



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – SPRING 2021

Dear Fellow Old Winburnians,

Dare we, at last, begin to hope the worst lies in the past ? At least we now have some protection, thanks to the brilliance of scientists of different nationalities and the dedicated work of our health professionals and volunteers from many backgrounds. An excess of confidence in any area of human activity is always foolhardy, but those 'broad, sunlit uplands', to use Winston's memorable words from their war-time context when our nation was in great peril, may now tantalisingly be glimpsed. We can even entertain the real possibility of a summer reunion when old friends may see one another again without fear. Let's just hope the progress of recent months continues and we are able to resume 'normal' human activity once more.

We have suffered a casualty or two directly from the pandemic (numbers are uncertain at this moment) and, inevitably, other old friends have left us through various forms of illness and old age. However, as survivors let us be grateful for our good fortune and take pleasure again in the company of our families and friends.

What news you ask ? Well, John and I have been absolutely delighted by the response of a number of our members who have sent in their contributions from far and wide. This Newsletter is beyond doubt the most wide-ranging and weighty of all our publications and we hope the breadth and range of its contents will provide interest and pleasure for our far-flung membership. It really is extraordinary, isn't it, that a school that closed half-a-century ago – and it was, by today's standards, a small school – should still have an active old pupils' association of 280 or so paid-up members. At this point I would like to pay a special tribute to my good pal, John Guy, whose dedication and technical skills enable us to produce a Newsletter of such length and quality. I am just a modest scribbler who passes across to John my thoughts and suggestions – and challenges – who, unfailingly, with a cheerful smile delivers the goods. We are lucky to have him so, dear friends, please let him know how much you appreciate his brilliant work on our behalf.

As for the future, do please keep the contributions coming in. They provide much fascinating reading and, I am sure, also give satisfaction to you as contributors when you see your stories in print and accessible to our worldwide membership. Not least, do I appeal to our lady members to let us have your stories – many of you have enjoyed fascinating lives – so please do put pens to paper, or fingers to computers !

To conclude, on behalf of the Committee, we send our warmest good wishes to each and every one of you. We know that life these past months has often been lonely and wretched for you. Let's hope better times are not far away.

With much affection , dear friends,

Alan R Bennett

On behalf of the Committee

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS	Summer (50 th Anniv.) Reunion	Saturday 24 th July 2021
	Christmas Reunion	Saturday 4 th Dec. 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	54 Ryan Court, Whitecliffe Mill Street, BLANDFORD	DT11 7DQ
Carolyn Kamcke	4 Pine Close, Ameysford Road, FERNDOWN	BH22 9QX
Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrew, BLANDFORD	DT11 0JL
Ron Mansfield	52 Castle Street, Cranborne, WIMBORNE	BH21 5QA
Betty Read	29 Pembroke Court, West Street, Wilton, SALISBURY	SP2 0DG
Ann Richmond	4 Three Lions Close, WIMBORNE	BH21 1EP
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

REMEMBRANCE DAY

WEDNESDAY 11TH NOVEMBER 2020 – 2.30 pm

A grey, overcast day. Wimborne Square is almost eerily silent, scarcely a soul about in the neighbouring streets. On Minster Green there are just the four of us, Ken Taylor, Bill Haskell, John Guy with his camera and Your Editor. Two or three couples are sitting on the nearby benches in quiet conversation.

The Minster doors are closed. 'Open for Private Prayer only, Sunday and Wednesday 12noon – 4pm. Face coverings must be worn – by law. Social distancing advised. A one-way system in operation'. We don't explore within.

We didn't attend the 11am Remembrance ceremony. The customary, familiar gatherings across the nation at this hour are for this year forbidden by law. A number of wreaths have already been laid about the memorial. We read the accompanying often hand-written inscriptions from those they represent, 'Salvation Army', 'Colehill Parish Council', 'Fire Station', 'Neighbourhood Police Team', 'Girl Guides', 'Rotary', 'Lions', and, of course, the 'British Legion'. Several more besides.



Ken Taylor steps forward and places the OWA wreath among the others. We stand in silent contemplation. So many names on the memorial, many familiar local families represented, several in both wars, those who sacrificed their lives that we might live in freedom and without fear. So many complex strands to each individual story.



We pause a while, lost in our thoughts. We have been the lucky generation, our challenges trivial by comparison with our forebears. Have we always appreciated our good fortune ?

We begin to wend our ways back to our cars through the empty streets. Inevitably there is but one topic of conversation for us, the fortunate generation, for we have had our own particular and totally unexpected challenge to our comfortable lives in the year 2020, Coronavirus – Covid19. At the beginning of the year we would have shaken our heads. Bemused. Uncomprehending. And now we are discussing its impact on all our lives. On the lives of every nation in the world.

There is no need to labour the point for every reader will understand. Yet, on this day, the eleventh day of November, 2020, the four of us are hopeful. Cheerful even, for just days earlier came the news that everyone has been hoping for. A vaccine to protect us with the possibility of another being developed imminently. The brilliance of scientists in Germany, in Oxford, and elsewhere across the world, is giving us hope that happier days lie ahead.

Post script : Who would have guessed on 11.11.20 what further Covid-19 variants, deaths and restrictions on our freedom lay ahead of us ?

Len Pearce (36-41)

It is appropriate here to remind ourselves of the painstaking, time-consuming research undertaken by Len Pearce some years ago to locate the identities of all those OWs whose names appear on the memorials recording their sacrifice on behalf of our nation. Well done, Len ! Your dedicated work will never be forgotten.

P.S. Len recently celebrated his 96th birthday. Our warm congratulations Len. You are, I believe, our oldest member ! On to the century !

Alan R Bennett

REMEMBER ?

Remember them ? – Ah ! the old forms and faces,
Old scenes to which we in our boyhood took part –
Old joys and old sorrows, old times and old places –
Still hold an indelible place in our heart.

Remember them ! Ay, though fierce war now has broken
The ties that linked many old boys of the School.
Remember them ? Yes, and we treasure each token
That Time, ever-fleeting, can spare from its pool.

At times like the present, when peacefully sitting
In comfort around the enlivening glow
Of the fire, in whose flickers the shadows are flitting,
Their names through both fancy and memory flow.

And faces and scenes rise unbidden before us,
In all their old beauty, as fresh as of yore.
They entrance us anew as the vision steals o'er us
Of a world all at peace, and of partings no more.

W. H. T.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WIMBORNE.

ROLL OF SERVICE 1914-16

A. N. Acland, Capt. (Brevet Major) D.S.O.
M. C. French Croix de Guerre D.C.M.
H. V. Acland, R.F.C.
B. Acworth, Lieut.-Commander, R.N.
F. Ames, Motor Transport Service, attached West Riding Regt.
R. A. Andrews, Dorset Yeomanry
E. J. Auning, R. Warwickshire Regt.
R. H. Ashwin, Lieut. R.A.M.C.
V. O. Arnold, 7th Haits.
C. Atwood, Capt. R.M.L.I., H.M.S. "Venerable"
D. R. Atwood, Lieut. R.N.R., submarine I.S.
W. Andrews
N. J. Atkins, Artists' Rifles
C. D. Austin, Gas Corps, R.F.
J. H. Austin
G. K. Atwood, Capt. Royal Irish Fusiliers
E. H. Barrall, Artists' Rifles
C. C. Bartlett, Major, Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.
W. B. Bartlett, 2nd Lieut. 5th Haits
R. C. Bartlett, 2nd Lieut. R.F.A., M.C.
F. W. Burton, Grenadier Guards
E. Whitley-Baker, 2nd Lieut. R.F.
T. F. Batterbury, 4th Middlesex Regt.
F. Baines, Major, I.M.S.
W. Barnes
W. Bee, 2nd Lieut., Dorset R.G.A.
M. R. Beer, 2nd Lieut.
F. Bennett, Mercantile Marine Service
S. H. Bennett, S. African Police
H. D. Bishop, Engineer-Lieut., R.N.
N. Blanchard, Royal Naval Division
S. Bradbury, Capt. A.S.C.
A. Bradbury, Lieut., 3rd Dorsets
H. B. Butler, 2nd Lieut., Berkshire Regt.
A. S. Butler, Lieut., S. Lancs. Regt.
C. J. Bradley, 2nd Lieut., Dragon Quards, D.C.M.
F. J. Bradley, Dorset Yeomanry
J. D. Bishop, 2nd Lieut.
S. Boyle
Cyril Brown, 3rd Batt., Canadian E.F.
Leslie Brown, 2nd Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers
J. B. Bullock, Eng. Sub-Lieut., R.N.
H. Budden, Bournemouth Athletic Corps
L. Budden, R.A.M.C.
J. C. F. Burgess, Dorset Yeomanry
R. C. Burgess, Inns of Court, O.T.C.
R. Burridge, Sub-Lieut., H.M.S. "Kent"
H. C. Burnett, Capt., 4th Dorsets
G. Burton, R.A.F.
F. J. N. Buxton, R.A.F.
C. S. Burr
H. Burton, Gordon Highlanders
R. G. Butt, Haits Yeomanry
C. R. Butt, Haits Yeomanry
C. R. Caw, Sergt., Dorset Yeomanry
E. J. Chissell, Major, R.A.M.C.
G. E. Chissell, Lieut., R.A.M.C., M.C.
G. F. Chissell, 2nd Lieut., Machine Gun Corps
A. J. Christopher, Corp., Somerset L.I.
E. C. Chissell, 2nd Lieut., Dorset Regt.
R. C. Coakes, R.N.
E. A. G. Collier, H.M.S. "Vendia"
C. H. Clifford, R.F.C.
J. L. Cooke, 7th Hampshire Regt.
A. R. Cooper, Capt., 11th Worcesters, D.S.O.
H. S. Coppock, 2nd Lieut., Lancashire Regt.
L. C. Crosleggh, Major, Remount Department
J. C. Crowley, Capt., West Surrey Regt.
J. J. Curtis, Dorset Yeomanry
J. Cutler, Dorset Regt.
H. A. Cunningham, Col., 24th Punjab
E. H. E. Daniell, D.S.O., Major, R. Irish Regt.
E. F. W. Daniell, Brigadier-General
L. J. Dawe, Lieut. R.G.A.
C. Denny, Capt., 3rd Batt. King's Regt.

M. M. Denny, Sub-Lieut., H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign"
N. F. Doyle, Temporary Lieut., R.N.R.
H. A. Drake, 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles
G. Drake, N. Zealand Light Horse
W. R. Drake, 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles
F. Drake, Dorset Yeomanry and R.A.F.
B. J. H. Eaton, R.A.F.
T. G. Eaton, 1st Batt. Coldstream Guards
G. A. Ellis, Major, 2nd Scottish Rifles
H. P. Ellis, Capt., R.G.A.
E. F. Ellis, Staff Surgeon, R.N.
F. M. St. H. Evans, Capt., 9th Welsh Regt.
R. Floock
W. Ensor, Lieut.
C. A. Farguharson, 7th City Fusiliers
E. K. Fletcher, Lieut.-Col., D.S.O. with bars
W. T. Fletcher, Lieut., 4th Dorsets
W. B. Ford, Lieut., Dorset Regt., attached R.A.F.
F. A. Ford, R.M.A., Woolwich
R. C. Ford, Machine Gun Corps
H. Forward, Haits Yeomanry
R. Foster, 6th N. Staffordshire Regt.
F. N. Foster, A.S.C.
F. Falkner, Canadians
W. R. Fuller, Lieut., 3rd Dorsets
C. E. Garrett
V. Gerard, Capt. Canadian Engineers
F. Gerard, Lieut. Royal Engineers
A. Geikie, Haits Yeomanry
E. F. Gibbs, R.G.A.
F. J. Giles, Schoolmaster, R.N.
F. W. Greenhill, Major, 3rd Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.
J. M. E. Guy, Dorset Yeomanry
H. M. Greenhill, Staff Capt. Dorset Regt.
G. Habgood, Capt. R.A.M.C.
E. P. Habgood, 4th Dorsets
C. J. F. Hankinson, R.A.F.
H. W. Hanman, Royal Naval Division
G. L. Harris, Artists' Rifles
D. Harris, Royal Fusiliers
Hon. A. C. Harris, Royal Defence Corps
Hon. A. E. W. Harris, Major, King's Royal Rifles
A. E. Hart, 7th Middlesex Regt.
E. C. F. Hart, 4th Haits Regt.
A. E. Hartnell
A. Harvey, Royal Naval Division
W. T. Haydon, Staff Surgeon, R.N.
M. Haydon, Staff Surgeon, R.N.
P. M. Haydon, 2nd Lieut., West Yorkshire Regt.
E. R. G. Hayler, R.A.F.
S. Harrell
C. J. Hazard, Major, 11th Hampshires
C. P. Hazard, Lieut., 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry
D. G. Hazard, 2nd Lieut., 3rd Shropshire Light Infantry
P. J. Hazel, Staff Paymaster, R.N.
F. R. Hedgcs, Wing Adj., R.A.F.
M. Hibberd, Haits Yeomanry
A. S. Hibberd, Lieut., 7th Dorsets
E. R. L. Hollins, Capt., R.O.F. Lancasters
U. L. Homer, Lieut.-Col., R.M.A., H.M.S. "Duncan"
C. C. Hodges, R.A.F.
E. Hibberd
W. Howe, Capt.
G. T. Hunter Gray, Major, Black Watch
O. F. Huyshe, 2nd Lieut. A.S.C.
J. G. Jackson, 9th Haits Cyclists' Batt.
F. A. N. Jeans, Capt., 1st Wilts
G. A. Joy, 2nd Lieut., Hampshire Regt.
T. B. Joyce, Devon R.G.A.
W. B. Kerridge, Royal Engineers
F. A. Kerridge, Dorset R.G.A.
K. M. Kerridge, Lieut., 7th Dorsets
J. Kerridge, London Scottish
M. Keynes, 15th Haits Regt.

R. W. Keynes, Dorset Yeomanry
M. C. Keynes, Capt. Westminster Dragoons
G. J. C. Knapp, 2nd Batt. King Edward's Horse
H. W. F. Kingston, Queen's Westminster
R. B. Knight, Capt., 3rd Bedfordshire Regt.
A. F. Knight, H.M.S. "Fisgard"
F. C. Lambert, Major, R.A.M.C.
C. D. Lacey, Major, K.R.R., M.C.
G. J. Lee, Capt. Rifle Brigade
R. C. Legg, Berkshire Regt.
F. Loader, Dorset Yeomanry
C. V. Lock, 4th Dorset, R.F.A.
A. I. Loder, Major, 4th Dorsets
C. Lovell, Major, R.A.M.C., M.C.
F. E. Low, 5th Haits
G. W. Low, Army Ordnance Corps
H. C. Low, 10th Middlesex Regt.
A. R. Loscombe, Col., Indian Army
C. M. C. Luff, Lieut., A.S.C.
A. C. d'Al. Lynes, 2nd Lieut., Royal Berkshire
A. Lynes, Lieut., Royal Naval Transport Service
R. H. Lynes, 2nd Lieut., 6th Gurkha Rifles
W. K. Lucas, Capt., R.F.A., M.C.
E. B. K. Loyd, 2nd Lieut., Royal Irish Rifles
D. Macallum, 42nd Highlanders, Black Watch
C. W. Maclean, Major, Cameron Highlanders, G.S.O., 2nd Grade
R. H. Maccreghill, Lieut., Dorset R.G.A.
L. A. Macgregor, Lieut., Lancaster Regt.
Earl of Malinesbury, Staff Officer
K. Mc Kay, R.V.N.R., H.M.S. King Alfred
W. N. Macfarlane, Lieut.
F. E. Miller
E. McKay, 2nd Lieut., Seaforth Highlanders
H. Mc Kay, H.M.S. "Leviathan"
W. Matley, Capt., Durham Light Infantry
L. C. Miles, Rifle Brigade
E. S. Molynett, Lieut., R.A.M.C.
G. A. Meek, 2nd Lieut., Hampshire Regt.
V. C. A. Muncie, Haits F.A.
G. N. Montgomery, Capt., R.A.M.C.
P. J. Montgomery, Capt., R.A.M.C.
J. Montgomery, Canadians
A. Madgaden, 2nd Lieut., India Army
E. D. Murray, Royal Highlanders
F. W. Mylius, A.S.C.
G. A. Ness, 2nd Lieut., 7th Lancashire Fusiliers
F. Newman, 4th Royal Sussex Regt.
W. A. Nicholas, Lieut., R.A.M.C.
T. B. Noyes
H. W. Oddy, R.A.F.
H. W. Old, Dorset Yeomanry
H. D. E. O'Sullivan, Lieut.-Col., G.S.O.
J. A. Nethercoate, Bournemouth Athletic Corps
W. L. A. Paget, CB, M.C., C.M.G., Brig.-Gen.
A. de B. V. Paget
J. C. Paget, Capt., R.A.
B. L. Paget, 28th London Regt., Artists' M. L. Paget, R.M.A., Woolwich
M. T. Passant, F. Kent Regt. (Buff.)
Rev. A. G. Peurell, Army Chaplain
W. Swinhoe-Phelan, Major, Sherwood Foresters
H. T. Phillips, Lieut., Leinster Regt.
F. Phillips, M.G.C.
J. R. Phillips, R.G.A.
S. Phillips, Dorset Yeomanry
E. J. Phillips, H.M.S. "Fisgard"
J. C. Piggott, H.A.C.
O. B. J. Philpott, Australian Infantry
S. Plomer, Dorset Yeomanry
R. Pogue, 2nd Lieut., Tank Corps, M.C.
O. J. Price, 7th Haits
K. Poole, S. African Scottish
H. W. Poole, Lieut., Rifle Brigade
M. L. Raymond, Major, R.G.A.
E. H. Reynolds-Ball, 2nd Lieut., Sch. Gloucesters
W. A. Meadows, Suffolk Regt.

F. R. Richards, Dorset Yeomanry
J. G. Richards, Dorset Yeomanry
L. G. H. Roberts, Hawke Batt., Royal Naval Division
G. R. Reynolds, R.A.F.
J. Robertson, A.S.C.
A. G. Ricketts
E. C. Rogers, R.A.F.
F. G. Ross, Lieut.
W. H. Ross
T. Selway, Rifle Brigade
H. Selway, H.M.S. King George V.
L. Seymour, 2nd Lieut., R. Welsh Fusiliers
E. V. T. Sewell, Capt., R.F.
L. H. Shaples, Lieut., 3rd Suffolk Regt.
E. C. Smith, Dorset Yeomanry
H. C. D. Sherston-Baker, Lieut., West Surrey Regt.
E. Shepard, Dorset Yeomanry
L. Shepard, Wilts Yeomanry
N. F. Spooner, D.C. Medal
G. H. Stevens, 2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
F. Simpson, 2nd Lieut.
G. H. Slade, R.N.R.
R. J. Stride, Army Schoolmaster, Alder Shot
A. F. H. Stride, Lieut., A. and S. Highlanders
R. Shepard, R.G.A.
C. N. S. Stokoe, K.R.R.
H. C. N. Simes, Eng. Lieut.-Commander, R.N.
C. A. Sutherland, Corp., A. and S. Highlanders
W. B. Swell-Evans, Lieut., R.A.M.C.
H. Sorrell, 4th Dorsets, R.F.A.
E. W. Tanner, 2nd Lieut.
F. J. Tanner, Capt., Haits Volunteer Regt.
H. Tanner, Lieut., Somerset L.I.
G. Tanner, Lieut., Home Counties R.F.A.
W. E. Taylor, 2nd Lieut., W. Yorkshire Regt.
R. A. Tilsall, Royal Marine Artillery
H. A. Tollemache, Capt., Bedfordshire Regt.
E. B. Thomson, 2nd Lieut., R.A.F.
L. A. A. Tollemache, Lieut., Shropshire Brigade
S. Tollemache, R. Fusiliers
C. N. Trotman, Brig.-Gen., 3rd Royal Marine Brigade
J. A. Todd
J. Todd
R. Todd
N. E. Trotman, Colonel, Royal Naval Artillery
F. Thring, Commander, R.N., appointed H.M.S. "President"
E. C. Thring, Col., A.S.C., Assist. Director of Supply and Transport
C. C. Trevanion, Lieut., Hawke Batt., Royal Naval Division
A. B. Trewhinn, Lieut., 1st Middlesex Regt.
A. J. Nye, Sergt., Dorset Yeomanry
L. F. Vincent, Lieut., 4th Dorset Regt.
W. J. Vincent, 2nd Lieut., Dorset Regt.
W. A. Ward, Berkshire Regt.
G. H. Wahab, Egyptian Army
G. Walker, Lieut., Bedfordshire Regt.
C. A. Wilkinson, Lieut.
W. Whitworth, Lieut.-Commander, R.N., H.M.S. "Tockatice"
D. E. Whitworth
G. H. N. Wilkinson, R.A.F.
W. A. P. Watson, Capt., 5th R. Warwickshire
A. V. Woodman, Lieut., R.N.V.R.
L. Woodman, Lieut., R.N.V.R.
C. S. S. Watson, Lieut., Canadian Army Service Corps
Rev. C. Will, Army Chaplain
E. H. Workman, Lieut., 5th Haits
E. Wray, Major, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. "Emperor of India"
A. H. Wright, 9th London Regt., Artists' Rifles
A. D. Woollard, Lieut., A.S.C.
Sir E. Wyldore-Smith, Commission International de Ravitaillement
S. Wykesmith
W. A. Wykesmith, Capt., Canadian Force
A. J. Young

THOSE CARTOONS by MALCOLM McNEILL (59-66)

Following the piece in our Autumn 2020 Newsletter, viz.

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.

A very big thank you from Malcolm and myself to Mark Perkins, David Woodhead, Peter Watts and Audrey Cooper for helping to track down his cartoons and clarify some details concerning Miss Thorpe.

These cartoons appeared in the November 1963 edition of 'The Winburnian'. In case you do not recognise them, they are :

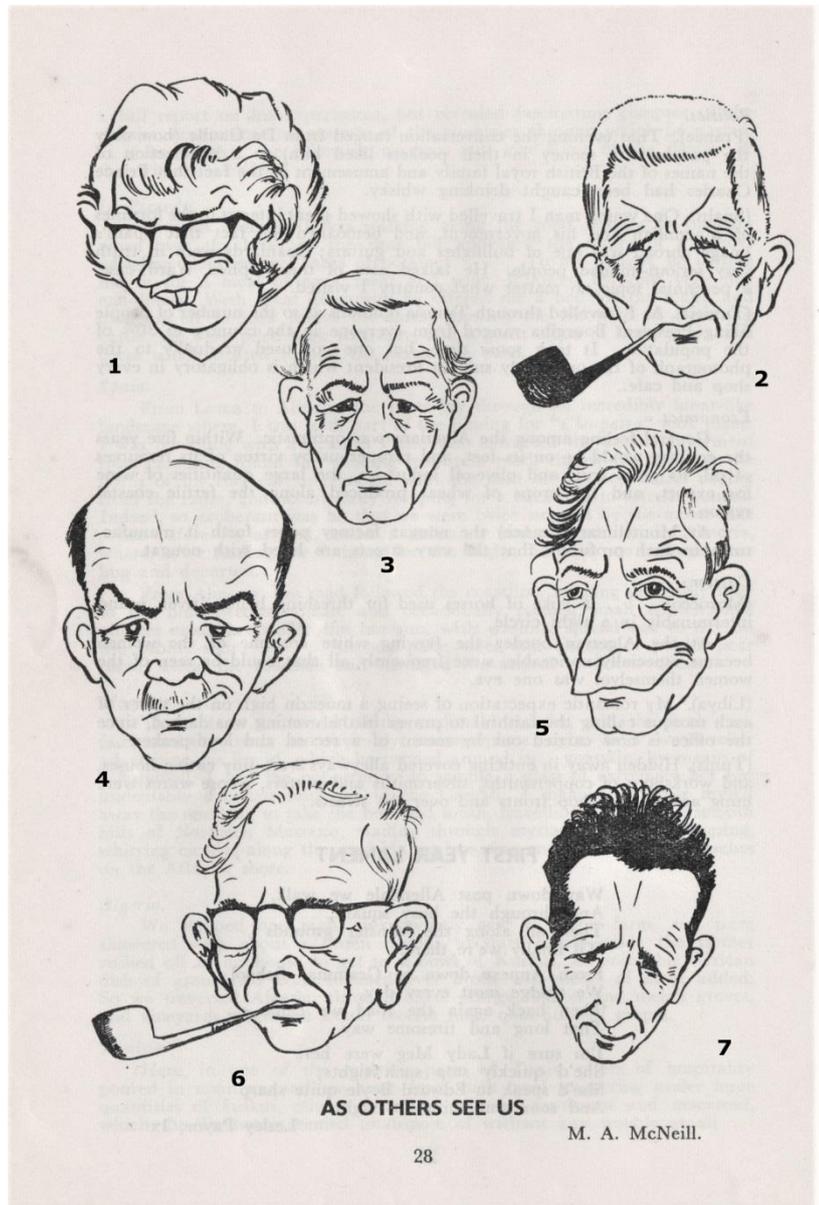
- 1) Miss Thorpe (Art)
- 2) Mr Woolley (Woodwork)
- 3) Mr Stephens (French)
- 4) Mr Swinnerton (Maths)
- 5) Mr Briggs (Latin)
- 6) Mr Maiden (English)
- 7) Mr Holman (History)

with the subjects they taught me from 1963 onwards.

It was also established that Miss Thorpe's first name was Rosina and that she married in 1970-71 to become Mrs Tanner.

Once again, very many thanks for all your contributions !

Dr John R F Guy (63-71)



THAT 1967 QEGS CRICKET 'A-XI' SQUAD PHOTOGRAPH

Once again, many thanks are due to Mark Perkins for helping to identify the boy in the middle of the front row as Lionel Swann.



Back Row (left to right)

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

Alan Richardson	John Guy	Cavin Parker	Lionel Swann	David Dacombe	James Wellington	Jonathan Lane	????
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So only one more to go please !!

DR John R F Guy (63-71)

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*[Photograph by
Dr John Guy]*

Another View of Wimborne Cricket Club's Ground on The Leaze

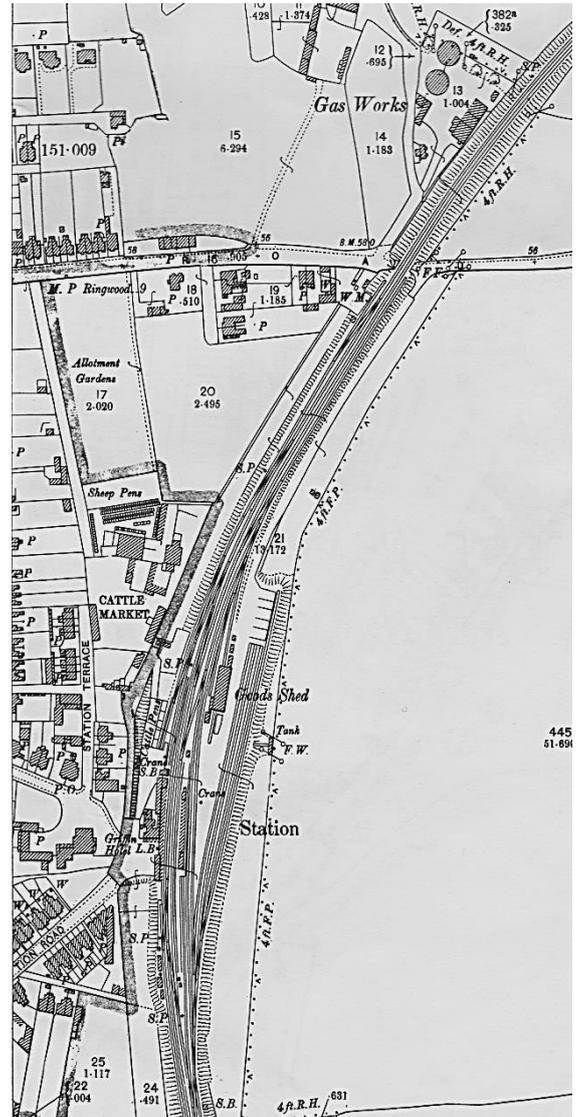
WIMBURN STATION AS 'TWERE by RON MANSFIELD (49-54) (With apologies to William Barnes)

I was intrigued to read the item in the Autumn 2020 Newsletter regarding Wimborne's Railway service, as it was there that I started my working life on 30th August 1954, after leaving QEGS that summer.

As I was not particularly academically proficient, despite the valiant combined efforts of excellent teachers, Messrs. Maiden, Kerswell, Holman et al, I had to pass a railway entrance exam at their area headquarters in Southampton, which, surprise surprise, I managed to pass ! I was then taken on as a Junior Clerk and commenced work in Wimborne Goods, as was then, the area now covered partly by housing and partly by the Wimborne Market site. So commenced a 5 mile daily cycle ride from my village home to Verwood Station to catch the train on the Salisbury to Bournemouth West branch line to Wimborne.

The Goods Office was slightly reminiscent of the Dickens era, Bob Cratchit, etc., with sloping desks, high stools, pen and ink, and indelible pencils – no biros then ! The Goods Yard was a hive of industry, with large stores for Bibbys and Silcocks, both animal feed producers, and a Colas Products store – drums of Tar/Pitch, which was just part of the picture. There were 4 of us in the office, a Chief Clerk, a general clerk, myself and another junior clerk. A daily freight service called at Wimborne, dropping off and picking up wagons. My job as I recall seemed to consist of issuing and receiving invoices, as well as raising what were called cartage charges, i.e., for delivery or collection of inwards and outwards freight by the road vehicles attached to the depot, which were, of course, only pennies and halfpennies ! In addition, there was an added task of compiling and collecting labels for and from the freight wagons. One of our main customers in those days was the now defunct Witchampton Paper Mills and I vividly remember the masses of consignment notes that came with their despatches ! (Groan).

Eventually a vacancy arose in the Ticket Office at Wimborne and I successfully applied. There were 2 Clerks, early and late turn, and I became the Junior Clerk on middle turn. This office had been in existence for many many years and consequently quite Victorian, with gas lighting, stools and old wooden furniture. The ticketing



[Layout of Wimborne Station as it was in 1900 taken from an old Ordnance Survey Map]

system comprised of Edmondson card tickets and were stored in tubes and racks all around the office, labelled with destinations all over the country. As you issued a ticket you pulled the next one down so that the number could be read, and at the end of the day any issues would be recorded in a large classification register and hopefully(!) balanced with the receipts. Some tickets were so rarely, if ever, used and consequently, the tubes were thick with dust. Upon issue the tickets would also be date stamped in a small manual press and this often resulted in bruised fingers !

Next door was the Parcels Office, manned by a single Parcel Porter, which was quite busy and I particularly remember baskets of mink being despatched which seemed to be quite vicious creatures, and them being teased by poking a pencil into the basket, which they promptly bit off ! At this juncture I would mention that the Station Master (SM) at the time was a strict disciplinarian, who ran the station like a military unit, and woe betide anybody who stepped out of line – me on occasions I might add (perhaps shades of my QEGS time as Headmaster Airey would have concurred !). Aaah, the joy and fickleness of youth !

Several other features I might add about my time at Wimborne station. I became quite friendly with the other Junior Clerk in the Goods Office, and in the waiting room on the platform was a highly polished table, on which during our lunch break we would play table football with old copper coins, until rumbled by the SM ! Also just down the road from the station was a small café, now I believe a small private house, which we would frequent (off duty of course), and at which 'joy of joys' was the first premises in Wimborne to have a juke box – much misspent youth earnings there.

The other premises which played a great part in the life of Wimborne station staff was of course the Griffin Hotel which was situated opposite the station, where many staff revived their spirits after a long days slog (and sometimes during !) – would be greeted with total disapproval and possibly other measures today of course.

Forgive me my reminiscences, but I hope it gives you a flavour of those somewhat heady days. It has been great fun recalling the memories of the time spent at Wimborne station; we were relatively poor, but enjoyed it. And so began an epic adventure 53 years in the railway service and system which started at Wimborne, until a certain Dr. Beeching came on the scene. On the system which saw massive changes and upheaval during my time, I count myself lucky to have had my experiences at Wimburn !

(A splendid, evocative piece of writing, my dear old friend, Ron. Yes, a different age. I am sure a certain, very distinguished Old Winburnian by the name of Lionel Jeffries would have loved reading your memories, besides innumerable OWs who travelled to and from Wimborne station all those years ago. What a shame it has gone. It would have been a busy little station today had it survived. Thank you Ron !

Ed.)

Remembering ALBERT ROWLAND 'FISHY' MAIDEN (1907-99)

HONOURING ALBERT ROWLAND MAIDEN

Everyone of us who attended our old school will have their own individual memories of the teachers who instructed us so diligently all those years ago. Without doubt one particular teacher who was especially influential was Mr A R Maiden, not just because he taught English, but for his role in many drama productions. As boys and girls we knew him in the classroom and when he guided us through the complexities of Shakespeare, or other dramatists on the stage of Big School, or Pamphill. Yet this remarkable man was also a hugely important figure in the Wimborne community over several decades. John and I have worked together to present a picture of not only an outstanding schoolmaster, but the whole man affectionately known to us as 'Fishy'.

We reproduce a piece describing the evening 40 years ago when he was created an Honorary Townsman and another article published in the local press on the occasion of his passing in 1999. We would also draw your attention to a cutting I acquired many years ago from the Sunday Dispatch of October 3rd, 1954. Mr Maiden would have been teaching many of our readers when this remarkable piece was published. Always the passionate democrat, A.R.M. would, I am sure, have chuckled with pleasure at the final paragraph.

Quite a man, our 'Fishy' Maiden !

ALBERT MAIDEN MADE HONORARY TOWNSMAN (circa 1982)

Distinguished local octogenarian and ex-Mayor of Wimborne, Albert Maiden, became an Honorary Townsman of Wimborne Minster. The title is awarded to people who have given outstanding personal service to the town and is a public mark of honour and esteem.



[Minna Harvey making the presentation to Albert Maiden]

A special ceremony to confer the title was held at the new Wimborne Minster Town Hall, The Old Courthouse. Among the guests were councillors, relatives, friends and ex-pupils from Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School as it once was. The evening was punctuated by music from the Queen Elizabeth's School String Quartet under the direction of Mr. Grant Bocking. Before presenting the award, the Mayor of Wimborne, Councillor Minna Harvey paid tribute to Mr. Maiden for his sixty years of service to the community for

both the young and old. "Albert, you must be synonymous with Wimborne and its infrastructure. You are well known and well-loved in many sections of the town," said the Mayor.

Albert' s teaching career as English Master at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School spanned some 40 years. In 1945 he was elected to Wimborne Urban District Council representing the Labour Party.

Ex-pupils Alan Bennett, Patrick Kettle and Sue Hatherley brought back memories of happy days at the school under Albert's guidance. "He crammed into his life all that had to be done – the Council, his marking (of school books) and everything else. He cared about his charges and the English language," said Alan who then re-enacted part of his role of Cassius from Julius Caesar as directed by Mr Maiden in the early 1950's. Another word-perfect soliloquy from the same play was also performed by Patrick Kettle a pupil at the school from 1947-1954. Whilst further literary appreciation was provided by Mr. Mick Fealty from Word and Action who read the stirring 'Easter 1916' by W.B. Yeats, a poet and dramatist much favoured by Mr Maiden. One of the first girl pupils taken into the boys' grammar school in 1953 was Mrs Sue Hatherley who said of him "He gave children a lasting love of literature and the theatre."

As a labour councillor, Albert Maiden was a major force in getting main drainage through for Wimborne in 1962, as so appropriately remarked on by friend and former Mayor of Wimborne, Bill Moore "He was a burst of fresh air to the council. We made a formidable force in the debates that ensued."

Speaking of Mr. Maiden's part in getting Flight Refuelling into Wimborne and the employment it brought to the area, company spokesman Hugh Curry said "In the 1950's Flight Refuelling was at Tarrant Rushton airfield. It was Albert's efforts that persuaded the Planning Committee to agree to sell the site which we bought for £16,000." Many people may not know that the spot was previously known as Dump Road, so called because before the town's main drainage was installed, buckets of sewage were collected and dumped at the edge of town ! Hailed as a man of "pure integrity", Councillor Dennis Ryan said "If there were more people like him, the world would be a better place." And how did the English scholar sum up the evening? "It was a considerable exaggeration ! " said Mr. Maiden with good humour.



['Fishy' actually sold his strawberries grown on his allotment to the local public through the 'Fruit & Veg.' shop !]

Previous Honorary Townsmen are Bill Moore and the late Bettine Tapper. Musical director of Queen Elizabeth's School, Mr. Grant Bocking is also to receive the award later in the Spring.

TRIBUTES PAID TO 'FISHY' MAIDEN (circa 1999)

The Mayor of Wimborne has paid tribute to the man who dragged the town into the twentieth century. Long serving councillor Albert Maiden, who has just died aged 91, was responsible for getting a proper sewage system for the Minster town, for building decent social housing and for getting rid of the old workhouse. He also encouraged aerospace firm Flight Refuelling to come to the town and which is today a major employer.

Councillor Minna Harvey said people were still bringing overnight slops in pails out to the 'violet carts' in the mid-1950s. School teacher "Fishy" Maiden devised a way of getting mains drainage via the back gardens "It was without any cost to the tax-payer and it didn't disrupt the road system," said Mrs Harvey.

As chairman of the Urban District Council he got the first council housing and he got the workhouse knocked down and the people rehoused at Allen Court. "He used to talk about inmates having to use a rope to get to the upper floor of the workhouse. The really ill ones would have no chance in case of a fire".

Mr Maiden was chairman of Wimborne council in 1959, 1962 and 1965, and Mayor in 1984, retiring from public life in about 1990. Mrs Harvey added "When I joined the council in 1974 he was my mentor".

Birmingham born Mr Maiden came to Wimborne in 1932. He served in India and Burma where he monitored radio traffic and broke Japanese codes. A first-class honours graduate, Mr Maiden taught English at what was then Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School. An accomplished tennis player, he was called 'Fishy' because of his prowess at swimming. He was known for his special love of Elgar's music and all poetry, but especially that of W B Yeats. He made several pilgrimages to Ireland on Yeats' account.



[Joyce and Albert]

Mr Maiden was made a Freeman of Wimborne in 1982. He died in Hindhead, leaving a wife, Joyce, two children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

POLICE LAW (from the Sunday Dispatch)

**Sunday
Dispatch**

LONDON: NORTHCLIFFE HOUSE
FOUNDED 1801
MANCHESTER: NORTHCLIFFE HOUSE
CENTRAL 6000
BLACKFRIARS 600
EDINBURGH: TANFIELD HOUSE
CENTRAL 2525

OCTOBER 3, 1954

Police Law

IF you can tear yourself away for a few minutes from all those exciting stories about NATO, SEATO, UN, and the Nine-Power Conference, spare a few thoughts for the Six Solid Men of Wimborne, in Dorset.

They are Albert Maiden, a schoolmaster; Sidney Dennett, an upholsterer; Kennard Joyner, a pharmacist; Francis Moore and Lionel Neate, both grocers; and Wilfred Elcock, a farmer.

They are all members of the Wimborne Minster Urban Council.

And what have they done to deserve honourable mention in a newspaper that circulates in a much wider area than Wimborne?

For Freedom

They have stood up for a principle of British freedom and ordered the removal of some "No Waiting" signs which the local police had put up in the streets on their own authority.

Councillor Maiden said it was the council's duty to make the laws about where traffic could or could not wait. The duty of the police was to enforce the laws. And he added:

"In erecting their own signs they are encroaching on British freedom. Police law, whether in this country or in Russia, is bad law."

Well spoken, Sir! In these days of rules and regulations it is the duty of the people's elected representatives everywhere to see that their power and authority is not quietly taken away by policemen, Civil Servants, trade union officials, or anyone else.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Geoff Hill (58-59)

(My old pal, Geoff, arrived in Dorset in 1958 having spent his early years in London where he attended school in Balham, a locality not far from the Clapham/Brixton area I became well acquainted with myself during my years in our capital. For those who don't personally know Geoff and are unacquainted with his accent, he obviously attended the same elocution classes as Harry Redknapp, 'Arfur' Daley, and the Kray twins ! However, choosing neither a career in football or crime, Geoff has achieved distinction as a fine photographer – providing your Editor with many photographs for two of his books, including pictures of our Reunions.

His arrival at our esteemed grammar school in the late Fifties provided quite a 'culture shock', both for the 'lad 'imself' and certain teachers. I am reproducing here a few extracts from the lad's memoirs. In this particular episode he is just 'settling in' now he is dressed in school uniform.

Ed.)

I eventually found my way to class 5G, and sat down amongst my fellow pupils to await the form teacher. Some of the pupils said hello and a few exchanged names; they seemed friendly enough, and suddenly everyone went quiet as the lovely Miss Williams shimmied into the classroom.

Wow ! I thought, and when she called out the register in her soft lyrical Southwalian accent I was utterly transfixed. She was in her early twenties and besides being our form teacher she taught English Literature – Beautifully ! Our Shakespeare play for 'O'-level that year was Twelfth Night, and to hear her recite the opening lines in her sensually lyrical, liquid tones was simply intoxicating –

If music be the food of love, play on ; give me excess of it etc.'

Oh yes please I thought, get the whole bloody orchestra in, why not Miss Williams !

Unfortunately, I was so enthralled with this teacher's delightful performance and her lush poetic delivery, I think I was in some kind of trance through most English Lit. lessons over the whole extent of the school year.

I'm sure that being mesmerised by her soft siren voice as she was teaching, but not actually taking in what was taught, was the main reason I failed my favourite GCE subject. Bless you Miss Williams, I did actually learn to love the great bard eventually, together with many other wonderful writers, but of course when there were far less infatuating distractions such as your delightfully alluring self !

Most of the teachers at QEGS had nicknames – Inky Stephens, Fishy Maiden, Mr. Williams was known as 'Tarzan'. The art mistress was 'Mable' Thorpe and maths teacher known as 'Granny' Gray, to say nothing of the delightful discovery that the

headmaster who so denigrated my cockney accent, went by the most unflattering name of 'Neddy' Neil !

To say that my first lesson with Mrs Gray did not go down well at all would be a gross understatement. The minute she walked in the classroom wearing her mortarboard and gown, a deathly hush fell on all the pupils and throughout her lesson everyone became extremely conscientious at their work. She seemed to have some strange aura and power of command and respect over everyone, and I should have clearly had the sense to have taken her more seriously myself, especially when I made eye contact with her steely piercing glare more than once that morning.



[Mrs Gray in the 1958 School Photograph]

I was about to find out why everyone's attention was so engaged. During the course of the lesson we were going through some examples of different geometric shapes when Mrs Gray threw out an open question to the class; and being the new boy, and to lighten the atmosphere in the class somewhat, I was stupid enough to put my hand up to the question now being asked.

'Can anyone describe in detail a polygon ?' Mrs Gray conjectured.

I couldn't ignore the obvious could I ? Up went my hand.

'Please Miss, is it a dead parrot ?'

I anticipated a barrage of laughter, but there was just this deathly silence, not one pupil even sniggering; what ! nobody laughed, well I thought it was funny. But not for long, I might add.

Mrs Gray didn't think it was funny either, and said nothing, except just fixed me with a black, thunderous glare that would have put an exorcist clean out of business. I felt so small, so humiliated and not a word had she spoken as yet.

'Did you think that was funny, Hill. I don't think it was funny'; then turning to the class and scanning the faces, 'Is anyone else amused by it ?' There was just an awful quietness.

'Hill - You will write out a hundred times - "Mathematics is a serious subject and must not be abused by taking the opportunity to make extremely poor jokes". You will hand it in tomorrow morning.'

'Bother, (**Actually, Geoff did not use the word 'Bother' - readers must guess at the expletive - Ed.**) there goes my tele tonight, and my cred. with everyone else' I thought. That was the first and last time I dared to run foul of 'Granny' Gray,

although there was just one totally unplanned and completely naïve moment of humour I will now recount.

In my old school we had never done trigonometry, so when, a few days later, Mrs Gray looked directly at me in class, pointed to a strangely marked triangle she had chalked on the board and asked me what the sine of the angle theta was on the triangle, I answered in all honesty,

'Sorry Miss, but I've never done trigonometry before.'

To which she fixed me with one of her legendary eye contact glares and said 'Well, you'd better jolly well learn won't you !'

Not only was I once again humiliated, but I was desperately keen to not get in trouble with Mrs Gray again. I remember this frightening encounter was on a Friday and so on the following day, I dashed off in a mild panic to W H Smith's in Bournemouth and bought a black and yellow hard backed book called 'Teach Yourself Trigonometry.' Over the weekend I studied the book avidly and really threw myself into trying to understand this almost foreign language. I ended up doing many of the questions, using tables at the back of the book and gradually, page by page, it dawned on me 'Hey, I'm getting the hang of this', I thought, 'It's not so difficult after all.'

On the Monday morning, we had another maths lesson with Mrs Gray during which she asked a question about finding the tangent of a certain angle on another triangle on the board. That now appeared quite familiar to me after the weekend marathon slog. She asked the first person to work it out to put their hand up. 'I've got it', I thought, after a few quick calculations and up shot my hand without the slightest hesitation.

I gave her the answer and she said quizzically, 'That's perfectly correct, but I thought you said you didn't know trigonometry ?' To which I replied, 'Oh that was last week Miss.'

+++++



Johnny Dacombe makes a surprise appearance at Wimborne Cricket Club's new ground on The Leaze

(Don't get too excited ladies ! John is already spoken for – by Mary !)

DESERT ISLAND DISCS
by
ELAINE SMITH (59-65) & PETER GRIFFITHS

Uplifting music and entertainment would be the order of the day for us, so here are our choices.

First, listening to ballet music, so **Swan Lake by Tchaikovsky**. A clear recording to do exercises too.

Next, some **Bob Marley, Reggae**; legend Bob Marley and the Wailers. We could also do exercises on the beach to that.



Next, the **Beethoven Violin Concerto**, in particular Anne-Sophie Mutter's recording with The New York Philharmonic is very enjoyable.



Number four; **Al Bowlly singing 'Love is the Greatest Thing'** on the Goodnight Sweetheart CD, probably written by Ray Noble.

Number five; to wake up after that relaxing tune; **Leonard Bernstein's** West Side Story soundtrack from the film. In particular **'I love to be in America!'**

Number six; films can be very evocative. There's a famous, slightly risqué, song from the film **'Never on Sunday'** sung by **Melina Mercouri**, written by Manos Hatzidaicis, on the strength of which many trips to Greece have been taken by us.



Number seven; Opera – **'The Humming Chorus' from Madam Butterfly**, for looking wistfully out to sea from the island.

Number eight; what about **The Beatles** singing **'Yellow Submarine'** from the album 'Revolver' – and maybe a rescue from said submarine would happen.

For the book we suggest a very funny book called **'The Card'** written by **Arnold Bennett** written in 1911 – maybe he is a forefather of Alan R Bennett ? The book is set around the five towns in Staffordshire. A study in human nature and hope !?

(No relationship with the great Arnold, alas, Elaine. However, I did have an Uncle Stan (Foster) who wrote a dozen or so childrens'/boys adventure stories under the pseudonym of Kingsley Foster just after the war. I recently received a wonderful letter from Sir David Attenborough relating to their close friendship and literary collaboration in a publisher's office near St. Paul's before Sir David was invited to become involved with (in his words) 'something called television. At the time I'd not actually seen any TV !'
Ed.)

NEWS OF SOME OLD WINBURNIANS

MORGAN ANTELL (52-58)

Morgan writes "Sometime ago one of my 5 grandchildren asked me what I did when I was their age. 'You had no computer, no ipads, no wi-fi, no facebook, no twitter, no mobile phones, no calculators, not even a TV – you must have been so bored Grandad!' Well, that got me thinking, so I decided to write an account of my early years and what life was like for us in the 40s and 50s. As you can imagine, living on a 500 acre farm with a 10 acre copse as our playground, life was far from boring. My years at QEGS had to be included of course, so here is that account – warts and all !"

"Some memories of my time at Wimborne Grammar School"

The first week of that summer holidays saw me marched off into Bartletts the outfitters to buy my new school uniform which included a blazer and cap which was compulsory in the school colours of brown and cerise. So I was all set for my first day on September 7th 1952 at Wimborne Grammar School (WGS). This was then an all-boys school with each year divided into 2 streams, A and B. Those who passed the 11-plus outright went into the A stream, whilst the rest of us went into the B stream. After each year the top 2 in our class could be promoted to the A's and the bottom 2 in the A's could be relegated to the B's.

The lads in our class seemed to enjoy practical jokes, playing up the teachers (who all wore gowns and mortar boards then) and all forms of sport and lastly classwork in that order. The first year in 1B at WGS was fairly undistinguished with us first year boys getting a fair bit of stick from the older boys in the school as you do. The second year, however, was looked forward to with eager anticipation for us boys because, for the first time in the schools 550 year history, girls were to be allowed in with the new September intake. So all the new pupils were the bright ones who passed the 11-plus first time which improved the academic standard in the school, but it meant that our B stream was the last of the B's all through the school. We were constantly reminded that had we been a year younger we would never have qualified for WGS, but would have been sent to Pamphill Secondary Modern School. From that time onward we had a bad name as the laziest and most disruptive class in school which I am afraid too many of us lived up to. Any teachers who showed us any leniency were ruthlessly 'played up'. Those who exerted strict discipline were generally respected or feared by us.

Tom Hoare, our first form master who took us for English and PE, was a sadistic rascal who took great delight in punishing us in the gym for the slightest misdemeanour by whacking us across the backside with a gym shoe. A lad in our class called John White had the nick-name S-h-i-t-e-r White which Tom Hoare had banned us from using. Of course, during a fast moving game in the gym called pirates, I was the first to shout it out. He went for his gym shoe to administer instant punishment. Unfortunately Tommy Coe (a classmate) had taken the precaution to hide it. Hoare was furious and hunted around for another weapon, and all he could find was a small plank of wood with which he duly whacked me across the backside.

Bill (Tarzan) Williams who took us for history and rugby was another harsh punisher. His favoured instrument of torture was the 12-inch wooden ruler. Those who caused his displeasure were whacked across the back of the fingers with the sharp edge which was very painful and left 4 bruises, one on the back of each finger. Most of our class suffered this at some stage of their school career. The only way to lessen the damage was to lick the back of the fingers and slope them down just as the ruler fell, but woe-be-tide you if he caught you doing it because he would then do the other hand.

Mr Woolley, our woodwork teacher, was a patient good natured man who we played up something rotten. Wood fights were common in the woodwork shop and on more than one occasion Mr Woolley got 'accidentally' locked in the wood storeroom. It took me a full 2 terms to make a small stool with rungs fitting with mortise and tenon joints because other classes whose kids were making the same stool used to pinch my readymade legs when I wasn't in the classroom. I must have made at least nine legs for a four-legged stool.

Despite our reputation and general workshy attitude, we had some very interesting lessons and learnt quite a lot, but did not convert our knowledge to favourable exam results. Chemistry and Physics were particularly enlightening. Mr Bill Streets, our Physics teacher was an irascible old rogue who didn't suffer fools gladly. Bad behaviour, or classroom high jinks were treated to his stock phrase "I'm not amused" said down his nose. He used to smoke a pipe at break times and the funniest thing was when he came in to take our class once just after coffee in the Staffroom and put his pipe in his jacket pocket, unfortunately he had forgotten to put it out and set his sports jacket on fire. I did find Physics most interesting and if I had gone on to further education that would have been one of my subjects.

One of our classmates, who shall be nameless, was a wizard at Chemistry and he was always making experimental concoctions. He had at least two final warnings before a memorable event when being unobserved in the lab he made a sticky paste solution which he wiped on all the legs of the stools in the chemistry lab as they were upside down on the benches at the end of the day. The next morning when the first class arrived, as they put the stools to the ground, each one made a very loud bang, causing a terrible noise and much hilarity. He was expelled for this and I've not seen him since.

Games on a Wednesday afternoon was one of the most popular lessons for us and our class supplied our fair share of players for the school football, cricket and rugby teams. We played rugby in the autumn term and football in the spring term which I did not like because I preferred football and as our pitches were close to the river, lots of spring term games days were cancelled because of a waterlogged ground.

As we progressed through the school as the last of the B stream, we seemed to attract more trouble and got up to more pranks. The headmaster at WGS was Dr John D Neil (nickname Neddy) who used to grow his own tobacco and cure the leaves in one of the towers in the old school buildings. Although 'out of bounds', members of

our class gained entry to this small room and 'lifted' a few leaves. After crushing them and making roll-ups, we were able to smoke Neddy's weed, hanging out of our form-room window overlooking Hanhams gardens next door (well out of sight of school eyes). At one of our recent school Reunions one ancient Old Winburnian revealed that he used to go up in the tower in old school and 'pee' on Neddy's curing tobacco leaves (good job we did not know that at the time, although I think he came through the school 3 years after us).

There was one flight of stairs leading up to our classroom so each of us had to take turns to 'keep cavy'. This meant standing on the landing half-way up the stairs to spot anyone coming up, then rush back to warn the rest before the intruder entered to find us all at work at our desks!! I well remember that this system failed to work once when we were enjoying some music by a new exciting singer called Elvis Presley on Bunny Stickland's record player which we had plugged into the light socket. At the time we were supposed to be in a music lesson and the music master, Emlyn Williams, wondered why half of 1B was missing; so Mr Joe Kerswell, the deputy head and senior Maths master, went to investigate. Being a bit of a sneaky rascal he managed to evade our warning system and burst into the room as Elvis was singing 'Jailhouse Rock'. This resulted in the record player being confiscated and 10 of us lined up outside the Headmaster's study waiting our turn to be caned. Neddy lectured us all and said how it hurt him more than it hurt us to administer the cane. So that was another of our innocent pleasures cut short (it was music after all !).

At the end of each school year we all had to go to the Tivoli cinema for the school Speech Day when all the prizes and awards were presented to the best pupils at all levels. This of course did not include members of the last of the boys in the B stream who won absolutely nothing. However on one occasion just after the start of proceedings a most terrible smell of rotten eggs began to pervade the stalls area of the cinema resulting in many pupils having to hold handkerchiefs to their noses. The smell eased off by the end of the speeches and presentations, but nobody admitted to any wrongdoing at the time, although most people suspected our class of some sort of sabotage. A year or so later, when most people had forgotten about it, Robin Ashman, one of our class, admitted putting a stink bomb into one of the air vents.

The other annual school event was Commemoration Day in Wimborne Minster when we all had to go to the church for a service (one of the few times that the Minster was packed). We all had to assemble in the main hall in big school and march in file the 100 metres across the road, and as we left school we started singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' which was also started by the minster organist. Invariably when we got inside the Minster we found we were about half a verse out in our timing which caused some amusement; usually the loudest won (i.e., the organist).

As we started our second year at the Grammar School a lot of interest was directed at the new intake that included girls for the first time which resulted in a new set of toilets having to be built. Also one word in the school song had to be altered to read 'all' instead of 'boys'. These scrawny little specimens became ever more interesting as they progressed through the school and a number of liaisons were formed. However the girls had such a huge choice of males that only those enjoying above average

assets stood any chance at all of attracting a female. I must admit though that the introduction of girls did improve the school and the jokes became much cleaner.

Postscript - "University at Last"

In 1981, after some aptitude tests, I was invited by MENSA to London University (Birkbeck College) to sit an entrance exam to become a member. Unfortunately my result put me just 2 points short at 148 for automatic entry. I was invited to a retake as I was so close, but missed out again. Yet another glorious failure.

Perhaps I did learn a bit at QEGS after all.

"Most of our Form did not really appreciate the opportunities we were lucky enough to have at QEGS and did not reach their full academic potential. However, we were a great group of lads and looked out for one another – and had a good time !"

NORMAN WATERMAN (53-60)

I was very fortunate to pass the 11-plus examination to attend QEGS. The good fortune came in the form of a Welsh lady who, with her husband, moved to Sturminster Marshall to manage the Post Office in 1953. She was a teacher and had retained examples of the 11-plus examination papers which she lent to my mother.

Practice with exam papers was strictly forbidden and our primary school had a head master who obeyed the rules. I subsequently learnt that other schools in the district did little else in their 11-plus year but practice on papers from previous years. One school in Wimborne recorded a pass rate of 22 out of 24. In the same year (1953), Sturminster Marshall achieved 1 out of 15. Me.

I hated my first days at QEGS. No one had warned me that I would be called by my surname and some of the teachers made jokes about it. In my third week I contracted chicken pox and had to stay at home for two weeks. At the end of my first term, the teachers simply added up the total marks awarded to each pupil for class work and homework, and as I had missed two weeks of school simple arithmetic meant I was placed bottom of the class. I still remember the injustice I felt I had suffered.

I played rugby for the first time and in the summer played cricket where a Mr Lester took an interest in my left arm spin bowling. He coached me so successfully that I was picked for the school first team when I was 13. Unfortunately Mr Lester left the school and by the time I was 15 I had lost my line and length.

My third year was traumatic. I had a serious kidney disease, acute nephritis, which was usually fatal at that time (1955). I was out of school for 3 months and confined to a very low protein diet with no meat, eggs, fish or cheese. When I eventually returned to school several of the teachers very kindly made a special effort to help me catch up.

Then I was involved with five others in what can only be described as an educational experiment in which we skipped the 4th form and went straight from the 3rd form to the 5th. As I recall the others were Pearl Sims, Jennifer Dryden, Patricia Unsworth, Julius Kearon and Peter Hill. To this day I have no idea of what this was supposed to achieve. I was playing rugby, soccer and cricket at under 15 level, and just managed to scrape 6 'O' levels.

I chose Maths, Physics and Chemistry at 'A' level and we also had to study a work of English literature of our own choosing and make a presentation to the rest of the Lower 6th. I had just heard on the radio a performance of Under Milk Wood, enjoyed it very much and asked 'Fishy' Maiden if I could choose it. Little did I know that this was the start of a love affair with Wales which has carried on for the rest of my life.

I carried on playing rugby, soccer and cricket with my best friends: David Scrase, Simon Coley, Paul Charman, Graham Egerton and Tony Elgar. The rugby team had been together since the under 15 team and we had an unbeaten season until the Old Winburnians picked a team of stars and we lost narrowly.

I was enjoying life and not working very hard for the coming exams and my results were modest. As I had skipped a year I was advised to stay on for another year and re-take the exams. After a few days back at school, I was summoned to see the Headmaster, J. D. Neil, who told me I was Head Boy and added that the staff had elected me and that I was not his choice. Half way through the year my results were accepted by Cardiff University, and the results of my second attempt at 'A' levels were not significantly better than the first.

The teachers to whom I remain grateful are 'Fishy' Maiden, for his aphorisms, e.g., "If someone says, 'in my humble opinion', it means the opposite". 'Tarzan' Williams, who when I was playing scrum half, encouraged me to do the unexpected, and 'Gunner' Holman who was refereeing a rugby match against our greatest rivals and awarded the winning try I scored in the last 5 minutes when he should have penalised me for picking up the ball before it was out of the scrum.

At Cardiff, in my first term, I met Margaret who inspired me to work and we have now been married for 56 years. I spent another 3 years in Cardiff completing a PhD before joining the CEGB's Nuclear Research Laboratories. I had 4 years of research, became bored with finding out more and more about less and less before an advert in the Sunday papers took me and my young family to Denmark to work for Danfoss. This was a complete change of career and I loved every minute of it, trying to solve production problems with the materials of the Danfoss products.

We came back to the UK and I eventually set up a company helping clients to improve their innovation performance. Margaret and I ran the company for 25 years until I retired in 2003.

(As a follow up to Norman's piece, I asked him if he was ever called 'Split' at school – below is his reply. Ed.)

To answer your question about Split Waterman, yes, I was called that throughout my time at QEGS. I also watched the man himself when he rode against the Poole Pirates. My Dad took me to the speedway. It was an easy train journey from Bailey Gate (Sturminster Marshall) to Poole.

(I also grew up in Sturminster Marshall and remember Mr & Mrs Pugh running the Post Office. However, I don't remember having the benefit of working through any past 11-plus papers. In fact, I don't remember too much about taking the 11-plus at all, only that we went to Pamphill Secondary Modern School to sit it. The next thing I remember about it was, in the last Summer term at the village school, the Headmaster (Mr Varcoe) standing in front of the class and announcing the names of the 4 of us (Colin Haysom, Mary Hyde, Joan Ives and myself) who had passed (to my shock and surprise) and would be going to QEGS; the remainder would be going to Lytchett Minster Secondary Modern as it was in those days.

J R F G)

KEITH ROSE (55-62)

In 2014 my son Nicholas and I visited a cousin of mine in Branksome and spent several days touring areas with him that I had not seen for so many years. He had never been to Wimborne so I took him to visit the Minster and the old school. So many fond memories of times past came flooding back, although Wimborne was almost unrecognisable from the town I remembered from almost 60 years ago.

I left QEGS in 1962 and undertook a four year sandwich course in civil engineering at the School of Building, later to become part the Polytechnic of the South Bank. My first work term was with a consulting engineer in Croydon, but for my second work term in 1965 I approached Taylor Woodrow International, a major construction company, and was fortunate enough to land a position as a junior engineer on the construction of Guma Dam in Sierra Leone. The dam was located in the mountains above the capital, Freetown, and was intended to supply hydro power and water to the city. I was there during the rainy season and being up in the mountains it really did rain, the average rainfall for August was 99 inches!

I must have done well since for my next work term Taylor Woodrow offered me a position as a site engineer in Guyana on a contract for the upgrading of facilities at a bauxite processing plant, in a town called Mackenzie located on the Demerara River. My only regret being there was that I missed England winning the World Cup!

When I was studying I lived in London and played rugby for Streatham and in my last academic term in 1967 I was chosen as a travelling reserve for Surrey in their County Championship semi-final against Cornwall. This was to be the highlight of my rugby career as later overseas work assignments would take over.

Upon graduation Taylor Woodrow offered me a permanent position and, as a part of the process of qualifying for the Institution of Civil Engineers, they had to provide me with two years of training, half on a construction site and half in a design office. I started in their structural design office and was given several small elements to design before being given the responsibility of designing a jetty for a ferry terminal in Western Australia. This design was to be my presentation to the Institution and I am happy to say, to the best of my knowledge, the jetty is still standing today.

In January 1968 I was sent to Libya as site engineer working on a harbour project for Esso, comprising a loading jetty for shipment of LNG to Europe. As construction was nearing completion I left towards the end of 1968 only to return a few months later to oversee the completion of dredging works to the harbour.

In August 1969 I was sent as part of an advance team to Romania where Taylor Woodrow had just been awarded a major contract for the construction of a 75,000-hectare irrigation project, adjacent to the Danube. One of the Romanian irrigation department engineers we worked with was a Margareta Serafim and we fell in love and were married in Bucharest in November 1971 and we would remain in Romania until the end 1972. During one of my leaves from the project I successfully passed my professional interview and became a Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

In 1975 I was posted to Ghana as project manager on a dam and irrigation project in the north close to the border with Burkino Fasso. The highlight of my time there was to host a visit by Prince Charles, who was on a state visit to Ghana. I took him on a tour of the project and then introduced him to both Ghanaian Irrigation Department staff and my expatriate staff and families at a reception held at our camp clubhouse. I was later promoted to Contracts Manager for all our projects in Ghana and relocated to the capital, Accra. By now we had two children, Nicholas and Julian, and in 1982 decided that we should return to England for the children's education. However, this was not to last long as I had heard that Taylor Woodrow were setting up a construction division in Toronto. My father was Canadian and I had taken out citizenship when still at school and had always travelled on a Canadian passport. I therefore didn't need any work permit or immigration applications so I applied for a position as project manager and in January 1985 we moved to Toronto. We had visited Canada several times in the past as my Dad was one of ten children and so I had many relations in Ontario and Quebec, so the move was not a move to the unknown. I worked on a number of large construction projects in southern Ontario but in 1992 I was transferred to Monarch, an associate company, to look after their commercial and industrial construction and was later promoted to Vice President. In 2003 Monarch sold off its commercial division and I was then transferred to the residential high rise condominium apartment division. Monarch was the second largest condominium builder in Toronto and our buildings varied from eight to thirty storeys high. In 2005 I was promoted to Vice President responsible for high rise construction and then retired in 2011 to Fort Erie near Niagara Falls, where I spend my summers golfing and winters visiting our son and family in Vancouver.

In 2008 we went by car to Vancouver, a five day's drive. As a side visit we went to Drumheller in Alberta, an area of badlands where numerous dinosaur remains have

been found. In looking at a map of the local area I was amazed to see the name Wimborne. We didn't have time to visit as it was getting late in the day but, searching online, it is shown as a hamlet with a population of twenty people. Small indeed. One wonders who, and when, were the first to settle here and who, like me, retained many memories of a now distant place.

MARK PERKINS (62-69)

Dear Alan & John,

I must first congratulate you on a most handsome Old Winburnians newsletter. At a time in which, as you rightly point out, it should be hard going to initiate correspondence, but you have succeeded in an excellent manner. I have read it through, word by word, page by page.

Two things arise which may be of interest to yourself and maybe to the readership. Firstly, the missing name in the QEGS A-XI squad 1967 is one appearing in the centre of the front row. This is Lionel Swann, to the left of Cavin Parker.

My goodness how the years rolled back. We joined QEGS in September of 1962. Led through the town (following some measure of 'Over-the-wall-throwing') by Joe Kerswell to the old Annexe and finding ourselves (called 1-alpha) in the room at the top right of the building (facing the front). Subsequently, I have given thought to the class and can recall many of the names of the boys – Marshall, Miller, Morris, Mumford, Parker, Perkins, Pope, Price, Shea, Swann, Trickett, Walker – that is twelve of the fifteen boys accounted for, but the names of subsequent chaps fails me – maybe someone can help with this ?

The girls, who were of far more interest to an 11 year-old boy, amounted to 15 also. Joy Robinson, Angel Wright, Josephine Senior, Linda Zebedee, Diane Powell, Linda Sansom, Jane Swinnerton, Hilary Warren – but again the Swiss-cheese brain has allowed the remainder to drop through the 'little holes in the cheese'.

Thus, I knew Lionel Swann – and a thoroughly decent chap he was (well he appeared to head up the 'A-XI', so he must have been decent !).

Another article I found of particular interest was the little piece by Malcolm McNeill which rather took my fancy. I owe my career very much to 'Mabel' Thorpe. Whilst not the brightest cookie in the tin, nor the most accomplished artist, I believe I showed enough promise for her to have taken her time to encourage me – beyond the call of duty I feel. Ultimately, having trained in both graphic design (recommended by Mabel) and teaching, I chose the art route initially. This was successful in as much as I felt 'worthy', having become the creative director of Bournemouth's largest advertising agency/art studio for



[Miss Rosina Thorpe in the 1958 School Photograph]

nearly 20 years before completing my working life teaching art to 12-18 year-olds in Poole. I don't think I will ever be able to say that I helped other students as much as Mabel helped me, but I would like to hope I didn't let those years go to waste.

My very kind regards

DAVID WOODHEAD (59-66)

STUDYING IN THE WORKHOUSE ?

A sorting-out last summer unexpectedly turned up four editions of The Winburnian. When they first appeared, I probably quickly thumbed through them to see if there were any mentions of yours truly. These were few and far between, certainly in the magazines I have - those for 1959 to 1961 and 1963.

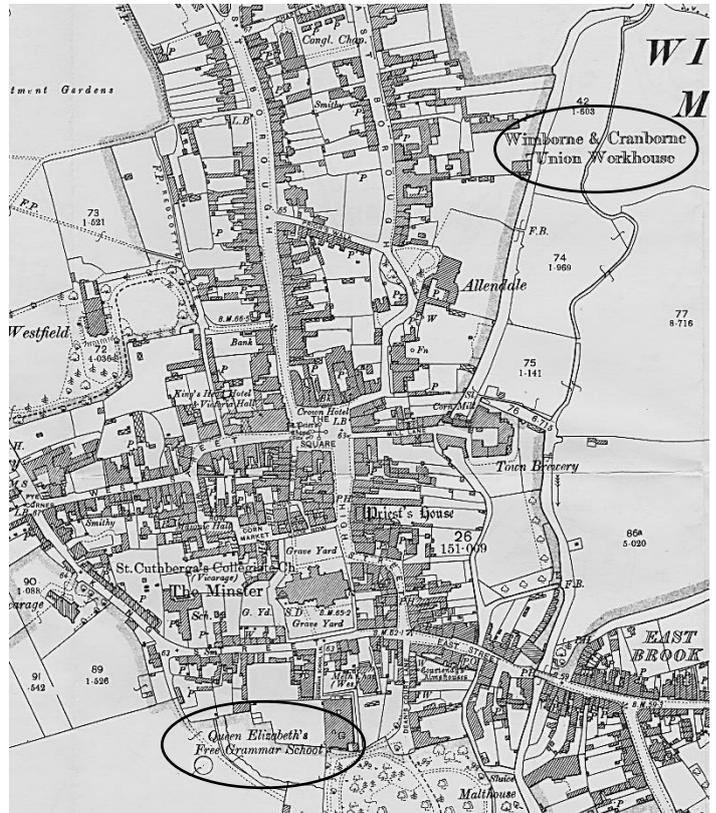
Paradoxically, perhaps, they hold much more interest now, and I acknowledge that this has much to do with being of an age when looking back has a greater fascination than it should. But I suppose The Old Winburnians is a context in which retrospection can be excused! In any event, looking at the magazines now provoked as many questions (i.e. lapses of memory) as reminiscences.

These particularly concern my first two years at the school, beginning in September 1959, which coincided with the junior years of the school starting to occupy the annex just off East Borough. What I am able to recall of this period is not helped by the 1959 or 1960 editions of The Winburnian, since the establishment of this new site does not warrant a mention in either of them, as far as I can see.

I do not remember what explanation we were given (if any) for being diverted to this halfway house, between our various primary schools and the main premises in King Street. It was almost certainly connected with the need to accommodate an increasing female population, girls having first arrived at the school six years earlier – and 1960 apparently being the first year in which they took A-levels. I had no idea at the time that the school being coeducational was still a relative novelty, so established did the female presence seem by the time we arrived. I wonder what arrangements there were for the secondary education of girls in the Wimborne area before 1953?

The annex was housed in an old-ish building which had probably previously been the workhouse – if so, there was little incentive to inform us that the reward for passing the 11+ was to be despatched to a setting with such a grim past. We might have reflected that life was possibly more comfortable at what then seemed to be the shiny new school at the top of the hill. Even so, being at the annex had its compensations, including a certain sense of independence, not least because I suspect that the more senior teachers rarely ventured up there – and there were no real prefects. (In our second year, when the population of the annex doubled with the arrival of the 1960 cohort, some junior prefects were appointed, including me. As might be imagined, this was a questionable “privilege” to 1961 at that stage of one’s school career.)

However, we were not completely divorced from the rest of the school, since we had to go down to King Street for some events, although I am not now sure what these were. I assume that they included the daily assembly and, my most vivid memory, the twice-weekly sessions in the gym. The classes there punctuated my week in a very clear way: the end of each one prompted a momentary sense of exultation, of having survived, giving way all too quickly to the countdown to the next, and the associated mounting dread at the prospect of again repeatedly failing to negotiate the buck and the horse, invariably prompting the PE teacher's scorn.



[Centre of Wimborne taken from an Ordnance Survey Map of 1900]

Since I went home for lunch, I do not know whether mid-day meals were carted up to the annex or whether this was another part of the routine that entailed traipsing through the town to the main school. And was the toing and froing done crocodile-fashion, or did we just drift individually, the Wimborne of the time being seen as a generally unthreatening environment ?

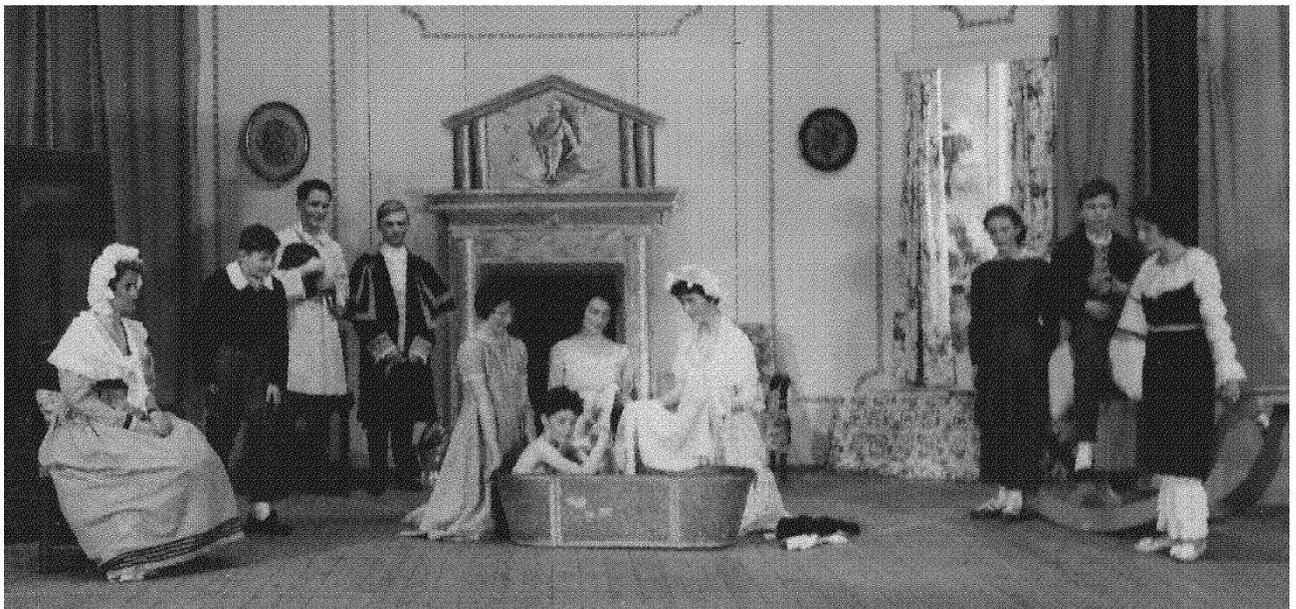
Even if the annex was a Victorian structure, my recollection of the classrooms is that these were quite airy, with biggish windows letting in plenty of light. There was even space at the back of our room to allow the boys to engage in wrestling sessions during breaks, the enthusiasm for this being a function of the popularity at the time of the wrestling shown on ITV on Saturday afternoons. This popularity reflected the villainous personae of some of the participants, and there was widespread scepticism as to the extent to which the TV wrestling was genuine sport, as opposed to theatre. At school, in any case, I like to think that the activity was largely good-natured, and it was tolerated at least for a while by the authorities, who possibly considered it character-building. On the other hand, the regime may have been of such a light touch that the teachers were unaware of what was going on.

One way to get involved with the wider school was through extramural activities, and I recall in my first year participating in a concert featuring part of The Messiah in the Minster and also in a performance of Britten's The Little Sweep up at Pamphill. An impressive aspect of both of these events was the vocal contributions of some of the senior girls, of whom one – the late Elaine Hooker – went on to become a professional singer. The review in The Winburnian of the Pamphill evening is slightly jarring, being quite candid about the shortcomings of some named individual performers, which must have been deflating for them – criticism might more kindly have been of the

word-in-ear variety. Happily my own performance was of insufficient significance to elicit comment !

Indeed, the tone of much of the school magazine was rather disparaging. The 1960 editors complained that the quality of the pieces of prose and verse contributed by pupils in both that and the previous year was "mediocre". As an entirely disinterested non-contributing observer, I should have thought a modicum of gratitude would have been in order, especially as in the same breath the editors bemoaned the paucity of offerings.

As I have already implicitly reproached these editors for overlooking the newsworthiness of the annex – perhaps for them, it was a matter of out of sight etc - I must confess that I doubt whether, after moving to the main school in autumn 1961, I ever gave much thought to what was happening up at East Borough. I assume that it continued to receive new arrivals as long as the Grammar School continued to exist, but others will be able to confirm this - and perhaps provide a better-informed account of life at the annex.



SOME OF THE CAST MEMBERS OF "LITTLE SWEEP"

Jennifer Bartlett	Russell Gilbert	Andrew Jones	Julius Kearon	?	David Woodhead	?
			<i>Around the Bath</i>	<i>.... and in the Bath</i>		
			Gillian Coomber	Jeanette Worbey	Judith Slater	Richard Adams

Other members of the cast included Ann Mackenzie and Lucy Larkins (who may be the two girls shown above as "?" next to the rocking horse). Also in the cast, but not in the picture, Hilary King playing "Hugh" (reason unknown !)

(Many thanks David for an excellent contribution ! Does anyone remember this production, or any of the cast's members – are you in still in contact with any of them ? Please do let us know !

Ed.)

LINDA BERENBRINCK (née KING) (57-64)

Dear Alan,

Greetings from Germany (North Rhine Westphalia, to be precise).

I was at QEGS from autumn 1957 to summer 1964; actually with Carolyn Wakeling (now Kamcke). After A-levels, not having good enough marks to take up my place at university, I sort of hung about for a year, including working at Brights in Bournemouth for several months. Eventually my father got tired of the situation and persuaded me to apply to Bournemouth College to do a General External London University degree, which I then did. Having completed the course in 1968, the year that my father died, I decided that, although my French was good, I needed to improve my German if I wanted to use languages in a job, so I applied for a position as au-pair in Germany, in fact, in Rhein-Wiedenbrück, where I still am. Unfortunately, the family that I lived with had English as their first language ! Fortunately, however, I met Peter, my husband of over 40 years, within 3 weeks of my arrival and he introduced me into his group of friends, enabling me to have the opportunity to become fluent in German.

After finishing my "job" as au-pair, I returned to the UK for a few months to do a 3-month undergraduate secretarial course in London. This included learning to type. All well and good, but when I returned to Germany to work I, of course, had to re-adapt to the German keyboard. Peter's father had, in the meantime, seen an advertisement from a local company which required staff for their export department. I applied, was accepted, and again returned to the UK to obtain a work permit, since the UK was not yet an EU member. I stayed with the company 33 years, with a few years off after our son was born, until I retired at age 65. I am happy to get translating work occasionally from my old company and to meet up with friends from work.

I now have dual citizenship. Greatly annoyed, the morning after the Brexit referendum I hurried into town to collect the documents necessary to apply for German citizenship and by September I was also German.

My son went to university in Leicester and is now married to Sarah, living in Hitchin and working in London, and last seen in January, due to Covid-19.

By the way, my Dad (Reg King) was a student at QEGS in the 1930s. He flew during WW2 with Air Sea Rescue. He was a very keen middle distance runner but, after a motorbike accident in 1940, he was not able to compete again to his great disappointment.

(Wonderful to hear from you, Linda, after all these years. I knew you, of course, living just opposite me in Sandy Lane, Upton/Lytchett Minster, when you were a playmate of my late sister, Pat. So many memories of a different world.

Ed.)

CHRIS PETERS (51-54)

Dear Alan,

Just a brief note from the "North" to say what a great job you have done in the bumper edition [Spring 2020] of the Old Winburnian [Newsletter].

It's a thankless task and there are few rewards, but this OW is very appreciative of yours and all efforts made on our behalf by you and all the OW committee. Please pass on my best wishes to Ken Taylor, Tony Gould, Bob White and others from 1951 onwards.

With my best wishes and thanks again.

GRAHAM POWELL (38-47)

Dear Alan,

I want to thank you for including Bryan Gross's piece in the last newsletter. We did knock about together holidays and were great pals. Dickie was my nickname because of the film actor Dick Powell who was a star at that time. I had forgotten about that too ! I wonder if chaps have nicknames at school nowadays ? Of course it was just after the war and things were very different then.

(Glad to hear you were reminded, Graham, of your illustrious association with a Hollywood star of the golden age of the cinema. A romantic figure I believe, that must have added to your allure in those far off days ?

How about a few more of our members telling us their nicknames in those almost forgotten days in King Street ?

Ed.)

JOHN WOODSFORD (58-65)

Dear All,

Merry Xmas & Happy New Year to everyone. In Australia we expect jabs in March 2021 for my age group. I see from the Omni calculator that people in the UK in 70s age group can expect jabs in February 2021. Lucky you !

Nothing planned for us except roast duck on Christmas Day and prawns on the BBQ for New Years Day. Five of 8 kids are working part-time in restaurants, one is stuck in Manila and 2 are too young to work. So plans revolve around work shifts. My wife Veron works 5 days a week. I retired at the end of September 2019, and occupy myself in my new role as author on science-fiction and expatriate tales.

Covid-19 has caused much less inconvenience here in Queensland. I walk around the block every day, go to the local brewery once a week on Fridays (of course) and make occasional trips to the beach, and for shopping, kids basketball, etc.

I bought a small half cabin boat with a 50HP outboard in October to enjoy the freedom of being on the nearby Pine River Estuary. But it's not like in the 1980s when I had a boat at the Aberdeen Boat Club in Hong Kong. I've struggled with my one arm to do even simple maintenance and operational tasks, so I will give up and sell it in the New Year.



I have half-made plans to go to UK some when between June and October 2021 for 2 months. I expect to split my time between Bournemouth and the north-east (Whitby) to visit family. It will probably be the last time I will visit England as insurance is a problem when aged 75-plus.



Three of my kids will start bachelor courses at university in January 2021. Mary in Social Services, Cristal in Commercial Law and Jack in Sport. I've attached photos of the kids to hand: Cristal, Jack and the youngest James, just turned 13.

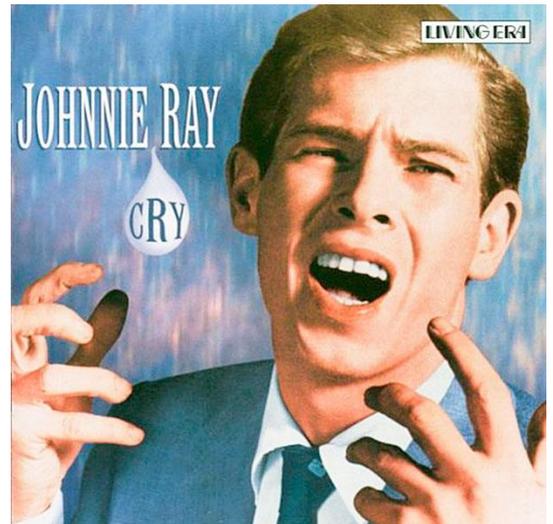
Hope to see some of you by-and-by in the UK, but better not pre-empt Covid-19 for now.



DEREK LAWMAN (51-56)

It was good to hear from my old Sixth Form pal Derek who enclosed the sheet music of the song 'The Little White Cloud that Cried' (price 1 shilling) composed by Mr. 'Cry Guy', Johnnie Ray, with his letter. My word, Derek, that brought back a few memories ! Derek recalls that I was a Johnnie Ray fan back in the early Fifties when I saw the great man sing that celebrated number at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth. (I wonder how many old boys and girls from our school have fond memories of that splendid theatre and other cinemas, venues, pubs (!) in the locality from their youthful days ? How about sending in a few stories ?) Derek also vividly recalls one particular afternoon after school when a group of us from the Sixth Form traipsed up to Dr J.D. Neil's house on St. John's hill. Our esteemed headmaster had the bright idea of inviting members of the Sixth to his house for 'cultural' after-school gatherings. On such occasions one particular boy would be invited to read a poem, or discuss a play, or a piece of music with other class members. Afterwards, we drank a cup of tea provided by Mrs Neil and ate a biscuit (possibly even two) with our host. It

was, in fairness, a worthy enough idea. It was my mischievous choice to talk about the artistic contribution of my hero, Johnnie Ray, read and discuss the frankly absurd lyric and play the record on my 'wind-up' 78 rpm gramophone which I had contrived to carry up the hill from the school. How anyone kept a straight face that afternoon as I recited the lyric as if it was a serious work of poetic art and then played the record I cannot imagine. It must have been torture for our headmaster but, to his credit, he remained impassive. Other Sixth Form members who may recall the afternoon include Brian Richmond, Colin Bailey, Frank Hackforth and John Ryley. Did the after-school gatherings continue long ? Any memories from members ?



Sadly, Derek's letter also included a reference to another of our former class-mates, Monty Wilcox (49-54), whose obituary you will see elsewhere. Derek recalls the occasions when he and Monty used to attend dance-nights in Wimborne and their amicable competition for the role of 'inside-right' in the School Soccer XI. Another footballing occasion he remembers was the School First XI victory against Shaftesbury Grammar 6-1 when your Editor contrived to score one of the winning goals from the 'outside-right' position. Derek laments the loss of the once traditional football team positions from the modern game. 'Goalkeepers' still exist, of course, but the other positions have gone from the game. What would the late, great Stanley Matthews be labelled today ? Certainly not 'outside-right'. Would he even have a role in the modern game ?

Derek writes fondly too of another OW member who recently left us – David 'Dai' Eynon Evans. Derek recalls attending boxing matches at the old Winter Gardens in Dai's company, in particular, an epic contest between Randolph Turpin and Yoland Pompey. (There's a mysterious and tragic story relating to Turpin who took his own life so young in curious circumstances reminding us too of the 'suicide' in his car in Soho of the former-Bournemouth boxing champion, Freddie Mills. I wonder if any OWs saw him in action ?)

As if this sequence of deaths is not saddening enough, Derek writes too of the recent loss of another QEGS Student and dear friend Graham Wigmore, who left the school when just 15 to become a 'very successful sales rep.' Derek's wife, Karen, put pen to paper in composing a moving poem in his memory, entitled 'Death of a Friend'.

In the light of the number of former OW members who have passed away in recent months, I am taking some lines from Karen's poem which, I feel, will have resonance for many of our membership, both our ladies and our gentlemen.

'Death of a Friend'

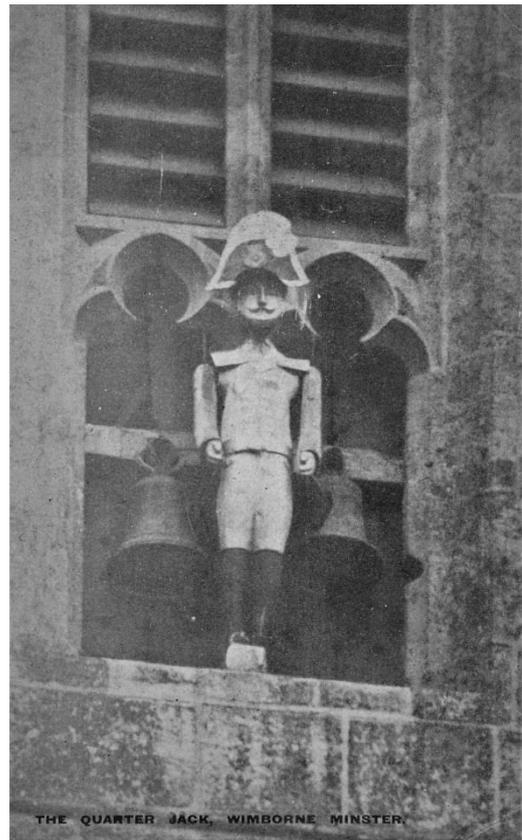
Death has snatched a dear friend away,
Memories now stirred from an earlier day.
A door has opened on to the past,
To a store of reminiscences varied and vast.
A friend you won't be seeing again,
A journey stretching from youth to man.

Your mind returns to the carefree school days,
When you were happy in so many ways.
Football, the choir and paper rounds,
Atone with the early morning sounds.

.....
.....
.....

(Well-written, Karen, and thanks to Derek for his letter. It would be splendid to receive some similar reminiscences from some lady members. Of course, I do realise you never got involved in naughty 'scrapes', or sneaked into a Wimborne public house underage whilst still at our dear old school. As for bad behaviour in class, well !!?

Ed.)



OBITUARIES

PETER ALLISS (dates at QEGS unknown)

Peter Alliss was born on 28th February 1931 in Berlin, where his father, Percy, had been the professional golfer at the Wannsee Golf Club since 1926. He weighed 14lb 11oz at birth, which was believed to be a European record for the heaviest baby at the time.

The Allisses hailed from Yorkshire where they ran a market gardening business near Sheffield. Percy Alliss had been introduced to golf when caddying at the Hallamshire club, and eventually became a very fine player who distinguished himself both in The Open Championship and the Ryder Cup.

The Allisses left Berlin in 1932 and Percy became the professional at Templenewsham, Leeds before moving in 1939 to Ferndown. Peter went to QEGS, but after a "run-in" with the ("sadistic" – Peter's own words) headmaster, "Tipper" Airey, he was moved to Crosby House private school near Bournemouth. By then Peter was aged 15 and already a scratch golfer. He learnt the game by spending all his free time on the Ferndown course. His father never really coached him, or gave him lessons. He would simply offer instructions and advice from time to time.

Peter made his first appearance in The Open Championship at Hoylake in 1947, aged 16½, but his performance was not great. In the next couple of years he played in a number of local events and low-key tournaments, winning prize money enough to suggest he might be able to make a living out of playing golf. Thence, he became a tournament professional. However, in 1949 he was called up to do National Service. The next 2 years were spent in the RAF Regiment, firstly at West Kirby and then at Catterick. During this time he was only able to play about 50 rounds of golf.

Back in civilian life, in 1953 he finished 9th in The Open Championship at Carnoustie and 3rd in the Irish Open. In that year he was also selected to be a member of the Ryder Cup team. He would go on to play in 8 Ryder Cups overall, but being on the winning side only once, in 1957. In the same year he became the professional golfer, jointly with his brother Alec (who was 8 years old than Peter), at Parkstone Golf Club.

In his playing career he went on to win 31 major events including 5 open championships. Of particular note is that in 1958 he won the Italian, Spanish and Portuguese open championships in 3 consecutive weeks, a record which will probably never be beaten as such events are not scheduled in that way these days.

Peter Alliss married first, in 1953, Joan McGuinness (a fashion buyer at Beales in Bournemouth) at West Parley church. They had 2 children, a son, Gary, in 1954 and a daughter, Carol, in 1960. Joan and Peter divorced in 1968. He married again in 1970 Jacqueline (Jackie) Grey – they had two daughters (Sara and Victoria) and two sons (Simon and Henry). Sadly, Victoria was severely disabled and died in 1982.

His career as a golf commentator began with the BBC in 1961 and, with spells on ESPN and ABC, was to last 59 years. Following the death of Henry Longhurst in 1978, Peter took over as the BBC's lead golf commentator. Golf gravitas was supplemented by sharp wit and whimsy that made his a uniquely charming voice. It brought him millions of fans on both sides of the Atlantic. Despite failing health and restrictions imposed due to the Covid-19 pandemic, he continued working right up until his death, in particular commentating from a screen at his home in Hindhead on the delayed US Masters tournament which took place in mid-November 2020.



[Peter and Jackie]

He was considered by many to be the finest golf commentator ever and referred to as the 'Voice of Golf'. He was a traditionalist who enjoyed the peculiarities of golf club life and he remained a brilliant and buoyant raconteur. His commentaries brought together an extensive knowledge of the game with wonderful, down to earth comments such as (when the heavens opened during a tournament) "One of the good things about rain in Scotland is that most of it ends up as Scotch".

In 1993, he turned down the offer of an OBE for services to golf, saying "there's nothing courageous, or special about being a golf commentator".

Always supportive of the Old Winburnians, when renewing his membership he would write "Since my membership number is 1, I must be your oldest member?". I replied, not so Peter, you are number 1 (I believe) because when the OWA membership list was first compiled, at the time you were the first member alphabetically by family name !

Peter Alliss died on 5th December 2020.

Compiled by your Editor & J R F G from details in his autobiography "My Life" and from numerous obituaries published in the newspapers

ROBERT JOHN ('Jack') HALL (34-41)

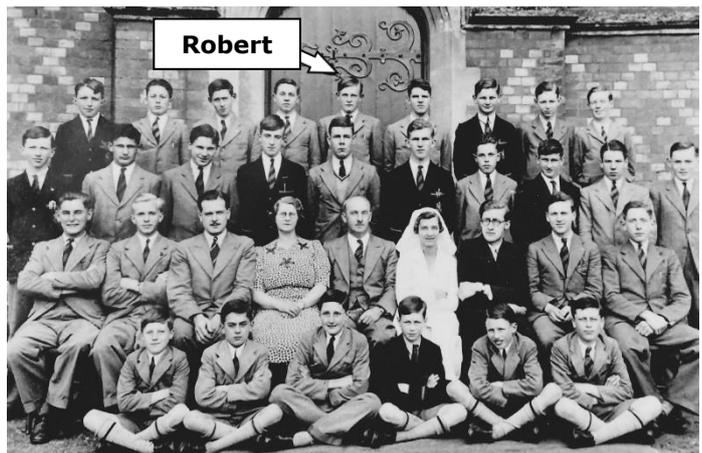


Robert was born on 12th July 1924 in Copnor, Portsmouth where his parents lived. His father, William Frederick Hall, was one of ten children and was a First World War veteran serving in the London regiment of the British army, mainly in the middle east. He worked for a London paint company called Nine Elms Paint and followed his father into the business. His mother, Grace Edith Hall came from a shoe making business in Wellingborough and was one of nine children.

Shortly after Robert's birth the family moved to Cowplain, 10 miles north of Portsmouth, where they stayed until

1929. He proved to be quite an active and adventurous child when, at the age of five, he got into his father's Bull Nose Morris car outside the house and pressed the floor mounted starter button. The car being in gear jumped forwards and came to rest in a ditch. After he was retrieved, fortunately not injured, two men helped his father recover the car. He told me recently that he could still vividly remember the look his father gave him.

In 1929 they moved house again to Brackendale Avenue, Charminster, Bournemouth, where he liked it as it was near Queens Park. He started at a local school, but suffering from asthma he missed a lot of lessons. At age 9 he was sent to Wimborne Grammar School as a weekly boarder, going in on Monday morning and home late Saturday morning each week. He found this very hard and was homesick for some time. He was doing well up to age 12 when his asthma got worse, so he came home to Charminster and attended the nearby St Wulframs preparatory school. In 1939, with his asthma having improved, he returned to Wimborne Grammar, but this time as a termly boarder which meant he only went home in the school holidays. There were 34 boarders at that time and they all attended services twice every Sunday at Wimborne Minster; they also used to swim in the river near Walford Mill in the summer. He did well at school and obtained credits in his Oxford School Certificate and also excelled in athletics, winning the 220 yards race in the 1939 sports day.



[School Photo circa 1940]

As World War Two progressed they saw aircraft dog fights over the area and also inspected crashed enemy aircraft on occasions. Most of the boys wanted to be Spitfire pilots, so he joined the Air Training Corps., which was attached to the school.

He left school, aged 18, in 1942, but due to his asthma was unable join the armed forces, so he joined a research unit of the Air Ministry based at Wallisdown, Bournemouth in what became the Max Factor factory next to Northbourne Golf Club. Here he wired-up complex electrical boxes for use on top secret Radio Location devices, later called RADAR. These boxes were used by Lancaster bombers to find their position and also targets. Whilst doing this he also signed up for the Redhill Bournemouth Home Guard platoon, where he was issued with a World War One Remington rifle with 6 bullets in case there was an invasion whilst he was on guard duty.

In 1945, after peace had returned, he went to visit some neighbours who had moved to Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire. Whilst there he looked for some work to tide him over until he could join his father working for Nine Elms Paint. He found that the Warwickshire War Agricultural Executive were recruiting tractor drivers to assist in the Dig for Britain campaign where machinery and manpower could be bought by farmers

cheaply to allow them to grow crops to feed the nation. It was here on his first day of training that he met Dorothy Carter, a Land Girl from Yorkshire, and after a short romance they married in Yorkshire in 1946. He said it was an austere affair, his best man did not turn up and none of his family was able to attend. The reception was at Dorothy's mother's house where enough coupons had been found for some spam, the only meat available. After a couple of days honeymoon they went back to work in the fields around Stratford-upon-Avon.

They soon started their family of 4 children in 1947. It was in late 1947 that he was asked if he would join his father's company dealing in paint with a view to taking over the work when his father retired. The family then moved to Charminster, Bournemouth where he trained with his father until 1954 when he was relocated to the Portsmouth area and bought his first house in Waterlooville.



[Robert and Dorothy]

Robert had several hobbies and enjoyed fishing in Langstone harbour and golf at the local club; Dorothy also played becoming a lady captain. By 1977, with all the family left home, they decided to move back to Dorset ready for retirement and relocated to Herston, Swanage, near to his son Michael. It was here they joined the Isle of Purbeck Golf club and also acquired a yacht which they sailed in Poole Harbour and the Solent. In 2006 they celebrated their Diamond wedding anniversary with a big party for family and friends. Not long after, Dorothy's health deteriorated until she passed away in 2009 after 63 years together. Robert was then living on the Ballard Estate at Swanage where he stayed on his own with the help of carers and was still driving up to the age of 95.

He did not like the Covid lockdown in 2020 as he enjoyed social contact with his friends and became rather frail until his demise in January 2021, aged 96 years. He had a wonderful long life, culminating in being responsible for 4 children, 10 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

After a long and valiant fight, 'Jack' Hall died on 17th January 2021.

Kindly sent to us by his son Michael

RAY SCOTT (36-42)



(The following is taken from an account Ray wrote of his life)

I was born in Eastbrook, Wimborne on 20th February, 1925. My cousin, Molly Dean, who lived a few shops away was born 24 hours earlier. Her brothers, Rodney and Roy, also attended QEGS. Living in the same street were Alan Evans and Ray Lush – Maurice Herridge was only a few doors away. My Father always visited

Maurice's Father's shop every Saturday night after he closed his jeweller's shop to buy tobacco for the week.

I knew all the shops in East Street and King Street at the time, including Mr Mansfield the butcher, Evans the newsagent, Evans the cycle shop, Dean's (my uncle) the outfitters, Bull & Lush the grocers and many more, including my grand-Father's sweet shop on the corner of East Street and High Street, which I visited quite regularly on my way home from the King Street Infants school. From there I went to the Boys' School in the Recreation Ground (Redcott's). At eleven I passed the scholarship and so joined the grammar school.

After leaving QEGS I joined the Bournemouth Daily Echo in the advertisement and commercial department and, while travelling home one day, I met a young lady which resulted in 53 years of happy marriage to Vera. Vera was a twin with her sister Eileen and their Father was Stanley Barrow who had the baker's shop in West Street.

My career remained with local newspapers up and down the country. For four years I worked for Woodrow Wyatt MP who was a leader in colour printing in newspapers. I was the General Manager of the Swindon Echo and Marlborough Times. Life was anything but easy with Woodrow Wyatt, In 1975 I joined Accurist Watches and stayed with them until retirement in 1997.

My marriage to Vera was indeed a 'love match' and I worshipped her from the first moment I saw her. We were married in Wimborne on June 8th, 1948, and were together until her death in 2001. I was truly blessed with a wonderful daughter, Janice, grand-children and great grand-children. Life changes dramatically after losing one's partner of so many years and it can be hard to come to terms with one's loss. However, I was very fortunate in having good families to rally round and give support as did my church, dear old St. John's, Palmers Green. It was there too I received another gift in the form of Anne Sweeney. Anne came to me to offer sympathy after church on Sunday. We later met and talked again, and eventually realised we had a lot in common – old grammar school stories (Anne had attended a grammar school many years ago in Karachi), politics, music and, of course, motoring and, I am pleased to say, a wonderful friendship developed. We became partners and deeply in love with each other to share the autumn years of our lives.



[Ray and Anne]

(In a separate letter to me Anne writes of her gratitude to the Old Winburnians, especially Olive Foyle, for welcoming her to our reunions when first she attended with Ray. In more recent times, of course, Anne & Ray have customarily sat with Len Pearce and his wife, and Robert Hall. Anne adds, in her concluding words, that there will be a Service of Thanksgiving for Ray's life on 17th July at his/her old church in Palmer's Green. We send our love and best wishes, Anne. It was always a great pleasure to see you at our reunions.

DEREK STEVENS (42-49)



(Derek sadly passed away in January 2021 in Poole Hospital. He suffered a stroke at home and was a patient in the hospital recovering when, very sadly, he contracted coronavirus from which he died. An enormously important and valued member of the OWA, he produced, for many years, the exhibition of memorabilia displayed at our reunions. The importance of Derek's role cannot be overstated and we all owe him a deep debt of gratitude. We will miss you, Old Friend ! Ed.)

Derek Stevens attended QEGS during the latter years of World War 2 and beyond. He was prominent in school sports and played in the senior teams at soccer and cricket. He did National Service in the Army and was stationed in Germany part of the time. Afterwards he had a career in transport and lived near Winchester. He had been married, but had no family and, for many years, lived alone. Some years ago he returned to Woodlands to live in the old family home adjacent to the Remedy Oak. He was quite frequently seen in Wimborne. He took care of the OWA's memorabilia, served on the committee and always attended reunions with a collection of memorabilia often based on a particular theme; something very much appreciated by all attendees. He expended a lot of time and effort to keep memories of the Old QEGS alive, for which all OWs are grateful to him.



Several of us attended Derek's funeral at the Church of the Ascension in Woodlands, north of Wimborne. Due to the current coronavirus restrictions on funeral gatherings, his very simple, committal funeral service was held outdoors in the graveyard behind the church – a very poignant, local gathering for such an occasion in such a rural location.

Kindly sent to us by Graham Powell (38-47)

MONTY WILCOX (49-54)

Monty was born in Wimborne in 1937 and lived at the family home in Three-Legged Cross with his parents and two younger brothers.

Very proud of having attended QEGS, he left and worked in a solicitor's office, but soon decided that wasn't for him. He joined the King's Royal Rifles before he had to do his National Service. Having served in Suez, he returned to Winchester Barracks and was promoted to



the rank of corporal. This is where he met his wife, Jill, who worked there in the

NAAFI. They went on to have 4 daughters (Jane, Sarah, Kate and Lucy), 7 grandchildren and one great-grand daughter. Monty was very proud of his connections with the Rifle Brigade and always wore the regimental tie.



After a short stint as a bricklayer in the late 1960s, Monty became a Gamekeeper, a job which he really loved. His most recent job since 1977 was as Gamekeeper on the Rockbourne estate. Very well respected in this job, he received a long service medal from the Duke of Edinburgh.

(From Monty's funeral service sheet, a poem entitled "A Father's Advice" by Mark Hanbury-Beaufoy. Monty's daughter, Sarah, said that, as a young girl, her father made her learn these words before he would allow her to handle a gun – she was, by her own admission, 'a bit of a tomboy' !

Ed.)

If a sportsman true you'd be
Listen carefully to me...

Never, never let your gun
Pointed be at anyone.
That it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.

When a hedge or fence you cross
Though of time it cause a loss
From your gun the cartridge take
For the greater safety's sake.

If twist you and neighbouring gun
Bird shall fly or beast may run
Let this maxim ere be thine
"Follow not across the line."

Stops and beaters oft unseen
Lurk behind some leafy screen.
Calm and steady always be
"Never shoot where you can't see."

You may kill or you may miss
But at all times think this;
"All the pheasants ever bred
Won't repay for one man dead."

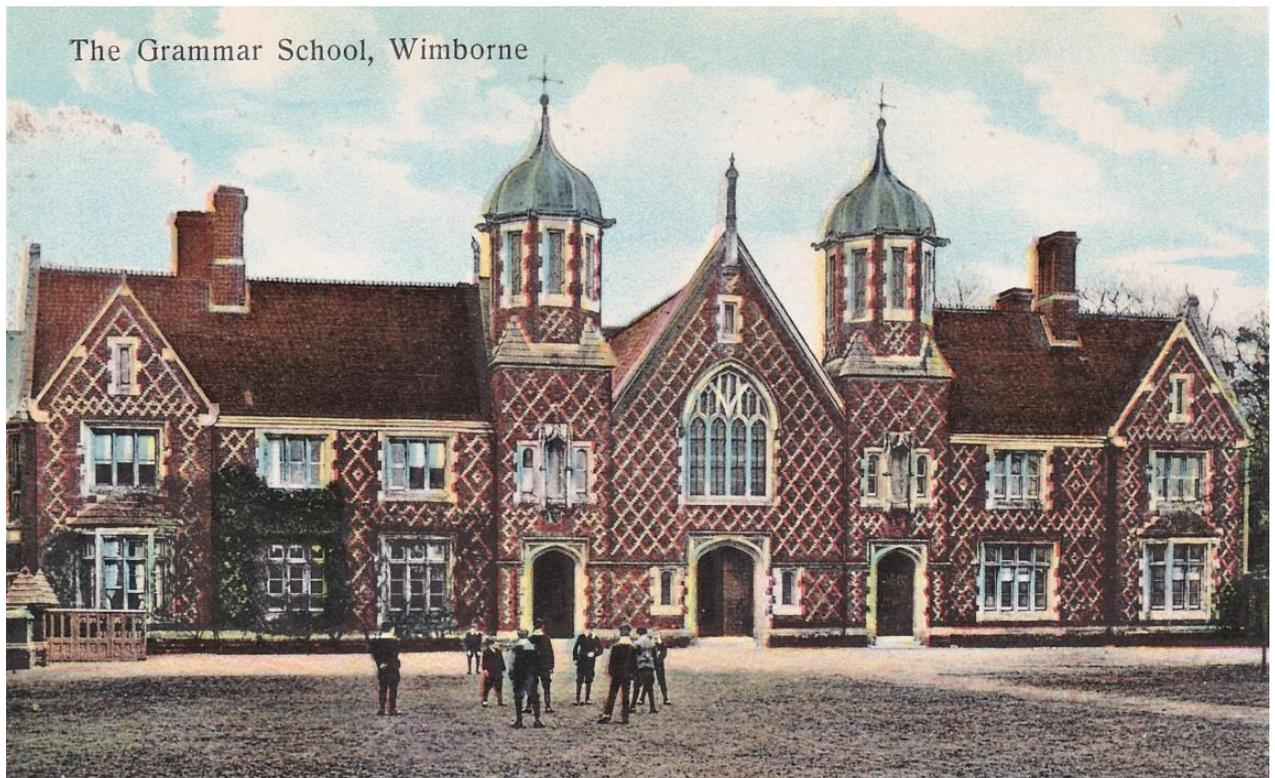
Keep your place and silent be;
Game can hear, and game can see;
Don't be greedy, better spared
Is a pheasant, than one shared.

Kindly sent to us by his daughter Sarah Bailey (née Wilcox)

(At a personal level, Monty was a dear friend at school in company with Ron Mansfield, the late Eddie Dennett and Patrick James 'Toad' Hatchard. Monty actually taught me how to tie a 'Windsor' Knot and was always so smartly dressed – we will miss you, Monty, you were one of the very best !

By the way, has any member news of Patrick 'Toad' Hatchard, once of Glebe Road, Lytchett Matravers ? I thought of contacting the Governors of HM Prisons in Dartmoor, the 'Scrubs' and Wandsworth, but I thought I would ask our membership first.

Ed.)



GROUP CAPTAIN DEREK RAKE

(A fascinating letter arrived from Richard Wallis (39-46) who lives in Frome, Somerset, enclosing an obituary published in The Times (dated 2nd February 2021) relating to Group Captain Derek Rake. Recalling his early days in Alderholt where he lived 'on one of the gravel roads called Camel Green' (No green and no camels ! Richard wryly observes) close by Derek Rake; Richard remembers travelling by train (presumably from Daggons Road station) to school in Wimborne with him though. Probably because of their age difference, Richard recalls 'we barely exchanged a Hello !' (Derek was, by your Editor's calculations, 5 to 6 years older than Richard).

We were also alerted to the death of Derek Rake by Martin Radcliffe (64-65) who spotted an obituary in the Daily Telegraph on 19th January 2021.

So please find below extracts from these obituaries which I believe are most directly relevant to OWA members.

Ed.)

Group Captain Derek Rake, who has died aged 98, flew Spitfires over the Balkans and north-western Europe, and was involved in combat with Luftwaffe jet aircraft in the closing weeks of the war.

At the height of the Cold War Rake flew secret sorties gathering intelligence in international waters bordering Eastern Bloc countries.

Derek Shannon Vaughan Rake was born at Alderholt, Dorset, on May 26th 1922. Whilst Derek grew up in comfortable surroundings, this changed after his eighth birthday when he had a bicycle accident, breaking his right arm. His stay in hospital was prolonged for several months by bouts of mastitis and measles. By the time he was discharged, his father's business had gone bust, a casualty of the 1929 crash. All this had serious implications for Derek and his two sisters.

Their prospects of a life of relative privilege disappeared. The family moved from their big house to a bungalow in the village and gave up ideas of educating Derek privately. The boy thrived, however. He was sent to a crammer to prepare for his 11-plus exam and won a scholarship to Wimborne Grammar School where he played for the first XV at rugby and the first XIs at football and cricket. He was also made head boy.

Later he won a place at Southampton University, choosing to read history rather than follow his grandfather and three uncles into medicine. While there as a student he saw two Spitfires landing at a nearby airfield. At that moment he decided to be a pilot and joined the university air squadron. After the bombing of Southampton, he cut his studies short and volunteered for the RAF in 1941.

He trained as a pilot in the United States under a bilateral scheme, graduating first in his class. To his frustration, he was retained to be a flying instructor, but finally, after much pestering, he returned to England in April 1943 and trained on the Spitfire.

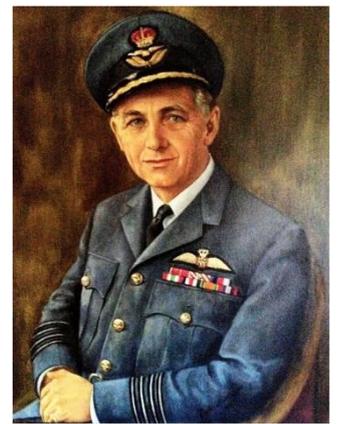
Rake joined 32 Squadron in August 1944, when it was based in southern Italy. He flew ground-attack operations as the Allied armies advanced in Italy, and also in support of the partisans in Yugoslavia.



Rake, centre, in a group of pilots of 32 Squadron leaving their Spitfires after a mission over Italy : a characteristic image of young airmen of the period

After WW2, Rake continued to pursue a career in the RAF, eventually retiring from it in March 1976. Afterwards he gained a diploma in accounting and finance, and became general manager of the newly opened Wembley Conference Centre. When he finally retired, he pursued his lifelong love of golf: he played two or three times each week at the East Berkshire Club until he was 96, when he suffered a fall that ended his playing days.

His wife and only daughter predeceased him. He is survived by his son Sir Michael Rake, chairman of Great Ormond Street Hospital and a former president of the CBI.



Derek Rake, died December 11th 2020.

Richard Wallis writes 'Derek's career was considerably more distinguished than mine. I got as far as Sergeant in the RAF in my 2 years of National Service, then Head of Languages in a Grammar School. In my retirement I had a walking book published (entitled "Land of Towers"), but a major stroke cut-short my writing "career". What a loss to the World !'

Richard also adds another memory from his school days. He writes as follows.

'Tipper decreed a gas mask inspection day drill. I got to the station (Daggons Road) before I realised I'd forgotten mine. If I went home to fetch it I should miss the train. Deciding attending classes was more important than gas mask drill, I went on.

In Assembly 'Tipper' announced, "Anyone who has forgotten their gas mask, report to my room". Twelve or so of us had, including two prefects. Mr A called these two in - they came out without their badges. The Head reappeared and addressed the rest of us, 'You have all disobeyed me, I shall cane you all'. A Fifth former went in, he got six. A Fourth former, five. Myself and another new boy reckoned that meant two each for us - correct ! They stung a

bit for the rest of the day, but not too badly. The other lad (Fisher I think) thought differently and complained to his father. The latter took him away from the school.

I never bore J C A any ill-will; indeed later I was very glad I'd known him. When I was applying to Southampton University, he wrote me a very nice testimonial – in spite of my pretty indifferent H S C results. He was on their Board of Governors !

(Richard, it was a delight to hear from you and I am sure you are being very modest. Your old friends and acquaintances in the OWA will be delighted to read your contribution. We all send our warmest regards.

Ed.)

GRAHAM LEWIS WIGMORE

Graham, a real Wimborne lad, was born in 1938. He had an early set-back when he had meningitis which left him almost completely deaf in the left ear. After passing the 11 Plus, he always struggled to hear lessons. So he left in the 4th form without any qualifications, but at each interview he always found that mentioning he attended Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School seemed to secure most jobs for which he applied with no GCEs.

After one happy summer as a Beach Photographer he began work for Swifts (Meat Wholesalers) in Bournemouth, where he picked up the art of selling goods when going out with the deliveries around Dorset. After a short period of unemployment he gained jobs as a Sales Representative, first for Heinz for some years, and later with ICI, winning several awards with both.



Subsequently, he joined the directors of a firm selling items required by pubs and entertainment venues; he ran this alone when the two other directors resigned. At one time he was in control of 20-30 lorries delivering throughout the south of England. Always living in Bournemouth, he retired in 2008.

His first wife, Jackie, with whom he had 2 boys (one an excellent footballer with AFC Bournemouth's junior teams) died of cancer; he later married Christine. His hobbies were football coaching and photography.

Graham and I spent many happy years riding from Leigh Park to the Grammar School and seemed to have a knack of clashing handlebars at the wrong moment, e.g., very near J C Airey and Big Joe, and not wearing our caps properly. Remember ?! He loved his years at QEGS which was his 'open sesame' to getting good quality jobs.

After a short spell in Bournemouth Hospital, having had a heart bypass some years before, he passed away peacefully on December 20th 2020.

Kindly sent to us by Derek Lawman (51-56)



The postcard above was sent (see below) from Wimborne in August 1941 to present day Ghana, postage 1^D. The message reads "All well here. Writing shortly and sending hankys, etc. Glad to receive your letters and to hear you are better."



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