



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - SPRING 2011

Dear fellow Winburnians,

‘Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelve-month hence.’ Dr. Samuel Johnson, dismissing some matter troubling a contemporary.

And it’s true, isn’t it? Most of the matters that trouble us, trouble us but briefly. What may appear at the time to be of enormous significance so often, just days, weeks or months later fades into forgettable inconsequence. Perspective is crucial. But not everything, clearly, can be so readily dismissed or forgotten. Serious illness, the death of a loved one - no, of course, they are something else. But dear old Sam Johnson understood most of the fundamental truths of human existence.

‘I count myself in nothing else so fortunate as in a soul remembering my good friends.’

Friends and friendship. And that is what the OWA is all about, isn’t it? The buildings where we passed so many youthful hours, hours that often shaped and determined our futures, may have long since been demolished or re-arranged. But our memories remain fresh and vivid and significant even now decades later. Above all, we remember old friends and shared experiences. You know, one of the frustrations for myself and my colleagues and, no doubt, for many of you, is to convince those who remain outside our ranks to join us - and failing abjectly. More often than not we fail because those who have never been along to a reunion fear they will know no one or they will not be made to feel welcome. Or the affairs will be starchy and serious. Or even that their lives these past 40 odd years have not been characterised by making vast sums of money or achieving spurious distinction and they will feel out of place. To all those I would say - Join the club! We are all, in the final analysis, very, very ordinary mortals no better and no worse than most others. And we would love to see you at future reunions. So drop a line, get in touch. You will not regret it and we will be thrilled to see you.

The pages that follow this one are sure to stir a few memories and emotions. I have tried hard to produce a Newsletter you will find entertaining and stimulating. I thank all the contributors and invite any of our readers to submit a few words if you are so disposed. In the meanwhile, I look forward to meeting you in July and wish you a wonderful summer, good health and happiness.

Compliments, Alan R Bennett

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

Saturday, 2nd July, 2011

Saturday, 3rd December, 2011

THE WINTER REUNION 2010

The following is a list of those members (their spouses and friends, where known) who attended. Wherever possible, I have included the maiden names of our lady members (with thanks to Alan Maitland).

Dr Gareth Annels, Alan Bennett and guest Sam Hanson, Tony Bletsoe, Reginal Booth and guest Alice Booth, Jim Brewster and guest Denise Brewster, Wendy Bundy (née Baker) and guest Brian Bundy, Eunice Carnall (née Chadd), Roderic Cheese, Robin and guest Hazel Christopher, Mervyn Coombs and guest Rosemary Coombs, Audrey Cooper (née Hallett), Robert Copelin, Desmond Cox, Peter Cox, John Dacombe, John Dare, Janet Davidson (née Horsey), Peter Douch and guest Josephine Douch, Joyce Downton, Norah Dyson (née Henfield), Faith Elford (née Hawes) and guest John Elford, Peter Eyres, David Finnemore, Mervyn Frampton, Edgar Francis, John Froud and guest Maureen Froud, Gerald Froud and guest Rosemay Froud, Brian Glover, Tony Gould, Dr. John Guy, Frank Hackforth, Lawson Hall, John Harper and guest Joyce Harper, Bill Haskell, Sue Hatherley (née Bush), Maurice Herridge and guest Kate Herridge, John Hill, Rod Hurt, Carolyn Kamcke (née Walking), Patrick Keeping, Susan Lawrence, Alan Maitland and guest June Maitland, Ron Mansfield, Maria Martin (née Limm), Kenneth Moody, Ken Nicklen and guest Fay Nicklen, Peter Pardy, David Park, Brian Pearce, Len Pearce and guest Diana Pearce, Graham Powell and guest Hazel Powell, Christine Price (née Richmond), Terry Randall, Betty Read (née White), Gordon Richards and guest Nesta Richards, Ann Richmond (née Mitchell), David Roberts, Barbara Russell (née Morris), Ray Scott and guests Anne Sweeney and Hilary Noble, Frank Shears and guest Elsie Shears, Roy Sheppard and guest Betty Sheppard, John Singleton, Kenneth Smart, Rodney Smith, Derek Stevens, Cynthia Tanner (née Streets), Ken Taylor, John Taylor and guest Jill Taylor, Monica Vacher (née Brown), Merle Waldin (née Cook), Norman Waterman and guest Margaret Waterman, Stanley White and guest Greta White, Prof Bob White, Helen White (née Filcher), Beryl Wythers (née Moreton) and guest Chris Wythers.

APOLOGIES

(Several members phoned to say they were unable to travel because of adverse road conditions or illness. Unfortunately I do not have an accurate list of all affected but among them was Richard Read who was unfortunately unwell. Hope you are now fully recovered, Richard.)

NEW MEMBERS JOINING OR REJOINING THE OLD WINBURNIANS SINCE THE LAST NEWSLETTER.

Merle Waldin (née Cook) (56-63), Sandra Dickson (58 - 65), Kay Woodward (58 - 63), Haidee Hannan (née McIntyre) (58 - 65), David Mason (63 - 70), Donald Barnes (38 - 43), Janet Kraft (née Mazurek) (60 - 65), Linda Berenbrink (née King) (57 - 64), Stanley Orman (39 - 45), Kenneth Orman (37 - 43).

ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES

Chairman	Tony Gould	1 Manor Farm Cottages, Tolpuddle DT2 7ES
Vice Chairman	Patrick Keeping	17 Wellers Close, Totton SO40 8FG
Secretary	Ken Moody	Flat 8, Wickham Court, 9 Eastwood Avenue, Ferndown BH22 9LQ
Treasurer/Membership	Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St Andrews, Blandford DT11 0JL
Newsletter	Alan R. Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, Colehill, Wimborne BH21 2NW
Web Site	David Finnemore	4 Purbeck Gardens, Poole BH14 0QS
Memorabilia Secretary	Derek Stevens	2 Remedy Gate, Woodlands, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 8NG
Publicity Secretary	Betty Read	15 Allenvue Road, Wimborne BH21 1AT

EVENTS / MEETINGS PERPETUAL CALENDAR

Recently the Committee endorsed a suggestion by the Secretary for a 'perpetual calendar'. This would enable OWA members to plan their appointments and also Cobhams are able to reserve the rooms we require before other organizations. This will also be published on our website.

AGM*

2nd Monday of September

REUNIONS (Christmas) (Summer)

1st Saturday of December

1st Saturday of July

COMMITTEE MEETINGS

2nd Monday of November, January, May & August

NEWSLETTER MATERIAL

required by Alan Bennett for inclusion in the next Newsletter by

1st Monday of April

3rd Monday of September

PROCESSING OF NEWSLETTERS FOR POSTING

2nd Monday of May

3rd Monday of October

* The **AGM** will be preceded by the final meeting of the outgoing committee and followed by the first meeting of the incoming committee.

All the above will be held at Cobhams Sports & Social Club,
Merley Park Road, Merley, Wimborne, Dorset. BH21 2AD

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD WINBURNIANS ASSOCIATION.

**DO MAKE A DATE IN YOUR DIARY TO ATTEND
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING WHICH WILL TAKE
PLACE AT COBHAMS SPORTS CLUB, MERLEY,
WIMBORNE at 11.00 am
on MONDAY 12th of SEPTEMBER 2011.**

The meeting is not a long one and generally takes only about an hour
but why not make a date to visit Wimborne and soak up the
atmosphere both the old and the new!

A NOTE OF THANKS TO THOSE WHO MAKE OUR REUNIONS HAPPEN

It has been wonderfully encouraging to note how well our Summer and Christmas reunions have been supported recently in spite of the fact that there can be no dispute that we are all getting older and therefore less able to make long journeys. At our December 2010 event over one hundred attended which is the norm in spite of weather which hit the record books for low temperatures and depth of snow ! Do keep on supporting what some may call a dining club associated with our old school in Wimborne but which is, in reality, a gathering of old friends with a common interest in the Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School.

Arising from a discussion a few of us had the other day it was agreed that we would pay tribute to those do so much behind the scenes to ensure the events happen twice a year. Quite a few people are involved in planning and executing the reunions and without laying it on with a trowel, give up their time in order to ensure all runs as smoothly as possible. I know that we pay Cobhams Sports and Social Club for a service to provide lunch but there is a bit more to it than that.

Gordon Richards co-ordinates and keeps closely in touch with Cobhams, arranges menus, ensures table settings are appropriate and he and his wife, Nesta, arrange the name cards for the Christmas event and the food preferences which entails a good deal of work. Alan Maitland our Treasurer deals with all the administrative work arising from payments and processes the reply slips and communicates with our web- master David Finnemore in order to ensure that we have labels as well as a greeting on arrival. Without Alan Bennett we would be lost. He arranges musicians and entertainment, communicates details of reunions through the Newsletter and suggests a timetable which we try hard to follow - at least as far as the Absent Friends toast is concerned.

Betty Read and Carolyn Kamcke and Bill Haskell sell tickets and organise raffles. Pat Keeping, our Vice- chair, co-ordinates the rendering of the School Song and acts as master of ceremonies. Derek Stevens goes to a great deal of work in order to ensure we have a display illustrating the history of the school and news of illustrious old pupils. This is a very important function which oils the wheels of our social events and ensures that there is an alternative focus for those who have not yet located friends.

To all of these as Chair I extend sincere thanks for all their hard work but if I may make a plea it is this ! Do not be afraid to individually thank these ladies and gentlemen yourselves. Without their efforts there would be no reunion. However, we primarily depend on you all to keep coming and to encourage your friends to do so and my hope is that long may we continue to dine in memory of Lady Margaret Beaufort in Wimborne.

Tony Gould

A DEAN'S COURT VISIT (SUMMER 2012) ?

Janet Doolaege (née Pursey) (1958-85) wrote to me recently asking if it might be possible to arrange a visit to Dean's Court prior to a Reunion. 'To see what is on the other side of that wall' was how Janet expressed herself. If sufficient interest is shown I would approach the Hanham family to make enquiries about the possibility. It would, of necessity, have to be a brief visit in the context of the day's activities. Please let me know in person or in writing if you are interested (asap) so I may set in matters in motion. Clearly, at this stage, you are under no obligation.

A.B.

Numbers 1 and 2 of THE WINBURNIAN magazine, dated 20th November 1895 and 20th May 1896 respectively, have recently come to hand. They are the same size and appearance as the later issues and the annual subscription, payable in advance, is 1s.6d. The editorial hopes that “our magazine may serve as a link to unite past, present and future generations.”

At the beginning, it was to “serve as a record of cricket and football matches and other events of interest.” It’s interesting to see the fixtures: in football, they played against Christchurch Grammar (9-0)(9-1), Milton Abbas Grammar (0-3), Wimborne B (2-1), Salisbury School (2-0)(3-0), plus a match, with Masters, against Wimborne (4-5), not forgetting 2 under-15 games both won. There is a piece about the Museum which was started in connection with the Natural History Society. They seem to have had a good collection which was conscientiously added to, for instance, cases of birds. The Society had lectures on The Cuttlefish and their Cousins, by C H Fowler on Oct 14th, on The Internal Structure of the Wallflower, by E G Pierce on November 11’, with slides, and Fresh Water Fish and Fishing, by T J Meaby on Dec 5th illustrated by Magic Lantern. After that comes a lengthy article by J C C, entitled Shooting on the Flats, which would probably cause a stir of unease these days, for the massacre of birds has become a bit non-U. It then goes on to describe an initiative to start up an Old Winburnians Association, written by Montague J Raymond. There was an initial meeting at the King’s Head, with Henry Chislett in the chair, on 7th April 1895. They had managed to secure a list of about 300 names and addresses, and a prospective membership of about 100. It announced the intention to hold the inaugural meeting on Jan 8th 1896 at the school, when the Hon. Lord Wimborne will take the chair. There will be a dinner in the evening at The King’s Head.

In number 2 it’s quite clear they were not receiving much outside contribution yet. There are about 1000 words on the history of the School, followed by more football matches. What is new are reports on Fives and paper-chases. Fives was an important sport at the School. What a pity it hasn’t been kept up. The paper-chases seem to have taken place due to bad weather, so perhaps the football pitch was flooded. One of them involved the hares starting at 2.45 p.m on Feb 5th, running through the town, up Colehill and on to Udden’s which they skirted and eventually came to Horton Tower, where they doubled off past Whitesheet and back via Dogdean Road and home, where they arrived at 4.30 p.m. The course was 12 miles. Shaw and Mylius entered first, Mylius leading, but Shaw managed to pass him with a splendid sprint, and Stout was 3rd. Attwood 1st for the juniors, and Bennett came next. Three more followed each on a separate route, and there was a steeplechase on April 1st. This time Drake just beat Mylius. The Society again had lectures, one being by the Headmaster Mr Fynes-Clinton on the Sun, E G Pierce covering Types of Vegetation, and T J Meaby talking on Quadrupeds, Foreign and British. A Chess Tournament was a great success. Then follows a long account of the School Sports for which Lady Wimborne gave the prizes. Tea was partaken in the Gymnasium and a crowd of boys collected together to cheer her as she drove off.

The one outside contribution was copied from a letter sent to the Daily Graphic by an old boy, T H Curtis, who was surveying in Tomagundi when he was set upon by a lion. The subsequent adventure is treated at length and eventually finished when the, as it turned out, elderly and not very clever lioness was shot by one of the “boys” during the night. Her face was full of porcupine quills, this showing her age. It ends: “she had been wounded slightly in the nose, apparently by my shot from the tree, and this, by African sporting law, makes her mine”. A fine colonial sentiment.

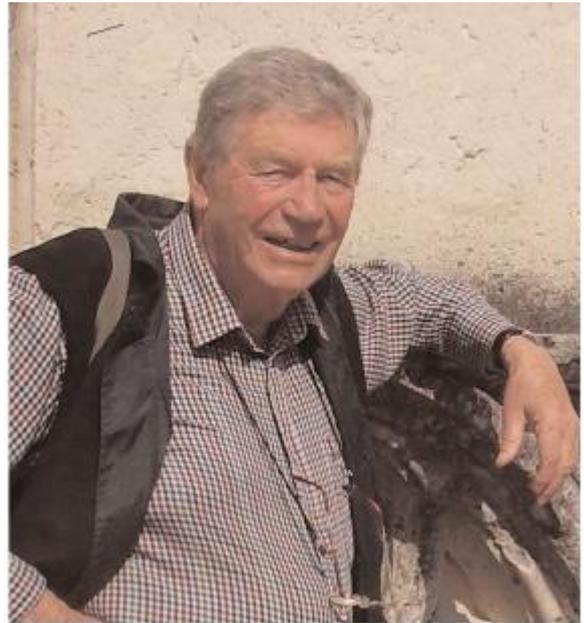
Graham Powell

GRAHAM POWELL - A THUMBNAIL SKETCH.

Early this year an extremely comprehensive history of the Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Wimborne was placed on the web-site for all to consult. This work was undertaken and lovingly crafted by someone who is clearly a very dedicated historian and covers the period 1496 to the present day.

So who is the historian? Is he an academic or a writer? Well, no, he has been neither although you could be sure he would have made a very good fist of either career. He is Graham Powell, a Bournemouth boy who was a pupil at our school from 1938-47. He boarded until June 1946 having studied up to school certificate and into the sixth form. He didn't even study history at school - the three main science subjects and Advanced level mathematics were his chosen subjects. Graham remembers the headmaster, the legendary "Tipper" Airey, clearly and even admits that by the time he became a prefect he got on with him reasonably well.

On leaving school he was immediately conscripted into the Army. He served as a 2nd Lt in the Royal Artillery having been selected for a commission. All his service was spent in Wales. He was demobbed at the end of 1949 at a time when a lot of ex-servicemen were trying to get jobs.



Graham went in to business. First of all as an invoice clerk in London and Graham says that anyone going into business should firstly get experience in that department. A period as a salesman followed when he was based in the Birmingham area with a textile firm. Graham had a strong desire to see more of the world and was keen to work abroad. He landed a job first of all in Brussels and then he was offered a job selling the Encyclopaedia Britannica in Italy. He says that at that time other European nations were very keen to learn English and that there was a huge thirst for knowledge. In due course he went on to become agent for British and American publishers and became involved with a company which printed books which taught English as a foreign language. He with others set up a firm called Books for Europe Ltd and eventually became Managing Director between the years 1989 and 1994.

He and Hazel lived and raised their two children in Switzerland because for many years he was based in Geneva. Eventually after a working life on the continent he found his way back to the UK. He moved the head office of Books for Europe Ltd from Islington to Bournemouth where he and Hazel still had a parent living and ran the company from there. He was still responsible for being the agent for the company covering France and so still did a lot of travelling. Bournemouth had become a noted centre for language schools and the move back to the place where he was brought up made sense.

However, this move back to Dorset was also of enormous benefit to the OWA because he was present at the meeting in 1996 at the Vine Inn, Pamphill, when it was decided to re-constitute the OWA. Graham reports that it was all pretty ad hoc to start with but the Newsletter was revived and he eventually became secretary. I asked him why he wanted to get involved with the school after all these years and his explanation is that he had long been intrigued by the story of Lady Margaret Beaufort along with others - he particularly mentions Derek Stevens - and his research went on from there. His skills lay behind a lot of the work which went into the very nicely produced commemorative programme developed for the quincentennial celebrations in 1997. Graham was also co-opted onto the committee which organised the plaque which was put up in the Minster in 2009.

Graham says that his secondary school education in Wimborne was good and that wherever he went after that he never felt at a disadvantage. I rather feel that we in the OWA have been very lucky to have his skills, learning and dedication in keeping the flag flying for the QEGS, Wimborne.

Tony Gould

(I am delighted to include this very affectionate and moving account of one of Wimborne Grammar's long-serving teachers who will be remembered by almost all our readers. It is written by his daughter Cynthia, one of the most popular members of the OW. I take particular pleasure in including this tribute because I know dear old 'Bill' would have a wry smile on his face to know Yours Truly is the Editor of the Newsletter. These were the words 'Bill' wrote in my report book in my final year at WGS when I was in the Upper Sixth. 'History of Science. I have seen little of A.B. in the classroom, he has produced no written work and is no asset to the class.' I must add dear 'Bill' saw little of me because he usually sent me out of the room within a few minutes of the lesson starting. I'm sorry, Bill, for my immaturity. I hope my inclusion of this piece by your loving daughter may make small amends.)

BILL STREETS - FAMILY HISTORY - MY FATHER

I have always been proud of my father but that admiration grew more and more when following his death I became more interested in family history and learnt more about his early life. I had known it hadn't been easy one. My father's desk was full of mementoes and printed matter which has enabled me to write his family history! This is an abridged version.

William Edward Streets was born in September 1903 and was brought up in the village of Claypole, Lincolnshire, where most of his antecedents had lived. In 1914, my father, the eldest of four children, won a scholarship to Magnus Grammar School, Newark, Nottinghamshire.

From Claypole School Log Book, 1914

July 29th visited the school and inspected the registers - F.P.A.H.
A scholarship, obtainable at the Newark Magnus Grammar School until the age of 17, was to-day granted to William Streets, aged 10.



Believed to have
Been taken at
Magnus.



I was told that he worked very hard, "with little help from his family- he had to struggle a lot on his own". The Rector at Claypole was very good to him and I believe he was the person who made sure that my father stayed at school. A friend wrote, "His father was too fond of drink and that did not make home life very

easy or happy. Your father told me he would never drink as he knew the curse of it". He had to cycle the five miles to school and a friend wrote, "The roads were dreadful. Claypole Lane was rutted and there was no macadam on the North Road although it was well metalled. Later the middle portion was "tarmaced"(sic) but not the outer strips because of the horses slipping."

He did well at school though my research indicated that he featured once in the Punishment Book in July 1917, when he had two detentions for idleness! My father idle? More likely worn out after all the work he would have had to do at home on the small holding before and after school. In September 1920, the headmaster of Magnus Grammar School, H Morse, helped him apply for the post of Junior

Assistant Master at Scorton School, NorthYorkshire.It had about 50 boys, about half of them boarders. My father kept the letter of application that Mr Morse roughed out for him. I know that he did this, as in error Mr Gorse pencilled in his own initials, H G, then crossed them out and put in W E S! He was so proud of Magnus Grammar School that he wore the school tie most days of his life! You only have to look at the school photos to see that.

In October, my father went to Scorton to teach earning £100 per year. The head wrote, “I gladly give Board and Lodging to a man who will interest himself in the out-of-school life of the boys and take his share of the supervision duty (not at all irksome) of the 30 Boarders. Of course the Governors expect me to appoint a man with some experience. Do you think you could manage a form of boys some of whom would be 15 or 16“? (My father was just 17 years old!) “Just bring your pet books



and footer boots.”He left the village of Claypole leaving behind four sisters and two brothers, a very hard working mother and a father who was a lazy, good for nothing drunk! One brother wrote that his father could be a hard worker; he used to “cycle for miles to truss up hay and straw but the trouble was he liked to pick up his pint glass too much.”

My father used to go home for every holiday and, despite the difficulties, he and his family remained close; in a way he was the father figure that they did not have being 20 years older than his youngest brother. The local people were good to the family, as were the Aunts and Uncles; my father used to spend his holidays working as and when there was work on the local farms.

At Scorton

So my father soon settled into a new way of life and he thoroughly enjoyed it; he made many lifelong friends. His sporting life developed here, playing cricket, football etc, often playing for the school team! Ida Hodgson,wrote “Your father was known as “l’homme” to the boys and was feared and admired by them. He would not stand any nonsense, but his study was always open to them. In those days the boarders had to walk twice round the Green before breakfast. They always did this because “l’homme” might be watching out for slackers!”

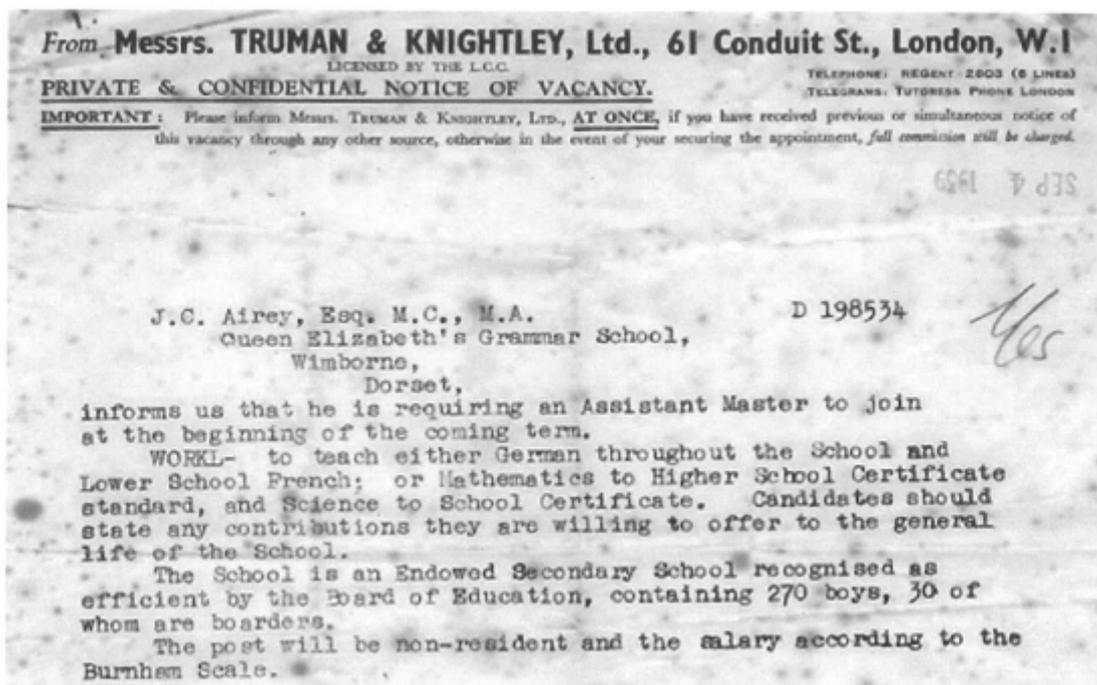
When my father thought he had saved enough money he researched going to University and he was supported once more by Mr Gorse and the Rector of Claypole as well as the Head at Scorton. In December 1925, after five years of saving, my father returned home to Claypole because from January 1926 he went to Nottingham University daily, cycling to Newark and then by train until he bought a motor bike. In my father’s diary of 1926, on Saturday, 9th January, he went to Newark and “booked season ticket at Midland Station”, costing £4 7s 4d. On Tuesday, 12th January he “went to Nottingham. Term began. Attended first Physics Lecture.” He was awarded a Revis Studentship, value £35, for the academic year 1926-27.

As I knew there were only two bedrooms and eight children, I asked an Aunt where my dad slept. She said on the landing, where the window was! Intrigued by this, I later discovered that there was a 3/4 size bed on the large landing and, as it was like an alcove, there was a curtain across it for privacy. This was his room! How my dad did his university work in a house where there were eight more children, the youngest being two years old, I will never know. And I know he had to cope with

his father who was often drunk, very drunk. I also found evidence that he paid outstanding household bills for his mother as his father had not done so.

It was at this time my father met my mother when she went to teach at the school in Claypole. She told me that their social life was often interrupted by my father being called to get his drunken father home.

He worked hard at University and his sporting life continued, playing hockey for the university. Having graduated in 1929 he returned to Scorton Grammar School to earn more money while he applied for other posts. An Uncle had lent him some money and he vowed to repay him before he married. My parents married in 1937.



My father arrived for an interview with Mr Airey in September 1939. Within a week of the interview my parents came south to Wimborne. They lodged with Mr and Mrs Mottram and family at Southways, Stapehill, before they bought their bungalow for which they had both been saving. A pay rise for my father! His pay from 1st September 1939 was £234 per annum. He must have felt rich. In "The Winburnian", dated Autumn 1940, in a résumé of staff changes due to the war it states Mr W E Streets (B Sc London) "came to teach principally Science".

In 1943 my father was offered a permanent appointment and was appointed Senior Science Master in succession to Mr Thurlow. In the Old Winburnian, 1946 Spring Term, "The Headmaster's report summarised the difficulties experienced during the war years, and paid a tribute to the Governors due their unfailing help, and to Messrs Mottram, Drury, Kerswell and Streets, four masters who had been the "bedrock of the school" throughout this trying period."

My father never forgot his roots and the people who shaped his life. Every summer holiday we would return to Lincolnshire to visit relatives, staying in Corby Glen, where my mother came from, and Claypole where my father came from. I remember how we were all welcomed and realise the affection that my parents were held in. Most of my father's relatives were still in Claypole! We also used to stay on a farm in Yorkshire, with friends of my father, and used to visit other lifelong friends he made when he was teaching there. I remember getting to Scorton, stopping at the garage for petrol

and my father's arrival would seem to have been announced. Doors along the road would open and people would be waiting for him to stop! We always had a very warm welcome; they were very happy occasions.

My sister and I were very lucky and had a happy childhood. I do not remember ever thinking we were in need of anything. In 1955 I went to the Grammar School and another stage in my father's life began when I was in some of the Maths and Science classes he taught. I do not think I was given any special consideration. In fact, I think he was harsher on me. I do remember being called a 'blithering idiot' at one point- no doubt in a Physics practical lesson.

I remember him as a very kind person who would do anything for anybody. He was honest in what he said- he certainly called a spade a spade - but I think he was fair. He took his work seriously and always wanted the best for and from his students. He certainly realised that background did not matter; it was what you did with your life. My father retired from teaching in the Summer Term of 1967 after 28 years in Wimborne. He then did some part-time teaching at Poole College and was able to play more golf at Broadstone Golf Club. His other great hobby was gardening, and he was always interested in the sport on television. He was a loving and proud grandfather to his five young granddaughters.

He died on the Golf Course on 9th March 1978 and was cremated on the 17th March at Bournemouth.
Cynthia Tanner, nee Streets, 2011.



Six 'merry' ladies at a recent reunion!

SOME WGS MEMORIES RICHARD CURTIS (1946-52)

Every gym period I would practise walking on my hands before/after the lesson. 'Slogger' Jayne promised me half-a-crown if I walked the length of the gym. I eventually did, sadly he wasn't watching and I didn't get the 2/6p.

I refused to join the cadet corp along with others. The school invented a Citizenship Course taken by Fishy. He told us we were in the London Underground and we had to rescue someone who had fallen on the live line. As each one attempted to move the body, he said they were the next victim until at least a dozen unsuccessful attempts had the floor covered in bodies.

One winter day with the playing fields frozen, Fishy and prefects took everyone walking on Pamphill green. The pond was frozen, and after his testing of the ice, fifty-sixty boys kept "the pot boiling" on a brilliant slide. Head, JC Airey always called boys to him at break-time, then stood on a second step, when telling them off. After break, Fishy walked into our English lesson, after break and said "Gentlemen, you have a new Good Queen Bess" (1952).

Playing the clarinet in Bamaby's little morning assembly orchestra. His arrangements of hymns were brilliant.

Whiteside (biology) had one of the first biros - the size of a cigar and wrote in four colours. It was then very expensive. He was proud of it and used all the colours when marking exercise books. Biro's were banned for us.

Those long debates before the annual cross-county run, starting in Old Road, whether to run or walk up Pamphill hill.

With companion (name not remembered) as new members of the L6th, wandered across the organ balcony in Big School - explored further, until we opened a door that led into what I think was the Head's flat - we rapidly retreated - but returned another day to investigate rooms above Big School. We found a crack in the floor- boards above the Head's desk/lectern and lowered a cotton thread with a stick or something similar tied to its end until it dangled about ten feet above the desk. I'm convinced that next day the lesson included the words "Ye men of Galilee why stand you staring up . . . !"

Neill decided that the school should subscribe to and buy a new lectern. Everyone seemed annoyed and I remember making several fantasy lectern structure drawings inspired by then heroes, Ronald Searle/Emmett and pinning them on the main school notice-boards..

The gym's cast-iron Tortoise coke stove inscribed with the words "slow but sure combustion".

The panoramic school photo - and I'm sure one of my class ran from our end and re-appeared at the other.

The whole class stripping naked and running from the cricket pavilion, past the tennis courts to swim in the river. Not being able to swim, crossing the river from one bank to the other could be hazardous with a very dodgy, slippery and muddy dipping river bed.

Stamping our feet during the School Song, at Speech Day in the Tivoli, and there being hardly any noise.

I won the Music Prize in 1952, I can't think why . . . and turned down selecting a book from the school's worthy hardback stock . . . and returned with FIVE paper-backs from a very new publisher Penguin. The school were not happy at paper-backed books but I did I walk off the platform, stacked high.

JD Neil, I think, took the Lower 6th for one period. Everyone had to learn a poem and then give an appreciation of it. I was scared of "being pointed at". Pat Kettle was one unlucky victim. It turned out that he had learnt all 88 verses of "Horatius at the Bridge" - Macaulay. He recited for 3 or 4 weeks - and then gave his appreciation. My turn never came. In changing rooms or at un-expected moments - he could/would orate without pause for breath.

Bill Streets was demonstrating a glass container with two horizontal tubes. Heat it with a Bunsen and the exhaust steam made it revolve. the chemistry teacher visited, Bill suggested he waited . . . he placed the Bunsen near the flask to speed things up - and it exploded, boiling water and glass everywhere . . . ummm health/safety what's that !

Gunner Holman would raise the lid of the front desk and lean on it as he enthused us with Latin. He never noticed that we chalked MONKEY with an upraised arrow, when he raised the lid and leaned on it sorry !

"Gunner" Holman's written Greek-style letter "e" impressed me in reports/marking comments . . . and I copied it - and use it still.

REMINISCENCES OF THE THIRTIES - Life in IV b

I was a day boy at W.G.S and even went home for lunch. Now my nostalgia for the Old School centres around my year in Form IVb.

The form room was the Biology Laboratory in the back of the old school building. When we were 'at home' we sat on stools at benches, a set up which did not lend itself to learning, at least, not as far as I was concerned. Most of us had been in the school for at least a couple of years. Thus, we were in a happy position - experienced enough to know how far we could push the staff and nowhere near being threatened by the School Certificate Examinations. Most of us felt that it was a carefree year. We were a 'Nomadic Form', since we had to move more around than most, to allow a succession of the other forms to occupy the Lab. Even our books and gym kit did not reside in the lab. All of us were allocated lockers in the corridor to the south of Big School and we became quite good at forward planning.

As might be expected, all the swots sat at the front bench, nearest to the podium, which was backed by a blackboard and from which the subject master normally taught. Along either wall were bench tops, punctuated at intervals with gas and water taps over sinks. A typical 19th century set-up. Some of the less well behaved pupils sat on the back two benches. In this continuum, I was on the third bench from the rear, fairly well removed from 'authority' at the front. Several incidents occurred whilst in this form and a selection of them might give an idea of life in the mid-years of my time at the Grammar School.

The key to the Lab was held opposite, in the 'Boot Hole', a long narrow little room which smelled of various polishes, stale cleaning rags, carbolic soap etc. It was the domain of the school janitors who, in general terms, were well disposed toward us. However, at times they could be a little difficult about supplying the key and this, in turn, could pose problems for those wishing to get in early to crib prep, which should have been done earlier. We eventually solved this problem by 'losing' the key for a day, whilst copies were made. From then on we were independent and behind the closed door, could do virtually what we wanted. These activities varied considerably. One game, often played during wet weather by those who stayed for lunch, was something like skittles. Lots of the stools were stood, one on top of the other, and turns were taken to throw the remaining stools at the tall thin tower. It was noisy and would now be argued as being vandalism.

As I mentioned earlier, the swots tended to sit at the front and those of us further back (or down!) in the form, once managed to cause discomfort to one of them. In a Biology period, Mr. Mottram got round to talking about the alimentary canal and, in particular, the peristaltic action of the oesophagus - wavelike contractions which moved food along. We accepted that food could be forced down. After all, we had all seen the movement of the 'Adam's Apple' but 'Motty' assured us that it was the same action which enabled horses and even giraffes to raise water into their stomachs. He went on to say that, if required, humans could do the same thing and drink up hill! It was a short step to suggesting that he prove the point and we 'volunteered' a chap from the front bench. We put his head on the front bench and his feet on the demonstration desk on the podium, so that he was at angle approaching 45 degrees. 'Motty' poured water into his mouth and the boy had little option but to 'swallow uphill'.

Of course, it demonstrated that the proposition was valid and we enjoyed the discomfort of the swot who had taken a lot of water into his nasal area, felt sick and was generally upset.

By the nature of the form room, all sorts of experiments were left on the side benches, often in several glass tanks containing various forms of aquatic life. The experiments were sometimes less than successful, since members of form IVb had a habit of interfering with their progress. Particularly the glass fish tanks, containing various specimens, were tampered with.

The small electric pumps which aerated the water, when turned full on, could really stir things up to the point where small fish and tadpoles etc. were forced to find refuge from violent currents of water and streams of bubbles. One of the recently acquired features of the Biology Lab was an epidiascope, an optical projector which could throw enlarged images onto a screen on the other side of the room. It would accept slides, microscope slides but, above all, via several mirrors, books and drawings. Good quality homework could also be projected and then paraphrased by the less able members of the form.

'Old Motty' could be side-tracked very easily. When it was cold some additional heat could be obtained from three gas radiators, two of which were at either side of the lecturer's podium. By turning them on, they could be filled with gas and then turned off. When the class complained of the cold, 'Motty' would offer to light them. This usually caused a loud bang and produced clouds of dust, as the 'priming gas' had degenerated into an explosive mixture. Similar diversions were arranged on the first floor of the Chantry block. Small balls of paper, each containing a .22 starting pistol cartridge were dropped onto the floor. These would be picked up by 'Motty' and thrown on an open fire, which resulted in a very sharp report.

Len Pearce (1936-41)

Len left in 1941 and became an Insurance clerk. Volunteering for aircrew service he was called up in 1943 and qualified as a Flight Engineer. Returning to Civvy Street in 1947 he joined Bournemouth Town Planning Department and became a senior Planning Officer. He married Diana in 1951 and they now have two daughters and four grandchildren. Along the way he gained a BA degree, commanded two squadrons of Air Cadets and may often be found backstage in the amateur theatre.



BIOLOGY LABORATORY AND GEOGRAPHY ROOM.

(photo - thanks to
Derek Stevens)

THAT ROOM

Within that room, the Bio' Lab
 There's many a poor dissected frog.
 There's toad, fish, rat, upon the slab
 Within that room, the Bio' Lab.
 That room could tell some tales, of dog,
 Of fish, frog, rat and also lad,
 Within that room, the Bio' Lab,
 There's many a poor dissected frog.

Brian Davis (1945-51)

CORRESPONDENCE

BRIAN DAVIS (1945-51)

Reading the OWA Newsletter always stirs new memories for me. Reading those names from the past produces little pictures of incidents that I thought I had forgotten. And the extract from Alan Bennett's 'Portrait of a Town', was a fruitful source of nostalgia.

Bill Streets, who stopped me one day after I had become a trainee newspaper reporter to say that he loved my reports of Wimborne football club. He could watch the team play on Saturday, and read a completely different version of the game when I wrote about it the following week. So he got two for the price of one! Was I responsible for the first BOGOF?

Joe Kerswell. The swish of his gown as he strode into the room with a pile of corrected maths books under his arm made me almost literally shake with fear. I was so scared of him that I couldn't answer the simplest question. Yet when he ran the games afternoons he seemed to be a different man.

Tarzan Williams. A gentle giant, according to Alan Bennett. Giant, yes. But not so gentle when armed with a gym slipper. And does anyone remember him coming into school with only half a moustache? No-one dared ask, but I guess more likely as a result of a rugby club wager than an accident with a razor.

Tipp Airey. He took the lower forms for Latin, and once spent a large part of a lesson trying to get me to understand that the word subito translated as 'suddenly' by making sudden noises and gestures. I am afraid that I didn't catch on, but at least the rest of the class had some amusement. and yes, the little charade worked once I had been told the meaning. Sixty-odd years on, subito is one latin word that remains in my head. Mott and Fishy Maiden. The two masters who taught me English language, and both instilled in me a love of the language which perhaps encouraged me to enter journalism as a career. ask Fishy what a word meant, and he would simply say 'Look it up, and you'll remember it.' He was right, and I am in their debt. Both were great characters, and I can still see them at a school concert belting out The Bold Gendarmes duet (We run them in, we run them in . . .) with gusto and obvious enjoyment.

Incidentally why was Fishy 'Fishy'? Tipp I can understand, and 'Titch' Drury, and 'Tarzan' and 'Inky' Stephens. But why Fishy? Anyone know?

Now a couple of thoughts. What would 'elf and safety have to say about our swimming sports in the Allen, particularly the rickety diving board? And could we now sue the Hanhams for allowing their screeching peacocks to disturb our concentration in lessons? 'I failed O-levels because of the noise of peacocks. I want compensation.'

And finally two memories of Big School. While singing hymns at morning assembly my mind would wander to the honours boards and I wondered what those academic stars were doing with their lives. And even now a couple of inscriptions stand out. The chap with six initials and someone with the unlikely name of Inkpen. My other recollection of the hall is the pen-nib dart that was stuck high in the wooden ceiling for several years. Did it remain there until our alma mater fell to the demolition men?

(I believe Fishy's nickname owed its origins to his swimming prowess. A.B.)

MERVYN FRAMPTON (1947-54)

I am trying to establish some details regarding one of the names on the Roll of Service recently sent to Old Winburnians.

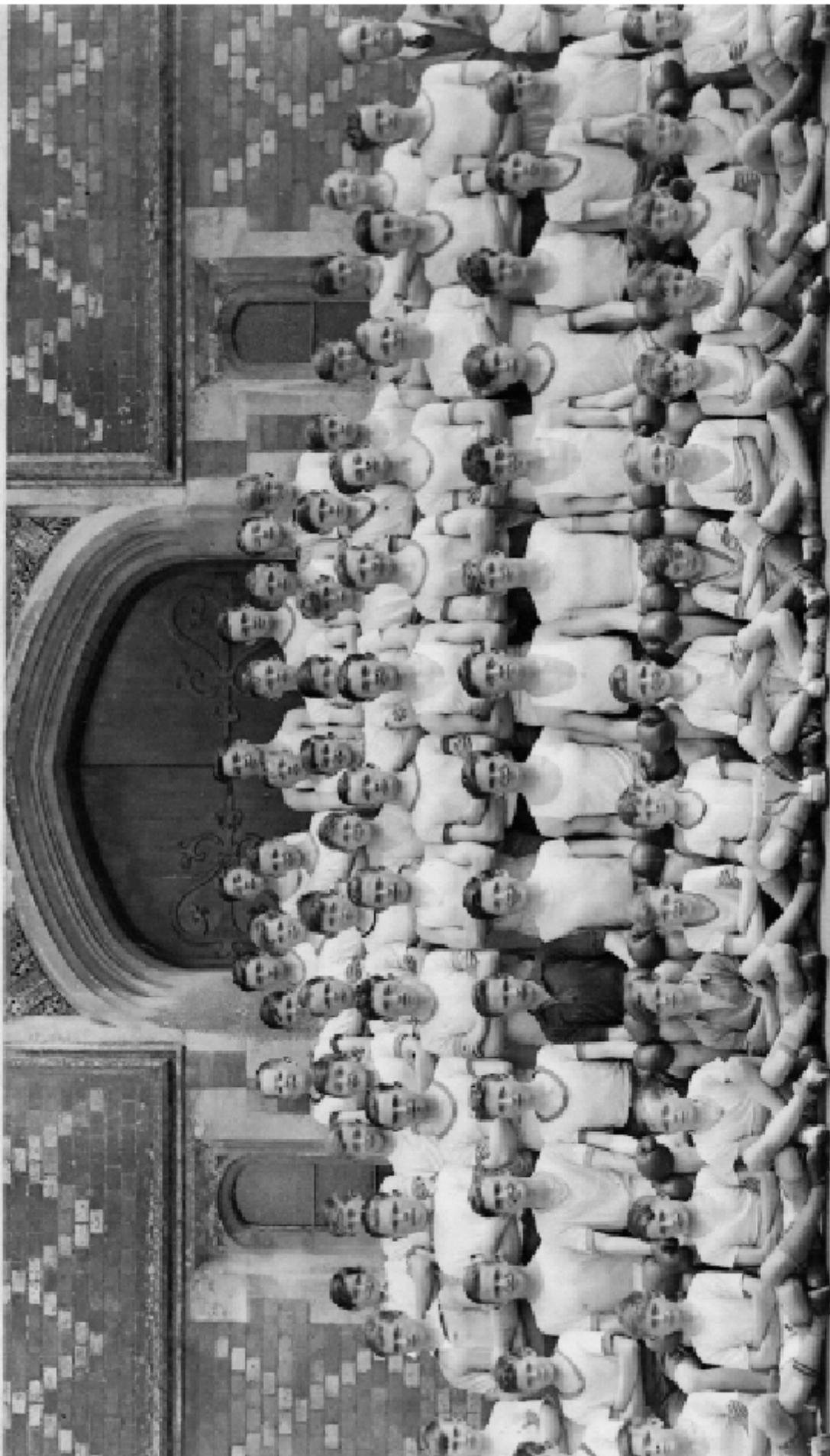
The entry is "R.J. Stride, Army Schoolmaster Aldershot". When I was a pupil at Verwood all-age school from Oct. 1945 to summer of 1947 we had a teacher called Bob Stride who would have been about the right age. I would be grateful if anyone can confirm or otherwise that this was the same man.

PAUL MIDDLETON (1949-55) I sent a letter to 'Choice' magazine mentioning that their article on the colleges at Cambridge University and, in particular St. John's, had a connection with WGS in that both of them were founded by Lady Margaret. I included the first four verses of the School Song and mentioned famous old boys Richard Todd, Lionel Jeffries and Peter Alliss.

The magazine's editor has now written to me as apparently they are planning to include my letter in the next edition and, as such, I'm entitled to a £5.00 voucher.

(Well done, Paul! Alas, however, no £5 voucher from The Workhouse, the home of this particular editor, East Borough! I believe I knew you as Willow. Quite a 'cool' young guy from the Verwood area. Am I right? A.B.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WIMBORNE



BOXING COMPETITION, 1947

Have you already seen this photo? I can name two people on it.

Sent in by Cynthia Tanner

There was a lot to interest me in the latest Newsletter - I was of the '39 - '43 era. The photograph of some of the staff was interesting, although I only recall the front row oldies Bill Streets—►'Fishy Maiden' - excepting the Head (it was 'Tipper' Airey in my day, whom I have never forgiven for the 4 strokes of the cane when I forgot to carry my gas mask to school the first day we were required to do so). He redeemed himself (partially) by supplying a good report for me when required for my application to join the Fleet Air Arm in Jan '43 as an Artificer Apprentice. 'Tipper' rebuked me at that time for 'wasting my talents' by becoming an Aircraft Engineer, forgetting that I was the son of a crippled lady who could, by no stretch of the imagination, have supported me through college. In any case I could not wait to get into the Navy, which I succeeded in doing and spent over 14 mainly happy years at home and abroad. It was an exciting time for me and I have never regretted it. If you were to ask Messrs Streets, Kerswell, Mottram & Maiden for their opinion of me they would say - to a man - who the hell was he? I recall all of them, however, and still hold them in high regard, especially 'Motty' whom we all 'played up' simply because he was such a nice, patient man.

My memory is failing me now but I remember, of course, Lionel Jeffries, who was a pal of mine and sat behind me in class. He used to crib my homework on arrival in 'big school' on many occasions as we sat next to one another and his locker in old school was just above mine. I last saw him in London in 1948, when a member of the Navy Tug of War team at the Royal Tournament. We were strolling along the Strand when one of my 'oppoes' (Navy slang for mate) said "Hey Dave, someone is calling you". Cutting a long story short it was Lionel Jeffries - he still had a fine head of hair in those days. He had a charming girl - under each arm - at the time of course he was not yet famous. We had a ten minute chat and that was the last time we met.

After my Naval career, during which I was lucky enough to enjoy some exciting times - Med, Far East and Korean War - we were the first Capital ship on station, being on a tour of Japanese ports at the time. Fabulous place, especially the in-land area, magical. I recall Myajimaguchi (I've probably misspelt it) in particular - magical! I decided against re-enlisting for a further 10 years and entered Civvy Street and joined a smallish company carrying out all sorts of exciting design and development work for different departments of their production so I remained in contact with all their services. It was all exciting stuff, much of it secret of course, and I thoroughly enjoyed those years, during which time we were rearing our own lovely family (2 girls and 1 boy - all since successful) who remain in regular contact with us in our twilight years.

So, in a small nutshell, that is the story of my life, a poverty-born scallywag who hauled himself out of the gutter, with help from others, to make a happy, and relatively successful life, making whoopee along the way.

Good wishes to all Winburnians past and present.

WHAT WOULD DEAR 'MOTTY' THINK NOW?

(The following extract is taken from The Winburnian, Dec 1961, and was written by our much loved then Secretary, L.H. Mottram, from 14 King Street. He clearly, feared the OWA, as he knew it, was fast approaching oblivion, In the short term he was, of course, absolutely right. It did disappear for two whole decades. But, as we know, thanks to a handful of our veterans, the OWA was resurrected in the 1990s. I am certain 'Motty' would be thrilled to learn, 50 years after he wrote this lament, that we currently have 300 members and hold two reunions a year. As for his reference to the creation of 'large-scale factorial educational emporia', how appropriate his words are when considering so many vast, impersonal comprehensives, not least in our big cities. A.B.)

A TALE OF WOE

Apologies that the personal element obtrudes unpleasantly, but I've been thinking that it's about time you got hold of a new Secretary. It's been very nice being one, of course, and everyone, as the gushing lady said, has been too, too kind. But, as far as one is able to gather, reactions to the various ideas put forward during the time I have had the honour of being your Secretary have been relatively negligible. We just go on and on, losing at one end of the queue what we gain at the other, sending out the Mag., Newsletters and so forth, holding the occasional and traditional functions, and initiating things which quite soon turn out to be flops that is, most of them. So that the whole story ends up by being a tale of woe of the misbegotten and the misconceived. Just a brief recall of the flopping process, let me venture to remind our members of a few of them. First, the cabinet bureau affair which was intended to contain the relics of our past; the last time I noticed it well, draw the curtain. Then those Year Books, printed in 1957 and now, alas, mostly out of date: 300 printed at 1/6 a time; about 30 sold. Our famous fund, launched by your committee, to raise £100 for good works, of which we could really do far more than we are ever enabled to do, stagnating in the low thirties. And now, another potential debacle, the eight dozen scarves, floated on an expectant market earlier this year by an approving committee after hours of debate and consultation and attempting to evolve a design in accord with the wishes of a vigorous group of our older members, voiced at a former general meeting. As far as one can judge, they look like occupying the store cupboard for an unforeseeable period, till moth and rust start corrupting them. Ah, well there are much more important things to worry about in these days, and Old Pupils' Associations are probably on the down grade, with large-scale factorial educational emporia taking the place of what once used to be schools. So let us go down gracefully, and console ourselves with the thought that the bureau is still there, offerings can still be sent to the Treasurer for our still-existing fund, while the scarves are still in the cupboard. As to the Year Books, we'll give 'em away with the next lot of Newsletters - if the Committee approves. Our last phoney gesture before sinking beneath the waves?



NEW BUILDING (Opened in December, 1936) MAIN BLOCK

(photo - thanks to Derek Stevens)

How many hours did YOU spend sitting on this wall? happy days. A.B.

OBITUARIES

Philip Warner (1948 - 54)

Philip Warner, former proprietor of Sherborne House School, Chandler's Ford and long-time secretary of the Romsey and District Society, died peacefully at home on July 25th 2010 after a brief recurrence of illness.

Phil will be remembered by his many friends and devoted family for his cheerful energy, resourcefulness and unflagging buoyant spirit. The world for Phil was an endlessly entertaining place, which he amply repaid with unique humour and constant wit.

He was born in 1937 and raised in South London, moving with his family to West Moors, Dorset in 1948, where he attended Wimborne Grammar School. After leaving school, he spent a career in property management in both Nigeria and the South of England, eventually becoming a fellow of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors. He was a volunteer for the Samaritans and helped start up the organisation in Lagos.

Following his second marriage, he and his wife, Sybil, acquired Sherborne House School, where she became head and he served as school administrator. During 12 happy years under the Warners' leadership the school thrived. Pupils enjoyed learning in the friendly, family ethos of the school and always aimed for, and mostly achieved high standards.

After retirement in 1996, Phil became a devoted volunteer in many local efforts including his service to Romsey and District Society and adviser for the Citizens Advice Bureau (CAB).

For 12 years, he was the most energetic and hard-working secretary for Romsey and District society, offering assistance with everything the Society did - lectures, talks, dinners, prizes, and parties, and ensuring so far as he could, that all was done well. Successive chairmen relied on his knowledge and goodnatured assistance as much as they enjoyed his wit and good humour. He also supplied the obscure photos of the town for the Society's weekly picture quiz which appeared in the Advertiser. He was a good friend to everyone at the CAB, a well-liked, able adviser. He described his skill as being able to talk and listen to people all day long. Being a man of many parts he also took on the role of general maintainer, bringing in his tool bag to mend plugs, put up signs and fix shelves.

Phil leaves a wife Sybil; son Michael who lives in Stockholm; brother Richard of Boulder, Colorado, USA; sister Janet of St. Clement des Levees, France; and hundreds of post-it notes, emails and several published letters to The Times.

A private funeral was held at Salisbury Crematorium on 30th July 2010.

(I remember Philip with much affection. He played Brutus to my Cassius in Albert Maiden's production of Julius Caesar. We shared many scenes - and laughs - together. He will be much missed by his family and friends. A.B.)



LESLIE BURT (1931-37)

The home of Les Burt was in West Borough, Wimborne and he attended WGS from 1931 - 37.

On leaving the School he worked for a while at a solicitor's office in the town and then left to join the office staff at The Eclipse Works in Newborough. His eyesight was not good and he did not serve in the armed forces but joined BOAC, initially at Poole and later at Hurn. He married in 1947 and a couple of years later his only daughter was born. When BOAC returned to the London area he and his wife elected to remain in Dorset where they lived at Harleston Villas, off St. Johns Hill, Wimborne.

Leslie became a Local Government Officer, in the Housing Department of East Dorset Council. With increasing age his sight deteriorated and he was registered as blind. Aided by his wife he was able to move around Wimbome for several years until he died at the age of 90 in November 2010.

Len Pearce

DOUG F OYLE (1936-42)

Doug was born on 17th April 1925 at Sturminster Marshall. He gained a scholarship to Wimborne Grammar School in 1936 where he soon gained a reputation for his sporting abilities playing in the school cricket, football (as a goalkeeper) and tennis teams. He also played fives.

I first met Doug when he became friendly with my brother Bob. In 1940 and 1941 I was able to introduce him to the Wimborne Cricket Club whose league programme had finished with the outbreak of war. The club formed a side to play against various army and air force teams in the district. This side included other grammar school boys besides Doug amongst whom were Stan Durrant, Bob Douch, Jimmy Gatehouse and Cecil Hatchard. A newspaper cutting of that time indicates Doug already scoring runs from the opening bat position. Unfortunately from that team four never returned and another was very seriously injured.

Leaving school Doug worked in Barclays Bank in Wimborne for a short spell before joining the RAF. After a short time he fell ill during training and had to be invalided from the Service.

In May 1947 he passed the Civil Service entrance examination and was posted to the Inland Revenue in Bournemouth spending the next 40 years there. It was there that he met and married Olive and in October would have celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. During that time they were blessed with two children, Helen and Richard.

When the war finished Wimborne Cricket Club, because of buildings along the riverbank and Park Lane, was unable to use the cricket pitch and during that time Doug played for the Lloyds Bank cricket team.

The initial meeting to re-form the Club was in 1948 when various important decisions were made. The club decided they would no longer play league cricket with the exception of the Wimborne Evening League. Another decision was to have Sunday fixtures. I am pretty certain that it was at this meeting that Doug was elected Fixture Secretary and over the next few years produced a very good fixture list including regular cricket weeks, annual tours to Cornwall and regular Thursday fixtures.

Doug immediately became a prolific scorer regularly scoring centuries and, of his first 19 centuries, 15 were not out giving an indication of his doggedness at the crease. His run making suggested that he should have been a regular contributor to the Dorset County side but apart from the odd appearance it was not until 1962 that he was picked for 4 successive matches. Success led to Doug's appearance in the next year's issue of Wisden, the cricketing bible, showed Doug achieving 3rd place in the Minor Counties batting averages above such illustrious names as Bill Edrich, Dennis Amiss and Geoffrey Boycott!!

Doug carried on playing for Wimborne until 1979 when he retired and turned his attention to golf at the Ferndown Forest Golf Club thoroughly enjoying the change of sport.

Since 2007 he suffered from ill health and was restricted in what he could do. However during 2010, Doug and Olive were able to visit Wimborne's new ground through the good offices of Old Winburnians, Tony Slow and Rodney Hurt, who brought them there to see a 20/20 match between the Club and a Dorset team. They were able to meet a few old friends and hoped to visit the ground again. Unfortunately this was not to be and Doug died in February this year. A memorial service was held at the Winton Methodist Church and several of his school and cricketing friends were able to be present.

Jack Douch

E.J. WEBLEY (1941-47)

I write on behalf of Mrs Barbara Webley to inform you of the death of Edward John Webley (John) on 16th January 2011.

The Funeral service took place on Monday, 7th February 2011 at 2p.m. at St. Stephen's Church, Kingston Lacy, Wimborne, following a private cremation. Details of the funeral appeared in the Evening Echo on Saturday, 29th January (which would have been his 81st birthday).

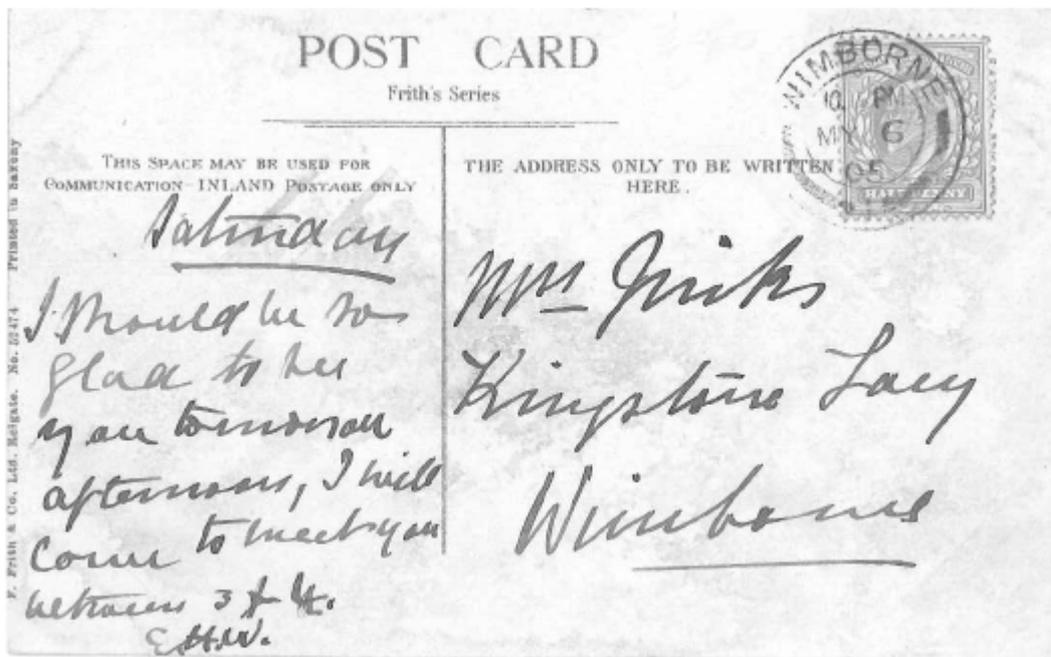
I know that John was very proud indeed to have been educated at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in Wimborne and very proud to have been 'An Old Winburnian'.

Margaret Curtis (John Webley's sister)

(To the families of all our departed friends in the OWA we send our love and condolences. A.B.)

MEMORIES OF OLD WIMBORNE

(An intriguing card from my collection, not least the implications of the message, the address and the date.
As one of our most ancient members perhaps John Dacombe remembers the lady? A.B.)



As ever, my appreciation to jenni at WPC for her invaluable co-operation.