this and thought he was doing a service for the workers. Later he would return to Scotland to Fort William to set up a centre to test underwater equipment, then a diving school when they bought the pier at Fort William.

Bob is on the Committee of the British Standards Institution technical section and BSI Chairman of new Standard 'Process for the evaluation and securement of Intellectual Property Rights, and Commercial Advancement of Inventors'. He is also Innovation Advisor with the "Innovators Counselling and Advisory Service for Scotland". With the Scottish Development Agency, he was contracted as Director of Rosemount Development Trust. He represents Glasgow meeting on the Quaker Housing Trust and helped them achieve the first two grants to Scotland.

Bob runs a recycling company in East Kilbride.

He is a regular attendee at the Annual Summer Reunions.



Elizabeth Alley (Marsh) (1933 - 40)

Elizabeth's father, John Marsh, was a member of "The Friends' Ambulance Service" during the First World War. After the war he completed a degree at Manchester University and then joined the staff at Brookfield, teaching there from 1922 to 1924. He then returned to Manchester University to do research. He married there, and Elizabeth was born in 1927. She was a frail child, and struggled living in the smoggy air of Manchester so it was agreed that she should start school at Brookfield kindergarten at the age of five.

Elizabeth and her husband lived abroad for several years before returning to Cumbria. They then moved to New Earswick near York where they were one of the first occupants of the new development by The Joseph Rowntree Trust at Hartrigg Oaks in 1998. When she first moved there Elizabeth wrote a book "Discovering New Earswick". Now that her eyesight has deteriorated she and her husband can still live in the bungalow with support from "The Oaks Centre", around which the bungalows are built. The Centre acts as a base for care and support services to the whole development, and is run by the Trust which has gained a reputation for providing good quality care and accommodation and is influenced by Quaker principles and ethos.

Jennifer Steed (Haigh) taught English at Brookfield. She recalls the winter of 1963 which was so bad that everything was frozen for months. On Friday evenings the staff went skating on the lake at Bassenthwaite.

WOSA Financial Report

Income and Expenditure for year ended 31 st . December 2015				2014	
Reunion	Receipts	Payments	Balance	Receipts	Payments
Income	£1950.50			£1872.50	
Coffee (AGM)		£135.00			
Lunch		£660.00			
Dinner (Saturday)		£1017.00			£1545.00
Room Hire		£100.00			
Denton House (Lunch)		£138.00			£165.00
Hillside					£72.00
Total	£1950.50	£2050.00	(£99.50)	£1872.50	£1782.00
Owing		£11.50			
Total	1950.5	2061.5	(£111.00)		
Celebration					
Display		£19.78			
Toasts		£118.80			
Cakes		£103.55			
Cake boxes		£11.01			
Postage		£15.20			
Total		£268.34	(£268.34)		
General Fund					
Subscriptions	£218.36			£180.00	
Donations	£30.00			£435.00	
Sales	£1486.00			£1026.00	
Investment Income (Consols)	£20.18			£36.24	
NS & I Interest	£54.13			£52.28	
Printing		£410.00			£394.00
Newsletter postage		£204.37			£204.64
Stationery etc.		£61.67			£22.45
Plaque		£150.00			
Notelets for Chairman		£52.98			
Committee expenses		£125.00			
Room Hire		£40.00			
Fleece purchases		£235.20			£588.00
Fleece Postage & packing	£4.00				£87.40
Total General	£1812.67	£1279.22	£533.45	£1729.52	£1296.57
Overall Total	£3763.17	£3597.56	£165.61	£3602.02	£3011.62
Owing					
Refund on Reunion		£11.50			
Postage		£27.93			£15.33
Overall total	£3763.70	£3636.99		£3602.02	£3026.95
Bank balances at 31st December		2015			2014
HSBC		£889.71			£778.23
NS&I		£7271.85			£7217.72
Cash		£2.95			£2.95
Total		£8164.51			£7998.90
Owing		£39.43			£15.33
Total		£8125.08			£7983.57

Where are they now?



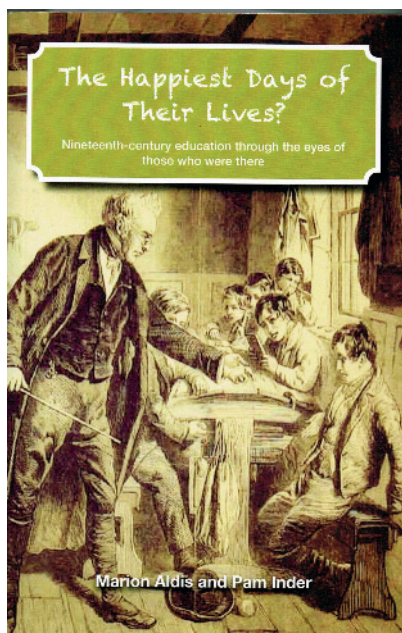
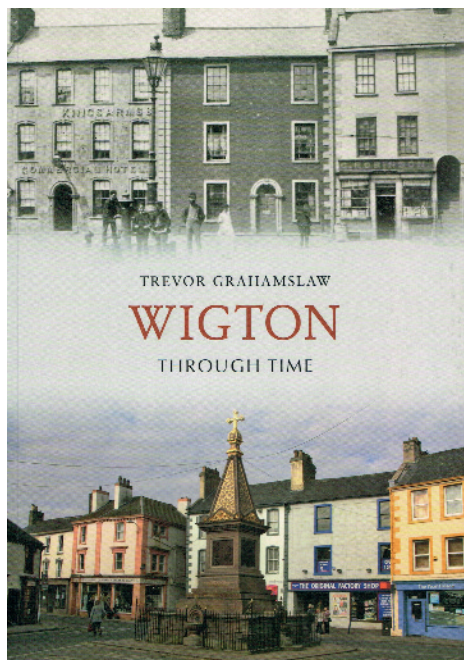
Where are these pupils now? If you know please write or email and tell us



Julie Thyer, who was educated at the Quaker school in Sidcot, found a picture of her great grandmother Elizabeth Jane Bracher while browsing through the photographs on the WOSA web-site. She herself has a picture of her great grandmother on the staff in 1891, and kindly sent us a copy. Elizabeth (known as Bessie) is bottom left on the photograph. Top right is Joseph Jopling, who married Elizabeth's sister Eleanor Mary, and later went on to take over as Superintendent from Martin Lidbetter.

We think the six members of staff are: George Linley, Helen Lean, Joseph Jopling
Elizabeth Bracher, Martin Lidbetter, Sarah Shield

Books of Interest



This 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

Refugees in Brookfield



This photo shows a group of the Jewish Refugees in 1939. Peter & Hans Kurer are the two smallest boys

In the light of the present day refugee crisis, it is interesting to consider the part Brookfield played in the past. Many Old Scholars are aware of the stories about the Jewish children from Europe who came to Britain through Kinder Transport arranged by The Quakers. A group of them including Peter and Hans Kurer came to Brookfield in 1939. Peter is still a regular attendee at the WOSA weekends.

What most people do not know is that the school played a part helping refugees in the First World War. During the war nearly 250,000 Belgians fled to Britain. After the burning of Antwerp in

October 1914, Wigtonians, and in particular the pacifist Quakers wanted to help. Mr Jopling the Superintendent of Brookfield arranged for 10 or 12 refugees to be lodged in a vacant house in West Street, Wigton which became known as Antwerp House. On November 20th, these refugees vacated Antwerp House and removed to Brookfield.

The following extracts are from the local paper of 1915

13 March: Monsieur Buleus, a former refugee, now stationed at Fecamp writes to Mr. Jopling at Brookfield remembering good times. He remembers playing with the children, the kindness of Mr Winter who always gave him a cigarette after dinner, and that he could weep as it is over. His life is now bayonet practice and trench digging followed by sour bread and bad coffee. He dreams of returning to Wigton after the war.

20 March Monsieur Krick, also a former guest at Brookfield writes posting a request for cigarettes and if possible a football. Krick's patrol is stationed on the coast looking for wounded soldiers. During a recent patrol he found three comrades tied to trees, mutilated and disembowelled. He recalls an English soldiers remark that the Belgians fight like Lions and the Germans like animals.

27 March Madame Gyse and her six children manage to escape from occupied Belgium through Holland and are reunited with Monsieur Gys at Antwerp House, Wigton.



Belgian Refugees outside Park Square, Wigton

(Kind permission of Mary Ashurst & Anne Graham)



In Memoriam



Helen Richardson (Art teacher 1961 - 65)	2011 aged 84
Michael Lindsay Hacket 1964 - 71	25/12/2014 aged 61
Valerie (Thompson) Wilding (1948 - 53)	March 2015
Phyllis (White) Wells (1935 - 39)	14/01/2016 aged 92
Sylvia (White) Marshall (1940 - 45) - President 1971	16/03/2016 aged 87
Michael Bland (1953 - 58)	May 2016 aged 73
Wallace Grey (1947 - 49)	May 2016
Joyce (Miller) Nansen (1944- 48)	May 2016
Jean (Murray) Hornsby (1928 - 31)	13/08/2016 aged 100
Jenny (Whigham) Sowerby (1930 - 35)	31/08/2016 aged 97
John Goodfellow (1954 - 58)	7/12/2016 aged 72
Sheila Rankin (1937 - 46)	31/12/2016
Judith (Prescott) Litt (1961 - 68)	14/02/2017 aged 67

Things of interest

Graham Kirkpatrick recently sent us this date stamp which was used by the school office from 1979 to 1983. He had been given the stamp by a friend who had often done work at the school and who had been given it as a memento when the school closed. He knew Graham had been a pupil at the school, and so passed it on to him.



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