

War Memorial - Rededication at Reunion 1949



Last year we showed the original unveiling of the war memorial in 1920. Here we see the rededication of the memorial following the Second World War.

These two different accounts of the occasion are reproduced from the Crossleyan magazine (Volume XXX, no. 3), published in September 1949.

MY IMPESSIONS OF WHITSUNTIDE.
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During the short service, conducted by an old scholar, the Rev. T. H. Miller, I thought of the many Armistice Day services I had attended as a day-girl at the school, when the stone of this same cenotaph was still young and the tower clock overhead used to grind out so ponderously its 11 strokes. Now we gathered to remember the 30 men whose names newly appeared on the carved tablet inside the main entrance and who were represented on the cenotaph by the dates 1939-45. An unpretentious memorial, a brief, simple service with the trees in full leaf and Norland Moor sunlit beyond, but representative of many similar services held or

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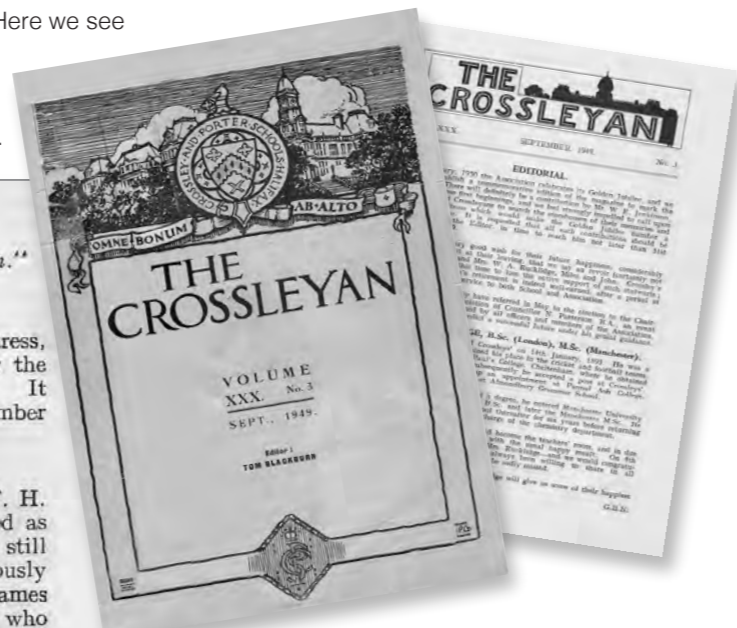
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Mr. G. B. Newport. A long list, a grievously long list, and every man known personally to him

Crossley House

Lunch had been served in the dining-hall, newly painted in cream and jade, and provided by the Education Committee with miniature table flowers and towering lupins at their short-lived best. After the usual school chatter of "Do you remember....?" and "What became of...?" it was pleasant to stroll down the Moor to Crossley House, which is the name now given to The Gleddings of ever-hospitable memory. Here the first Crossley



and Porter girl boarders under the new educational regime find a home, while the boys board nearby at Standeven House, once known to us as Ravenswood. Those of us who remember the chilly vastness of the old Zoo dormitory and Vanity Fair might well be lost in admiration of these well appointed rooms, lofty, spacious but not too huge to overawe the young boarder. I was pleased to see that where possible the height of the children had been provided for. The fine reproductions of Dutch Old Masters in the dining-room were hung at a level to be seen, the wash-basins were set low, the bookshelves also. I noticed, by the way, that some of these shelves were empty, and that as yet only the nucleus of a library of children's books has been got together.

Old and New

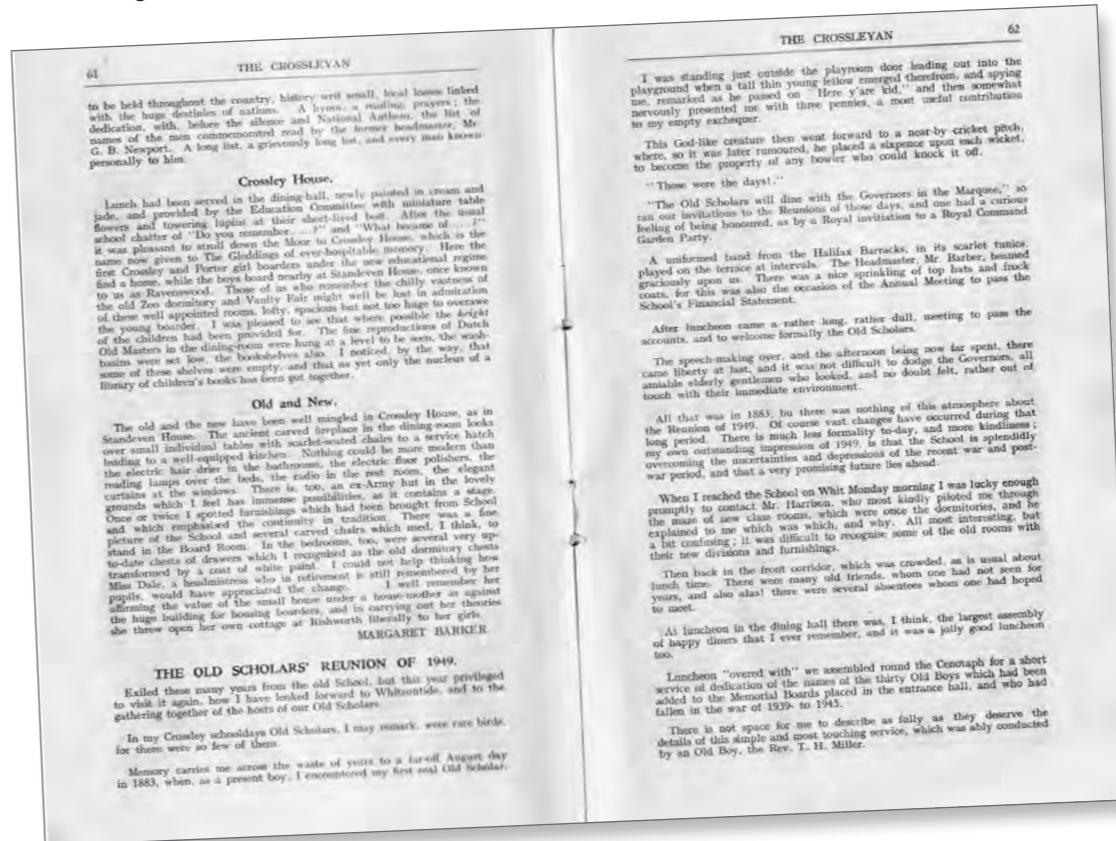
The old and the new have been well mingled in Crossley House, as in Standeven House. The ancient carved fireplace in the dining-room looks over small individual tables with scarlet-seated chairs to a service hatch leading to a well-

equipped kitchen. Nothing could be more modern than the electric hair drier in the bathrooms, the electric floor polishers, the reading lamps over the beds, the radio in the rest room, the elegant curtains at the windows. There is, too, an ex-Army hut in the lovely grounds which I feel has immense possibilities, as it contains a stage. Once or twice I spotted furnishings which had been brought from School and which emphasised the continuity in tradition. There was a fine picture of the School and several carved chairs which used, I think, to stand in the Board Room. In the bedrooms, too, were several very up-to-date chests of drawers which I recognised as the old dormitory chests transformed by a coat of white paint. I could not help thinking how Miss Dale, a headmistress who in retirement is still remembered by her pupils, would have appreciated the change. I well remember her affirming the value of the small house under a house-mother as against the huge building for housing boarders, and in carrying out her theories she threw open her own cottage at Rishworth liberally to her girls.

MARGARET BARKER

THE OLD SCHOLARS' REUNION OF 1949

Exiled these many years from the old School, but this year privileged to visit it again, how I have looked forward to Whitsuntide, and to the gathering together of the hosts of our Old Scholars.



In my Crossley schooldays Old Scholars, I may remark, were rare birds, for there were so few of them.

Memory carries me across the waste of years to a far-off August day in 1883, when, as a present boy, I encountered my first real Old Scholar.

I was standing just outside the playroom door leading out into the playground when a tall thin young fellow emerged therefrom, and spying me, remarked as he passed on "Here y'are kid," and then somewhat nervously presented me with three pennies, a most useful contribution to my empty exchequer.

This God-like creature then went forward to a near-by cricket pitch, where, so it was later rumoured, he placed a sixpence upon each wicket, to become the property of any bowler who could knock it off.

"Those were the days!"

"The Old Scholars will dine with the Governors in the Marquee," so ran our invitations to the Reunions of those days, and one had a curious feeling of being honoured, as by a Royal invitation to a Royal Command Garden Party.

A uniformed band from the Halifax Barracks, in its scarlet tunics, played on the terrace at intervals. The Headmaster, Mr. Barber, beamed graciously upon us. There was a nice sprinkling of top hats and frock coats, for this was also the occasion of the Annual Meeting to pass the School's Financial Statement.

After luncheon came a rather long, rather dull, meeting to pass the accounts, and to welcome formally the Old Scholars.

The speech-making over, and the afternoon being now far spent, there came liberty at last, and it was not difficult to dodge the Governors, all amiable elderly gentlemen who looked, and no doubt felt, rather out of touch with their immediate environment.

All that was in 1883, but there was nothing of this atmosphere about the Reunion of 1949. Of course vast changes have occurred during that long period. There is much less formality to-day, and more kindness; my own outstanding impression of 1949, is that the School is splendidly overcoming the uncertainties and depressions of the recent war and post-war period, and that a very promising future lies ahead.

When I reached the School on Whit Monday morning I was lucky enough promptly to contact Mr. Harrison, who most kindly piloted me through the maze of new class rooms, which were once the dormitories, and he explained to me which was which, and why. All most interesting, but a bit confusing; it was difficult to recognise some of the old rooms with their new divisions and furnishings.

Then back in the front corridor, which was crowded, as is usual about lunch time. There were many old friends, whom one had not seen for years, and also alas! there were several absentees whom one had hoped to meet.

At luncheon in the dining hall there was, I think, the largest assembly of happy diners that I ever remember, and it was a jolly good luncheon too.

Luncheon "overed with" we assembled round the Cenotaph for a short service of dedication of the names of the thirty Old Boys which had been added to the Memorial Boards placed in the entrance hall, and who had fallen in the war of 1939 to 1945.

There is not space for me to describe as fully as they deserve the details of this simple and most touching service, which was ably conducted by an Old Boy, the Rev. T. H. Miller.