



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – SPRING 2019

Dear OWs,

From my window the blossom on the apple trees looks more glorious than ever. A bountiful, autumnal harvest is promised of Bramleys and Ellison's-Orange – or are they James Grieves? I planted the tree many years ago and now I am not quite sure! No matter, the apples are always delicious. 'The oak before the ash', as the old saying goes. Yes it's quite true for my oak is already in full leaf while the ash remains quite bare. So another English Spring arrives and Summer is not far away. For some of our friends, of course, settled in distant parts since they departed these shores – and King Street – so many summers ago, the world and the seasons are upside down and back to front, so to speak. And, for each one of us wherever we are settled, the familiar question inevitably returns at this moment in the calendar – how many more summers await us? Yet we all know we are the fortunate ones in these days at commemorations for so many Old Winburnians never returned from Flanders Fields, or Normandy, or wherever two horrendous world conflicts took them. So let us all be immensely grateful for the years of peace and comfort we have been privileged to know. Not least too, let us value the contribution to our lives of those teachers at QEGS who gave us such a privileged start on our educational journey.

So to the Newsletter and I must first express my enormous gratitude to my friend and our Membership Secretary, John Guy, who has become my right-hand man (and indeed my left-hand man too!) in assisting me in the preparation of these pages. I hope we have assembled a varied, interesting and enjoyable collection of pieces for you to read. I suppose I shall receive another letter from John Dacombe's solicitors, but that cannot be helped. The truth must out!

In conclusion, do make your way along to Cobham's if possible on Saturday, July 6th, when you are assured of the warmest of welcomes at our next Reunion. I know many members may be unable to attend for a variety of reasons, maybe ill health or transport problems, but remember we will be thinking of each one of you wherever you may be. Do join with us at least in spirit at 2pm when we will be drinking a toast to 'Absent Friends'. In the meanwhile we send our warmest good wishes to everyone.

On behalf of the Committee.

Alan R Bennett

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

Summer Reunion Saturday 6th July 2019

Christmas Reunion Saturday 7th December 2019

ATTENDEES AT CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 1ST DECEMBER 2018

Mr Morgan Antell	52-58	Mrs Maria Martin	Nee Limm 55-60
Mrs Ann Antell	Guest of Mr Antell	Mr David Mason	63-70
Mr Alan Bennett	-	Mr Victor Moss	56-63
Mr Les Bishop	54-61	Mrs Jennifer Moss	Nee Day 61-63
Mr Nick Bishop	60-63	Mrs Diana Moss	Nee Anderson 55-61
Mrs Wendy Bundy	Nee Baker 54-59	Mr James Moss	Guest of Mrs D Moss
Mr Derek Burt	40-??	Mr David Park	48-55
Mrs Eunice Carnall	Nee Chadd 55-62	Mr Brian Pearce	47-53
Mr Reginald Carnall	Guest of Mrs Carnall	Mr Len Pearce	36-41
Mr Roderic Cheese	57-63	Mrs Diana Pearce	Guest of Mr L Pearce
Mr Robin Christopher	52-59	Mr Graham Powell	38-47
Mrs Hazel Christopher	Guest of Mr Christopher	Mrs Hazel Powell	Guest of Mr Powell
Mr Peter Clarke	55-57	Mrs Christine Price	Nee Richmond 55-60
Mrs Audrey Cooper	Nee Hallett 56-85	Mr Terry Randall	45-52
Mr Robert Copelin	46-51	Mrs Betty Read	Nee White 53-58
Mr Desmond Cox	47-51	Mrs Ann Richmond	Nee Mitchell 55-60
Mrs Faith Elford	Nee Hawes 56-61	Mr David Roberts	49-55
Mr Anthony Elgar	53-60	Mr Ian Rogers	45-53
Miss Patricia Fripp	56-60	Mr Ray Scott	36-42
Mr Brian Glover	49-54	Mrs Anne Sweeney	Guest of Mr Scott
Mrs Janet Gordon	Nee Daniels 59-63	Mr Karl Sweeney	Guest of Mr Scott
Dr John Guy	63-71	Mr John Singleton	54-61
Mr Francis Hackforth	49-56	Mrs Carole Singleton	Guest of Mr Singleton
Mr Alan Hall	51-57	Mrs Cynthia Tanner	Nee Streets 55-62
Mr Keith Harvey	51-56	Mr Ken Taylor	51-56
Mr Bill Haskell	52-56	Mr John Taylor	36-41
Mr Geoff Hill	58-59	Prof Bob White	51-57
Mr Alan Maitland	54-59	Mrs Helen White	Nee Fitcher 55-60
Mrs June Maitland	Guest of Mr Maitland	Mrs Beryl Wythers	Nee Moreton 56-63
Mr Ron Mansfield	49-54		

APOLOGIES FOR CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 1st DECEMBER 2018

- Michael Aiken
- Kenneth Bernthal
- Paul Burry
- Harry Clarke
- Michael Coffin
- Guy Corbett-Marshall
- Peter Cox
- Sandra Cox
- Janet Coy
- Stuart Dean
- Lorna Dyter
- Russell Hunter
- Rob Hussey
- Mike Kerley
- Anna Kessler
- Carolyn Martin
- Graham McNeill
- Christopher Peters
- Peter Russell
- Marion Ryder
- David Scrase
- David Singleton
- David Snelgar
- Jill Strong
- Richard Strong
- Steven Young

FULL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Alan Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, WIMBORNE	BH21 2NW
Tony Gould	1 Manor Cottage, Tolpuddle, DORCHESTER	DT2 7ES
John Guy	"Gateways", Gaunts Common, WIMBORNE	BH21 4JN
Bill Haskell	10 Counter Close, BLANDFORD FORUM	DT11 7XJ
Carolyn Kamcke	4 Pine Close, Ameysford Road, FERNDOWN	BH22 9QX
Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrew, BLANDFORD FORUM	DT11 0JL
Ron Mansfield	52 Castle Street, Cranborne, WIMBORNE	BH21 5QA
Betty Read	10 Counter Close, BLANDFORD FORUM	DT11 7XJ
Ann Richmond	70 Erica Drive, Corfe Mullen, WIMBORNE	BH21 3TG
Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, WIMBORNE	BH21 2UW

CO-OPTED MEMBERS

David Finnemore	4 Purbeck Gardens, POOLE	BH14 0QS
Graham Powell	42 St. Peters Court, St. Peters Road, BOURNEMOUTH	BH1 2JU
Derek Stevens	2 Remedy Oak, Woodlands, WIMBORNE	BH21 8NG

OLD WINBURNIANS COMMITTEE MEETING (18th MAR. 2019)

**MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY REPORT (extract)
covering period : 29th OCT. 2018 to 17th MAR. 2019**

NEW MEMBERS

Kelvin Ricketts (65-70) – lives in New Zealand

DECEASED MEMBERS

Gerald Crowther (42-46) – reported to J Guy via returned newsletter to QE School

Lorna Miles (nee Woodall) (56-63) – reported by Ann Richmond

Anthony Porter (45-51) – reported by Wife to J Guy

Alan Rowe (??-??) – reported by Son to J Guy

Diana Zilm (nee Vaughan) (55-59) – reported by Husband to J Guy

REMEMBRANCE SERVICE 2018 AT QE SCHOOL



Many thanks to
J. Eric Leeson (43-47)
for sending us the
photograph.

Members of the Old Winburnians Association (OWA) were invited to attend a Remembrance service on Monday 12th November 2018 at the QE School. The opening address and welcome was given by Katie Boyes, senior deputy headteacher. Despite several heavy showers the reading went ahead without interruption. "Reported Missing" by Asha Ambasna, "In Flanders Fields" by Taylor Sawyer followed by a historic and moving presentation by Amy Keay titled "From Flanders Fields to Helmand's Sand". Chaplain Katrina Greetham read from John 15:9-13. After The Lord's Prayer and wreath laying by the student house captains, there followed the Act of Remembrance, Ode and two minutes silence. Student Trumpeter, Flynn Watkins played the last post and Reveille. (Eric sends his apologies to the unseen OW member seated to the right of A. Maitland – namely your Editor!)

SOME 19TH CENTURY MEMORABILIA

We were recently contacted by a Mr Vernon Prior who lives in Essex. His Father, Charles William Prior, was a highly skilled jeweller in Hatton Garden making many precious items over the years for well-known celebrities. Sadly, his Father recently passed away. Whilst Mr Prior was clearing out his Father's belongings he came across a brass plaque. The plaque was not attached to any particular item and there is no record of how the plaque came to be in his Father's possession. However, it is inscribed to the Reverend William Fletcher, former Headmaster of QEGS, Wimborne from 1848 to 1872. A picture of the plaque is shown below.



The inscription reads :

**PRESENTED
TO THE
REV^D W^M FLETCHER D.D.
TOGETHER WITH A PURSE OF £250
BY HIS PUPILS AND FRIENDS
JULY 3RD 1872**

We will certainly add this item to our extensive collection of memorabilia. We have also thanked Mr Vernon Prior profusely for his wonderful generosity in researching the item and thinking of us as the most appropriate home for it.

Prepared by John Guy (63-71)

A SCHOOL TRIP

(We are indebted to the late Tony Porter (45-51) who, some months before his recent death, supplied a fascinating set of notes relating to an expedition by a number of boys from the school to the Lake District in May 1948. I found this item of the greatest interest because they relate in part to an England now much changed as readers will appreciate for themselves as they peruse the details regarding the train timetables, the references to ration books and identity cards, and the greatly altered industrial character of the country. Ed.)

1. THE EXCURSION

Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School
Wimborne

Excursion to the LAKE DISTRICT
19th MAY to 26th MAY, 1948

Address
The Hilltop Hotel, Ambleside

Some Objects of the Excursion

1. To enjoy a holiday.
2. To view some of the finest scenery in the British Isles.
3. To note the different ways of life & compare them with those of the home district.
4. To realise why the Lake District has been selected as one of our National Parks.

The Trains – Departure & Return

Wimborne	dep.	8.40 a.m.	Windermere	dep.	9.20 a.m.
*Brockenhurst	arr.	9.19 a.m.	Euston	arr.	4.50 p.m.
		9.28 a.m.	Waterloo	dep.	5.30 p.m.
Waterloo	arr.	12.07p.m.	*Brockenhurst	arr.	7.52 p.m.
Euston	dep.	2.30 p.m.		dep.	8.15 p.m.
*Crewe	arr.	5.43 p.m.	Wimborne	arr.	8.55 p.m.
		dep.			
		6.00 p.m.			
*Lancaster	arr.	8.19 p.m.			
	dep.	8.35 p.m.			
Windermere	arr.	9.56 p.m.			

* Change trains

2. THE JOURNEY

Euston is one of the original London termini, and the only one whose train services link up with the two other capitals – Edinburgh (via Carlisle) and Dublin (via Crewe and Holyhead).

Our train will literally “climb out” of London, probably assisted by a second engine. When we emerge we should see Wembley Stadium and Bushey (Royal Masonic and other schools) – both on the E. side. Later, Watford, the N. limits of London’s “underground” system – here on the surface. Note factories whose names are household words – Kodak, H.M.V., Heinz, etc.

We presently pass through the Chilterns by means of the Berkhamsted Gap – also used by the Grand Junction Canal, which starts at Regents Park and links London with Birmingham. We shall see this and many other barge canals as we cross the Midlands, the Cheshire Plain and Lancashire. The N. end of the canal system is at Kendal, ten miles from the terminus of our railways journey at Windermere. Many of the canals are in disuse.

The farms in the Home Counties are concerned mainly with mixed crops and stock, cattle and meadows predominate in the Midlands, but in Cheshire dairying is of first importance. S. Lancashire is very fertile, and its heavy crops of roots, vegetables and potatoes feed the industrial areas. N. Lancashire and the Lake District, cattle are found in the lowlands, but much of the land is heathland or rough pasture suitable only for sheep.

Rugby is an important railway centre, with engineering industries (note the Thompson-Houston works). We now cross the Warwick coalfield and a little of the S. Staffordshire. The main coalfield and the “Black Country” towns (Wolverhampton, W. Bromwich, Birmingham, etc.) lie about 25 miles to the West.

Stafford is also a railway centre, and is noted for its boot and shoe manufacturers. We approach within 10 miles of the “Potteries” of the N. Staffordshire coalfield.

Crewe. This is one of the best known railway towns and junctions in the country. Note the lines running in from all directions, the engine sheds, repair shops, etc. Before the railway era there was not even a village on the site.

Note the cattle and the white farmsteads (often timbered) as we cross Cheshire.

Warrington. We enter it after passing over the famous Ship Canal which links Liverpool to Manchester, and enables ocean-going ships to carry cotton, etc. direct to Manchester for distribution to the spinning towns.

Soap and cleansers are the chief manufacturers of Warrington. Our route N. to Wigan traverses the coalfield; and pits, chemical works and factories are prominent on both sides. We soon reach Preston, on the Ribble, a centre of cotton-weaving. Many of its large mills can be seen from the train, and some line the railway. The size of the station gives some indication of the volume of its goods and passenger traffic.

As we approach Lancaster (once a Roman camp on the R. Lune) spurs of the Pennines appear on the E. side. Some cotton-spinning is still carried on in the town, but the main industry is the making of linoleum and oil-cloth.

Morecambe Bay now opens up on the W. side, and looking across it we should have our first glimpses of the Lake District mountains.

At Oxenholme we leave the main line, which climbs over Shap Fell on its way to Carlisle and Scotland. We soon pass Kendal. Famous in days gone by for "Kendal green" cloth, and important now for hosiery and "K" boots and shoes. Its ruined castle is perched on a hill near the railway. The river is the Kent (Kendal = Kent-dale).

It will be too dark for us to enjoy the magnificent views of mountain and lake which open up as we near Windermere. The road to Ambleside skirts the Lake, and a mile beyond Waterhead at its N. end, we reach our destination.

3. LIST OF REQUIREMENTS

1. Boots or stout shoes.
2. Shoes, ordinary for general use.
3. Slippers.
4. Pyjamas.
5. Shorts or old long trousers, for climbing.
6. Suit, to travel in and for general wear.
7. Stockings (if shorts worn) – 2 pairs.
8. Socks – 6 pairs, or 4 if shorts worn.
9. Spare shirt and underclothes.
10. Mackintosh or raincoat.
11. Washing materials – soap, etc.
12. Writing materials.
13. Shoe cleaning materials.
14. Handkerchiefs.
15. School cap and tie.
16. Serviette.
17. Towels.
18. RATION BOOK.
19. Haversack or rucksack. This will be needed for carrying food, etc. on the journey, and for various expeditions.
20. Suitcase, travelling bag, or kit-bag.
21. National Registration Identity Card.

NOTES

Ration Books. These must be taken as the hotel proprietor will require them. Please make sure that no coupons are missing in cases where coupons have been deposited at shops.

Rucksacks, etc. should be clearly marked.

A simple First-aid kit will be taken by the Staff.

Mailing Address. Hilltop Hotel, AMBLESIDE, Westmorland (Tel. Ambleside 112)

Food. Parents are asked to provide packed meals to cover the outward journey.

The lengthy itinerary which was attached includes visits to Ambleside, Grasmere and the Eight Lakes Tour, an examination of the geology of the locality, the impact of the Great Ice Age on the landscape, the history of the region, a glossary of the relevant local vocabulary, a look at the houses and farms, mines and quarries, the significance of the local rainfall on the water supply to Manchester and, finally, reflections on the 'Lake School of Poets'.

(Such an excursion from our old school in the early summer of 1948 must have proved an especially exciting expedition in a post-war world just beginning to recover from the horrors of war. Ed)



WIMBORNE MINSTER from an original colour print circa 1852

MY DESERT ISLAND DISCS – Tony Elgar (53-60)

When I was 16 visiting the annual local fair at Redcotts, I spotted this lovely Parkstone Grammar school girl and for the first time fell in love. Her name was Dianne, so my first choice is **Diana by Paul Anka** as this record had just been released. It so much reminds me of that time as the song begins 'I'm so young and you're so old' which was quite the opposite! Many years later after meeting up, we fell in love all over again and got married.

My next selection is **Where do you go to my lovely by Peter Sarstedt**. There is a verse in this song which refers to 'topless swimsuits'. I think I was just seventeen when David Scrase and I hitchhiked all the way through France to Perpignan where QEGS had previously made a school trip. I recall David was extolling the virtues of the mountains of the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean coastline, whilst I was fascinated with the topless bikinis on Canet Plage!



I must have **Elgar's Cello Concerto in E minor by Jacqueline du Pré** with me. I got married in 1965 and first heard Jacqueline du Pré that year with John Barbirolli conducting. In later years, before her sad early death due to MS, she performed with her husband to be Daniel Barenboim conducting; it is such a moving piece.

Bruch's Violin Concerto just blows me away and I can listen to it over and over again and never fail to enjoy every bar being played.

My fifth choice is **Les Feuilles Mortes by Yves Montand**. I am a great fan of the French language, continue to try to learn and speak the lingo and love visiting France, even to watch the rugby.

perfect performers to whom language. A few years ago we



spent a whole month at the Institute de Francais in Ville France-sur-Mer in an attempt to become fluent and at the end of a school day we were often given songs by French artists to understand and absorb.

Yves Montand and also Edith Piaf are the one must listen to get seduced by the

The **Green Fields of France by The Fureys & Davey Arthur** is a must. This Irish band, and particularly how they have put poetry to music, has always appealed to me. The words (by Eric Bogle) to this song are really quite emotional and sum up the futility of war!

Another must have on my island is **One Fine Day from Madame Butterfly as sung by Maria Callas**. Such a wonderful aria, Un bel di Vedremo! I

Puccini's Butterfly on two occasions when visiting Sydney as in the UK. Like many operatic arias this really brings one up in bumps. I would have loved to have seen Callas in the flesh because her version is sensational!



have seen well as here goose

My final choice is **What a Wonderful World by Louis Armstrong**. Jazz and pop as well as classical is never dismissed and over the years I have seen live, Count Basie & Ella Fitzgerald, Acker Bilk, Johnny Dankworth & Cleo Lane, Shirley Bassey, Andy Williams and many other artists. The film High Society first made me a Louis Armstrong fan and the lyrics in this particular song say it all.

The book I would take has to be **Leo Tolstoy's War and Peace!** Apparently it's a massive read so I'll try to get through it until I am rescued!

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WIMBORNE MINSTER – PORTRAIT OF A TOWN (2018)

You will find with the Newsletter my most recent leaflet relating to the book which does include a photograph of a recent OW Reunion by my pal, Geoff Hill, and a near 1000 word essay on the OWA. Now that I know the weight of the book, I am able to offer a signed/inscribed copy to UK members for £20 which includes postage & packing. Alas, I am unable to send copies overseas where the cost of postage alone rises to more than £17. I am donating £5 per copy to be divided between the Victoria Hospital, Wimborne and the Wimborne Dementia Friendly Community. Please indicate any inscription you would like when ordering. Thank you for your support. A.B

LADY MARGARET

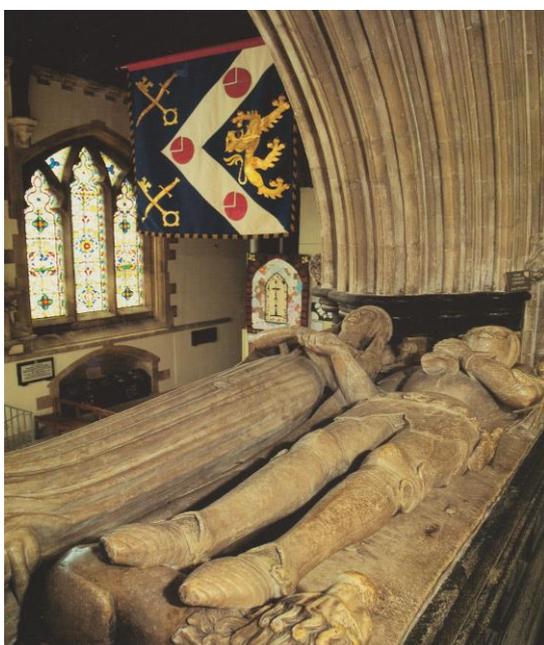
(Notice passed to me by Ian Willis which may be of interest to OW members. Ed)

THE ARTS SOCIETY WIMBORNE (EVENING)

25TH JULY 2019 The King's Mother : Lady Margaret Beaufort

Dr Angela Smith : Lady Margaret Beaufort was mother to King Henry VII. Margaret survived a tumultuous childhood and four marriages to emerge after 1485 as the most powerful woman in England. This lecture presents a survey of her life and discussion of the various building projects with which she was involved and art that she commissioned.

*Meetings normally take place at 7.30pm in the Community Learning Centre, King Street, Wimborne (adjacent to the King Street Car Park)
For further details, please contact Mr A Weager on 01202-760846*



The Beaufort Tomb
Wimborne Minster

*Photograph by
Roger Holman*

CORRESPONDENCE

It was good to receive a card from DEREK LAWMAN (51-56) who recalled Christmases past singing carols with the Minster Youth Club and Choir around the fire at Dean's Court that concluded with 'hot mince pies and various types of grog'. As Derek observes

'Those were the days, my friend, We thought they'd never end

Splendid too to hear from DAVID SCRASE (51-59) currently travelling "down under". More next time. And from DON NEWMAN (45-51) and his wife Judith down in the wilder region of the Marshwood Vale at the wonderfully named Whitchurch Canonicorum, to be precise. Don and Judith still pay regular visits to Wimborne. Don also tells me his grandson has recently graduated – congratulations to him! So very helpful to me when I was writing Dorset Journey. Great characters all, Derek, David and Don (3 x D's!). We send our greetings to them all.

TERRY RANDALL (45-52) dropped a line with vivid memories still of childhood days in East Borough and the old Wimborne work-house run by Mrs Crabb. Terry grew up amongst 'Fords and Fripps, all OWs. Next door to Chester House our home lived Mrs Coakes, her grand-daughter was Marion Coakes of 'Stroller' fame. In 1947 her house sold for £500'.

A few lines too from BRIAN RICHMOND (49-56) who is planning a visit to the house 'Clifton' on the Ringwood A31 road opposite Leigh Common where he was born. Quite a 'sentimental journey' for him in the words of the old song. He also hopes to pay a nostalgic visit to the stadium on the Wimborne Road out of Poole to watch the Pirates speedway team in action. Poole, of course, the present champions are one of the few surviving teams from the halcyon post-war era when speedway was so popular. I remember accompanying Brian on more than one occasion.

Our dear old pal, TONY BLETSON (42-48), who has not been at all well in recent times, received a mighty compliment from AFC Bournemouth when, as a life-long Cherries supporter, he was recently invited to walk out with the match ball at the Vitality Stadium to warm applause before the start of the game. We all wish you well Tony. You are a very popular and well-loved man.

A MESSAGE FROM "DOWN UNDER"

I live in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. I have not been in touch with the 'Old Winburnians' for many years, it has prompted me to write to you, from what you might consider a very old Winburnian, as to what has happened to one since leaving the school in 1945!!!! Whilst I was not a very bright student of the time, very average I would say, since bidding farewell to Mr J.C.Airey, Mr Mottram etc., and still not having improved my Latin, I like to think I have led a happy and moderately successful life.

As you will appreciate 1945 was not a particularly good time to 'Face the World', but many of us in that age bracket had to. To start with I managed to get into a Government Training scheme to become a Draughtsman and subsequently worked for

a company, F.H.Pride in Clapham High Street, designing fluorescent lighting fittings, and from there to another company in Victoria Street, London. How I survived that maybe I shall never know, however at least it was a job. From this I got a scholarship through the Marconi Company to become a Merchant Marine Radio Officer. This changed my life completely!! Having successfully completed this, I served for nearly ten years in the Merchant Navy mainly with the New Zealand Shipping Company, a great company to work for. Naturally, I travelled the World by and large on all manner of ships of the day. On one of the trips we called into Melbourne and there I met my future wife, a most terrific person, who at that time was a nurse. I subsequently left the sea, migrated to Australia and married in 1962.

We settled in Brisbane as Audrey, my wife, is a Queenslander. We raised 3 fantastic children, the eldest, David, 56 lives in Atlanta, Georgia, USA having married an American. They also have 3 children, the eldest of which went through West Point. My second son runs a successful business in Rockhampton, Queensland and also has 3 children, all of which have done well. Our youngest, a daughter, is deputy principal at a State School in Central Western Queensland. Whilst all this was going on I spent nearly 30 years with IBM in Brisbane.

So you can see to my mind, in spite of not coming to grips with Latin, I have had what I think is a pretty good life. Both Audrey and I have travelled fairly extensively within Australia having been caravaners for around 40 years, plus have played tennis, been very keen Square Dancers for many years and now in our 80's and early 90's enjoy lawn bowls and our Probus club.

Hope you find this of interest from an "OLD BOY"

Kindly sent to us by Bryan Gross (42-45)

THE FIDGET

I'm a fidget, I can't sit still.
Inactivity serves me ill.
My hands need work my mind stimulation,
What do I do in this situation?
Sometimes I choose to write a verse,
But that's guaranteed to make things worse.

As the words I want will seldom rhyme,
I wish my name had been Sondheim,
Or Shelley, or Wordsworth, or even Blake.
Poets all make no mistake.
Others towards whom I veer are Chaucer,
Milton, Keats, Shakespeare.

Or Betjeman. Now he was a poet,
And modest in his way to show it.
Light-hearted poems that flow like water,
Unlike mine as thick as mortar,
But then who is it really cares?
If I'm sounding like Pam Ayres.

Another delightful ditty
from our own Poet
Laureate, Derek!

Keep the verses coming in,
young man!

Kindly sent to us by Derek T Noon (44-47)

'EVERYONE'S FRIEND'



A recent picture of John Dacombe (56-62) in silent contemplation beside the River Allen. Thinking profound thoughts? Most unlikely! But, at least, poor Mary gets a little peace and quiet!

BREAK-TIME RITUAL

A clinking-clanking sound approaches, faint at first, but swelling until its very volume announces its proximity. A group of boys standing just inside the playground turn with one accord to rivet their eyes with a concentrated glare upon the gate. It is with genuine disappointment that an observer realizes that the event occasioning such malevolent attention is no more significant than the arrival of the milk.

It is borne, in two very cumbersome crates, by two absurdly tiny boys, who are encouraged in their labours by a prefect; for though, unlike the slave-driver of old, he has dispensed with the whips, he finds a ruler, used as a goad, a fairly efficient substitute.

The bulky crates are set down, the two small boys stand panting, and immediately the owners of the baleful eyes pounce. Each snatches a bottle, with a dexterity born of the long practice, and bears this cherished prize away to a convenient wall whereon he may lean. This attitude of repose is maintained until such time as the precious beverage has been poured down his throat in a curdling torrent. During this period of sublime and not doubt well-deserved rest, an expression singular and awesome in its implications appears on the drinker's face. By the faint contraction and elongation of facial muscles he reveals both his vocation and his philosophy while so engaged.

These expressions vary from person to person but broadly speaking two main types present themselves. The first is that of the arts student. He is lost in the green meadows of his imagination where the cows which produced his half-forgotten bottle of milk stand browsing quietly close by or nestling down among the long, rich grass. Or perhaps his thoughts turn to the ancient Hebrews, whose promised land abounded in that liquid which he is drinking without its accompanying honey. Thus, his expression is that of an artist or poet, whose imagination reflects to him the workings of his brain in a kaleidoscope of colour or whispers gently to him in words of compelling power.

The scientific students are preoccupied too, but their countenances reflect a more piercing, enquiring mentality. Their clear analytical minds are engrossed in solving the biochemistry of the natural processes and chemical actions involved in the production of the milk. To them, instead of pictures of soft undulating countryside, a vision of hard metallic precision is presented. But they find their imaginary world no less inviting than the more voluptuous prospect which dazzles the eyes of the artist, for this is their Utopia.

As these majestic trains of thought develop, the relentless stream of time has flowed on. Only a short period of ten minutes has passed, but that is enough to cause the ringing of the school-bell. The dreamers are awakened, their majestic intellects reel at the sudden rude shock, but recover enough to allow their subject bodies to return the empty bottles to the crates. Now, all the brief excursions of fancy forgotten, minds are turned to more mundane matters. The same sweating boys remove the crates, and the distribution of school milk is over.

J.E. Brewster (Va) *from 'The Winburnian' Jan. 1955*

OBITUARIES

LORNA MILES (nee Woodall) (56-62)

Lorna grew up in Woodlands and came in to Wimborne on the school bus with other students who lived in the countryside. She left school taking her GCSEs and had a variety of employ before her engagement and marriage to James Kenny. Lorna and James had a daughter Elise.

After her separation and subsequent divorce from James, Lorna met and married David Miles.

Having a desire to use her education, Lorna studied as a post graduate at Bournemouth University in Marketing and was successful in attaining the post of Marketing Manager at the University of Southampton. During this time Lorna and Dave moved to France and Lorna travelled back and forth. They loved their days in France and after retiring settled well into the swing of life in France with their dogs, Lorna returning to see her daughter and two grandsons in Brighton as often as she was able.

During the last year Lorna was diagnosed with cancer, initially in the bone of one knee, and after spreading it finally took her life last November.

Lorna was very well loved by her classmates, many of whom attend our reunions and she will be remembered with great fondness. Our condolences go to Dave who shared very many happy years with Lorna both here in Ferndown and in France.

Kindly sent to us by Ann Richmond (55-60)

MERVYN FRAMPTON (47-54)

I have two main connections with Mervyn. We both went to the same school, namely Wimborne Grammar and have regularly attended the school reunions. Also he is my second cousin – our respective grand mothers were sisters.

Mervyn went to the grammar school in 1947 and left in 1954. I went in 1952, so was there for only two years at the same time as him. In those days junior boys were largely ignored by senior boys unless of course they were prefects when they exerted strict discipline over us.

Mervyn was a great sportsman at school and in the last three years at QEGS he represented the school at football, cricket and rugby.

I don't remember Mervyn being a prefect but he did eventually become bus prefect on the Verwood bus which was a terrible old rattle trap with slotted wooden seats and was nicknamed 'the horsebox'. This bus delivered us to school at 0815 and did not collect us until 1645, making it very long days.

In 2007 Mervyn wrote a very funny article about that bus trip to school in the Old Winburnian's magazine.

In those days QEGS was an all boys school and punishments were a bit harsh involving a certain degree of pain. At last December's reunion Mervyn and I were

laughing at the various types of suffering our misdemeanours attracted. Flying blackboard dusters and pieces of chalk, the headmaster's cane, a slipper across the backside in the gym and one of the most painful from Bill Williams, our history teacher, was a sharp edge of a ruler across the back of your fingers.

It's as well to remember that some of the masters that taught us then had seen active service in WW2, and when we caused trouble they might well have seen us as the 'enemy'. I am sure we learnt a sharp lesson at the time with no lasting damage, but most of those actions would be classed as common assault now. Happily the punishments became much less severe when the girls were introduced to the school in 1953.

I only got to know Mervyn well in recent years at the reunions at Merley. The school closed in the late 70's so I am afraid we are a dying breed. When you get to a certain age you remember what happened 50 or 60 years ago, but not what you did yesterday. Old Winburnians reunions tend to be a bit like that. We probably bore our partners silly with old reminiscences and singing the school song, but can't remember if we locked up before we left home.

Mervyn will be sadly missed by his family and us old boys, but we have many happy memories of him and his great sense of humour.

Kindly sent to us by Morgen Antell (52-58)

Information concerning DAVID GIBBS (45-51)

I felt I needed to write regarding the obituary for William (Bill) GIBBS. I remember him as head boy in my period at the school BUT he had a younger brother DAVID who was in my class. Basically the obituary is about DAVID he was the police officer and BILL was in the education business in the Surrey area (Died at his home in CHEAM).

It is a short story, but David and I went into the RAF (Police section) and on demob we both came home and joined what was then the DORSET CONSTABULARY. David was PC108 and I was PC350. We served on the Traffic Section together.

In the 1950s David transferred to DERBY and was promoted to Sergeant. He remained there and became a CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT. During the miners strike he was under immense pressure and as a result died of a heart attack.

I am aware of these facts as I am in contact with David's wife Anne who now lives in Poole quite near to me.

Quite a number of us OW boys joined the Police – Mike CORNICK, Geoff BARTLETT, Barry VAUDIN, Brian WALKER and Reg BOOTH (now in his 90s). I think only Reg BOOTH, Mike CORNICK and myself are still surviving we must have been the good boys !!!

Kindly sent to us by Michael (Mick) Wallis (45-51)

A Recollection of the Late JOHN DARE (56-62)

I only joined QEGS in the 5th form and found the regime a breath of fresh air. But it was easy to get it wrong, so one lunchtime when the bell rang I was far away from the playground, playing cards in one of the deserted and seldom used classrooms. There were four of us and we made the mistake of finishing the hand before turning out to line up for school dinner. By the time we got down everyone else was starting to file into the hall and Miss Rastrick was not at all pleased about our tardy arrival. She told us to stay where we were and duly disappeared with everyone else.

After about 10 minutes of hanging about, John said "Well I'm not standing here all lunch time. I suggest we wander down town and get some lunch there". I was a bit hesitant, but the others agreed and so we walked down School Lane and across the road to trample the "bones of our ancestors". John was looking thoughtful to start with, but at this point struck out with purpose to a nearby small back road that, as a newcomer to Wimborne, I had never noticed before.

Just around a bend we came to a Pub and he indicated to us to wait while he went in. A few minutes later he returned with the Landlord who said we should go into a large conservatory and lunch would be bought to us. After he left, John told us it would cost 1/6d and luckily I had the readies. Shortly, thereafter arrived an extremely large serving plate piled high with "doorstep" slices of bread, pork pie, hunks of cheese, pate, pickles, salad garnish and a jug of ale. This I was told was a Ploughman's Lunch. Since I had recently arrived from Birmingham, it was not a term I knew, but tucked in with the others. At the time, I had no idea how John had swung this, only later finding out that his father was a Publican and therefore a friend of the Landlord. Anyway we polished off everything, including the ale and after about 40 minutes set back feeling much more lively. The playground was full of children on our return, but John stopped and, I thought extremely bravely, said he thought he should go and see Miss Rastrick. A few minutes later he was back and we were a bit anxious about the outcome. John related that along the corridor near the kitchen were four gravy soaked lunches "congealing on the plates", but that Miss Rastrick had just been off hand and he thought it best to beat a hasty retreat. For some weeks I did not think that much about this incident until one day in school assembly, Joe Kerswell, the deputy head, gave some poor unfortunate boy a severe dressing down for not having his tie on straight when walking through the town.

So what about the four of us, all in school uniform going off for a Pub lunch? Perhaps no one in authority knew what had happened. It is easy to think teachers are ill informed and obtuse, but in this case I suspect not. It seems stepping marginally out of line can get you castigated, but just as The Trunchbull in Matilda or, closer to home, a lecherous photography master trying to ensnare a girl student in the dark room, something totally outrageous may get quietly ignored.

I am sure John lives on in the hearts and minds of many of us, that impish grin and the knowing chuckle when he had already seen the funny side of something we had yet to grasp. On that day he certainly lived up to his surname.

Kindly sent to us by Nick Bishop (60-63)

75 YEARS ON

I am sure many of you are aware that this Summer, in June, it will be the 75th anniversary of the D-Day landings in Normandy. In August, it will also be the 75th anniversary of the very untimely death of Stan Durrant.

Stanley Frederick Durrant was the son of Sydney John and Gertrude Mary Durrant of West Moors, Wimborne. He entered QEGS in September 1934 and was in Derby House. Though a slim and slightly built youth, throughout his school career he was a very successful sportsman, achieving much success in athletics, boxing, cricket, rugby and soccer.

Stan left school in 1941 and volunteered for service in the RAF shortly afterwards. At the School Sports on May 30th 1942, he told several people how much he was enjoying his Air Force Training. This continued in America, where, in the Autumn, he was reported to be training as a pilot. On getting his wings, he was commissioned and was instructing in Canada by the early Summer of 1943. It is not known when Stanley returned to the UK and or when Flight Officer Stanley Durrant joined 576 Squadron.

On the night of the 23rd of September 1944 he was the captain of a Lancaster bomber that took off at 1851 from Elsham Wolds, a wartime airfield some six miles south of Barton-upon-Humber in Lincolnshire, to attack Neuss. This town is just to the west of Dusseldorf, in the Ruhr, which was a very heavily defended industrial area. His aircraft crashed at 2020 about 1 Km S.E. of Kapellen on the southern outskirts of Moers, some 15 to 20 miles north of the target. In all 9 aircraft were lost on the Neuss operation.

Stan is interred in the Reichswald Forest War Cemetery, 5 Km South West of Kleve, Germany.

Recently, we have been sent by Mr. Stephen Bowen of Victoria, British Columbia, a number of photographs picturing some of Stan's time in Canada. Stephen is the son of the late WW2 RAF Pilot David Albert Treharne Bowen, a very close friend of Stan during his time in Canada. Mr Bowen sent some photos to us wondering if any of our members know of any of Stan's family descendants who may remember him and be interested to get copies. Four of the photos are shown below.



Taking refreshments at the Oran L. McPherson Ranch, Vulcan, Alberta. Stan is on the right.

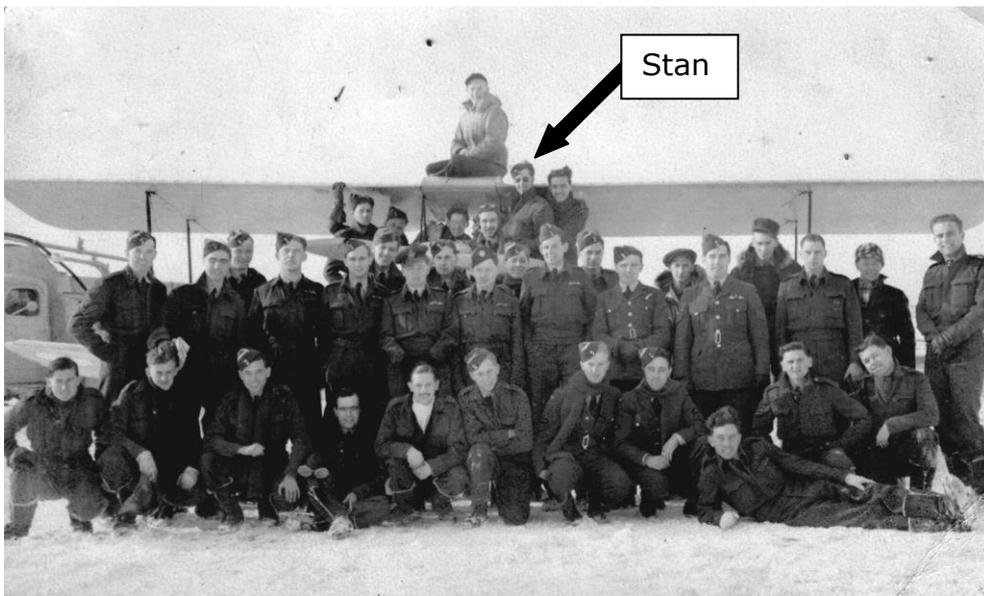
(Note : O.L. McPherson was an MLA (Member of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta) in the 1920s in Alberta)



Pictured at the Hutterite Family Farm in Canada. David Bowen is with the lambs and Stan is to the left.



Pictured with some friends in Alberta, Stan is second from the left and David Bowen second from the right.



Believed to be at the Royal Canadian Air Force base at Carberry, Manitoba.

Don't forget, you can read more about Stan on our Old Winburnians Internet Site by going to "WW2 Memorial" and clicking on his name in the Roll of Honour! If you are reading this online, just click [HERE](#).

Prepared by John Guy (63-71)