



## OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – AUTUMN 2020

*Dear Fellow Old Winburnians,*

You really couldn't make it up, could you, the unfolding drama of the past six months, I mean? So where does it all leave this wretched, most humble of scribblers, when it comes to composing a suitable end-of-term letter to our members widely scattered about this Kingdom and way beyond in the farthest corners and recesses of our world? Perhaps a glance or two at our history books, to gain a sense of historical perspective might be illuminating and provide a moment of respite, albeit momentarily, from the current mood of gloom and despondency.

After all, it was actually here in our fair county of Dorset, in the bustling port of Melcombe Regis, now known as Weymouth, in the year 1348 that the first vessel(s) berthed carrying not only merchandise from distant places, but also certain very unwelcome passengers in the furry form of black rats together with their fleas infected with what came to be known as the Black Death. The origin of this vile plague was China (!) and the disease was duly transported across the trade routes of the world by our little unwitting verminous friends. During the years 1348-9 an estimated one third of England's 4 million population died, in Dorset the figure is believed to have been an even more shocking – one half. Three hundred years later in 1665 this dreadful plague returned with catastrophic consequences. In London the tragedy was compounded in 1666 by the Great Fire when vast swathes of the capital were destroyed. As readers will recall, the terrible events were recorded in painstaking detail by the diarist, Samuel Pepys, whose entries often concluded with the words 'And so to bed'. I suspect many readers will have entertained similar sentiments as dear old Sam, having endured a day of televised news bulletins from Downing Street showing our Prime Minister, Boris Johnson, flanked by various scientific 'experts' together with their charts and dire predictions of imminent hospital admissions and deaths from Covid-19. At least bedtime and sleep might provide welcome relief from the realities of daily life in 2020 – and that is not to mention the tortuous Brexit negotiations, the US race riots, BLM (surely ALL LIVES MATTER, don't they?) and AFC's relegation from the Premiership.

After all the foregoing what, for Gawd's sake, you might reasonably ask, is this writer leading us to? It is just this, dear friends and former students of our beloved old school in King Street, that after all the horrors of 1348, 1665-6, 1918-19 (the Spanish Flu), two dreadful World Wars, we, to use a modern colloquialism, 'bounced back' and rediscovered our joie de vivre to enjoy again the good things of life. (Please don't mention the unpalatable truth that we ain't got very long to go!)

So what scenes might we cheerfully envisage in the year 2021 (or 2022? or 2023?!)? How about being witness to the sight of our renowned photographer, Geoff Hill, skipping gaily down Pine Road, Winton in the company of the widow from No.22? Or watching Alan Maitland and his lovely wife, June, positively leaping over stiles and gates on their farm at Milborne St. Andrew (I haven't mentioned Alan's reputation when it comes to haystacks!). And what of such nonagenarians as Ray Scott and Len Pearce, back to their old tricks of pinching the bottoms of comely wenches who happen to be strolling down The Strand, or East Borough? As for Johnny Dacombe of Gaunts

Common – I must be silent, ignoring even the rumours I hear in his old shop/Post Office in Middlehill Road (Actually we all love you, John; it's just that readers have come to expect I will be rude to you!).

In conclusion, alas, our Christmas Reunion is inevitably a casualty of the times, but let's not allow this accursed virus to spoil our Yuletide celebrations with our families and friends and loved ones. Next Summer (a vaccine available to all) back to normal and wild doings at Cobham's ?!

Fellow OWs, John and I have endeavoured to assemble a happy blend of members' contributions (do, please, keep them coming in !), reminiscences and nostalgia for you. I do thank my pal, John Guy, for his enormous range of technical skills which so enhance our Newsletters.

Meanwhile, our love and best wishes to everyone. A Happy Christmas, 2020, and a better year in 2021.

*All the very best, Alan R Bennett  
On behalf of the Committee*

**FORTHCOMING REUNIONS** Christmas Reunion CANCELLED  
Summer (50<sup>th</sup> Anniv.) Reunion Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2021

### **FULL COMMITTEE MEMBERS**

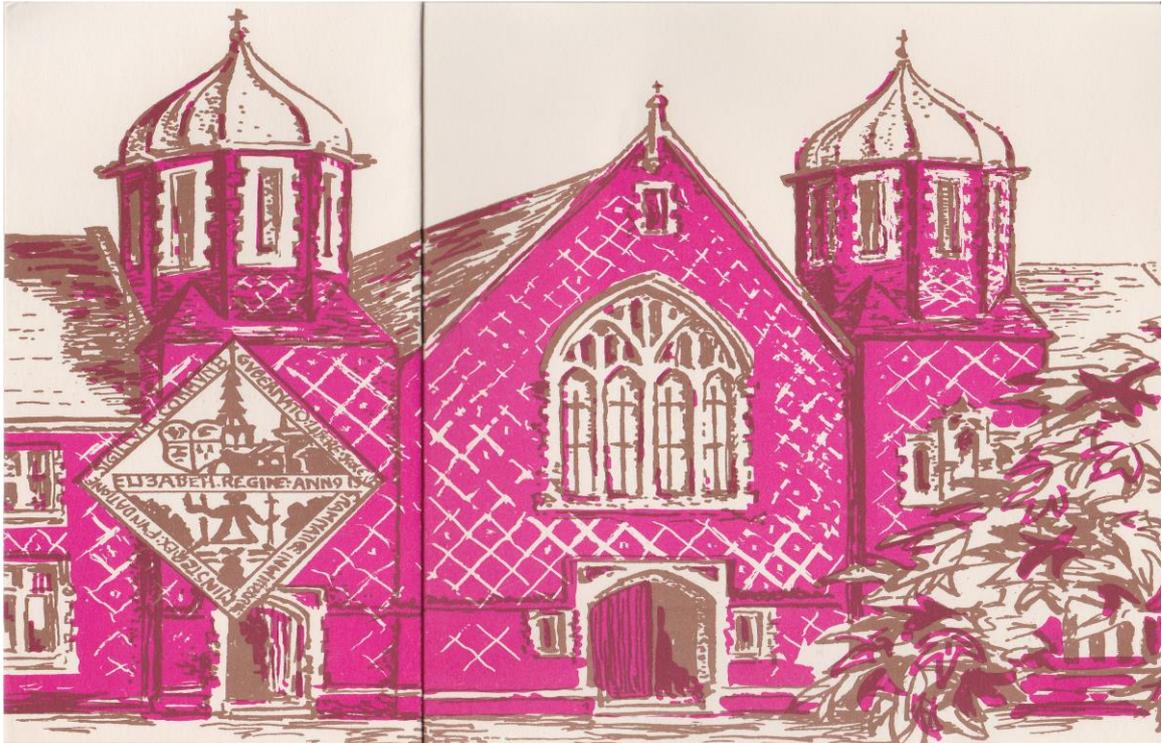
Alan Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, WIMBORNE	BH21 2NW
Tony Gould	1 Manor Cottage, Tolpuddle, DORCHESTER	DT2 7ES
John Guy	"Gateways", Gaunts Common, WIMBORNE	BH21 4JN
Alan Hall	18 Burnbake Road, VERWOOD	BH31 6ET
Bill Haskell	10 Counter Close, BLANDFORD FORUM	DT11 7XJ
Carolyn Kamcke	4 Pine Close, 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 3TQ
Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, WIMBORNE	BH21 2UW

### **CO-OPTED MEMBERS**

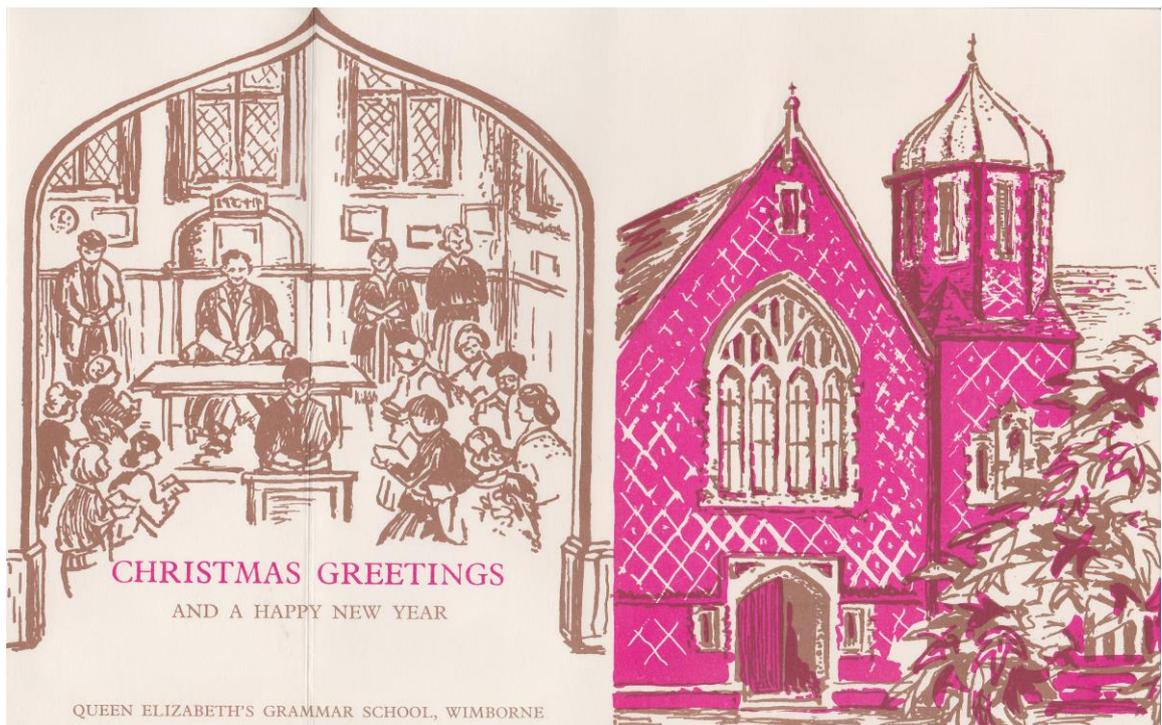
David Finnemore	4 Purbeck Gardens, POOLE	BH14 0QS
Graham Powell	42 St. Peters Court, St. Peters Road, BOURNEMOUTH	BH1 2JU
Derek Stevens	2 Remedy Oak, Woodlands, WIMBORNE	BH21 8NG

## A 'QEGS, WIMBORNE' CHRISTMAS CARD

**"DID YOU OR YOUR PARENTS EVER GET ONE OF THESE ?"**



**When the front left-hand part of the card is opened, this is the view of the greeting**



**"Christmas Greetings and A Happy New Year"**



***"Lockdown in Wimborne Square"***

*[Photograph by  
Dr. John Guy  
dated 15/4/20]*



***"Unlocked in Wimborne Square"***

*[Photograph by  
Dr. John Guy  
dated 1/10/20]*

## **SUMMARY REPORTS IN LIEU OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING FOR 2020**

### **REPORT OF TREASURER**

#### **STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FROM 01/06/19 TO 31/05/20**

<b>Income</b>	<b>2019/20</b>	<b>2018/19</b>	<b>Expenditure</b>	<b>2019/20</b>	<b>2018/19</b>
Reunions	£2,725.00	£3,012.00	Reunions	£2,647.00	£2,836.00
Subscriptions	£1,085.00	£1,030.00	Newsletter Costs	£714.56	£1,018.13
Raffle Receipts	£341.00	£424.20	Raffle Prizes	£77.78	£79.95
Donations	£25.00	£60.00	Committee	£0.00	£5.00
School History	£0.00	£15.00	Meeting Costs		
Sales			Remembrance	£35.00	£30.00
			Day Poppy		
			Wreath		
			Website Costs	£103.18	£71.86
<b>TOTAL INCOME</b>	<b>£4,176.00</b>	<b>£4,541.20</b>	<b>TOTAL EXPENDITURE</b>	<b>£3,577.52</b>	<b>£4,040.94</b>
			<b>Excess of Income over Expenditure</b>	<b>£598.48</b>	<b>£500.26</b>

#### **BALANCE SHEET AT 31<sup>ST</sup> MAY 2020**

<b>ASSETS AT 31<sup>ST</sup> MAY 2019</b>		<b>ASSETS AT 31<sup>ST</sup> MAY 2020</b>	
NatWest Current A/C	£3,287.85	NatWest Current A/C	£3,687.64
LESS unrepresented	£198.69	LESS unrepresented	£0.00
Cheques		Cheques	
SUB-TOTAL	£3,089.16	SUB-TOTAL	£3,687.64
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure	£598.48		
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>£3687.64</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>£3687.64</b>

***Alan Maitland***  
14<sup>th</sup> September 2020

### **REPORT OF MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY**

#### **SUMMARY OF CURRENT MEMBERSHIP (as in membership database on 14/09/2020)**

Total Number of Members	: 286 (last year 292)
UK based	: 233 (last year 239)
Overseas based	: 53 (last year 53)
Members who are former staff	: 13 (last year 14)
Expired subscriptions (since 2019 AGM)	: 3 (last year 2)
New members (since 2019 AGM)	: 7 (last year 5)
Deceased members (as reported since 2019 AGM)	: 10 (last year 9)

Over the 12 months since the 2019 AGM, the following occurred :

- Deceased members : 9 in UK, 1 Overseas
- New members : 5 in UK, 2 Overseas

***John Guy***  
14<sup>th</sup> September 2020

# A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE WINBURNIAN' OF JULY 1956

## THE WINBURNIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
WIMBORNE

No. 122

JULY 1956

### EDITORIAL

A couple of hours' dusty research among back numbers of The Winburnian may not perhaps be expected to provide results comparable with the discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls, although the alluvial deposits in the dim recesses of the Chantry bathroom must compare favourably with anything in the Dead Sea littoral, but it has clearly established one fact. Form IIB, we discover, has never in recorded history hit the headlines.

This, our readers might think, is all very obvious. Form IIA, they would reason, would naturally sweep the board in the way of praise, whereas Form IIC, if any, would be born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards, and garner curses and execrations. Form IIB would, ipso facto, drift gently along with homely joys and destiny obscure, unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

Form IIB, however, has this year made history. Not in academic distinction – it no more claims excessive virtue than it can be blamed for excessive vice. It is humble, in thought, word and deed. Its form room, in the gloomy heart of the Chantry, inculcates humility. Its members have collected the usual manner of C minuses on progress reports. Its parents have, as always, learnt with a tightening of the lips that their offspring “could do better” – providing, of course, that they possessed more energy. Yet I repeat, this Form IIB has made history.

“Be it made known” – as the Town Crier declaims – be it made known that this year Form IIB has ended its generations of anonymity. It says, with Chesterton's donkey,

“Fools ! For I also had my hour,  
One far, fierce hour and sweet.”

A letter – not for the Duchess – not for the Queen, but for Form IIB, from the POET LAUREATE, resplendent with the silver seal of the Poet Laureate, arrived, addressed in the Poet Laureate's own firm handwriting to each and every member of the form. The gloom of Room 9 dispersed in the refulgence of that letter. Was ever a Form so honoured ? Did ever in history a Poet Laureate address a Form each by name, according to the scrip ? Here, as Mr. Squeers said, was richness indeed !

Form IIB, you must know, having read and really enjoyed the thrills of “Reynard the Fox”, wrote letters of appreciation, and posted them off to the Poet Laureate at his Oxfordshire home. He, with a humanity and kindness which grace his great office, felt with Theseus that

“Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
In least speaks most to my capacity.”

His gracious letter of thanks to the Form rests safely in the School library for all to see, but the charming and courteous gesture of a great Poet Laureate and gentleman rests even more safely in our hearts.

**(Although un-named in the piece above, the Poet Laureate was, in fact, John Masefield (1878-1967)).**

**A R B)**

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**QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
(Sixty Years Ago)**



***(This must have been in 1896 (i.e., 60 years ago) – notice many boys wearing mortar-boards (? or something similar).***

**A R B)**

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**WIMBORNE'S RAILWAYS**

It was one hundred and nine years ago that the first train made its way past the old town of Wimborne. This line was opened on June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1847 and extended from Dorchester to Blechynden station, later called Southampton West and now known as Southampton Central. Only three years later a second line reached Wimborne, this time from Blandford. Known as the Somerset Central Railway it formed a junction with the Southampton and Dorchester Railway about a quarter of a mile south of Wimborne station.

It was another two years before Bournemouth was finally reached by the railway, and so Wimborne appeared on the map as an important junction before Bournemouth had even one railway line. In 1862 the railway companies operating through Wimborne amalgamated to form the Somerset and Dorset Railway.

All trains operating through from the Bristol Channel to the south coast had to reverse at Wimborne. To cope with this inconvenience a turntable and a small locomotive shed was built at the junction. This state of affairs was remedied by a cut-off from Broadstone to Bailey Gate which was opened on December 14<sup>th</sup>, 1885. Wimborne station now became less important, as Somerset and Dorset express trains avoided Wimborne altogether.

In 1933 the Bailey Gate to Wimborne line was closed and so Wimborne had no link with the Bristol Channel. This closure made Wimborne an ordinary branch line station which sees only the old tank engines pushing two antiquated coaches. In the past few summers this old line has been used for excursions to Swanage from London. These trains run only on Summer Saturdays, but at least they will help to prevent the line from closure, should British Railways find that it is losing money. Let us hope so, if only to keep Wimborne “on the map” as long as Bournemouth !  
D. LANKEY (IVA).

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## SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION

*[We print the following essay not as a final solution of the problem, but as an opportunity which may stimulate thought about the most fundamental problem of our time, and possibly further contributions in future numbers – Editor.]*

As a result of the recent Atom and Hydrogen Bomb explosions many people are beginning to wonder whether science is really a good thing after all. Some wonder whether science has improved or endangered civilisation, and others regard the two as one thing, and remark gloomily, “If this is civilisation, I’d rather not have it.”

This pessimistic remark implies an incorrect assumption. Civilisation in a community comes long before science, for it is no more than the opposite of barbarism. Civilisation is the state of living among one’s fellow men kindly and tolerantly, without brutality and cruelty: science is the kind of knowledge that is verifiable. Thus science may be used in fighting a war, but war is not a civilised type of existence.

One cannot give a plain answer of yes or no to the question of whether science has improved or endangered civilisation. Science, when put to good use, has undoubtedly been very beneficial to us. Some wonderful results have been achieved by means of science, especially in the medical profession. We have now reached the stage when it is possible to stop the beating of a patient’s heart for an operation, and then start it again afterwards. When the special knowledge which is science is put to bad use, however, it demonstrates all too clearly the truth of the saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. This is clearly shown by the recent explosion of Hydrogen bombs.

Thus the answer to the query is that science is good when put to good uses, but evil when put to evil uses. In our time men greedy for power put science to evil uses, and thus arouse these doubts about it. A time may come when men’s understanding, which may be defined as knowledge which is not verifiable, will improve sufficiently to enable them to cease these evil practices, and use science only to benefit civilisation. Until then people will continue to wonder whether science is a good or bad thing, not realising that it is a good thing made evil by the minds of men.

D. RANDALL, (VA).

***(A fascinating and quite profound piece of thinking by a young Fifth-Former. Dennis, who lived not far from me in Sandy Lane, Upton, sadly passed away some years ago. I believe his sister, Margaret Randall, also attended our school.***

**A R B)**

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## RELECTIONS ON MILTON'S COSMOGONY

Milton, the proudest hour is past,  
For men no longer dream of holy spheres  
Nor yet of earth, but to the distant stars  
Man casts his roving eye in search of power.  
His pillaging gaze transfixes other worlds he spies afar,  
Across the boundless depths of velvet space  
Studded with suns of every size and hue.  
He seeks; at last a world he sees,  
Suspended by a golden thread of power  
From Mount Olympus high above,  
A tempting bait for man's perpetual pride,  
The Gods in expectant silence wait, their gambit played.  
Man takes the hook and swings on high,  
Above the celestial circus-ring of earth.  
The Gods roll in the aisles,  
Their mighty peals of laughter  
High acclaim the Universe's Clown.

D. M. SINGLETON (VIB).

***(My old pal, David, who also lived nearby just off Sandy Lane with fellow OW brother, John, has resided in the USA for many years. Still playing that old New Orleans trad jazz, David ? But no longer on a wind-up gramophone, I guess ?***

**A R B)**

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## AN IMPRESSION OF THE O.W.A. ANNUAL DINNER

Following the Annual General Meeting some fifty Old Boys gathered in Big School for the excellent meal which Mrs. Legge and her helpers always provide; on this occasion. The meal over, "The Queen" and "Our Royal Foundress" toasted with due solemnity, and with smoke arising to the rafters, the company settled back in their seats for the speeches of the evening which will linger long in the memory, if only by reason of the lofty themes adopted by the principal speakers.

Dr. Eric Markby, the principal guest of the evening, set the mood in proposing the toast to "The Association and School". Mustering all the solemnity befitting a local councillor, Dr. Markby dwelt at length on the problem of juvenile delinquency and criticised irresponsible parents as being the main cause. "They little think it is their duty to bring up their children and to teach them the things that schoolmasters never can," he said. "They buy television sets to keep the children amused or send them to the cinema to see trash ....., etc., etc." From all of which one might draw the conclusion that Dr. Markby would never enter a cinema or even think of installing a television set in his home – and one would be quite wrong.

The Headmaster responded in his customary manner which is rather reminiscent of a Company Chairman outlining the year's working to a meeting of Shareholders. "During the past year ..... After a temporary set-back ..... important changes are being made" – and so on. But then the School might even be likened to a factory producing citizens of the future and surely we are shareholders who have already derived some benefit from it and have, perhaps, occasionally put something into it. If we believe this we will always find interest in the Head's "Progress Report"

and in that of the Head Boy (J. C. Vaudin) who dwelt mainly on the sporting side of school activities.

Our worthy Secretary, Mr. L. H. Mottram, undertook the Association's share of the response with a speech which prompted one Old Boy to remark, "It was just like one of Motty's geography lessons. He spoke for exactly forty minutes and I wasn't quite sure what he had said at the end of it". That Old Boy may be interested to know that Mr. Mottram spoke with some enthusiasm of the early history of the School at a time when it was accommodated in one of the local inns. All of which was very entertaining – "just like one of Motty's geography lessons !"

The health of the Chairman, Sqdn. Ldr. K. P. Cater, was proposed by Phil Bollen, who knows Ken as well as most of us. As might be expected, Sqdn. Ldr. Cater's response largely consisted of reminiscence delivered with a sincerity which can leave no one in doubt that he is one of the true stalwarts of the Association.

And so it was over. Dr. Markby had told us how to be efficient parents. The Headmaster had told us of an electric bell system to be installed throughout the School to mark the end of periods. The Head Boy had informed us that the School XV had been unbeaten. Mr. Mottram had said had said there was a danger of taking the Welfare State for granted. Phil Bollen had said Ken Cater was a jolly good fellow. Ken Cater had said the disbanding of the Cadet Corps was a bad thing. We went home quietly and with strangely sober thoughts.

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## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Those members who were present at the Annual General Meeting, or who have read the preceding report, will be aware of the two resolutions which were approved, relating to increases of subscriptions. Though notice of intention to discuss this matter was given beforehand, no formal resolutions were notified. Accordingly, in order to implement these resolutions, formal notice is now given that an extraordinary General Meeting will be held at the School on July 18th, at 7.30, when the following committee proposals will be on the agenda.

1. That the Annual Subscription be raised from 5/- to 7/6d. per member from January 1st, 1957, and that the subscription for the 1st two years after leaving school shall be 5/-.
2. That the Life Membership subscription be raised from £5 5s. 0d. to £7 7s. 0d. (£6 6s. 0d. on completion of five years consecutive membership as an Annual subscriber.)

***(Anyone who paid for Life Membership in 1956 has enjoyed good value. Well, Alan Maitland ?***

**A R B)**

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TELEPHONE 241

**M. A. ABLEY,**  
*Tailor and Outfitter,*  
**6 HIGH STREET, WIMBORNE,**  
**FOR SCHOOL CLOTHING**  
**:: AND OUTFITS ::**

Leading Makes in Men's and Youths'  
Clothing and Underwear  
**ALWAYS IN STOCK**

***(Does this bring back a few memories ?***

**A R B)**

***(Despite the claim "Always in Stock", my recollection is that whenever my parents wanted an item of the QEGS uniform for me, they never had one !***

**J R F G)**

# CAREERS IN THE COAL INDUSTRY

Modern Coalmining is very largely a new industry. More accurately, it is an old and vital industry which is being reconstructed to serve the present and future needs of the nation. While other forms of energy will help, the main source of power in the foreseeable future will continue to be coal.

**TECHNICAL CAREERS.** – Many well-paid and absorbing jobs are available and the Coal Board are ready to train you for them, either through a University Scholarship or – if you prefer to earn and learn at the same time – by taking you into the industry straight from school and providing technical training without loss of pay.

**UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.** – Highly-trained mining engineers are urgently needed. The National Coal Board offer a hundred University Scholarships a year : most are in Mining Engineering, but some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships and successful candidates receive them in full – parents' financial position makes no difference to the value of the awards.

**PRACTICAL TRAINING.** – When you have qualified – either through the University or through technical college while working – you are eligible for a two or three year course under the Coal Board's management training scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out for him personally and a senior engineer gives him individual supervision. If you come in to the industry on the mining engineering side, you have a very good chance of becoming, between the ages of 25 and 30, a colliery undermanager at a salary between £975 and £1,300 a year – or even a colliery manager with a salary in the range £1,050 to £1,800.

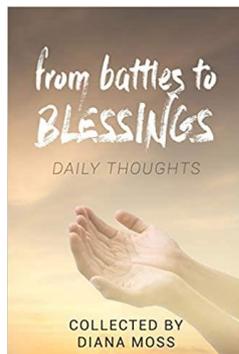
**OTHER CAREERS.** – There are also good careers in the Board's Scientific Department and in administrative posts. Young men and women of good educational standard (who have preferably spent some time in the sixth form or have attended a university) are also needed in such fields as marketing, finance and labour relations.

*Full details can be obtained from any Divisional Headquarters of the Board or from the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London S.W.1.*

***(Who would have guessed in 1956 that by 2020 our coal industry would have all but disappeared and the very word 'coal' would be regarded with strong disapproval by so many ? Today the country burning the greatest quantities of coal is, of course, the People's Republic of China. In 1956 China was regarded as a predominantly rural and undeveloped country with a population of approximately 400 million – a quarter of the world's people. Today its population is 1,439,323,776 according to the latest update ! (Probably just a few more by the time you read these words!)***

**A R B)**

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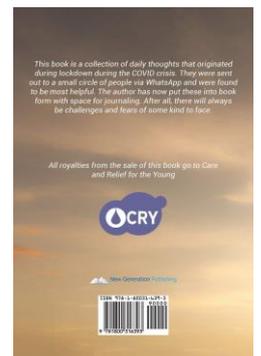


## **ANOTHER OLD WINBURNIAN IN PRINT !**

A collection of daily thoughts originating during the Covid-19 lockdown, now put into a book to help others. Collected by Diana Moss

Available from Amazon & Bookshops,  
priced £8.99

All royalties go to CRY–Care & Relief for the Young



## QEGS CRICKET 'A-XI' SQUAD – 1967



**Back Row (left to right)**

<b>Peter Randall</b>	<b>Graham Brown</b>	<b>Colin Haysom</b>	<b>Jonathan Hopkinson</b>	<b>John Gilbert</b>	<b>Stephen Brooks</b>	<b>Barry Park</b>	<b>David Norman</b>	<b>Alan Cole</b>	<b>Havilland Willshire</b>
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**Front Row (left to right)**

<b>Alan Richardson</b>	<b>John Guy</b>	<b>Cavin Parker</b>	<b>????</b>	<b>David Dacombe</b>	<b>James Wellington</b>	<b>Jonathan Lane</b>	<b>????</b>
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Based upon my experiences from the middle-to-late 1960s, up until the end of QEGS in 1971, Graham Mills was the lead Cricket Master. He presided over a 4-tier set of teams, namely a "Junior Colts XI" (under 13's), a "Colts XI" (under 14's), an "A-XI" and, of course, the "1<sup>st</sup> XI".

The concept of the "A-XI" was to try and bridge the gap between under 14's making the transition to playing in the "1<sup>st</sup> XI", which was generally made up of 17 & 18-year old boys (some often nearing 19 years of age). This also gave the chance of promising 14 and 15-year old boys to play with and against those boys 2 or 3 years older than themselves.

The picture above shows the "A-XI" squad of the Summer of 1967.

After leaving school, many boys went on to play for local clubs, especially Wimborne Cricket Club of course.

Below you will see pictures which show the sites of Wimborne Cricket Club's former ground and the new one (which is adjacent to an area known as "The Leaze") – as they both appear today.

**DR JOHN GUY (63-71)**



***The site of the former Wimborne CC ground***



***A view of part of the new ground***



***The "luxurious" pavilion at the new ground***

*[Photographs by  
Dr. John Guy]*

***(It was a very controversial decision for the Hanham family of Dean's Court to sell the old ground to the John Lewis (Waitrose) Partnership. In the event the new ground and its facilities are widely seen as a great improvement for the club and spectators. A R B)***

## TODAY'S VIEWS FROM THE OLD CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING ROUTE



**The Old Allotments  
(prior to building)**



**Across the Stour towards the A31  
(are the sheep from John Wood's  
Merley Hall Farm ?)**



**The Stour towards Eye Bridge**



**Up the hill to the Vine public  
house**

The weather, of course, sometimes determined the route of the cross-country runs. If the fields were flooded the course was confined to the roads and lanes. Of course there were few cars on the roads in those days so it was entirely safe for the runners.

**ANY MEMORIES OF EPIC CROSS-COUNTRY RUNS WELCOMED BY YOUR EDITOR !**



**The Vine**

## NEWS OF SOME OLD WINBURNIANS

### DIANA MOSS (née ANDERSON) (49-54)

#### “Contemplations during Coronavirus Crisis”

COVID-19 has spread all over the World and many are gripped by fear. People may ask, ‘If God is a God of love, why do these things happen?’

I write as British lock-down rules are being lifted a little.

Anne Graham, daughter of Billy Graham was asked soon after the 9/11 terrorist attacks happened, “I’ve heard people say ‘If God is good, how could God let this happen?’ What do you say?”

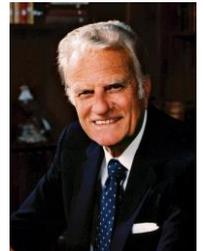
Anne replied, “I say God is also angry when he sees something like this. I would also say that for several years now, people in a sense have shaken their fists at God and said ‘God, we want you out of our schools, our government, our businesses, we want you out of our marketplace. And God, who is a gentleman, has just quietly backed out of our national and political life, our public life. Therefore he has also removed his hand of blessing and protection.

We need to turn to God first of all and say, ‘God, we’re sorry we have treated you this way and we invite you now to come into our national life. We put our trust in you.’”

I believe these sentiments can be echoed here in the UK.

Many folk are fearful. Fear does not stop death. It stops life. And worrying does not take away tomorrow’s troubles. It takes away today’s peace.

Someone once asked Billy Graham, “If Christianity is valid, why is there so much evil in the world?” His response was, “With so much soap, why are there so many dirty people in the World ? Christianity, like soap, must be personally applied if it is to make a difference in our lives.”



People are wondering when we’ll all get back to normal. I am enjoying not hearing traffic, but listening to bird song. I am enjoying being outside in the city yet being able to breathe clean air. I am enjoying the care and consideration most people are having for one another. Yes I am staying at home for the duration, but I’m able to relax and enjoy it. I am taking satisfaction in doing things that have needed to be done for a long time. I hope that we will never get back to normal. Normal never was.

Our pre-coronavirus existence was not normal, other than we had created greed, unfairness, exhaustion, depletion, origins, disconnection, confusion, anger, hoarding, hate and lack. We should not long to return to that, my friends. We are being given the opportunity to stitch a new garment, one that fits all of humanity and nature.

Be thoughtful. Be kind.

## **PAUL CUMBERLAND (54-59)**

I have been reminiscing on my days since learning of passing my 11+ at Cranborne school in 1954. My whole world was about to change.

Mum and Dad took me into Abley's outfitters in Wimborne to be fitted out with the school uniform – chocolate & cerise blazer and the obligatory cap with the Richmond house colour.

Came the first day, my friend who lived a few houses down the road in Castle Street, Cranborne, Bob White and I walked up to board the school bus along with Norah Henfield at what seemed an unearthly hour to go to school. The journey took us through Woodlands, picking up Gerald Bowman, Dave Lenton, Luke Hindmarch and more – then on to Verwood. The schoolmates picked up there included the Frampton brothers and Alwyn Annels. The bus travelled on through Three Legged Cross, West Moors (would we get held up at the railway level crossing ?) and on to Ferndown and then to Wimborne.



Into the grammar school playground – what a daunting sight ! The impressive Big School and the modern looking new building facing the Minster.

Once settled into our classroom it became time to get to know my new classmates. Trevor Bridle, Les Bishop, Jim Cummings, Alan Maitland, et al.

As the days and weeks passed by we got to know the staff and their nicknames. Springing to mind are Neddy Neil, headmaster, Gunner Holman, Tarzan Williams, Frosty Hoare and all the others, including Jack Wooley, the name of the teacher for woodwork and technical drawing who was responsible for the path of my future lifelong career.

I left in 1959 and went to what was then the Bristol Aeroplane Company at Filton to pursue a Student Apprenticeship. Ultimately I was educated at what was then the Bristol College of Advanced Technology. It went on to what has now become Bath University after I graduated.



Since those days my career has involved work on the early concept of what was to become Concorde, much design work in the nuclear and petrochemical industry and heavy mechanical engineering in the steel strip rolling mill industry. Finally my life was working in the explosives and pyrotechnics industry.

Now at nearly 78 I have decided to call it a day and retire to a more gentle way of life! If there are any of my classmates from 1954-1959 who would like to get in contact, my details are available. I notice from the current list that Professor Bob White is listed. Is this the same Bob White I knew from Cranborne ?

## **BRYAN ARTHUR GROSS (42-45)**

What a pleasant surprise to hear from the Old School after some 75 years since leaving its hallowed walls ! The only person I can remember was Dicky Powell and I do believe he is still around. Please pass on my regards if he is.

75 years is but a lifetime away, in fact for many people considerably more than that ! I can hardly remember any of the teachers names, a chap Steele, I think, however the Headmaster was Major J.C Airey, I leave you to guess what his nickname was.

After a fairly uneventful time at Grammar, I returned home to Bournemouth and then South London when my Father's firm returned at the end of the war. Went to the Poly as it was then to study draughtsmanship; worked in London and Clapham. Not at all happy and after some 5 years or so, saw an opening with the Marconi company for scholarships to train as Marine Radio Officers. This, at the time, took my fancy and took it up ! Spent some time at their training school learning all about dots and dashes, and how to fix Marine Radio and Radar of the day, and away I went.



Served on various craft, both local and overseas, and thoroughly enjoyed it all. Eventually made my way to Australia in the early 50s. This was to change my life completely again, for I met my future wife who was a nurse in Brisbane. Naturally gave the Marine Life away, emigrated in the 50s, married and after a short temporary job in the retail industry, spent the next 30 years with IBM as a Data Processing engineer, that is maintaining Data processing machines and then later some of the early computers, My how that has all changed !

My dear wife and I have raised three wonderful children, 2 Boys and a Girl, all who have done well. The eldest boy married an American and now has 3 Children, the eldest of whom went through West Point.

Having now been retired some 32 years and having had 3 Open Heart ops, led a fairly eventful life. We both have done our share of Bush walking, Square Dancing and the usual sports one plays. We toured around in caravans for some 30 to 40 years. We feel we have had a fairly satisfying life.

I trust this short epistle is of some interest from an 'OLD BOY'.

If you have a moment I would like to know what has happened to the Old School.

Hope not too boring, actually I have been meaning to write for some time, but your e-mail has prompted me into action ! Kindest regards.

## PETER COOLE (47-54)

As a rather shy, weedy 11-year old I vividly remember my first day at QEGS. Having been born a 'Darset' country lad in the village of Sturminster Marshall back in 1936, it was intimidating to be with a crowd of mainly strangers in Big School as we lined up to be picked, one-by-one, by the Heads of Houses. I was left nearly till last and ended up in School House.

In form IIa (class size 33) things went OK, report reading : *'He has worked well and attained a high standard of work'* – A.R. Maiden, Form Master. *'This report completes a good year's work. C (for commended)'* – J.C. Airey, Head Master.

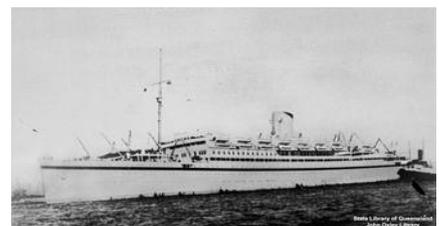
My mother passed her love of music on to me and this is still my passion. Unfortunately, QEGS did not offer music as an examination subject and there was very little practical music making. Thus, my main interest was not catered for and I lost enthusiasm for academic work and ended up with mediocre reports and exam results. *'He has not reached the standards expected in some subjects, but I hope he has been successful in G.C.E. examinations'*. J. Kerswell, Form Master.

Art was enjoyable. I am rather proud of the fact that, as part of A-level work, I designed a new tie for Wimborne Rugby Club. It is still worn today. The pattern consists of an outline of one of the Minster's towers. I think 'Tarzan' Williams, being a keen rugby man, suggested the idea.

The School Song stays in the memory and reminds me of a story (probably apocryphal). Once a year we trooped into the Minster to endure what seemed like an endless service commemorating the school's foundation. This included singing the School Song. Mr Williams was said to have offered half-a-crown to any small boy who would pretend to faint at the beginning of the proceedings so that Tarzan could carry him out and then miss the rest of the service !

School plays were highlights. I played the Soothsayer in Julius Caesar and remember 'Fishy' Maiden congratulating me on my shaking finger as I spouted 'Beware the Ides of March'. It was of course a sign of nerves ! We were allowed to put on our own variety show before Christmas. I remember playing a piano solo. Mr Neil was very keen on classical music and himself a fine pianist. He was somewhat horrified when I sat down and bashed out 'Cross-hands Boogie'. (Winfred Atwell was a heroine of mine).

I was sad to leave school having enjoyed those years with many good friends. Army National Service followed where my piano playing by ear was a great help. By 1955 I'd sailed on troop-ship Asturias from Southampton to Kure in Japan en-route to The 1<sup>st</sup> Commonwealth Division, Korea. Mercifully the war has ended by then. On board Asturias I played in the dance band. (There was a ballroom for troops and their wives!).



At Div. H.Q. I played the organ in the Chapel on Sundays. Coming home, again by sea, we arrived at Aden, only to be told that the Suez Canal was closed. So we enjoyed an extra 3 weeks on board, crossing the Equator twice, calling at Zanzibar, Cape Town and Dakar, where I got lost and was thankful for my QEGS French lessons with 'Inky' Stephens, being able to ask 'Ou sont les bateaux?' and got back on board just in time.

Teacher training at Winchester followed. My main interest was still music and I was determined to spend my career giving youngsters the kind of vibrant, practical musical education I had missed.

Now it's full circle as our daughter is teaching at QE School, Wimborne !

If you like singing and are local, why not come to have a taster with the Colehill and Ferndown Community Choir. We're a very friendly group and make a splendid sound ! I am currently writing a new setting of the school song which I hope we will sing in a future concert. Meetings are on Thursdays at St. Michael's Church, Colehill from 7.30pm to 9.00pm. (You don't have to be able to read music – just bring enthusiasm). Give me a ring (01202-868793) for details.

Best wishes and happy memories to one and all.

***(How splendid to receive this piece from Peter describing his adventures since 1954. Having played Cassius in Julius Caesar (I counted up my lines on one occasion – 496 I seem to recall and I didn't forget a single one; the confidence of youth and Fishy's wonderful guidance !) in the same Albert Maiden production, I do clearly remember Peter's idiosyncratic interpretation of the soothsayer and that 'shaking finger' as he cried 'Beware the Ides of March'. Never tempted to audition for the Royal Shakespeare Company, Peter?***

**A R B)**

**EXTRACTED FROM 'THE WINBURNIAN', No.117, dated December 1953**

## ***“JULIUS CAESAR”***

### ***Characters in order of appearance***

**Citizens of Rome:** D.G. Lee, D.W.J. Cownden, G.E. Tesson, P.M.P. Aiken, D.J. Dyer, W.S. Parker, K. Bainton, P.G. Hill, A.J. Habgood, J.E. Kearon, R.J. Christopher, N.A. Larkin, P.E. Parly, A.R.W. Smith, S.F. Coley, C.D.B. Maidment, A.R.J. Jones, N.A.W. Cailles, J.D. King, C.D. Haine.

Flavius	A.J. Selby	Casca	G.D. Mason
Marullus	D.J. Lawman	Soothsayer	P.M. Coole
	C.J. Webb	Cinna	D.J. Park
Julius Caesar	P. Forshaw	Lucius	P. Keeping
Antony	P.E. Kettle	Metellus Cimber	B.K. Glover
Calphurnia, wife of Caesar	A.R. Tesson	Trebonius	P.H. Key
Portia, wife of Brutus	P.A. Eyres	Ligarius	M.G. Aiken

Decius	I.M. Frampton	Servant to Caesar	S.F. Coley
Cicero	D.B. Roberts	Publius	E,C,F Wood
Brutus	P. Warner	Artemidorus	J.H. Ashfield-Salter
Cassius	A.R. Bennett	Popilius Lena	D.B. Roberts
Servant to Octavius	E.C.F. Wood	Servant to Antony	G.E. Tesson
Cinna the Poet	J.F. Holloway	Poet	C.H. Peters
Octavius Caesar	D.J. Lawman	Messala	A.C. Hayter
Lepidus	E.C.F. Wood	Messenger	C.H. Peters
Lucilius	D.M. Singleton	Cato	A.J. Selby
Titinius	R.K. Cilvert	Strato	R.F. Chaffey
Pindarus	P.I. Burton	Volumnius	R.A.E. Wareham
Varro	D.J. Park	Dardanius	I.M. Howard
Claudius	D.B. Roberts	Clitus	P.D. Frampton

Scenery designed and constructed by Mr. M.S. McCrorie, Mr. J.J. Woolley and Mr. J.R. Musto, assisted by M.J. Williams, D.M. Ellis, M.J. Weston, C.B. Lucas, D. Scrase, E. Selby, W. Cotterel and H. Clarke.

Stage Manager : D,M, Ellis      Lighting : C.B. Lucas and R. Banford.

Prompt : M.J. Weston.

Business Managers : Mr. J. Kerswell and Mr. R.J. Holman.

Costumes by Nellie Smith, Nottingham, and Miss E. Goodfield.

Effects and Music : P. Rose.      Call Boy : B.H. Antell.

Producer : Mr. A.R. Maiden.

## **CHRISTOPHER SMITH (62-68)**

My years at QEGS were 1962 - 1968. I then spent 3 years at the University of Essex, graduating with a degree in Computer and Communication Engineering in 1971.

I had a job lined up with Marconi in the radar field, but the job offer was withdrawn a few weeks before my start date. I ended up switching to the broadcast television field with a job at the EVR Partnership in Basildon. A mere 2 years later the company decided to relocate all operations to Japan - without the employees. This lead me to joining RCA Broadcast Systems and my first trip to the USA in 1973 for training. After various assignments in Europe, I moved back to the USA permanently in 1974. I met my wife-to-be at RCA in 1973 and we got married at the end of 1974 and settled down in New Jersey. By 1986 a new job resulted in a relocation to Connecticut where we continued raising our two daughters.

I stayed in the broadcast TV field in various roles for the next 35 years – the last 20 as a self-employed consultant to a number of different manufacturers. After the "great recession" of 2008, with client projects dwindling, I decided on another career change and now I undertake a variety of business process and computer system analysis projects – mostly for State Government Agencies.

Our two daughters are now both married and each has two daughters of their own – no boys at all ! We have been fortunate to be able to make many trips back to England over the last 45 years – most recently in 2016.

**MALCOLM McNEILL (59-66)**

Malcolm wrote to say that he is writing a personal art history which includes a day at QEGS when the art teacher, Miss Rachel Thorpe, handed the class over to a young post graduate student from Bournemouth Art College. He has a fairly good memory of Miss Thorpe, but requests if we have any more information about her, or even a picture. He recalls seeing a reference in one of our newsletters that featured some cartoons he had done that were published in the School Magazine. The page was entitled "As Others See Us". He believes one of the 'portraits' was of Miss Thorpe. He asks if anyone has a copy of the above, or has any other similar recollections.

***(If anyone has any information about these cartoons, or any other memories, pictures, etc., of having Art with Miss Thorpe, can you please contact me.***

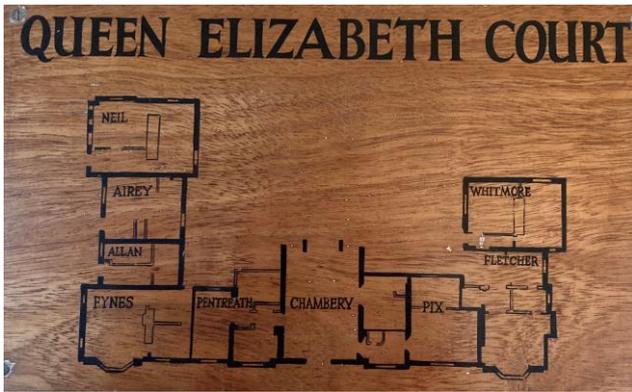
***Many thanks ! Dr John Guy, Membership Secretary)***

+++++



Johnny Dacombe (56-62) spotted recently outside the Barley Mow in reflective mood

## PHOTOS OF 'BIG SCHOOL' AS IT IS TODAY



Each property named after a headmaster: "Standing in the main assembly hall ?"  
Neil, Airey, Allan, Fynes, Pentreath,  
Chambery, Pix, Fletcher & Whitmore



In the direction of "Neil"



In the direction of "Whitmore"

Two of these are part of the front of the Big School building, one on either side of the main entrance.

They look as though they should contain a statue, or something similar. Does anyone remember if they ever contained such things ?



## OBITUARIES

### ALAN STANLEY HOLLICK (41-46)

Alan was born on 30<sup>th</sup> July 1930 in Maidstone, Kent and moved to Wimborne when he was 8 years old. He attended Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School 1941 to 1946.



After leaving school he trained as an electrician for five years with the Southern Electricity Board. During this time he became a foundation member of Wimborne Youth Group in 1949. Due to being an electrician apprentice, he was not called up for National Service until January 1952, aged 21. He joined the Royal Air Force as a trainee navigator, but failed the final exam before commission in June so he served in the RAF Police for the remaining years, in Lyneham. He was demobilised at the rank of Sergeant and in August 1955 joined Wiltshire Constabulary. He married his wife Janet in April 1956 in Wimborne Minster. They met in 1950 at the Southern Electricity Board when she started work in the office. While in the Wiltshire Constabulary he moved around Wiltshire and was stationed at Marlborough, Tidworth, Lyneham and Trowbridge. In 1970 Alan was promoted to Sergeant, working in the control room at the headquarters in Devizes. In 1974 he became Accident Prevention Divisional Sergeant and in 1979 promoted to Inspector and became the County Accident Prevention Officer.

He retired from the police in 1987, with the rank of Inspector, and undertook a civilian role of Administrative Officer until 1995 at the Wiltshire Police headquarters.



In retirement from 1996 onwards Alan was very busy doing voluntary work. He joined the Wiltshire Blind Association where he helped to produce the Devizes Talking Newspaper. This was recorded by Devizes Hospital Radio. Later he took over the whole process himself with friends who were the readers. While at Wiltshire Blind he set up and ran the audio monthly magazine and a talking book library. He also became a presenter on Devizes Hospital Radio doing programmes 2 to 3 times each week and conducted many sing-a-longs in residential care homes in Devizes. Alan received 3 awards for his voluntary work:

- 2003 Devizes Town Council Annual Civic Awards "Service to the People".
- 2013 Visionary Awards – National Winner of "Volunteer of the Year".
- 2017 A certificate of appreciation was presented to him by the Mayor of Devizes and the Chairman of Devizes Hospital Community Radio for 21 years of "dedication and service in producing the Talking News".

Due to ill-health Alan became unable to continue with the Talking Newspaper in 2017, but remained involved by continuing to compile the roster of readers 3 times a year. His wife Janet passed away in 2014. Alan died on 2<sup>nd</sup> May 2020. He leaves a daughter Karen and a son Keith.

**Kindly sent to us by Karen Hollick (his Daughter)**

### **CHRISTOPHER 'NEVILLE' MIDDLETON (46-52)**



It is with much sadness that I have to let you know that my brother died on the 17<sup>th</sup> March 2020 after a period of illness.

Neville was born on 30<sup>th</sup> September 1934. He attended QEGS from 1946 until 1952 and fully participated in its activities, playing rugby for the 1<sup>st</sup> XV, swimming in the river as part of the annual sports day, was a member of the army combined cadet corps, acted in a number of school plays and much more.

On leaving school Neville shunned the family business (much to his father's disappointment) and joined the Royal Air Force. His most notable posting was to Christmas Island in the Pacific at the time of the atomic bomb trials.

On leaving the Services he initially worked for a number of television and radio repair companies before setting up his own business in Ensbury Park. This continued until his retirement.

A keen golfer Neville was captain of Meyrick Park Golf Club before joining Broadstone. At the same time he qualified as a starter for the PGA and travelled throughout the South West to fulfill his duties.

As it was only possible for members of his family to attend his funeral due to the coronavirus pandemic, a Thanksgiving Service will be held at a later date.

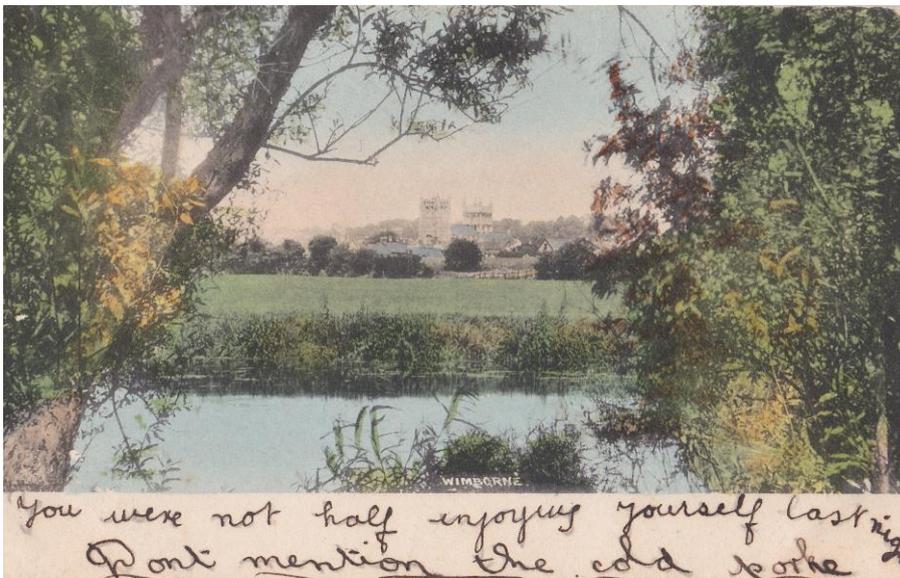
Neville is survived by his wife Barbara, with whom he celebrated their Diamond Wedding anniversary in 2019 and his five children.

**Kindly sent to us by his brother, Paul Middleton (49-55)**

**IN & AROUND WIMBORNE IN BYGONE DAYS**



**Postmarked 1904**



**Postmarked 1903**

**"Don't mention the cold porke"**



**"Post Office, Colehill"**

**John & Mary Dacombe's  
old emporium around  
1910**

**(is that John in the  
doorway ?)**



**"The Willett Arms"**  
**Postmarked 1907**



**"The Coach & Horses"**  
**Postmarked 1905**



**"Jockey House"**  
**Leigh, Wimborne**  
*also known as*  
**"The Horse & Jockey Inn"**  
*(closed due to disorderliness in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century)*

Grateful thanks to Melvyn Gilbert at Minster Press for his help in reproducing this Newsletter