



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - AUTUMN 2007

It is a most curious thing to be writing an Editorial with a Christmas theme in the middle of September. However, in order to meet printing and despatch deadlines which allow our members sufficient time to make their December reunion bookings, it is necessary to do just that. So it is that I gaze out of my window at tubs of geraniums and fuchsia and lobelia and try to concentrate on a date in December. Beyond the patio my Ellison's Orange and Bramley are heavily laden with fruit, the latter so bountifully that it has keeled over on to its side under the weight. I imagine that many of our members will likewise be eating more than an apple a day until next Easter comes around.

Others working furiously with Christmas in mind will be all those elves in their workshops, busy with playstations and computers and ipods. That particular workforce has certainly developed many new skills since my childhood. Then there are the reindeer, wearily contemplating hauling sleighs all over the place. Which unlucky beasts, I wonder, have drawn the short straw of Porlock Hill this year? Then there is the old fellow himself - the one with the snowy white beard. No, I don't mean Les Bishop! Mind you, with his unfailing good temper, genial expression and big heart, the gentle giant from Hayes Common could readily step into our red-coated friend's boots at a moment's notice should, heaven forbid, any accident befall HIM. But, back to reality, as Cherie muttered under her breath, when the chauffeur said he was busy driving Gordon now.

First of all, I am delighted to report another record-breaking attendance at our reunion in July. One hundred and thirty odd - one or two very odd (I am joking!) - wound their diverse ways to Cobham's for a highly enjoyable occasion. For an Association that is, year on year, ageing and should therefore be in decline, it is a remarkable statistic. Since our Christmas reunions are traditionally even better attended, I do wonder what the figure will be on the first day of December. The advice must be - book early to avoid disappointment.

Regarding our forthcoming reunion I am delighted to report that one of our illustrious members, Roger Holman, has kindly consented to sign and inscribe copies of his latest book of photographs - *'Dorset - The Glorious County'*. As you know, Roger is a superb photographer and has contributed to a number of books and magazines in recent years. For any of you who might like to buy a copy for a loved one or friend for Christmas, Roger will cheerfully write any dedication you may wish. I must add that our hero was actually reluctant to do the book signing, fearing it might be thought he was taking advantage of his membership of our Association. He agreed to do so only after some painful arm-twisting on my part and on condition he could make a donation to our funds on every copy sold. I am no less pleased to say that Diana Moss will be joining Roger at a stall selling copies of her biography of her mother. Diana has actually had a reprint of her book, so successfully has it sold. She will likewise make a donation to OW funds on every copy sold. On the cultural front, I hope our two talented musicians from the Wessex Youth Orchestra will be able to make an appearance. This year we will try to give them a five minute spot when they can play to us undistracted by conversation and the convivial clink of glasses, apart from providing some background music earlier in the day.

As ever we will be selling raffle tickets to boost the deserving funds of the Dorset children's hospice, Julia's House, and the Bournemouth Talking Newspaper. I know you will give as generously as ever.

When you read this Newsletter I believe you will understand why I am very happy with the content of our features. They reflect different perspectives on the old school but share one common thread - they make for thoroughly enjoyable reading. I would urge any of you with a tale or two to tell to put pen to paper and send in your contributions. They will be welcome and find a home in a future edition.

I am sure the school photographs too will bring back a memory or two. Our Memorabilia whizz-kid, the ever affable Derek Stevens, who has been such a stalwart of the OW Association has contributed several of them. Thank you, Derek, for your sometimes unsung but ever appreciated work on our behalf.

Now to something just a little bit more serious. I have often been moved, in letters received, by observations to the effect that 'Alas, I am now too old or infirm to attend a reunion', or 'My dear wife cannot make the journey and I don't like to leave her alone', or the like. In short, although our reunions have become increasingly popular, there are many of our members who live in distant parts, or are too unwell or unable for one reason or another to come along. I thought it would be a happy gesture if at our next reunion we were to drink a toast 'To absent friends'. But not just at any time during dinner, rather at a particular moment when our fellows, wherever they may be, could simultaneously raise their glasses. They would know that, at that very moment, we were thinking of them and they of us. In their armchairs from Lands End to John O'Groats, beneath a tree in Lima or Wagga Wagga, on a stool in a smoke filled dive in Casablanca or a cable-car in San Francisco, they would raise their glasses just as we were raising ours. Now, I do realise we are in different time zones. If that means Stan Richmond or David Singleton or David Scrase has to get up in the middle of the night, fumble in the dark for the light switch, wake the wife, tread on a sleeping cat or kangaroo - that would surely be a small price to pay in order to join in a collective act of remembrance. So how about it? Now I can state with reasonable certainty that we will be still eating and drinking at 1.30pm Greenwich Mean Time on Saturday, December 1, 2007, at Cobham's near Wimborne, Dorset, England. Those in peculiar places can make their subtle adjustments to alarm clocks or sundials. What I can promise faithfully is that at that moment the entire assembled body will raise their glasses aloft and toast 'Absent Friends'. Whether some will be able to get their arms back down again without massage is neither here nor there. It will be done. It will be fascinating to hear how many of our much missed and loved friends join us. Do send a note or an email. I hope it is something that will become a traditional part of our functions. It will be an opportune moment too to remember old friends no longer with us and their loved ones.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you have painstakingly ploughed your way through this marathon of an Editorial, I thank you. I know the Christmas season begins for many of you with our gathering. It will, I am sure, be a very happy occasion with good food, good companionship and good cheer. To all of our members I send the warmest of good wishes from the Committee for a wonderful Christmas and a healthy and happy New Year.

Your most 'umble servant,
Alan R. Bennett

P.S. I leave you with this little anecdote sent in by **DIANA ZILM** (nee **VAUGHAN**) (1955-59) from Victoria, Australia. 'I felt like my body had got hopelessly out of shape, so I went to see my doctor to receive his permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided, after some agonising and discussions with family and friends, to join an aerobics class for Seniors. On the evening in question I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down until the beads of perspiration were literally rolling down my cheeks - one whole hour of vigorous and exhausting exercise. But, by the time I got my leotard on, the class was over!'

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

Saturday, 1 December 2007

Saturday, 5 July 2008

Saturday, 13 December 2008

THE REUNION ON SATURDAY, 7 JULY, 2007

The following is a list of those members (their spouses and friends, where known) who attended. Where possible, I have included the maiden names of our lady members. *Members are in alphabetical order - their guests are not.*



The Godfather himself - Len Pearce

Alan Bennett, Kenneth Bernthal, Les Bishop, John Taylor, Rex Breach, Eunice Carnall (nee Chadd), Robin Christopher, Hazel Christopher, Michael Clift, Miss Mary Clift, Mervyn Coombs, Rosemary Coombs, John Dacombe, Roy Dacombe, June Dacombe, John Dare, Brian Davies, Mrs Pamela Dickie (nee Arnold), Janet Doolaage (nee Pursey), Peter Douch, Jack Douch, Joyce Downton, P.D. Eyres, David Finnemore, Janet Davidson (nee Horsey), John Flippant, Elaine Flippant, David Fripp, Mrs S.M. Lucas, Gerald Froud, Mrs Rosemary Edwards, N.J. Froud, W.F.E. Gibbs, Barbera Gibbs, Brian Glover, Janet Gordon (nee Daniels), Anthony Gould, Frank Hackforth, Lawson Hall, William Haskell, Betty Read, Leonard



Maria Martin (nee Limm)

Hawker, Dorothy Hawker, Donald Hibbard, Mrs J.E. Hibbard, John Hill, Geoff Hill, Zenaida Dotimas, John A. Hilton King, Roger Holman. John Horsey, Rodney Hurt, Joan Hurt, Carolyn Kamcke (nee Walkling), Patrick Keeping, Eric Leeson, Alan Maitland, June Maitland, Maria Martin (nee Limm) William Moody, Joyce Moody, Harold Moody, Iris Turpin, Brian Turpin, Vic Moss, Jenny Moss (nee Day), Diana Moss, Ken Nicken, Fay Nicklen, Derek Noon, Sue O'Connor (nee Froud), John Coombes, Charles Palmer, Wilfred Palmer, Ken Palmer, Marge Palmer, Len Pearce, Roy Perry, Patricia

Townsend, Don Phillips, Brenda Phillips, John Philpott, Mrs Margaret Philpot, Tony Porter, Mary Porter, Graham Powell, Hazel Powel, Richard Read, Gordon Richards, Nesta Richards, Ann Richmond (nee Mitchell), Brian J. Richmond, John H. Riggs, R.T.G. Scott, Anne Sweeney, Mary Gilbert, Frank Shears, Elsie Shears, John Singleton, Carole Singleton, Ken Smart, R.C.T. Smith, Wendy Bundy (nee

Baker), Brian Bundy, Derek Stevens, Cynthia Tanner, Ken Taylor, Margaret Tomlinson (nee Harwood), Monica Vacher (nee Brown), Mrs Margaret Vye (nee Vincent), E.J. Webley, Geoffrey P. Welch, S.E.B. White, Greta White, Richard White, Jacky White, L.H.R. Williams, Rob Williamson, E.C.F. Wood, Mrs J.M. Wood, Beryl Wythers (nee Moreton), Pam Radford.

Apologies

Robert Chapman, Dennis Copelin, Dennis Dolman, R.J.J. Edwards, Gail Greenfield, Brian Hall, David Park.

There may be a few names missing because it was difficult to keep track of latecomers.



Surely they're not going to eat ALL the food!?

GEOFF HILL (1958-9) sent me the first few thousand words of his autobiography. I have decided to break his story into separate instalments, the first of which follows.
I have taken the liberty of giving it a title which, I feel, reflects its central character.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CHEEKY CHAPPIE FROM STREATHAM

Chapter One

Our hero meets Dr. J.D. Neil

“Give me those days with heart in riot,
The depths of bliss that touched on pain,
The force of hate, and love’s disquiet. -
Ah, give me back my youth again.”

Goethe

We cut a strange group of figures, Mother, myself, and younger brother Chris, as we strolled across the deserted playground of Queen Elizabeth’s Grammar School, Wimborne, and headed towards the forbidding main entrance of this very ancient seat of learning.

Mum was looking very smart in an attractive, bright summer dress and cardigan, whilst we were somewhat less suitably attired for the occasion, in jeans, ‘sloppy-joe’ tee shirt and trainers. The year was 1958, and during the school summer holidays the family had moved from Streatham, a south London suburb, to the pretty village of Corfe Mullen, just three miles from the Dorset town of Wimborne, with its famous minster.

At fifteen, and eleven years old respectively, we were to be interviewed by the headmaster to assess our suitability as to becoming pupils at this most historic establishment, where I was hopefully to spend my final year of schooling and take various GCE exams, while Chris would stay for a full five years, hopefully to achieve the same end.

We entered through the main doors of the architecturally impressive and ornate building, with its decorative exterior brickwork and highly polished wood panelled interior, and carefully following directions received in our official letter of appointment, we soon found the headmaster’s office.

The door was emblazoned with large gold embossed lettering, informing us with no doubt as to the ensconced personage within. It read so - DR. DONALD NEIL - HEADMASTER. To say I was nervous was to put it mildly, and now in this highly salubrious setting, it dawned on me, with much embarrassment and fear I might add, that wearing such casual clothes, we were hardly dressed suitably to impress, and certainly didn’t look the part for such an auspicious meeting with whoever Dr. Donald Neil was!

Mum tapped lightly on the door. No answer. ‘Here, let me’, I proffered, and for all my nervousness, and wanting to get this over with, I gave the door a good old thump. ‘COME!’, was the almost immediate response, and I gingerly opened the large door to let us all in.

After what seemed much longer than the actual few seconds it took to take in each other’s appearances, and with all our faces seeming equally shocked, the smartly black gowned and mortarboarded Dr. Neil asked us to take a seat. ‘Hell!, I thought, ‘I think I’ve just walked into ‘Tom Brown’s School Days, I hope they don’t put me in the Remove to be a ‘Fag’ for Flashman!’

In a highly affected ‘Oxford’ accent, and holding his head up that suggested he had a nasty smell under his nose, Dr. Neil continued. ‘Good morning, Mrs. Hill, I take it these are your two sons, Geoffrey and Christopher, who hope to become pupils here at Queen Elizabeth’s Grammar School.’ Pausing briefly to look us both up and down with much curiosity, and puzzlement on his snooty face, he went on. ‘You do realise, of course, that we expect all our pupils to wear school uniform at all times whilst on school premises, and travelling to and from school? That won’t be a problem, will it, Mrs. Hill?’

He was obviously quite horrified at the thought of us walking into his beloved school at the beginning of term, similarly ill fitted out, and in one fell swoop destroying over five hundred years of history and tradition.

Mum reassured him that was OK, and that I had worn a uniform quite happily at my last school and that we would both have uniforms in the next week or so before start of term. He then went on to explain the school’s

long proud and eventful history, and that as long ago as 1497 a Lady Margaret Beaufort, the grandmother of Henry the Eighth no less, had provided in her will for a school in the town 'for the teaching of Grammar to all.'

It was subsequently given a royal charter by Queen Elizabeth the First way back in 1562 , hence its name, its present location having been where it was since 1600. In 1849 the present splendid Victorian building was erected, after the style of Eton College. Very classy, but then what would a streetwise Cockney lad and his brother, be doing in a place like this I asked myself. I would doubtless soon find out if I passed Dr. Neil's most stringent interview.

Well, a bit different from my old square, plain, brick- built school in London then, rebuilt in the early Fifties I believe, after some spiteful kid with a grudge set fire to it, but anyway, I had no regrets about Balham Central and had been fairly happy there by and large.

Dr. Neil continued the interview with many probing questions, and I hoped we had given him the answers he was looking for. He concluded by addressing me directly, and saying that my old school had sent a fairly good report and that he hoped I would strive towards the excellence expected from his own distinguished establishment.

I nodded in approval, and he then went on similarly to quiz brother Chris. He eventually completed his lengthy interrogation, and duly arose from behind his desk to make his way to the sturdy oak door, and slowly opening it to allow us all to exit, he turned directly towards me in particular, looked me closely in the eye with a menacing, staring frown and an angry raised eyebrow and then, out of the blue, came out with an astonishingly arrogant and utterly snobbish remark. I just couldn't believe one civilised, reasonable person could possibly say to another.

'I say, by the way Hill, do try to get rid of that dreadful London accent!' Well, I was totally stunned and flabbergasted at the blatant ignorance of this unwarranted outburst, and deliberate denigration of our chirpy Cockney dialect that, in an almost subconscious action, I found myself muttering under my breath in a broad Dorset accent, 'Ooh Aarr, oil do that vor ee zur.'

'I beg your pardon Hill, what did you say!' he countered.

'Oh nothing, sir', I softly mumbled. And that concluded our interview and subsequently our acceptance as pupils of the long established place of learning, 'QEGS', as I came to know it.

Geoff Hill

(In the next instalment Geoff falls in love and meets some of the legendary figures in QEGS).



Could this possibly be our Cheeky Chappie from Streatham?

JANET DOOLAEGE (nee PURSEY) (1958-65) sent me this delightful description of the final Christmas choir rehearsal at the Minster in December, 1960. It is a perfect contribution for this Christmas edition of the Newsletter.

FINAL REHEARSAL

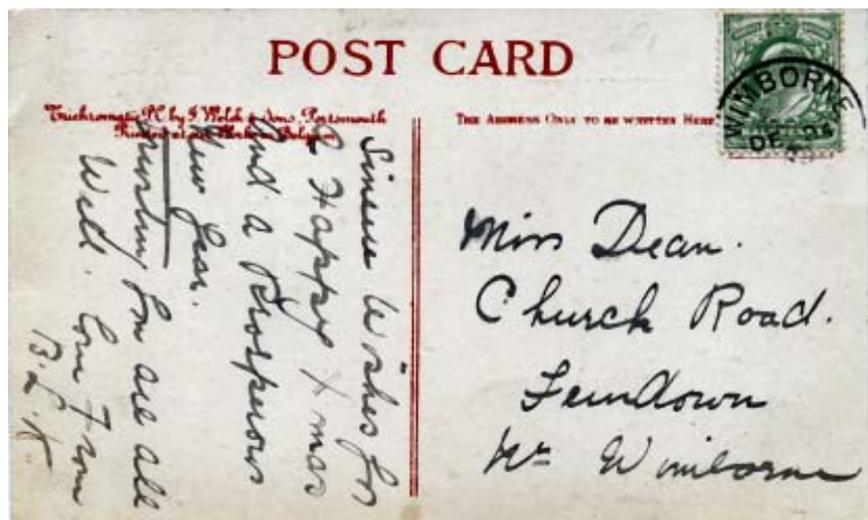


It was Saturday, 17th December, 1960. The night was cloudy and very cold as I set off for our final choir practice in the Minster at about five past six. Wearing my green coat and brown scarf, I hurried down West Street, because I had to be there by quarter past. As I walked past the Hidden House Café, the Square came into view, looking romantically Christmassy. The little Christmas trees above the shops had coloured lights on them, and the huge tree in the middle

had green, red, blue and yellow glowing lights all over it. A loudspeaker van was playing carols. I swerved off down the street by Woolworth's.

The Minster, as I walked up the path, was bathed in a rosy glow from the floodlights. I stepped down, inside the heavy door. At once the hush of the church engulfed me and the peculiar musty smell of old wood, brass polish, dust and hymn books was wafted on the cool air. The altar was lit up, and the choir was busily sorting itself out among the choir stalls. I walked up the aisle and met Liz.

"I've bought some crystallized ginger," she said. "I went round all the shops in Bournemouth trying to get it." Together we walked round into the little curtained passage behind the organ, and left our coats on a chair. Christine met me on the altar steps as we waited to be found seats. Eventually we had to go behind the organ again and go up the stone steps to the end choir stalls. The altos were



in the choir stalls on either side, the sopranos were on chairs in the middle, and the tenors and basses, including the old boys, were seated on cushions all up the back altar steps. The atmosphere was one of excitement and chatter. Before long, Mr Emery held up his baton for silence and we began with "Glory to God" from the Messiah. The organ was so loud that we couldn't hear Jennifer singing, though she has normally got a strong voice. Mr Blott played slowly, with wrong notes, and the organ was very loud indeed. Then the Senior Choir sat down while the Chamber Choir stood on the steps and sang "Fantasia of Christmas Carols" by Vaughan Williams. I soon became cold and bored with no one to talk to because Christine was singing, so I amused myself by drawing the view from where I was sitting.

Afterwards we sang the Congregational hymns and the Berlioz "Thou must leave thy lowly dwelling". Then Mr. Emery wanted to go through "Fantasia" again. "This is the truth sent from above," sang the baritone soloist. In the middle Mr. Blott turned round and announced that he couldn't hear the organ because someone was whispering behind him. I grew steadily colder. From above us, the powerful lights glared down, but farther along the nave the darkness was impenetrable. In desperation, I went down the steps to get my scarf.

Suddenly the lights went out. Plunged in inky blackness, I groped frantically behind the organ until I found my way back up to my seat, forgetting all about my scarf. Shrill chatter broke out on all sides, and the organ played one high note, which was the last we heard of it that evening. A few people flashed torches which they had sensibly thought of bringing. Taylor was saying something about old bones. "Christine?" I said. "Here I

am,” she replied, but I couldn’t see her. Then I made out a faint shape wading through a forest of chairs, and she reached me.

“Mr. Emery said we had to sit down,” she said.

“Well, nobody else is, are they?”

“Isn’t this exciting!”

“Come on, let’s go for a walk.”

We practically fell down the steps and made our way to the foot of the altar, where we waited for a while with everyone else.

“The lights are out all over Wimborne,” said somebody.

“Oh, I see!” said Christine, “It’s a power cut! I thought the lights had fused or something.”

“I can’t see a THING!” I said. “Are we meant to be going, or what? Where’s Mr. Emery?”

Nobody seemed to know. Christine and I made our way back to our stalls again to collect our hymn books.

“I can’t find my hymn book!” she said, feeling about on the floor.

“Can we have a torch up here?” I called to Liz and Henrietta who were down below.

“It’s all right, I’ve found it,” said Christine.

We went back to the front of the altar when we had put our coats on. Should anything happen, we now had our belongings with us. I lost Christine and bumped into someone else.

“Who’s that?” said Mr. Emery’s voice.

“Me,” I replied stupidly.

“Who’s me?”

“Janet Pursey.”

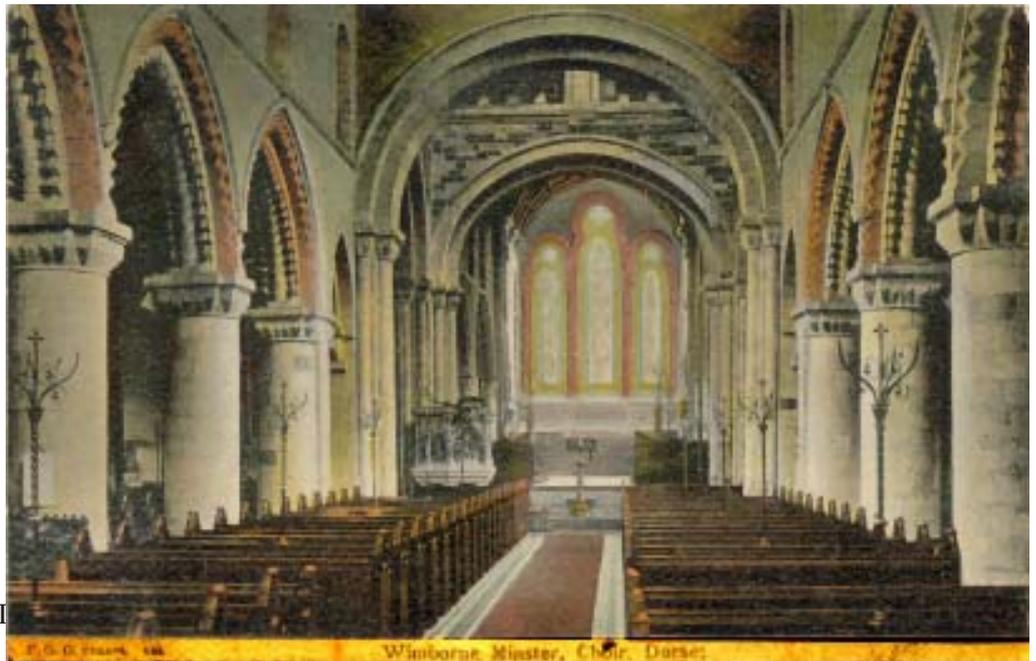
“Oh, JANET! How do you do! said Mr. Emery and, to my astonishment, gallantly kissed my hand before passing on.

By the light of a torch he surveyed his rostrum with dismay.

“My sticks!” he wailed, picking them up from the floor. “Well, I’m afraid we shall have to call it off. A great nuisance, but there it is. Can some of you stay behind and help clear up all the music?”

A small group of us moved among the empty chairs, fumbling for the white patches which were sheets of music on the floor, or the dark blocks which were hymn books. We met Michael Bartlett, who fell over a chair and said, “Sorry, I’m dancing a jig.” Everyone seemed rather crazy and unreal. Mechanically I gathered up some sheets of music and gave them to John Slater. In a corner a small group had assembled and, in the dancing light of a torch, people were putting music in folders.

Mr. Emery’s voice spoke to me out of the gloom, “T for somebody else.



Down by the rostrum more folders were being filled by the wavering light of a match. When the match burnt the boy’s fingers, somebody produced a bicycle lamp. “Well, I think I’ve experienced everything now,” said the resigned voice of Mr. Emery. “A power cut at a final rehearsal!” I was becoming sleepy and I stood quietly, watching the dipping shadows of the few remaining choristers.

Then the lights came on again! A cheer went up, quickly suppressed by Mr. Emery. Everything came back into harsh reality and I blinked in the sudden cold glare. Mr. Emery came up to me.

“I should go home if I were you. You’ll be tired. Your father’s gone.” Slowly I set off down the aisle.

“Hey, Janet!” he called. “Are you sure you can get home all right? Isn’t anybody else going your way? I mean, stay on if you like, but I thought you must be tired.”

It was half past eight. I smiled goodnight at him and went on, swinging the end of my scarf over my shoulder. I stepped out of the dark Minster into a wet mist, and hurried home.

So ended our final rehearsal.

Janet Doolaee (Nee Pursey)

ROGER HOLMAN - a student at QEGS some time between the departure of the Romans in AD450 and the arrival of the first Saxons. Roger sent me this intriguingly different perspective for which he chose the title himself of his QE years.

GRUMPY OLD MAN

I have been reading these Newsletters for many years now and finding them truly interesting, not only for their information but for the slant of most of the correspondence, best described as 'rose tinted'. Perhaps the balance should be redressed and viewed from a different perspective.

It is probably true to say that it is the highest achievers who have the fondest memories of their school days but I could never be counted amongst them. Starting at QE in 1943, I stayed for about a year, moved to Glasgow, returned in 1945 and left in 1946.

There were high expectations when I first arrived. It was assumed I was related to 'Gunner' Holman, who was still serving King and Country, so I would naturally be just as clever, but these assumptions were soon dispelled on both counts. It was also a bit of a shock to the system to have to attend school on a Saturday morning.

Most of my memories seem to be controlled by 'Tipper,' remembered as a stern, unyielding Head who appeared to be totally devoid of any humour. I can never ever remember seeing him laugh or even smile. Although I managed to keep my head down and avoid the legendary manner in which he dealt with recalcitrant pupils, I was scared to death whenever I saw him. Pity the small boy who was dressed down in front of the whole school for being seen in the town without would you believe - - - a school cap?!

Certainly the majority of teachers were very good. 'Nobby' Clark, 'Motty', 'Tich' Drury and 'Fishy' Maiden are a few who spring to mind, doing their level best to educate me with varying degrees of success. Joe Kerswell, whose head seemed to be tilted permanently to the left, I remember would sometime shout out 'Cavey Joe' just before he reached the classroom door in case some boy was doing something he shouldn't. There was also an attractive young lady whose name I cannot recall who took us for English grammar in the first year. We christened her 'The Glamour Girl'.

Other teachers though were not up to scratch. There was a Maths master I shall not name, who was incapable of any classroom control and whom I blame for all my mathematical incompetence. On one particular occasion he became so incandescent with rage he hurled a blackboard rubber across the classroom and shouted 'Listen to the board, will you'. It has always remained a mystery to me why some children enjoy tormenting a teacher who is essentially a decent person. I could only ever feel sympathy for him.

Returning from Scotland where Latin was not part of the curriculum, I was handicapped by the fact that the rest of the class had the benefit of being taught it for at least a year. The problem was exacerbated by the Latin master, a marvellous storyteller who had worked for the BBC and claimed he had been the voice for 'Larry the Lamb.' He would reminisce at the drop of hat. The class got to know the key words to use to set him off. Consequently my Latin never advanced beyond Amo, Amas, Amat.

Bill 'Tarzan' Williams was generally well liked although he did develop a use for a gym shoe for other than what it was intended but, to be fair, it was more symbolic than any real desire to inflict pain.

My recollection of Main Hall, (Big School), was that it was the most depressing of places and in winter freezing cold. There was always the all pervading smell of school dinners which were pretty dire, not improved by probably being cooked in Timbuktu and transported in what I assumed to be an 'ice box'. Cold semolina pudding. Ugh!!

My other memory of the Main Hall was sitting on long trestle stools for music lessons, interminably singing 'Linden Lea.' As my ability to sing in tune was even less than my ability to learn Latin, the teacher who I think was 'Nobby' Clarke, eventually got the message and stuck me at the back in the hope I wouldn't throw too many others off key as well. I chose to mime the words to be on the safe side!

Which brings me to the School Song. Who wrote it and what criteria was the author given prior to writing it? I always felt some embarrassment especially when we got to the foot stamping bit which is perhaps somewhat ironic as it was probably the only part to which I could contribute successfully!

I never did get to see the boarders' dormitories but suspect 'luxury' wasn't a description that was ever in danger of being levelled at them.

The Bio lab's only pretension to being a laboratory was having biology taught there. It was another dark and forbidding place with long well worn benches that were probably installed by Queen Elizabeth herself.

Outside was the little broom cupboard which doubled as the caretaker's office. One caretaker was as cheerful as the other miserable.

It was fortunate that Health & Safety were unheard of in those days because having to swim in the River Allen in the first period of the day at God knows what temperature, would certainly not be contemplated today even though the town has since had maindrainage installed and the river is now not polluted. We had it tough in our days!

When I left QE my father had just opened a small radio shop in Kings Street so I joined him and continued to run it after he died in 1968. Apart from National Service in the RAF, the business occupied my whole working life until two of my sons took over the company in the 1990's.

It was a real struggle in the early days but fortunately television was introduced in 1951 and the business has since grown steadily. Perhaps one day a fourth generation may be in control.

I developed an interest in photography in my teens but it wasn't until I retired I had time to pursue my interest more seriously. I was fortunate enough to be commissioned to produce a number of photographic books and began regularly contributing to magazines and shooting pictures for the tourist industry.

I would not consider school days as being the happiest days of my life either at Q.E. or at any other schools I attended, but all our experiences contribute to the growing up process and influence the way we cope in later life. Looking back, I consider I have been particularly fortunate, not only being very happily married, but having a great family with the benefit of residing in this part of the country.

Roger Holman

WILFRED PALMER (1922-29) *Our resident Poet Laureate pressed the following into my hand at a recent Reunion. Whether Wilf's advice comes too late in the day for some of our membership, I am not sure. What do you think? Incidentally, Wilf will be celebrating his 200th birthday shortly. I know we wish him many more!*

GOOD ADVICE AT CHRISTMAS *(from an old'un)*

You do as you're told,
When you're old.
You sit in the corner
And do as you're told,
When you're old.
You think of the past
And how long you might last,
When you're old.
The warmth of a greeting,
A smile, or a touch,
Will give you such pleasure
And tell you so much
Of those, in the past,
You neglected so much,
As they sat in the corner,
And did as they were told,
'Cause they were old.
So why not be bold?
Don't do as you're told.
Get out from the fold
And **BE BOLD.**

Wilfred Palmer



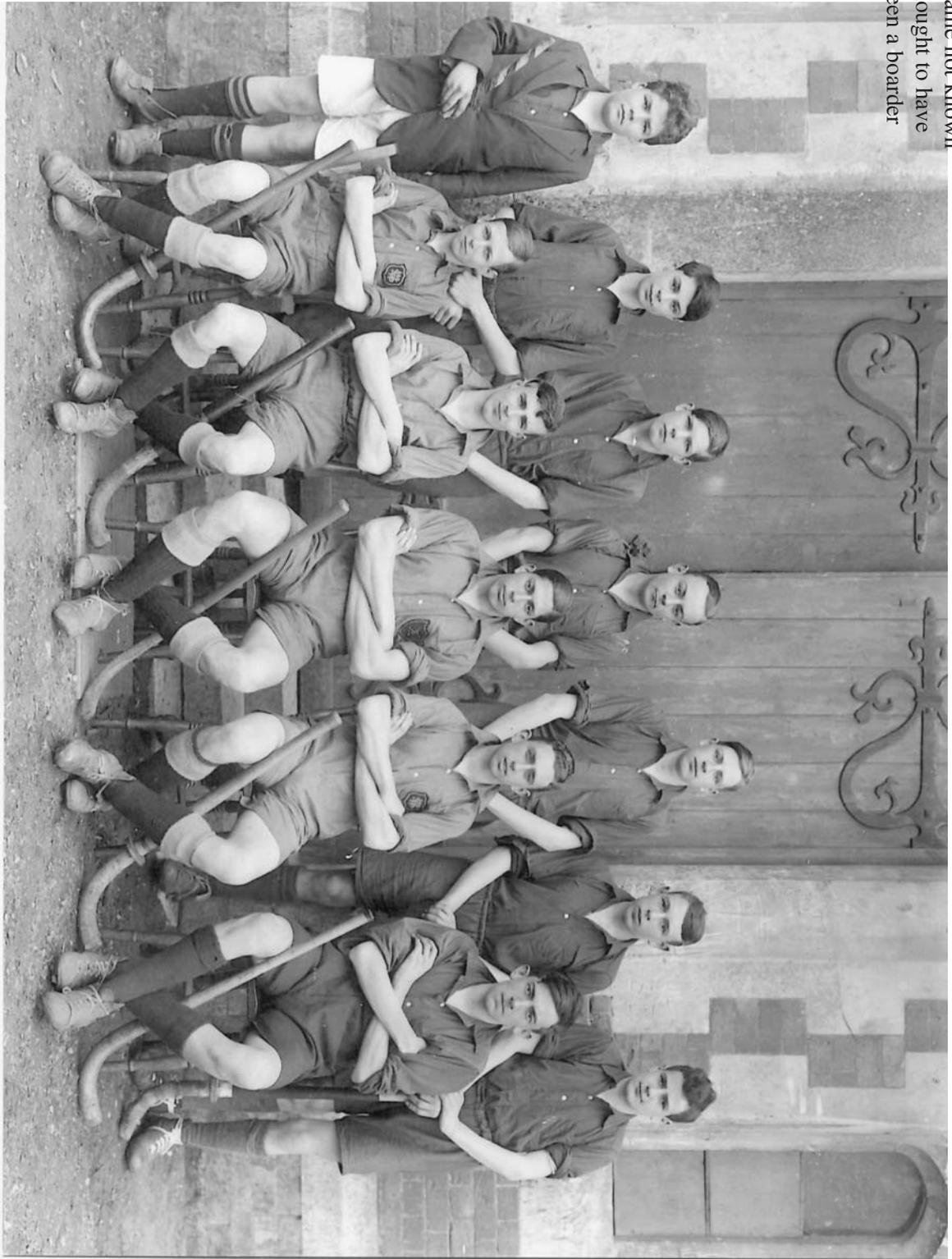
'WOLD MAN'
*(Obviously not our
Wilf - but definitely
an old'un)*

INTERESTING PAST SPORTING PHOTOGRAPHS

SPRING TERM 1929 1ST XI HOCKEY

Linesman
Name not known
thought to have
been a boarder

D.J.C. BRITON I.P. SIMS W.C. PALMER J. KING R. BRIGHT R.A.W. CAIN



T.D. PORTER A.E. WARREN I.T. LUCAS A.J. LEONARD D.M.B. SMART
(Vice Captain) (Captain)

Donated by Wilf Palmer (1922-29)
A copy has been donated to the Priests House Museum.

**1933 PRESENTATION OF THE BOXING CUP
On the School Field by George Habgood 19th May 1933**

Earlier in the afternoon the new pavilion had been formally opened by Sir Richard Glyn, Chairman of the Governors, on the site of the old pavilion which had been moved 'round the corner' alongside the main football /rugby pitch. Ian Habgood is seen presenting the Habgood Cup (for heavyweights), which he himself had donated, to Waller and the Rushton (House) Cup to Vincent (in mufti). A youthful Richard Todd (in school cap) looks on from the rear (head immediately above the cup).



Photo donated by Bill Godfrey (1932 - 38)

GIRLS TENNIS V1 SUMMER 1962



K. ROBINSON, S. FROUD, J. STRONG, Mrs J. J. COWDRY, E. HOOKER, J. DANIELS
(Vice Captain) EMERSON (Captain)

CORRESPONDENCE

RAY HOLDER (1931-37) It was good to receive word from Ray who resides in Bournemouth. 'Though I am too disabled now to get to reunions. I do recognise one or two names in each Newsletter of near contemporaries of mine. I still keep in touch with Ray Moore and Harry Biles but spend much of my time in the far-off world via my computer.' (What a difference the invention of radio, TV and computers has made to the lives of those no longer as active as once they were. It always makes me very conscious of how isolated, lonely and frustrated earlier generations must have felt when they were aged, infirm and housebound).

All our best wishes, Ray!

DENNIS 'EMMER' HAMER (1939-45) Dennis wrote from Ryde on the Isle of Wight expressing his appreciation of the 'sterling work of the committee in keeping in touch with our youth.' Unable to attend the last reunion Dennis added: 'I shall be thinking of all the lovely food and the good fellowship.'

BILL GIBBS (1940-47) *Writing from Cheam in Sutton - my immediate thought was of dear old Tony Hancock and Kenneth Williams and Sid James but that was East Cheam, wasn't it? Sorry, Bill, to interrupt your flow of narrative! Bill sent a couple of fascinating anecdotes. I reproduce his letter in full.*

At the end of the O.W's lunch I mentioned that Carolyn's reference to the final dinner of the old association in 1971 rang a few bells.

I can recall something of this occasion, although I am surprised that it is not documented somewhere among the archives. The dinner took place in Big School and, in view of the occasion, was quite well attended. The principal speaker was, I believe, Sq.Ldr Ken Cater, a great supporter of the old association. During the dinner it transpired that steps were being taken or, indeed, had already been taken, to stop the use of the School Song. It was to be no longer taught as part of the first year Music lessons. No provision had been made in the evening's proceedings for the customary rendering of the School Song, and no piano appeared to be available. Nevertheless, the O.W's present took it upon themselves to give a lusty unaccompanied rendering of the School Song - the then Headmaster sat through this looking slightly embarrassed.

Just for the record, a note about a contemporary, which I mentioned whilst at Cobham's. About two weeks or so ago, I noticed an obituary notice in the Daily Telegraph for B.D. Sims. He was part of the September, 1940, entry, and one of the 'train' boys from Verwood or West Moors. As it happened our entry included two Sims, unrelated, I think, - B.D. Sims and M.D. Sims. Characteristically, 'Tich' Drury devised a means of distinguishing one from the other - so B.D. became 'Rev' and M.D. became 'Doc'.

DAVID REED (1942-48) Writing from Gander, NL. Canada. Aiviti. David kindly sent a generous donation to O.W. funds and added 'I am looking forward to Stan Richmond's report as I was a member of the trip to Switzerland just after the end of the war.' (That trip certainly made a deep impression upon all who participated in it. Today's generation of children, many of whom have enjoyed a dozen or more trips abroad with parents and school by the time they reach their late teens, have no idea how fortunate they are. Curiously, of course, there is a downside for them. They simply do not experience quite the same intensity of emotion as David and Stan and their companions knew all those years ago. Likewise, how can today's children ever know quite what a pleasure chocolate and such treats afforded the generation that grew up during the war years or the immediate post-war period of rationing. I bet some of our old boarders even now are thinking back to those days in the dormitories above Big School when they dreamt of the day they could eat really well again!)

ROB HUSSEY (1952-58) Len Pearce, fount of all knowledge, tells me that Rob has a travel business in Swaziland and South Africa. Anyway, Rob wrote of a recent meeting in Kyrenia, North Cyprus, with a former QEGS pupil. I quote from his email to David Finnemore in full. 'You may be interested to know that I recently met PETER COX in Kyrenia in North Cyprus. Peter attended Queen Elizabeth's for several years and was in the year above me. We were, however, good friends and have maintained contact and friendship with each other over the years.

Peter can probably be best remembered for his athletics prowess and in particular the 400 yards; he also on occasions played on the wing in the 1st XV rugby team. He went on to teacher's training college where he met his wife, Joy.

Peter has expressed an interest in joining the Old Winburnians Association, so I am providing you with his address:- Mr Peter Cox, "Sorrel", Fairview Lane, Crowborough, East Sussex, TN6 1BT.

It is unlikely that I shall be in England again this year from Swaziland, but hope to be at the reunion next year in 2008. (*I am sure Peter would welcome letters from any old friends*).

DOUG WILLIAMS (1942-48) Doug wrote from Chalbury of an old contemporary, Graeme Whistow, who has been very ill, having undergone major surgery in recent months. We all wish Graeme a full recovery and better health in the New Year.

Meanwhile, Doug recalls an amusing incident which occurred in the Autumn term of 1945.

‘There were three of us, all members of 5B - namely Derek Stevens, Graeme Whistow and Yours Truly. One dinner time we went on an expedition to Julian’s bridge. Graeme Whistow, being the biggest and bravest, went under the bridge to walk from one side to the other through one of the arches. Stevens and myself thought we would aim projectiles off the bridge and try to splash the unfortunate Whistow trapped below. The latter, not to be treated thus without retaliation, hurled a handful of stinking river mud out from under the bridge with a trajectory to take it up and over the parapet in the hope of hitting one of his tormentors.

Believe it or not, at the very moment that the missile became airborne, one of the extremely rare motor vehicles on the road at that time of petrol rationing began to cross the bridge. The missile flew true to its planned trajectory and passed through the open window of the car to besmirch the unfortunate passenger!

What cringing and apologising we three had to do to head off a visit to ‘Tipper’ Airey by the irate victim of this unfortunate piece of horseplay! (*I haven’t seen this particular incident recorded previously among your magnificent collection of memorabilia, Mr. Stevens!*)

DEREK LAWMAN (1951-56) Derek sent me a card declaring ‘I have now finally retired from playing, singing and teaching. Karen was offered early retirement from the Civil Service and we moved to Bournemouth last December. Karen has obtained a part-time position in Westbourne’. (Derek’s new address is Flat 1, Studland Court, Marlborough Road, Westbourne, Bournemouth BH4 8DF and I am sure he will welcome letters from long-lost, local friends. *We hope to see you both at Christmas, Derek and Karen.*)

MICHAEL AIKEN (1950-57) Writing from Penhurst in Kent Michael, who only joined us a year or so ago, expressed his gratitude to Betty White who was instrumental in recruiting him to our ranks. Unfortunately Michael was unable to attend in July but is determined to be with us in December. I now quote directly from his letter: ‘Since selling my business I have been fairly active although without the same routine. (*Like wheeling the barrow full of banknotes to the local branch of HSBC, do you mean, Michael?*) My involvement in certain charities has deepened, something that was not actually planned but has happened. I am Chairman of the Mary Rose Trust, the Leadership Trust, a Board member of the Tall Ships (Youth) Trust and a Council member of the Prince’s Trust in the south-east. I have also been sailing quite a bit, playing Captain Bligh without the ‘breadfruit’!’ (*We look forward to seeing you in December, Michael. Don’t forget to bring the parrot!*)

PAUL SAUNDERS (1959-66) Writing from Milngavie Paul wrote to express his enjoyment of the Newsletters. He particularly found the articles about Wimborne very interesting. ‘I visited the town some 14 years ago and was amazed at how much it had changed. I presume that it will be all the more so now!’ (*And how’s Milngavie, Paul?*)

DAVID SINGLETON (1951-57) A welcome communication arrived from Houston, Texas, from David, gourmet, scientist, obscure Dixieland jazz-lover and friend who could finish an entire science-fiction novel while his fellow-campers struggled to avoid burning their breakfasts over an open fire! David delivered some very sound advice to all those of us who avoid going to our GPs until the very last moment. I quote directly from his wise counsel.

‘As you mentioned in the last Newsletter, I did have a health scare late last year, in the shape of prostate cancer. After discussions with several doctors and much agonizing, I selected robotic, laparoscopic surgery as the treatment. This turned out very well and I was in hospital for only about 36 hours. My urologist assures me that the disease was completely contained in the removed organ and that I am ‘clear’. Nevertheless, I shall be screened indefinitely, by means of blood tests, to guard against any recurrence. I have strongly encouraged my brothers, and I encourage you and any other males with whom you discuss this, to undergo annual PSA testing. The modern message is that there are no longer any ‘safe’ numbers - the rate of change is also very important. Early detection is crucial to a good outcome!

I look forward to seeing you upon my next visit to Dorset. (*Good to hear your reassuring news, David. We look forward to seeing you soon.*)

DIANA ZILM (nee VAUGHAN) (1955-59) Len Pearce relayed news of Diana and her husband who have recently retired to Victoria, Australia. Both served as Salvation Army Officers in Africa and, more recently, Down Under. (*We send our best wishes for a long and fulfilling retirement. Diana.*)

JANET DOOLAEGE (1958-65) Janet was delighted to attend her first ever reunion in July this year. ‘It was great fun’, she wrote, ‘and really interesting to hear what people have been doing all this time. I hope to attend next summer’s event and, if possible, round up a few more people from my year, even though they are scattered across the globe.’

OBITUARIES

PETER WEAVER (March 1927 - May 2007) - Obituary by **JACK HALL**

I first knew Peter at W.G.S. in 1938 when he was in form 3b and I was in 4b. He left after me in 1942 and we met again working for the Air Ministry at a Research Establishment at West Howe. Secret work in the newly development of radar as it became to be known. We left in 1945 and he did his National Service as a paratrooper in the Middle East after which he became an audiologist spending many years at Parr's, The Triangle, Bournemouth. He served as a Councillor for the Kinson Ward on the Bournemouth Town Council. After he left Parr's he formed a house maintenance company until he retired. Peter spent some years at The King's Arms at Longham where his father and mother owned a public house. He was a keen boxer at W.G.S. and it was not a good idea to meet him at the competitions in the gym. I never broke up my friendship with Peter and his wife Nina. He had one son, Robert. A friend of some 70 years who will be sadly missed. I understand he attended the Christmas Dinner Celebration in 2006 so I hope some of the O.W.A. members met him for what was the last time. (*We send our condolences to Peter's family and friends.*)

PAUL CHARMAN (1952-59)

I was deeply shocked to learn of the death of Paul who regularly attended our reunions with his wife Pam. Paul sadly passed away in London in June of this year. I hope to carry a proper tribute to Paul in the next Newsletter. Meanwhile, we send our condolences to Pam.

MICHAEL TRENT POLLARD (1942-48) *I am indebted to Derek Stevens for the following.*

We have learned with deep sorrow of the death of Michael at Norwich on 24th August. Michael had been suffering from a heart condition for some time which worsened a few days before his death.

At school Michael was a prolific contributor to The Winburnian but was by no means devoted to excessive physical exertion as is apparent from some of his verse. His family moved while he was in the second year but he nevertheless gained his HSC and, for a short while before National Service, became a rent collector for the Newhaven VDC! During National Service he became an Air Traffic Controller at Prestwick, apparently much concerned with vessels lost at sea (The Belfast Triangle?). Subsequently he taught, became Public Relations Officer for Dunlop, and a freelance journalist.

He wrote a novel which we have not yet seen and, by his own account, a series of childrens books on the lines of 'How to look after your Guinea Pig'. We are not sure if he was kidding or not.

Michael was a 'one off' and will be much missed. (*I hope to include some of Michael's work in the next issue.*)

OLD WINBURNIANS CHRISTMAS LUNCH

Saturday, 1 December 2007

at Cobhams Sports & Social Club, Merley Park Road, Wimborne

Menu

STARTERS

S1 Homemade Chicken Soup, *served with crusty bread*

S2 Cocktail of Prawns Marie-Rose, *accompanied with wholemeal bread*

S3 Farmhouse Pork Liver Paté *with redcurrant & port sauce*

S4 Chilled Orange Juice

MAIN COURSES

M1 Seasonal Turkey *with chipolata, chestnut stuffing, cranberry sauce and a 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 and cream sauce, topped with asparagus and dusted with paprika*

M4 Mediterranean Vegetable Wellington

All served with a selection of seasonal vegetables and potatoes

DESSERTS

D1 Christmas Pudding with brandy sauce

D2 Chocolate Indulgence

D3 Raspberry and Champagne Torte

Coffee and Mints

Members and guests to arrive from 11.30am. Lunch will be served at 12.30pm.

Please complete the booking form and return by no later than 24th November 2007 to:

Alan Maitland, Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrews, Blandford DT11 0JL

N.B. Failure to pre-book will not guarantee there to be a lunch available.

SEATING

If you were happy with last year's arrangements please confirm, If you particularly wish to sit with a friend/a group of friends, please name your preferred seating partners in the space below the booking form. However, if you are sending the completed standing order form to A.M., please attach a separate sheet of paper to the booking form with your stated preferences.

The booking form is available on the website, please print it and return to the treasurer:

Mr Alan Maitland, Coles Farm, Milbourne St. Andrew, BLANDFORD.

DT11 0JL

By Saturday 24th November at the latest.

Any overseas members who wish to attend but can't post the form in time please email membership@oldwinburnians.org.uk

with the names of those attending and their menu choices and pay on the door.

A.G.M.

From **LEN PEARCE**.

It was hoped that the O.W. could have remained just a friendly group of people but, it is now on a proper basis, since it was felt that a formal constitution was needed. The A.G.M. should provide an opportunity for members to ensure that the O.W. is being run as they wished. There is a wide spectrum of ideas on the committee as to what form the A.G.M. should take and you are invited to tell them which you prefer. Please bear in mind the 'pros & cons' of all the options, i.e. The time available for reports & discussion, the likely attendance, the impact on the social side of the Reunion and any additional cost. You will find boxes to tick on the reunion booking form or you can send more detailed ideas to the secretary by post or email: agm@oldwinburnians.org.uk

The choices are:-

Formal	After	During
A formal meeting, held separately from the reunion, possibly on the night before	A meeting, on the same day just after the reunion.	A very short meeting during the reunion, just after lunch. (As in July 2007)

There is a fourth box for those of you who have **No Strong Views** about the matter.

TWO DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS EXPRESSED BY COMMITTEE MEMBERS

FOR THE AGM to be held DURING THE REUNION (as in July 2007)

An AGM is vital to make your committee accountable but if you are happy no discussion is needed and ten minutes will suffice. Should serious discontent arise a majority could vote to extend the meeting, allowing sufficient time for discussion.

Elections: Ballot papers can be distributed before and counted afterwards.

DAVID FINNEMORE

AGAINST THE AGM being held DURING THE REUNION, (as in July 2007)

For ten years the Committee functioned successfully on an informal basis. I was unconvinced of the need for change. What I do NOT want is an AGM in the middle of a reunion. Wrong time, wrong place! Hiring a separate room, even a telephone box, for the AGM would be a small price to pay.

ALAN R. BENNETT

Overseas members please email your votes for either:

FORMAL AFTER DURING or DON'T MIND
to membership@oldwinburnians.org.uk