

TANFIELD ASSOCIATION

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NEWSLETTER No. 35

Summer 2016

Editorial

Another school year is coming to a close, and with it the end of another era! It was a complete surprise and shock to those at our Executive meeting in May, when we were informed by the Chairman of the School Governors that the Headteacher, Mr Lloyd, is to retire at the end of term. We wish him well, and hope that he has a long and happy retirement.

Graeme has been good for the school at a difficult time. Under his stewardship the school avoided being absorbed into the new academy and academic achievement in the school has been consistently high. The atmosphere in the school and amongst the pupils is always positive and the headmaster's door is always open - literally.

I think that it is fair to say that Graeme has come to realise that the Association is there to help things along where we can, without interfering in the ethos and organisation. We have developed a good working relationship with him.

Those of you who dabble in the internet should look on Facebook for the 'Friends of Tanfield School' site. There you will find how well Mr Lloyd has been regarded by the pupils, both as a class teacher and as a Headmaster. He will be missed.

So, Tanfield is facing changing times; we will have a new Headteacher, who will be faced with the organisational changes being introduced by the current government, principally that all schools will become academies out of the control of the local authority.

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These may be changing times, but the memories of our schooldays will survive.

WE WISH A HAPPY RETIREMENT TO

GRAEME LLOYD

HEAD TEACHER 2005 -2016



Earlier this term, Graeme took everyone by surprise by announcing his forthcoming retirement. He is now a proud grandfather and naturally wishes to devote more time to his family.

Graeme came to work at Tanfield in 1992 as second in the English Department. I was also teaching English at the time, so I got to know him quite well. He settled in quickly as a hard-working and good-humoured member of our happy team. We all taught at the top of the Tower Block, climbing the 72 stairs several times a day, often weighed down by bags of exercise books.

Graeme became Head of English in 1994 and from there he went on to be Assistant Head Teacher, Deputy Head and finally, on the retirement of Archie Howat, Head Teacher – Tanfield’s sixth Head. At the time of his appointment, great changes were happening in Education and it was Graeme’s job to grapple with all of these changes while running the school and maintaining its ethos.

During his time as Head, Tanfield has produced some of its best exam results. Graeme has always encouraged the staff and students to work really hard and, with the support also of the governing body, enhanced Tanfield’s reputation as an ambitious, high-achieving school. One of his greatest achievements was to win the battle against Tanfield’s inclusion as a member of North Durham Academy. Tanfield continues to stand alone and to offer Stanley’s students an attractive choice when they move from Primary to Secondary education.

Graeme has been a worthy successor to the Head Teachers we remember – Mr Hardy, Mr Carr, Dr Sharp, Mr McKie and Mr Howat. Together, these six head teachers have served Tanfield well for more than a century. We all wish Graeme a long and happy retirement.

Are YOU on the Tanfield Association website?

I've been having a look at the association website recently. Once I get on there, I can browse for ages, looking at all the photos and reading through old copies of *Grammarians* as well as our own newsletters. Recently, I discovered the search box on the main page. Now, being a rather plodding computer user, I can stare at something for ages without seeing the bit I'm looking for, so it was only after a while that I found the search box near the top of the page, right hand side, just under the SGS and AWS badges. First hurdle overcome!

I started off by searching for my own name - plenty of references to that! I found my name referred to in one of the old *Grammarians* magazines and clicked on the name of the mag to bring it up. It opened on a new page. It took me a while to realise that the little red square that had appeared at the bottom of the screen **was** the new page. I clicked on that and up came *Grammarians*. Second hurdle overcome!

Then I began idly putting in members' names to see what turned up. I found an article on Palaeolithic Art by Peter Atkinson; a poem by Joan Clarke, written when she was in 1a; Frank Posselt writing about a pioneer in Labrador (that is, when he wasn't playing football!). I read of June Pounder's engagement to Malcolm Todd and Joan Harrison's marriage to Johannes Erich Putz. Amy Seccombe was Captain of Neville and a big light in the Music Makers; Claire Flowers was Captain of Tanfield and Euan Ross reported on the Debating Society. I could go on - and on. But I won't. I'll let you go and look for yourselves. It really is worth a look, sitting comfortably in your own home, with a cup of tea on hand and as much time as you wish to spend on trawling through nostalgia.

I was also pleased to be able to contribute something to the website, by sending the names of several Form Captains on one of the photos to Howard. He's always looking to improve the site, beavering away in the background and I'm sure he gets as much pleasure from receiving information as we get from sending it. Howay, everybody - see what you can find. Do it now! It'll be a pleasure, you'll see.

Elizabeth

Website: tanfield-association.org

Howard's e-mail: webguru@tanfield-association.org



NORMAN JOLLY - my inspiration

Everyone can always remember their favourite teacher and for me it was quite definitely Mr. Jolly - it still seems wrong to refer to him as "Norman".

I had never had any experience of a foreign language before SGS, so those first few weeks of du, de la and des were a complete nightmare - how on earth could a house or a table be feminine, or a book masculine? Why did the adjective have to go after the word it was describing? And as for pronouncing that 'r' sound.....!!

However, Norman had the gift not only of teaching the seemingly impossible, but of instilling in his pupils a love of the language and a desire always to get it right for him. Right at the start, he rechristened us all with a French name - I was Simone - which in retrospect was a brilliant thing to do. Every time he came into the classroom with his gentle "Bonjour mes élèves", we actually became those French children and even began to call each other by our Gallic names. I remember his kindness on one occasion when I got to school on a snowy day to find that I had forgotten my house key, and he actually drove me home to collect it before my Mum left for work. I felt so special, being driven in a teacher's car!

However, I always felt very self-conscious when it was my turn to read, especially where that 'r' sound was concerned. Many years later, maybe lower sixth, for some reason he and Sheila invited my Mum and me to tea at their house - what an honour! It was then he told us that he loved to hear me speaking French, as I had an absolutely perfect Parisian accent.

When it came time to choose subjects for University, it was somehow taken for granted that I would study French and he suggested it would be lovely if I went to Sheffield, as he had done. Unfortunately, somehow I made a mess of the UCCA form and ended up going to Manchester. Equally unfortunately, on my first day there, as I lined up to sign the forms, I decided I couldn't face another four years of trying to make that dreaded 'r' sound, so I changed to English.

On my first trip home, I knew I had to go back to school to confess to Mr Jolly what I'd done. I was more afraid of telling him than I had been of telling my parents! However, he was very understanding, telling me he'd forgive me as long as I promised to speak French every time I went to France. I'm pleased to say I managed to keep that promise.

We kept up correspondence, exchanging Christmas cards and letters right up until last year and I was thrilled to meet him again at the Centenary celebrations - and even more so that he actually remembered me!

I was saddened to hear in the last Newsletter that he had passed away, but I shall never forget the man who inspired me to learn and appreciate the beauties of another language.

Sheila Parkes (née Wrightson)
SGS 1959-66

Memories and Gratitude

I can remember my first day at Stanley Grammar School as if it was yesterday! Along with my twin sister, Michele, we walked through the gates of the school for the first time in September 1972 after moving to the North East with our parents from Farnham in Surrey. We had originally gone to live in Washington but realising that this was not as rural as my parents had hoped for we moved to Burnopfield in 1972.

To begin with I found the whole experience of joining the Grammar School very daunting; the uniform rules were very strict - no patent leather shoes (which were fashionable at the time) in case they reflected a girl's underwear when wearing a skirt, as well as a much disciplined approach to schooling.....

The premises seemed huge at the time, and I was in awe of Dr Sharp floating along the corridors with his cape billowing behind him. I can vividly remember Mr Cousins standing outside Dr Sharp's office with a stern look on his face, reminding us to move quietly through the corridors and watching closely for any sign of insubordination!

The School holds many varied and cherished memories for me, including but not limited to:
Spike's music lessons: - these are imprinted on my mind for time immemorial! As his pupils we were often immaterial to the lesson as he drifted off into his own world caught up in the music that he loved.

One particular English lesson: - during which Woody (class teacher) pointed to a boy during a test and yelled 'put it away boy, I've seen it!' This still causes a chuckle. He was of course referring to the piece of paper with hand written notes the boy had stuffed between his legs that he was using to cheat!

Cross Country running: - through Pea Farm on a cold winter's day, getting stuck in the mud and cow pats in the farm yard were something to be treasured! I can remember myself and a group of friends who were less enthusiastic about the whole experience trying to swing over the mud on the farm yard gate, only for it to stick half way across where the mud and gunge was at its thickest. We had to jump off and wade knee deep through the gunk! Not a pretty sight....

Trying to be clever: - mine and a friend's attempt to get as many girls as possible squashed into one toilet cubicle was probably my first, and last, act of daring at the school. I think it was Mrs Jack who clip clopped into the toilet in her heels and commanded me and my friend to come out as 'she knew we were in there'. To her surprise we extracted ourselves from the cubicle after much giggling and mirth along with around fourteen other girls. I am not sure whether we broke any previous records held but I remember we were not popular!!

Trips to Shield Row School for typing lessons: - these were nerve wracking experiences for me as my fingers were not as dextrous as others and I really couldn't see myself as a typist at the time. The thought of trying to keep up with speed tests still makes me twitch!

Taking part in school plays: - the most memorable was being involved in the productions of Pygmalion in the mid-late 70s and 'Off White' - which was a hybrid of the Magic Roundabout and Snow White! Being allowed to put our own take on these and getting rapturous applause - wonderful memories.....

After completing and doing well in my GSEs I got through one year of 6th Form and decided I wanted to go out and work for a living. I immediately regretted my decision as it was not that easy!

I married and went off to live in South Africa at the tender age of 21 returning to the UK after 7 years with a whole new outlook on life! Life that has thrown many challenges at me as well as experiences that I truly value, culminating in me running my own HR Consultancy and being in a position to support and sponsor the school as it is today in various ways. Fate is a funny thing and early on in my HR career I worked for a local UK business that was owned by a company based in Singapore. I was put in a position whereby I was able to include pupils from the school in an annual Youth Camp in Singapore. I was able to work with the pupils (and nominated teacher – Mrs Batty) to prepare them for the event as well as the various projects they were to deliver on whilst there, giving them life experiences which I know helped them to shape and mould their individual future visions.

The one thing I am certain of is that my time at Stanley Grammar School, the wonderful teachers, the school discipline and ethos prepared me in a way that I did not truly appreciate at the time for life as an adult. The fact that I am a member of the Tanfield Association and still engaging with the school is a demonstration of the place it holds in my heart and the affection I still have for it. It is wonderful to be able to watch the school continue to grow and develop and to meet with ex-pupils and teachers from time to time. I am sure that lots of my old class mates have their own memories and it would be wonderful for them to share with us also.

Nicole Thompson



‘Off White’ 1977

I am in the 2nd off back row, standing with my arms folded, 4th from the right. I have a hat on and it looks like I was trying out my sultry/seductive look! My twin sister Michele is sitting 4th from the left, (Garfield Balding is in front of her on the step below). She has what looks like a shawl over the head and around her shoulders.

The Happiest Days of my Life

My sisters Sylvia, Winnie, brother Joicey, and I, always considered our days at AWS as the happiest days of our lives. Also our cousins Louie Craven and Mary Hunter were there too so this makes six members of my family who attended the school from 1927 to 1945.

My strongest memory of school during the war years was that we went into part time education with classes taught either in the mornings or the afternoons. The reason for this was that at the beginning of the war there were only enough air raid shelters for half of the school. When the air raid siren sounded and we had to go to the air raid shelter we sang songs to pass the time. I can remember Miss Baxter the Latin Teacher singing, "Riding down to Bangor on a windy day" and we all had to join in to keep our spirits up. Eventually the teachers realized that the bombs would not be dropped during the day as the planes were heading to bomb Glasgow, so after a while the sirens were ignored and we happily lived to tell the tale. A bomb was dropped from a German bomber returning from a raid and landed next to Tanfield Hospital (now the Tanfield Manor). This became a local attraction and people came from all around to see the crater.

I can remember food rationing and clothing coupons and however difficult it was for our parents we all managed to wear full school uniforms obtained from the official suppliers Murrays on Stanley Front Street.

In the photo my sister Sylvia is visiting the Forth Rail Bridge in Scotland with the school (1931?). She is the 4th from the left with her friend Mary Mitford (née Pierson) standing on her left. She is proudly wearing the full brown uniform, however none of us liked the compulsory hat and this is obvious from the photo!



Despite all the shortages and inconveniences caused by the war my memories of AWS are very happy ones.

We were taught by dedicated teachers such as Miss Allison, Mr. Foster, Miss Miller and Miss Nicol and although we had food rationing, second hand uniforms and limited supplies of paper, pens and books, it gave us great friendships, happy memories and a great grounding for life.

Marjorie Whalley (née Craven) April 13 2016

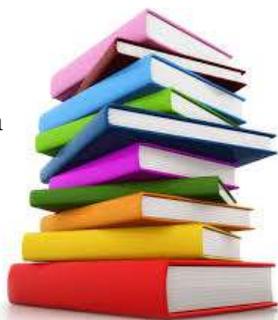
The library needs...

Any from the following series:

Harry Potter
Beast Quest
Percy Jackson
Diary of a Wimpy Kid
Hunger Games
Horrid Henry

Any of the following authors:

Bernard Ashley
Jane Austen
Emma Berne
Malorie Blackman
Adam Blade
Enid Blyton
Meg Cabot
Cathy Cassidy
Arthur Conan-Doyle
Roald Dahl
Charles Dickens
Anthony Horowitz
Dick King-Smith
Elizabeth Laird
Cathy McPhail
Michael Morpurgo
Laura Owen and Korky Paul
Rick Riordan
Francesca Simon
Jeremy Strong
Jean Ure
David Walliams
Jacqueline Wilson



BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY

As you may know, some of our members have been supporting the school's Accelerated Reading initiative by listening to children read on Monday afternoons. So far five members have taken part - Amy Bilton, Ted Brabban, Bob Harrison, Nicole Thompson and Elizabeth Hawkins.

The children are encouraged to read regularly. Each book is given a *reading level*. Once read, it is followed by a quiz on computer, to test how much of the story has been understood. Readers move up a level by achieving 100% in at least five quizzes. The scheme is working well, and children who have not been particularly interested in reading books are finding that they actually enjoy it. There are several 'Word Millionaires' who have read a total of one million words, and others who have reached the two million mark. Two boys are currently eager to see which of them becomes the first one to have read five million words!

This deserves our encouragement, do you agree? The library's books are being read so often, they need to be replaced. **The list of book series and of authors on the left hand side of this box are all wanted for the library.** Indeed, *any children's book in good condition will be welcome*. So if you have grandchildren who are getting rid of books that they've read, or if, like me, you trawl the charity shops looking at the books, you may find a book or two that the library can use. I'll be happy to take care of any books donated until the AGM, when we will present them to the school as a 'birthday present'.

We have also presented the library with 1000 bookmarks this term. These are given out to children who show an improvement and are much sought after. If you are interested in joining the team of readers on Monday afternoons, from 2pm till 3pm, please get in touch. You will need a CRB check to work with the children. This is arranged by the school.

Accelerated Reading Scheme

It has been previously mentioned that a few of us go into school for an hour most weeks to listen to children read. It is all part of the Accelerated Reading Scheme run by the school to improve pupils' reading skills. Our help is much appreciated. We need more volunteers to help as numbers fall.

If you are available, currently on a Monday afternoon, and are willing to help, please contact Elizabeth. She will sort out all that is necessary to enable you to partake.

Go on, give it a go, and see how your old school works.

The Woodwork Room and the William Whiteley Notice Board

My brother, Bob Harrison, and Ted Brabban have recently shared memories of the 'old' woodwork room at school - the old Stanley Grammar School. Ted's photograph of himself and other boys working at the benches brings back memories for me. Although I did not have woodwork lessons, I did spend a lot of time in the room especially in the summer holidays. My father, woodwork teacher (also Bob Harrison) always had to tidy and re organize the room in preparation for the new academic year. He was especially concerned with the condition of the wood in the store room and would inspect it regularly and turn it where necessary. I also have vivid memories of the smell of the room; the scent of the wood and of the linseed oil!

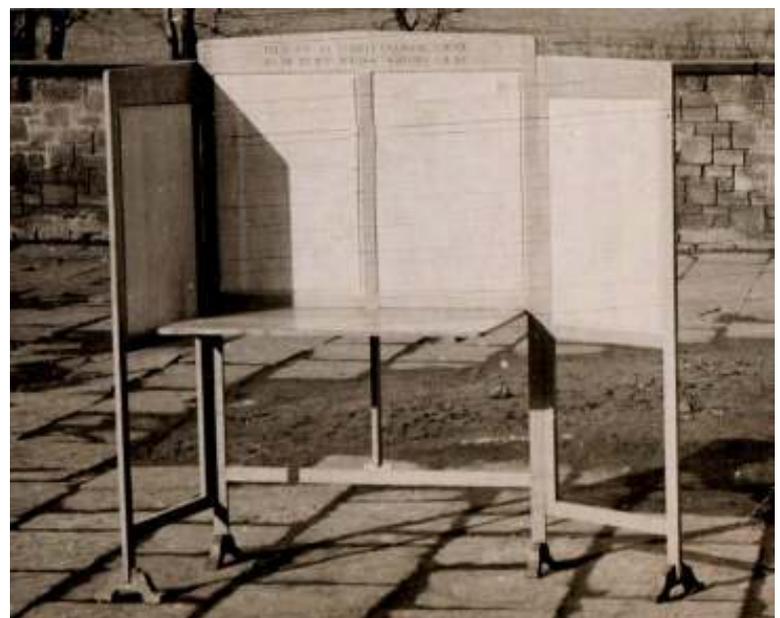


All of these memories reminded me that I have some photographs dating from 1950s showing some of the items of furniture made in the room and some of the people who worked in it.



The first is a photograph taken at Stanley Show in 1954 showing two older boys standing proudly behind a display of pupils' work. My father has annotated the photograph providing the place and date but has not given the boys' names. Can anyone identify them?

The other photographs tell some stories. One is of my father beside a large free standing triptych type notice board. The second provides a full view of the board in the school yard.



This board was a gift to the school probably in 1956 or 57 from William Whiteley MP.

My father had the job of making it, although the inscription was carved by an expert. Dad presumably fitted in the work alongside his normal teaching commitments; not an easy thing to do. He was particularly concerned to do a good job and the photograph shows

him, still looking anxious, but probably relieved that it was all completed to his satisfaction.

William Whiteley (1882-1955), the donor of the board, had been Labour MP for Blaydon from 1922-1931 and 1935-1955. He had started his career as a miner and became an active trade unionist and Lodge official. He had a distinguished career in the House of Commons becoming a Privy Councillor; Labour Chief Whip, and between 1945- 51, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury. Tanfield was part of the old Blaydon constituency and Mr Whiteley had taken an interest in the school from its earliest days when it was a Pupil Teacher Centre and later a Higher Grade School. He must have been proud to have seen its development into a Grammar School after 1944 and to know that he had helped to make secondary education for all children a universal right.

I believe that the central panel of the board with its inscription-

PRESENTED TO STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL
BY THE RT HON WILLIAM WHITELEY CH MP

is still in use and fixed to a wall in Tanfield School. I hope it continues to be of use and to be enjoyed for many years to come .

Isobel Jenkins (Harrison 1951-58) April 2016

School Play 1942 - From Issue 34

When I reprinted the programme of the 'Babes in the Wood' play of 1942 I thought that it was unlikely that I would have any response to my appeal for information. The play was produced two years before I started in the First Form which was why I thought it unlikely that there would be anyone around to tell the story.

How wrong I was.

A day after posting the Newsletter my phone rang and there was Christabel Harkness (Chris Greenwell) giving me the lowdown. She had realised that one of her older sisters, Joyce, had been one of the 'Babes'. She had contacted Joyce who remembered and gave the following information. Apparently the authors of the play, A. Wilkinson and T. Thirlaway were 5th formers at the time, Joyce was Upper 6th. Mrs Muggins was played by a girl from Craghead, Elsie Gordon, and the Schoolmistress was played by Louise Craven. The Doctor, -B.Paxton, was also a girl, but that is all I was told.

If anyone reading can add to our information, please get in touch. It would be interesting to know what happened to the budding Thespians.

Christabel later informed me that her family have a Tanfield History. Her father passed to become a pupil in the very early 'Pupil Teacher' days of the school, but had to leave, as had others, to help support his family. She and her two sisters all came to the school. Joyce was Head Girl, and Games Captain, her sister May was Games Captain and so was Christabel.

Ted (Editor)

Then this arrived too! Amazing.

Re the School Play 1942 ('BABES IN THE WOODS' mentioned in Issue 34 of the Newsletter)

I too have a copy of this play, kept for sentimental reasons.

I was in form 5 and knew most of the cast, who were mainly in the Second Year Sixth. I remember sitting in the dining hall, laughing at the slap-stick comedy of the play, but watching, particularly, the antics of Billy Baggs. I married Billy Baggs - Ray Hall - in 1949.

Ray read Physics at Durham University. As it was wartime he was only allowed to stay for two years for a pass degree. After a spell in the Royal Navy, he returned to Durham and gained an Honours Degree and a Teaching Diploma. He taught Physics at the Marine College in South Shields for ten years, then at Sunderland University (or 'Poly' as it was then).

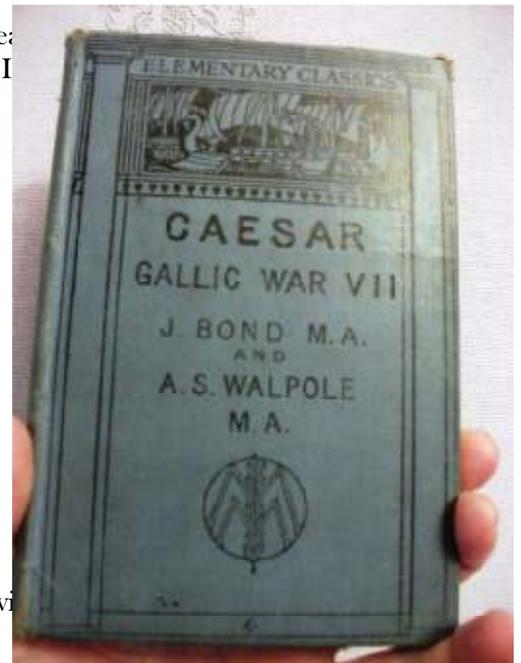
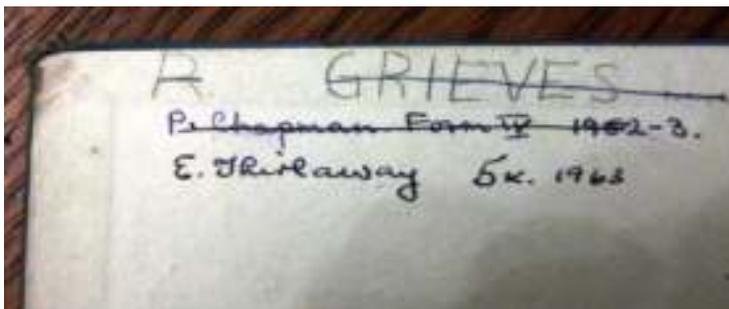
In 1959 we moved to (Sunderland) Whitburn with our two sons. Sadly, Ray died very suddenly in 1986, aged 62 years. I married again, a mutual college friend but not from 'Tanfield'.

Peggy Davies Hibbard
(Formerly Hall, née Hindmarsh)
1937-43

Remember this?

Old books can really bring back the memories. To think I once sweated through Latin in the Second World War, urged on by Spud Glendenning, to get my 'O' Level in Latin. I was a good teacher and we wanted to do well for him.

I first found this book when I was a young teacher at Tanfield. A store-room was being cleared of old text books that hadn't been used for years. I found a boxful of these and was so smitten by nostalgia that I searched through them (getting pretty dirty in the process) to find the one with my name in it. Eureka! (Yes, I know it's the wrong language but I was taught Ancient Greek, too, by Spud's successor, Mr



Davi

Now I've found it again, squirreled away in a cupboard at home with stuff that hasn't been looked at for years. I can still roughly translate the bits about earthworks that Caesar had built/dug to keep the Gauls out, but most of it is just a mystery now. I used to sail through it at one time - 53 years ago, to be exact, when I was in 5 Alpha.

And by the way, does anyone remember R. Grieves or P. Chapman, who had the book before me?

Elizabeth Hawkins

52ers Outings

In March, Eileen Portsmouth (Walker) flew over from her home in Orgeval, NW Paris, to her other home in Edmundbyers for a three week stay. I met up with Eileen and was pleased to see her looking really well. On the 29th a group of 52ers joined her at the Three Horse Shoes where everyone enjoyed a 'catch up' with her, as well as a very good lunch.



Our Easter lunch was held later this year, on the 5th April at the Black Horse, Red Row. We enjoyed a good meal and good chat, but our thoughts were with Wendy Turnbull (Stephenson) who had sadly died on the 31st March. My thoughts went back to the only occasion I was allowed to go to the Palais de Dance in Stanley for the Friday night 'Hop'. I remember seeing Wendy in her white blouse and circular black skirt jiving amazingly well! She loved dancing. R.I.P. Wendy.



Amy Bilton

A Magnificent Staff Football Team (?)

Here is a more recent memory, it must be because the photograph is in colour!! I think that it was taken about 25 years ago.



The photo was certainly taken before the New Block, now the Humanities Block, was built and blocked out the view of Good Street, so maybe more than 25 years. You tell me.

I recognise most of the staff smiling at the camera, but there are a couple of faces there that look like Guest Players. There's Derek Barron and Geoff Sheldon, PE teachers in there, Alan Johnston, Tom Cooper, Wayne Rooney, Mr Wainwright, and the late Mr Les Graham. I am hoping that someone amongst our readers will fill in the blanks for me, and will let us know what was the occasion. I will reprint it next edition with all the players annotated if you let me know who they are, and can tell me when this world beating team was assembled.

Ted (Editor)

Gendarmes

Here's something from the archives. I think that either the R.S.C. or the Music Hall missed a trick!!



This was taken 1950/51 at some school social occasion. The 'Beau Gendarmes' are, left to right:

Ted Brabban, Eric(?) Smith, Bob Patterson, and Jack Dowson.

I can't remember much about the occasion, but I'm sure that we brought the house down!!! If Bob, or anyone else remembers more than I do I would love to hear about it.

Oh, a policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

The 40s Valley Boys

I was one of them. When I passed for Alderman Wood School in 1944 I lived at Sleepy Valley. The Valley is too close to the school to warrant a scholars' bus, so pupils from there walked the couple of miles to school. There was a clutch of us, not many! I joined up with some older boys, Norman Taylor (the oldest), Ray Newton, Alan Armstrong and Bill Jacques to do the walk each day. The following year we were joined by Cecil Snell, and later by Jimmie Nicholson.

Being put together in this way we formed a friendship. At night and weekends we played footie etc. in the fields, we went to the pictures, and joined the Boys Brigade as a group. With some I have maintained contact, others have dropped off my radar.

I was reminded of this happy band when I recently attended the funeral of Alan Armstrong. He was an extremely good footballer and cricketer, and captained the school team. He became a teacher, in Cornwall, maintained his sporting activities, and developed his skills as a painter. In a recent Newsletter there was an item regarding an exhibition of his art work.

Seventy years have somehow passed by. Ray Newton (Sandy) I still meet on occasions, and Norman Taylor too, so I know something of their history. The others I have lost touch with, although I did meet Jim Nicholson at one of our Do's down at school. It would be really good to hear what became of them in later years, so if you know, please tell.

If you have memories of a similar clique it would be of interest, and interesting to follow up too. Why not type or pen me a line?

Ted Brabban

Some Staffroom Photos that were given to me

I am not going to put names on these, because I don't know most of them. The photos were after my time, but on the top photograph I can see a young man with a great future ahead of him. In the middle one there is our secretary. If you know more, please tell! (Editor)





Staff Photo 1988

I know that this was 1988 because I am on it, and wearing my bow tie. I celebrated the news that I had been granted early retirement by 'adjusting my dress'.



Mr McKie was still Headmaster, and Mr Howat Deputy Head. How many can you remember and name?

I don't think that any of those teachers are at Tanfield now. How the years roll on!
Ted Brabban

An Old Aerial View of the School

This came to me recently. For those of you with memories of the Tower Block before it was demolished, there it is looking like a giant Liquorice Allsort. Since this was taken there have been other changes to the site. There are new science rooms where the tower block and the single storey rooms are, and at the other end, the technology block has been closed off with a building across to form a quadrangle. The all-weather pitch looks pristine. That deteriorated badly, but is currently undergoing re-furbishment. There is now security fencing all around the site.

Across the road there is now a new building to the right of the garage.



Dear Elizabeth

Thank you so much for the new Newsletter. It's always a fascinating read that brings back so many happy (usually) memories.

All of us in the Association owe you all a huge debt for your efforts on our behalf. It really is fantastic that we all care so much for the school that played such a big part in our development but without you and your colleagues plus all those who went before you there wouldn't be an Association.

Thank you.

Best wishes

Jack Jeffery

And Finally - The Happy Couple

At a recent Association pub lunch one of our long married couples were sitting together. I was surprised to overhear their conversation.

The husband kept looking at a lady across the room who was obviously quite inebriated. "Do you know her?" asked his wife. "Yes", he replied, "we were an item in the 6th form. We split while I was at Uni'. I heard that she started drinking at that time!"

"Good gracious", said the wife, "it's amazing that someone could keep the celebration going for so long!"