



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - AUTUMN 2006

It was a late start to summer, but it proved a glorious one when it arrived. Our ladies are now packing away their bikinis and retrieving well-worn hockey sticks from the dark recesses of cellars and sheds for their winter campaigns. Our gentlemen are stowing their summer paraphernalia of yachting caps and batting pads in cupboards and pulling down their rigger and soccer boots for the titanic battles that lie ahead of them. Our politicians are inspiring us all at their conferences with their visions of Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. David speaks of sunshine, Tony speaks only moonshine and Ming promises a new dynasty. How can he write such rubbish, I hear you say? Waitrose still contemplate covering Wimborne's cricket ground with tons of concrete and glass and asphalt and John Betjeman turns in his grave as we remember his centenary year. The contest for the Ashes is imminent, John Dacombe is still weaving his cricketing fantasies, Rex Breach is hoping to be the next Poet Laureate, and Wilfred Palmer is looking for the winner of next year's Cheltenham Gold Cup - preferably at 25-1.

We welcome two new Committee members, namely Patrick Keeping (49-54) and Alan Maitland (54-59). Both will, I am sure, contribute greatly to the work of the OWs in the next few years. You will also notice that we have attached a sheet headed 'The Old Winburnians' Rules and Regulations'. It was felt that a certain amount of tidying up was necessary in the way the Association was run - hence the various points. Obviously we do have a limited lifespan and a need to ensure that when we have all departed - in whatever direction! - the Association will have an orderly conclusion. You will also see the reference to the meeting in February when anyone and everyone will be welcome.

A reduced Newsletter, you will notice, with several features missing. However, when we discover the impact of the new postal charges, we will have a better idea of the optimum size. In the meanwhile, I hope to see large numbers of you descending upon Cobham's on Saturday, December 2. We would ask you to book early because it helps everyone at this end with arrangements. To those of you who will be unable to attend, we send our best wishes and, if it doesn't sound too premature and absurd, Christmas greetings and good health and fortune for 2007.

Compliments, Alan R Bennett

**A.G.M. to adopt the new Rules & Regulations
Thursday 1st February 2007 at 7:30 pm
In the Waterside suite of Allendale Community Centre**

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS IN 2007

Saturday, December 2

REUNIONS IN 2007

Saturday, 7 July

Saturday, 1 December

THE REUNION ON SATURDAY, JULY 8, 2006

The following is a list of those members (and spouses, where known) who attended. Where possible, I have included the maiden names of our lady members:

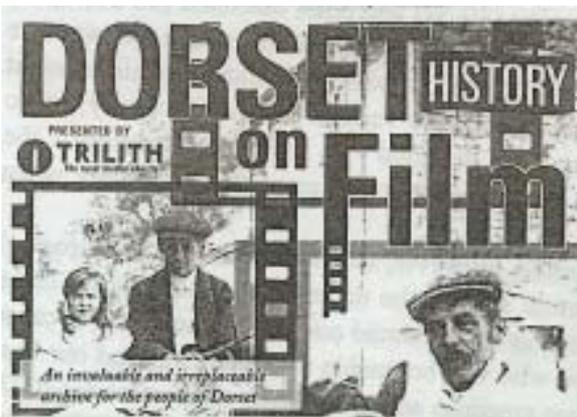
Ann Antell, Morgan Antell, Alan Bennett, Kenneth Bernthal, Pat Best (nee Matthews), Les Bishop, Nick Bishop, Rex Breach, Mrs Breach, Brian Brewer, Eunice Camall (nee Chadd), Paul Charman, Mrs Charman, Dale Clements, Michael Clift, Rosemary Coombs, Mervyn Coombs, John Dare, Janet Davidson (nee Horsey), Brian Davis, Christina Day, Dr. Clive Day, Doreen Dolman, Dennis Dolman O.B.E., Joyce Downton, Phyliss Dymond, Gerry Dymond, Hilary Ebbage (nee Richmond), Faith Efford (nee Hawes), Peter Eyres, David Finnemore, Douglas Foyle, John Froud, Guest of John Froud, Brian Glover, Janet Gordon (Nee Daniels), Tony Gould, Gail Greenfield, Dr John Guy, Lawson Hall, Bill Haskell, Len Hawker, Maurice Herridge, Mrs Herridge, Donald Hibberd, John Hilton-King, Dr. John Horsey Gavin Hartman, Mrs Caroline Jennings (nee Bundy), Carolyn Kamcke (nee Walkling), Patrick Keeping, June Maitland, Alan Maitland, Maria Martin, Victor Moss, Diana Moss (nee Anderson), Jennifer Moss (nee Day), Ken Nicklen, Fay Nicklen, Wilfred Palmer, Charles Palmer, Majorie Palmer, Kenneth Palmer, Peter Pardy, David Park, Eric Parke, Len Pearce, Diana Pearce, R. Perry, Mary Pope (nee Bishop), Christine Price (nee Richmond), Rev. Heather Purser (nee Owen), Rev Purser, Betty Read (nee White), Nesta Richards, Gordon Richards, Janis Ricketts (nee Perry), John Riggs, David Roberts, Ray Scott, Elsie Shears, Frank Shears, John Singleton, Kenneth Smart, Rodney Smith, Cynthia Tanner (nee Streets), Ken Taylor, Monica Vacher (nee Brown), John Webley, Geoffrey Welch, Stanley White, Hugh Williams, Stuart L. Williams, Robert Williamson, Eddie Wood, Jose Wood, Beryl Wythers (nee Moreton).

APOLOGIES

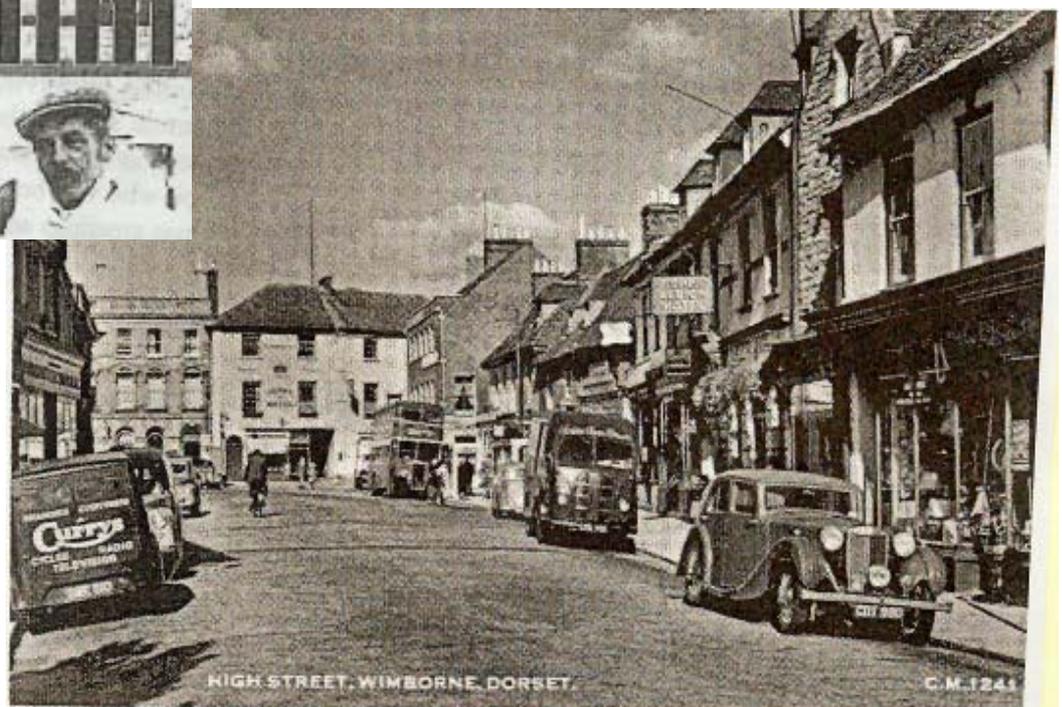
The following expressed their regrets being unable to attend: **Mervyn Frampton, Dennis Hames, Geoff Hill, Dick Jeffery, Anne King (nee Wall), Len Light, Richard Read.**

WIMBORNE ON FILM

Gordon Richards is enthusing about a newly available film of Old Wimborne called 'SOLDIERS, CIVILIANS AND STOCKMEN' which depicts the town before, during and just after WW2 with particular reference to the evolution of the market. It runs for 1¼ hours and is available from the address below at a price of £12.50. If you would like further details, please ring Trevor Bailey or John Holman. I am sure many of our members will be very interested in obtaining a copy. I reproduce a part of the leaflet advertising their work.



P.S. I have just watched the Film and it is splendid and strongly recommended - not least, Sean Street's poem which accompanies the Film on Wimborne market.





DORSET HISTORY on Film

An invaluable and irreplaceable archive for the people of Dorset



People have been making movie film about Dorset for one hundred years. The moving image is as near as we can come to living history. Many amateur and professional film-makers have recorded local life: farming, markets, transport, trades, social life, celebrations, characters, holidays, entertainments, villages and towns.

Why does film need to be preserved?

It is a rich and fascinating record but it is at risk. Ciné film is vulnerable. Many local film collections are hidden away in lofts or cupboards, half forgotten. Every year irreplaceable films are lost or thrown away. Films can be worn out and damaged by being projected too often. Some older 35mm (cinema gauge) films can decompose and become a fire risk.

Who are We?

Trilith is a registered charity. It is based in Dorset and was set up in 1984 to make television and video programmes about rural subjects and social concerns. Much of its work is for and about country people and local communities. It also preserves old film, working closely with the TSW Film & Television Archive for the South West, The National Film & Television Archive and Dorset County Archives Service.

What are we doing?

- We are collecting movie film about Dorset, both amateur and professional, and preserving it under safe conditions.
- We are making high quality video copies so that, with the permission of the owners, the films can be seen again without risk to the originals.
- We are organising archive shows in villages and towns. Film and television material dating from 1905 onwards is available, fascinating audiences of all ages.
- We are producing publicly available videos of Dorset life, based on archive film and the memories and knowledge of local people.
- We are using old and new film and video to help Dorset people to think about changes in their communities; particularly relevant when facing decisions about the future.
- We are providing training, from time to time, to enable local people to make their own video records of Dorset today.

The rights of the owners of films are fully respected and nothing is done without their agreement.

SUPPORTED BY



BARCLAYS

If you know of film that you would like to see preserved, wish to organise a local archive show, or are interested in training or other projects, please contact:

Trevor Bailey or John Holman, TRILITH, Corner Cottage, Brickyard Lane, Bourton, Gillingham, Dorset SP8 5PJ Telephone (01747) 840750 or (01747) 840727

Registered Charity Number 1061888



60 YEARS AGO.

A GOOD REPORT! (or how I kept in the whole School one afternoon)

I suppose you could say it was all the fault of a cow, or maybe a Welsh Maths Master with a wild look in his eyes.

At the time of my tale I had a girlfriend named Fay (now my wife) and spent many an evening visiting her home. Her parents received their milk direct from the local Farm (unpasteurized). You might rightly have guessed that from this milk I picked up a germ which resulted in a large carbuncle on the back of my neck. My parents packed me off to school with a big dressing held in place by a bandage around the neck.

Now enter the Welsh Maths Master. Does anybody remember 'Taffy' Jones as he was called? Well, where keeping discipline was involved, Joe Kerswell was at one end of the scale and I'm afraid that Taffy was right off the other, he hadn't a clue! Boys can be cruel creatures and take advantage of such a weakness. On this particular late October day I was seated half-way back in the classroom when somebody near the back made a noise. This so riled Taffy that he went wild, cuffing all in his path about the head and catching me directly and painfully on my carbuncle. As a result I was off school for several days, returning in early November.

This was the first year after the War that we were able to buy fireworks. What joy for a young boy deprived for so many years of such pleasures. I arrived back at school with this wonderful banger and I was just longing to let it off! During the Lunch-break I could contain myself no longer and ventured to a quiet area just behind the Physics Lab. where there was a drain. I lit the blue touch-paper, dropped the banger through the grating and ran back into the playground. After a few moments, which seemed an age, there was an almighty explosion followed by subterranean rumblings. I melted into the crowd of astonished pupils as we all rushed in the direction of the noise and discovered a large plume of acrid smoke now emerging from the drainhole.

Sometime during classes that afternoon came an edict from the Headmaster stating that the whole school was to assemble in Big School after lessons. My prank, which I thought was just a little bit naughty, was now looking to be rather more serious, particularly as I was to learn that during my absence the Head had issued a decree that anybody igniting a firework on School premises would be in deep trouble! So now my prank had become an heinous crime and things were looking grim!

Having all assembled, Tipper Airey, the Headmaster, read us all the Riot Act and demanded that the culprit own up. This I did and Tipper then dismissed the assembly and 'invited' me to his Study. I followed like a lamb to the slaughter. Once inside his Study he asked me for an explanation for breaking his strict 'no fireworks' order. He, at least, had the goodness to listen as I explained my absence from school during this period and the reason for my leave. I did not get the cane. He commended me for owning up and sent me on my way.

I am glad that my schooldays were in times of discipline and respect, where we had a chance to learn and before the 'dumbing-down' era had begun. I am also glad that Taffy was not hauled into court as he most certainly would have been today. It was not long afterwards that he suffered a breakdown and sadly died. I often wonder if all along his problem might have been a brain tumour?

KEN NICKLEN (1944-50)

A REFLECTION ON THE PASSING OF THE YEARS

(As I seem to have had a bit of a bad run in my health recently so I thought my wife MIGHT write something like this. The thoughts were spawned by seeing Pam Eyres on Countdown, so you have to read it with a West Country accent!!)

*I've got this crocked up 'usband his body's quite a wreck,
His feet are near arthritic and there's a click right in his neck,
His eyes they now need glasses and it's the dentist any day,
His hair is very thin now, and what's left has turned to grey,
He has "selective" 'earing, that winds me up a bit,
His hormone treatments changing him and he's not exactly fit.*

*His cough is rather chesty, it wakes him in the night,
But when I phoned the medics he got a sudden fright,
I explained the situation, as I treat him as a pet,
"My advice is - put him down my dear" was the message from the vet!
But my 'usband is a fighter, to 'ealth he'll soon be back,
He exercises often by sneaking for a snack.*

*He's polished all his irons and even cleaned his shoes,
 He's avoiding those D.T.U. jobs but has paid his golf club dues,
 So there 'ope for my old 'usband as he takes his medication,
 He thinks he's boss in our house and dreams that is his station,
 But now and then he realizes, his body's getting old,
 And he understands the benefit of doing as he's told!*

REX BREACH (49-55)

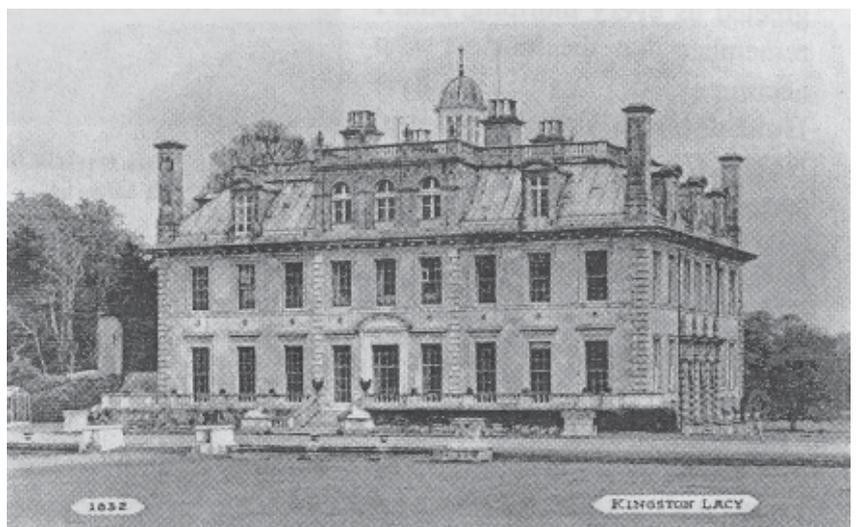
THE 'FLY' BY NIGHT

*Whip behind the cabbie! Was the cry
 When scruffy schoolboys, such as I
 Jumped on the axle, of the brougham,
 To ride a mile to school from home.
 I had no fear of being hit,
 For dear old grandpa had the whip.
 He had a host of other cabs
 For hire to all and sundry,
 A landau, brougham and wagonette
 And other that I quite forgot.
 His horses too were various,
 But all were quite gregarious.
 The stable-block behind the house
 Was stocked with hay and straw and stuff,
 The loft in which we used to play
 had doves o'er the old doorway.
 A smithy stood around the back
 For forging shoes and other tack.
 And, on its doors until this day,
 Are painted cricket stumps in white,
 Where oft we played each summer night.
 But the greatest thrills I shall recall,
 Were the trips at night to a statley hall,
 Lovingly wrapped against the cold,
 With hugs and kisses and told to be bold.
 My mother consigned me to grandpa's care
 And we're off to the station to pick up the fare.
 I would have been bare five years old,
 As I sat on the 'box' by grandpa's side
 And nestled up close against the cold.
 The fares were quite often society folk,
 Dressed smartly in furs and opera cloak.*

*They came for the hunts, the shoots and the ball
 And numerous porters answered their call!
 Who handled their baggage - no trouble at all.
 Then, tenderly seated and wrapped in their rugs,
 Grandpa picked up the reins and with two gentle tugs,
 We were off at a trot, from the station yard,
 Out into the dark, with the horses as guides,
 For no light existed on any road sides.
 One candle burned brightly in each carriage lamp,
 But were useless as lighting for poor old Gramp.
 Five miles we travelled with barely a sound,
 Except for the clatter of hooves on the ground.
 At last, through the gloom, the Hall came in sight,
 A fairy-tale palace just bathed in light.
 Liveried servants rushed out to attend
 And, in no time at all, it was our journey's end.
 Around to the kitchens to get a hot drink,
 Signalled only to Gramp by the butler's sly wink.
 Then leisurely homeward, we go at a trot
 Until Grandpa arrived at his favourite spot
 Known only to him, by a gap in the hedge.
 He would hand me the reins, and bid me keep still,
 Whilst from under his seat an old sack he would fill
 With mangolds and swedes and other such tack,
 On arriving back home and the horses released,
 We'd cut up the roots for their nightly feast.
 Grandpa always made certain his horses were fed
 Before very weary, we went off to bed.*

WILFRED PALMER (22-28)

*(The stately hall to which Wilfred refers in
 this child memory is, as you may have
 guessed, Kingston Lacy)*



CORRESPONDENCE

BRIAN DAVIS (45-51)

On 'Fishy' Maiden

Fishy Maiden was a great teacher, and showed me a lot about the beauty and versatility of the English language. He was a walking thesaurus, and if one wanted a synonym he would rattle off a list of "possibles" and point out that they had subtle differences and there was one that would fit the context of the sentence exactly.

Paul Charman's memory in the last newsletter of learning from him the meaning of vicissitude reminded me how he taught the correct way to spell assassination. "There are two asses in assassination," he said, "the chap who gets killed, and the one who does the killing." How could one ever forget after that?

On Latin

Re the recent newsletter correspondence re learning Latin at WGS. Though both **Tip Airey** and **Gunner Holman** successively were completely unable to instil any appreciation or knowledge of the language into my addled brain, a slight ability to recognise what was not Latin came in useful when I was editor of a local newspaper.

I received a letter from a reader saying that he had dug up an earthenware vessel with a single handle and the Latin inscription *Itis apis spotan ditis ab igun*. The reader, a Mr Philpott, suggested I should publish the letter and ask if any reader could identify the strange object.

Trying to decipher the words I could not recall any that bore any relationship to what little Latin I managed to assimilate many years ago. So I altered the spacing slightly, and got the message!

On the Lucerne trip of 1947

Like **Stan Richmond** I have recollections of the school visit to Lucerne in 1947 (not 1948), and still have the postcards sent home to my parents.

Most enduring memories are of travelling for 30 hours on a slatted-seat train through the still war-scarred countryside of France. Of **Bob Holt** falling on the first day and breaking his leg. Of straw pallasses to sleep on in the hostel on the shore of the lake. Of a strange, tasteless white soup with "green bits" floating on top that we were given for supper.

I remember being in awe of the snow-capped mountains, only previously seen in books, that greeted us every morning. And I remember that the masters who accompanied us - **Eric Huntington, Fishy Maiden and Nobby Clarke** - suddenly did not seem so intimidating "off duty."



The Hostel



Patrick Pope, Brian Davis & Michael Pope
in Lucerne



A.R.Maiden, E. Huntington & 'Nobby' Clarke
'off duty'

See More pictures of this and read the Wimburnians' story on the web site

DICK JEFFERY (36-42)

Dick sent his apologies for non-attendance at the summer reunion but wished to be remembered by all his chums. It is a long way to journey down from Anglesey and Dick's wife suffers from arthritis. Dick does pose a couple of questions in his letter. He writes: 'I'm wondering whether **Peter Beckett** is the same person who played in the Bournemouth College Football team as myself during the 48-51 seasons? He also asks whether **Roy Perry** is the same gentleman who used to live at Cogdean, Corfe Mullen about 1940? Dick's address is Eryiwen, Lon Tudur, Llangefni, Anglesey, LL77 7HP. If anyone would care to get in touch, he would be pleased to hear from them.

STAN RICHMOND (43-48)

Stan wrote from Down Under reporting the coldest weather in South Australia since records began in the 1800s. He and Jane were about to set off (in July) for 'the warmer climes of sub-tropical Queensland, hoping on the way to visit old pals, **Ray and Pam Wheeler** and **Mike and Val Riggs**.' Stan was especially interested in the information coming to light re the Lucerne trip (already described in the piece from **Brian Davis**). Should there be anyone else out there who would like to contact Stan regarding the trip please write to Stan at 3/150 Fenchurch Street, Goolwa, South Australia 5214. Stan and Jane plan a visit to the UK in 2007 when they hope they may be able to include attendance at the summer reunion. We will be delighted to welcome you both.

LIZ GOODE (nee STREETS) (58-65)

It was a delight to receive a card from Liz and a cheque for the Committee to purchase a bottle or two of wine for consumption at our next meeting. Many thanks, Liz. If the minutes are in a hopeless muddle, or Carolyn falls off her chair, we shall know where to apportion responsibility! Seriously, it was a kind and much appreciated gesture. Any further donations, whether in the form of banknotes, cheques, gold or copper, silver or nickel will immediately be placed in our Black Dog tavern fund. Incidentally, Liz wrote from Menorca where she appears to be living the life of Reilly. Cheers, Liz, from the whole Committee.

RICHARD READ (52-58)

Richard sent a card from West Africa bearing a picture of his 'transport' in Senegal in January of this year. It was a bit like one of those medium sized white vans that we are all familiar with, sitting on our tails in 30mph areas - except that four or five people were perched on top of the vehicle and it looked fairly full inside! Richard is travelling extensively but hopes to be at the reunion in December. We look forward to seeing you, Richard, and good luck on your travels!

RICHARD GLEDHILL (56-63)

A long and interesting letter arrived from Richard in which he wrote affectionately of a number of his former teachers including **Messrs. Maiden, Barnaby, Stephens, Pursey, Holman, Hoare, Powell** and **Williams** and the ladies '**Granny**' **Gray** and '**Mable**' **Thorpe**. Undoubtedly his language and history teachers shaped his life and career for Richard subsequently became a history teacher himself and enjoyed his grasp of French in his travels in that country. His first teaching post was, in fact, at Milton Abbey where he taught **Gary Alliss**, the son of the legendary **Peter**. Like **Paul Charman**, Richard recalls clearly 'Fishy' Maiden guiding his class through Moonfleet. He also remembers with amusement 'Tarzan' Williams appearing in a tarzan sketch one Speech Day, possibly '58 or '59. Richard has two daughters, Laura and Alice, both of whom have distinguished themselves academically. Richard was, at the time of writing, about to 'go part-time' as Head of careers at North East Surrey College of Technology. He hopes he will now be able to spend more time pursuing some of his hobbies - 'cycling, walking and reading some of the many books on history I have collected since 1963.' He also hopes to be with us in July. We look forward to seeing you, Richard. Incidentally, for any old friends, his address is 80 Abinger Avenue, Cheam, Surrey SM2 7LW.

CAROLINE JENNINGS (nee BUNDY) (53-59)

In a brief note Caroline mentioned that she would bring along a 'new face' to the last reunion, namely **Gavin Hartman** (42-46). Gavin was not a fan of the late '**Tipper**' **Airey**! I hope you enjoyed the reunion, Gavin, and will come again. Do introduce yourself.

OBITUARIES

BRIAN YOUNG AND TED YOUNG (43-48)

(I am indebted to a contemporary of Brian and Ted for this notice - namely **Ken Smart** (44-48). Many thanks, Ken. It is only fitting that we pay tribute to old friends in this way. Remarkably, BRIAN and TED passed away within weeks of one another last autumn). Ken writes: 'BRIAN and TED were train boys, travelling into Wimborne from Fordingbridge each way. Whilst at school they were into sports as evidenced by reports in the Winburnian and photographs showing them in Cricket, Football, Rugby and Boxing teams. BRIAN was also CSM of the Army Cadet Force. When the family emigrated to Australia in 1949 Brian remained behind to continue his studies as a Chartered Surveyor and, during his National Service, he gained a regular commission. He continued in the services to become a Major in the RAOC. He resigned his commission in 1973 and entered into a partnership as a Chartered Surveyor. BRIAN was Captain of Fordingbridge CC (1947 - 52) and also played for Southampton Travellers CC. He played football in the Hampshire League; he was a keen golfer and a member of Hampshire CC. He finally settled in Chilworth and passed away in November, 2005.

TED's family - Mum, Dad and two sisters - settled in Australia and, in 1957, he married an Australian girl. He completed his tertiary qualifications in Accountancy at the University of Queensland with High Distinctions. He

later became a banker and, eventually, a very successful accountant. TED continued his passion for football, both playing and coaching. The family home was in Toowoomba, Queensland, where he died in October, 2005, leaving a widow and four children.

THE COMMITTEE

ALAN R BENNETT	The Newsletter
TONY BLETSON	
BRIAN EVANS	
DAVID FINNEMORE	Membership Secretary
RODNEY HURT	
KEN NICKLEN	
CAROLYN KAMCKE	
PATRICK KEEPING	
ALAN MAITLAND	
LEN PEARCE	
DON PHILLIPS	Vice Chairman
BETTY READ	Treasurer
GORDON RICHARDS	Publicity
DEREK STEVENS	Memorabilia Secretary
JULIAN HOULDEY	Liaison with QE School

ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES

Treasurer	BETTY READ - 15 Allenview Road, Wimborne BH21 1AT
Chairman/Sec	CAROLYN KAMACKE - 4 Pine Close, Ameysford Road, Ferndown BH22 9QX
Membership	DAVID FINNEMORE - 4 Purbeck Gardens, Poole BH14 0QS
Vice-Chairman	DON PHILLIPS - 7 Heather Drive, Ferndown BH22 9SD
Memorabilia	DEREK STEVENS - 'Gurnards', Mornington Drive, Winchester, Hants SO22 5LR
The Newsletter	ALAN R BENNETT - 11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, Colehill, Wimborne BH21 2NW

Thanks again Wimborne Print Centre, 16 East Street, for all their assistance with the production of this newsletter. A.B.

OLD WINBURNIANS CHRISTMAS LUNCH

Saturday 2nd December 2006

MENU

Starters

- S1 - Homemade Chicken & Vegetable Soup, served with crusty bread*
- S2 - Cocktail of Prawns Marie-Rose accompanied with wholemeal bread*
- S3 - Farmhouse Pork Liver Pate with redcurrant and port sauce*
- S4 - Chilled Orange Juice*

Main Courses

- M1 - Seasonal Roast Turkey with chipolata, chestnut stuffing, cranberry sauce & rich jus roti*
 - M2 - Braised Beef Steak coated in a red wine, wild mushrooms and thyme scented sauce*
 - M3 - Grilled Tronchon of Salmon Princess cut from the salmon fillet, coated with white wine & cream sauce*
 - M4 - Mediterranean Vegetable Wellington*
- All served with a selection of Seasonal Vegetables*

Desserts

- D1 - Christmas Pudding with brandy sauce*
- D2 - Chocolate Bavarois*
- D3 - Raspberry and Champagne Tort*

Coffee & Mints

Price £16.00 per head

Members and Guests to arrive from 11.30am - Lunch served at 12.30pm

Please complete the Booking Form and return by no later than 27th November 2006 to:

Betty Read, Treasurer, 15 Allenview Road, Wimborne BH21 1AT

***NB** Failure to pre-book will not guarantee there to be a lunch available*