

TANFIELD ASSOCIATION

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Newsletter No. 38 Summer 2017

Editorial

Our Summer Term edition. Let's hope that it is not a misnomer and that we do get a Summer.

It is always pleasing to know that what you are doing is appreciated, and judging by the response to Issue 37 many people enjoy reading our output. I hope that you all find this edition equally interesting. Incidentally finger-nails have not been a part of my diet this time, content started arriving immediately following the last publication. Thank you to all who responded.

Our old school is coming under pressure thanks to its continuing academic success. The usual intake of new pupils is around the 90 mark each year, and that is echoed by the number of pupils who leave each year. This summer there are 90 leavers, but the anticipated intake is **172 new pupils!** Long gone are the days of catchment areas. These days a school survives on parental choice! (Parents from outlying areas are now choosing Tanfield as the preferred school for their children) As you can imagine this is putting a strain on resources, from teaching staff to everything else. It doesn't take much imagination to anticipate that there will be appeals for help. You can be assured that we will help where we

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can, but of course our finances are finite, dependent mainly on your annual subscription. Please, do your bit and ensure that you are up to date, and that you are not still paying the old £5 by banker's order. It is a while now since we went up to £10 per year. If you are not yet paying by banker's order, take the time to set one up so that you don't lapse by forgetfulness!

Enjoy your read, and help to make future editions enjoyable by sending me your memories and your photos. Go on – you can do it! My e-mail address is part of the Header.

A GREAT RESPONSE TO THE SCHOOL'S APPEALS

Last term, in response to a request from us for information, the school told us of three areas they would appreciate help with:

- The Big Band appeal from the Music Department
- An appeal for demountable goal posts for the new 5-a-side pitch from the PE Department
- An appeal for support with transport costs to send students to the National Finals of a robotics competition in Birmingham NEC from the Engineering Department.

The Working Executive agreed to support all of these good causes at its last meeting with the following donations:

- £1000 towards the purchase of brass instruments for the Big Band
- £400 towards the cost of the goalposts
- £400 towards the cost of transport for the Robotics team

In addition to this, following the appeal in the last newsletter, individual members donated another £635 to the Big Band appeal and £100 to the purchase of goalposts. Two of these donations were made directly to the school, the others were made via the association.

All in all, this was a magnificent response to the school's needs. Well done to



the association.

President Bob Harrison hands over a cheque to one of the students.

Marian and Denis keep the Book Appeal going!

Last year's Book Appeal, which resulted in more than 400 books being donated to the school library, refuses to lie down! Donations of books have come in from Denis Kelly and Marian Gray, and there are more to come from Joan Charlton, who donated last year and who informs me she is going to have another hard look at the contents of her bookshelves. Irene Hardy, with her donation of 120 books in total, still leads the field, but others are catching up.

Some of the books that have been donated recently have not been on the library's 'wanted' list, but that is not a problem. **Far from it!**

We have now opened an account for the school library at Barter Books, in Alnwick. This excellent firm allows you to take to them books that you no longer want. They choose the books that they want to take from you and tell you how much credit you receive in exchange. You can then spend this credit on books that you, or in our case, the school library, needs. No money changes hands, but the school gets the benefit.

You may want to open an account of your own at Barter Books, but if you don't, and if you have books that you no longer want, and which are in good condition, you can always let us know. We can take them to Barter, get credit in exchange and choose books that are on the library's wanted list. This is what happened to Denis's books last term, and the library was better off by 29 books that we got in exchange. This term, books from Marian have already resulted in another thirty books going to the library, with more to come when we take more boxfuls of her books to Barter.



Marian Gray



Denis Kelly

NB If you live near Alnwick or are visiting the area, and you have books you wish to submit to Barter Books on the school's behalf, please go ahead. When they ask if you have an account, tell them it's Tanfield School Library.

The school will get the credit. Lorraine Hall, the school librarian, keeps me updated on what the library needs and I go there regularly to see what's available. So keep 'em coming!

Elizabeth



Derek and Nova Watson

Following the mention of Derek Watson and Nova in Newsletter 37, I was sent the accompanying photos on which they appear.

Alongside is the cast of a production of Joan of Arc. I think that this production must have been just prior to my starting to teach at Tanfield, as I have no memory of it. Nova is in the back row, 3rd from the left. Also, 3rd from the right is Ann (I think) Livesey, daughter of Mr Livesey who some of our older members will remember teaching them physics. The identity of the others remains a mystery to me. Help me out please with date and names.



I recognise all the faces on this photograph. In the centre is Derek Watson and on the right is Angus Robinson. The handsome chap on the left with specs and beard, survived the stress of school and became Editor of

the Newsletter. We are photographed back stage at one of the school productions in which we were all involved.

I would like to have your memories of Derek and Angus, two much respected teachers.

Barry Venison



Venison made history in 1985 when he became the youngest captain in a Wembley final. The right-back was 20 years and 220 days old when he skippered the Rokerites against Norwich City in the League Cup final, where he stood in for the suspended Shaun Elliott.

Having made his debut as a 17-year-old, he went on to make more than 200 appearances at senior level. The Consett-born player also enjoyed plenty of highlights after leaving Roker Park – and not only in his hair. He went on to play for Liverpool, Newcastle United, Galatasaray, Southampton and England, became a television pundit, and even appeared as himself in Mike Bassett: England Manager. Now a property director in California, and technical director of Orange County Blues.

This was sent to me having been clipped from a Consett newspaper. Consett Legend I wondered. Well, in that case, who was the Barry Venison who went through Tanfield school?

Consett born it says. I don't know his family history, can anyone verify this? He certainly grew-up in Stanley. Of course, before all the re-structuring in the Health Service, most local babies were born at Shotley Bridge where the Richard Murray Maternity Hospital was located. There could be quite a few Consett born local legends – or am I being cynical?

As a pupil Barry exasperated me. School was something to be endured before he could play football full time. Good on him though, when it happened he did well. Can Consett claim him as their legend however?

Jack Nelson



Jack sent me this photo of himself with his contemporaries taken on a Sports Day, date unknown to me.

This brings back memories of those

warm, sunny, summer days when we lay around, out of lessons for the afternoon, and appreciating the efforts of those who strove to be the Victor or Victrix Ludorum, and shouting our encouragement to those representing our House, be it Dunelm, Neville, Tanfield, or Watling.

Jack (who still looks the same, but a mite older!) is 3rd from the right, back row. He did name the others for me but I must have wiped the email. Sorry Jack. Perhaps you would re-name them for me.

The background of the buildings is different now. The tall assembly hall is the same, but the low-level buildings have gone, to be replaced initially by the infamous Tower Block, and more recently by the new science department and admin. area. There was also a tennis court hidden behind the left hand side of the group.

FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN TO MOUNT SINAI

Now let me say, from the start that I have never been prone to “Walter Mitty” moments. So what the hell was I doing that morning back in 1983 when I felt an overwhelming desire to check out the Moses story, you know, the one we call Exodus.

In sixth form one of the lads had a copy of The Geordie Bible and I can recall, verbatim, the description it gave of that moment when Moses struck the rock with his stick and said “Wattor to the reet, gan reet and wattor to the left, gan left”.

Clittor clattor went the wattor, and Moses says “ Wey ya bugga, howay lads , get onto ya bogies and we’ll soon be owa the clarts”.

Those words flashed through my thoughts as I stood there on the shore of the Red Sea looking across “the wattor” to the Sinai Peninsular.

I didn’t even know about coal mining anywhere else but in the North East of England when I left SGS and started coupling tubs together at the shaft bottom at Eden Colliery in Leadgate. That was my Garden of Eden where it all started in 1954.

I had no idea that the black stuff was mined in the South of Argentina but it was there, in 1970, some sixteen years after starting a career in mining engineering, where I met two engineering consultants, one electrical and the other, a mechanical engineer whose previous consignment had been at the Maghara coal mine in the Sinai desert. I had been sent to Argentina by the British government as part of an aid package to advise on the management of the coal mining complex at Rio Turbio, near to the Chilean border in the Province of Santa Cruz. It was a good job by any standards, double the salary obtainable in British colliery management, tax free and paid in Sterling in England.

I am aware that there are opposing views on the subject of British aid but in all cases the objective is to buy influence and I had that after working with the Argentine management for almost three years. They knew me and I knew them, (especially those in the pay of the German mining equipment manufacturers). We Brits win some and lose some. In my case we won. That influence I had established in their pits came in handy when I went back to Argentina in 1976 and signed a contract for the supply of British mining equipment to the value of £7.6 million. That's about £120 million at today's prices. Not bad for the outlay of a few thousand in consultants salaries.

As I stood there looking over the Red Sea to Sinai, I had a good feeling because I had just whipped my archrivals, the German suppliers, (they came second in the Argentine as well). This time it was a contract to supply mining equipment for the phosphate mines on the eastern coast near Hamrawein.

I saw an Egyptian army jeep in the distance. I was expecting them and, judging by the dust cloud it was kicking up I calculated that I had about a minute before they got to me.

There was a rock embedded in the beach in front of me and I had my trusty yard stick (standard equipment for mining guys, used to measure in the mines and hack off pieces of rock which attracted the eye). Temptation! Temptation!

Maybe I was standing on that same spot where Moses had stood. Temptation!

Maybe that was the rock that he struck. More temptation!

My Walter Mitty/Moses moment had come.

I struck that rock with my yardstick and the result left me feeling more like King Canute than Moses.

My Walter Mitty moment had gone.

I was taken north to a crossing point on the Suez Canal and, with a military pass draped around my neck, we entered Sinai. As a result of my exploits with the government owned phosphate mining company I was asked to visit and report on the Maghara coal mine, which had just come into Egyptian ownership again when the Israeli troops pulled out. Little did I think, when my Argentine colleagues related their stories about Maghara that I would be the first Englishman allowed back there.

However, there I was, (following detours in Canada, the USA, Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, South Korea, Romania, China, Spain, Iran, and one or two other places), in a military convoy, making a long journey that would take us around three sides of a square to get to Maghara. It took all day in searing heat so I asked my hosts why we had gone the long way round. Apparently, it was the only route that had been cleared of mines. During that long day I couldn't help wishing I was a scrap man in what can only be

described as a scrap man's paradise. Tanks, armoured cars, caterpillar tank tracks, artillery pieces, and other remnants of battle littered the desert.

We arrived at the pre-planned stopping point for the night where, to my surprise and pleasure an Arabian type tent, circular with a centre pole had been erected for my personal use. Five-star hotel luxury in the middle of nowhere. It had a private bathroom and a real bed with spotless Egyptian cotton sheets, not to mention a fridge with cold drinks. The rest of the guys slept outside and we all had a three-course supper on crude wooden tables under the stars. I didn't enquire what the meal was because Argentina had taught me that you could eat anything that doesn't eat you first.

We were up at 4am to get to Maghara before the sun got too hot. What an anti climax!

There was nothing there except two holes in the ground. The Israelis had taken everything, including the prefabricated houses that my colleagues had called home for five years. The concrete plinths on which the bungalows had stood were still there.

To the victor the spoils as they say.

I was unable to assist at the mine site, but basing my theories on the last known underground plans I was able to make a five year plan for the mine and give them a list of all the equipment they would need to get going again. Some of this equipment I was able to supply after the formal tendering process had been completed.

However, as I found in many places, government hosted visits require the guest to participate in seeing all the sites the host countries are proud to show off. Try coming out of China without a forced visit to the wall and the Forbidden City. On my fourth such China visit I presented my hosts with a glossy hardback book describing "wor waal" in the North East of England. Although they accepted it graciously I got the distinct impression they were thinking, "Poor Hadrian".

Before leaving Sinai it became obligatory for me to visit St. Catherine's monastery, (that's where the burning bush was), and we passed a few Moses wells on the way. Apparently he struck the sand with his stick when his followers were thirsty and water came out of the ground.

Then came Mount Sinai. I'd done my duty by visiting the Pyramids and the Sphinx at Giza and then the ruins at Karnak and the many tombs in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor, so I asked where were the massive stone tablets on which the Ten Commandments were written.

The answer; take a wild guess!

To this day I still wish I could get hold of that stick Moses had. Perhaps he got it in the Cairo bazaar where Aladdin got his lamp. That's on the list of

must do next time I'm in Cairo.

An angel came down and took the stone tablets back up into heaven. I bet you didn't guess that.

John Sables - SGS 1948-1954

The happiest days of my life

My sisters Sylvia, Winnie and brother Joicey, and of course me, 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 below 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

Dear Elizabeth,

Thank you for your e-mail. I have enjoyed looking at the website, and at the photographs, though there are none of my particular time at Tanfield, as it was wartime and film wasn't available. I was there from 1940-1945, then went on to do four terms at Consett Grammar School, as a pre-nursing course was run there. Biology was required for that, and Tanfield did not have a biology lab.

Both my parents were pupils in the very early days when Tanfield was a pupil teachers centre, my late husband was there from 1934 until 1939. and my sister Joan Richardson from 1943 -1950, so it was very much a family school for us all.

As my time was during the war, we had none of the outings or treats that present day pupils seem to have. Gas masks were compulsory, and if we forgot we had to go home again to collect them. The air raid shelters were built at the front of the school, buried into the earth, and I remember having to test our masks by going into one of the shelters which was filled with tear gas, supervised by A.R.P people. My gas mask certainly wasn't very efficient, as my eyes streamed for the rest of the day.

The one trip away I recall was a week we spent in a boarding school called Elmwood Lothian in Harrogate, where only French was spoken during the day. Not quite a substitute for a week in Paris!

Mr. Carr was our headmaster, and Miss Nicol was the senior mistress. There is a photo of the staff taken in 1948 on the website, and most of the faces are the ones I recall during my time there.

My husband and I did go to the 80th. birthday reunion in 1992 and spent a very nostalgic evening, meeting a lot of old acquaintances and noticing the many changes that had taken place.

I was in the same form as Inez Watson (nee Jefferson) who lives very near me, and it was she who gave me the website address of the Association. Inez went from the fifth form of the school after school certificate, to becoming School Secretary, and tells me that they were three of the happiest years of her life.

With my best wishes,

Shirley Reed (nee Richardson)

Shirley Reed

Editor: Some of our readers may wonder who were the A.R.P. people. If you have watched Dad's Army you may have a clue. Captain Mainwaring's arch enemy was an A.R.P. man. They were civilians who joined the Air Raid Precautions group during WW2.

If you haven't looked at the Association web-site, now is the time. There is a wealth of information there, including all past Newsletters. The site is:
www.tanfield-association.org

School Pantos late 70s

It was in 1975 when I broached the subject to Dr Sharp of letting the Sixth Form produce a pantomime. Consent was given on condition that there was nothing 'risque'! Noel Dawson then came on board and off we went. The 6th form were enthusiastic.

Our initial idea was that we would create a skeleton of the story-line and then let the pupils produce a script around the skeleton. As it was going to be a Xmas Panto, we felt that we had to go with tradition and use the usual fairy tales but in an up to date setting. We came up with the idea of 'Cindy '75' – the Cinderella story adapted to a sixth form setting. It was about a girl who was being denied access to the 6th Form party, etc etc.

Noel and I put our heads together and between us outlined the plot. Then we divided the plot into scenes and we were ready.

We assembled those who wished to shine their light on stage and outlined what we had in store for them. There would be no handing out of scripts to learn, they were going to script the action. We divided them into small groups. They were told what the scene would be, where it fitted with what went before, and how it fitted with what was to follow. They were told that during this scene the audience will need to learn this fact or that fact to progress the story. How they did it was up to them. The small groups retired to discuss ideas and then suggest some dialogue to move things along. Being a panto they were encouraged to think of stage business to raise a laugh as they went along.

Each group then acted out their idea for Noel and me, and the other groups. At this stage there was no pressure, it was all good fun, and we did have some good laughs. After discussing what had been done it was left to the producers to come up with the goods. Noel and I met Sunday afternoons and tried to sort the best ideas into some kind of composite scene. As we bandied ideas about the pair of us were convulsed with laughter a lot of the time, but usually by the end of the afternoon we had a good idea of where we were going. We did this over a number of weeks until the whole storyline was developed. Of course this was not the final script. As we rehearsed it became obvious what needed to be strengthened, changed, or abandoned, and eventually we had a show.

We also had the highlights of pop-groups and some serious individual performers to slot into the show. Some of the cast developed a real fan base and had the junior years requesting autographs and so on. Such is show business.

Cindy 75 was a great success. I think we played for a week to full houses and we had the audience rolling in the aisles!! One of our greatest assets turned out to be a Mrs Hindson. She was on the school cleaning staff. She really enjoyed the shows, and showed it with her infectious laughter. When

Mrs Hindson laughed, the audience laughed with her. We considered paying her to come every night.

The Fairy Godmother turned out to be an untidily dressed fairy wearing wellies and with a broken wand. Her antics, as spells went wrong, attempting to set up Cindy for the party really had Mrs Hindson going. Happy memories.

The following year we did a similar thing with 'A Ladd in Stanley'. For the life of me I can't remember the names of the other three Xmas shows that we did.

Our co-operation on pantos finished when ill health caused me to be hospitalised at the crucial time. Thus my time as an impresario came to an end. For me those shows were among the happiest memories of my time at Tanfield. They also forged a strong bond of friendship between Noel and myself that lasted until he sadly passed away.

I hope that the ex-pupils who participated in those shows remember them with as much pleasure as I do. It would please me no end to know, and to be reminded of those aspects which passing years and an ageing brain have caused me to forget. I know that digital cameras were still a thing of the future then, but someone, somewhere must have some photos from those times. I would love to see them too.

If you were involved, or if you are in contact with someone who was involved, pass on the word, and let me have some of your memories. Make an old man happy.

Ted Brabban

1937



This photo was sent to Elizabeth when she was compiling the 80th Anniversary book in 1992.

Form V 1937

1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15

1. Joyce Clough
2. Joan Charlton
3. Audrey Patterson
4. Clara Williamson
5. Ron Firstbrook
6. Alan Nattrass

Perhaps some of our old-timers can fill in the question mark gaps.

One name struck a chord with me – Tom Vickers. I knew him as the older brother of the lad that I played with. The pupils on the photo would have been about 16 years old. Two years later WW2 broke out. Most of these lads would be called up to serve in the forces. Tom Vickers flew with bomber command if I remember correctly. What a sobering thought!

(In 1939 I was six years old- that is why my memory may be dodgy!)

If you knew of any of these pupils, or their subsequent history, or if you are their offspring, I would love to hear of it.

Ted.

Barry Hutchinson

I am currently visiting my son and his family in Sydney, Australia. I am still able to do my homework and read this term's excellent Newsletter. Once again, well done.

I was particularly interested in the photos of your Christmas get together. In particular I spotted Eric Foreman. He and I are both on a much publicised picture of pupils from Dipton Junior School who passed the first part of the scholarship in 1950.



Eric and I are in the second row back, behind the girls and the staff. We were both vertically challenged, but I am amazed to see that he was even shorter than me.

The row of boys behind

Mr. Pope are:

Kenny Dews, Barry Hutchinson, Eric Foreman, Brian Clarke, and Lawson Shield who all went on to S.G.S.

Editor: When I look at this photo I am surprised to see that the boys who passed part one outnumbered the girls 13:2. It made me think back to my scholarship time, 1944 at Tanfield Lea Juniors. Six boys passed part one and only one girl. All six boys passed part two but sadly the girl didn't. I wonder if these statistics were commonplace. Later, when I joined the staff at Tanfield in 1959, scholars' buses of girls were brought up to SGS from Chester le Street, Pelton etc. I am now wondering if this was part of the same imbalance. Does anyone know?

Peter Atkinson

Hello Ted,

Many thanks once again for the latest news and memories of our school.

In response to your request for memories of being taught music I would simply say that my teacher was Mr Yockney. I was at school 1952 – 59, and to be honest I can't remember much but what stands out for me during those years was my discovery, through Mr. Yockney, of the music of Gustav Mahler. Mahler was a favourite of Mr. Yockney.

Those of us who were introduced to Mahler during those years were regarded as being ahead of our time. Thank you Spike.

Something musical, but totally different from that time, sticks in my mind. I was in the music room, on my own, trying to play a tune on a trumpet which I found somewhere. I walked Dr Sharp who told me in no uncertain terms, "Atkinson, if you must make that hideous noise, take the trumpet home and make it there!!"

I took it home. I made the hideous noise. It didn't improve. I took it back.

Memories.

Peter.

Thank you Peter. Almost a decade before you I had a similar musical experience to yours. Of course it was pre Dr. Sharp and pre Spike, but the outcome was the same. - I tried a violin! I think it must have been when the local cats objected to the noise that my parents suggested it might be wise to return it! Happy days.

Freda Stephenson

Newsletter 37 struck a chord with Freda who wrote to Elizabeth. Always efficient, Elizabeth put her in touch with Jack's wife, Gillian. Gillian has her hands full at the moment as Jack is recovering in hospital having suffered a stroke, but she still found time to pass on to Freda a copy of Jack's autobiography.

Dear Elizabeth,

My late husband, Ian Stephenson and I knew Jack Jeffery well as we were in the same year group 1941 to 1948 at SGS. In your recent magazine I see Ian in the photo of the 1948 cricket team, third from the right. I was even more pleased and interested to read the extract from "A Pudding Full of Plums" and can't wait to read the rest so I hope there is still a copy available.

Thank you for all the work you all do for the Association. I am sure all members appreciate it, especially the older generation for all the memories it revives. Since 1973 we have lived in Sussex and are happily established here but I still have a very soft spot for the North Country. I envy you all being able to meet up at your monthly lunch gatherings.

Best wishes and Thank you.

Freda Stephenson (Henderson)

Dear Elizabeth,

I am amazed and very impressed at how quickly you responded to my request for Jack's autobiography. Thank you so much. The book arrived by post on Wednesday and since then I have been avidly reading.

What an interesting and full life Jack has had! It was good of Jack's wife Gillian to pack up and send the book to me together with a lovely letter. I will reply today and enclose the necessary cheque.

Do pass on my best wishes to Ted Brabban, also to wife Mavis whom I knew well from our Hockey playing days. I note Howard Bott's name comes up frequently. He would not know me but I remember coo-ing over baby Howard when he came to visit Grandparents who lived next door but one to my family in Ivy Terrace, South Moor! Happy Days.

Very best wishes to you, Elizabeth, and to all your helpers with the Association for the excellent job you do.

Freda.

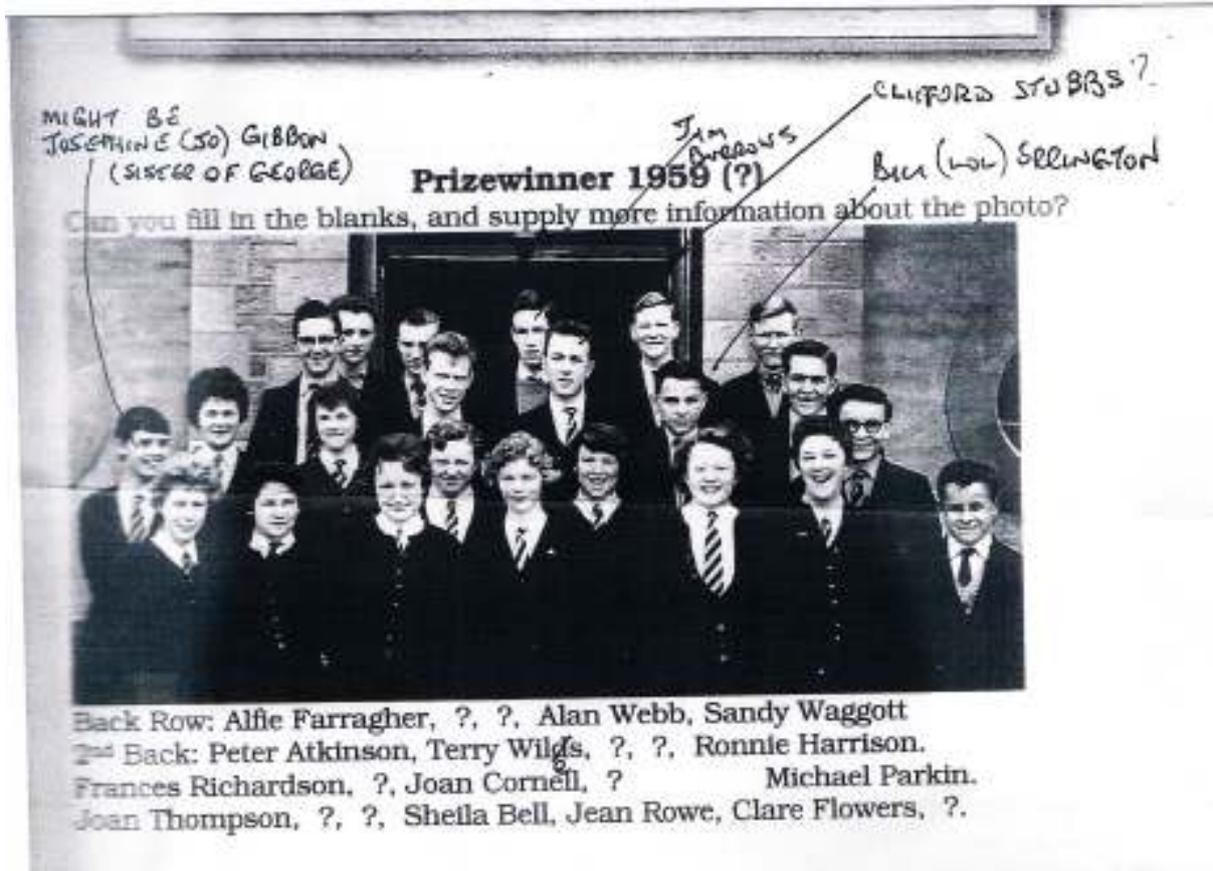
Thank you Freda. It is always good to be acknowledged.

Incidentally, I remember Ian as being one of the seniors at SGS when I was a junior. He was of interest to me as I had just been taught by his mother at Tanfield Lea Juniors. 'Mrs Stephenson' was not a teacher to be trifled with!!

Ted

Dear Editor

I enclose an annotated copy of a photo in Issue 37. I have marked a few people who were in the year below me at SGS.



- 1) Jim Burrows – last known in Canada.
- 2) Bill (aka LoL) Errington. I met his elder brother at a social event for ‘Wear Down South’ (London branch of the Sunderland AFC Supporters Club). Bill was said to be retired from BT and living in North Wales.
- 3) Jo Gibbon. – I’m fairly sure it’s her as she was so like her brother.
- 4) Clifford Stubbs – I think! I’m not surprised he stands next to Terry Wiles, they were good mates and both from Burnhope.

I hope that this is helpful. It’s amazing what we remember from years ago, but forget what happened two days ago.

Thanks for a good read.

Jack Stephens. (Living in Basingstoke, Hants.)

Other replies to this photo :

- 1) **Elizabeth Hawkins:** I think that the lad in the middle of the back row is Jim Burrows. His younger sister, Wendy, went through school with me. The family lived at Greencroft.

- 2) **Bill (Lol) Errington:** I have a few of the missing names of the '59 Prizewinners. Claire should know more than me! (Full list, see below. Editor)
- 3) **Sheila Sheppard (nee Bell):** I was at SGS from '52 to '60. The class of '58 was definitely 5th Form, but not 5a, as this was my form. (Referring to the Mr Seed photo. Editor)

Your old school: 1958



The 'Prizewinners' photo is of the Lower Sixth 1958-1959. I can fill in a few of the names:

Alfie Farragher David
Hudspith Jimmy Burrows
Andy Webb Sandy Waggett
Peter Atkinson (U 6th) Terry
Wiles Clifford Stubbs Billy
Errington Ron Harrison
Frances Richardson
Margaret Baxter Joan
Cornell Michael Parker

Jo Gibbon Hazel Hunter Anita ? Sheila Bell(Me) Jean Rowe Claire
Flowers

Best Regards, Sheila

Isobel Jenkins (nee Harrison)

Dear Ted, The Newsletter as always makes enjoyable reading. Thank you, and thanks to Elizabeth too.

Re the photo – Mr Seed's Class 1958 :

My brother is on this photograph, on the second row, second from the right and looking quite debonair.

He is now Prof. Bob Harrison. He should be able to name them all!

(Howay man Bob! - Ted)

I can see Margaret Livesey front row, third from left.

My best wishes,

Isobel.

Thanks Isobel. I'll shame your Bob when next I see him.

The Wedding

Nicholas O'Loghlen Seccombe and Carol Brown tied the knot.



They were married at the Tyneside Film Theatre on the last day of April. Their 'Reception' was at the Hotel du Vin, and then they shot off to Italy for a couple of weeks.

We wish them well in their future life together.

Harry Baxter Tributes

Euan Ross

Thank you for another good read, including the Harry Baxter tribute. That information certainly caused a stir amongst his school contemporaries when a hunch led to my unearthing it by an internet search ten months after Harry's passing.

I still have a recording of Harry playing drums on my undergraduate suitcase, to Peter Atkinson's vocals and my piano, so don't be surprised at further support for Tanfield School's live-music initiative.

Best wishes,

Euan.

Bill Armstrong

Thanks again, really enjoyed the read, it brings back so many memories.

Harry Baxter and I both attended St. Aidan's Church in Annfield Plain. He was a year behind me, and our mothers were good friends.

So sad to hear of his death.

Bill.

Bob Roxborough

Following my little 'leg-pull' in Issue 37, Bob contacted me with a list of names for the group of lads.



Bob Roxborough, Arthur Colpitts, Ken Collins, Keith Marshall, Tommy Thompson.

Tom Smith, Peter Dyson, Richard Handsford, Brian Ash, Tony Atkinson, Jackie Elliot, Keith Wishart, Tommy Taylor, Don Reay.

Thanks Bob. All is forgiven!! - Ted

Barbara Davison

Thanks. Wonderful edition, very interesting articles.

Barbara