



## OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - SPRING 2016

Dear OWs,

'This royal throne of Kings (and Queens), this sceptr'd isle,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war.  
This happy breed of men (and women), this little world.  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.  
(This Wimborne!) (Richard II, Act 2) (William Shakespeare 1564 - 1616)

Yes, I know I have taken a liberty or two with dear old Will's stirring lines but I hope he'd be flattered to know his words remain so resonant exactly 400 years after he 'shuffled off this mortal coil.'

So, here we are again. In good health and spirits, I hope. To those in less fortunate circumstances know that our members everywhere send their best wishes to you for the OWA is all about friendship and caring for others.

Well, it's quite a year, isn't it? At the moment of writing Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II has just celebrated her 90th birthday - just a few months after some of our own veterans. Soon we are to cast our votes in the momentous Referendum on EU membership. The sporting scene promises a feast of entertainment - the Rio Olympics, the UEFA soccer tournament, Wimbledon, Test matches against Sri Lanka and Pakistan, the Epsom Derby - and AFC Bournemouth's second season in the Premiership.

And the highlight of summer? Of course, it must be our next Reunion at Cobhams on 2 July, when we hope to see as many of you as possible. If you cannot make it, dear friend, then do raise a glass at 2pm and drink a toast to 'Absent Friends'.

Alan R. Bennett (on behalf of your committee)

### FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

SUMMER REUNION Saturday 2 July 2016

CHRISTMAS REUNION Saturday 3 December 2016

SUMMER REUNION Saturday 1 July 2017

## WINTER REUNION 2015

Morgan Antell and guest Ann Antell, Colin Bailey, Alan Bennett, Reginald Booth, Jim Brewster, Wendy Bundy nee Baker and guest Brian Bundy, Paul Burry and guest, Eunice Carnall nee Chadd, Roderick Cheese, Robin Christopher and guest Hazel Christopher, Audrey Cooper nee Hallett, Robert Copelin, Desmond Cox, Miss Sandra Cox, Janet Coy nee Dowd, Norah Dyson nee Henfield, Faith Elford nee Hawes, Anthony Elgar, Mervyn Frampton and guest Jackie Chubb, Edgar Francis, Brian Glover, Janet Gordon nee Daniels, Tony Gould, Dr John Guy, Francis Hackforth, Robert Hall and guest Michael Hall, Alan Hall, Bill Haskell, John Hill, Geoff Hill, Carolyn Kamcke nee Walkling and guest John Boughton, Alan Maitland and guest June Maitland, Ron Mansfield, Maria Martin nee Limm, Kenneth Moody, Michael Morris, Victor Moss, Jennifer Moss nee Day, Diana Moss nee Anderson, James Moss guest of Mrs Moss, K E Newman, Ken Nicklen, David Park, Brian Pearce, Donald Phillips, Graham Powell and guest Hazel Powell, Christine Price nee Richmond, Terry Randall, Betty Read nee White, Ann Richmond nee Mitchell, David Roberts, Ian Rogers, Barbara Russell nee Morris, Derek Stevens, Richard Strong, Jill Strong guest of Mr Strong, Ken Taylor and guest Keith Harvey, John Taylor and guest Jill Taylor, Margaret Vye nee Vincent, Geoffrey Welch, Ronald White, Prof Bob White, Eddie Wood and guest Jose Wood, Beryl Wythers nee Moreton.

### APOLOGIES RECEIVED FROM

Len Pearce, Roy Dacombe, Ann King, John Harper, Pat Marshall, Cynthia Tanner,  
Bill White, John Singleton.

---

### ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES

Chairman	Tony Gould	1 Manor Cottages, Tolpuddle DT2 7ES
Vice Chairman	Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, Wimborne BH21 2OW
Secretary	Ken Moody	Flat 8, Wickham Court, 9 Eastwood Ave, Ferndown BH22 9LQ
Treasurer	Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrews, Blandford DT11 0JL
Membership	John Guy	Gateways, Gaunts Common, Wimborne BH21 4JN
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	10 Counter Close, Blandford, Dorset DT11 7XJ

### FULL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Alan Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, Wimborne Dorset BH21 2NW
Tony Bletsoe	6 Belle Vue Walk, West Parley, Ferndown, Dorset BH22 8QB
Tony Gould	1 Manor Cottages, Tolpuddle Dorset DT2 7ES
John Guy	Gateways, Gaunts Common, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 4JN
Bill Haskell	10 Counter Close, Blandford, Dorset DT11 7XJ
Carolyn Kamcke	4 Pine Close, Ameysford Road, Ferndown, Dorset BH22 9QX
Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrew, Blandford, Dorset DT11 0JL
Ken Moody	Flat 8, Wickham Court, Eastwood Ave, Ferndown, Dorset BH22 9LQ
Betty Read	10 Counter Close, Blandford, Dorset DT11 7XJ
Ann Richmond	70 Erica Drive, Corfe Mullen, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 3TG
Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 2UW

### CO-OPTED MEMBERS

David Finnemore	4 Purbeck Gardens, Poole, Dorset BH14 0QS
Rodney Hurt	66 Greenway Road, Weymouth, Dorset DT3 5BD
Graham Powell	42 St. Peters Court, St Peters Road, Bournemouth, Dorset BH1 2JU
Derek Stevens	2 Remedy Gate, Woodlands, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 8NG

**NOTICE OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
OF THE OLD WINBURNIANS ASSOCIATION -  
MONDAY, 12 SEPTEMBER, 2016**

**YOU ARE INVITED TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF  
THE OLD WINBURNIANS ASSOCIATION WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE  
AT COBHAM'S SPORTS CLUB, MERLEY -**

**MONDAY,**

**EVERYONE IS MOST WELCOME AND SO WHY NOT PLAN TO BE IN  
THE WIMBORNE AREA ON THAT DAY!?**

**ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE FOR LUNCH AT COBHAMS.**

**THE MEETING IS USUALLY QUITE SHORT. ANY ISSUE MAY  
BE RAISED AND WE WOULD WELCOME POINTS FOR DISCUSSION UNDER  
"ANY OTHER BUSINESS". THE OFFICERS OF THE COMMITTEE ARE UP  
FOR ELECTION OR RE-ELECTION. WHY NOT BECOME INVOLVED BY  
STANDING FOR THE COMMITTEE. YOU MAY NOMINATE ON THE DAY  
OR IN WRITING TO OUR SECRETARY, KEN MOODY PRIOR TO THE MEETING.**

**TONY GOULD, CHAIR of the OWA**

**GEOFF HILL'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DECEMBER REUNION**

On pages 7 - 10 you will find the photos my old pal and fellow OW, Geoff Hill, took at our last reunion. A couple of points to bear in mind when looking at them. Self-evidently they are in b/w and, printed on inexpensive paper, the reproduction is of modest quality - inevitably in the circumstances - we have to be economical.

However, Geoff is offering them to members in full colour, A4 size, to be despatched in a reinforced envelope at £7.00 plus £2.00 postage and packing. Each photo is numbered, as you can see, so a cheque made payable to G. Hill will find your order promptly despatched. I know from my association with Geoff when he took many of the photographs for 'Dorset Journey' that he is highly professional in his approach and you will not be disappointed with the results. Incidentally, any OW who would like a similar high definition colour print of the photograph reproduced of the 2008 OW reunion on p404 of 'Dorset Journey' may obtain a copy of that very special occasion on similar terms.

P.S. Please excuse the jacketless, scruffy looking individual in the foreground of the photo No.006. He wishes to explain that he was jacketless because he was busy organising the photography and carting around to each table in turn a step-ladder for Geoff to stand upon - there he rests his case!

Please send orders to: Mr Geoff Hill  
88 Pine Road  
Winton  
Bournemouth  
BH9 1NB

( I was prompted to write this piece of reminiscence by the photograph of the infants' school in the last newsletter. J.D.)

### THE MINSTER SCHOOL IN THE 1950s

It was so cold in the playground when my father dropped me off in the morning. Nobody was allowed into the infants' school until nine o'clock, and some children ran about, rosy-cheeked, their breath like smoke on the air, but I huddled as close to the door as I could, blowing on my frozen fingers.

Once through the door, we hung our coats on our allotted pegs in the lobby, and having filed into Mrs Jones's classroom on the right, we were kept warm by the huge tortoise stove, which had a thick pipe leading upwards and a railing around it to prevent us from getting too close. The classroom, with diamond-paned windows too high to see out of, was furnished with child-sized wooden tables and chairs, a blackboard on an easel and an upright piano in a corner. We were "the little ones". Here, we learned to read and write by the phonic method. Many fat cats sat on mats as we struggled with our letters and the oddities of English spelling. "S- O- U- P says 'sew-up'", a small friend told me confidently. In the afternoons, we played with toys, yet somehow I never got to play with a set of blue interlocking bricks, an early predecessor of Lego. I still regret those bricks ... Kindly, curly-haired Mrs Jones would read aloud to us, and I was enthralled by the adventures of *Marigold in Godmother's House*. (Many years later, I was delighted to find a second-hand copy of that old book.) We had a percussion band, with tambourines and cymbals, and I loved playing the triangle. Mrs Jones played the piano and we sang songs, including carols at Christmas, besides "Santa Claus has Come to Town" and "I'm a Fairy Doll on the Christmas Tree". I remember how we sat at the low tables, carefully gumming coloured strips of paper into links for paper chains which were then hung from wall to wall above our heads.

I didn't mind the milk at break time, one-third of a pint to be drunk through a straw, provided in crates for all the children in the country until Thatcher (milk-snatcher) abolished it. The milk was all right. However, before my parents were able to move into our first house in Wimborne, we lived temporarily in a flat in faraway Sandbanks, and so I was obliged to stay in school for school dinners. These were served at long tables in the middle room. The food was brought in metal containers from the kitchens at the primary school on the edge of the Rec, and it was utterly disgusting. Not only that, but they forced us to eat it, spooning it into our mouths if we refused. Sometimes a protesting child would be sick. I have never been able to face beetroot since those days. How glad I was when I could go home for lunch, skipping past the terraced cottages of King Street (now all demolished for carparks), up a short flight of steps leading to one front door and then down the nextdoor flight, and crossing the road alone at Pye Corner, at that time a much narrower and quieter crossroads.

Something else I hated was going to the loo. Were they earth closets in the outbuilding? I don't remember. I only remember that they were cold, dirty and smelly. The boys' toilets were at the other end of the same building, and apparently the done thing for the boys was to stand back (giggling, in full view of the girls) and pee long-distance against the innermost wall.

When we were six we became "the big ones" and moved into Miss Parrett's class in the top classroom. Miss Parrett was strict, with a severe expression and a receding chin. "Sit up straight and fold your arms!" came the command. If a hum of conversation developed: "Fingers on lips!", and everyone sat with their index fingers against their lips so that quiet might prevail. I have subsequently learnt that her first name was Elsie. Who knew? Adults were never, never known by their first names. I believe she had a cut-glass accent rather than a Dorset one, and I remember she pronounced the word "bag" as "beyg". She and her friend Miss Carr, chief dinner lady, lived in the lodge by the entrance to Dean's Court on Poole Road.

Another large, coke-fed stove warmed her classroom. Educational drawings were pinned up on walls, and twigs or bunches of flowers stood in jam jars on the nature table. By this time we were expected to engage in "silent reading" and were provided with Beacon Readers. They were so dull. "Roll on dinner-time," yawned my small neighbour. We were once instructed to read two pages. Being a quick reader by that time, I went ahead and finished the whole book. Miss Parrett was cross, and scolded me for "galloping on". Sums to be done on squared paper were difficult, though, and I struggled with them.

Sometimes we did painting, with frustratingly pale water colours and jam jars of water. I think the boys attempted motor vehicles and cranes, but the girls would often produce a stylized house, square, with four windows and a central front door, and smoking chimneys. It might be flanked by trees bearing red apples, while overhead the sky would be a strip of blue along the top of the picture. Do children ever draw and paint such houses nowadays, I wonder? Once we each had to make a paper basket and paint it with flowers, and then, to our joy, a couple of small Easter eggs were put in it for us to take home.

The gender stereotypes were still very strong. Without exception, the girls wore skirts, dresses and cardigans and several had bows of ribbon in their hair. Their clothes were often home made, knitted by mothers and grandmothers or elaborately smocked. The boys wore short trousers, shirts and pullovers, and we all wore clumpy lace-up shoes in winter. Jeans, T-shirts, parkas and trainers were all unknown. In the playground, boys and girls played separately. The boys zoomed around with outstretched arms imitating planes, or pointed revolver-like fingers at one another, going "Kccch! Kccch!". The girls would play mothers and fathers, whose "children" bounced around in crouching positions making squeaking noises. I thought that was a silly game. No doubt it was plain from the start that I was not cut out for motherhood!

Only two years were spent in the school, yet at that age they seemed to stretch out forever. At last the September day came when, as mature young people of seven, ready to learn proper joined-up writing, we made the transition to Wimborne County Primary School and found ourselves in different classrooms with other contemporaries who had attended St. John's. Eventually, after the divide of the eleven-plus, a number of us rose to the giddy heights of QEGS. I can still remember many names of class-mates from our early days. A few have become lifelong friends; others have vanished into the mists of time.

Where are they all now, and do they still remember?

JANET DOOLAEGE, neé PURSEY  
(1958 - 65)

(P.S. Janet tells me she is the young lady on the far right of the back row. You've hardly changed, Janet! A very interesting contribution, Janet. A.B.)



# Wimborne Grammar School

## Annual Sports 1947 (Western Gazette)

Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School annual athletic sports were held on Tuesday and Wednesday. The Headmaster (Mr. J. C. Airey) was president of the meeting.

Winners in the steeplechases, previously decided were in the order given:—Open—B. G. Hall; J. J. Philpott; K. H. Martin. Intermediate—A. W. J. White; D. H. Phillips; B. R. Davis. Junior—D. T. G. Chick; R. Cobb; I. E. Bishop.

Tuesday's events saw School House leading for the championship with 213 points, closely followed by Richmond, 206; Glyn being third, 179, and Derby fourth, 115. Results:—Long jump, under 13—Randall, Bartlett, Evans and Perry. Ditto, under 15—Bartlett, D. Haysome, Payne. 100 yards, under 11—N. Baggett, West. Ditto, under 12—L. Evans, Foot, M. Bartlett. Ditto, under 13—Randall, M. Daves, Fripp. Hurdles, under 16—First heat: Webb, Slow, Watts. Second heat: Kidd, Cole, Wiseman. Hurdles, open—First heat: Woodrow, Williams, Clewer. Second heat: Beckett, Lockyer, D. White. Half-mile, under 12—Luther, Hand, Barnett. Ditto, under 13—Way, Hayter, Willis. Mile, open—Palmer, Martin, Woodrow. Throwing shot, open—Vincent, Beckett, Webb. High jump, under 13—Fripp, Hayter, Cobb. Ditto, under 15—D. Haysome, Beale, Carter. 220 yards, open—First heat: Gibbs, Chalmers, Philpott. Second heat: B. D. Sims, F. Stevens, Beckett. 220 yards, under 16—First heat: Webb, Spinney, Talbot. Second heat—Hall, Cox, Slow. Ditto, under 15—Bartlett, P. Sims, Bolser. 440 yards, under 13—Randall, Chick, Cobb. Ditto, under 15—Bolser, Carter, Hill. Throwing discus, open—Edwards, Vincent, Philpott. House relay, under 15—110, 110, 220, 440 yards—Richmond, Derby, Glyn, Ditto, open—School, Richmond, Derby.

### SCHOOL HOUSE WIN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Maintaining their lead at Wednesday's events School House claimed the Fowler Shield for the house scoring the highest number of points during the meeting, with 309, Richmond (272) being runners-up, Glyn third (257), and Derby (the holders) fourth (165). The senior championship, with which went the Luff and Topping Cups, was secured by W. F. Gibbs (captain of Glyn House), who also won the House Cup for boxing. K. Bartlett won the under 15 championship with 34 points, Carter being the runner-up with 28; whilst Randall claimed the under 13 championship with 23 points, Hayter being next with 19. A cricket bat was awarded to P. A. Beckett, the school cricket captain, for his innings of 110 not out against Swanage Grammar School the previous Saturday.

the previous Saturday.

### WEDNESDAY'S RESULTS

Long jump, open—W. Gibbs, Philpott. Williams and Beckett. 100 yards, under 14—Bolger, Short, Carter. Ditto, under 15—Bartlett, Nicklen, P. Sims. Ditto, under 16—Hall, Webb, Spinney. Ditto, open—Gibbs, Williams, Beckett. Mile, under 13—Way, Cobb, Hayter. Ditto, under 15—Carter, Hill, Beale. High jump, open—Woodrow, Powell, Burton. 220 yards, under 12—Foot, Evans, Copelin. Ditto, under 13—Randall, Davis, Fripp. Ditto, under 16—Hall, Webb, Spinney. Ditto, open, final—Gibbs, Stevens, Chalmers. Half-mile, under 15—P. Sims, Carter, Frances. Ditto, open—Palmer, Woodrow, Clewer. Hurdles, under 13, final—Way, Hayter, Myers. Hurdles, under 15—Bartlett, Haysome, Carter. Ditto, under 16, final—Webb, Slow, Kidd. Hurdles, open—Beckett, Lockyer. Woodrow. House relays, under 12 (4 x 80 yards)—Glyn, School, Derby. Under 13, ditto—School, Glyn, Derby. 440 yards, under 16—Hall, Webb, Bartlett. Ditto, open—B. Sims, Gibbs, Palmer.

### PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The prizes distributed by Col. C. Chievely Williams, O.B.E., T.D., also included a photograph group of all the winners to each of the boys who won their weight in the boxing competition, as follows:—West, Barnard, Till, Hand, Davies, Golding, Pope, Fripp, Budden, Bartlett, Meyer, Wheeler, Young, Beckett, Stevens, Slow, Gibbs, and (heavyweight and "George Habgood" Cup) Edwards. Prizes were also awarded the five champions—R. T. Beale, junior; P. Sims, senior.

The Headmaster acknowledged the assistance of a number of people, and paid tribute to the energy, hard work, and inspiration of Mr. Kerswell, who was responsible for the organisation.

### COMMEMORATION SERVICE

The Rev. A. F. Smethurst, rector of West Dean with East Grimstead, and proctor in convocation, was the preacher at the annual commemoration service in the Minster yesterday.

(I am indebted to TERRY RANDALL (1945 - 52) for sending in this Annual Sports Report for 1947. A few memories will be stirred, no doubt, reading through the results. A.B.)

**OLD WINBURNIANS REUNION , DECEMBER 12, 2015**

**Photos by GEOFF HILL**



001                      Faith Elford      John Boughton  
                                 Geoffrey Welch                      Carolyn Kamcke  
                                 Jenny Moss                              Rod Cheese  
                                 Vic Moss                                      Beryl Wythers



002                      Tony Elgar      Ann Richmond  
                                 Janet Coy                              Betty Read  
                                 Paul Burry                              Norah Dyson  
                                 Suzan (Paul's sister)                      Sandra Cox  
                                    Margaret Vye



003

Reg Booth                      Janet Gordon                      Alan Maitland  
 Ken Moody                      June Maitland  
     Robin Christopher  
 Jill Strong                      Hazel Christopher  
 Dick Strong



004

Robert Copeland    Keith Harvey  
 Des Cox                      Ken Taylor  
 Alan Hall                      Jim Brewster  
 Ron Mansfield                      Anthony Gould  
 Keith Newman



005

	<b>Bill Haskell</b>	<b>Wendy Bundy</b>
	<b>Edward Wood</b>	<b>Brian Bundy</b>
<b>Jose Wood</b>		<b>Ann Antell</b>
<b>Ian Rogers</b>		<b>Morgan Antell</b>
<b>Mervyn Frampton</b>		<b>Jackie Chubb</b>



006

	<b>David Roberts</b>	<b>David Park</b>
	<b>Don Phillips</b>	<b>Francis Hackforth</b>
<b>Ron White</b>		<b>Brian Glover</b>
<b>Bob White</b>		<b>Colin Bailey</b>
<b>John Hill</b>		<b>Alan Bennett</b>



007

<b>Barbara Russell</b>	<b>John Guy</b>
<b>Christine Price</b>	<b>Audrey Cooper</b>
<b>Maria Martin</b>	<b>Eunice Carnall</b>
<b>Michael Hall</b>	<b>James Moss</b>
<b>Robert Hall</b>	<b>Diana Moss</b>



008

<b>Terry Randall</b>	<b>Jill Taylor</b>
<b>Hazel Powell</b>	<b>John Taylor</b>
<b>Graham Powell</b>	<b>Mike Morris</b>
<b>Ken Nicklen</b>	<b>Brian Pearce</b>
	<b>Edgar Francis</b>
	<b>Derek Stevens</b>

## MY DESERT ISLAND DISCS – John Guy (63 – 71)

My early years of music appreciation were heavily influenced by my parents' procurement of a radiogram which measured about 4' long, 2' wide and 3' tall. An all valve construction, it had a multiple-band radio (with one of those green "magic eye" tuning indicators) and a turntable which could play 7", 10" and 12" records at 33½, 45 and 78 revs per minute. My Father's penchant for jazz music meant he had a wide selection of records across many genres. So combining this memory with being stuck on a desert island surrounded by water which, hopefully, is full of fish, my first choice will be **Hold Tight by Fats Waller**.

Growing up in Sturminster Marshall, we had the much loved and sorely missed Somerset and Dorset railway running through the village. Again, heavily influenced by my Father's interest in all things railways, we regularly travelled from our local station, Bailey Gate, on day trips to Templecombe, Highbridge and Bath. So for those melancholy moments on my island – which will surely lack some railway infrastructure – the **Slow Train by Flanders & Swann** will help with these reminiscences and to pass the time.

Much to Tom Hoare's disgust, most of my sports career at QEGS was trying to avoid PE, Rugby, Athletics and Cross-country running, whilst maximising my time playing Soccer in the Winter and, especially, Cricket in the Summer. Naturally, I was (and still am) an avid listener of the ball-by-ball commentary of cricket on radio 4 long-wave (and these days also on digital radio 5 live sports extra and the internet). So assuming I shall not have the means to listen to the radio on my island, my next record would be **N-N-Nineteen not out by The Commentators (alias Rory Bremner)**. Whilst not a musical masterpiece, he does imitate the voices of those very knowledgeable, witty characters who could talk about cricket and homemade cakes so expertly for hours and hours, whilst painting a vivid picture of the game unfolding before them.

During my latter days at QEGS, and under the influence of my great friend and Old Winburnian Maurice French, I became deeply interested in Amateur Radio and the emergent world of solid-state electronics. These went on to form the basis of my professional working life. The challenge of designing and building equipment from its basic components, getting it to work and then using it to communicate with others was true satisfaction indeed. So to remember those days, **Radio Ga Ga by Queen** will be another of my eight records.

Now as a teenager growing up in the "swinging 60s" and with my choice of records so far, you may think I lack any ability or interest to appreciate some of the more cultured things in life. However, my next choice should hopefully put your mind at rest. Initially at QEGS I wasn't sure whether following an arts stream or a science stream was best for me. In the first 3 years I tended to follow the former – mainly since I seemed to get higher marks in the arts subjects than those for science, and I always enjoyed Art itself skilfully led by Miss ("Mabel") Thorpe. Also during these years I started going to the occasional classical music concert and I think there is no substitute to listening to a full orchestra playing live music. So covering both angles **Mussorgsky's Pictures at an Exhibition** will surely fit the bill.

From the fourth form onwards, I had decided on following predominantly a "science" oriented stream which ultimately led to pursuing a career in engineering – although I didn't have a clue that that would be the case at the time. Consequently, the delicate balancing act of having to choose which subjects to take, relative to fitting in with timetabling limitations, whilst still being able to keep those subjects I loved was tricky to say the least. However, through it all I managed to continue

to keep Geography. Even from a pre-school age I had always had a fascination with looking at atlases, maps and knowing where places were throughout the World. Judging by some of the glazed reactions one gets from many young people today (and even those on University Challenge) when asked about where certain places are, I think that is clearly not an aspect of teaching “Geography” these days. However, stuck on this presumably small and remote desert island, but yearning for more wide open spaces (and knowing where they are !), **In the Steppes of Central Asia by Alexander Borodin** may help with my survival.

Despite a couple of attempts, my inability to demonstrate a competence in French at O-level was one challenge which remained unfulfilled at school. However, a period of 4 years working in Sud-Ouest France in later life gave me some consolation that I managed to survive (especially in cafes, bistros & restaurants), but ably supported by my wife Avril who was, at least in those days, near fluent. So to remind me that anything man-made in life can be changed and overcome, whilst being surrounded by the wide expanse of the ocean which cannot, my next record would be **La Mer sung (in French) by Charles Trenet**.

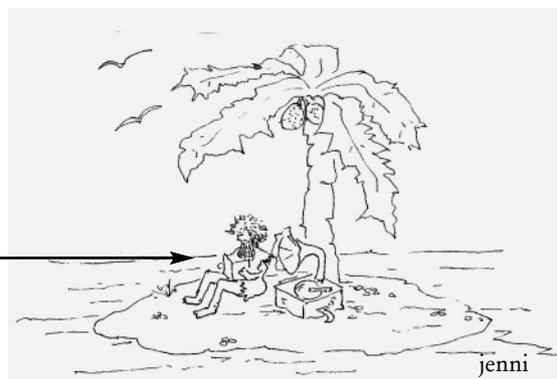
In my student years immediately after school, and later in my postgraduate research studies and working life, the use of electromagnetic radiation, and especially radar, featured prominently. Now son of Cush and great-grand son of Noah, Nimrod was a “great hunter” as described in the Old Testament. In more modern times, the name Nimrod was adopted by the UK aviation industry as the name of the RAF’s maritime patrol and airborne early warning radar surveillance aircraft – sadly, a project which ultimately was abandoned. Whilst Edward Elgar’s Enigma Variation No.9 – Nimrod is very much a favourite of mine, **Radar Love by Golden Earring** is just ahead in getting my choice to remember those radar projects in which I have been involved – and who knows, perhaps a passing radar surveillance aircraft will find me on my desert island and rescue me.

Using the current format, I believe I can take a copy of The Bible and The Complete Works of Shakespeare. Given that I assume I shall have plenty of time to kill, having these books will be wonderful since when studying at least some of Shakespeare at school, I can honestly say much of it went “over my head”. If I had known then what I know now, I am sure I will find re-reading The Bible and all of Shakespeare much more rewarding than I did back then. However, as a counterbalance, I would choose to take a **Very Large Book of Puzzles** (containing such games as Sudokus, Codewords, Crosswords, etc.) in order to keep the little grey cells ticking over.

As an only child, and therefore, well used to making one’s own entertainment, for my luxury item I would always choose something, or some means to help arrange for my rescue from the island – and so return to the company of others. However, assuming that this is not permitted, I choose for my luxury item a **very powerful telescope**. These days when one gets the opportunity to see the night sky without any background light, the sight is magnificent ! Consequently, on a remote desert island I am sure this would be the case and so having a very powerful telescope to see the night sky “unpolluted” would make it heavenly !

*records set against the backcloth of your life. A.B.)*

Where’s my  
computer?



## 'Aye 'ope this be of use - and interest'

*(I have nagged poor Des for several years to let me have something for the Newsletter. The following is the result of that nagging. Des, it is superb! Your words wonderfully evoke an era now gone forever. I know our readers will wish to congratulate you. A.B.)*

It was the Education Act of 1944 that enabled many like myself to appreciate a free Grammar School education. After selection in Autumn 1946 I was ushered into IIA where at first French and German were alien and spoken English incompatible with the Dorset dialect of rural Ashington. There in an idyllic setting of small farms and a row of Lady Wimborne cottages time had stood still. Homework was accomplished by courtesy of the paraffin lamp and warmth from the black-leaded kitchen range. There was always water in the garden well when the solitary water pipe froze in winter. Literature studies required a little ingenuity. Books were tied to the tractor steering wheel and memorised to the rhythm of the Fordson engine. A sole attempt to introduce local phrases to the literature class was unsuccessful. A correct answer "Ah, that wer' the bloke she wer ' knockin' about wi' was unacceptable to the "literary genius" and followed by the usual threats.

Sport played an important part in School life. Apart from the usual school teams the annual steeplechase began with a horde of runners being let loose into the countryside and names like Giddylake, Dogdean and Pamphill had to be conquered before being counted in at Pye Corner like escapees, then returned to confinement. The reed cutting ritual of the River Allen was necessary for Sports Day Swimming and 'expertally undertaken', fortunately before the era of Health and Safety.

Adjoining a pavilion was a unique structure designated as a showering facility. However, the plumbing arrangement made it appear more like an agricultural decontamination unit.

Wimborne - before Beeching - enjoyed a good transport system with pupils arriving by train, bus and coach. For myself it was "On Yer Bike" with the School Cap protecting the cycle lamp bracket except in Wimborne. Trouser clipped Masters were often visible in School Lane which was the parking zone for 2 or 3 Austin 7 enthusiasts with the regular appearance of Louigi's Ice Cream Van during dinner break.

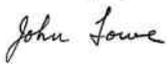
The most outstanding of the 'Austin 7s' was a superbly ventilated circa 1930 rag-top. After school a suitably attired master (A. Whiteside) would give the starting handle a competent swing and, after skilfully negotiating the 90 degree Left Hander at Pye Corner, could be seen accelerating into the Dorset Outback towards Briantspuddle.

Finally 1951 saw the introduction of the 'O' Levels.

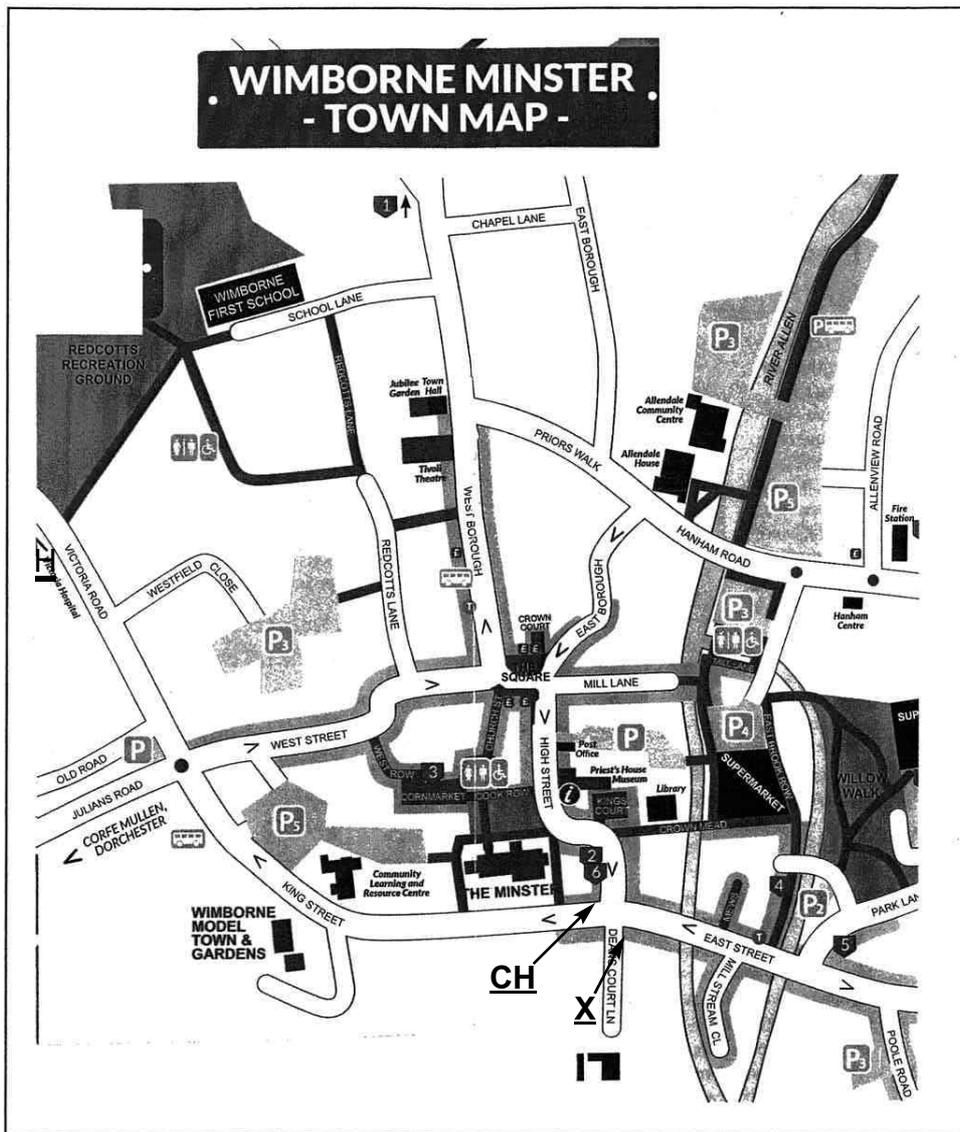
*"Ah! e oo sid me English wer Darset fer e' gid I a pass."*

National Service arrived and the RAF came to my rescue. A good bunch of O's ensured nearly a year of intensive technical training at The Radio School, Yatesbury, then transferred to A.T.D.U. (Aircraft Torpedo Development Unit).

**Des Cox (1946 - 51)**

 UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD	
DELEGACY OF LOCAL EXAMINATIONS	
GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION	
<i>This is to certify that, in the examination held in Summer 1951,</i>	
Desmond George Cox	
<i>born the 30th day of April in the year 1935</i>	
<i>reached the Pass Standard at Ordinary Level in the following eight subjects:-</i>	
English Language	
English Literature (Selected)	
French (Written & Oral)	
German (Written & Oral)	
History (Foreign)	
Art	
Mathematics	
General Science	
<i>Signed on behalf of the above-named examining body</i>	
	
<small>CENTRE AND INDEX NUMBER: Wimborne 22</small>	
<small>VIC-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY</small>	
<small>THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION accepts the examination as reaching the approved standard.</small>	
<small>Signed on behalf of the Ministry of Education</small>	

(Readers may recall that in the last Newsletter I included a modern Wimborne Town Map and invited members to send in the location of their homes / family businesses back in the days of WGS. Unfortunately I received only two responses which I am, nonetheless, pleased to reproduce.



I would greatly welcome further contributions from other OWs with the energy / willpower to put pens to paper or, in the case of veteran members like Merv Frampton, Ray Scott and Len Pearce, 'quills to parchment'. Between your G and T's and tumblers of Jack Daniels - of course! A.B.

38 Torrington Road,  
Wellingborough,  
Northamptonshire  
NN8 5AF

Dear Alan,

I enclose a copy of Wimborne Minster Town Map with an X marking where I lived. My father became the managing pharmacist of T.J. Addis in September 1956 and I lived at 1, King Street from then until 1965.

I am sorry I missed the last reunion, but I did manage a Silent Toast at 4.00pm (local time) in the Namib Desert.

Best Wishes KEN BERNTHAL (1958 - 63)

(Thanks, Ken. I am sure many OWs will remember the T.J. Addis pharmacy. Living in King Street you certainly didn't have a long walk to school. As for your Silent Toast in the Namib Desert that must surely be some sort of record! Cheers, Ken! AB)

Mr. A.S. Hollick  
5 Broadleas Road  
Devizes  
Wiltshire  
SN10 5DG

Dear Alan,

I enclose a copy of the Wimborne Minster Town Map with my father's shop "Clock House" marked CH and the approximate location of our house in Victoria Road marked H.

My father owned the shop between 1939 and 1950. It was the sole seller of Dinky Toys and Hornby Trains so it must be remembered by some Old Winburnians. Incidentally the previous owner was Miss Bacon and the shop was always called "Bacons" by many people. When my father had the shop repainted he had "Bacons" painted over the door.

I still know Wimborne as I visit regularly to tend family graves.

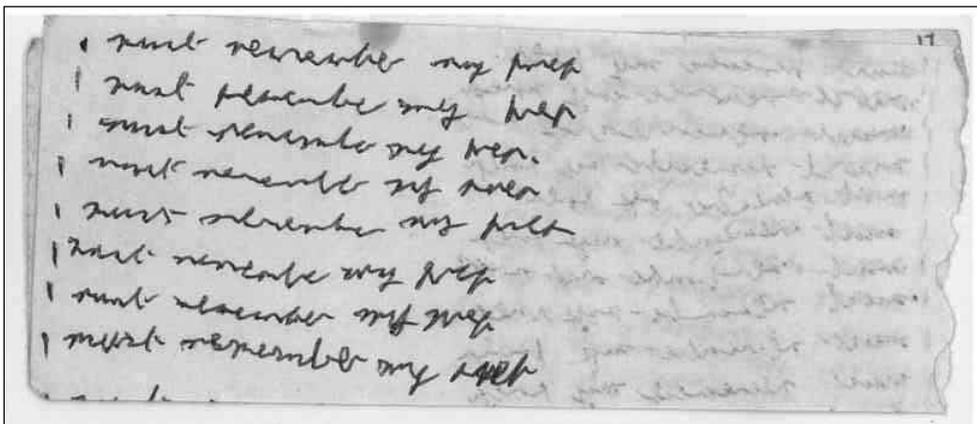
Yours sincerely

Alan Hollick Membership no 137

---

## MISCELLANEOUS

### ANOTHER EXTRACT FROM THE SCHOOLDAYS OF LUKE HINDMARCH (1954 - 59)



How many other  
OWs shared a similar  
fate? Quite a few, I  
imagine!

### THE BIG FIGHT

#### 'A Mouse' v 'A Tiddler'

Bumping into Michael 'Mouse' Morris the other day in Waitrose I was reminded of the time we were drawn to box against one another more than half a century earlier. I was in 1A, 'Mouse' was in the second form and the champ of the previous year's tournament. We were in the same weight division (approx 5 stone - the 'mouseweight/tiddler division'!) Two one-minute rounds. I was apprehensive meeting a 'reigning champion'. We discussed matters beforehand. 'I won't hit you too hard', promised the ever kindly 'Mouse'. He kept his promise. Michael won on points in front of a packed audience in the gymnasium refereed by 'Slogger' Jayne. (Incidentally, it was only 20 minutes after eating our school dinners that we donned gloves. A heavy blow to my stomach from 'Mouse' could easily have seen me regurgitate whatever it was I had just eaten). Later bouts in the tournament included epic contests involving the late Michael Bartlett, 'Pip' Wheeler and the fearsome Ken Bartlett, all-round super sportsmen - those were the days!

A.B

## CORRESPONDENCE

*(with many thanks to our splendid Membership Secretary, John Guy)*

### JOHN FORSHAW (1949 - 54)

*(Discovering through the kind offices of his cousin Roger the location of an old classmate, John Forshaw, I wrote to him in Fordingbridge with an invitation to join the OWA. Although John very courteously declined the offer I have reproduced his letter because I am sure old friends will be pleased to learn something of him and his late brother Peter. I believe Peter was at one time the Head Boy. He also played the Emperor Julius Caesar in the school production of Shakespeare's play in 1954 A.B.)*

Dear Alan,

Thanks for the literature which you gave to my cousin, re the Old Winburnians and the interesting book on the history of the school. I am afraid I have never been a good 'team player' and clubs and societies have never been my scene.

When I left school I intended to end up at the Dorset Farm Institute but an accident at work altered my plans, but I have all my working life been involved in agriculture.

My brother, who died a few years ago, was the academic and stayed at Wimborne until he was nineteen, failed for his university place, so went to do his National Service to a National Service Commission and came to retirement as a Brigadier General. Definitely a round peg in a round hole!

So thank you for your kind invitation which I will, gratefully, beg to decline.

With best wishes, John Forshaw.

---

## NEW MEMBERS

*(Welcome, Graham. Many thanks to our Membership Secretary, John Guy, for news of Graham).*

### GRAHAM McNEILL (1962 - 67)

Graham attended QEGS from 1962 to 1967. He worked as a trade show organiser for 40 years with a few companies, but is now retired with 3 children and a great wife, to whom he has been married for more than 31 years.

He has lived in the Chicago area since the early 1970's but has enjoyed family vacations in Mexico, although his idea of a great vacation is exploring the fantastic open spaces of the USA and Canada in a Jeep. Others from QEGS may remember his older brother Malcolm, who lives in upstate New York, and his younger sister Heather who lives in Hawaii.

(Should you come over to the 'old country' one of these days, Graham or Malcolm or Heather, we would be delighted to see you.)

### KEITH HARVEY (1951 - 6)

We are pleased to welcome Keith from Lytchett Matravers into our ranks and hope he enjoys meeting up with old cronies at our reunions.

OWs maybe interested to learn that SAM HANSON, my young friend from Poole Grammar (though a Wimborne boy) who entertained us at a reunion 2 - 3 years ago, is the pianist in the recently reformed Mantovani Orchestra - no mean achievement by a fine musician.

## JOHN DACOMBE (1956- 62)



(Image supplied by an un-named 'well-wisher')

(The lad's new look! He's shaved off his whiskers, seems to have lost some of his flowing locks and put on weight! Of course as the (unofficial) 'Squire of Gaunt's Common' John is entitled to assume the garb of a 'gentleman'. I wonder what dear Mary thinks of the paunch? Too much plum pudding possibly? Has the extra weight affected the golf swing, John? What's the handicap now? A.B.)

---

### FURTHER MEMBERSHIP NEWS FROM JOHN GUY

There were a number of recent failed e-mail addresses relating to the last Newsletter. It may be, of course, that matters are now resolved. However, as a precaution, I list the names of the following members who might care to get in touch with John to confirm their current e-mail details.

Ken Bernthal (1956 - 63)

John Clode (1953 - 60)

Guy Corbet-Marshall (1970 - 70)

Peter Cox (1952 - 57)

Stephen Holman (1963 - 70)

Charles Palmer (1932 - 37)

Dick Warner (1955- 62) in USA

Patricia van de Velde (nee Birch) 1961 - 67 in France

---

I would also like to remind members that if they wish to make contact with any old friends do let John know and he will do his best to assist them in their quest.

### A tale of murder on the shop floor

A MAN who was very unhappily married and did not have enough money for a divorce from his wife asked a friend for advice. The friend told him to get an inexpensive hitman to take her out.

So the man went to a pub where he was told of a cut-price hitman named Arti, who charged £1 a time because he enjoyed the work so much. The man told Arti his wife was in her fifties and came to Tesco every Friday at 11.30am wearing an off-white raincoat and

black and yellow head scarf.

At the due time the woman entered the store, Arti followed her into a corner, strangled her and hid the body under some cardboard boxes. He was making his escape when he saw a similarly dressed woman make her way in. To be on the safe side Arti strangled her also and was hiding her body when the police arrived and arrested him.

The next day's front page told the story under the heading 'Artichokes two for a pound at Tescos'.

# Ray Moore 1922 - 2016

Ray Moore, who was born and bred in Wimborne, and who lived in the town for all of his 93 years - wartime service excepted - has died after a short illness.

His link with the town was huge as his family business, Moore and Son Ltd, was based at Walford Nursery which once occupied the site which is now home to the Allenview Estate.

Ray attended Wimborne's Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School before joining the family business.

He didn't join the RAF until 1942.

Interviewed for this magazine in 2005 he said: "As we had a nursery growing tomatoes and cucumbers, I was in a reserved occupation. However, eventually they couldn't do without me!"

He was sent to Canada for pilot training on single engine planes and then to Prince Edward Island, training for coastal command.

When he returned to

England in 1944 he was sent to Ibsley aerodrome as a control pilot and entertainment officer.

Subsequently he went to Egypt, Palestine and many Indian cities and was in Aden on VE Day.

He became an adjutant on VJ Day and was posted to Rangoon.

One of his most enduring memories was flying out of South Bangkok to pick up Japanese prisoners of war from the jungle.

"They were just skin and bones, with no luggage," he had recalled.

During his wartime service he flew 41 different Dakotas.

Ray married Norah, a florist, in 1948 in Wimborne Methodist Church, with which they have had a long association. The couple have both been trustees and Ray was at one time on the church council.

During his working life Ray became chairman of the International Tomato Group which was known all over the country as well as in the Channel Islands, Spain and

Holland.

And did Ray enjoy eating tomatoes?

"He only liked them raw," Norah said.

When Ray retired he became involved with Dorset Association for the Disabled, becoming its chairman until 2004. He was president up until it was disbanded a couple of years ago.

A keen member of Wimborne Rotary Club - of which was president in 1961/62 - he was awarded the Paul Harris Fellowship Award for his work in the community.

Norah said of her husband: "He was always interested in people and wanted to help them."

A former Wimborne Methodist Church Minister, The Rev Tony Hearle said: "It would be difficult to express how important Ray was in our time at Wimborne and the influence he had and the direction he gave to the life of our church. His concern for both the adult congregation and also the young people and the contacts he had gave him a



Ray and Norah Moore

unique standing."

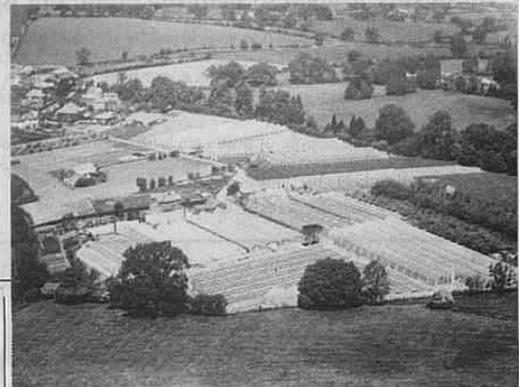
In addition to Norah, Ray leaves two grand-daughters, and two great-grandsons.

His funeral, a service of thanksgiving, took place at Wimborne Methodist Church

on Wednesday.

Any donations in Ray's memory for the Quarterjack Surgery and Wimborne Methodist Church should be sent to Douch and Small.

Marilyn Barber



Walford Nursery which now houses the Allenview Estate in Wimborne

Reproduced with kind permission of Marilyn Ayres and the team at Stour & Avon magazine.



## Michael Edward John Foot

*Peacefully left us on the 1st November 2015 in Sherborne, Dorset. Much loved father, brother, uncle, grandfather and friend.*

*Funeral service at Yeovil Crematorium on the 12th November at 12 o'clock, to which all family and friends are respectfully invited.*

(I received a charming and appreciative letter from Michael's daughter. Among her observations I include just a few of her references: her gratitude to Derek Stevens & Len Pearce when Michael paid his final visit to Wimborne which included the site of our old school and the Minster: the pleasure he derived from a telephone call by his old pal Ken Bartlett: his pride at being fondly featured in The Newsletter: my remembrance of Michael as 'a benevolent, good-natured prefect.' We are pleased that Michael was able to enjoy his final year of life and even defied his doctor's pessimism by living many months longer than their expectations. Well done, Michael, a lesson for us all there!)

## Obituary – Ken Holloway

Ken Holloway, a former head boy of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, died recently at the age of 94.

Ken was born in Gillingham, Dorset but was brought up in Wimborne. When he left school he joined the Civil

Service Air Ministry and war was declared on his 18th birthday, 3rd September 1939.

In early 1940 he had a lucky escape when a bomb dropped and exploded next door to where he was staying. He was blown out of bed but fortunately suffered no more than cuts and bruises. In 1941 he was called up to the Army. He trained in Aldershot and then joined a West Yorkshire Brigade stationed in Kent. Over the next few years he was stationed in various places overseas before being discharged in 1947. He had met Joan, also in the Army at Virginia Water, Surrey and they were married at Iwer, Buckinghamshire later the same year.

Ken, still in the Civil Service, worked in the Air Ministry, the War Office and in the Ministry of Defence at home and in Singapore until he retired when he and Joan moved to the Wimborne area. They had two sons, Richard and Simon, who sadly passed away a few years ago.

Ken loved Wimborne and its people. He had a keen interest in sport and his passion was football and so became involved with Wimborne Town Football Club. He was secretary of the club at the most exciting



time of its history when in 1992 Wimborne won the FA Vase at Wembley. Throughout his time at the club he was always supportive of managers and players alike. The main stand at the

Cuthbury ground was renamed the Ken Holloway and Ron Dinmore stand ten years ago in recognition of the two people that did more for the club than any other. Ken was appointed an honorary director of the club five years ago.

Ken was an avid stamp collector, had been a member of the Wimborne-Ochsenfurt Twinning Association since it was formed in 1989 and had also been a member of the Wimborne-Valognes Twinning Association. He was a very supportive member of Wimborne in Bloom and with a keen interest in young people he sponsored the under 18's race in the Minster Pancake Race.

Ken was a lifelong Methodist and a loyal supporter of Wimborne Methodist Church where he will be greatly missed. Through failing health he and Joan had moved from Wimborne earlier this year to be nearer Richard and his family in Guildford.

His funeral service was held at Wimborne Methodist Church.

Donations in Ken's memory were given to Christian Aid and the Gunstone Trust, this recognising his interest in young people.

## IAN BISHOP

It is with sadness that I have to inform you of the death of my brother Ian Bishop, on 25th October 2015. Ian, aged 81 years, had been ill for most of the year and was completely bedridden.

Ian leaves behind his widow, Gwynne, son David and daughters Caroline and Alison who loved and cared for him on a daily basis.

His funeral took place in Altrincham on November 5th and was attended by his immediate family, his sister and nephew from Plymouth and three cousins from Wimborne, along with a large number of friends and cricketers from all over Cheshire.

He will be sadly missed by a great many people.

**Maureen Viney (nee Bishop)**

---

Reproduced with the kind permission of Marilyn Ayres and the team at Stour & Avon magazine)

## PAUL SAUNDERS 1959 - 65

Paul, known as 'Owlie' at school, left QGS and trained as a nurse in Oldchurch Hospital, Romford, Essex. He specialised as a nurse in operating theatres and took up a post as Charge Nurse in the Westminster Hospital, London.

He worked in the City for many years and enjoyed his hobby of Sub-aqua diving. He qualified as a Nurse Tutor and later moved to Scotland to marry his wife, Ginny.

Paul worked in the Caledonian University, Glasgow Royal Infirmary and Stobhill Hospital, but took early retirement in 2012.

His life - long hobby was playing his numerous guitars. Much to his surprise he had an article published in 'The Winburnian' recounting Mr Bill Streets physics lessons.

Paul died, aged 67, on October 30th, 2015, in the new Queen Elizabeth University Hospital, Glasgow. He is sadly missed by his wife, Ginny, sons Luke and Mark and all our family.

Jan Williamson (nee Saunders, Paul's sister)

(Obits continued)

**HUGH WILLIAMS (1946 - 52)**

John Guy received notification from Hugh's brother, Lyn Williams (1947 - 52), that Hugh passed away on 28 December, 2015. Lyn still lives in the locality in Corfe Mullen while Hugh's travels had removed him to Devizes. Hugh was a popular, well-respected prefect in his days at school. We send our condolences to his family on their sad loss. A.B.

**MICHAEL RIGGS (1943 - 48)**

*(Just a few days ago I received a letter from John Riggs relaying the sad news of the death of his brother.)*

I regret to inform you that my brother Michael Riggs (233) died on the 7th April, 2016, in a Nursing Home, Bathurst, Australia.

He was 83. Born 13th April 1932. Attended Wimborne Grammar School 1943 - 1948.

He leaves his wife Valerie, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Yours sincerely J.H. Riggs 434

*(Naturally we send our condolences to John and the wider Riggs family)*

(Kindly forwarded to me by her dear friend, Christine Price)

**HEATHER PURSER (1957 - 62)**

**REV HEATHER PURSER**

**2 Nov 1945 - 17 Dec 2015**

**Service at Poole Crematorium**

**30 December 2015**



Heather Purser, nee Owen. Born 2nd November 1945 and 'Passed to Glory' 17th December 2015.

Heather attended Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School from September 1957 - July 1962.

She leaves a husband, three sisters, two daughters and two grandchildren.

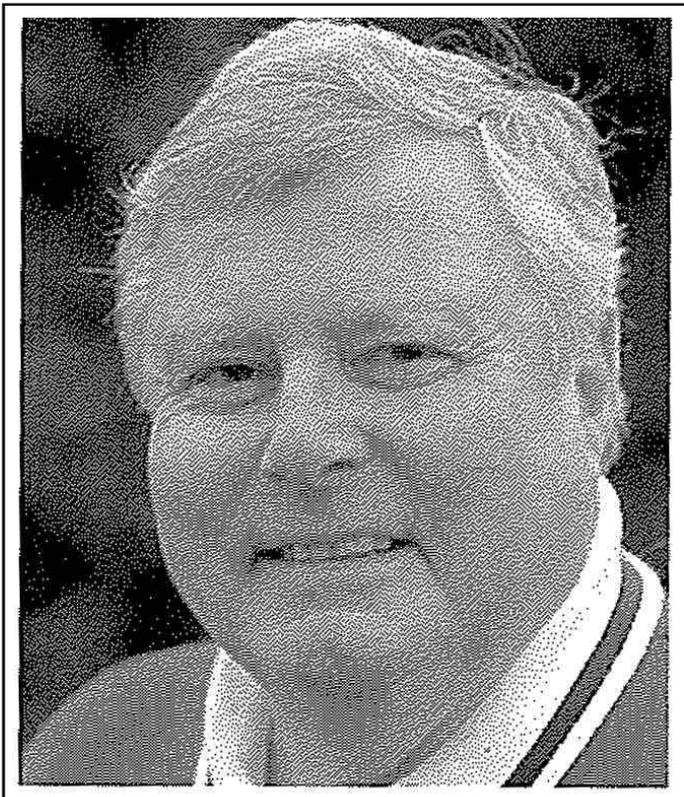
Following a trip to Kenya she founded HOPE FAMILY HOMES, became a Mission Pastor and a form of foster mother to numerous seemingly hopeless children in Kenya.

She graduated from Kingdom Faith Bible College 1998 and went on Mission to Kenya. Some of the experiences that followed are written in a not finished and yet unpublished book called "God uses ordinary people to do extraordinary things."

Hope Family Homes, registered UK charity 1067317, continues to be a safe haven for orphaned children and is being run, on the Kenyan side, by one of the former children who is taking the work from strength to strength in memory of Heather, his Mum.

Check out [www.hopefamilyhomes.org](http://www.hopefamilyhomes.org)

*(Christine tells me she most recently met Heather at church. Clearly she was a remarkable lady and we send our condolences to her family.)*



( What a brilliant effort, Peter! You must be delighted to have raised so much money for such splendid 'good causes'. Your old teachers would have been proud of you and even more so- your parents. Remember, Peter, you would be a very welcome guest at any of our reunions. Keep up the good work! A.B.)

## Peter Alliss The voice of golf.

(And one of the most distinguished and universally respected and admired old Winburnians)



Peter Alliss, together with wheelchair recipients and representatives of the charities benefiting from the golf tournament. Photo by Grahame Austin

## Peter Alliss Golf day raises £47,000 for charities

Local disabled people were presented with powered wheelchairs and charities received thousands of pounds last month from funds raised at the Alliss Invitational Charity Golf Day.

The event which was sponsored by JM Scully Ltd and held last September at Ferndown Golf Club raised £47,000 for The Peter Alliss Wheelchair Charity and Ferndown Captain's chosen charities.

Pancreatic Cancer Research received £8,000, Alzheimer's Research £7,000 and Macmillan Cancer Research £9,682.

Maggie Blanks, founder and CEO of Pancreatic Cancer Research Fund said "The support from the Alliss Invitational Charity Golf Day means we can continue funding early diagnostic testing and our national

Tissue Bank."

Money raised for the Peter Alliss Wheelchair Charity has so far provided two power packs for manual wheelchairs, one stroller, one specialised seating system, five walkers, two standers and three wheelchairs.

At the presentation Peter Alliss said: "It has been over 30 years since I first stood here with John Isles, the original sponsor of the Salterns Alliss Merlo Competition, and it's great that the money raised over all these years helps to better the lives of these families."

● More photos on [www.blackmorevale.co.uk](http://www.blackmorevale.co.uk)

(Reproduced with the kind permission of Marilyn Ayres and the Stour and Avon Magazine)

'Up the Cherries'  
The OWs and the AFC Bournemouth effect

I am sure OW soccer fans far and wide have been following the fortunes of Eddie Howe's AFC Bournemouth in their first season in the Premiership. Despite a disappointing series of results at the season's end the club has contrived to secure another term in the highest tier - and the players, under Eddie Howe's leadership, have played some fine, bold attacking football. As for the impact upon OWs AFC's performances have, at moments, occasioned raised blood pressure, much furious nail-biting and sleepless nights. Just ask Tony Bletsoe, John Dacombe and John Selby (to name but three). The coincidence of Manchester United's historic visit to the Vitality Stadium (Dean Court, to most of us) led to their absence from our last Reunion. No one will know the details of next season's fixture list for some weeks but let us hope there is not a repeat of such a clash of interests.

In the meanwhile, I am sure I speak for many of our members in wishing QE educated Eddie Howe and his brave lads continued success in the heady heights of the Premiership. A.B.

P.S. To prove my point I suggest you look at Tony Bletsoe's fingernails when next you meet him.

P.P.S. Leicester have just won the Premiership. AFC Bournemouth next? 'Up the Cherries'! Incidentally Leicester failed to beat AFC in their two meetings. Two draws!



---

**Bytheway (Leigh Common / Leigh Road - originally the A31 Wimborne - Ringwood Road)**

Just a thought. To those members journeying to the Reunions in future - and to any local member who has not yet visited Bytheway - you may care to pull into the signposted car park (coming from Canford Bottom just before what was the Winston Churchill pub) and stretch your legs. A vast stretch of countryside which includes a large lake has now been designated as an open space (of special scientific interest). For some of you who grew up near Leigh Common (maybe even played there) it is now a delightful spot to visit. As I say, just a thought. A.B.

---

**The Generosity of OWs**

Thanks to the generosity of the OWs you have contributed in excess of £500.00 to the Weldmar Hospice / John Thornton Young Achievers Charities over the past 4-5 years. As a result of the original direct sales of 'Dorset Journey' to OW members (when £2.00 per copy was divided between the two charities) together with more recent donations the aggregate sum forwarded exceeds £500.00. Many thanks to everyone. A reminder that at the summer reunion inscribed copies of the book will be available (in return for a donation) together with Graham Powell / AB's History of WGS and back issues of The Newsletter.

---

*(As ever I express my enormous gratitude to jenni and Bryan at Wimborne Print Centre for their forbearance and skills. Put very simply, without jenni's assistance in particular, there would be no Newsletter. A.B.)*