



## OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - SUMMER 2018

Dear Fellow OW's,

As Bob Dylan wrote 'The times, they are a' changing!' For the past dozen years since I began editing The Newsletter my friends, Bryan Harwood and Jenni Isaacs at Wimborne Print Centre, have given me so much support and assistance. In recent months Bryan has suffered some serious health problems and Jenni's own health and that of her husband have made life difficult for them. In consequence, Bryan is winding down his business and the Print Centre is closing - a source of great sadness for all of Bryan's hundreds of customers. For Yours Truly it is a particular challenge and, though Bryan is doing his very best to provide a limited service now, the future does look decidedly complicated.

Anyway, we have hastily put a few pages together in recent days and I have included such material as has come my way. Clearly The Newsletter is not as lengthy as usual and, as for the future, we shall just have to see how events unfold. We will, of course, continue to produce The Newsletter twice a year and provide our 300+ membership with as entertaining and informative a read as possible. In the meanwhile, I will take this opportunity to thank Bryan and Jenni for all their wonderful support over the years.

Well, here we are at the end of a very unpleasant winter and looking forward to the sunshine and warmth of summer. I hope not too many of our readers have suffered bouts of flu and other health problems. The consolation is that, at least, we are still vertical and able to get about to visit families and friends - not least to travel along to Cobham's for our next reunion on Saturday, 7th July. Attendances continue to hold up remarkably well and our last reunion in December was, by common consent, a particularly enjoyable affair. So, I send my greetings to everyone on behalf of the committee and look forward to seeing lots of you in the summer.

All good wishes, Alan Bennett

### FORTH COMING REUNIONS

Summer Reunion	Saturday, 7 July 2018
Christmas Reunion	Saturday, 1 December 2018

## WINTER REUNION 2017

Morgan Antell, Ann Antell, Steve and Gillian Butler, guests of Mr Antell, Alan Bennett, Nick Bishop, Kenneth Bernthal, Jim Brewster, Eunice Carnall nee Chadd, Roderick Cheese, Robin Christopher, Hazel Christopher guest of Mr Christopher, Peter Clarke, Sue Coombes nee Froud, John Coombes guest of Mrs Coombes, Mrs A Cooper nee Hallett, Robert Copelin, Desmond Cox, Janet Coy nee Dowd, Faith Elford nee Hawes, Anthony Elgar, Mervyn Frampton, Jackie Chubb guest of Mr Frampton, Brian Glover, Tony Gould, Elizabeth Gould guest of Mr Gould, Dr. John Guy, Francis Hackforth, Alan Hall, John Harper, Joyce Harper guest of Mr Harper, Keith Harvey, Bill Haskell, Sue Hatherley nee Bush, Geoff Hill, Carolyn Kamcke nee Walkling, John Boughton guest of Mrs Kamcke, Ann King nee Wall, Alan Maitland, June Maitland guest of Mr Maitland, Ron Mansfield, Maria Martin nee Limm, Victor Moss, Jennifer Moss nee Day, Diana Moss nee Anderson, James Moss guest of Mrs Moss, David Park, Brian Pearce, Graham Powell and guest Hazel Powell, Christine Price nee Richmond, Terry Randall, Betty Read nee White, Ann Richmond nee Mitchell, David Roberts, Ian Rogers, Peter Russell, John Singleton, Derek Stevens, Cynthia Tanner nee Streets, Ken Taylor, Ronald White, Prof Bob White, Helen White nee Filcher, Eddie Wood, Jose Wood guest of Mr Wood, Beryl Wythers nee Moreton.

## APOLOGIES RECEIVED FROM

Ken Bernthal, Paul Burry, Harry Clarke, Michael Coffin, Simon Coley, Mrs Audrey Cooper, Guy Corbett-Marshall, Sandra Cox, Peter Douch, Lorna Dyter, Robert Hall, Carolyn Martin, Paul Middleton, Lorna Miles, Christopher Peters, Anthony Peters, Anthony Porter, David Reeks, David Snelgar, Jill Strong, Geoff Welch, Bill White.

## ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES

Chairman	Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, Wimborne	BH21 2OW
Vice Chairman	Carolyn Kamcke	4 Pine Close, Ameysford Road, Ferndown	BH22 9QX
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	Ann Richmond	70 Erica Drive, Corfe Mullen, Wimborne	BH21 3TG

## FULL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Alan Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, Wimborne Dorset	BH21 2NW
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
Betty Read	10 Counter Close, Blandford, Dorset	DT11 7JX
Ann Richmond	70 Erica Drive, Corfe Mullen, Wimborne	BH21 3TG
Christine Short	18 Station Road, Alderholt, Fordingbridge	SP6 3RB
Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, Wimborne, Dorset	BH21 2UW

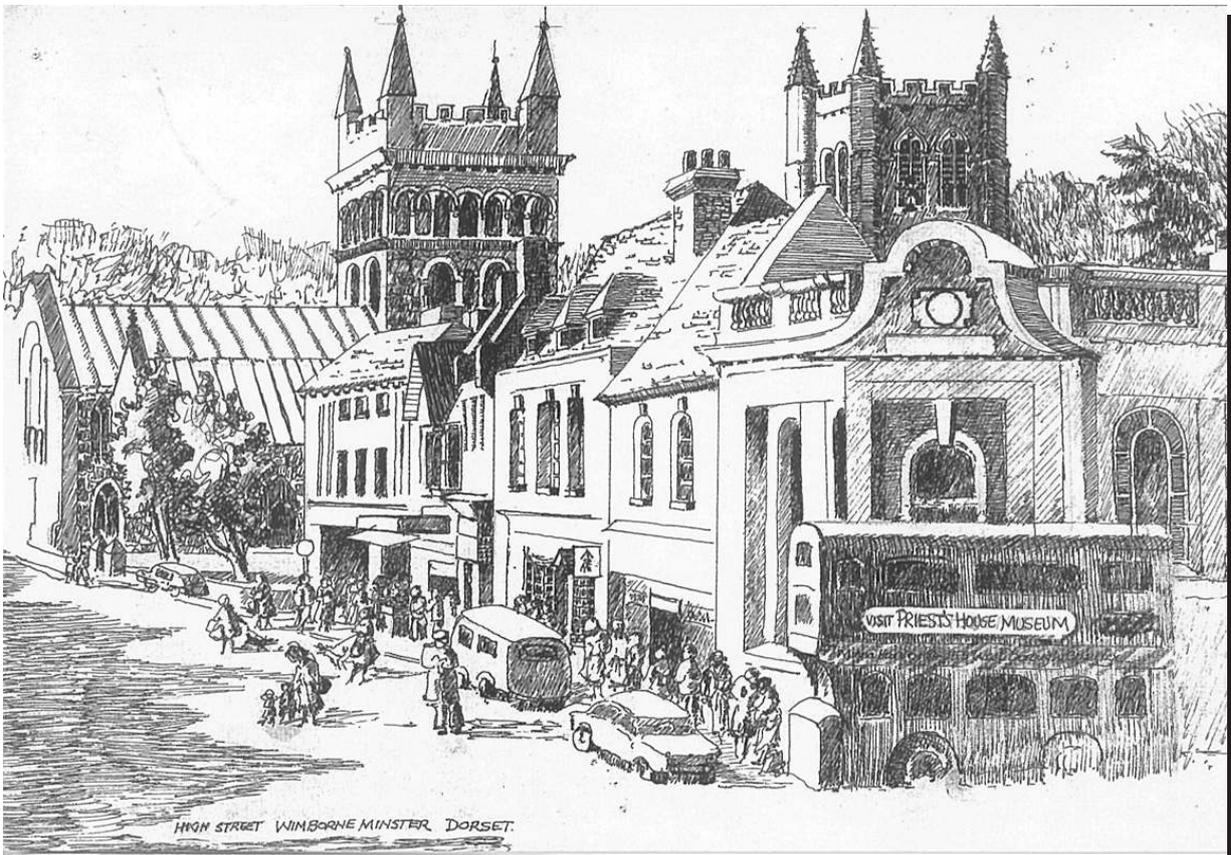
## CO-OPTED MEMBERS

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



Wimborne Minster

W.5301L



# **OLD WINBURNIANS COMMITTEE MEETING (19th MAR. 2018)**

## **MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY REPORT**

**Covering period : 23rd OCT. 2017 to 18th MAR. 2018**

### **NEW MEMBERS**

Christopher Charlton (61-68)

Elizabeth Judd (63-70)

### **CHANGES OF INFORMATION RELATING TO EXISTING MEMBERS**

Morgan Antell (52-58)

- new e-mail address.

Nick Bishop (60-63)

- new phone number.

Mike Bull (44-46)

- new e-mail address.

Eunice Cornall (55-62)

- new e-mail address.

Roderic Cheese (57-63)

- new e-mail address.

Guy Corbett-Marshall (70-70)

- new contact details

Anthony Elgar (53-60)

- new contact details.

Sue Hatherley (53-60)

- new e-mail address.

Gail Greenfield (55-60)

She has resigned and sent a one-off donation of £25 as a mark of thanks.

Ron Mansfield (49-55)

- new e-mail address.

Paul Middleton (49-55)

- new e-mail address.

Lorna Miles (56-63)

- new contact details.

Brian Pearce (47-53)

- new email address.

Barbara Russell (55-60)

- new contact details.

Ian Vaudin (??-??)

- new contact details

Eddie Wood (47-55)

- new e-mail address.

### **DECEASED MEMBERS**

Rex Breach (49-55)

- reported by Susan Watson (daughter).

Janet Kraft (nee Mazurek) (60-65)

- reported by John Guy.

### **OTHER RELATED MATTERS**

Memorabilia : Received from Liz Errington (niece of the late Peter Grant Lankey - former QEGS pupil, but not an OWA member). Some "Winburnian" magazines from late 1940's and 1950's.

Received from Jean Ellis (widow of the late David Ellis) some of the large school photographs around late 1940's and early 1950's.

I discovered a one page copy of some school rules which my parents received when I started at QEGS in 1963. A copy is now on our internet site.

**Remembrance Service at QE School** : Received invitation for Old Winburnians to attend.

**Presentation Event at QE School (December 2017)** : I attended this event.

**QE Launch of Alumni Programme** : Received an invitation to attend the launch of this programme. The event will take place on Saturday 24th March at QE School, starting at 1400.

### **Problems sending E-mails to the following**

- David Dyer
- Les Bishop
- John Chandler
- Peter Cox
- David Park

Please contact the membership secretary using e-mail :  
membership@oldwinburnians.org.uk

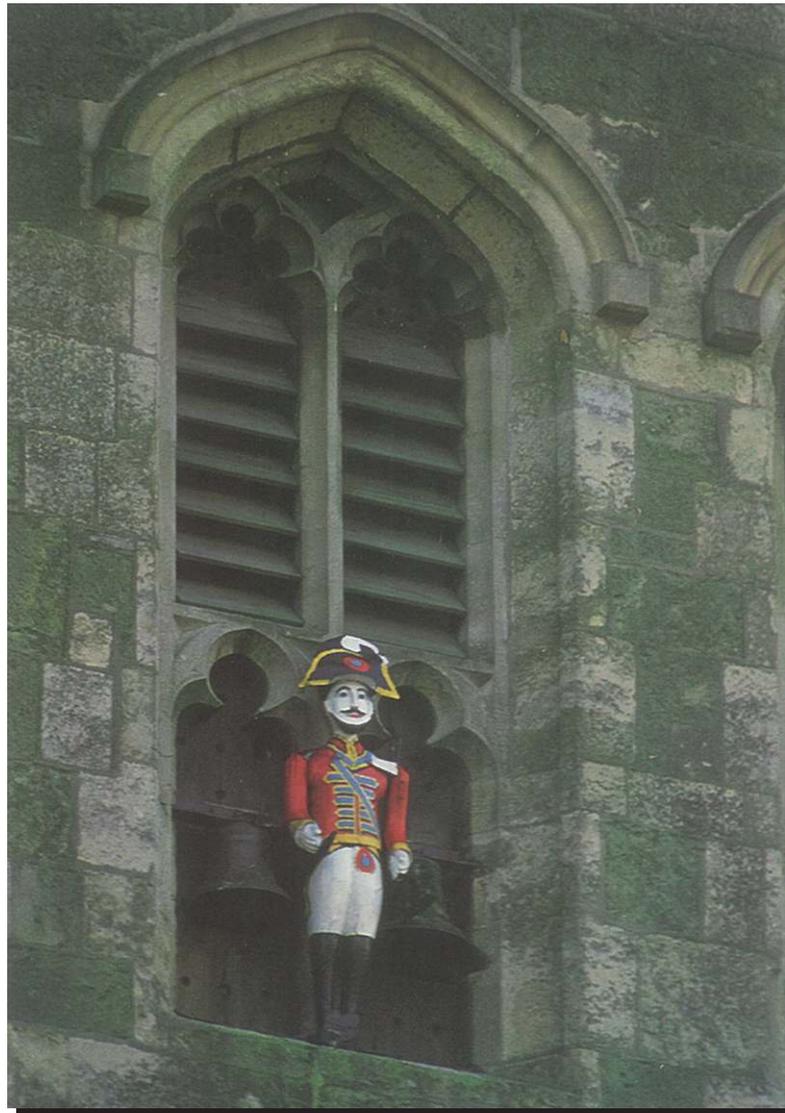
### **Contribution from Mike Bull (44-46)**

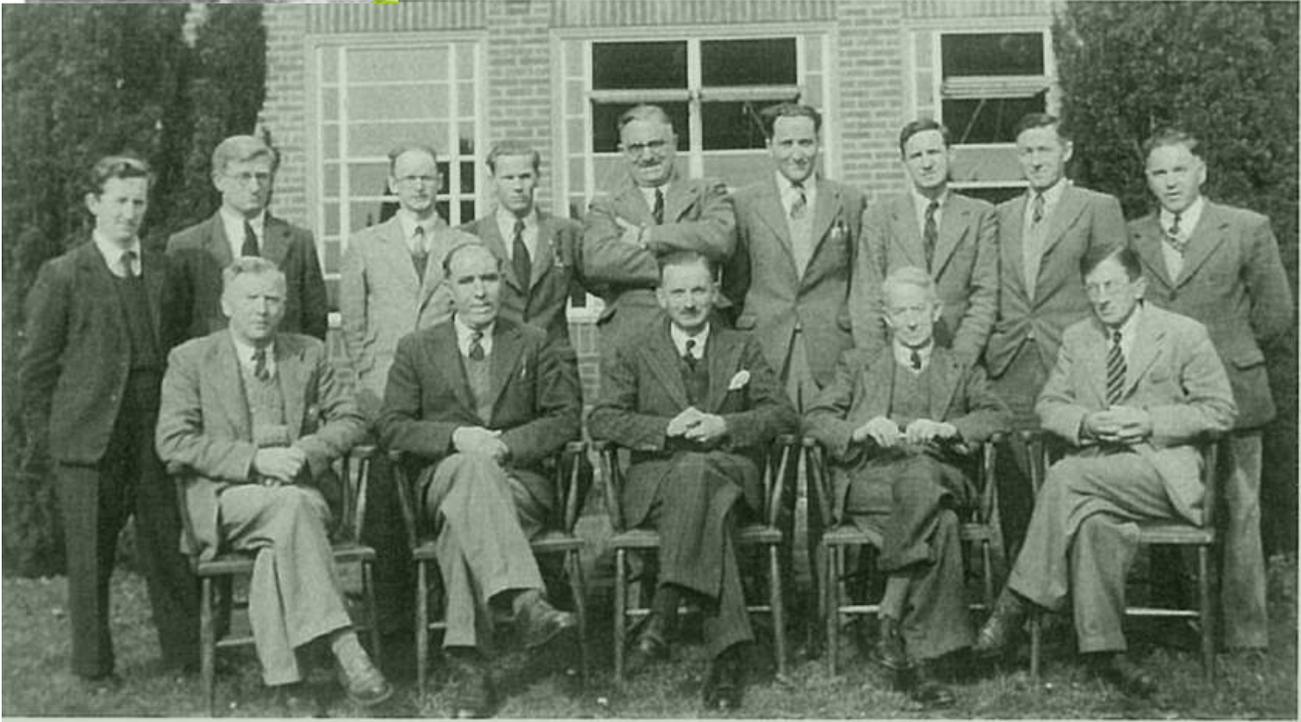
In the newsletter there was a postcard of The High Street, I think that it must be in the middle 1950's. I did notice that the Bus was parked outside the Bakers (I forget the name). In my time I used to catch the bus to Ringwood from that stop, with John Wiseman, Ken Bartlett and Bill Ayles. We would buy malt loaves and eat the inside before we reached Ringwood.

### **Contribution from Paul Middleton (49-54)**

How many remember Eileen Goodfield? She taught me maths in my final year and now lives nearby in Portishead. I used to play bridge with her, but then age caught up and she gave up playing. I only mention all this because the day will come when she passes on to the 'Grammar School in the sky'. When that happens I will certainly alert the Old Winburnians.

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*Staff of Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Wimborne ca 1954  
Seated Streets, Kerswell, Neil, Mottram, Maiden*



WIM.12 WIMBORNE MINSTER from Grammar School

Copyright  
T. Sergee

RANDOM THOUGHTS from WGS 1945-51. Brian Davis.

My contemporaries will have shared many of these memories, but they may be of interest to pupils of more recent eras.

My early education was at Ferndown Council School, and my chances of passing the 11-plus exam in 1945 seemed so unlikely that my parents put my name down for Ringwood Grammar School (with their ghastly pillarbox red blazers). But when I told mum that it had been announced in assembly that I had passed she was so sceptical that she said it must be another pupil called Davis!

But Davis B.R had indeed qualified to wear the chocolate and cerise of WGS, and now, some 70-odd years later, pictures from those grammar school days frequently jump into my memory.

Sadly, I did not shine academically, and when the comments "could do better" appeared on my report book they felt like an accolade. And though I enjoyed all the sporting activities this was not reflected in any success except the occasion when I won my weight in boxing, the swimming sports senior breast-stroke and one season when I was a regular in the first eleven cricket team.

So these memory-pictures are inevitably snapshots of other aspects of school life. Playing marbles on a stretch of ground beside the lime tree. Lunchtime games in the playground using a block of wood as a football. And woe betide anyone who got in the way. Likewise, non-participants had to beware while we chucked cricket balls into the fielding cradle.

Then there was the daily after-school race to be first on one of the two fives courts, throwing a ball on to the court to claim occupancy. Another of my extra-curricular activities was to run a monthly stamp club, where we swapped stamps and discussed various aspects of philately. All these activities, as well as lessons, were punctuated by the frequent shrieks of Sir John Hanham's peacocks just across the school boundary walls.

I recall cutting the reeds along the edges of a short stretch of the River Allen adjacent to the football pitch. Oh, how my grandson laughs when I tell him that was our "swimming pool". Groups of boys on each bank severed the reeds by hauling a sharp blade tied to ropes backwards and forwards across the river.

And I remember Jimmy James from the Royal Studio in Wimborne appearing once a year to take the school photograph. A welcome visit because it meant a disruption of lessons while benches and chairs were set up. If one was lucky this would mean missed periods of hated (for me) Latin or maths.

First it was a master called Smith who tried to instill in me some knowledge of the dead language. He claimed to have been the voice of Larry the Lamb in the BBC Toytown serial broadcasts. I still wonder if that was true. Then Tipp Airey and final-Gunner Holman undertook the hopeless task. Yet though I never mastered the language, I was always interested in the origins of words that play such a big part in our vocabulary.

These three masters evoke many memories, as do the others that look out from the panoramic 1949 school photograph hanging on my wall. There's Fishy Maiden, who taught me to appreciate the English language, perhaps leading to my decision to become a journalist. Tarzan Williams, remembered for the time he turned up for les-

sons with only half a moustache — a rugby club wager? It was best not to upset Tarzan, for any misdeed could result in a stinging slap across the face — a vicious right-hander as he feinted with his left. Today that would land him in court. To us it was just the way of things.

Joe Kerswell was another strict disciplinarian. But his bark was worse than his bite, and he would occasionally show his sense of humour by striding through the classroom door calling out: “Cave, Joe.” But it was always worth keeping a sharp lookout when he was likely to be around. This was particularly true when he cycled into Wimborne Square after school to observe boys jostling to get on the Hants and Dorset buses. Names of those not queuing neatly and acting like well-behaved grammar school pupils were noted, and they faced detention the next day.

Another master I remember for his after-school activities was Nobby Clarke. He lived in Ferndown close to a field which a number of us used as a cricket pitch. And from time to time he came to join us. This was slightly embarrassing because off-duty schoolmasters are still schoolmasters, and it was hard to reconcile this with his participation in our games. These were days when masters were called Sir and we raised our caps to them.

But Nobby was a friendly man and a popular mentor when he joined the school trip to Lucerne in 1947. The other masters on this ground-breaking overseas visit were Eric Huntington and Leonard Mottram.

Mr Huntington, who taught French, was always approachable. But Motty was something more. With his trademark reprimand of “bally oaf” he was an animated teacher. And his lessons would often end up as one-man shows because he could be sidetracked with an astutely placed question that led to a fund of stories. Occasionally strict, but more usually an avuncular character, he produced a whole series of school plays and also the Wimborne pageant that celebrated the Festival of Britain in 1951. My photograph also conjures up memories of Bill Streets and the distinctive smell of

my first year, when we also had lessons on Saturday mornings, we had to take sandwiches). Wearing khaki battledress on Fridays so we army cadets looked the part when we were instructed in how to become soldiers. Lining up at Pye Corner for the annual cross country run. And singing Onward Christian Soldiers as we walked in pairs from school to the Minster on Commemoration Day.

These are my memories, and rather than fading, they seem to become clearer as I approach my eighty-fourth birthday. I am grateful for them, and grateful that it was not that other boy called Davis who passed the 11-plus exam in 1945.

From Graham Powell (1938-47)

## Lionel Jeffries

When I was Chairman of the OWA I phoned Lionel at his Bournemouth address to ask if he would be coming to a reunion. His reply was that he wouldn't and he added that he had not been happy at WGS. This was a considerable surprise because he went through the school from junior to senior. We all have many memories of him, in class, at sports, in the Cadet Corps, and our school plays and concerts. Where he was an enthusiastic contributor.

On joining the school as a boarder in 1938, in my first term I found myself taking part in a sketch in the School Concert. It's a good job I was about the smallest boy, because this involved me being in a small dark space with an arched entrance behind which I stayed until pulled out at the end of the sketch. This arched bit was a fireplace. When I was pulled out of it, they looked at my right shoulder, where make-up had inked a prominent mark. This proved that I was the son of the local squire, it being their family birthmark. The fireplace in question was located in the cottage of a worker on the estate. Evidently the plot hung upon my being revealed, a denouement which

overturned the assumptions of the astonished audience. The thing is, that this was devised by the young Lionel, who was even then showing his talents.

At some time, probably 1943, we boarders had to sleep in Big School. There's no need to go into the complications of having the 35 or so boys bedding down each night then clearing up next day. For some reason, Lionel had temporarily become a boarder, As you can imagine, during the night when we were supposed to be asleep, there were discussions which often rambled on and on. I remember him giving lots of impersonations of masters and also radio personalities, very close to the real thing. Also, he had a great ability to imitate Winston Churchill, and his " we will never surrender " speech.

Nor will we forget what an enthusiastic Army Cadet he was, giving his all as a sergeant, and later as a sergeant-major. He had quite an interesting career as an officer before his eventual demob.

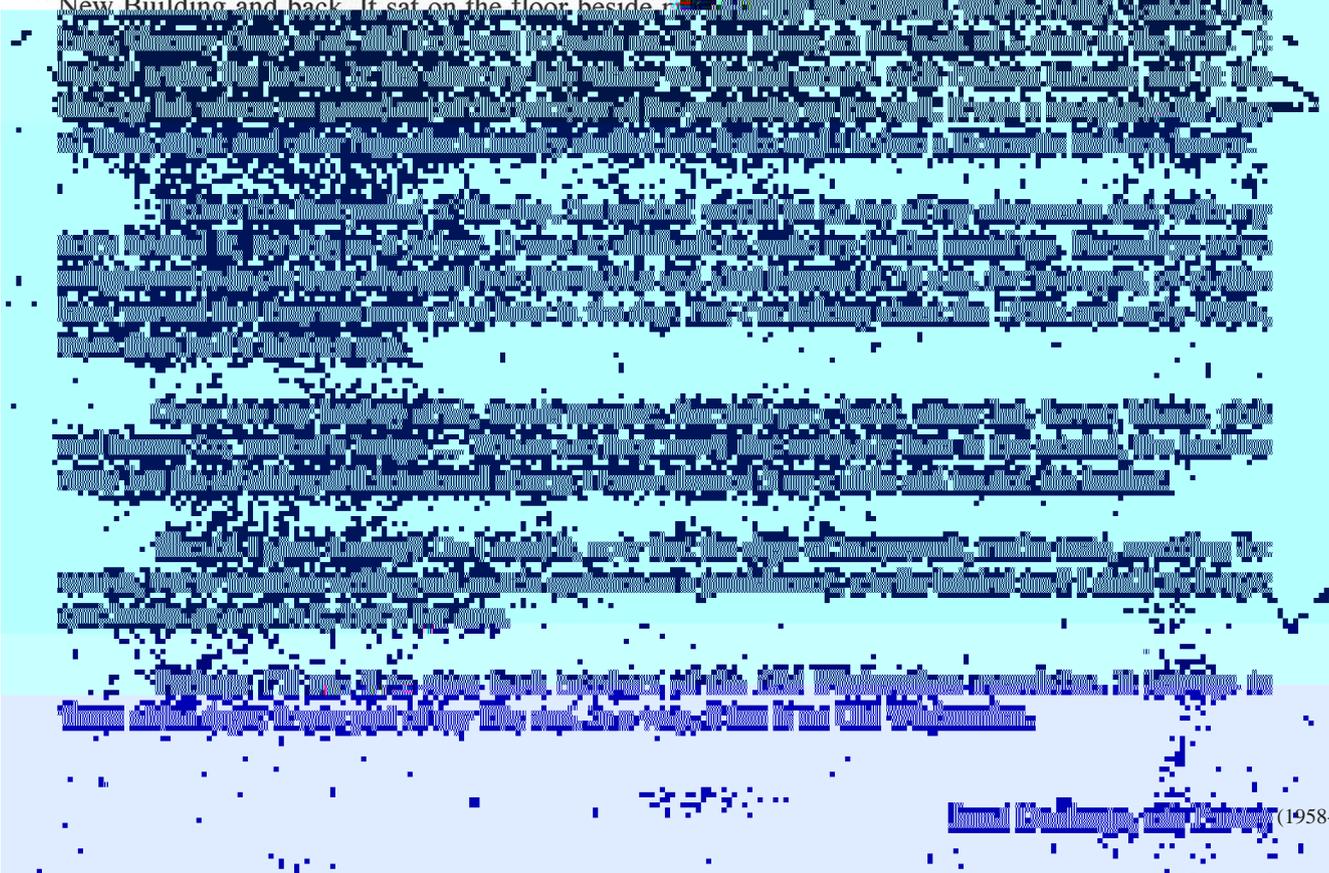
## Richard Todd

A few years ago Hazel and I were staying near Richmond, when we noticed that in the Richmond Theatre they had AN IDEAL HUSBAND with Richard Todd and Barbara Murray heading the cast. Barbara is a relative of Hazel's and when we are in the neighbourhood we go and see her. Thus, whilst in the theatre, we saw Richard coming along the corridor. So I said to him, " you and I have something in common ", and he asked what? and I told him that we went to the same school. He immediately broke into the school song! We were able to indulge in some chat which showed he remembered quite a lot, and I was duly gratified with the encounter. He also had a considerable war record, it ought to be remembered.

# My School Satchel

Shortly before Christmas, my brother in London sent me my old school satchel. How it came into his hands is unclear, but probably my mother passed it on to him when he was still at school and I had gone to university. His name is written inside in block capitals, but it's *my* satchel, sure enough, purchased at Langer's in the last century, when the leather-goods shop was still trading near Eastbrook Bridge.

How strange to see it again. For five long years I lugged it around, walking to school along King Street in the morning and home again at 4 o'clock. In it, I carried far too many textbooks, exercise books, pens, pencils, rulers, blotting paper, a geometry set – and I shouldn't be surprised if the load contributed to scoliosis of the spine. I carried it across the playground, from Big School to the New Building and back. It sat on the floor beside me



David Chalkey, 1958-65



*I received this letter from Ken Orman (1937-43) relaying the sad news of the death of his brother, Stan Orman (1939-45). I also include a part of Ken's tribute to his brother.*

**Ken and Edie Orman  
37 Dorset Avenue  
Ferndown  
BH22 8HL**

**Email: [ken@orman.org.uk](mailto:ken@orman.org.uk)  
[Edie@orman.org.uk](mailto:Edie@orman.org.uk)**

**2 January 2018**

Dear Alan,

You may be surprised to get a letter from me as I am, probably, only a name in the list of Old Winburnians as I have not been actively involved in the activities. However, I appreciate all the work that you put into the newsletter. The most recent issue was of particular as it related some of the illustrious members. So I looked at the names of attendees of the summer lunch I failed to recognise any of my era - I was 91 in June of last year! I will see if I can arrange to get back to attending a lunch.



The purpose of this letter is to say that my brother, Stanley Frank Orman, died on Sunday 27th August 2017. Enclosed is the tribute that I paid to him at the Thanksgiving Service held at Pinehurst Community Church, West Moors, on Friday, 8th September 2017. Please use any, or all, of this as you may think fit. Shortly after leaving school, he joined our father in growing tomatoes and lettuce under glass for wholesale. During the late 1940's and early 1950's he found time to manually and singlehandedly drain a bog. He was accompanied by his faithful Alsation - Golden Labrador, Rex, in preparing the land for Pinehurst Park for Mobile Homes. Later, when it was established, Pinehurst Park won a national competition as Best in Country.

I have a number of memories of school but the one that I will mention relates to my time in year 6. One day we were in the sixth form classroom in the Chantry when sirens sounded. We went downstairs and took refuge under the stairs. We heard the droning sound of German bombers and, as there appeared to be no danger to us we went out of the back door to watch. There were two flights, in perfect formation, each of twenty five or, I honestly believe, fifty planes in each flight.

It was a sad day for the city of Bristol.

I hope that this may be of some interest.

## Tribute to Stanley Frank Orman by his brother, Ken

Stan was a good brother. On one occasion I wanted to add a pigeon's egg to my collection. The nest was on the other side of Udden's Water. In climbing down from the fir tree I fractured my ankle. I managed to get back over the river and Stan gave me a pgggy-back ride across, what was then, a bog.

When Edie and I were married we needed a car but had no money! I asked Stan if he would lend us £100. We jumped into his car, drove down to the village and he drew the money out of his Post Office Savings account. **How** he had saved that amount I will never know. Thank you Stan.

In 1965 I was working for American giant, Monsanto, and could have been moved to Brussels Dad and Stan's invitation to join them running Pinehurst Park rescued me. Friends, who did not know Stan, questioned the wisdom of brothers working together. It was the most harmonious relationship possible. Our closeness deepened as over recent years,..... **as our wives released us**,.... we often shared meals in different eateries. I shall miss those times..... Thank you Stan.

I admired my brother as a family man. He loved and cared for his wife and family. He was always there for them, sharing in their joys and success and supporting them in times of difficulty. He was always prepared to say what might be wrong but never condemning anyone. This love of family has been passed on to succeeding generations. Edie and I have appreciated the fact that Keith and Heather took time to come and break the news to us, personally, and that Stephen and Alison came to see us the following day.

I know that Stan was never more happy than when he heard the door opening and see one of the family walking in.

Stan designed the original brick building that stood on this site and he, with my father and others, helped in guiding this church through its various ups and downs.

In concluding, I can assure you that he was one hundred per cent satisfied and happy with the arrangements that have been made for the future of this fellowship. Publicly Stan has often said many kind and complimentary things about me **BUT** really **HE** has been an inspiration to **ME**. Thank you, Stan.

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### **William (Bill) Gibbs (1940-47)**

Les Bishop called me recently to tell me that Bill Gibbs had passed away. Bill was a greatly respected policeman for many years.

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### **Edgar Francis (1944-51)**

Edgar passed away recently. At the time of going to print I have no further details.



(this photo was kindly supplied by Viv Bossem)

## **Doug Williams (1942-48)**

Who passed away late last year -  
at one time an active member of OWA.

He had lived an interesting and  
varied life - part of it spent teaching  
abroad. I hope to include a fuller  
obituary next time.

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## **Businessman's donation to island**

A generous donation  
to the island by Peter  
Douch (1958-63).  
Well done Peter.

A WIMBORNE businessman has donated hundreds of pounds to the "forgotten" Caribbean island devastated by hurricanes earlier this year.

Peter Douch, chairman of Douch Family Funeral Directors, gave £500 to the people of Dominica while visiting the region.

Mr Douch's son Nick said that while Puerto Rico and other parts of the Caribbean and US have received a great deal of media coverage, Dominica has been forgotten.

"I spent the first six months of my life on the island and the family still has very close ties," he said.

"Dominica was one of the most badly affected places.

My father donated a cheque to the Dominica Hurricane Relief Fund, which is raising money to help."

# A letter from received from David Reeks (1961-68)

Clapps Cottage, Upottery, Honiton, Devon. EX14 9PF

Tel: 01404 861404

Email: [david.j.reeks@gmail.com](mailto:david.j.reeks@gmail.com)

*Dear Alan,*

## The Old Winburnians

I am writing to thank you for the latest edition of the newsletter that you produce. I am a newish member and it was the second newsletter that I have received.

I was fascinated both by the newspaper article on Mr A R Maiden, and the obituary of Donald Neil (when did he die? – early nineties I would guess) Both taught me – Mr Maiden was our form master in 4R and the Headmaster took Philosophy classes for the Sixth Form (I remember virtually nothing of these). One thing that I suddenly realised was that I had no idea what the forenames of either were. They were known in those far-off days as "Fishy" and "Ned". In fact I knew the forenames of few teachers; Margaret Rastrick gleaned from the inside of a lab coat when we (Miss Rastrick and pupils) were searching for some equipment in the old dormitories upstairs, normally out of bounds. I suppose Mr Streets name was Bill, and Kerswell Joe or Joseph, given their nicknames.

I was also pleased to read the letters from Messrs Jeffries, Todd and the card from Robert Fripp. Lionel Jeffries was from Verwood, and his parents' house was just a few houses down Station Road from where my parents had their house built in 1952. He was the Honorary president of the Verwood Dramatic Society and I have rather fuzzy picture of him doing the prize draw in 1964.

Robert Fripp was also from Verwood, at least for a time, as I remember him on the School bus, possibly for only a year as he was at least four years older than me.

A strange memory is of Mr Kerswell talking of famous old boys (outside, in front of Big School as I remember), and speaking warmly of Lionel Jeffries but somewhat disparagingly of Richard Todd who he seemed to think didn't value his WGS education. That doesn't fit at all with their letters where Todd seems the more keen and nostalgic for the School.

I was also interested to see the copy of the Speech Day programme from 1953. I have several programmes from 1961 onwards so if you would like a copy of similar pages from any of those, please let me know. There was a huge change over the next 10 years.

Anyway, thank you again for your work on the newsletter.

*Kind regards,  
David Reeks*