



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - AUTUMN 2005

It is a sentiment every reader will share. How frightening is the passage of time. Once we longed for the school holidays to come around. How those six weeks of late July and August seemed to stretch almost endlessly ahead of us - blessed indolence and the pursuit of pleasure. Now it appears that weeks pass almost as quickly as days once did, and whole seasons are gone almost before we notice their arrival. I write in what feels like the first true week of autumn. Did the Ashes series really happen? The magnificent, heroic Flintoff is already preparing himself for a new contest in Australia. How exhilarating it is to welcome a truly sporting colossus, in every meaning of that word. How we could have done with such a figure in those epic encounters - School v Staff - in those far-off, halcyon days. Enough of dreams and mundane philosophy. On to business.

In general, I think the Newsletter will answer most queries. As Tarzan Williams used to state with vigour: 'Dates do matter and, if a boy has a head like a colander, so much the worse for its owner!' So it is that, thanks to my good friend Gordon Richards, we have provided some vital dates for your diary. The Summer Reunion exceeded our expectations with a record attendance. I hope and believe that our Christmas Reunion is going to prove to be our most successful event yet. It would not surprise me if we approached the 150 total. It is, after all, the season for old friends to get together and, in collaboration with Flight. Ref. Social Club, Gordon has provided a splendid menu for our pleasure. It would be especially pleasing if we could see considerable numbers of year groups on tables. So, may I suggest you ring round, drop a line here and there, and try to ensure a bumper turn-out.

The Newsletter contains most of the usual features and one or two new ideas. Do let me know if you enjoy reading through the pages - or not, as the case may be. It is a lonely feeling at times, sitting at a typewriter, wondering if you are providing some small entertainment and knowledge. Unlike being on a platform or a stage, there is no immediate feed-back. Still, if I do not hear the occasional chuckle, nor do I hear the anguished groan.

Our raffle proceeds, from the summer and Christmas collection, will be passed on to the admirable Dorset & Somerset Air Ambulance. So, please buy lots of tickets when you come along. It is an excellent cause.

As ever, the members of the Committee will be working tirelessly in their various capacities. Their reward is your enjoyment of our gatherings. We all hope that everyone will pass a few very happy hours together on December 3 in the most congenial of company. I cannot remember if I have offered this fine observation from the estimable Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Lichfield and London, on a previous occasion. If I have, forgive me, but his words bear repetition. If I have not, then measure their worth. *'I count myself in nothing else so fortunate as in a soul remembering my good friends.'* A most appropriate thought for the season, don't you think?

Compliments, Alan R Bennett

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS in 2006

Saturday, July 8

Saturday, December 2

THE REUNION ON SATURDAY, 9 JULY

The following is a list of those members (and spouses, where known) who attended:

Michael Aiken, Alan Bennett, Kenneth Bernthal, Les Bishop, Nick Bishop, Rex Breach, Frances Burden, Eunice Carnall, Paul Charman, Pam Charman, Michael Clift, Mervyn Coombs, Roy Dacombe, John Dacombe, John Dare, Janet Davidson, Brian Davis, Peter Douch, Joyce Downton, Tom Edwards, Faith Elford, Alan Evans, Brian Evans, Peter Eyres, Richard Ferguson, David Finnemore, Douglas Foyle, Edgar Francis, John Froud, Tony Gould, Gail Greenfield, John Guy, Frank Hackforth, Bill Haskell, Len Hawker, Maurice Herridge, Donald Hibberd, John Horsey, Rod Hurt, Carolyn Kamcke, Kay Herridge, Patrick Keeping, Eric Leeson, Alan Maitland, June Maitland, Vic Moss, Jennifer Moss, Ken Nicklen, Fay Nicklen, Wilfred Palmer, Charles Palmer, Peter Pardy, Roy Perry, Eric Parke, Len Pearce, Diana Pearce, Terry Randall, Betty Read, Gordon Richards, Ester Richards, John Richmond, Brian Richmond, John Riggs, Ray Scott, Frank Shears, Elsie Shears, Kenneth Smart, Derek Stevens, Jill Strong, Anne Sweeny, Cynthia Tanner, Ken Taylor, John Webley, Geoffrey Welch, Robert Williamson, Eddie Wood, Mrs Eddie Wood, Beryl Wythers, Rodney Smith.

(We hope we have omitted no one. We also hope no names are incorrectly spelt. Several members did bring guests whose names have not been included for obvious reasons. There were several members who paid but did not actually appear. We regret their non-appearance but it did mean several gourmets within our ranks, or perhaps I should say gourmands, were able to enjoy 'second helpings' - thus rekindling sweet memories of the QEGS canteen!)

APOLOGIES AND OTHER MATTERS

Several members sent word regretting their inability to attend - for a variety of reasons. Ill-health, holidays, family commitments, etc. No one actually sent word from any of Her Majesty's penal institutions, though week-end release schemes may have enabled one or two to get along without embarrassment. Anyway, thanks for lots of kind words and exhibiting the courtesy of writing to the following: **Peter Moss, Leonard Stacey, Caroline Jennings, Bob Flippant, Michael White, John Moorman, Bill Gibbs, Peter Kingswell, Patricia Van de Velde, Sue Lawrence.**

This also seems a suitable moment to thank **John Moorman** for a very generous donation to our funds, plus several other members who added contributions over and beyond their subscriptions.

It was also pleasant to receive a few words of support from one very distinguished old boy, namely the golfing legend **Peter Alliss**. Having a browse in a bookshop recently through the opening pages of Peter's autobiography, I understand he remained not long at QEGS following an uneasy relationship with a certain headmaster.

Notwithstanding distant unfortunate memories, I hope we may persuade the ever youthful and genial Peter to call by at one of our reunions one day. He would certainly be a most welcome guest. How about it, Peter?

MEMBERSHIP AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

This is a difficult topic. It was extensively discussed at several Committee meetings before our decision in the spring of this year to prune our list. However, we were unanimously agreed that it was appropriate that paid-up members only should continue to receive the Newsletter. At the time of writing just under 300 members have paid their subscriptions, either by cheque or standing order. That leaves in excess of 100 individuals who have failed to send in payment. It is a source of regret to me and other members of the Committee that the names of the latter are now on a separate list of 'former Old Winburnians'. We do intend to retain those names and addresses in the hope that many will get back in touch with us and renew their subscriptions. There are, in addition, about 36 members whose subscriptions lapsed only in July - some of whom had joined us for the first time only in the preceding months. Also among the 36 names are some of our stalwarts, who regularly attend the Reunions and whose contributions feature in our Correspondence section. I strongly suspect a number of them are not even sure if they have signed standing order forms, or whether they have paid beyond this summer. We are including an extra reminder, therefore, with the current Newsletter to jog memories. I am certain quite a few would be very disappointed, even offended, if they failed to receive the Newsletter - and the invitation to the next Reunion - after years of regular subscription. Personally, I regard it as a failure on my part when we lose members. A failure to make the Newsletter sufficiently interesting, a failure to attract individuals to our gatherings. Of course, some drift away for a variety of personal motives. But I do hope we can regain many of those whose names are now on the 'ex-members' list. On the positive side, we do have a flourishing core membership and we are still attracting fresh faces. That is very gratifying, but I would ask all our paid-up members to check with some of their old friends if they suspect they have 'fallen by the wayside' in recent months. And, of course, to continue to encourage others to come and join us amongst those who have previously hesitated, or simply have not had the time to spare in busy lives.

STUART HIBBERD (1893-1983)

In the last Newsletter I promised that we would include a feature on **Stuart Hibberd**, one of the most famous broadcasters of his time. I am indebted to two people for what follows, his relative, **Donald Hibberd** (36-45) and **Diana Moss** (55-61). I would also- thank **Alan Chalmers** (44-48) for forwarding Donald's family history to me.

It is a slightly complicated story, in this sense. When I was at the grammar school in the 1950s I always understood that **Stuart Hibberd** WAS an old boy, just as I KNEW **Richard Todd** and **Lionel Jefferies** were old boys. There was no doubt. However, in Donald's account there is a doubt. A part of the problem lies in the period when **Stuart Hibberd** was a school-boy. Born in 1893 he would have attended QEGS before the Great War. I looked up his details in an old Who's Who and, as Donald would confirm, it seems he attended Weymouth College. But no dates are given so he may have studied at that institution AFTER the grammar school. Enter **Diana Moss**, responding to my notice in the previous Newsletter. At this point, I am going to quote directly from Diana's letter. It makes fascinating reading.

*'My first memory of **Stuart Hibberd** was his comforting, golden voice on the radio during the early 1950s, when his Friday afternoon 'Silver Linings' programme was always introduced by the tune 'Dear Lord and Father of Mankind, forgive our foolish ways . . .' I was, therefore, rather in awe of him some years later when he visited our house, shortly after my mother had opened a small rest home for the elderly called 'Niger Lodge' in Colehill. He and his wife were pleased to find such a homely place, and his mother was duly admitted.*

***Stuart Hibberd** and his wife visited fairly often . . . He was most interested to hear that I attended QEGS and TOLD ME THAT HE TOO HAD BEEN A PUPIL THERE AS A BOY, adding that it had no doubt changed a lot since then. Alas, I was too shy to ask all the questions I was dying to ask of him, although I did manage to get his autograph on the back of an old envelope to add to my collection'*

Diana went on to describe various incidents, some highly entertaining, concerning the old lady, before she became too ill to remain with them and was transferred to a more suitable institution. So it appears, from what Diana has written, that the great man definitely WAS a pupil at QEGS in the early years of the twentieth century. It is certainly an intriguing addition to our knowledge and to Donald's admirable and fascinating family history.

I propose now to quote directly from that history. Donald writes: *'When I first met Stuart he was living in Devon and 75 years old. At the time I was working on the Hibberd family tree and Stuart kindly agreed to answer some of my questions It seems he married Alice Mary Chichester in 1923 though the marriage was childless. A l i c e died in 1977 and Stuart was left to manage 1 1/2 acres of garden and to fend for himself. Stuart loved flowers and possessed a beautiful collection of pictures of birds he had collected over the years. On one occasion he read some poetry to us, beautifully enunciated.*

*Regarding his working years, to gain an insight into this part of his life, one needs to read his book '**This is London**', published by McDonald and Evans but now out of print. The book was composed from Stuart's diary entries written up each 24 hours and covering a 25 year period from 1924-49. He was working for the BBC in 1924 under Lord Reith in the pioneering days at Savoy Hill As a broadcaster he was very particular about the spoken word and did not advise speaking in sentences that were too long. Although TV was beginning to make an impact he believed radio would still continue to flourish - how true!*

In 1983 I travelled to his memorial service at All Souls Church, Langham Place in London. I met many other Hibberd family members and friends who were there to give thanks for his life.'

In a postscript Donald added that he subsequently discovered that after Weymouth College (and QEGS!) Stuart attended St. John's College, Cambridge, as a choral scholar. During the Great War he joined the Dorset Regiment and served in Gallipoli. One of his nephews, **William Raymond Hibberd**, also attended QEGS.

And so we come to the end of a remarkable journey - it has for me proved to be a fascinating detective puzzle. I feel greatly indebted to Donald and, latterly, to Diana for their help. **Stuart Hibberd** was a famous and distinguished man in the early days of the BBC and during the Second World war when everyone listened at every opportunity to the radio. He was also a highly civilised and cultivated man, yet a kind and modest figure, by all accounts. As Donald described earlier in the Hibberd family history, Stuart's grandfather was the 13th of 15 children. His father was twice married and raised a total of 10 children, Andrew Stuart being the last, born in 1895. Most of the family were engaged in farming locally. That one of Britain's greatest broadcasters should emerge from such an unlikely background is, in itself, extraordinary. It is also a tribute both to the man and the family that nurtured him. It must

also be a source of pride that in those last days of Edwardian England, just before the world was to suffer such a catastrophe, a young fellow made his way up King Street to our old school to attend lessons that were to set him on the road to great achievement.

I have enjoyed this little piece of detection. I hope my readers will feel some of that same pleasure as they follow the story of a remarkable man.

P.S I cannot help but wonder what both **Stuart Hibberd** and **Lord Reith** who set such high standards, and entertained such grand hopes at the BBC, would think of much of today's broadcasting. I am certain they would hugely admire such figures as the **Dimblebys** and **John Humphreys** who use language so well and possess old-fashioned integrity. What they would make of some others, such as the appalling **Sara Cox** with their 'estuary' English and coarseness, I hate to think!

THE 'BISHOP CONNECTION'

There can be few local families who have been as well represented at QEGS (or, more recently, at QE, Pamphill) as the **Bishop** dynasty. That one or two bear, or have borne, other names such as '**Gibbs**' or '**Cornick**' or, in the female line, their married names, is neither here nor there. The truth is beyond dispute. There was seldom a moment in the past 100 years or so, when there was not a **Bishop** in our once illustrious academic emporium either filling his/her head with useful/useless facts, or causing mayhem.

Fred Gibbs entered the school c1905; he later became a teacher and Headmaster of Lytchett Matravers Council School.

Ernest Bishop left the school and became a rating officer.

Sydney Bishop left the school to join the Gas Board, served with REME and finally went to live on Hayling Island.

John Bishop entered a solicitor's office before joining the RAF. He eventually became the senior Warrant Officer of the RAF. He lived in Southampton upon retirement.

Charles E. Bishop was another to work for the Gas Board, besides seeing service in the Infantry (Somerset). He arrived in Europe soon after D Day, later returning to the same occupation.

Arthur Bishop worked briefly in a solicitor's office and then joined the Dorset Police. Eventually became Chief Superintendent, Poole Division. Later he became Head of Security with SEB. (*Arthur was a Bishop I knew very well. May I add that he had a store of anecdotes and jokes, not all entirely respectable, to be compared with Ken Dodd. He would regale the fellow customers of the Barley Mow with such stories with great zest. Frequently I missed the punch-line because Arthur was laughing so much!*)

William F.E. Gibbs (40-47) After National Service in Malaya, William attended Southampton University and later taught. In due course he entered educational administration in various locations, becoming Chief Education Officer in Kingston-upon-Thames. More recently he has been involved in exam board work.

Len Bishop gained a scholarship to Sherborne, served in the army, lives now in Salford.

Michael Cornick did his National Service with the RAF police, then entered the Dorset Police. He now lives in Bournemouth.

David F Gibbs also entered the Dorset Police, later transferred to the Derbyshire Police, reaching the rank of Chief Superintendent.

Les Bishop (54-61) (son of Charles) attended college in London (*living in Larkhall Rise, Clapham, SW4, a mere stone's throw from where Yours Truly also spent 4 years of his life*). Les travels extensively in his role as a heating and ventilation engineer, having supervised many major projects. He was another habitue of the Barley Mow until a good woman, Christine, instilled some discipline into his degenerate existence.

Maureen Viney (56-61) (daughter of Ernest) worked in banking, now lives in Plymouth.

Mary Pope (daughter of Charles) entered nursing, becoming a sister at Kings College Hospital. Mary married a GP and now lives in Edinburgh.

Elizabeth Bishop (daughter of Les) left QE a couple of years ago, now at university.

That is quite a record. Alas, the dates were not always available for their attendance at QEGS but it represents an almost unbroken link for nearly a century. If any other family has similar connections, do let me know. Actually, what a respectable lot the Bishops seem to have been - the police, education, medicine, the armed services, the public utilities, engineers. But, oddly, no clergymen! Were there NO BLACK SHEEP anywhere in their ranks? I want the truth, ladies and gentlemen of the clan Bishop, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

MAGICAL MINSTER TOUR

A few weeks ago **DIANA MOSS (NEE ANDERSON)** (55-61) submitted an article on her home town to the Daily Echo which was published under the above title, together with a series of photographs. I thought it would prove interesting for our readers, not least those living more distantly. I suspect many will find Diana's words bring back fond memories. It is with her kind permission, therefore, that I reproduce that piece for you.

I was brought up just out-side Wimborne. This picturesque place nestles in the water meadows of the River Stour, just north of the confluence of the River Allen. Living in central Colehill. I walked to school, first cutting down a small footpath unseen from the road, emerging on to Rowlands Hill opposite the quaintly named road of Giddylake. Turning left to proceed down the hill I note the view towards Badbury Rings, an Iron Age hill fort situated some five miles outside of town.

Further down the hill, my first view of the town itself is from across the cricket club field where the Minster, with its surrounding elderly buildings, nestle in lush pastureland. Passing Lewens, an elegant Wimborne house, I turn right into Park Lane. On the corner of this and East Street was Langers saddlery. Opposite was the photographic studio of S F "Jimmy" James.

Passing three more shop fronts, I saunter over the bridge spanning the River Allen. This bridge is unusual as its railings are shaped like a line of upward pointing arrows.

Ambling past more shops, the pavement narrows as I skirt Wimborne's oldest inhabited house, built in the 16th century. Here is Grammar School Lane.

Alas! The school buildings are no more. No riotous playground noises greet me, as today this site has been converted into a small, yet tastefully designed, housing estate.

What was referred to as the "old" building had a preservation order imposed on it before being converted into nine flats, each named after a former head-master of the school.

Opposite this complex is St Cuthburga's, Wimborne Minster, the church that stands proudly over the town.

Begun in the 11th century, building continued into the 12th and 13th centuries. The western town was added in the 15th century. Both towers are "capped", thus making Wimborne Minster instantly recognisable.

Inside Norman pillars and arches lead to the chancel. Under the west tower is the astronomical clock dated about 1320. Its dial has the earth fixed at the centre with the sun, moon and stars revolving around it.

In the south choir aisle a narrow spiral staircase leads to the Chained Library, founded 300 years ago for the free use of Wimborne citizens. It contains about 350 books, most of which are attached to the shelves by chains to prevent their removal. Local workhouse children probably made these chains.

Outside, high on its west tower is the Quarter Jack, a wooden soldier, who chimes the quarter hours on two bells.

I attended Queen Elizabeth I grammar school, which is closely associated with the Minster. The origin of the school was the foundation in 1497 of a chantry in Wimborne Minster by Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII. (Lady Margaret was probably born at Kingston Lacy House). Later, Elizabeth I, Lady Margaret's granddaughter, granted a charter.

Looking diagonally from the Minster across its green is the Priest's House Museum, probably the oldest domestic house in the town. It is a wonderful place holding mementoes of the past, from the ancient to relatively modern ration books.

Behind this is a beautiful walled garden, the only one of many similar High Street gardens to have survived in its original form. Ending down by the River Allen it is the perfect place to rest on a hot summer day.



THEATRE LAND: A major asset – the much-loved Tivoli

Magical Minster tour

By **Diana Moss**

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West Borough, just off The Square hosts the Tivoli, a small cinema. As a child, I remember queuing to see films there. Later it was closed down, but has since been lovingly restored and again shows films as well as serving the local amateur dramatic club by staging their productions.

The Kings Head hotel dominates Wimborne Square.

There is more to the town than first meets the eye. When, about 20 years ago, old buildings were knocked down, opening the way to small arcades of shops in their place, I didn't like the idea at all. However, wandering around the area these days, I can see that the town has actually benefited. These arcades have opened up old parts of Wimborne that weren't on show before. They entice visitors to come, wander and tarry.

There is something magical about these ancient cloistered places, inviting one to linger over coffee, admire window displays, and no doubt, part with hard earned cash on some item you'll treasure forever!

Shopping in Wimborne is a pleasant experience, as there are various gift shops, plus those that sell crafts, clothes, jewellery and pottery to enjoy browsing in each one.

Children will always enjoy a visit to Wimborne's model town. Situated just off King Street, it is a one-tenth scaled model of the town centre, completed in 1956, showing the shops and buildings just as they were then. Wimborne is steeped in tradition. There is a full calendar of events. During the May Day weekend maypole dancing takes place; the Cornmarket frequently hosts Morris dancers.

Often there is traditional barn dancing, art and craft exhibitions, as well as the annual procession and carnival.

Wimborne Folk Festival takes place over a full weekend in June when streets are closed to traffic and the town is alive with music and dancing.

Candlelit evenings are held in Wimborne's model town; Dreamboat racing (rowing) takes place on the river, Wimborne Flower Festival; to mention just a few activities!

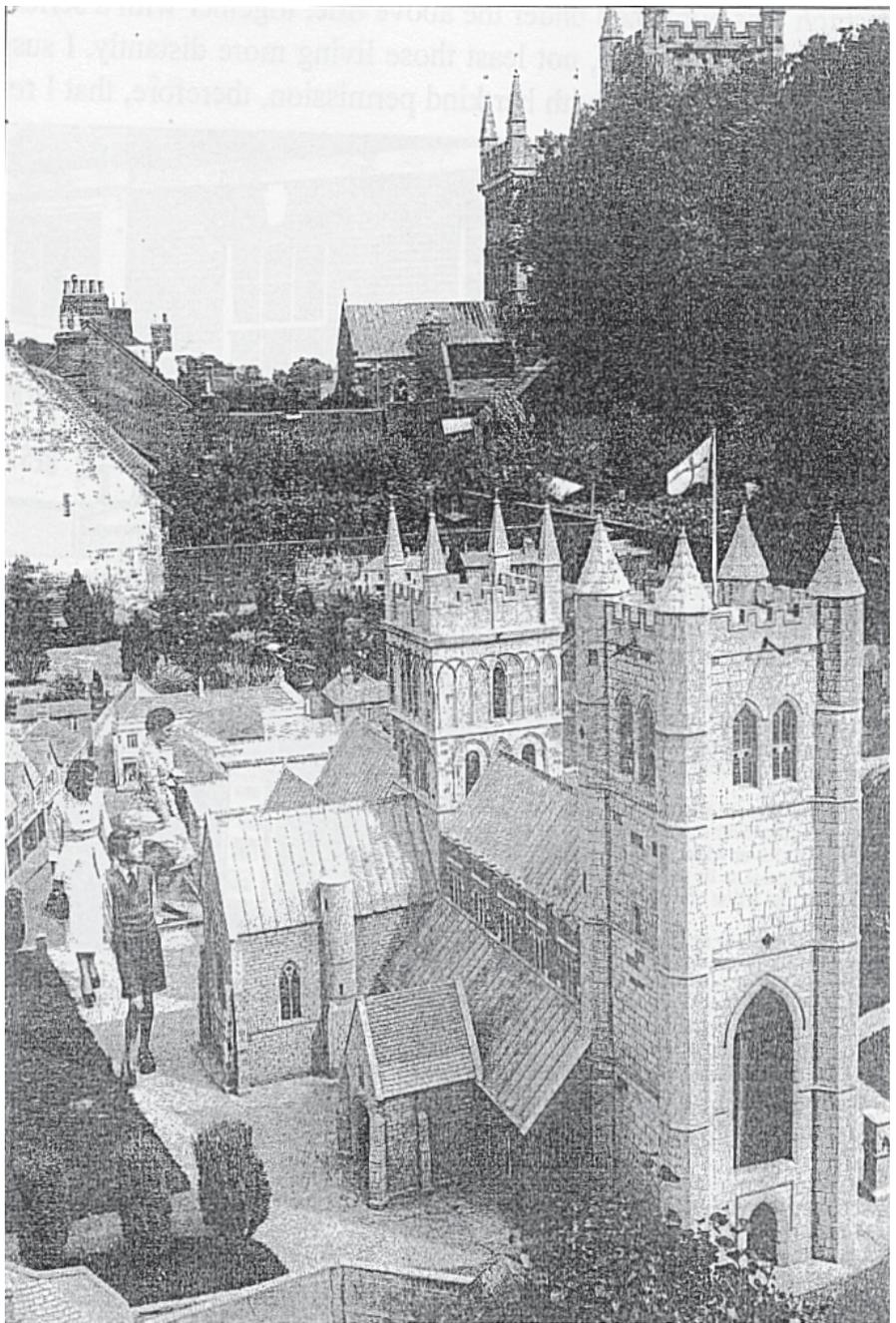
Of course around Christmas time there is plenty going on.

I ask myself why I left the area when there is obviously so much happening!

When I was at school, Wimborne frequently got very congested by heavy traffic. Now there is a by-pass around the town and although the outskirts have since been built on, the town centre remains unspoilt.

Probably not many people are aware of this beautiful place so full of history and character. It has so much to offer, with the New Forest to the east and the remainder of the varying and beautiful Dorset countryside to the west.

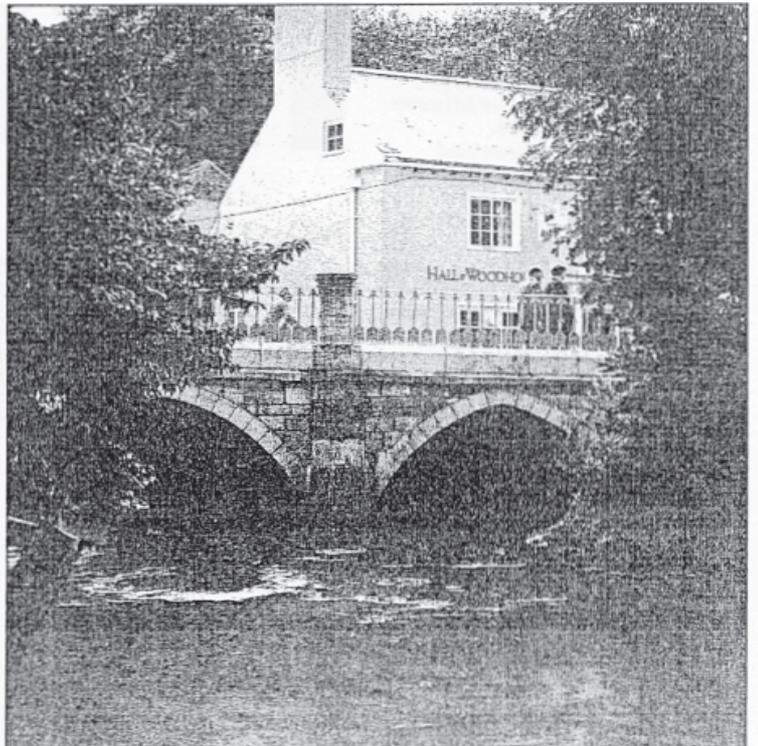
I can certainly recommend a visit!



ALWAYS IN VIEW: One of the capped towers



ELEGANCE ALL AROUND: One of the fine buildings



TRANQUIL WATERS: The arrow bridge over the River Allen

WIMBORNE NEWS

I thought it might be of particular interest to more distant members, at home and overseas, to make occasional reference to local happenings, of greater or lesser consequence. What follows is, therefore, in no particular order of importance and I have made no attempt to go into any depth.

As everyone will know, **our dear old Victorian school** was converted into a number of highly desirable residences some 20 or so years ago. No 4, Queen Elizabeth Court, Grammar School Lane, recently came on to the market at a price of £350,000. I quote from the estate agent's particulars: *'Formerly the entrance to the assembly hall of the grammar school, many original features including vaulted ceilings, original stone mullion windows, splendid vaulted dining-room, second floor gallery landing . . .'* etc. Alas, too expensive for Yours Truly. I wonder if at night one hears any ghosts - the screams of boys being thrashed, or the appalling singing that so often characterised those morning assemblies with one of Messrs. Barnaby, Clark or Neil hammering on the ancient ivories?

Wimborne Town cricket ground - Hanham's remains under threat from developers. Dean's Court, the Hanham's home, does need a lot of money spent on it but, it is to be hoped, an alternative means of raising money to furnish those improvements will emerge - and the threat to the ground will disappear. The town surely must not lose such a wonderful open, green space in its very heart.

The closure of **'Something Different'**, the **Budden's family butchery business** (a butcher's since 1770, it seems) in the Square will leave just ONE butcher in the town, other than the supermarket. It is to become an optician's business! With just one baker (though the bread and cakes, are not locally-baked) one greengrocer (just hanging on according to the owner), one butcher - Wimborne's town centre has changed radically in the past 50 years. A combination of high rents charged by landlords, rates and the impact of supermarkets has changed the town - and not for the better, in the opinion of many. I suspect **Diana Moss** would agree in this particular respect.

Plans to pedestrianise part of the Square, in the hope of introducing a more 'continental' feeling, have been temporarily shelved following a rather unsatisfactory public consultation process. It will happen in the fulness of time, I suspect. **Anthony Oliver and his wife Christine**, together with their valiant band of helpers, have once again succeeded in ensuring success for the town with their **'Wimborne in Bloom'** efforts. Over the years, largely because of the inspirational leadership of Anthony, Wimborne has won a number of regional competitions. It is commonplace, especially in the spring and summer, to see Anthony and his helpers around the town, often in the early morning, working to make the town look quite splendid. They deserve huge credit. I am certain that if **'Motty'** was still around, he would be playing a major role in beautifying the town he loved so dearly. Everyone will be delighted to know that the **Tivoli**, so brilliantly restored and saved a decade ago thanks very much to the efforts of **Malcolm Angel**, is enjoying a new lease of life. It opened on the same day as the major cinemas with the release of *Pride and Prejudice* and played to House Full notices for nearly a fortnight. In the past decade it has featured many major artists and touring productions and has become a central part of the cultural life of the community. So many of us visited the cinema/theatre in days long gone - special film shows, Speech Days, the 'first date' in the back rows, etc. It is good to see it flourishing again.

Finally, a note from the gossip columns! **Lord Wimborne**, not that he lives here, featured in a recent piece regarding his love life. I quote: *'Viscount Wimborne, 36, lives in Paris, Kensington and Ashby St. Ledgers, his family's stately home in Northamptonshire. He lives with Miss Grace Jones, the lady with the androgynous appearance who 25 years ago is best known for attacking chat-show host, Russell Harty, live on screen when he upset her by ignoring her briefly. Miss Jones, 52, yesterday attacked a female train manager on Channel Tunnel Eurostar . . .'* Well, they say a leopard never changes his/her spots!

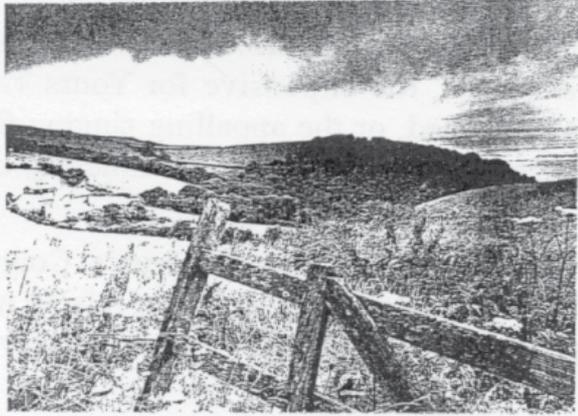
Actually, a few years ago I met Lord Wimborne, who was then a record producer, and he was a very pleasant young fellow. Since the sale of Canford Manor before the Second World War, which was their local family seat, the Wimborne family have spent little time here and the previous Lord Wimborne lived mostly in Paris. I don't know what **Diana Moss** thinks - does the town of Wimborne really come after Paris and Kensington as a desirable place to live?!

More Wimborne and district news in the next issue. I hope some of our more distant members will tell me if they appreciate this section. And our locals too, of course.

A POEM FOR AUTUMN

I was delighted to receive just a few days ago a poem written by the OW's oldest surviving member, **WILFRED PALMER** (22-28). Wilfred was inspired to write as he sat on the cliff-tops near his home in Branksome. I am sure all our readers will wish to congratulate Wilfred on his splendid use of language and imagery. Definitely something of Thomas Hardy in the tone of the poem and sentiments expressed. Not a bad master to emulate, Wilfred.

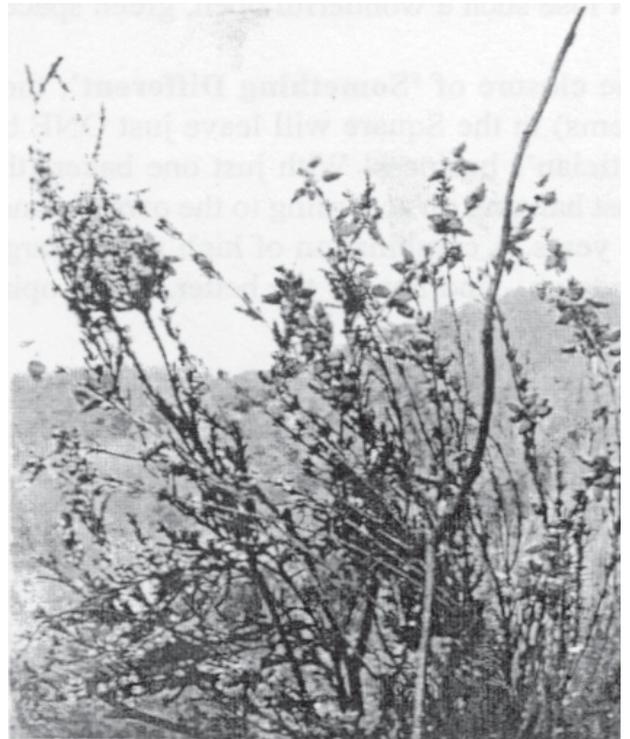
Summer's Passing



*What stuff doth fickle summer have,
To fade away so soon,
To urge the purple heather, so swiftly into bloom;
Then stain the fronds of verdant fern
With colours, brown and yellow;
Those harbingers of doom.*

*The bramble flowers, so prim and white,
Whose expectations were so bright,
Are fading now, in Autumn's light:
Their passing tho' will bring delight,
In shining berries, black as night.*

*And; so it is in many ways,
That beauty, such a passing phrase,
Will in its turn give way anew,
To beauties of a different hue;
Fulfilling nature's true intent,
'Gainst which we are, so impotent.*



W. Palmer

DESERT ISLAND DISCS

On this occasion I invited my old friends, **David Singleton** and **Vic Moss** and his wife **Jenny** to make their choices. Both David and Vic lived within half a mile of mile of me when we were growing up in the Upton/Lytchett Minster area. David's passion for the Dixieland jazz of the Deep South was well known to me at an early age. Indeed, I recall listening to some of David's collection of well-worn 78s on an old wind-up gramophone in his garage. My preference for Sinatra, Johnnie Ray and Nat Cole left him lamenting my lack of taste

As for Vic, he was a few years my junior so I was unfamiliar with his preferences. His choice of Bill Haley, of course, is very significant because the arrival of Haley and Presley heralded the end of the glory days of the big Bands. Anyway, I am sure our readers will be intrigued by their choices which will surely stimulate some interesting debate at our next reunion.

DAVE SINGLETON (1951-57)

1. **Cakewalking Babies from Home** by the **Red Onion Jazz Babies**. This 1924 group featured **Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet**. The infectious, driving rhythm, with brilliant breaks by the two principals, makes this one of the most exciting pieces of traditional jazz in the genre. Few who heard me as an

enthusiastic, if only marginally competent, cornet player in our QEGS Dixieland band would be surprised at that choice.

2. **French Suite No. 5 in G-major by J.S. Bach (BMV 816)**. I am partial to the piano version by the late **Glenn Gould**. I like this for some of the same reasons as no. 1, driving rhythm and brilliant melodic themes.
3. **Potato Head Blues by Louis Armstrong's Hot Seven**. Here is **Armstrong** at the height of his powers, with an intensely emotional clarinet solo from **Johnny Dodds** - one of the true jazz classics.
4. **Trumpet Voluntary by John Stanley**. My enthusiasm for trumpet music will by now be obvious. I am particularly fond of that from the late 17th and early 18th centuries and I have chosen this little gem to represent that period.
5. **Dr. Jazz by Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers**. I couldn't omit this extraordinary group. Again rhythm and wonderful melodic breaks are key components. **Morton's** jocular vocal introduces the theme and the supple clarinet work of **Omer Simeon** stands out.
6. **Clarinet Quintet (K581) by Mozart**. The sheer beauty of this work makes it indispensable.
7. **Enigma Variations by Elgar**. Listening to the "Nimrod" conjures up vistas of English countryside for me. It is an orgy of nostalgia.
8. **Poetic Works by Dylan Thomas**, read by the author. My version contains **A Child's Christmas in Wales**, **Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night** and **Fern Hill**, among others.

My book choice is **A Short History of Nearly Everything** by **Bill Bryson**. He manages to make the most esoteric subjects understandable and is particularly good at introducing the personalities behind major discoveries. It is a book that I expect to be able to read over and over.

I have agonized over these choices. So many favorites left out! King Oliver's Band! What about Haydn symphonies? Mozart operas? Schubert? My list would probably be different if I compiled it tomorrow!

VIC MOSS (58-62) & JENNY MOSS (NEE DAY) (56-62)

(At one point Vic considered that my number of choices should be less than his, but in the spirit of equal opportunities here are our even number of memorable favourites! Jenny.)

VIC'S MUSICAL CHOICES:

1. **Rock around the clock - Bill Haley and the Comets**. This was my first record which was bought for me by my neighbour **Auntie Kit**.
2. **Nessun Dorma - Caruso**. My Dad, **W.G. Moss** (of BDH fame) would sing this unaccompanied in the bathroom or in the kitchen on Sundays - his pathos was terrific!
3. **The Sultans of Swing - Dire Straits**. This reminds me of when the children were all small and we would mime to the tapes pretending to be a rock band.
4. Soundtrack to **Last of the Mohicans**. First visit to a 'surround sound' cinema. The volume brought me up to date with a jerk - memories of the Tivoli faded!!

JENNY'S MUSICAL CHOICES:

1. **Gee, Officer Krupke** - from the soundtrack of **West Side Story**. This was the second time Vic and I went 'on a date' to the Electric Cinema in Commercial Road in Bournemouth. I understand Officer Krupke's problems as I have been working with similarly challenging young people ever since!
2. **It had to be you - Rod Stewart - The Great American Songbook**. My Dad had the most enormous collection of 78s which he used to play loudly on the radiogramme whilst singing along - this was the one I remember the best, though of course **Rod Stewart** wasn't the singer.
3. **Lets get married - The Proclaimers**. When our younger son Tom was getting married to Kate, both Vic and I wanted this played at the reception. The rest of the children, all now adults, said NO, our choice was just too embarrassing! It turns out they wouldn't have minded at all!
4. **Nine million bicycles in Beijing - Katie Melua**. This is bang up to date and don't know why I like it so much but the music is plaintive and somewhat evocative and the words just say it all. No Beethoven or Mozart here, just memories . . . Just like our book choice - a joint choice '**Fantastic Mr Fox**' by **Roald Dahl**. We read this to the children when we all had the flu and we took it in turns to read because our headaches were so bad. The names Boggis, Bunce and Bean are engraved forever in our memories!

100 NOT OUT - AND STILL BATTING !

Just before going to print I received a cutting from the New Milton Advertiser & Lymington Times with a photograph of a young gentleman named **Howard Barker**, who is a resident of the Linden House retirement home in Lymington. It was sent to me by **Richard Ferguson** (42-49) who was just about to go off on holiday when he came upon the news item. It seems our young friend, **Howard Barker**, taught at QEGS, probably in the early years of the war. Remarkable to relate, Mr. Barker was not too damaged by his years of service at the school for he has just celebrated his 100th birthday. Richard writes that he did not personally recall the gentleman but, no doubt, some of our members will remember him. Since Richard was dashing off on holiday and this represents almost my last item in the current issue, I hope to hear the outcome of Richard's promised visit to see the old teacher upon his return. Thanks, Richard, and I promise to include any more news of our centenarian next time. Meanwhile, anyone with any memories of Mr. Barker, please do write to me and I will forward them to Richard. Like all of us, I do sometimes wonder what happened to those of our teachers who moved away and of whom we have no definite news. Most, of course, are now long since departed. But, anyone else with news, do let us know.

CORRESPONDENCE

PERCY HOLLOWAY (late 30s - early 40s)

It was delightful to receive word from Percy. I quote directly from his letter: 'As school organist for several years I followed **E. Benham** in 1940, assisted by **Fred Bailey** and **Anthony Henning**. I was inspired by **A.R. Jolly**, especially by his rendering of Chopin (on a very tired old piano) and I loved '**Daddy**' **Eyres** playing the Harrison organ. He taught the School song around 1938-39 and used the curious word 'Chowbacon' (Stupid Boy!) - I've never heard it before or since. I've often wondered what happened to **Bob Howard** - he was my faithful organ blower who always seemed to be there.' (*Does anyone have news of Bob Howard? What far-off days, in one sense, yet so fresh in Percy's thoughts.*)

TOM EDWARDS (33-40)

Another very interesting letter arrived from Tom. Once again, I shall simply reproduce his words. 'It is remarkable how other peoples' reminiscences bring back memories - some of which you wish you had forgotten. Like those ghastly cross country runs recalled by **Peter Pardy**. If he was far behind, I was right at the end - and very muddy! Back to that dreadful little changing room in the road opposite the tuck shop - no showers! Reading how **Edgar Benham** played the organ for assemblies reminds me that we had an Art/Music master, one **Mr. Jolly**, who played for assemblies in 1939 - 40. He was a very kind and sensitive teacher but I think he did not stay long. I used to pump the organ for him and, as countries fell to Hitler at the beginning of the war, he would play the National Anthem before assembly. In my day **Bevis** was CSM of the School Cadet Corps. He was commissioned into the Chuskas(?) and I met him briefly after the war in Guildford, where we both lived, but I don't know what became of him.' (*A fascinating letter, Tom, for which many thanks. It brings back that extraordinary period in our history when, but for the heroism and brilliance of The Few - and others like them - we might have fallen under the vile jackboot of those Nazi thugs. Incidentally, just a couple of days ago I was in London and went along to see the monument in honour of our Battle of Britain pilots, unveiled by Prince Charles only recently. It is magnificent and deeply moving and I would urge everyone to make the pilgrimage to the Victoria Embankment. It is a fitting tribute, not only to the pilots, but the ground crew and the civilians who lived through that terrible time. Anyway, thank you, Tom, for reminding us of the spirit of those like Mr. Jolly playing the National Anthem. I am sure Captain Mainwaring, Corporal Jones and, Private Godfrey and all those wonderful characters would have approved!*)

LEN LIGHT (35-41)

Just a brief note from Len recalling that **Joe Mottram**, whose death was sadly reported in the last Newsletter, was in the same form as himself. Len recalled seeing Joe's sister Pam about 20 years ago. (*Actually, Len, thoughts of dear old 'Motty' are seldom far away whenever I am working on the Newsletter. He was such a dear friend to so many. Even the other day, a near neighbour of mine, Tom Lockyer, remembered delivering bread to Motty half a century ago when he lived in a cottage near what is now Colehill First School. 'He used to invite me in for a cup of tea and there was always a welcome', Tom told me. What a good, kind fellow he was and missed after all these years by all who knew and loved him.*)

DOUG WILLIAMS (42-48)

Doug wrote an interesting letter regarding the rebirth of the OWs in the 1990s, wishing to draw attention to the

crucial role played by **Alan Chalmers**(44-48) among others. Doug recalls a gathering at the Vine Inn in 1994 attended by a number of OWS, 'largely of .1940s vintage, **A.P.C** himself, '**Fishy**' **Maiden**, **Peter Beckett**, **Tony Bletsoe**, **Graham Powell**, **Derek Stevens**, **D.A.Parker**, **Gordon Richards**, **John Philpott**, **Rod Hurt**, **Rod Perry**, plus one or two others. It was here that we agreed to a 'meet' at Wimborne Rugby Club, kindly arranged by **Maurice Herridge**. It was at this meeting that we decided to try to reform the Association. All credit is due to **Alan Chalmers**, **Gordon Richards** and **Maurice Herridge** for their respective roles in overseeing; the rebirth of the OWS. It has rekindled many friendships and many happy memories.' (*Thank you, Doug, for reminding us of the parts played by these individuals. A lot of us owe them quite a debt.*)

MICHAEL BULL (44-46)

I regard Michael almost as my conscience these days. He has written several constructive letters, the last one suggesting that I organise the correspondence in some sort of chronological sequence. A sensible idea, Michael, and I have done my best. It cannot be absolutely so - not in precise decades because of overlapping years and some OWs still not providing their details. But I hope this meets with your broad approval. As an ideas - man I think the Government should use your services. Perhaps you should drop a line to Whitehall. Quite how our rather loathsome 'spin doctors' would regard your suggestions though, I hesitate to say. Anyway, thank you for your generally kind words about the Newsletter.

STAN RICHMOND (43-48)

It was good to receive quite a lengthy letter from Stan, writing from South Australia. Stan maintains regular contact with **Mike Riggs** and **Ray Wheeler** and was looking forward to meeting up with them. It seems Ray's father once owned the Greyhound public house in Wimborne. Stan seems to recall that visiting fairs used to set up behind the pub though Ray has no recollection of the same. Stan wonders if 'anyone else can confirm this or say where the fairs were held.'

Stan reports that **Mike Riggs** recently suffered a heart attack but was recovering well. (*Our best wishes, Mike*) He also wrote of the various stages in his working life that eventually led him to Adelaide. As so often happens it was romance that determined the direction at one critical point, culminating in marriage to June, when the estimable **Gordon Richards** acted as Best Man. Stan and June recently celebrated their 50th anniversary (*Congratulations from all OWs, sir*). 'And Gordon married my cousin, Nesta, while **Jim Herridge** is married to my cousin Kath.'

Stan also keeps in contact with **Richard White** with whom he started at Middlehill when he was 5 and accompanied to QEGS in 1943.

(*A mere 62 years ago, Stan. And did the pair of you resemble Shakespeare's schoolboy?*

*'The whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school.'*

Or did you run down the hill from Colehill to King Street, full of enthusiasm and eager to get to grips with your studies I wonder?)

RODNEY WISEMAN (47-53)

'Procrastination (my middle name, I fear) is the main culprit', explaining his wretched failure to send his subscription before.

(*All is now well, Rod. You are restored to the fold. I do remember you, thought I doubt you will recall someone from a lower year such as myself. 'Vintage years', you describe your time at QEGS. Sir Stafford Cripps, Austerity, the beginning of the Cold War, rationing, school lunches, 'Goofy' Baker, Korea, cold showers, David Comben, the cane, the winter of '47 - definitely the stuff of 'vintage years'. But I suspect you refer to the quality of your old friends and the comradeship and the dedication of some of our masters. Or is it the 'rosy glow' of nostalgia exerting its cunning influence? Anyway, Rod writes from British Columbia, Canada on an Edward Hopper card called Ground Swell. (Good to hear from you, Rod. Do drop a longer letter sometime.)*

RAY WHEELER (43-47)

An interesting letter from Ray from New South Wales, recalling 'the house of bliss (Milverley Girls School)' which was prompted by **Stan Orman's** earlier piece. Ray wonders what happened to two young ladies of that institution, **Nina Bowerman (Emsworth)** and **Margaret Aynsley (Stone)** - does anyone know anything of them? 'Nothing gives me as much pleasure as catching up with someone I have not seen or heard of for ages. Only two years ago I caught up with **Mike Quarmby**, who has lived in Canada since 1956 and I had not seen him since 1948.'

Amazingly Ray has fond (?) memories of the cross country races, notably 'the 1946 Cowgrove run', trying desperately to catch **Brian Hall** and the harder I tried the farther away he went. And there, beside one of the paths, stood **J.C.Airey** who calmly asked me 'Shall I call a taxi, Wheeler?', knowing my father had a hire car'.

PAUL BURRY (47-53)

Just a brief note arrived from **Paul and Erika Burry** announcing a change of address. Paul lives in Normandy now and any OW who would like his new address has only to write in to us.

(Do drop us a line, Paul and Erika, telling us what you are up in 'la belle France')

BOB BRIGGS (1963-69)

An intriguing note arrived from Bob. I quote: 'I noticed in the Correspondence Section of the last Newsletter a letter from **Richard Wallis** in which, amongst other things, he asked about the demise of Latin. Well, it did survive the transition from King Street to Pamphill, finally succumbing in 1988 to the onslaughts of Science. You may consider publishing the above.'

(With some understandable trepidation, not being a Latin scholar, I am publishing what Bob has sent to me. I hope it is entirely respectable and does not leave me at the mercy of the Obscene Publications Act. I will quote a very simple story to illustrate the dangers. When the names of racehorses are submitted to the authorities for approval, some wags do try to slip past their noses some naughty examples. A few years ago a horse with the name of Voetsek was submitted and sanctioned. It was only some time later that an Afrikaaner at a British racetrack heard the commentator calling the horse over the loudspeaker as the field approached the winning post. He slipped into the Stewards' Room to inform them that Voetsek was Afrikaans for 'F . . . Off!' I hope Bob has played no such trick on me! No doubt Latin scholars will let me know.)

SCRIPTA

Maxima cum maestitia legi in Actis Publicis Veterum Winbumiensium epistolam Ricardi Wallis (MCMXXXIX - MCMXLVI aut rectius a.u.c. MMDCXCII - MMDCXCIX) in qua rogavit quando doctrina Latina in nostro Ludo esset terminata.

Postquam Holmanus, praeclarus ballistarius, linguam Latinam docere desiit, Colinus Powell, vir barbarus gentis Demetarum illud grave munus suscepit. denique a.u.c. MMDCXCVI ego, Robertus Briggs eram creatus ultimus linguae Latinae magister.

Aliquot per annos Latina doctrina floruit adversus incursus rerum recentiorum sed, eheu, a.u.c. MMDCXXLI succubuit ab eis victa qui leges naturae investigabant. ego quidem, quamvis magister Latinae linguae, coepit docere artem per machinam electronicam computandi. vae victis.

SUE LAWRENCE (59-64)

When Sue wrote explaining why she would not be able to attend our last reunion, her explanation was so special I thought it worth recalling here in this column. 'I will be in London to see the unveiling of the 'Women at War' Memorial in Whitehall. It will be a very special moment for me as my mother Winnie (nee Mills) was, in turn, a Firewatcher, a Munitions Worker and in the ATS during the war.' *(I am sure it must have proved an emotional moment for you, Sue. We look forward to seeing you in December)*

DAVID SINGLETON (51-57)

When I wrote to David regarding his choice of Desert Island Discs, Hurricane Katrina was devastating New Orleans. Knowing of his proximity in Houston to the disaster I decided to ask him for a few observations. By the time my letter arrived Hurricane Rita was approaching Houston! Having just received his letter I thought it illuminating to reproduce, more or less, in full. I am sure our readers will find it as interesting as I did:

'Thank you for your letter, which arrived while I was away. My wife and I were at a conference in Washington DC; we then rented a car to tour parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The Katrina disaster filled the news while we were on the road and led to some gasoline supply problems. New Orleans has always been a disaster waiting to happen because so much of it is below the level of the surrounding water. The lesson of the Netherlands is that this can be handled, with proper preparation, which was tragically lacking here. Louisiana, in general, has been plagued with corruption and incompetence for many years and this has contributed to the problem. Given the degree of damage, the best solution for some areas of the city might be to bulldoze them and use the rubble to raise the ground level. I have made many trips to New Orleans over the years, mainly on business, but I have always enjoyed visiting the famous French Quarter, hailed as the birthplace of jazz. Fortunately, this was on the highest ground and seems to have survived better than most areas. As you probably know, we almost had our own disaster a few days ago, when

Hurricane Rita threatened us. We were planning to evacuate to family in San Antonio but, by the time we had storm-proofed the house, the highway was a 180 mile long car park! (Over 2.5 million people evacuated Houston and the surrounding area and, like Rome, all roads pass through the city.) It then became clear that the storm had moved east and would largely miss us, so we stayed home. We are situated far enough from salt water and from the flood plain, that we were not concerned about the storm-surge. Our biggest worries were wind damage and localized flooding from the expected heavy rain (12 - 15" over a few hours). In the event, we had about 0.5" of rain and a few gusty winds - we didn't even lose power.'

PETER KINGSWELL (50-56)

It was good to hear from Peter after so many years. Peter mentioned his old friends: '**David Singleton, Brian Antell and Jim Brewster.**' (*Well, David now in the USA, appears elsewhere in The Newsletter. Of Brian and Jim, alas, I have no news whatsoever. Does anyone else?*) Peter served with the Metropolitan Police for 31 years Until 1988. After that service he worked in the financial and property management industries for another decade. Now he is working hard on his golf handicap, besides some voluntary work, and part-time employment. Peter also owns up to working in the Millennium Dome! (*What a confession for a respectable OW - but I jest, Peter! Do I?*)

One sad piece of news that Peter imparted was the death of his brother, **Michael John** in 2002 from cancer (melanoma) at the age of 65.

Peter would welcome contact from any old pals on 020 88503658. He did come down for the 500th celebrations and hopes to attend a reunion in the not too distant future. (*We look forward to seeing you, Peter.*)

DIANA MOSS (NEE ANDERSON) (55-61)

With her invaluable contribution to the **Stuart Hibberd** article, the reprinting of her Echo piece and a letter, Diana is well represented in this Newsletter. Certainly Diana has been very busy of late for she has just completed a 20000 word account of her childhood days in Wimborne. She is also having a biography of her mother published at the end of the year which she hopes will be advertised in the local press and available in Gullivers around Christmas. She has also recently linked up with **Beryl Wythers (nee Moreton) (57-63)** as she lives in Hythe, near Diana's Southampton home. (*We wish you lots of luck with your literary efforts, Diana, and thank you for your greatly appreciated contributions to this issue.*)

BETTY READ (NEE WHITE) (53-58)

In conversation with Betty, it was interesting to discover how she had traced an OW earlier in the year while on holiday on the IOW. Spotting an article in a local newspaper about a young fellow named **Michael Aiken**, the most illustrious Chief Executive of Wight Link Ferries, she wondered if it was the same Michael she knew years before at QEGS. Writing to the Head Office of the company on her return she discovered that it was the very same person. To cut a longer story short, Michael was delighted to learn of the existence of the OWs and it was a great pleasure to welcome him to the last Reunion. Michael has, I believe, two sons (*at least!*) and is thoroughly enjoying life. It helps, of course, that he has a pound coin or two in his trouser pocket and is most unlikely to be seen in years to come, tramping the highway and byways with a stick over his shoulder attached to which is a spotted handkerchief containing his worldly wealth. (*Good to welcome you to our ranks, Michael!*)

LIZ JONES (NEE GENT) (57-62)

I was delighted to receive a very interesting letter from Liz in Bridport. Liz wrote of various incidents in her career at QEGS, including a visit to Lugano in the company of **Mr. Pursey** and **Miss Jarman**, a memory stirred by the piece by **Graham Powell** in the last issue. 'Eating spaghetti for the first time, having my purse stolen, being an awkward vegetarian, having my bottom pinched by young virile Italians' Does anyone else remember, asks Liz. 'Trips too to Vienna and Brunnenn, the hard train seats, stern German border guards, the first cigarettes' (*Those were the days, Liz! What would you do now if a young Italian pinched your bottom at Goodwood, or Fontwell Park? Finally, I shall quote directly a piece from Liz's letter which confirms the old adage that 'it is a small world'*)

A few years ago I remarked that my husband, **Peter**, met so many people from his old school, Gravesend GS, all over the world yet I had never met one anywhere. In the space of two weeks I met two. The first was at the 'Betting Shop Show' in Birmingham while I was waiting for Peter, currently Chairman of The Tote, I happened to find myself in the company of an old classmate **Ian Spearing** who has had a successful career with bookmakers William Hill. The following week The Jockey Club at Newmarket asked if we could entertain a couple from South Africa and I found myself discussing the old school with **Ken Palmer** who left the school in the thirties and who had spent his whole life working in horseracing in India and South Africa and was now retiring back to Ferndown. It was he who suggested that I join The Old Winburnians.

WHY WINBURNIAN AND NOT WIMBURNIAN

We often receive queries relating to our name from puzzled individuals who cannot understand why we insist upon WIN and not WIM. Submissions to the press are even corrected by well-meaning persons believing we are guilty of mis-spelling the word. The answer is actually very simple. The stream which flows through the centre of the town is now called the Allen. However, for centuries it was known as the WYN or WIN, hence the town was also known as Winborne, rather than Wimborne, and its inhabitants as Winburnians. As everyone knows, our school was founded more than 500 years ago so our name is not a pedantic anachronism, but the correct historical term. I hope this clarifies the situation. I also hope that no one will come up with some other distant name for the Allen, dating back to the pre-Roman period, suggesting it was once known as the River Wurzel (or something similar) and we should actually be known as the Old Wurzellians. To misquote a certain famous lady, in that case, I would simply respond by saying: 'The name is NOT for turning!'

OBITUARIES

BARRY BUCKLAND (late 50s/early 60s).

Alas, I am unable to provide any details. We received a note from Barry's wife telling us that he sadly passed away on the 6th January of this year at the age of 57. We send our sympathy to all the family.

ROY CHAFFEY

Again there are no details of Roy's death except that it occurred some time ago in Ontario, Canada. We believe it was as far back as 2000 and the cause was cancer. Again we send our deepest sympathy to Roy's family.

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