



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – SPRING 2022

Dear Fellow Old Winburnians,

Do you remember those heady days more than 30 years ago when it appeared that the world was on the verge of a new era of international understanding, co-operation and peace ? Across the globe millions upon millions of people breathed a huge sigh of collective emotional relief that the Cold War between East and West that had lasted for half a century was ending.

The unlikely bond forged between three very disparate political leaders, President Ronald Reagan, President Mikhail Gorbachev and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher offered genuine hope of a better world. Today only Mr Gorbachev (aged 91) survives with Ronald Reagan (died 2004) and Margaret Thatcher (died 2013) having long ago left the world stage. As for what Mr Gorbachev thinks of Mr Putin and his loathsome henchmen one can only guess, but he must surely be in a state of despair. What the son of a poor Russian farming family achieved together with a Grantham grocer's daughter and the son of a lowly Illinois shoe salesman 30 odd years ago was astonishing – and now it is in ruins.

As our nation and the world begins to recover from the horrific Covid pandemic we are confronted by fresh challenges. Barbaric wars have been taking place in so many locations for as long as man has lived, often in places we simply never hear about. Today in a world of instant communication we are only too aware as we switch on our TV sets and see the latest terrible news from Ukraine. We send the poor citizens of that country our best wishes and any practical support – financial or material – we are able.

Dear friends, many of you have your own sad stories to tell of personal loss and bereavement. We send our sympathy and best wishes. Others amongst our membership will have uplifting stories to tell of achievement and family happiness. Whatever, we hope you find pleasure and entertainment in the following pages and do keep your letters and/or e-mails coming in to us.

I thank again my good pal, John Guy, for all his superb work and technical skill on our behalf. Do let him know you appreciate his dedication.

Your 'umble servant,

***Alan R Bennett
On behalf of the Committee***

**FORTHCOMING IMPORTANT
OWA DATES FOR YOUR DIARY**

Summer Reunion Saturday 2nd July 2022
Annual General Meeting Monday 19th Sept. 2022
Christmas Reunion Saturday 3rd Dec. 2022

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ATTENDEES AT CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 4TH DECEMBER 2021

Mrs Jennifer Baker	Née Donaldson 63-70	Mrs Sue Hatherley	Née Bush 53 - 60
Mrs Sarah-Jane Lea	Guest of Mrs Baker	Dr Peter Hatherley	Guest of Mrs Hatherley
Mr Alan Bennett	49 - 56	Mr Geoff Hill	58 - 59
Mrs Katie Boyes	QE School Headteacher	Mr John Pearson	Guest of Mr Hill
Mrs Wendy Bundy	Née Baker 54 - 59	Mr Andrew Jones	53 - 60
Mrs Eunice Carnall	Née Chadd 55 - 62	Miss Elizabeth Judd	Née Judd 65 - 70
Mr Robin Christopher	52 - 59	Mrs Carolyn Kamcke	Née Walkling 56 - 63
Mrs Hazel Christopher	Guest of Mr Christopher	Mr Alan Maitland	54 - 59
Mr Peter Clarke	55 - 57	Mrs June Maitland	Guest of Mr Maitland
Mr Robert Copelin	46 - 51	Mrs Maria Martin	Née Limm 55 - 60
Mr Desmond Cox	47 - 51	Mrs Julia Palmer	Née Cave 63 - 70
Mrs Janet Coy	Née Dowd 53 - 58	Mr David Park	48 - 55
Mrs Freda Croasdell	Née Millard 61 - 66	Mr Graham Powell	38 - 47
Mr Arthur Croasdell	Guest of Mrs Croasdell	Mrs Christine Price	Née Richmond 55 - 60
Mr Anthony Elgar	53 - 60	Mrs Betty Read	Née White 53 - 58
Mrs Dianne Elgar	Guest of Mr Elgar	Mrs Ann Richmond	Née Mitchell 55 - 60
Mr Tony Gould	51 - 57	Mr David Roberts	49 - 55
Dr John Guy	63 - 71	Ms Rainbow Russell- Pritchard	Née Lynne Russell 66-71
Mr Francis Hackforth	49 - 56	Mrs Marion Ryder	Née Shave 63 - 68
Mr Alan Hall	51 - 57	Mr Ian Wilkinson	Guest of Mrs Ryder
Mr John Harper	52 - 56	Mr John Singleton	54 - 61
Mrs Joyce Harper	Guest of Mr Harper	Mr Timothy Spall	58 - 61
Mr Bill Haskell	52 - 56	Mr Ken Taylor	51 - 57
		Mrs Helen White	Née Filcher 55 - 60

APOLOGIES FOR CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 4TH DECEMBER 2021

Richard Anstey	Faith Elford	Jeremy Proctor
Morgan Antell	David Finnemore	Terry Randall
Linda Berenbrinck	Janet Finnemore	David Reeks
Kenneth Bernthal	Maurice French	Ian Rogers
Nick Bishop	Patricia Fripp	Peter Russell
Paul Burry	Brian Gross	David Singleton
Rod Cheese	Caroline Jennings	Jill Strong
Harry Clarke	Mike Kerley	Richard Strong
John Clode	Brian Langer	Cynthia Tanner
Sue Coombes	Eric Leeson	Pat Trayler
Audrey Cooper	Ron Mansfield	Peter Watts
Guy Corbett-Marshall	Carolyn Martin	Geoff Welch
Peter Cox	Diana Moss	Bill White
Dennis Dolman	Jenny Moss	Prof. Bob White
Janet Doolaeye	Vic Moss	Havilland Willshire
Peter Douch	Prof. David Norman	
Lorna Dyter	Christopher Peters	

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
Rainbow Russell	Orchard Cottage, Waddon, WEYMOUTH	DT3 4ER
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

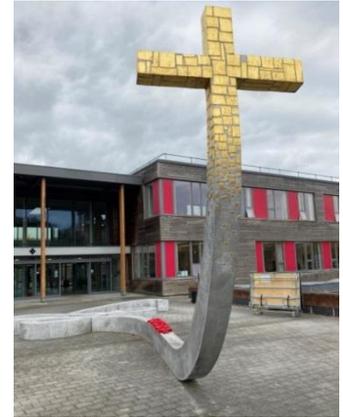
CO-OPTED MEMBERS

David Finnemore	4 Purbeck Gardens, POOLE	BH14 0QS
Graham Powell	42 St. Peters Court, St. Peters Road, BOURNEMOUTH	BH1 2JU

REMEMBRANCE DAY – THURSDAY 11TH NOVEMBER 2021 by YOUR EDITOR

MORNING SERVICE AT QE SCHOOL

The members of the school orchestra, together with their instruments and conductor, are already seated and chatting among themselves even as we arrive to take our places in the allocated area before the entrance hall to the main school building. Twenty or so of us, we ancients of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, are directed to our chairs in the front couple of rows of the audience waiting for events to unfold before us. No, this is not the familiar Victorian building before us in King Street that we knew so well more than half a century earlier, but it is Queen Elizabeth's School, Wimborne, Pamphill, attended by generations of children from across the locality in which we too grew up. The members of the orchestra and the other children we shall see perform before us in the next hour are, directly or indirectly, our scholastic heirs.



It's a still, mild and thankfully dry November morning. A few gulls and rooks pass lazily overhead, indifferent to the activity beneath them.

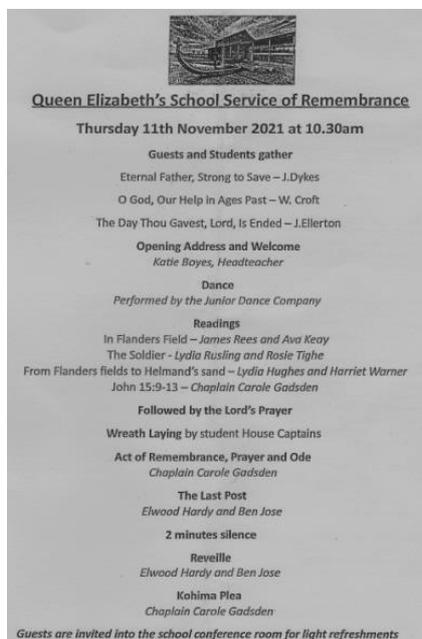
"Had your booster jab yet?"

We exchange notes. Few of us have seen much human activity these past months. Maybe a neighbour glimpsed over the hedge, a masked friend or relative calling by having confirmed a visit is in order. Covid has made us hermit like creatures with precious little social contact.

"Astrazeneca or Pfizer?"

The service is about to begin. Instruments are being tuned.

"What about your 'Flu jab?"



Is this what we have been reduced to? The sparkling conversation(s) interspersed with witticisms and references to Wilde or Shakespeare has/have been replaced by How can it/they be best described?

The service begins. Katie Boyes, Headteacher, charm and elegance personified, delivers the Opening Address and Welcome. She looks scarcely older than her students but, then again, anyone under the age of 60 looks a youngster to we ancients. Suddenly, like whirling Dervishes from another age, the Junior Dance Group are performing before us. Ye gods, such energy, such musicality, such athleticism, as they swirl and cavort before us. Were we once so blessed? They deserve applause but the solemnity of the occasion denies them their reward.

Readings now from In Flanders Field, The Soldier and From Flanders fields to Helmand's sand precisely enunciated and sensitively delivered. Then the Lord's Prayer and wreath laying, and apposite words by the School Chaplain, followed by the Last Post, Two Minutes Silence and Reveille.

It has been an impressive performance and a credit to the pupils and staff of the school. Dignified, disciplined and sensitively executed, all the participants, young and old, have displayed an awareness of the importance of such remembrance. We, the ancients of Queen Elizabeth's, warmly congratulate everyone involved in the preparation and performance of this morning's ceremony. Those generations we have collectively been remembering would have been proud of every participant, not least the young students obliged to remain still and silent throughout the proceedings. Well done, Queen Elizabeth's School, Wimborne.



Inside the main hall of the school building then for coffee or tea and biscuits. There will be those among us, I am certain, especially any 'old soldiers' present who would not be averse to the adding of 'a wee dram of your finest Scotch' to their cups of tea or coffee. Alas, there is no evidence of any Highland malt on display. The 'old soldiers' will have to wait until they get back home, I am afraid. Dorset's Education Authority has not budgeted for Highland malt this year. Where is their sense of priorities ?

Convivial conversation with old friends,

"I believe Old ---- passed away a couple of nights ago. A fine rugger player in his day. Only his dog for company in recent months, I understand".

"So I heard. A merciful release, I suspect".

"Will you be going to the funeral ?"

We take our leave and return to our cars.

AFTERNOON WREATH LAYING AT WIMBORNE MINSTER

Attendance at the traditional 11am service on Minster Green was strictly limited. In fact, the wreaths so carefully laid just a few hours earlier by the nominated representatives of various Wimborne organisations have already been removed.

Ken places the OWA wreath on the memorial and we stand in silent contemplation for a minute or two. All those lives so cruelly and prematurely ended. It was a long time ago, but we remember them still and their sacrifice that we might live in freedom, scarcely a local family untouched by the tragedies of WW1 and WW2.





A funeral service in the Minster has just ended and a steady stream of sombre mourners are filing out and drifting slowly past us. We chatter idly for a few minutes, Ann Richmond, Rainbow Russell-Pritchard, Ken Taylor, Tony Elgar, John Guy and myself. The Glasgow Conference on Climate Change is in its second week. What changes, if any, will it bring to our world, we wonder ?

Our wreath is already being removed by a Minster official
'To avoid any problems overnight, I'll put all the wreaths back in their place first thing in the morning'.

Is it a sad reflection of the times in which we live that such a precaution is thought necessary, or just common sense ?

We wend our various ways back to our cars. What will the coming year bring – an end to the Covid pandemic and a return to normality in our lives – or something worse ? And how many of us will still be around to remember our lost generations ?



[The OWA wreath]

[All wreaths replaced around the memorial after Remembrance Sunday]

[All photographs by Dr John Guy]



REMINISCENCES by PETER DOUCH (58-63)

(Following on from David Woodhead's recent excellent pieces about living in the centre of Wimborne, here are some memories from Peter.

Ed.)

David Woodhead's reminiscing about the visit of David Sheppard to the town in the last newsletter brought back many memories.

I was lucky enough to be the scorer for Wimborne Boys Club that day and if I find the scorecard will give it to the publisher for printing as I am sure there were other OWs as well as Malcolm McNeil in the team. My fellow scorer was David's wife Grace and no money can buy the experience of listening to her talking about their life with the Mayflower Centre in the East End of London.

David played in the match and Wimborne's guest was Cuan McCarthy, a South African fast bowler who was farming in Dorset at the time. No one can understand why McCarthy gave up playing for South Africa at 23. He was very academic having got his degree at Pietermaritzburg University and studied for his Masters at Cambridge. He loved the outdoor life and yet he was one of the fastest bowlers in the world at the time. 'Chucking' I hear the aficionados say. Yes, our greatest umpire Frank Chester wanted to call him many times and I suspect Cuan became disillusioned. He did not bowl at full pace to 10 year olds. He played a few matches for Dorset without much success.

Keeping up the Dorset connection, David Sheppard went to Sherborne School where he was coached by Mickey Walford, a very well-known Somerset and Dorset cricketer. It's no secret that David Sheppard was in line for an Archbishopric, but his Evangelism and his love for Liverpool stopped him. Who cannot remember his frequent incursions in the national media with his fellow Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool Derek Worlock and, together with Michael Heseltine, helped make Liverpool a much better City to live and work.

The Boys Club also had a football team. I once played in goal for them against a local boys club and we were 6-1 down at half time. With no substitutes in those days an outfield player was put in goal and I was hidden at right back for the second half. Final score 7-6 to Wimborne. All sage and serious spectators at the match praised the unbelievable turnaround on having a decent goalkeeper for the second half. I beg to partially disagree. How about a marauding right back (eat your heart out Reece James) 40 years ahead of his time with tactics !!!

Unusually I got on well with 'Frosty' Hoare. This is probably because at the age of 11 I knew a few of the rules of rugby union (no one can know them all). This came about because Wimborne Rugby Club played on the river side at Hanhams (now Waitrose) and with my Mum playing hockey on the Rowlands Hill side, it was natural for one living so close to gravitate to the rugby pitch and if they were short I became a 9 year old touch judge who only decided if the ball had gone out of play and which side got the throw in. However, watching and listening to the referees allowed me to play a year early for the under 15's and captain them later with my knowledge of the rules taking me to three games for Dorset. Wimborne RUFC was swarming with OW's and teachers. I can remember seeing Kenny Bartlett guest for them, Michael Bartlett and Ivor Hilliam play.

Colin 'Taffy' Powell our Latin teacher was an excellent full back peering through his contact lenses, 'Gunner' Holman was a well-respected referee and 'Tarzan' Williams was involved behind the scenes. From my era Peter Warren and Peter Boorer excelled. I wonder if I remember nearly all of them because they were all enterprising fly halves and inside centres.

But on cold and wet days, Eddie Waring and Rugby League on the TV with its simpler rules drew me in. Whether it was from Belle Vue, Post Office Road, Mount Pleasant (having been there a few times, a contradiction), The Boulevard, or Central Park respectively, Wakefield, Featherstone, Batley, Hull FC, or Wigan, it always seemed

dark, muddy and foggy. The last two grounds are no longer there with larger stadium being built and shared between the football and rugby league teams. On one of my last visits to Central Park on a cold, crispy, misty November Friday evening I and my three youngest saw Martin Offiah score ten, yes TEN, tries for Wigan against the mighty Leeds. Unfortunately, I did not see number seven because my youngest who was 7 wanted the loo. Incredibly a Leeds player got himself sent off when he punched Offiah after he scored try number 8. Frustration takes many forms.

We were lucky enough to bounce in to Offiah again when my son Nick was playing for London Broncos seconds and Offiah was in the seconds for allegedly not trying for the firsts. Also playing for London that day was Shaun Edwards, possibly the greatest defence coach that Rugby Union has had and England has missed. He was on his way back after injury. Despite having these two world stars Bradford Bulls seconds won. What the Bradford youngsters from the terraced housing made of London's home ground for the day, Henley RUFC, I don't know. Posh doesn't do it justice.

Frosty allegedly hated football (soccer) and only allowed it in spring term because Poole GS and Weymouth GS played it. If Frosty had his way we would have been playing rugby throughout both terms with more matches against minor private schools such as Embley Park and Hurn Court.

Most Saturday winter evenings from the age of 6, I would walk in to East Street to Evans newsagents to queue for the arrival from Richmond Hill of The Football Echo. Out on his own at the age of 6 on a winter evening, remembering the whole of Leigh Road and East Street in those days was the A31 (two-way, then later one-way before the bypass). This is one area where things are different; young children tend not to be out on their own at that time any more.

The demise of coloured Saturday football papers. Naturally Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle were the last to go. The Herculean task of producing them so quickly from antiquated Press Boxes and Telephones with reports from Wimborne, Shaftesbury, Swanage, Blandford, et al and to rush them to the retailers. It was mind boggling then and is still now. And finally, to square my story, Mr Evans the newsagent had three children at QEGS, Gillian, Andy and Tim, the latter two good cricketers.

MY FATHER by JENNIFER HOLMAN (65-72)

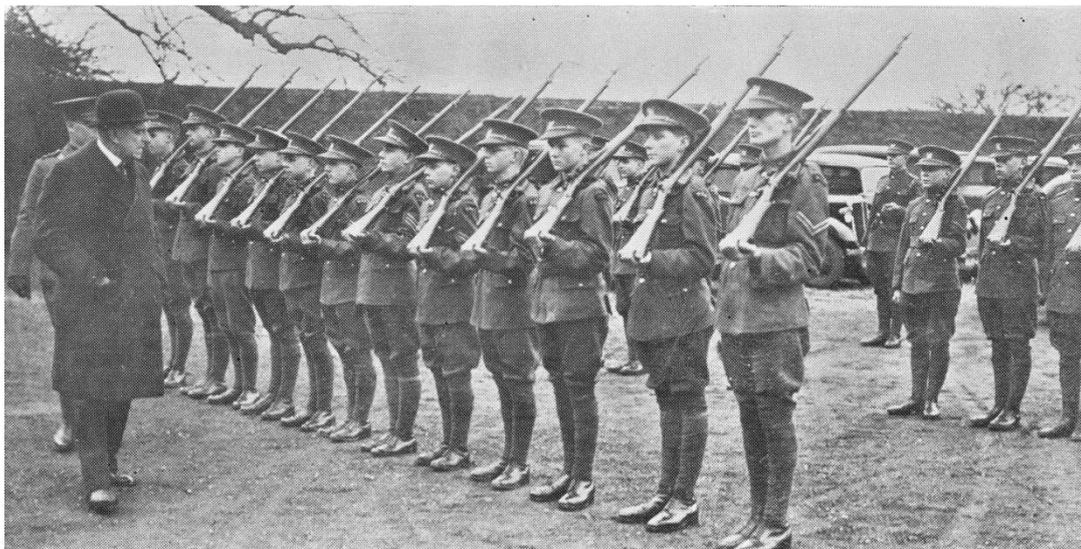
Dear Alan,

Mark Perkins' article 'Staff, Nicknames and Other Trivia' in the Autumn 2021 issue of the Old Winburnians newsletter raised the question of nicknames, and where they might have come from.

My father, R J Holman, was known as Gunner by staff, pupils, team mates at Wimborne Rugby Club and friends.

He used to say that he didn't really know how or when he acquired the nickname.

But it might well be that he became Gunner when a pupil of the grammar school (from 1932 to 1939), particularly after 1936 when he joined the school Cadet Corps (see the photo below from The Winburnian magazine of Autumn 1936).



[The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Lieutenant of Dorset, inspecting the guard of honour of the School Cadet Corps. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Bournemouth Times and Directory)]

In his school report for Summer 1939, his form master, H E Drury, wrote 'once more as senior NCO of the Cadet Corps, [he] helped in the winning of the Lucas Tooth Shield'. And the list of School Distinctions at the back of his report book shows that he was also Sergeant-Major in 1938. We still have a silver cup presented to him in 1937-38 for the Cadet Corps' success.

The Winburnian Magazine for Summer 1938 has a report of the Cadet Corps' success, and an article written by RJH about the Cadet Corps Camp on the Isle of Wight.

THE CADET CORPS CAMP

The Annual Cadet Corps Camp was held from July 29th to August 5th, on the Isle of Wight, near Golden Hill Fort, which was mid-way between Yarmouth and Freshwater. Unfortunately, we did not have the same site as last year, but this year's site was almost as good, and we all had a good time.

The first fun we had was at the expense of the Captain of the ferry boat. First he told us to go on the boat, then to get off. No sooner had we got off than he told us to get on again; we promptly did so, whereupon he ordered us off. After repeating this a few times, we managed to leave Lymington Pier and set sail for Yarmouth.

We arrived there without trouble and trekked up the long way to the camp, which was perched on a hill overlooking the Solent. There we pitched camp and took a welcome rest.

What happened on the following days I can only recall in a haze; I seem to remember bathing expeditions, cricket games, trips of exploration, sun bathing, red skin and sunburn lotion, ants, campfires, half-naked savages (or so it seemed !) wandering about the camp, a walking expedition on which it was rumoured fully half of those taking part "kicked the bucket" – packed up, in plain English – and only their ghosts returned to camp: though I have some reason to disbelieve this.

After, so it seemed, an all too short time, we had to strike camp – this, unfortunately, in wet weather, which did not, however, damp the spirits though it damped the body. So back to Yarmouth we trekked and embarked to Lymington.

With great shouting and singing, we rattled back to Wimborne in the "Southern Flier", and thus ended another very successful camp – (due to the hard work of the officers) – with much sorrow and many pleasant memories.

R. J. H.

P.S. – What about a few more recruits for the Cadet Corps ? We want to retain the Lucas Tooth Shield which we won after so many years.

When he left school he studied at Southampton College and in 1942 he gained a first class honours degree in history from the University of London. He was then called up by the RAF, and, having done his initial training in Boston, Lincolnshire, he was posted to India. He was a wireless operator, and, towards the end of his war service, he was teaching wireless operations to Indian recruits.

On his return to England, and after 'de-mob', he became a teacher at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in 1947 until his retirement from teaching.

My parents R J Holman and S C Pearce married in July 1948. The announcement was made in The Winburnian magazine in the Autumn of 1948. Miss Sybil C Pearce was the sister of Lewin James (Jimmy) Pearce R E. The following was reported in The Winburnian, No.100, of Spring 1946.

With deep regret we record the passing, on service, of 'Jimmy' Pearce, a Sapper, who was previously reported missing and is now presumed to have been killed on or shortly after February 26th, 1942. One of a number of men specially selected for evacuation from Singapore shortly before its capitulation, he subsequently reached Padang, Sumatra, whence he apparently again sailed in one of two ships, of which one is known to have been sunk with but very few survivors, while the other has not been heard of again. He joined the Army on leaving School.

His name is on the Honours Board.

(P S Rodney Wiseman has kindly sent us a piece taken from The Winburnian, No.108, of Autumn 1948, as follows

It has been pointed out that no congratulations have yet been offered to R J Holman on this marriage to Miss S Pearce. As "Gunner" is a former pupil of the School, a present master, and the active secretary of the O W A Sports Club, he is a "fully qualified" member and we hasten to offer our apologies to him.

Best wishes Mr and Mrs Holman.

Many thanks Rodney Ed.)

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(In the same entry from The Winburnian, No.100, of Spring 1946 is the following piece about a former Head Boy Ed.)

With deep regret we record the passing, on service, of David J C Britten, Captain, M C, R A, who was killed in action whilst serving in Burma. Many Old Winburnians will remember him as Head Boy of the School, and retain a deep love and admiration for his sincerity, kindness, constancy and high sense of duty, qualities which, with others, gave grace to his outstanding character and ability. He always partook fully of the life of the School, including the Dramatic Society, in which he will be especially remembered for his acting of Miss Prism in "The Importance of Being Earnest". He was awarded the M C posthumously.

WIMBORNE WORKHOUSE by PAT TRAYLER (née BROWN) (62-69)

(Following Pat's excellent piece in our last newsletter, she sends us more details about the history of the Annexe – many thanks Pat !

Ed.)

There have been a variety of maps of Wimborne online, but most have to be enlarged to see the "Workhouse" the changes over the years. Many maps are not in focus and are blotchy. Wimborne Workhouse appeared on a map in 1832, but this map was crumpled and difficult to read. The 1847 Tithe map for the Wimborne area was much clearer with an identical layout for the workhouse. Therefore only the 1847 map is in this article.

The original building fronted on to the East Borough Road. This was extended along the road and inwards towards the River Allen. The change from local care, to being the Wimborne and Cranborne Workhouse meant an extension with a wing for women and another for men. A chapel and school were added. The extension along the road was made possible by relocating cottage occupants to another three buildings nearer the town in a deal between the Guardians of the Poor and the Church Wardens. Around this time the practice of giving parish relief was discouraged and beer money was stopped. The infirmary at the bottom of the plot of land catered for inmates only at this time but would later deal with the local poor with medical problems. The rich called in a doctor, the middle class visited the cottage hospital.

[Workhouse main building
in 1847]

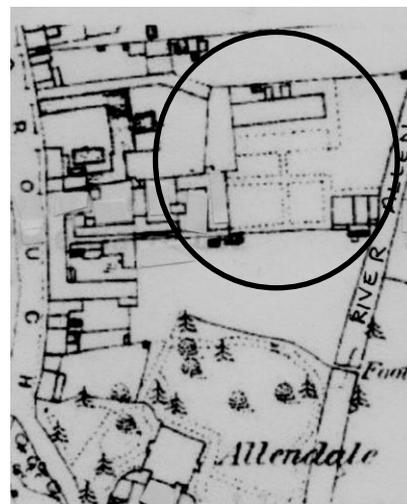


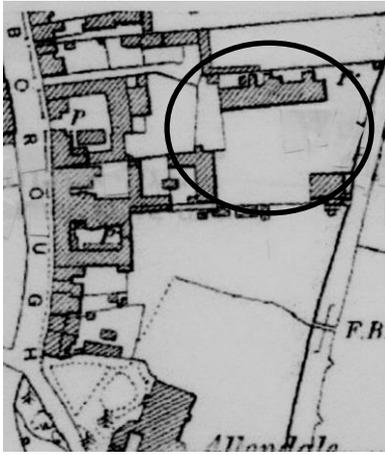
[Grounds with
infirmary by the river]

The Oxford Chronicle April 16th 1859, Brasenose College, reported that Reverend William Fletcher, Headmaster of the Grammar School, had been appointed Chaplain to the Union Workhouse, Wimborne.

By 1881 the buildings have increased in number and the infirmary in the grounds by the river has been drawn much larger. The building which would become the Grammar School Annexe has been drawn in and pathways may indicate the vegetable plots that were remembered from the Grammar schooldays.

Somewhere were two earth closets which served the workhouse as toilets. There is an indication of a road for deliveries to the workhouse and for the night scavengers to dig out the closets. The infirmary waste was discarded straight into the river, creating an unpleasant smell particularly when the water was slack.





This 1891/1901 map is a little clearer with the buildings. The original building stopped on the line drawn to the old infirmary. The wall behind the Annexe building made the classroom for 2A very dark.

A small laundry was on site. Most washing was taken to a laundry in town, but "dirty washing" (presumably from the infirmary and from old folks problems) was cleaned by girls on site, saving costs. The workhouse provided temporary shelter for tramps in a separate facility, with minimal care. Local mental patients stayed there rather than be sent to the County Asylum.

Wimborne relied on wells for water but these dried up and Wimborne Water Company formed to bring water in from a reservoir. The Workhouse was a low priority for linking to the system.

Surname	Ellis	Rec'd	1 MAY 1919
Christian Names	Charles Anthony	(Mr., Mes. or Miss)	
Permanent Address:	Millbank House Wimborne		
Date of Engagement	1914	Rate	None
Date of Termination	1919	Rate	None
Particulars of Duties	Superintending at Infirmary	Pay	270
Whether whole or part time, and if latter No. of hours served			None
Previous Engagements under Joint War Committee, if any, and where			None
Honours awarded	None		

WW1 brought a change for the workhouse and the buildings. The Red Cross took over most of the site, probably leaving the old people's part alone. This was a time of employment either in the military or on the home front, so there should be no able bodied men or women in the workhouse. The Ellis family was one of the many families connected with the running of the workhouse and the town. Left is the service card for Charles Ellis who joined the Red Cross in Wimborne.

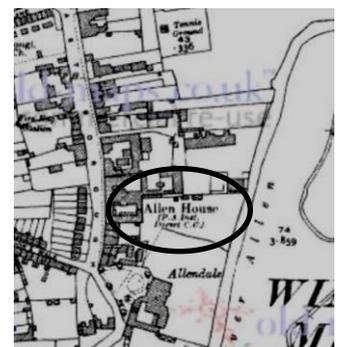


The 1928 map shows the workhouse is now the Poor Law Institution. The exact purposes of all the buildings is not clear. The Fire Engine Station is on the left of the East Borough Road.

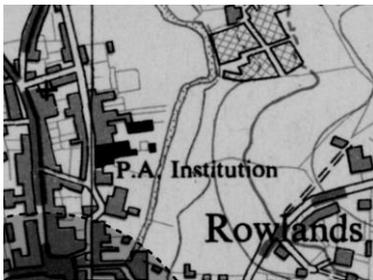
In 1934 the Dorset County Council wanted to shut the ancient and dilapidated infirmary.

Mr Habgood put up a good fight against this but was defeated. Nothing was done so the

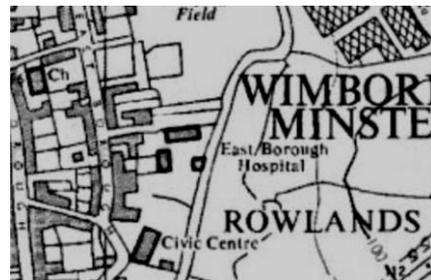
matter came up again and Mr Habgood fought a better case and in 1936 the infirmary was saved and repairs made. The 1936 map has the old Workhouse labelled Allen House and is under control of Dorset County Council and another change in



title to the P A Institution (Public Assistance Institution).



[This 1939 map shows changes to the buildings]



[This is the 1954 version]

The 1954 map shows another change of use for the "workhouse." There was a renaming of the hospitals in 1950 and the Wimborne Institution became East Borough Hospital. This did not last long as Poole General Hospital opened and became the main hospital for a large area of Dorset. 1950 the hospital had serious overcrowding. The house and estate (Allendale) that bordered onto the Workhouse property was the residence of the Castleman family. William and his two sons were solicitors and entrepreneurs. Edward financed his brother Charles in the venture bringing the railways to Wimborne via the Castleman Corkscrew. Edward was on the board of Guardians of the Poor in the early days. In some of his dealings he seemed to be on several different sides at the same time. The house which had been built in times of peasant unrest was built like a stronghold so was a reasonable choice for a Civic Centre.

Note: Mr Prior, the Master of the East Borough Hospital made the Western Gazette in 1950 November 10th when his outdoor aviary had three border canaries hatch.

The 1964 map shows and names the Annexe. The original workhouse was demolished around 1953 and Allen Court provided sheltered accommodation for the elderly of Wimborne.



By 1978 the Grammar School has closed. Pupils went to Queen Elizabeth's Comprehensive School at Pamphill and Lytchett Minster School. The Annexe was used for the overspill of the nearly completed Ferndown Comprehensive School.

The Annexe ceased to be in 1982.



[Entrance to Allen Court, now on the site of the Wimborne Workhouse]



HENRY STANLEY JOYCE (1882-1961)
(An OLD WINBURNIAN from 1891 to 1898)
by MARTIN RADCLIFFE (65-66)

I was reading through the history of QEGS on the Old Winburnians website and came across the references to H.S. Joyce and the books he had written about his childhood in Dorset, so I asked one of my sons to give me one of his books, "I Was Born in The Country", for Christmas. It's a very interesting book (I had no idea the river Stour had so many pike in it back then!), but there were no details about Joyce's life story that you would normally see in the preface of such a book. This set me to wondering, so I started searching for H.S. Joyce online.

He was born on 22nd July 1882 in the White Mill which is situated in the parish of Shapwick, but roughly midway between the villages of Shapwick and Sturminster Marshall. His parents were Thomas Davis Joyce (1841-1909), a miller and farmer, and Helen Jane Blount (1849-1928). They were married on 9 Oct 1879 in the parish church, Wimborne. Henry had five sisters and a younger brother, Thomas Blount Joyce, born 1891, who died on 21st March 1917 in the military hospital, Devonport.

(I can find no trace of Henry himself serving in WW1 and his name is not on the QEGS WW1 Roll of Honour for those who served in WW1).

Henry's birthplace, the White Mill, is now a National Trust property, the site of which goes back to the Domesday Book.



[Picture of White Mill from the internet site of the National Trust]

Henry, in his book, says that he thinks it was called White Mill due to the then still active chalk pit next to the mill, which he calculated from the rate it was being excavated to be 1,000 years old. The chalk pit is now the car park for those visiting the mill.



[Portrait of Israel Joyda Charles Joyce from ancestry.co.uk]

The Joyce family were tenant millers there from 1772 until the late 1880s. However, in the 1525 survey of West Country Manors there is reference to John Joyce holding land in Shapwick around "Whyte Mylle Brygge". The mill was part of the Kingston Lacy estate owned by the Bankes family.

We can follow the occupancy of the White Mill from the census's starting in 1841 when it was occupied by Israel Joyda Charles Joyce (circa 1799-1852), a Miller and Baker, and his family.

In the 1861 census White Mill is occupied by Jane Joyce (1804-1869), Israel's widow, described as miller, baker and farmer of 80 acres, employer of 5 men and 1 boy.

In the 1871 census Thomas Davis Joyce, Henry's father, is recorded as living in Deans Farm. (I think this is a mistake judging by whom else is under that address, they were almost certainly living in White Mill). He is described as a baker and farmer of 78 acres employing 2 men and 2 boys. Thomas is living with his sister Janet Joyce and a 25 year old servant.

In the 1881 census Thomas Davis Joyce is now married and still living in White Mill. Thomas is listed as a farmer of 90 acres employing 7 men and 1 boy. They have a female general servant, age 20.

In the 1891 census his family has left White Mill and moved to Oaklands in Wimborne. His father is listed as a farmer and Henry is an 8 year old scholar. They have a governess, a general servant and a nurse. (Oaklands was at 19 Rowlands, Wimborne in the 1911 census. There is a Rowlands Hill in Wimborne).

The Joyce family appear to have vacated White Mill and in the 1901 census White Mill was occupied by Edward Bletso, a game keeper, and family.

Henry attended QEGS from 1891 to 1898. When he left school, he went to work as a bank clerk at the National Provincial Bank (now NatWest); I would presume at 7 West Borough, Wimborne, which as it happens was where I went to work in 1966 when I left QEGS. (I see it's due to close its doors on 6th April 2022).

Henry wanted to be a farmer, but his mother said that wasn't good enough for him and made him join the bank against his wishes. In the 1901 census they are still living in Oaklands, Henry is 18 years old and is listed as a bank clerk.

In the 1911 census Henry is living as a boarder in 23 Victoria Road, Folkestone, as is another boarder, both are bank clerks. Henry's brother Thomas Blount Joyce is age 20 and appears to have met the same fate at the hands of his mother; he is a bank clerk.

Henry married Elizabeth Ruby Sanders (1895-1978) in 1917 in Barnstaple. They had a son Thomas Peter, born 25 April 1919 in Dulverton, Somerset.

In the 1921 census Henry is visiting his mother with his wife Elizabeth Ruby and their 2 year old son Thomas Peter Joyce. Henry is now a bank accountant. His mother is still living in Oaklands, with Henry's sisters Dora Julia Joyce, a certified council school teacher, and Janet Blount Joyce a governess.

In the September 1939 I.D. Card Register Henry is living as a retired bank manager in Innisfree, Roundswell, Barnstaple with his wife and son Thomas Peter, a wool merchant. Henry is age 57, so must have retired early. It is known that Henry never enjoyed working for the bank, which may explain his early retirement, but despite that he became a successful bank manager retiring from the Barnstaple branch.

In May 1940 things took an interesting turn for Henry. From 24th May 1940 until 3rd December 1944, he was part of Churchill's Secret Army Auxiliary Units, a sabotage organisation set up in 1940 in case of a Nazi invasion. They were a secret resistance network of volunteers prepared to be Britain's last ditch line of defence. It was a top secret organisation of secret bases ('Operational Bases') spread around the country in remote underground hideouts. In the course of a German invasion, they would stay put, come out at night and undertake acts of sabotage. By the end of 1940 about 300 Operational Bases were in use and 534 by the end of 1941.

Henry was a sergeant in charge of the Tawstock Operational Base south of Barnstaple. He had 8 staff under him with occupations ranging from gardeners, farmers, gamekeepers and an electrical battery salesman.

The website www.staybehinds.com/henry-stanley-joyce has a photo of Henry as he was in retirement and contains a description of Henry's life, his "eccentric and multi-talented" character and his many achievements. At the end there's a parody on Longfellow's poem Hiawatha attributed to Henry. (The age given here is incorrect, he was 58 in 1940, not 68).



[Henry Joyce in retirement]

Henry passed away on 6th May 1961 in Barnstaple.

One final item of interest, I found this on the internet site www.whitemill.org.uk :

In "A Kingston Lacy Childhood", Viola Bankes (the sister of Ralph Bankes - the last private owner of the Kingston Lacy estates) recalls "The oldest tenant farmer on the Bankes estate was Mr. Joyce who made the tenants' speech at the reception at Kingston Lacy when my father brought my mother there as his bride. My grandfather later offered Mr. Joyce the freehold on his farm, 'White Mill', because of the long association of his family with the Bankes family, but the proud old man refused it, saying, 'Thank you, but a Joyce always pays for what he has'".

Books by H.S. Joyce

- The Dorset Year-Book 1932. By HS Joyce, FC Warren, et al.
- By Field and Stream, 1934.
- I Was Born in The Country, 1946.
- A Trout Angler's Notebook, 1948.
- An Introduction to Coarse Fishing, 1952.
- Holidays with a Rod.
- A Country Childhood : Boyhood Memories of Victorian Rural Dorset. By HS Joyce & Roger Guttridge.
- Holiday Trout Fishing.

(Some years ago (2001) my old friend and most distinguished Dorset writer, Roger Guttridge, kindly inscribed a copy for me of his H S Joyce's "A Country Childhood" which he had painstakingly edited. It is a splendid book which I warmly recommend containing many superb illustrations by H S Joyce himself

(published by Red Post) and fascinating accounts of local country life and its wildlife in the late 19th century – and what a wealth of wildlife there was in Dorset at that time. Today few people even hear a cuckoo in Springtime in our locality where once they were common – a sad reflection of changed times in our countryside.

Incidentally, some of our readers will remember affectionately a certain young lady who attended our school in King Street between 1964 and 1971 named Sylvia Dufall. Today she is better known as Mrs S Guttridge to whom we all send our very best wishes.

Ed.)

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE WINBURNIAN

(Ed.)

From No. 132, dated NOVEMBER 1963

LYING AWAKE

Straight and still in the dark I lie,
In the bed, in the room, up under the eaves,
With the window open against the sky;
And the curtains stir in a silent breeze.

Still I lie, and gaze at the sky:
At the flat black roof, and the elm tree's lace;
And my mind flies over the chimneys, roofs,
Dark streets, and seeks another place.

Seeks through the mist creeping up from the river,
The fields are damp, the hills are grey.
I almost see, glimmering faint, a land
Beyond the last mountain, far away.

Far, far away; and all is silent.
A dog barks in the next street. And I know,
As a goods-train shudders in the distance,
I know that one day I must go.

One day I must leave this bedroom darkness,
And into the East I, too, must fly,
And pass beyond the rolling hills
To the pale dawn light where my hopes lie.

Janet Pursey (now Doolaeye) VIA (58-65)

MORE FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE WINBURNIAN (No.132)

A. A. (Tony) Elgar (53-60)

Congratulations to Tony on his engagement to Miss Dianne Hansford, who is at present a Student Radiographer at St. George's Hospital, London. Tony has been for a year at St. Andrew's University, Dundee where he is studying for his B.D.S. degree in dental surgery.

Tim Spall (58-61)

Tim is working with G.N. Haydon, the Bournemouth heating engineers. His work takes him over much of the eastern part of southern England.

Norman Waterman (53-60)

Congratulations to Norman on his great success in obtaining a 1st in Physics at Cardiff University.

David Scrase (51-59)

Visits and a letter from David who is returning for a further period as a research student to Bristol University after a year's teaching and study at Bremen, West Germany, where he is "leading a full and happy life". His letter describes vividly his holiday tour to Berlin and Vienna. In the former he saw the "Berliner Ensemble" and a performance at the Schiller Theatre. He comments on the former "what a pity you in England can't see this company". Actually they were here just after Brecht's death with a memorable performance of "Mother Courage" at, we believe, the Haymarket Theatre. In Vienna, David seems to have spent considerable time in queueing for tickets for a whole array of Operas and plays: "The demand for is so great, despite very high prices, that we visualise queueing for a couple of hours for mere standing room". So now you know what happens in a cultured community !

Leslie C Bishop (54-61)

Les is on a year's course at the Borough Polytechnic in the heating and ventilation section. He is apprenticed to a firm of Heating Engineers in Bournemouth.

Michael Kerley (40-46)

Interesting letter from Mike who as been "on safari" of 1500 miles from the R.A.F. at Eastleigh, Kenya as an odd weekend jaunt : first to Murchison Falls and the Game Park there, then on to Kampala and Entebbe - and so home on the Monday. Mike ends with a tribute to the memory of Mr Tapping. Incidentally, may I quote from our local press ? "A 31 year old meteorological forecaster from Wimborne, Mr Michael Kerley, of R.A.F. station, Eastleigh, near Nairobi, Kenya, has qualified for his private pilot's licence. He is

the first member of the station's newly-formed flying club to do so and has now made his first flight in the club's Tiger Moth as a qualified pilot.

Sandra Birch

Sandra has joined the W.R.N.S. Happy landfalls !

Peter R Kingswell (50-56)

Congratulations to Peter on his marriage on March 31st last to Miss Gillian Gaut, of Woodford.

DAMN YANKEES (also from No. 132)

In response to President Kennedy's Fitness Campaign, the stalwarts of the V and VI Forms organised a 50 mile road walk. The route was by way of Blandford, Puddletown, Bere Regis, Sturminster Marshall, Fleetsbridge and back to Wimborne. The event brought forth an entry of thirty persons including nine members of the fairer sex.

As the Minster chimed 10 on a dark Thursday evening just before Easter, the worthy band set out, blissfully unaware of the approaching agonies. The troupe followed the instructions to keep together during the night until approximately 10.15 pm, when the first rest was taken by some. The remainder pressed on contemptuously until Blandford was achieved by all by 1 am. Some were now feeling the effects including K Berthal who gave up the unequal struggle with a blistered foot.

By dawn the field was straggled out between Puddletown and Bere Regis, but more have fallen disillusioned by the wayside, which only added to the remainder's feeling of resigned determination as they pressed on regardlessly towards home.

Urged on by accompanying motorists, well-wishers and derisory comments, the first group reached School by mid-day, and in fact all the finishers arrived before 4.30 pm on Friday.

The names of those who completed the course, including four ladies, are inscribed below for all to admire.

David	Beck	Pamela	Johnson	C	Marshall
Nick	Bishop	Vivian	Kenyon	D	Melville
Peter	Douch	Christine	Millard	S	Proctor
Michael	Froud	Ann	Thompson	Michael	Ridout
Russell	Hunter			J	Slater
D	Lewis			M	Stone
D	Martin			Barry	Willmott

D J Beck

R B Hunter

FROM THE ARCHIVES (This time from No. 133, of March 1965)

THEY DID IT AGAIN !

Following the success of the 1963 fifty mile walk, some 5th and 6th formers had another attempt to complete the 50 miles.

The second walk took place on March 25th and 26th, 1964, starting at 10 pm in the School playground on the 25th.

The route was the same as the previous year, passing through Blandford, Puddletown, Bere Regis, Fleetsbridge and back to Wimborne.

After only four miles people started dropping out, but most people kept going until Blandford. After Blandford, more people fell out, but many kept going until Puddletown. The remaining people trudged on, and the first to arrive back at the School – at 9.30 am on the 26th March – was Mick Ridout.

Most of the finishers had been on the walk the previous year, but there were a few newcomers to finish. One of them was Phyll Cowan, who limped the latter half of the journey with no shoes on, and (although she did not know it then) a badly torn muscle in her leg. The only other girls to finish were Nora Mann, Chris Millard, Pam Arnold, Jacky Brooks and Ann Thompson. A list of the boys who finished is not available. The walk was organised by Dave Beck, and the “official car” was driven by Roger Barrett.

Freda Millard (now Croasdell) IVb (61-66)

(I wonder how many of our readers will remember these events in their lives more than half a century ago ? More from our archives next time.

Ed.)



[Blandford]



[Puddletown]



[Bere Regis]



[Wimborne]

Old Winburnians' Association.

"Malcombe,"
Leigh Road,
Wimborne,
Dorset.
June, 1949.

Dear Member,

ANNUAL RE-UNION OF OLD BOYS.

I am writing on behalf of Mr. Corbett, the Secretary, who is ill, to inform you that despite some setbacks it has proved possible to organise the annual Re-union, and the following programme is offered, with the hope that you will support as many events as possible. The Committee has decided to postpone the Annual General Meeting until the winter, and to hold it immediately before the Annual Dinner, details of which will be sent to you in good time.

Thursday, 21st July.

- 2.30 p.m.—Commemoration Service in the Minster. Assemble in the playground at 2.15 p.m., to march in procession behind the School.
4. 0 p.m.—School Swimming Sports at the Field.
- 7.30 p.m.—Dinner for Members and Friends at the King's Head Hotel, Wimborne, followed by a Dance until 1.0 a.m., to Alex Taylor and his Music. Dress—Informal.
- This event is being arranged at an especially reduced charge, and part of the costs borne by O.W.A. funds; you will be assured of a good evening's fun, so please make every effort to be there.
- Tickets: Dinner and Dance, 7/6 each. Dance only, 4/- each.

Friday, 22nd July.

4. 0 p.m.—Swimming Match v. School, at the Field.
- 6.30 p.m.—Tennis and Swimming for Members and Friends, at the Field.

Saturday, 23rd July.

- 10.30 a.m.—Shooting Match v. School, at the School.
Fives Match v. School, at the School.
2. 0 p.m.—Cricket Match v. School, at the Field.
Tennis for Members and Friends.
7. 0 p.m.—A Scavenge Hunt. Assemble at the School with cars or any means of locomotion. Shanks pony will do!! Followed by a cold supper at the Old Manor Farm, Leigh Road.
- Tickets for Scavenge and Supper—3/6 each.

Please forward to me at the above address as soon as possible, and before 16th July, the attached reply, with appropriate monies.

Yours sincerely,
G. H. DACOMBE.

DESERT ISLAND DISCS by EUNICE CARNALL (née Chadd) (55–62)

I grew up in The Avenue with my parents, sister and two brothers all of whom played the piano to some degree. My siblings and I had piano lessons with Miss Cox who was the organist at St. John's Church. At school, the inevitable recorder came into my life which led to me being given a place in the orchestra ! After we married, my husband, Reg, and I bought our own record player and gradually built up a collection of Classical music. We enjoyed many hours of listening and, when our three children came along, they also grew to share our love of music.



My first Desert Island Disc choice would be the **Pastoral Symphony by Beethoven**. My husband and I enjoy long distance walking so the outdoors is a great part of our lives. One of my set lessons when teaching involved listening to this work as an inspiration (hopefully!) for creative writing and artwork.

My favourite instrument is the organ and this features in my next choice of music, **At Church (Slovak Suite No. 1) by Novak**. It is a lovely, soothing piece that culminates in rich chords from the organ.

Thirdly, I have chosen **The Crucifixion by Stainer**. "For God so Loved the world ..." A masterpiece ...

Choice no. 4 is **Toccata from Widor's Organ Concerto** which is just majestic !



Next is the awe-inspiring **Organ Symphony No. 3, 4th movement, by Saint-Saëns**.

I enjoy all of **Rutter's choral works** and would find it difficult to choose one over the others for my No.6 choice so a selection would be lovely, please !



While one of our daughters was studying Music at university, she performed **Mozart's Piano Concerto no. 23 in A major** so this delightful music brings back happy memories.

May I have a hymn medley as my next choice ? **Be Still My Soul** and **How Great Thou Art** would certainly help to strengthen me and give me hope when marooned on this desert island.

As my luxury item, I would like a piano as I would have plenty of time to practice and could even achieve my ambition to learn to play by ear ! Although I will have the complete works of Shakespeare, for my book I would choose a novel by the Victorian author, Mrs Henry Wood. I inherited my mother's collection of Mrs Henry Wood's books so it is a link with the past, particularly with my mother.

It is comforting to know that I have the Bible too. It gives me assurance that my life and future are in God's hands.

THE EDITOR'S CHALLENGE

JOBS I DID WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL AND/OR COLLEGE TO EARN A FEW BOB !

It's true we live in different times and, I suspect, only a minority of young people/children now have pre-school, after-school, weekend and holiday jobs to earn an extra few pounds as 'pocket-money'. For many of our generation, however, such part-time employment was commonplace. Our parents gave us 'pocket-money', it is true, but a few extra shillings were highly desirable. Most of our parents were not very well-off and could not afford much, especially if there were several children in the family.

I am sure many of our members will have stories to tell – just a paragraph will suffice – so a brief description, please, of what you did in those far-off, very different times. For example, did you assist the blacksmith, the farrier, the rat-catcher, the bird-scarer, or even climb up the inside of a chimney to help the sweep ? Of course, not all of you will be as old as Graham Powell, Peter Douch, John Dacombe, or Michael Froud. Anyway, it will be intriguing to hear from you, especially if there are amusing incidents you recall.

Relating to a couple of our members. I clearly remember our illustrious Chairman, dear old **Ken Taylor (51-56)**, delivering bread and cakes from Palmer's bakery (Organford) van in Sandy Lane, Upton. Always cheerful and diligent, Ken was a popular young fellow with the old ladies – very popular I heard !

Then there was **David Scrase (51-59)** who delivered the Sunday joints of meat on his bicycle far and wide across Upton for Ivor Cooper the butcher up at the crossroads. 'No scrag-ends please, David !'

Then there was **Geoff Hill (58-59)**. I believe Geoff acted as a bookie's runner in the salubrious district of Hoxton. Geoff could actually run in those days ! Difficult to believe, isn't it ?

As for **Andrew Jones (53-60)**. Did I hear Andrew used to play his fiddle outside the workhouse in East Borough ? Or was that another Andrew ?

As for Yours Truly, I delivered buns, cakes and pastries from my Father's bakery, located first in Sandy Lane itself and then at the crossroads, across the locality in my little green, wooden pram-like four shelf van. I missed only one Saturday in 6 years (just one out of 300 !). Not bad, eh ?

Incidentally, speaking from my own personal experience as a teacher, I consistently found that far from being an unhelpful distraction from their studies, those pupils with a variety of part-time, weekend, holiday jobs, were almost invariably the most diligent students at school. They were learning responsibility, time-keeping and self-discipline which would stand them in good stead for the rest of their lives.

Now, boys and girls, let's have YOUR experiences when you were at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School all those years ago.

NEWS OF SOME OLD WINBURNIANS

TONY LEIGH (49-54)

Writing from his home in Richmond, Texas, Tony has been agonising over the precise composition of our old class 5A back in 1954. Who sat where and next to whom? It's an exercise for all of us – how many of our members are able exactly to re-assemble their classmates in the rows they occupied in their old form rooms ? There are no prizes to be awarded but it's an interesting (!) mental exercise to be undertaken in a quiet moment. You might, of course, go mad in the course of the exercise, but it is a risk we all have to take in pursuit of the truth. Sherlock Holmes would, of course, have encountered no problems. Dr Watson might have struggled over one or two (like Tony). As for Moriarty – who can possibly guess ?

We here reproduce Tony's Class 5A of 1954 map. Can anyone assist with the blanks ? Are there other members struggling with their own incomplete form lists ? (Tony tells me there is a very good asylum close to his home which provides comfortable accommodation and the finest haute cuisine !).

M F Wilcox	?????	D Perry	R Frost	J Foy	C Bailey
P Warner	B J Richmond	?????	B Glover	T Ford	G Bartlett
?????	B Ruck	?????	F Hackforth	P Eyres	A R Bennett
D Smith	?????	R Mansfield	P J Hatchard	D Evans	?????
?????	R Burke	A Leigh	?????	'Piggy' Elson	Card
A J Selby	Sampson	D J Lawman	P Keeping	E Dennett	C Dennett

After 70 years I guess we should feel grateful that we can remember that far back. Saying that what happened to that pencil I had in my hand 5 minutes ago ?

(So Tony has thrown down the challenge ! We would be very pleased to hear from as many of you as possible who would like to accept the challenge – come on now, don't be shy !

Ed.)

RODNEY WISEMAN (47-53)

(Rodney writes from his home in Canada, enclosing a very generous donation to help with meeting OWA costs – very many thanks Rod !

Ed.)

Following on from the piece on nicknames, and especially that of 'Gunner' Holman, here are my first and last reports on my "Latin learning".

We did not start learning a choice of German, Latin, or Additional General Science until Form III.

Autumn Term, 1948

Form III A. Age 11.10
 No. in Form 32 Average Age of Form 12.5

SUBJECT	GRADE	REMARKS	
English COMPOSITION	} AB	A keen & intelligent worker.	ARH
English LITERATURE ..			
HISTORY	B+	Very satisfactory progress	AHW
GEOGRAPHY	B+	has done a good term's work.	TRH
FRENCH	AB	Good work.	ARH
LATIN or GERMAN ..	B+	Consistently keen to progress.	RJH
TRIGONOMETRY ..			
ALGEBRA	AB	} does not seem to have got into his stride yet, but is working well. He has done well throughout the term.	R.H.
ARITHMETIC	B		
GEOMETRY	B		
SCRIPTURE	AB		ARH
GENERAL SCIENCE ..	AB	Thorough, painstaking work has been done	TRH
Addn. GENERAL SCIENCE ..			
WOODWORK or METALWORK ..	AB	Very good progress	ARH
ART	B.	Very satisfactory work.	TRH
MUSIC	B		ARH
PHYSICAL TRAINING and SWIMMING ..	AB.	works very hard.	TRH

Summer Term, 1953.

Form V A Age 16-6
 No. in Form 29 Average Age of Form 16-3
 Position 3

SUBJECT	GRADE	REMARKS	
English COMPOSITION	} CY	He has worked consistently and well.	ARH
English LITERATURE ..			
HISTORY	CY	Satisfactory revision has been done	AHW
GEOGRAPHY			
FRENCH	BY	Continued good work.	WAR
LATIN or GERMAN ..	CY	Satisfactory work + progress	RJH
TRIGONOMETRY ..	} BX	} Very good progress	JK
ALGEBRA			
ARITHMETIC			
GEOMETRY			
SCRIPTURE	CY	Fair	AHW
GENERAL SCIENCE ..	CY	Has completed a good year's work.	TRH
Addn. GENERAL SCIENCE ..			
WOODWORK or METALWORK ..			
ART	BX	A good term.	TRH
MUSIC			
PHYSICAL TRAINING and SWIMMING ..	BX	A good athlete, he shows keenness and great determination. He is a very valuable member of his House team.	TRH

(It's interesting to look at the initials of the teachers and see who taught which subjects. Clearly "RJH" is "Gunner" Holman. I can also spot "ARM" – "Fishy" Maiden, "AHW" – "Tarzan" Williams & "TRH" – "Frosty" Hoare. But how about the others ? See how many you can spot and please let us know !

If anyone else is as brave as Rod to share some of their school reports (good, or not so good) with us, we would be happy to include them.

Ed.)

PETER RUSSELL (61-68) & COLIN DIVALL (68-75)

(Peter Russell writes to let us know about a study of railways around Wimborne and East Dorset. Ed.)

On 28th December 2021, after a lengthy period of gestation, the internet site with the address www.eastdorsetrailways.org went live. Its aim is to present research findings on the district's railway history and invite readers with knowledge of the network and its operation to contribute. We are circulating this notice to various organisations and individuals whom we anticipate should have some interest in the study, but please pass on the link to friends and acquaintances if you wish. The website has four basic pages for starters – Home, The Study, Getting Involved and Links, but secondary pages are under development over the coming months on Current Activity, History, Photos, Mapping, Operations, Incidents, Modelling, etc. The study directors are Colin Divall and Peter Russell, both Old Winburnians, who have been studying the local railways for many years.

If you wish to contact the directors about the study, please send an e-mail to info@eastdorsetrailways.org.

With best wishes for 2022.

BRIAN LANGER (59-61)

Dear Alan and John,

The autumn newsletter was full of interest as is usually the case, so many thanks for that.

Maybe the newsletter has 'done' memories of Wimborne station to exhaustion, but if it's of any interest I lived in a house at Beaucroft, Colehill (behind the freight trucks in the photo on page 6) which overlooked the railway line from Northleigh bridge, past the old gas works, through the station and as far as Oakley crossing. We could also see trains on the S&D climbing the incline past the old Corfe Mullen Halt on their way to Broadstone. I was 16 when the line closed to passengers and went on the final train from Wimborne to Broadstone after many years travelling for leisure purposes on the lines to Salisbury and Brockenhurst, and on that from Poole back to Wimborne. I do recall pupils from Alderholt (Daggons Road) taking the train to and from Wimborne, and that the morning train arrived at Wimborne around 8.20am, but there was quite a wait for them to undertake the return trip as I don't think the train left until after 5pm. If you want more details please let me know.

P S – why was it always Leigh Road (pronounced 'Lie'), but Northleigh Bridge (pronounced 'Northlee') ? I never did get a convincing answer despite the family living in Wimborne since the early 1800s !



*[Brian is in the back row, at the end of it on the far right.
Photo courtesy of the Museum of East Dorset]*

I was one of those pupils who spent most of their time in the East (Crooked) Borough Annexe spending relatively little time at the King Street site and I am in that photo on page 32 of the Autumn 2021 newsletter. That brought back some memories! Next to me is Cedric Newman (Walford), to his right Robert Hooper (Sturminster Marshall), second girl from the right I think had a surname Hallett and next to her right is Jennifer Marsh (Upton). I think from the far left standing is a boy named Gray, then Fraser Hargreaves (Stapehill), then Keith Pitman (Verwood). I can't decipher any one from the middle row apart from Mr Cartwright, the Geography teacher, who came from Dudley in the West Midlands. He was always proud to announce that when an east wind blew 'in Dudley, that wind came all the way from the Urals and we knew it'; Dudley being the first stretch of high ground west of the Urals on that latitude ! As for the front row the only lads I can recall are Paul/Patrick Saunders wearing glasses, third from the left and Malcom McNeil (I think) second from right. As I left WGS in 1961 I would think the photo was taken in spring 1961. As I was a colleague of David Woodhead at both the Primary School in School Lane and WGS I would have thought he should have been in that picture, but I cannot place him. That leads to the question as to what sort of picture is it and what role did Mr Cartwright play in that group ? Was it a year group, a house group, or something else ?

There's more I could add, but will leave it to you as to whether more would be welcomed. My father, Harry Wal Langer, attended WGS probably from 1923 to 1926/7 as scholars left full time education at 14/15 then. He ran a third generation saddlery and leather goods business in East Street by Eastbrook bridge which closed in 1971 after 104 years in the town. Like David Woodhead's Hidden House cafe (memories of birthday parties !) it's still in the Model Town where family and friends met in 2017 to commemorate 150 years since that family business was set up in Wimborne; the other family business was King's agricultural engineers in East Borough next to the Annexe. Sometimes, it does seem it's a small world !

With best wishes.

(Very many thanks for this excellent piece Brian. I certainly remember frequenting your father's shop, if only to get that wonderful smell of the leather ! Please feel free to send us more as it's always great to get news, memories and reminiscences from our members.

John Guy)

LINDA BERENBRINCK (née KING) (57-64)

It was, as always, a pleasure to receive news from Linda who lives in Rheda-Wiedenbrück in Germany, a town she tells me of about 40,000 with much attractive countryside close by. Linda continues to cycle the highways and byways of the locality. I wonder if she ever thinks back to her early days of riding a bike in Sandy Lane, Upton, where I lived for many years as a boy just opposite her bungalow ? It was indeed a very sandy lane in those far-off days and full of pot-holes which filled with water after heavy rain, often almost across the entire width. In summer when it was dry and dusty we all had to wash our feet constantly they got so dirty so quickly. But it was adjacent to a vast expanse of glorious heathland stretching down to Lytchett Bay and a wonderful location in which to grow up (what a contrast to living in a block of high-rise flats in Lewisham surrounded by yet more blocks of soul-less flats).

Linda clearly leads a busy social and family life with her husband Peter and a number of former work colleagues – indeed, she is the secretary of the Venti Seniores club whose members participate in a variety of outings and other events.

Linda makes reference to the cosmetics firm Lush whose products she has been buying for years. 'I used to stock up from their shop at the bottom of the High Street in Poole'. I wonder how many others among our lady members still call in at the shop or, like Linda, now purchase such 'necessities' on-line ?

Linda also mentions Robert Fripp who attended QEGS and was a co-founder of the rock group King Crimson. I did, I believe, once make contact with him, but he did not wish to join the OWs. I seem to recall he felt 'Wimborne was now physically joined up with Parkstone' and so altered he preferred to remain outside our Association. However, his sister Patricia, who has attended a Reunion or two, does belong and lives in San Francisco, a city about which one of my heroes, Tony Bennett, so memorably sang.

Linda concludes her last letter with memories of working in Miller's pork-pie factory at Sterte one summer when she was a student at Bournemouth College. It would have been several years earlier that I too one summer vacation during my studies at the LSE worked at Millers. I clearly recall one mischievous charge-hand shutting a very large lady in an oven just after the pies and sausage rolls had been removed. The oven was still very hot – a huge affair – and we could see her through the glass panel in the oven door gesticulating wildly and getting ever redder in the face ! The charge-hand eventually showed mercy and opened the door – the poor woman all but collapsed as she emerged.

Linda also worked as a post-girl in Poole 'around Lagland Street' one Christmastime. (The Post Office no longer appears to employ extra delivery boys and girls at Christmas, do they ?). More pleasurably she completed a '6-week summer course at the Sorbonne' one summer vacation and also worked as 'an au-pair' in la belle France.

(Good memories, Linda, which will set all our members thinking about the jobs they did in their youth. And so, please, keep the letters coming Linda. Ed.)

DEREK LAWMAN (51-56)

It was good to hear from my old Sixth-Form pal, Derek, who was reminiscing on his romantic holidays in Paris as a young man ! 'I found I was actually thinking in French – though sadly my A-level grade in French wasn't that brilliant !' Derek and I were both in the A-level French group with W H 'Inky' Stephens. Like Derek, I found Mr Stephens to be a brilliant teacher and a gentleman to whom I owe so much. His daughter, Marian, was among that first historic intake of girls into the school in 1953. Marian and I kept in touch for a time and I recall her coming to see me when I was acting in a play directed by Peter Bridgmont in an experimental theatre group in Balham. We met after the performance, promising to keep in touch. As it happened I left London soon afterwards and our paths didn't cross again. Very sadly Marian passed away when she was still young, an event that left her father (and mother) devastated. So desperately sad.

As for Derek and his letter, he recalled his own singing days and our shared musical passion for the era of Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett, Johnny Mathis, Nat King Cole and Jack Jones – not forgetting Ella Fitzgerald, nor the great composers/arrangers of the age.

Derek has suffered a few health problems in recent times, like so many of our generation but, at least, along with his dear wife, Karen, he remains still happily vertical. Keep the letters coming, Derek. It's always good to hear from you.

(P S Derek also enthused in his letter about the novels of Thomas Hardy and his own happy rambles about Pamphill and district, especially in Springtime with its glorious profusion of flowers. No doubt some of our readers will share similar memories of that locality. Even as I write these words I am wondering if any of our members began their education at the wonderfully located village school at Pamphill before passing their 11+ exams and progressing to WGS. Do let us know !



Ed.)

[Pamphill C of E First School]

DONALD NEWMAN (45-51)

It was splendid to receive news from Donald, now one of our veterans who lives in Whitchurch Canonorum. Donald and his wife, Judith, were so helpful to me when I was writing my book 'Dorset Journey' back in 2008. It is an extraordinary fact that so few long-time residents of Dorset have ever ventured down the turning to Whitchurch Canonorum and the Marshwood Vale just before you reach Bridport. I had not done so until I wrote my book and discovered this magical area of our county. Fortunately chancing upon another Old Winburnian in this extraordinary spot and being guided about the locality by Donald and Judith provided me with my favourite chapter of the whole book.

Unfortunately Donald's news was not all good for poor Judith suffered a serious cycle accident, hitting a patch of black ice and hurting herself badly and very painfully. Hopefully she is on the road to recovery but it has been a long journey. Both Donald and Judith are immensely grateful to their GP and Dorchester County hospital for their care and attention – not to mention the wonderful support of neighbours and friends. 'It has made us appreciate the benefits of living in a small community' writes Donald.

Happily Don and Judith's family are all doing well for themselves which must give them much comfort.

Donald concludes with the words 'We hope for a much improved year in 2022'.

(And so say all of us, old friend ! Ed.)

(In the churchyard close by Donald and Judith's house lie the celebrated broadcaster Sir Robin Day and, even more extraordinary to relate, Georgi Markov, the Bulgarian dissident murdered by the KGB when shot in the leg on London Bridge in 1978 – he thought he had merely been poked in the leg by an umbrella. The reason for the unlikely location of the final resting place of the two men resides in the local connections of their widows. There is also a fine, welcoming pub 'The Five Bells' run by a lovely lady, Pat Hawkins and her daughter, Tracey. Try to visit !

Ed.)

EDDIE WOOD (47-55)

It was good to hear from our old friend, Eddie, who has not enjoyed life in recent years as he once did. Sadly, Eddie's wife Jo has not been at all well and we have all missed their cheerful presence at our Reunions. Confined to a care home and against the backcloth of Covid and limited visiting, it has clearly been difficult and painful for Eddie and his family not to be able to see as much of Jo as they would have wished.

On a more cheerful note Eddie recalls his days 'frequenting The Cricketers in Wimborne, along with his father who played for the darts team in the local league.' Eddie has also been revisiting his past and is putting together a history of his

experiences when he was the 'General Manager of the Avon Tyres Racing Division' when he met many of the leading lights in motorsport – James Hunt, Jackie Stewart, Ayrton Senna and Damon Hill – to name but a few. 'In the job I travelled the World and, on one occasion, circumnavigated it a good deal quicker than Sir Francis Drake !'

(Eddie, it was a pleasure to hear from you and we all send our very best wishes to you and to Jo. Maybe you will be able to come along again to a Reunion at some point in the future. You will be warmly welcomed.

Ed.)

TERRY RANDALL (45-52)

Terry was sorry to miss the Reunion, but enjoyed my Christmas card depicting the Cornmarket which set him reminiscing ! 'So many happy memories of Wimborne pubs, the Smith's Arms and the Beehive – among others – and old cronies, David and Dennis Park, Mike Bartlett, Len Pearce, the Ford Bros, the Fripps (Michael and Rob)' and his old home in East Borough, adjacent to the Sports Field. Terry maintains his interest in National Hunt racing while he patiently waits for news of a forthcoming operation.

(We hope to see a sprightly Terry at our next Reunion – all the very best old friend.

Ed.)

FRANK HACKFORTH (49-56)

It was good to see Frank – a gentleman and talented yachtsman – at the Reunion looking little changed from his days in a cerise and chocolate blazer. Frank, of course, lived just behind the Tivoli theatre/cinema and those railings which line the route to



Redcotts, past the scout hut and on to the Wimborne Council School which we attended for woodwork and metalwork classes. If any of our members ever walk along that route today they may observe some of the railings have been bent out of shape. Their shape was altered by an old pal of many of us, Eddie Dennett, arguably the strongest boy in WGS at the time. Eddie was a fine all-round games player and not someone you'd pick a fight with. He used to board the school bus (the brown Bere Regis bus usually driven by Mr House) at South Road, Corfe Mullen. Blessed with handsome good looks, Eddie was already a young man rather than a boy and an outstanding sportsman besides being precociously advanced in his relationships with the opposite sex. He often boarded the school bus smelling strongly of lady's scent/perfume (he sat in front of me on the bus), the consequence of his amorous adventures the previous evening. We actually became good pals and he duly matured into a most upstanding member of the community.

Returning to the subject of the railings behind the Tivoli and close by Frank Hackforth's home, Eddie regarded them as a challenge to his manhood and strength when we, as a

class, walked unescorted to and from Wimborne Council School for our woodwork/metalwork classes. Removing his blazer he would seek to bend a railing or two on our journey. There will be readers appalled by my revelation but, in no sense, could Eddie's actions be described as conventional 'vandalism'. Rather the railings represented a challenge to his manhood and the strength of his arms, wrists and shoulders. In fact, the said railings have never been returned to their original straightness – they remain as a reminder of one young man's remarkable physical prowess 70 odd years ago. (Eddie passed away some years ago and his lovely daughter contacted me after she read my affectionate reference to him in one of my books !).

Thank you, Frank Hackforth, old friend, and his charming wife Dorothy, for reminding me of those halcyon days of our youth ! As for Eddie, he not only bent a few railings in his pomp, but broke a few young ladies' hearts, I am sure.

(Ed.)

BRIAN RICHMOND (49-56)

It is always a pleasure to hear from my old friend, Brian, who lives near Finchampstead, Wokingham, with Sue and his family. Happily Brian had a successful cataract operation in the Autumn and maintains his interest in speedway, Poole Pirates, in particular. On a number of occasions in those far-off days in the late 1950s and early 1960s we would meet up in Wimborne Road to watch such legends as Ken Middleditch and Terry Small hurtle around the track at breakneck speed – those were the times when speedway enjoyed nationwide popularity and we all knew the names of our boxing champions too. Cricket was played at Dean Park (as Peter Douch remembers well) and big-band and pop concerts filled the Winter Gardens and Bournemouth's Pavilion theatre. I am sure all our readers will share similar memories. It was possible to park easily on Poole Quay and Sandbanks was readily accessible at most seasons – Mrs Louise Dingwall even trained her racehorses on the beach in the mornings when she didn't take them on the ferry across to Studland. Ah nostalgia

Brian has been in touch (by telephone), much to his delight, with our mutual OW friend, Colin Bailey, who lives in Bournemouth and has been enduring a rough time with his health in recent times. Colin spent his working career in the Civil Service and with the Inland Revenue. He has also given much dedicated service to the Christian bookshop at St Peter's Church in Bournemouth. Colin did contrive one visit to a Reunion several years ago which I recall with pleasure. All the best with your health, Colin. I know your many old friends will join with me in such sentiments.

As for our former classmate, Brian, I know how busy his life remains helping family members in their various activities. Many of you will remember Brian's parents, especially his father, Fred, who was clerk to the Wimborne Council for many years. A fine, widely respected gentleman, he would have been immensely proud of Brian, Sue and their family in distant Wokingham.

(P S I well remember when I was teaching at Wareham a shy little boy with what might be described as 'stand-up' hair. His nickname was 'Hedgehog'

Johnson who explained at the end of a lesson that he and his family were leaving Wareham and moving to a place called Wokinghamshire (!). Any sightings, Brian – though 'Hedgehog' would now be a grown man, probably with a family of little 'hedgehogs' of his own. Ed.)

GEOFF HILL (58-59)

Our cross between 'Arfur' Daley and Harry Redknapp, and a brilliant photographer to boot. It was a pleasure as ever to welcome Geoff and a friend to our Reunion, even if he cut it rather fine in telling us he intended to come along only as he entered through Cobham's door. But then Geoff always liked to live dangerously. In his London days he once had the audacity to challenge Ronnie Kray to a fight after a contre-temps in a club in St Anne's Court, Soho, only finding to his horror that Ronnie preferred to give him a kiss. Anyway, Geoff, do try, dear friend, to let Alan Maitland know a day or two (preferably a week or two !) if you intend to come along on Saturday, 2nd July. By the way, how is the widow at Number 49 ?

(Ed.)

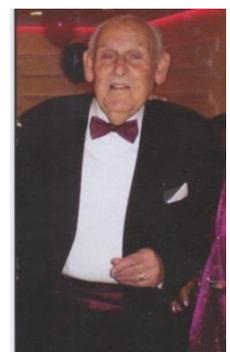
JANET DOOLAEGE (58-65)

Very sad news from Janet relating to the death of her husband, Jean-Luc, at the age of just 64. Suffering a sudden stroke 'which happened with no warning', further complications followed and Jean-Luc passed away with Janet beside him.

We are all so deeply sorry, Janet, who writes that 'her world has been turned upside down'. Janet had hoped to attend our next Reunion but, inevitably, plans have been altered and the future is full of uncertainties. Fortunately her many friends 'have been very kind and supportive'. No doubt she has received messages from some of her old companions at QE WGS. We all send our love and best wishes, Janet, at this horrible time in your life. Know, dear friend, there will be many of us thinking of you in the coming months and hoping you will be able to come along to see us at some point in the future.

From Anne Sweeney (re RAY SCOTT (36-42))

It was good to receive a telephone call from Anne who told me that more than a hundred guests attended a service of thanksgiving to celebrate the life of Ray Scott (her O E G) at St John's Church, Palmers Green, London N13 4DA last October. As members will recall Ray was one of our oldest members and a popular guest at our Reunions along with Anne for many years. We send our very best wishes for the future, Anne, and we will long treasure memories of Ray who was a very popular and well-loved member of the OWA. How appropriate that after the formal service, guests attended a celebration in the adjacent hall (Anne says) : 'where we had an old style Cockney singer dressed in his Pearly King outfit and we sang some of the old Vera Lynn songs which Ray would have loved as that was his era.'



JONATHAN HISCOCK (at QEGS from 63-70)

(Although not currently an OWA member, Jonathan was a pupil at the School with me from the age of 11 & has lived in Wimborne all of his life

John Guy)

WIMBORNE MINSTER CHOIRMAN CLOCKS UP 60 YEARS SERVICE

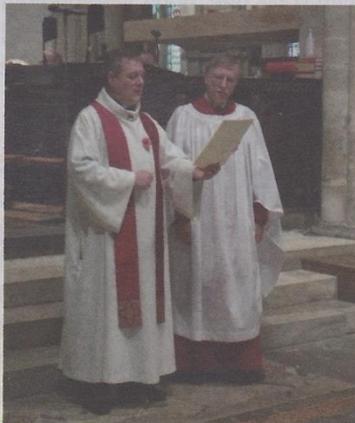
Jonathan Hiscock has just celebrated 60 years of singing in Wimborne Minster Choir joining in November 1961 when there were 20 boys and 10 men making up the choir. They rehearsed after school in Church House on Tuesdays and Thursdays with a full choir practice inside the Minster on Friday evenings. There were three choral services every Sunday with the boys being let out before the sermon at Mattins. The Choirmaster/Organist at the time was David Blott and the Vicar was the Revd Stanley Epps.

In shades reminiscent of the current time the main organ was out of use and awaiting replacement so a small chamber pipe organ was being used in its place. Boys were paid by seniority, attendance and behaviour. They had four Sundays off in August otherwise they sang almost every Sunday throughout the year and on Good Friday and Christmas Day. They had an annual trip to the Pantomime in Bournemouth Pavilion and an occasional football and cricket match against Sherborne Abbey choristers followed by tea and Choral Evensong. Jonathan became Head Chorister for two or three years before moving into the back row first as a bass, then a tenor.

Jonathan recalls attending the opening recital by Francis Jackson (York Minster) on the new 1965 organ and has his signature on the programme.

Jonathan has served under two Vicars and five Rectors, six Choirmasters and a similar number of Assistants. He has taken part in two live service television broadcasts including Christmas Day 1973 plus BBC Songs of Praise in 1990 and also some live and recorded radio programmes. The experience at the Minster has brought him many opportunities elsewhere with other choirs. Choir training helped him develop the love of music, musical ability and a good ear. He has sung several times at Westminster Abbey and at 17 different cathedrals including St Pauls Cathedral, York Minster and the Roman Catholic Westminster Cathedral. He hopes to sing at an 18th cathedral next summer.

At the family Eucharist Service on Remembrance Sunday Jonathan was publicly thanked for all his service over the years and the Rector, the Revd Canon Andrew Rowland, presented him with a specially designed certificate recording his 60 years of service. Churchwarden, Peter Cook, presented him with an engraved decanter together with a card containing messages of congratulation from present and past colleagues. He was then saluted by the Gentlemen of the Choir with a touching tribute set to the tune of "Three Kings from Persian Lands Afar"



Jonathan who was born in the town and still lives here attended Queen Elizabeth's Grammar in Wimborne. He is also a Minster bellringer. Married to Di they have two musical daughters - one a freelance woodwind player and the other a woodwind service and repair technician. We all wish Jonathan many more years of singing in the Choir and with other choirs across the country.

[This article was published in an edition of the "Around Wimborne Guide" free magazine, dated January 2022]

**A FIRST RESPONSE TO THE EDITOR'S CHALLENGE
'JOBS I DID WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL
AND/OR COLLEGE TO EARN A FEW BOB !'**

JOHN GUY (63-71)

Taking up the editor's challenge shown in this newsletter, I did not do any jobs during the summer holidays until the age of 16, preferring to play cricket instead. During this time I was lucky enough to be invited to play for Hugh Crofton's XI, a representative team made up of teenage boys from across numerous state and public schools throughout the area. We played other teams as far away as South Wales, East Devon, as well as at numerous locations throughout Hampshire and Dorset. Hugh, who came from Brockenhurst, was very enthusiastic and always praised our performances, even though, if I remember correctly, we lost more games than we won.

The first 'serious' job I had during the school summer holidays was prior to going into the lower 6th form. It was with Scott Engineering who had a small factory on the Stone Lane industrial estate in Wimborne. The first job they gave me was to make the reinforcing steel bars which are contained within concrete drain covers. This entailed taking a 6-foot length of steel rod, putting three right-angle bends in it using a foot operated bending press (not an electrically powered machine, so consequently a very physical process) to form a rectangular shape and then using an electric arc-welder to fuse the ends to form the closed rectangular shape. To manage the psychological challenge of dealing with this repetitive task, I started with a batch of about 100, but of course once the first batch was done, along came another 100, and so on !

We had the classical régime of a factory, clocking in and out at the beginning and end of each day, morning and afternoon tea breaks and a lunch break. However, by the end of the first day I was shattered. When I got home, I had my dinner and then went straight to bed – at 8.30pm !! By the end of the first week, I had lost 5 lbs in weight and had slept for about 10 hours each night. However, the sight of my first weekly (cash) pay packet restored my spirits !

+++++



[A 'stunning' action shot of what is believed to be John Dacombe bowling at his fastest !!]

OBITUARIES

TREVOR JOHN BROOKE-DEW (34-39)

Dear Mr Bennett,

I wanted to write and advise you of the recent death of my husband, Trevor Brooke-Dew (born 8th March 1923 and I think he left school in 1939. He would have been Trevor Dew at that time). Trevor died on 20th February this year. He had been suffering with a severe heart condition for many years.

Although in recent years he was not well enough to attend your meetings, he looked forward to receiving The Winburnian and although I read some months ago that another named ex-pupil was thought to be the oldest living 'old boy', I think actually it was my husband, who would have been 99 this year.

A few years ago when he was in better health, he decided he would start coming to meetings because he saw that the only pupil of his time at the school still alive and attending meetings was coming to the next one. (I am sorry, I can't remember the name of the gentleman but do know he lived in America). A short time before the meeting was due, however, Trevor learned that this ex-pupil had died. Trevor did not feel he wanted to go to a meeting where no one would know him – although I have no doubt he would have been made to feel very welcome – and therefore did not go. Nevertheless, he always enjoyed the magazine.

I am a Londoner and have not known the Wimborne area very well. Countless times we would go for a ride and Trevor would show me where he lived from birth to first schooling and where the primary school still exists. He recounted so many things he did throughout his school life, especially the fun of swimming lessons in the river in those days !!

Yours very sincerely,

Lucille Brooke-Dew

Dear Mrs Brooke-Dew,

I am so grateful you took the time to write to us even though the news of your husband Trevor's passing was very sad. It is a remarkable story that you tell of someone who actually left our school in that fateful Spring before the start of WW2. Clearly Trevor shared fond memories of his childhood in Wimborne and his years at the old school. But what a shame he didn't come along to a Reunion for we all would have been very welcoming. In fact, he would have been our Guest of Honour with a special place at the top table. As it is, I can only confirm that Yes, Trevor would have been introduced as our oldest member.

Thank you again, Lucille, if you would excuse the familiarity, for your letter. We send our warmest good wishes for the future.

Ed.

ROGER KEITH HOLMAN (45-48)

Though modest in nature, Roger Keith Holman was heralded as a local celebrity. His photographs, illustrative Dorset books, and audio-visual projects are just some of the ventures which made Roger a household name in the county.

Roger was the only child of William Holman and his wife, Winnie. He was a local boy right from origin: born in Holt in 1932, Roger attended Lockyers in Corfe Mullen, then Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in Wimborne. Poetically, the school grounds were just yards from what would later be the premises of the family business. Roger recalled in a 1990 interview that the family lived "frugally" until this time, struggling to get by until the boom of television.

It wasn't until after the Second World War that William acquired the King Street buildings, from which Holmans continues to operate today. Following three years National Service in the RAF, Roger joined his father in business. During this era, the outermost rural suburbs of Wimborne had no electricity; Roger and his father would drive to pick up residents' radio charge accumulators and recharge them at the shop.



Roger saw opportunities for a shift in enterprise as domestic appliances became gradually more mainstream. He aided his father in the transition from radio repair to white goods wares, using his creativity and his local knowledge to grow the business.



At the dawn of audio-visual entertainment, Roger gravitated towards photography and began snapping Dorset's landmarks and landscapes. He found a like-minded group as a founding member of the Wimborne Camera Club, which continues to operate for aspiring photographers today. There are thousands of his prints in circulation: from glowing golden hour over Kimmeridge Bay, to the rocky ruins of Corfe Castle. Hundreds of these are accessible through Roger's published books: 'The Landscapes of Dorset' (1991) and 'The Villages of Dorset' (1993), both co-produced with Roger Lane and Roger Guttridge; 'Images of the Dorset Coast', and many more from Halsgrove Publishing.

Long before this, Roger imparted his wisdom to other photographers through his teach-ins at Avon Tyrell, running from 1967. Several annual projects co-organised by Roger continued into this decade: for example, the 'Changing Face of Wimborne' project, supported by the Priest House Museum and the Tivoli Cinema.

Dorset natives may also recall Roger's imaginative audio-visual projects, such as 'Hardy's Dorset' and 'The Isle of Purbeck', and COLOURSOUND. Touring the county with cameras in tow, this audio-visual group composed encyclopaedic, yet lyrical features to be shown at their annual COLOURSOUND festival. The event attracted keen

photographers across Europe to bear witness to the county's beautiful landscapes annually.

Roger's successes did not stop there: in 1990, his photograph of Fiddleford Mill won the Best of Britain award in a famed competition, judged by Lord Lichfield and film director David Puttnam. He was also bestowed with the highest honours from the Royal Photographic Society, which worked in conjunction with COLOURSOUND.

Roger married Rosemary Share in April 1958. The pair would go on to have three sons and a daughter; a testament to his role as a father is that all four of his children remained close by. Two of his sons are presently directors of Holmans. Roger and Rosemary were happily married for 56 years, until her death in 2014.



Roger continued to pursue his passion until the very end of his life; increasingly recent prints can be found in shops, calendars, tourist pamphlets and family homes across Dorset. Even in retirement, he visited Holmans regularly and was well beloved by customers and staff. In addition to photography, Roger found great joy in DIY, gardening, reading, and home cooking.

It is telling indeed that — even as I eulogise my grandfather — I am discovering many of these awards and achievements for the first time myself. After all, Roger was a tremendously humble man. Interviewer Marilyn Ayres once remarked that he 'said to [her] as he left the interview "if you find that you don't have enough to write about, I won't be hurt if the profile doesn't appear"'.

Roger suffered a stroke in the early hours of Sunday 31st October. He died peacefully in Poole Hospital the following Thursday, November 4th. He was 89 years old.

He is survived by his four children (Gary, Paul, Julia and Steve), eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.



[The Courtyard – this “unofficial Sixth-form common room”, now the site of Holmans electrical store]

Kindly sent to us by Julia Boughton (Roger's Daughter)

(P S Just a personal note to confirm Roger was quite one of the most modest, unassuming, kindly, 'old fashioned' gentlemen it has been my privilege to know. We are all going to miss you, old friend.

Ed.)

DAVID REX FRIPP (55-60)

David was the eldest of the two sons born to Jumbo and Betty Fripp who lived in East Borough, Wimborne. His grandparents ran The Bell Inn (now The Dancing Moose) for many years.

Born at the beginning of 1944, his brother Michael, following some three years later. They both attended the first and primary schools in the town and David then became a scholar at QEGS.

Having always shown an interest in the police, on leaving school he joined the force where he stayed for 2 to 3 years only to realise this wasn't the career path for him. Moving on he joined the army which fulfilled his ambitions as he progressed through the ranks to become Major Fripp.

On a personal note, David met and married Deanna Christopher (an ex-QEGS pupil) and together with their two boys, Heyden and Martin, lived in Germany for several years until posted back to the UK. Sadly, the marriage was not to last and they divorced.

On retiring from the army David spent many happy hours on his lifetime love of fishing and took up golf. Ballroom dancing was also an attraction and he joined local classes which he loved and where he found love with Julie. They were married 15 years ago and enjoyed their home together in Ferndown. However, David suffered a fall in February which sadly proved fatal. He will be missed by his wife, sons, grandchildren and many friends.

Kindly prepared for us by Ann Richmond (55-60)

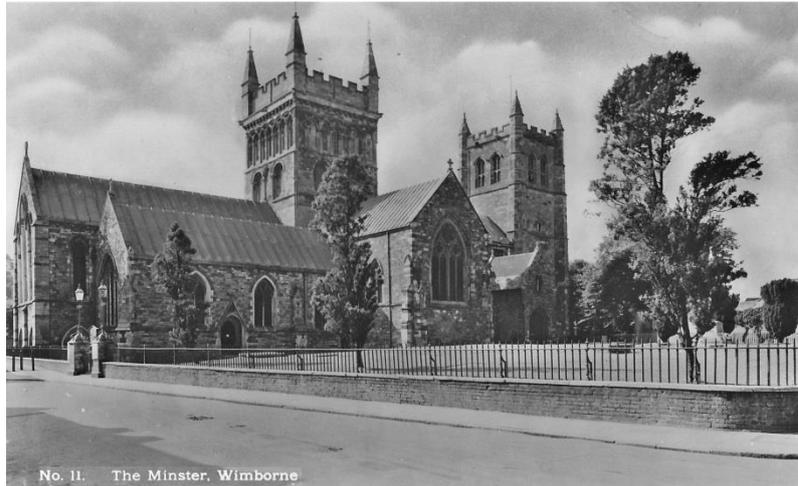
DEREK FRANK STEVENS (42-49)

On a recent visit to the Parish Church of The Ascension in the village of Woodlands, Alan Maitland (54-59) kindly sent us this photograph of Derek's final resting place.

(One of the stalwarts of the OWA over many years, we are all going to miss his superb displays of memorabilia at our Reunions. He was also a most generous contributor to OWA funds – more another day. Ed.)

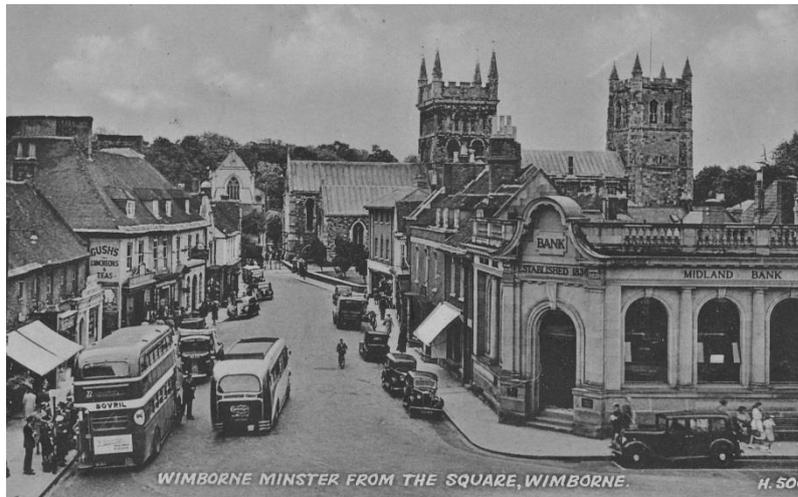


MEMORIES OF WIMBORNE



No. 11. The Minster, Wimborne

[The Minster complete with railings]



[The Square & High Street complete with two-way traffic]



[Our School complete with cricketers]

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