



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - SUMMER 2008

It is difficult to believe the months have so hastened by that it is already time for me to prepare another Newsletter. I will begin with an apology. As some of you will be aware, I am presently much engaged in a literary adventure of my own which demands practically all of my time. For this reason I have been unable to devote as much of my attention as usual to the Newsletter. I hope my neglect does not show too conspicuously. However, I have been obliged to carry over certain contributions to future issues. I hope no one will be offended by the omissions. Since my project will continue to make great demands upon my time for the next eighteen months I do ask for further forbearance during that period.

I must express particular thanks to Len Pearce for his contributions on several topics. Len is the most modest and self-effacing of characters but his work behind the scenes on behalf of the OW is considerable and we all owe him a great debt of gratitude. Perhaps members would like to seek him out at the summer reunion and express their appreciation - wine and spirits, food hampers, or just plain, old-fashioned cash would, I am sure, be welcome. Alternatively, a kind word, a handshake, a kiss (only from the ladies, please!) would be gratefully accepted.

I believe the Christmas Reunion was regarded by all who came as a resounding success - with our best attendance yet. We are not quite matching the figures achieved by Manchester United and Arsenal at their home fixtures as yet but our percentage increase is similar or better - so a pat on the back for everyone concerned.

I hope our Summer Reunion will already be a date in everyone's diary. I am certain it will prove an immensely enjoyable occasion. One note of warning, however. And may I suggest you take out a red pen now all those of you who will be travelling some distance to the venue in July and make a note in your diaries accordingly. Major bridge repairs are presently being carried out on Canford Bridge which will last through much of the year. Until June there are traffic lights and single carriage way across the bridge which is already causing problems at peak times. However, the situation is then going to become more difficult when the bridge is closed to traffic altogether which will be the case in July at the time of the reunion. If you are coming from the east, from the Ringwood direction, the by-pass or a route through Longham is recommended. If you are coming from the west then go through Broadstone and do not try to drive south directly through Wimborne. It will be a nuisance so just leave yourselves a few minutes extra - but do not let it deter you from coming along. Remember the Bulldog Spirit and the Stiff Upper Lip. Are we bovered? Of course not!

Your most 'umble servant,
Alan R. Bennett



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. (I have compiled the list from the lunch plan. It is possible one or two of the names below may not have attended. Please excuse any resulting errors. In order to save myself time I have also not put the names in alphabetical order on this occasion. Forgive my sloth!)

From l to r: David Park, Francis Hackforth, John Hill, Alan Bennett, Brian Richmond, Brian Glover (just the back of his head but not, alas, those ruggedly handsome features), Pat Keeping.

Alan Bennett, David Park, David Roberts, Brian Richmond, Brian Glover, Patrick Keeping, Frank Hackforth, John Hill, Tony Leigh, John Guy.

Carolyn Kamcke (nee Walking), Rob Williamson, Alan Maitland, June Maitland, Roy Dacombe, June Dacombe, Ken Nicklen, Fay Nicklen, Norman Waterman, Robin Christopher.

Mervyn Coombs, Rosemary Coombs, Stan White, Greta White, Roy Sheppard, Betty Sheppard, Eric Leeson, Morgan Antell, Ann Antell, Tony Bletsoe.



Peter Eyres

Edgar Francis

Vic Moss, Jenny Moss (nee Day), Geoff Welch, Beryl Wythers (nee Moreton), Faith Elford (nee Hawes), John Singleton, Roger Holman, Geoff Hill, Zen Dotimas, Paul Burry.

Cynthia Tanner (nee Streets), Neill Tanner, Eunice Carnall (nee Chadd), Gail Greenfield, Audrey Hallett, Brian Cooper, Sue Lawrence, Christine Price (nee Richmond), Monica Vacher, Carolyn Martin, David Martin.



Carolyn Kamcke

Fay Nicklen

June Dacombe

Terry Randall, Frank Shears, Elsie Shears, Graham Powell, Hazel Powell, Brian Hall, Noreen Hall, Lawson Hall, Jill Hall, John Webley.

Betty Read (nee White), Pat Marshall (nee Unsworth), Ann King (nee Wall), Sue Hatherley (nee Bush), Janet Coy (nee Dowd), Tony Elgar, Dianne Elgar, Sam Saunders, David Dyer, Diana Moss.

Ken Smart, Bob Downer, Brian Pearce, Edward Wood, Jose Wood, Bob White, Ken Taylor, Tony Gould.

Len Hawker, Dot Hawker, Reg Booth, Wilfred Palmer, Peter Eyres, Edgar Francis, Ine Francis, Des Cox, Bob Copelin, Derek Noon, David Conning.

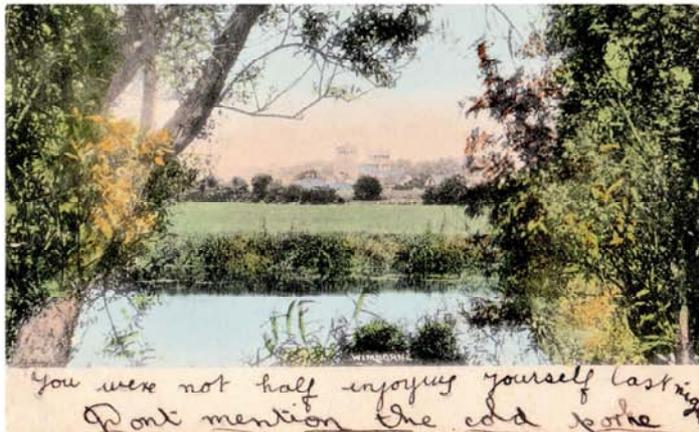
Peter Douch, Jack Douch, John Dacombe, Ann Sweeney, Ray Scott, Len Pearce, Diana Pearce.

Ken Palmer, Marge Palmer, Charles Palmer, Alice Booth, Cliff Butler, Rodney Smith, Peter Pardy, Bill Haskell, Wendy Bundy, Brian Bundy.

Gordon Richards, Nesta Richards, John Froud, Maureen Froud, Joyce Downton, Peter Cox, Gerald Froud, Rosemary Edwards, Ray Moore, Norah Moore.



Patrick Keeping (compassionately released by the Governor of one of Her Majesty's institutions for the occasion).



Postmarked 1903 from the Editor's collection. Addressed to Mrs E. Gould, West Boro, Wimborne

Reunion photographs by Ken Nicklen

LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT

During 2007, in a letter, Douglas Williams reminded the committee that 2009 was the 500th anniversary of the death of the Good Lady Meg and he went on to suggest that some thought should be given by the OW, toward arranging for a memorial to her, being placed in The Minster. The committee agreed and in the autumn formed a sub-committee to oversee the project, Douglas was co-opted onto it and also Graham Powell. The other members being Mrs. C. Kamcke (OW Chair) and Len Pearce (OW Secretary).

The sub-committee met the Rector who explained the lengthy process of installing a memorial in the Trinity Chapel, which is where Lady Margaret originally endowed her Chantry. He made helpful suggestions and encouraged the OW to submit an initial application to the Minster Fabric Committee. The Rector also agreed that the memorial should be dedicated at a Commemoration Service on 11th July 2009, close to the anniversary of the death of Lady Margaret. We are delighted that the Bishop of Sherborne has accepted our invitation to attend the service.

Our application was considered by the Fabric Committee early in January 2008 and the Secretary was later advised that they were “. . . in favour of the proposal . . .”, although several amendments were required. Since these alterations affected the wording which the OW sub-committee had put forward and could lead to changes in both the shape and size of the proposal, a joint meeting of the Minster committee and the sub-committee was arranged and after some discussion agreement was reached on the outstanding matters. It is also hoped to arrange for additional information to be made available in the chapel, using A4 size boards, as in some National Trust properties.

Despite the close relationship of the Church and the School over the centuries, in the Minster, only the comments of the guides connect Lady Margaret with our Old School (and not all of them do that!) If the current OWs do not arrange for a suitable recognition of this connection, future generations will not know the WGS was founded by the mother of a King.

When the proposed Memorial has been approved at Diocesan level, and a tender accepted, the details will be made known in a Newsletter. It is anticipated that the cost of a marble plaque could be in excess of £1,000. A ‘Memorial Fund’ will be opened, to which members might wish to make donations. In addition the committee is minded to divert the proceeds of any raffles, if there is a shortfall.

It is the earnest hope of your committee that members will approve and support the action which they have taken to publicly commemorate Lady Margaret in The Minster.

NOTE. The sub-committee is aware that there is already a recognition of Lady Margaret in The Minster. However, over the years, very few people have seen it, or even know of its existence.

On the No. 2 bell (2 cwt. 3 qrs. 8 lbs. [approx. 144 Kg]) up in the West tower belfry, is the following Latin inscription:-, “*Deo gratias agimus pro Domina Margareta Scholae fundatrice et Hujus Ecclesiae factrice*” - (We render thanks to God for the Lady Margaret, foundress of the School and benefactress of the Church).

From time to time bells are recast but any inscription initially cast onto a bell, is always cast again on the new bell and this would have occurred when The Minster Bells were last recast in 1911. Unfortunately the original inscription on the first casting was not dated and thus there is no record down through the years of when the original bell was first cast and hung.

Len Pearce

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Members will remember that the Spring Newsletter, they were notified that the AGM of 2007, would take place on the same day as the Summer Reunion. This very short meeting was held after lunch.

Subsequently, you committee came to the conclusion that this conflicted with the general spirit of a reunion but, they could not agree when an AGM, with adequate time for reports, elections etc., should be held. Thus, in th Autumn Newsletter you wre asked to tell the committee, which of the following you preferred:-,

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 was a fourth box for those of you who had No Strong Views about the matter.

THE AGM SURVEY

There was not a large response to this survey and the breakdown of the papers which were returned, was as follows:-,

Separate AGM 35%, After the Reunion 5%, During the Reunion 20%, No Strong Views 40%

After some discussion at their January meeting, and, taking note of the wishes of the members, the committee agreed (with one abstention) that:-,

**“The next AGM will take place at 11am on Monday 15th September at Cobhams.
It will be immediately followed by a Committee Meeting”.**

NOTICE OF THE 2008 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

OF

THE OLD WINBURNIANS

**TO BE HELD AT COBHAM'S SPORTS AND SOCIAL CLUB, MERLEY WIMBORNE.
at 11am on MONDAY 15th SEPTEMBER 2008**

Note. After the meeting, a committee meeting will be held and those members attending the AGM are invited to remain as observers. Light refreshments will be available from the bar.

CAN ANYONE HELP MICK WALLIS IN HIS SEARCH

I am an ex Dorset policeman. I am now the chairman of the national Assoc of Retired Police Officers (Dorset Branch). I have recently been in discussion with the staff officer of the present Chief Constable with regard to the setting up of a book of remembrance for all officers who died whilst actively serving in this force.

One name came to my mind and that was **CECIL BUDDEN**, who had been a prefect whilst I was at QE. He died in the late 50s after a traffic accident.

I can recall that there were several of my contemporaries that joined Dorset.

They were:- **BRIAN WALKER** (decd) **DAVID GIBBS** (decd) **GEOFFREY BARTLETT** (decd)

Others still alive, as far as I know, are:-

MICHAEL CORNICK BARRY VAUDIN REGINALD BOOTH

I am wondering if there are others, either older or younger than myself who served and if they have any knowledge of anyone dying whilst in service???

If there is anyone out there with any information I would be pleased to hear from them,

yours Mick A Wallis (1946 - 51)
110 Uppleby Road, Poole, Dorset BH12 3DF
Tel: 01202 732840
e-mail: mawallis@ntlworld.com

FROM ERIC LEESON (1943 - 47)

I have recently published a short biography of William Cox (1746-1837), born in Wimborne and educated at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School.

You may well be aware that William Cox became famous for building the first road across the Blue Mountains in New South Wales using convict labour.

He doesn't seem to have received much recognition in this country, particularly locally, and my initial research back in 1997 could only find a short piece in the 1956/57 Dorset County Year Book.

I hope that my efforts will generate some interest especially from Old Winburnians and anyone wishing to find out more about Cox, Convict ships, and the New South Wales Corps etc. can obtain the acknowledged books through Dorset County Library (Wimborne Branch) and a wealth of information is now available on the Web produced by his descendants.

The booklet, priced at **£3.99**, also has the text from Cox's Journal which he wrote during the road building. I am donating ALL proceeds from the sale to *Cancer Research UK* and to facilitate this arrangement, the booklet is available exclusively from **Gullivers Bookshop, 47 High Street, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 1HS**
Tel: 01202 882677

(I hope many OWs will seek out Eric's booklet. I know he has spent much time and energy compiling it and deserves our congratulations on his efforts. He may be contacted directly at 10 Blacksmith Close, Corfe Mullen, Wimborne BH21 3QW - Tel: 01202 695069)

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WIMBORNE 1ST XI. CRICKET, 1959



	M.J. Frampton	G. Egerton	P.J. Cox	
Mr. W.E. Streets	A.A. Elgar	J. Kerswell	P. Charman	D.F. Jolliffe
N.A. Waterman	D.A. Scrase	S.F. Coley	W. Cottrell	R.W. Nex

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1936 -1940

By Derek Bevis

In one of his letters to me, the Editor of the Old Winburnian, Mr. Alan Bennett, inviting me to “scribble my memories relating to the School”, noted that I had “begun life at QEGS in 1936 and finished it in that extraordinary year 1940”

It was indeed an extraordinary year. Winston Churchill wrote of it, “We may, I am sure, rate this tremendous year as the most splendid, as it was the most deadly, year in our long English and British story”. By the end of that year the nation faced either submission by starving, or surrender by bombing, or invasion, or all three. Bathetically, it was my last year at school.

In some ways it was a somewhat tedious year for me because, when the war broke out, the Army immediately decided that there would be no more scholarships to the Royal Military College (as it then was) at Sandhurst, for which I was then studying. As, despite repeated pleas, my father had forbidden me to join the Army before I was 17 (which was towards the end of 1940) all I could do was to sit for another School Certificate. But, at least, I was now free of studying Physics and Chemistry (which I did not enjoy) and go back to English and History, but not Geography.

Mr. Mottram, the Geography master, seemed to think that I was troublesome so, as he entered the class-room, he would invariably send me out. One of the stories about “Motty” was that he had once been captured by the Chinese but had somehow managed to escape. He made his way to a small harbour on the coast, and decided to row to freedom across the sea to Australia. Unfortunately, the only craft he could find was a tin bath which, since it was round, just went round and round in circles as he pulled on the oars. Not surprisingly he was easily re-captured by the Chinese.

My English teacher was that excellent master and most likeable man Mr. Albert “Fishy” Maiden. He it was who opened my eyes to that superb conjunction of the rotund “multitudinous seas incarnadine” with the sharp “green one red” in Lady Macbeth’s soliloquy:

“Will all Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red”

He also showed me the wondrous sound of the vowels struck by Tennyson in “Ulysees”:

“And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy”.

My History master, Mr. Tapping, was another very good teacher with a sure grasp of his subject, and the ability to make everything clear. He drummed into us the framework within which we were to write history essays. We had to write “What happened, why it happened, and the result of it happening”. It was a good framework and, many years later, I sometimes used it when I wrote sermons.

Mr. Tapping was also the cricket coach, and since he tried to turn me into a batsman who would stroke the ball elegantly through the covers, whereas I wanted to slog every ball over the boundary for six, he and I did not see eye to eye, so, rather sadly, I decided to give up cricket.

In addition to that, Mr. Tapping was the Commanding Officer of the Home Guard platoon at Canford Magna. On 14th. May 1940 Anthony Eden, the Secretary of State for War, announced the formation of the Local Defence Volunteers. As soon as the announcement came through on the radio, I was off on my bike to Broadstone Police Station to enrol giving my age as 17. I was handed a khaki-coloured armband inscribed with the letters LDV. Winston Churchill soon changed the name to Home Guard, and we went on parade carrying assorted weapons such as shot-guns and garden hoes. Our job was to send out night patrols around Canford Magna to see if German paratroopers had landed, and also to man defensive positions to delay, if not stop, the advance of the enemy.

By July of that year I felt that I would serve the war effort better by working on a farm, so, as soon as the summer holiday started, I got on my bike and cycled from Canford Magna to Moorbath Farm about seven miles north of Bridport. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, who owned the farm, gave me a warm welcome and I worked hard throughout that glorious summer while the Battle of Britain raged in the blue skies overhead.

When I returned to the school I found two changes. One was that we were no longer able to whistle in imitation of German bombs falling. The Headmaster, "Tipper" Airey, had decreed that it might frighten the junior boys. The other was that women teachers had taken the place of those masters who were now serving in the Armed Forces. It was a revolution to have females in such a resolutely masculine institution.

At the end of the year I left school. A month later I fulfilled a long-held ambition. On a bitterly cold winter morning, I went off through the snow to Southampton and there, among the bomb-damaged ruins, I enlisted as a private soldier in the Hampshire regiment. For me, among other things, it marked the end of that extraordinary year 1940.

THE FOUR GENTLEMEN OF WIMBORNE

A photograph of four young gentlemen to whom we all owe a debt of gratitude - four of the inspirational figures who relaunched the OW a decade ago. Cheers, gentlemen!



left to right.

RODNEY HURT, 'SIR GORDON' RICHARDS, JOHN PHILPOTT MBE, ALAN CHALMERS

SPRING TERM 1929 1ST XI HOCKEY.

This photograph, from the last newsletter reminded Len Pearce that three of the team died in WW2.

They were D.J.C. Britton, I.T. Lucas and D.M.B. Smart.

Thank you, Len, for reminding us all of their courage and the sacrifices they made that we might live in freedom.



DAVID JOHN CHARLES BRITTON was born at Fordingbridge in 1913 and he died in Burma, on Sunday 3rd of June 1945, at the age of 32. His grave is in the Rangoon War Cemetery, Myanmar.

At WGS David was in Derby House. In 1930 he captained the Soccer 2nd XI and was captain of the 1st the following year. In the first half of 1932 he broke his collar bone playing Rugby, passed the School Certificate exam and took a part in the School play. He left the School in the summer of 1932 having been Head Boy, Senior Librarian of the Reference Library and, in his last term captained his House cricket team. On leaving the School, he made a donation toward the 'Pavilion Fund'. (The smaller pavilion which has only recently been demolished.)

It is not known when David enlisted but, by the Spring of 1940, he was a Sergeant Instructor in the A.A. Section of the Royal Artillery. A year later he was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant R.A. and he was a Lieutenant in 1943. Early in 1945 he visited the School, "prior to going to visit the Mikado" which he did in his capacity as a Captain in a Commando Parachute unit, initially in India.

Captain Britton was Acting Major when he was awarded the Military Cross for his actions in Burma during 1945. The following is an extract from the School Magazine No. 101. Page 13 :-,
"Further details have come to hand concerning the late David Britton (Capt. Acting Major R.A.), who was posthumously awarded the M.C. for gallantry during operations in Burma in 1945. He was killed in action on June 3rd 1945. [The full citation recounts the exploits of his party which was dropped behind enemy lines and concludes with, "...his was by far the most successful and this must be attributed to his outstanding powers of leadership and personal bravery. He led his men in a number of actions and it was his example which inspired them to a degree of bravery and perseverance far beyond normal standards."

IVAN THEODORE LUCAS was born in Egypt in 1910 and then lived at No 18, Avenue Road, Wimborne. At School he was in Richmond House and was always referred to as, "I. T."

I. T. was an outstanding all-round sportsman. In the 1928 Athletic Sports he won The High Jump, the Long Jump, 440 yds, 220 yds and 100 yds, also the Hurdles and Throwing the Cricket Ball (76.6 yards). He also captained the Hockey XI, the Cricket XI and was Vice-captain of the Soccer XI. In the High Jump he cleared 5ft. 4.5 inches (1.59m). He was also a good shot. I. T. left the School 1930 and later joined the OW Committee where he organised the 1932/33 New Years Dance.

Ivan worked for a while at the Dennis Motor Works in Guildford and later at the Morris Works in the Midlands. In the mid -1930s he went to Rhodesia and, in the Spring of 1940, he joined the South African Air Force, later transferring to the R.A.F.

After qualifying as an Air Gunner I. T. was posted to No.233 Squadron which was equipped with Baltimores Mk. I & Mk .2 and was stationed at Baheira. Part of the unit flew from 'Landing Ground 99' which was in a cluster of desert airfields approximately 20 miles South of Alexandria.

A great friend of I. T. in his squadron wrote, "...Ivan was shot down by three fighters and died at his post, as he would have desired. His guns were blazing right until his aircraft hit the ground. He was a very brave man and very popular with everyone.

Ivan was aged 32 when he died and he is interred in the El Alamein War Cemetery. Egypt.

DERMOT MILBANKE BODDINGTON SMART was born in 1911 at Bishops Waltham. Hants and being a boarder, he was in School House. He was described by one of his fellow boarders as having, "a good brain, was a fine sport and very popular" and another that he was, "... a most helpful and sympathetic companion and from the early days in the Corps, proved a good soldier and leader. " D.M.B. played Hockey and Cricket for the School in 1929 and, at the School Sports, threw a cricket ball 77 yards.

By the summer of 1933, D.M.B, was in the 4th Batt. of the Sikh Regiment on the North West Frontier and the School Magazine recorded that "He spends his leaves climbing and his latest achievement was to get to 20,000 feet but he hoped to improve on that later in the year." Toward the end of the year the School Magazine reported that, "...he had been promoted Lieutenant and had been elected a member of the Himalayan Club...". By the Spring of 1934 he was on leave in Bournemouth and took the opportunity to visit Wimborne to attend dances and play rugby. A year later he was in Kashmir. In 1941 D.M.B was stated to be a Major in the Indian Army and a year later he was a Lt/Col. When he was reported to have "...escaped from Burma into Assam during operations there."

D.M.B saw a great deal of service after joining the Indian Army in 1933. He climbed Nanga Parbet * with a German expedition in the 1930s , was in action in Burma in the 1940s and, after a spell on the Staff, he was killed in the field on 19th August 1943. One of his contemporaries at WGS said of him that he was "...serious, clever and a leader always and showed signs of a distinguished career."

D.M.B. Smart is interred in the Maynamati War Cemetery, Bangladesh (formerly Bengal).

* NOTE. Nanga Parbet [26,830 feet] is in the pre-WW2 N.W. Indian province of Kashmir - 150 miles N.E. of Rawalpindi. It is understood that three members of the German expedition and six Sherpas lost their lives in an avalanche.

(The above mini-biographies are summaries from research which Len carried out a few years ago, when he determined to find out the stories behind the 45 names of pupils from Wimborne Grammar School who paid the supreme sacrifice during the course of W.W.2. Their Memorial, which used to be on the South wall of the Big School, is now at Q.E. School, Pamphill, Wimborne. He has also researched the WW1 & WW2 Memorial Plaques in The Minster, where his two dedicated books have been placed near the Memorials. To safeguard the memory of those men who lost their lives, copies of all Len's work have been handed to the Priest House Museum in Wimborne, The Imperial War Museum, The Dorset County Archives and the Dorset Family History Society.)

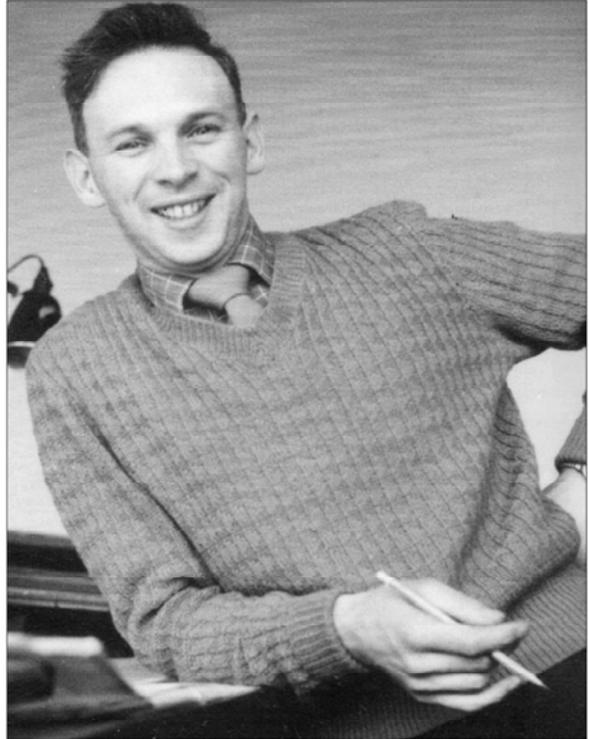
ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES

Treasurer	Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St Andrews, Blandford DT11 0JL
Chairman/Sec	Carolyn Kamcke	4 Pine Close, Ameysford Road, Ferndown BH22 2QX
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

OBITUARIES - AND MEMORIES OF HAPPIER DAYS

DEREK BARTLETT (1939 - 45) *(I am grateful for the following words written by Derek's younger brother, Kenneth. It is clear Derek possessed outstanding abilities, both as a designer and artist. I am delighted to be able to include an example of Derek's artistic work. My thanks to Kenneth who was himself a greatly respected Head Boy at QEGS and an exceptional sportsman. Our condolences go to Derek's wife and his family).*

Derek died on Saturday, 6th October 2007. The funeral and cremation took place at the Knebworth Crematorium (Hertfordshire) on Thursday 18th October. The funeral was attended by many of his colleagues from De Havilland days at Hatfield and by others from Hawker Siddeley and the British Aerospace companies, which took over the Hatfield site in later years. Derek became one of the chief designers with British Aerospace and was one of the team that produced the BAE 146, now in current use with several airlines. When he retired he remained in Knebworth, where he pursued his interest in portrait painting, ceramics, and inevitably his passion for painting aircraft. He became a prominent member of both the Hertford Art Society and of the Guild of Aviation Artists. His work was exhibited locally and in London. His daughter-in-law has produced a catalogue, in book form, of his work and is now working on a second booklet covering the remaining work up to his death. Derek was at Wimborne from 1939-45. I overlapped him from 1945-52.



This photograph of Derek was taken in his early days at De Havilland, Hatfield, way back in the 1950s, but I am sure many of his contemporaries will recognise him.



This photograph of the "Lysander" has appeared in several Aircraft publications and exhibited in London and elsewhere with the Guild of Aviation Artists. The painting can be seen in colour on our website.

PAUL CHARMAN (1952-59) *(As readers will know I received news of Paul's death just as we last went to press . I have decided to include several contributions which arrived in the following weeks. When you read them I think you will understand why for they will bring back memories for a number of our members)*



From Paul's wife Pam.

Pam referred to Paul's varied working life - at the Met Office, in the Police Force, with Harvey's Bristol Cream and Cadbury's, at Rolls Royce and Hammersmith & Fulham Social Services.

Pam recalls Paul's relationship with 'Fishy Maiden'. 'He was always asking Paul to spell 'vicissitude' and Paul usually got it wrong whereupon Mr. Maiden would chant "He doesn't know!" with great emphasis which the class would find highly amusing!'

It is clear from Pam's letter that for both herself and Paul their marriage - and it was second time round for both of them - was a very

happy one. She concludes her letter

'He never forgot the Old Winburnians - it meant a huge amount to him - and we always arranged our summer holiday to coincide with the OW reunion He kept his youthful enthusiasm alive. I always think of him as a 'boy in long trousers'. *(If anyone would like to drop a line to Pam I know she will be delighted to hear from them. Her address is 11 Canterbury Court, Grovefield Place, Kilburn, London NW6 5SX)*

MEMORIES OF A DEAR FRIEND - PAUL CHARMAN (1952-59)

I came to know Paul well during the 1950s into the 1960s. Although he was a year behind me at QEGS, rugby was, as it were, a great leveller. We established a close relationship on the playing field - primarily rugby, but cricket, too - more on that in a moment. We socialized after games and with visits to each other's homes even though it was a long bike-ride between Upton and Wimborne St. Giles, where his father was the minister. When we both left school and I went to Bristol to study German, Paul soon found his way there too, as did Simon Coley. Paul and I were room-mates in our digs for about a year. So we again saw much of one another. I remember Paul as a good-natured friend who fitted in very well with everyone around him. We often went out in my home-made ten-foot rowing dinghy (if that word is acceptable for a primitive plywood craft). Out into Lytchett Bay, under the railway bridge on the line to Hamworthy Junction, past the "Holiday Camp" and into Poole Harbour proper, sometimes as far as Green Island and Long Island, once to Brownsea. Often there were four of us, Paul, Simon Coley and Norman (Split) Waterman, packed into ten feet of quarter inch plywood.

Once in a while there would be a wind, and it was in choppy conditions one day that the inevitable came to pass: we took on water which, despite timely warnings from Split in the bows, the rest of us ignored. We sank, but, of course, the outer reaches of Poole Harbour being largely mud-flats, we were able to catch the box camera floating away with our packed lunch and wade ashore after a rousing chorus of "O God our Help in Ages Past", the hymn that was always sung during assemblies whenever inclement weather struck. Paul was his usual unflappable self. Once, it must have been in the Sixties, Paul and I played in a cricket match for Wimborne RFC against the Cricket Club. Paul and I opened, chasing about seventy runs, I believe. Paul was a cross-bat artiste, an out-an-out slogger, but today was his day (and mine), for we took the score to within easy striking distance and the Rugby Club won. Paul cherished that success - it was his success and he enjoyed the many pats on the back. Later, in Bristol, he became a policeman for a time. I remember him coming home and describing his day's / evenings' / night's work: the pubs where the cops would "check things out in the back" overlook the after-hours drinking, and themselves enjoy a pint. There was the suicide cut down from the rope from which he had hanged himself; the person found weeks after he died alone in a flat and the concomitant stench - and there was worse, which I will keep to myself. Paul, hardly much more than twenty, took it all philosophically, recounted whatever it was soberly and with appropriate resignation or understanding, sometimes with humour, sometimes with irony, sometimes with an eloquent shake of his head. In Bristol where the two of us shared digs, I loaned him some money (I think it was sixty quid) to buy a second-hand Vespa, on which one night after the pubs were closed, we all took turns riding around Cotham, all of us breaking the law, with the possible exception of the scooter's new owner, Paul. On the subject of the law and the breaking thereof, Paul was philosophical: it takes a crook to catch a crook, he often said. Another time Simon Coley, who shared digs with me before Paul, and I drove out to Filton, where Bristol Aircraft

Corporation (I think that was what it was called) maintained an airport. In the middle in an old building there was a weather station. Here Paul worked nights (did he always work nights?), recording temperature, rainfall, as well as, doubtless, other meteorological events - like the dense fog which came down while we were carousing. Nil desperandum. At about two in the morning Simon and I set off to go home roaring down the main runway. Every so often we would come up against the grass at the edge of the runway, but which side? and which direction? We were hopelessly lost. As we continued to try to find the exit, we suddenly found ourselves (of course) back where we started. The unflappable Paul, demonstrating all the sterling qualities that made him such a good friend (and policeman), got on the Vespa and led us out. During the Bristol years Paul and I would often play midweek rugby for Bristol Wednesday. Once we played with Dai Dower, the British, Empire, and European flyweight champion. Dai, a flyweight boxer, was not a big man and Paul, a second-row forward who was nothing if not burly, marvelled at how small the boxer was. Periodically for days after the game, Paul would quietly shake his head and say "Dai Dower, boy he's small..."

Then there were the times we would go to the vicarage in Wimborne St. Giles or Shaftesbury, where Paul's father subsequently went. Here there was home-brewed beer (what an enlightened vicar! I thought), here we would sing songs around the organ late in the evening, and there was bell-ringing for the "feast of the circumcision of Simon and David." Happy times, and how!

For all his ready humour, Paul did not laugh uproariously, he did not laugh loud or long. Instead there would be a lengthy but intermittent chuckle and he would repeat a punch-line or the essence of the story, savouring it as a gourmand might slowly chew on a delicate morsel of exquisite food. When I last saw him at the Great 500th Reunion he seemed the same old Paul. One could not say that he had slowed down. He always took things easy. I, and I'm sure Simon, Split, and many others will remember him fondly, with affection.

DAVID SCRASE (1951-59)

From Norman 'Split' Waterman (1953-60)

Paul, David Scrase and Simon Coley were my best friends through the 5th and 6th forms at QEGS from 1957 to 1959. We played rugby, soccer and cricket together and went on perilous trips on Poole harbour in the rowing boat which Scrase made himself from raw timber. The boat was fine but four people was at least one too many. On one occasion on a choppy day, I being by far the lightest (then) was in the front of the boat and playing Cassandra saying repeatedly that we were going to sink as the water was washing over me and into the boat. I was of course ignored. We did sink but as you probably know Poole harbour is not very deep unless you are unlucky enough to be in one of the channels. We were knee deep in mud and the camera was not improved by total immersion. Mrs Scrase's kitchen was as always a safe haven for washing and drying clothes and eating the cockles dug out of the mud.

I am not sure where Paul's nick name of chukka / chukha? or just chuk came from. We met, after a long time out of contact at the 500 year re-union when I met Pam for the first time. They came to my home near Amersham soon afterwards but to my shame and now regret I did not get to the re-unions which he attended subsequently. Ironically I will be at the December 1st lunch and was looking forward to meeting him there.

Norman (Split) Waterman

Tel 01494 715517

e-mail norman@nwaterman.orangehome.co.uk

PS I was amused by Geoff Hill's account of Neddy's snobbery. I have several examples which I encountered when I was Head Boy - not 'his choice' as he constantly reminded me.

From Robin Christopher

I was equally shocked to read of the death of Paul Charman in your recent OW Newsletter.

We went all the way through school together with him sitting in front of me every schoolday, so that I got to know the back of his head and his crewcut very well! We also played sport together throughout our schooldays, including both being second row forwards in the great school rugby team of 1957, that only lost to the Old Boys all season. We were also supposed to fight each other in the boxing final in the last year Frosty Hoare ran boxing at the school but Buster Blake blundered into me in the roofspace above the woodwork/domestic science block and I broke an arm, so the match was off. We were made prefects at the same time and ran the school tuck shop for Bob Pursey in the narrow corridor at the end of the Chantry buildings.



The Mile Race, School Sports, 1958

From left to right.

Trevor Bailey, Simon Coley, Leo Lambert, Paul Charman, Robin Christopher, David Scrase, Tony Elgar

(photograph from Robin Christopher)

Even after we left school, we used to go around together and Chuck was my best man when I married Hazel in 1963. We lost touch when he emigrated to Australia to join their police force. It was only when I rejoined the OWs this year after getting back in touch with Simon Coley that I realised that he'd been attending past reunions. Sadly, I never got the chance to renew our friendship but he had been a great friend, was always great fun and will be much missed..

FREDERICK W. J. FLIPPANT (1936-41) (With thanks to Len Pearce)

Always known to the immediate pre-war pupils of WGS as Jack, passed away at Christmas. He will be remembered as a quiet lad who lived at the corner of Newborough and Station Terrace, almost opposite the railway station. He was keen on the Scout Movement and when the senior members joined the forces, he took a major part in keeping the troop going.

Jack volunteered for aircrew service in the RAF and confounded the recruiters by insisting that he only wanted to be an Air Gunner. Once trained, he was immediately commissioned. He completed a full tour of operational sorties in Bomber Command against European targets with 419 Squadron RC.A.F., flying from Middleton St. George, near Darlington. His Squadron was known as 'The Moose Squadron, by reason of the unit emblem. Jack flew in the rear turret of a Lancaster bomber and he had many combats with night fighters. His score was - 3 possibles, 2 probables and 1 for certain. He also survived two crashes in badly shot up aircraft. Jack Flippant was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross early in 1945.

After the war he went to India, where he was in charge of a camp for Japanese prisoners and returned to Europe for a career in Air Traffic, gaining the rank of Squadron Leader. In India Jack met and married Elaine, the daughter of a Medical Officer in the Colonial Service. Elaine died in the summer of 2007 and they are survived by their son who is at present a Wing Commander at MOD.

ERIC "BEAU" PARKE (1936-41)

Eric cycled to WGS daily, including Saturdays, from Lytchett Matravers, together with a group of others from the village, including his elder brother and the late Angus MacDonald. He played soccer for the school and, after he left, he continued to play for the Air Training Corps. At Leigh Park he noticed a young lady in among the spectators and was sure she had come to see him. It was some years later that he discovered her interest was for Stan Durrant, who was also in the ATC team.

Within two years of leaving, "Beau", like most of the rest of us, joined the forces and he served with the Coldstream Guards, in Germany and later in Palestine. When the war was over, he married Violet and they had two children. She accompanied him when he worked for the BP Oil Company as an accountant in Pakistan and Bombay. For some three years he was the manager in Karachi, then in Libya, before retiring to Lytchett, where 'Vi' died.

"Beau" had an aptitude for recording in prose and poetry the sound of the Dorset dialect which, as he put it, "was spoken in those days and was extremely important to all us Darzit folk". He produced a trilogy of books of stories and poems which, "... have a basis in fact, but certain names have been altered where deemed necessary", (mainly to protect the identity of those who were mentioned!) Members might also recall one of his poems which was printed in a newsletter following a Reunion a year or two ago.

He had a lifetime interest in football and became President of the Lytchett Matravers Club, who gave him an eightieth Birthday party in 2005. Some four months ago, "Beau" moved to the Worthing area to be with his son and it was there that he died on 21st. February.

(From Len Pearce (1936-41) a contemporary of Beau)

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ENTERTAINMENT In association with **bic**
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A Purbeck voice in poetry



● Poet and humorist Beau Parke

DORSET poet and humorist Beau Parke of Lytchett Matravers has finally achieved what I hoped he would when I read his first poems and stories: putting his wit, wisdom and wondrous word-essays into one volume. All parts of Purbeck provide him with inspiration. Also his wartime experiences, the brilliantly funny tales of his youth, and the vintage memories distilled from his old age, all gathered in one large-size, clear-printed book at a very modest price! The book is called A Darzit Voice and it is worth searching high and low to get a copy. Purbeck provides him with his

By George Willey

favourite subjects but his take on characters of the past, his rhyming narratives and his prose tales, sometime sad and nostalgic, sometimes hilarious, apply across the whole range of human experience. They are timeless, telling of humanity at its funniest and drollest, and at its most moving also. Each page contains something clever and absorbing. The large format will appeal to people of my age group especially – the old – but the human stories he tells will have a universal appeal. They are expressed in sometimes graphic and haunting detail, in prose, but most often in richly comic verse. My favourites are expressed in the native dialect of this county, which is sadly disappearing fast. Not since

William Barnes has such justice been done (except possibly by my friend the writer Alan Chedzoy of Weymouth) to a dialect that can make the simple beauty and joy of life, from the fall of a leaf to a maiden's kiss, sound more interesting and enjoyable. One can feel transported back into woodland glade, into Keats's shop and post office, to Woodbury Fair, or Cockett Hill; on parade with Lytchett's Home Guard, or at the Rose and Crown, or making vulgar school-boy comparisons with the Cerne Giant. Laughter and tears are never far away as page after page is compellingly turned. From February's snowdrops to Lily's chamber-pot by way of the haunted coach on Huntick Hill is a far-fetched journey of wit, wisdom, nostalgia and shrewd observation. It is a feast of a book – A Dorset "veast" through and through.



● A young Beau Parke

Supplied by Alan Maitland

CORRESPONDENCE

KEN BARTLETT (1945-52)

An interesting note about John Wiseman, whose death was reported in the last Newsletter. On his own admission he was no academic, but his handwriting was a superb copperplate hand. Very few commented on this or gave him credit for legibility even if the content was not as accurate. He and I played for Ringwood Nomads Soccer team and for the town Cricket XI, Johnny was a celebrated “left hand bat” but I simply made up the last member and was expected to chase all and everything, no matter which side of the field I was on. The “Crown Hotel” in Ringwood paid dearly for our joint presences on some Saturday nights.

RICHARD WALLIS (1939-46)

I see Don Hibberd writes about his time at Q.E.G.S. Those of us who were his contemporaries will remember something he has modestly omitted, namely his prowess in the boxing ring. He wasn't nicknamed ‘Hefty’ Hibberd for nothing.

He wonders about (lack of) Health and Safety regulations in connection with swimming in the river Allen. What amazes me is that the school was allowed to have a Rifle Range next to a playground with, if I remember rightly, no barrier whatsoever to the side. In my last school I ran a Rifle Club. On the boxes of '22 ammunition was the warning: ‘Dangerous within 1 mile’!

I'm recovering from a second heart operation, so not very likely to be at the Summer Reunion I'm afraid. Next year hopefully.

P.S. I'm still hoping to hear something of **Ron (Chinny) Knight** in the magazine. He was a good friend of mine at school but unfortunately I lost touch when he went to university and I opted for National Service first. We were both in the Cadet Corps in Mr Huntingdon's time. Ron was CSM, (I was still a Private). Mr Huntingdon christened us the Indestructible (that must have been Ron) and the Imperturbable (a word I had to look up in the dictionary).

Apart from leading the Cadet Corps, Ron was an outstanding athlete and sportsman and a very popular Head Boy so I cannot believe he dropped off everyone's radar. I think his father had been in the Hong Kong police, so perhaps he went to the Far East.

If any OW knows what happened to him I'd be very grateful if they would get in touch via OW magazine or with me at 7 East Hill, FROME, Somerset BA11 5JW. Tel: 01373 463378.

GRAHAM POWELL (1938-47)

Reading the Newsletter, several OWs have burst into print, **Geoff Hill, Janet Doolaage, Roger Holman, Wilfred Palmer**. I can add another, having just received from **Alan Evans, 1942-46**, a memoir of about 30pp entitled *A Young Man's Journey*, which begins with an interview between him and Tipper, and goes on to relate his last days at QEGS, mobilisation, and National Service in the Intelligence Corps. I've since spoken to him and if he has any left over he's going to send me a few to put on the table at the Reunion. He won't be there, they are going to OZ for Christmas.

In it he relates how he was interviewed by a **Lieutenant L H Sims** when he reported for duty to his unit in Austria. Sims had been at QE in the late 30s. His initials mean that he can't have been one of the two mentioned in “Correspondence”. I personally, as a boarder, remember a Sims who was senior to me: I started in 1938, so he could easily have been a leaver in 1942 or 3 in time to become a Lt. by 1947. One wonders if anyone remembers him and has any contact with him. The amusing part is that he revealed to Alan that he had been going out with Dee, Alan's older sister.

**PLEASE NOTE BUFFET LUNCH BOOKING FORM
IS ON THE INSIDE OF COVER PAGE**