



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – SPRING 2020

Dear Fellow Old Winburnians,

'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times

So did Charles Dickens begin his epic Tale of Two Cities with those memorable words. I have been wondering how to begin my Editor's introduction to the current edition of the Newsletter for some days – Dickens' words, written in 1859, seem as appropriate as any.

There is nothing about coronavirus or the lockdown that I might write that you do not already know. Unimaginable just a few short months ago the world we thought we knew has been turned upside down and may never be quite the same again. Of course, it is important that we keep a sense of historical perspective. The events of recent months do not bear comparison with the war years 1914-18 or 1939-45. Indeed, they pale into insignificance when set against the dreadful suffering of so many people of so many nations, not least our own, during the terrible years of those world wars. Nonetheless, these 'coronavirus times' are very distressing for so many individuals and families. So why have I also included Dickens' reference to the 'best of times' ? Surely such sentiments are incompatible with the pain and unhappiness we see about us at this moment in our history. I think not and I suspect many of you, upon reflection, will not disagree for all around us we are also witnessing the very best of the human spirit and the inherent goodness of so many of our fellow countrymen and other nationalities too around the world. In so many walks of life, not least in our hospitals, we have observed the heroic dedication of staff as they care for those suffering from this dreadful virus. In the wider community too so many good people have displayed the most wonderful kindness to those in need. Let us hope, when this grim period in human history is but a memory, we will have forged a fresh spirit of 'togetherness' that will stand us in good stead for the future. As for our membership practically all of us are in the 'vulnerable' category. Let's hope we have all emerged safe and well when this pandemic has run its course.

As for the newsletter you will note it is a 'bumper' edition, by far the largest, fattest publication we have produced. Since our summer reunion has, inevitably, been cancelled I felt you deserved some extra reading as small compensation. At this point I must express my huge gratitude to John Guy of Gaunts Common for his magnificent support and technological skills. I have thrown all sorts of challenges at him and, everytime, he has risen to the occasion with his customary cheerful smile and ingenuity. Thank you, John, on behalf of all members.

Dear friends, across the UK and indeed the wider world, we send our very best wishes. How about raising your glasses at 2pm BST on Saturday 4th July, and sharing a toast to 'Absent Friends'.

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

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

Summer Reunion CANCELLED
Christmas Reunion Saturday 5th December 2020



"Lockdown at Wimborne Square"

[Photograph by
Dr. John Guy]



"Closed for the Duration"

[Photograph by
Dr. John Guy]



DON'T PANIC!

STAY INDOORS

STAY SAFE

WATCH DAD'S ARMY!

ATTENDEES AT CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 7TH DECEMBER 2019

Mr Alan Bennett		-	Mr John Boughton	Guest of Mrs Kamcke
Mr Jim Brewster		54 - 57	Mr Alan Maitland	54 - 59
Mrs Wendy Bundy	Née Baker	54 - 59	Mrs June Maitland	Guest of Mr Maitland
Mr Paul Burry		52 - 57	Mr Ron Mansfield	49 - 54
Suzan Houching	Guest of Mr Burry		Mrs Maria Martin	Née Limm 55 - 60
Mr Derek Burt		47 - 52	Mr Victor Moss	56 - 63
Mrs Eunice Carnall	Née Chadd	55 - 62	Mrs Jennifer Moss	Née Day 61 - 63
Mr Roderic Cheese		57 - 63	Mrs Diana Moss	Née Anderson 55 - 61
Mr Robin Christopher		52 - 59	Mr James Moss	Guest of Mrs Moss
Mrs Hazel Christopher	Guest of Mr Christopher		Mr Kenneth Orman	37 - 43
Mr Peter Clarke		55 - 57	Mr David Park	48 - 55
Mrs Sue Coombes	Née Froud	56 - 63	Mr Brian Pearce	47 - 53
Mr John Coombes	Guest of Mrs Coombes		Mr Graham Powell	38 - 47
Mr Robert Copelin		46 - 51	Mrs Hazel Powell	Guest of Mr Powell
Mr Desmond Cox		47 - 51	Mrs Christine Price	Née Richmond 55 - 60
Mrs Janet Coy	Née Dowd	53 - 58	Mr Terry Randall	45 - 52
Mr Anthony Elgar		53 - 60	Mrs Betty Read	Née White 53 - 58
Mrs Janet Gordon	Née Daniels	59 - 63	Mrs Ann Richmond	Née Mitchell 55 - 60
Mr Tony Gould		51 - 57	Mr David Roberts	49 - 55
Dr John Guy		63 - 71	Mr Ian Rogers	45 - 53
Mr Robert Hall		34 - 41	Mrs Margaret Stokes	Née Budden 58 - 62
Mr Michael Hall	Guest of Mr Hall		Mrs Sandra Dickson	Guest of Mrs Stokes
Mr John Harper		52 - 56	Mrs Cynthia Tanner	Née Streets 55 - 62
Mrs Joyce Harper	Guest of Mr Harper		Mr Ken Taylor	51 - 56
Mr Keith Harvey		51 - 56	Mr Geoffrey Welch	56 - 63
Mr Bill Haskell		52 - 56	Prof Bob White	51 - 57
Mr Geoff Hill		58 - 59	Mrs Beryl Wythers	Née Moreton 56 - 63
Mrs Carolyn Kamcke	Née Walkling	56 - 63		

The splendid picture of Corporal Jones on page 3 together with the relevant captions are reproduced with the kind permission of Tony Pritchard and Paul Carpenter of the Dad's Army Appreciation Society. As a member myself and a huge fan of the brilliant series I would recommend any OWA member who would like to join to write to Tony at 41, Borough Close, Kings Stanley, STONEHOUSE, Glos. GL10 3LJ with a cheque for £5.00, or enquire online to membership@dadsarmy.co.uk.

A R B

APOLOGIES FOR CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 7TH DECEMBER 2019

Alwyn Annels	David Finnemore	Peter Russell
Rick Anstey	Janet Finnemore	Rainbow Russell
Morgan Antell	Maurice French	Marion Ryder
Jennifer Baker	Patricia Fripp	David Scrase
Linda Berenbrinck	Graham George	David Singleton
Kenneth Bernthal	Alan Hall	John Singleton
Nick Bishop	Sue Hatherley	David Snelgar
Harry Clarke	Elizabeth Judd	Tim Spall
Mick Clift	Mike Kerley	Jill Strong
Michael Coffin	Tony Leigh	Richard Strong
Audrey Cooper	Carolyn Martin	Michael Wallis
Peter Cox	Graham McNeill	Bill White
Alan Crumpler	Julia Palmer	Helen White
Peter Douch	Mark Perkins	Ron White
Lorna Dyter	Christopher Peters	Marion Wimsett
Stuart Dean	Martin Radcliffe	
Faith Elford	Kelvin Ricketts	

FULL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Alan Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, WIMBORNE	BH21 2NW
Tony Gould	1 Manor Cottage, Tolpuddle, DORCHESTER	DT2 7ES
John Guy	"Gateways", Gaunts Common, WIMBORNE	BH21 4JN
Alan Hall	18 Burnbake Road, VERWOOD	BH31 6ET
Bill Haskell	10 Counter Close, BLANDFORD FORUM	DT11 7XJ
Carolyn Kamcke	4 Pine Close, Ameysford Road, FERNDOWN	BH22 9QX
Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrew, BLANDFORD FORUM	DT11 0JL
Ron Mansfield	52 Castle Street, Cranborne, WIMBORNE	BH21 5QA
Betty Read	10 Counter Close, BLANDFORD FORUM	DT11 7XJ
Ann Richmond	70 Erica Drive, Corfe Mullen, WIMBORNE	BH21 3TQ
Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, WIMBORNE	BH21 2UW

CO-OPTED MEMBERS

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

THE WINBURNIAN
THE MAGAZINE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL
WIMBORNE

No. 72

Summer Term, 1936

AN EXCURSION TO WINDSOR CASTLE AND HAMPTON COURT

At 7.45 on the morning of June 9th, the square before Wimborne station presented an unusual spectacle. Grammar School boys were standing in groups clutching parcels of various shapes and sizes, whilst other boys arrived every minute on foot, cycle and by car.

There was every indication that it was going to be a glorious day for the trip to Windsor and Hampton Court, and indeed as the day progressed the promise of the early morning was simply fulfilled.

The train arrived, and the boys, still clutching their macs, parcels, cameras and other impediments, got aboard and were away promptly on time. Too promptly, in fact, for one boy, who in spite of a gallant race to Ringwood, found that although one invests in an Austin, its dependability (oh horrid word, 'Sir Herbert') is not match for the speed of the "Southern".

No sooner had the train left Wimborne than the masters in charge could be seen going along the corridor, lists in hand, seeing that everyone was present and settled down. It then became evident that the parcels contained lunch, and that 8.15 a.m. was not an unsuitable time to eat it. At West Moors and Ringwood more boys joined the train, whilst at Brockenhurst hordes of children, mostly girls, got aboard with shrieks and laughter which were unabated thirteen hours later.

Before entering Southampton the new dry dock and the "Majestic" created a diversion, but another liner nearly led to fights owing to its name not being visible. Some maintained that it was the "Benengaria," others the "Empress of Britain," whilst a third school of thought held it to be the "Normandie" even though it was a Cunarder.

Southampton Central (née West) did a roaring trade in chocolate. Boys were clamouring for it so much that Mr. Tapping and Mr. Ellison took a hand, distributing the bars and collecting the money until the stock was exhausted. And so the journey went on with brief halts at Woking and Chertsey to give the engine what everyone badly needed, namely a drink. Lunch was taken at varying times, but there was certainly nothing left by the time the first glimpse of the Castle came into view as the train approached Windsor, about 11 a.m.

A short walk from the station and the party entered the Castle by the Henry VIII gateway and were taken to St. George's Chapel where the verger gave a brief informal talk on its history and the notabilities buried there.

After walking around the interior, the party were met outside by a genial and chatty guide who conducted them to the West gate in the glorious Tudor Horse Shoe Cloisters, then round past the Cloister Library, pointing out the scene of the first production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the residence of Dr. Harris, organist of St. George's Chapel and the former residence of Sir Walford Davis. Thence the party passed through the delightful cloisters where they saw the window of Anne Boleyn and learned from the guide, who kept up a continued flow of conversation, a rhyme about Henry VIII's wives "Divorced, beheaded, died; divorced, beheaded, survived." But he didn't explain how they were to know which wife came to which end.

A halt was made to purchase guide books, and then off went everybody to the State Apartments. Before entering the actual rooms, the guide, not our genial and chatty friend, warned everyone against touching anything, and spoke of the enormous damage done by so much as a

finger mark on armour. Then there came a long tramp through numberless rooms, filled in most cases with elaborate, expensive but ugly furniture, and hung with priceless tapestries and pictures.

The State Apartments were at last left behind and the party went from the Castle by the Hundred Steps down to the river, running the gauntlet of innumerable vendors of views and pedlars of postcards and rock.

Before boarding the “Balmoral” almost everyone had an ice and Mr. Wall’s man had to replenish his stock.

About 1.30 p.m. the steamer left and there was a rush for the improvised bar in the stern where most people gathered to suck mineral waters through straws whilst the adult members of the party had a surreptitious cup of tea below. The sail was a very pleasant interlude, marred only by the coal dust from the funnel. Tea was taken about 4 p.m., but that didn’t appear to stem the desire for ice cream and lemonade, and at each of the nine locks ices were bought and consumed with alarming rapidity. At last Hampton Court was reached at about 5.30 p.m. It took only a few minutes to reach the Palace, and what a magnificent example of Tudor workmanship it is ! Once inside the court the first and only disappointment of the day was experienced; the State Apartments close at 6 p.m. and it was too late to go in. Still there were the gardens. Most people visited the giant vine, but thought the maze much better value for money. In fact it proved a good climax to a glorious day of sight-seeing.

At Hampton Court station the morning train was waiting, and after replenishing the stocks of chocolate and purchasing balls on elastic, the return journey started, a journey enlivened by a black eye, the sudden but not unexpected indisposition of a well-known member of IIB, due to the surfeit of eatables, and the shrieking of the girls who were on board.

Wimborne was reached on time at 9.55 p.m. and everyone agreed that it had been an excellent excursion in every respect.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH’S SCHOOL SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE



Monday 11th November 2019 at 10.30am

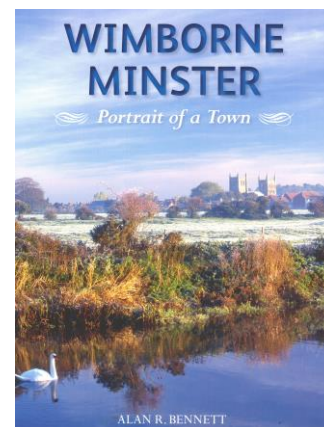
Once again on this occasion, a number of OWA Members attended this service honouring those members of WGS who gave their lives in the service of their country. After the outdoor service, guests were invited into the school’s conference room for light refreshments. This also gave an opportunity to view the names of those who were killed in the First and Second World Wars, as listed on the boards which used to hang on the walls of Big School; these boards now hang on the conference room wall at QE School.

I am pleased to announce that cheques to the combined value of £1,000 have been sent to the 2 named charities (£500 each) at the time of writing. My thanks to the 20 or so OWA members who have so far bought the book. Paltry sums, I am afraid, but better than nothing.

A Wonderful Companion to Help Get You Through the Covid-19 Lockdown and Beyond !!

WIMBORNE MINSTER – PORTRAIT OF A TOWN (2018)

I am able to offer a signed/inscribed copy to UK members for £20 which includes postage & packing. Alas, I am unable to send copies overseas where the cost of postage alone rises to more than £17. I am donating £5 per copy to be divided between the Victoria Hospital, Wimborne and the Wimborne Dementia Friendly Community. Please indicate any inscription you would like when ordering. My address is on page 3. The book includes more than 100 colour photographs, including one of a recent OWA Reunion by Geoff Hill, a chapter on the OWA and more than 100,000 words on a variety of topics. The dust jacket photo shown here is by Roger Holman, a long-time member of the OWA. You won't be disappointed !



A R B

AN UPDATE ON THOSE MYSTERIOUS CARVINGS



You may remember in our last newsletter the item "My Recent Travels around Big School" and the reference to some "Ancient Carvings" found made in the concrete lintel above one of the windows. Well, we have had some correspondence from a Mr. Ray Reardon (no, not the former 6-times World Champion Snooker player). Having read the article in our newsletter, he writes :

Dear Alan,

Coincidental to reading the OWA newsletter article, I still had a couple of days left on my subscription to "findmypast" – an internet site. So out of curiosity while supping a cuppa, I did a random search on whether any R A Pearce's grew up within a few miles of Wimborne Minster in the 1900's, but I didn't search any further afield. To be sure that the Pearce I found was your Pearce really needs a wider search and/or some more definite additional collaborative information.

Or, to put it another way, I have to say that I only came up with "A" Pearce (i.e., the indefinite article), but not necessarily "THE" Pearce (i.e., the definite article).

(Sorry, Alan ... I couldn't resist slipping in my schoolboy attempt at impressing you with my etymological exactitude !)

But, for starters, this Ronald A Pearce does appear to be a reasonable possibility, albeit very much dependent on date of birth, plus geographic proximity.

Here's the information :

There was apparently a Ronald A Pearce, born 5th December 1906 in Poole, who married Florrie M Hordle in 1931. He was an electrical linesman living in Poole in 1939 and who possibly died in Poole in 1973 (and was buried around 17th October 1973 in Hamworthy, aged 66 years)

Although this Pearce died a long time ago, he and Florrie do appear to have had 4 children, all born in Poole as follows :

<i>Patricia V Pearce</i>	<i>born in the 2nd quarter of 1935,</i>
<i>Diana Pearce</i>	<i>born in the 4th quarter of 1937,</i>
<i>Donald M Pearce</i>	<i>born in the 3rd quarter of 1944 and</i>
<i>Carol A Pearce</i>	<i>born in the 1st quarter of 1947.</i>

It could be worthwhile seeing if the son, Donald M Pearce, aged 75, is still in the area.

That was as much as I was able to find out about this particular Pearce, thus far. Are any of your other OWA members active in family history research that might be able to help ?

If you do manage to take it further, I'd be very interested in knowing how you get on.

Kind regards,

Ray Reardon

We thanked Ray for his interest and for kindly providing the information above. So OWA members, is there anyone out there who could take up the challenge ? However, we try and take this forward, **the mystery has deepened !**

J R F G / A R B

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John Dacombe (56-62) spotted recently in Gaunts Common.

What can one say ? Poor Mary !

NEWS OF SOME OLD WINBURNIANS

TONY LEIGH CEng., MIET, PE(Inactive) (49-54)

I left QEGS in 1954 at age 16 to commence a 5-year apprenticeship with the de Havilland Aircraft Co. in Christchurch, Hampshire. I had previously undertaken an exam and an interview with three senior executives of the de Havilland Aircraft Co. and at age 16 this was quite a daunting experience.



Happily I passed it and was all set to start work on leaving school. Initially I was an electrical trade apprentice, but having acquired my ONC in electrical engineering I was regraded to an engineering apprentice. On completion of my apprenticeship in 1959 I was employed as a Design Draughtsman in the Sea Vixen design office where I worked on the installation of the Red Top missile into the armament system of the Sea Vixen.



In 1962 I transferred into the Flight Simulation Department working on the Autoland system of the Trident Airliner. In particular I was given the task of developing a flight simulator display system that would give a representative picture of an airfield runway as viewed by the pilot to aid in the Autoland development of the Trident.



In 1967 I left de Havilland's, which was now Hawker Siddeley Aviation, to work as a computer Design Engineer for Television Audience Measurement (TAM). Here we developed one of the first computers using integrated circuits throughout to aid in the data reduction of the viewing habits of the public for advertisers.

In 1969 I left TAM for a position as a Design Engineer at Texas Instruments. Here I gained experience in the design of integrated circuits and I designed an integrated circuit for a time of day clock, and also one of the chips that appeared in the Television CEEFAX system for displaying alpha-numeric data of programmes and items of interest on the TV screen.

In 1975 I accepted a position to go to the USA with Texas Instruments to design computer memory chips and the whole family found ourselves in Houston Texas. In 1980 I accepted the position of Design Manager for a new endeavour which was the design of Digital Signal Processors. These circuits are the heart of the speech recognition in mobile phones and we produced the first one in 1982. Since then Digital Signal Processing has proliferated in all walks of everyday life. Probably the most well-known is the automated telephone answering machines and mobile phones, but the circuits find applications in all forms of automatic control systems.



I retired in 1998 at the age of 60 having had a very satisfying career in electrical engineering. I still live with my wife Susan in Richmond, just outside Houston. We have 3 sons, 2 daughters and 4 grandchildren. I amuse myself these days by building and flying radio controlled model airplanes and painting pictures of airplanes.

ALAN CRUMPLER (53-58)

"My chief anxiety at the moment is lest his emergence into the dance-band world outside school should lead him to lose his sense of proportion and to suppose that his days of study are already over".

J.D.Neil 16th December 1957

Well, there you are. I'm afraid my attention to academia was scant, probably due to an 'overactive mind' coupled with a lack of communication with many members of staff who seemed to me to be extremely staid and to be somewhat out of touch with the Goons and Spike Milligan. However, some juices must have flowed from somewhere – *but not from Gunner Holman – "Time and talent completely wasted"*.



During the latter part of my experiences at QEGS I was very lucky to meet Barry Curtis who had moved from Enfield to Ferndown. He was a skilled pianist and expert jazz musician who had had a band in London. He introduced me to improvisation and chord sequences, etc., and off we went, to the chagrin of JDN. He was the long-term friend of the late Elaine Hooker (Elaine Barry – soprano), who was the first pupil of John Emery to achieve an A-level in music.

Time moves on and after an extremely useful and informative period as a radio and television engineer at Wimborne Radio, where I received excellent guidance, in conjunction with Bournemouth Technical College, many and varied skills were acquired which have served me well. In the meantime I played the double bass in a very happy little band doing gigs around the district.

Around this time I met my future wife, Maureen, who was teaching at Lytchett Matravers Primary School. Her head was a talented musician, Robert Woodward, who had been head choirboy at Westminster Abbey and now sang countertenor. I visited the school each Wednesday afternoon (half-day closing – what is that !) and recorded the children's recorder playing - and began to play a little myself. This led to our marriage and move to Liverpool where I trained as a teacher. I continued with bass playing when a student and enjoyed four years as a tenor in Liverpool Anglican Cathedral Choir under Ronald Woan and Noel Rawsthorne. This was a very valuable

experience which enabled me to do a great deal of music with the children, one of whom is the Cor Anglais player with the BBC Scottish Orchestra.

After a while we were obliged to move to Leominster in Herefordshire to renovate a derelict shop and living premises which we managed over a two-year period. We eventually created a craft materials shop and a proper music shop, including a good workshop where I continued to make medieval and renaissance instruments which I had begun in Liverpool. My first commission was for David Munrow and the Early Music Consort which led to many further orders from various parts of the World. I once had a letter from New York addressed 'Alan Crumpler, Liverpool' and thought I must have arrived !

Meanwhile I became immediately involved with young musicians from the local school and developed a very skilled ensemble of five recorder players. We travelled to America, Germany and Spain for the British Council, plus Ireland and many other places in the UK. We won the top award from the Royal College of Music in the School Proms series and went on to make five discs with professional ensembles.



Time again moves on and last Christmas 2018, at 2am we suffered a serious fire here which completely destroyed my music room, including an 18th century chamber organ, 1786 square piano, harpsichord, twenty recorders, six viols, three shawms, two oboes (one bought from C H

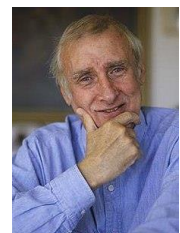
Barnaby [Geography] for £4.00 in 1956), two

harps, a bassoon – it goes on – and all my music and books! A good way to have a clear-out, but a little drastic ! However, a long-term friend of mine from the David Munrow days, John Turner, GAVE me his lovely two-manual harpsichord – 'I never play it'. he said – I was truly overwhelmed! I repainted it and it now sits in the newly repaired music room. This enables me now to continue with my teaching of mainly baroque chamber music.



Finally, I forgot to mention that I also have been recording, producing and editing a number of location recordings of choral and instrumental music over the years. This included a beautifully played disc of the complete organ works of Durufle, recorded in Notre Dame D'Auteuil in Paris, played by Henry Fairs, for Naxos Records.

I hope this little note is of interest to some former pupils whom I remember with some interest and affection, particularly a young lady who shared my enthusiasm for Spike Milligan !



Every good wish to all !

RAY W WHEELER (nous nous) (43-47)

It was early in 1964 and my wife and myself (plus two children) were managing an off-licence in Walsworth (Hitchin, Herts) right opposite the famous Harkness Roses (still there, I believe). I'm an avid reader and had been reading about life "down-under" and I clearly remember saying to my wife, "How would you like to live in Australia" and she turned to me and I quote, "When do we go?" That was all the encouragement I needed, so within six months we were settled in Geelong (Victoria) with work and accommodation – all for £10 each ! The children came free ! That was 50 years ago and we have never regretted one minute of it.

If one emigrates to another country you immediately adapt to the customs, traditions of said country and you will be accepted more readily by the locals – it's like starting a new life, no reminiscing about the past ! I think our two children adapted just as quickly and of course going to school with the local kids also helped. You don't forget the old country ! You just don't bother to talk about it to the Aussies ! They didn't want to know – why should they ? In those days skilled workers were few and far between which of course was very helpful to myself (Baker, Confectioner etc.) as the demand was always there.

Since those early days in 1964/65 much has happened, both our children married, we have six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. We have all travelled extensively in the UK, Europe and USA, and are still doing the same. Well, the children are! And the grandkids who I guess will be doing more. We are still in contact with a few relatives in the UK and they are pretty widespread throughout England, Wales and Scotland.

In closing this little story of emigration, it would be remiss of me not to mention my dear wife, Pam, who passed away 6 months ago after 65 years of a wonderful life together. Memories, memories, memories !

My contemporaries included Tom Ainsworth, Denis House, Mike Quarmby, John Philpott. All sadly deceased.

HARRY CLARKE (52-60)

"Missive from a Northern Reprobate"

Looking back with the vision of 20/20 hindsight and a further 50+ years of life, I realise just how privileged I was to have ended up at QEGS in October 1952 some 9 months after moving south from Lancashire and by a quirk of fate, being eleven years old in 1952 when the intake was still 60 boys. Of course I didn't speak the Queen's English and I'm sure Fishy Maiden thought that I couldn't string sufficient words together to form a clause let alone a sentence. For me, most literature was analysed out of existence. Burying rather than praising, sceptred isles and winters of discontent were all a bit of a flog with the exception of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. There was an emotional involvement with these quatrains, a catch in the voice and a tear in

the eye, that didn't exist elsewhere, so much so that I bought my own copy from the Folio Society and still treasure it today. If you're a romantic then read stanza 11.

Tarzan took us for History and was going to have no truck from 30 scamps when it came to discipline. There was an occasion when somebody passed wind somewhat loudly. Needless to state the reaction was both mirthful and loud. We were asked who laughed and more than half the class put up their hands thinking that there was safety in numbers. We were all hauled out to the front and one by one treated to a Tarzan special. He had hands like shovels; one was placed gently next to one ear whilst the other struck the other ear. There was no need for a repeat performance.

Gunner Holman came to my rescue in the second year when Latin was an option. At last the words decline and conjugate passed between my ears and I learnt more English Grammar in his classes than elsewhere. There were, however, other minefields to negotiate. In the hormonal chaos of puberty, the Heredes of Ovid can be tricky to translate especially when "a woman was beating her bare breasts in anguish", but true to form Gunner piped up "Aye, life in the raw Laddie."

Frosty Hoare took me for French and I suspect that I remember more of the ear-twisting than the French. I did eventually pass French O-level, but claim that I achieved it for persistence rather than skill. However I still use the language for a month each year when booking gites and generally surviving the patisserie and supermarché, not forgetting the degustation and wine purchasing.

From the anecdotes above you will wonder what I learned from my years at QEGS. Well, young women had a civilising effect on the behaviour of an all-male institution although one can understand why the first thirty cowered in the corner by the gymnasium on the first morning of term. Secondly, how much of a distraction they can be; welcome nevertheless !!

Another benefit was that trebles, altos and falsettos no longer had to play parts in drag as the fairer sex were there to do the job properly especially when Iolanthe was a school production. They could trip hither and thither to everybody's delight !

More seriously, I think that in order to achieve academic success one was expected to go on to University to read for a degree which I did ten years later at Leeds University. Never one to do things the easy way, three children first, then an understanding employer who gave me leave of absence for three years and enough part-time work to supplement my grant to maintain my family.

Although I'd left QEGS in 1960, I was back in the North by 1967 running a Youth Centre just behind Leeds University. I completed my degree just before Local Government reorganisation in 1974 and have never looked back.

I now live in a cottage built during the Jacobite Rebellion (1745 as Tarzan would have reminded us) some ten miles from where I was born in the East Lancashire Pennines. Pleasant walks on the fells, Bury black puddings (boiled in Lancashire not fried) are

opportunities not to be missed, however I have never taken to tripe, whether it be honeycomb or seam.

On reflection my time in the south changed many of life's chances and opened my eyes to a different set of expectations. It was a great comfort to come across Ernest Hemingway's definition of Education:

"The acquisition of an inbuilt shock-proof crap detector."

The above has come in useful over the years both, in face to face work and latterly in a management role.

Best wishes to all and a happy retirement to those who make it !!

IAN HASTINGS (52-57)

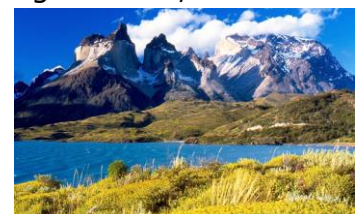
It is not often you get the chance to tell the story of your life, so if any of my former classmates are listening, read on; and out of respect for the editors, I will keep it as short as I can.

I suppose the best place to start would be the moment I stepped out of QEGS in 1957 without a clue as to what I was going to do or where to turn. Little did I realize then that I would end up – 60 years later - in Chile, of all places.

But let me get back on track. Stuck in a rut in the UK, with little future ahead of me and with a yearning to travel but without the means, I started learning Spanish and one day decided to try my luck in Spain. From there onwards and for the next 34 years, the "means" was afforded me by becoming a travel agent and, after scrambling up the slippery slope, I was at last able to travel, not only inside Spain but around the world. Life was hectic then and I enjoyed every moment of it, but as the years went by I got tired of organizing other people's trips and events, so I sold the business I was in at the time, placed a map of the world on the wall, closed my eyes and threw a dart at it to see where it stuck. Well, that's the short story when people here ask me: "Whatever made you choose Chile?" Actually, if truth be told and whilst searching to redirect my life, I met a Chilean girl in Spain who invited me to go visit her country – with her and see for myself. I was living alone at the time, so I had very little to lose; however, it was only after I had sold everything and bought a one way ticket to her country that we split, so I landed in Santiago by myself, knowing no one.

Things began to move at a fast pace from there onwards and, after a few tries at different projects, I began to translate for large firms which I have been doing ever since. I remarried in Chile (my other two adult children remained in Spain) and I now have two strapping lads here - the last just graduated from High School; it was a struggle but I enjoyed every minute.

Now, I can step out of my doorway and admire a wonderful view of the Andes, only a stone's throw away.



Readers might be interested to learn that we Brits are held in very high esteem by all of the foreigners I have come across in my travels. Yes, they poke fun jokingly at our little idiosyncrasies – but they do have a sneaking admiration for us as a nation.

What conclusions do I come to after living now for 60 years outside Britain? Well, first of all, I have never really missed my homeland because I learned to live and enjoy the here and now, and also because I like viewing society from a distance as a foreigner. What is more, I have learned by experience that in life, if you accept - sensibly - the many opportunities you are offered, you will succeed in your endeavours, but if you hesitate and “sleep on it”, things begin to go horribly wrong.

I have been back to QE a couple of times to show my respective families where I went to school, so although the most vivid memories of my days there were the companionship of my classmates, I am still thankful for the education given by the school.

My best wishes go out to all Old Winburnians, especially those who might remember me.

JANET DOOLAEGE (née Pursey) (58-65)

In the latest newsletter you were asking for overseas members to contribute their stories, so I have prepared an article. It's not really a personal story, as these accounts of “first I did this, then I did that, then I got married, then I had children, etc.” tend to be just a little unexciting We haven't all had desperately fascinating lives, naturally. Still, I think there are enough differences between France and England to be of interest.

“Life across the Channel”

I have lived in France for a long, long time.

When I first arrived in the 1960s, I noticed plenty of differences between life here and life in England. People were more formal, shaking hands often, addressing one another invariably as *monsieur* and *madame*. In the shops, you could buy wine and exotic vegetables such as aubergines, but you couldn't buy mugs (only cups and saucers), whilst electric kettles and toasters were unknown. Shops stayed open until 7pm and most closed on Mondays. Everyone bought fresh bread, every day.

Now, with the advent of international supermarket chains and online ordering, a lot of those differences have faded, and attitudes are more relaxed, although in the language the distinction between *vous* and *tu* remains firmly in place, creating a social barrier and a problem for foreigners. At what point dare you switch to the familiar *tu* ? There are different conventions in the written language, too. For instance, “19th century” is written in roman numerals, “*XIXe siècle*”, and each line of dialogue in a novel starts not with the opening of quotation marks, but with a dash, thus :

- *Parlez-vous anglais ? dit Jean*

At New Year, it's important to convey your good wishes to all and sundry, usually in quite a flowery message by card, or phone call, or text message. You don't simply say, "Happy New Year", but express effusive wishes that all the other person's most cherished dreams may come true in the year ahead and that they enjoy the best of health and prosperity and revel in the warmth of love and friendship, etc., etc. Brief English-style greetings are considered much too blunt. On meeting a friend or relative for the first time on or after 1 January, you must kiss on both cheeks, usually bestowing two kisses, but in some regions or families three or four. Always start with the person's right cheek, thereby avoiding an awkward collision of noses.

If someone gives you a present (or "offers" it to you, as the saying goes), you should kiss that person. In the early days I unwittingly offended an old lady who had given me a little vase: I thanked her fervently, but in my ignorance I failed to kiss her.

Throughout January, bakeries and supermarkets sell *galettes des rois*, traditionally to celebrate Epiphany on Twelfth Night. These are circular puff-pastry cakes stuffed with an almond cream called frangipane. Inside is a little glazed china charm, and whoever finds the charm in their slice is the king or queen for the occasion and gets to wear a gold cardboard crown. Families, friends and colleagues all gather convivially to share a *galette* and drink champagne.

French cuisine is renowned, of course, and English food eyed with suspicion, especially weird items like jelly or mint sauce. Frogs' legs are seldom on offer in restaurants nowadays, but snails are still considered a delicacy. Apart from ingredients and styles of cooking, other differences make themselves felt. For example, bread is never served with soup. Eating bread with soup is something that only country bumpkins do. Soup is eaten (not drunk!) with a dessert-shaped spoon, not a round soup spoon. Bread, with the main course, is eaten straight off the tabletop or tablecloth, not from a side plate, and should be broken with the fingers, never cut. Cream in France is *crème fraîche*, with its distinctive slightly sour taste. English clotted cream, as served with strawberries, is almost impossible to find. When sitting at the table, it's not polite to place your hands in your lap. Your hands and forearms should always rest on the table.

France has two pancake days. The first, Candlemas or *la chandeleur*, occurs forty days after Christmas, and you should flip over your pancakes with a coin in your hand and make a wish for luck. Shrove Tuesday is also a day for eating pancakes, to mark the beginning of Lent, although French *crêpes* tend to be thinner and more delicate than English ones.

France has been a secular country officially since 1905, but traditional religious festivals such as Easter are certainly celebrated. Easter eggs, however, are not the foil-encased, industrially produced eggs sold in England, but are made locally in all sizes by bakeries and *pâtisseries*, sold without foil wrapping and often filled with sachets of small chocolates in the shape of fish, shellfish, lambs, bells and chicks.

Sometimes it's quite hard to find the traditional eggs, as the shops are brimming with chocolate fish, chicks and bells. Why bells? Because Catholic tradition has it that the church bells go to Rome to be blessed, and come flying home on Easter Sunday.

While public holidays don't always coincide with religious festivals, bank holidays don't always fall on a Monday, either, as they do in England. If a holiday falls on, say, a Tuesday or a Thursday, this can be an opportunity to bridge the gap with the weekend and take a four-day break while applying for only one day off work. At the beginning of the year, office workers scrutinize the calendar for these useful *ponts*, or even *viaducs* if by some happy chance there are two public holidays within a few days of each other, as can occur in the merry month of May.

May can often be a time of protests and strikes, when the French defend their rights and take to the streets in noisy demonstrations, shouting through megaphones, waving banners and letting off coloured smoke bombs. They are confronted by the riot police in heavy protective armour, and running battles can result in serious injuries. Trade unions still have a certain amount of clout, and the government often ends up by making some concessions. The great uprising of 1968 is by no means forgotten.

School holidays have a big impact, affecting train and bus timetables and even periods when small shops are closed. The summer is a time of mass exodus on annual holiday. In the past, it was customary to take either the whole of July or the whole of August, but nowadays people tend to go away for just a fortnight, or three weeks at most. In Paris, countless shops close for July or August and there is visibly less traffic. On 14 July, or Bastille Day as the English know it, a military parade is held and firework displays take place everywhere, from small villages to larger towns to the capital itself.

September marks *la rentrée*, a homecoming from holiday and a mass return to work and school. The first day of a new school year is seen as so important that some parents take time off to prepare their children for the experience and accompany them to school. Although the French work fewer hours on average than the British, their productivity figures are higher. Make of that what you will!

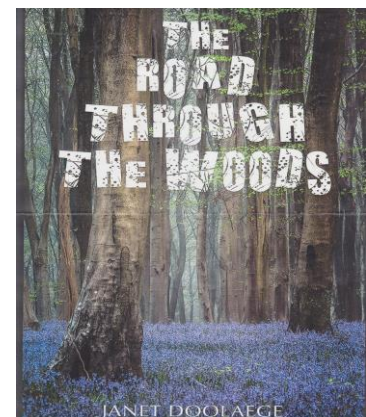
Apart from Halloween, which began only a few years ago to encourage children to dress up as skeletons and witches and demand sweets from householders, there are just two more notable dates in the calendar. For 1 November, or All Saints' Day, garden centres sell vast quantities of chrysanthemums to be placed on graves; cemeteries are a riot of colour, but it's a pity that this lovely flower has come to be so closely associated with death. Then comes the public holiday of 11 November, Remembrance Day, and after that we are in the run-up to Christmas.

Illuminations appear in streets before the end of the November and in some places are left until the end of January. Trees are decorated. Christmas cards, however, are hard to find in the shops until after the first week in December, and are much less popular than in the UK. Carol-singers and carol concerts are unknown, although there are a few traditional Christmas songs. Nor do the French go in for ghost stories,

tending to scoff at *les Anglais* and their ghosts. (They are not, however, as "Cartesian" as they like to make out; fortune-tellers and astrologers are popular, for example.) The most festive occasion is Christmas Eve, when a grand meal, usually including oysters and seafood, is eaten very late at night to allow time for the devout to attend Midnight Mass. Children open their presents late on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day there will be turkey and probably a *bûche*, or Yule log, which is often a marvel of rich, creamy *pâtisserie*. Virtually unknown except among expats are Christmas cake and mince pies, and Christmas pudding is regarded as decidedly odd. (*Ça se mange?*). As for the traditional British pantomime, I feel sure it would leave any French person utterly baffled.

And so we are back to New Year's Eve parties, more fireworks, and then *Bonne année! Bonne santé!* May all your most cherished dreams come true ... Hope springs eternal, and another year begins on this side of the Channel – an hour ahead of England.

I read the Summer 2019 newsletter with interest, especially "A School Trip" and "Break-Time Ritual". Ah, nostalgia ! I'm also sending a copy of the cover of my latest novel. It's about some young people trying to save a wood from a road scheme. It's available as an e-book from Amazon and also from Smashwords.



"An update from Janet covering recent events"

Almost overnight, the world has changed. Now there can be no convivial gatherings, no hugs or kisses, and certainly no cordial handshakes. We must stay indoors and not venture out without a certificate, otherwise we risk a fine. The streets are eerily quiet. In front of the supermarket stretches a long and remarkably disciplined queue, each person at least a metre away from the next. Inside, many empty shelves have not been replenished. Some shop assistants are wearing surgical masks and gloves, but these are not available for the bulk of the population. Every day we watch the grim news on TV.

Can things ever return to "normal"? We wait and wonder, here in 2020, year of the coronavirus.

GEOFF HILL (58-59)

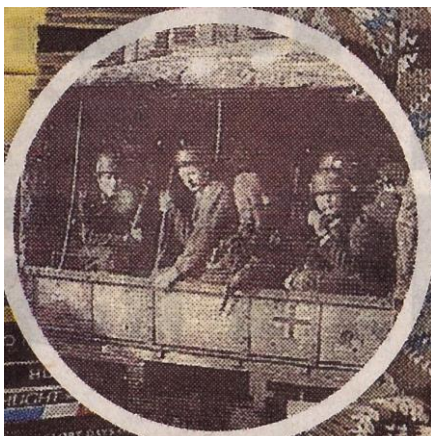
"A Pensioner's Fond Memory of Kirk"



From an item which appeared in a recent edition of the Bournemouth Echo, Geoff recalled fond memories of the time he was an extra in a film shot in Poole, starring the late Kirk Douglas.

The Hollywood legend died on 5th February 2020, aged 103, and Geoff, 76, remembers the week he spent filming *The Heroes of Telemark* in Poole when he was just 21 years old with the Hollywood star.

Geoff lived in Corfe Mullen at the time. He said "I have such fond memories of not only acting in the film, but actually as Kirk was on the next dining table as myself, when I saw he had finished his meal I went across and had a chat with him for about 15 minutes and he was extremely friendly and respectful to me. I asked him how he liked filming in the UK, and he said he loved being here, and the British people were lovely and so very friendly and welcoming to him. Michael was also on the set, and during a break in filming I went across to have a chat with him. Asking what he was doing on set with his father, he told me he was learning the trade and was practising at working the spare camera. I asked if he intended to follow his father into acting, and he said at the time he had no thoughts of doing so, but history was to prove he was to become a star in his own right in the years to come".



Geoff played a German soldier and a petty officer; the assistant director asked him and another extra if they'd work till the end of filming in Norway. However, Geoff declined as he had to continue his work as an electrical apprentice and he didn't want to leave his girlfriend, who he'd go on to be married to for 30 years.

"The other chap, Dave I think, was unemployed and, with nothing to lose, took up this exciting offer," he

continued. "Five years later I bumped into Dave in Poole, and we both pointed at each other and shouted 'Heroes of Telemark' and he told me how he had made a career out of being in the film to the very end, and had rarely been out of work, even being in a couple of James Bond movies. I have no regrets though. I have had a great life".

Geoff said he then built his own house in Snowdonia, joined a local drama group and was in the film *First Knight* with Richard Gere and Sean Connery. "That filming with that wonderful Hollywood star [Kirk Douglas] will always be a very lovely memory. It inspired me to dip my feet into acting over many years and has enriched this grateful and still lively pensioner for always".

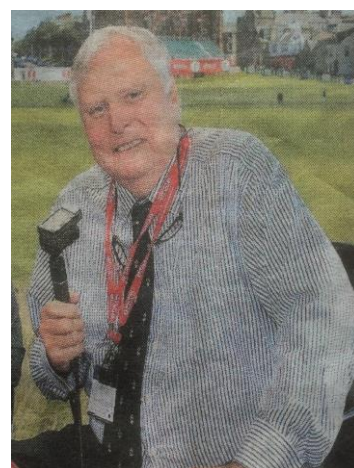
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(I saw this piece in the Echo, Geoff, and thought it appropriate to include it. Good to look back on happier times in these different days. Besides, it makes a change from your reminiscences from Wandsworth, Wormwood Scrubs and Dartmoor, don't you agree ?

A R B)

PETER ALLISS

Peter Alliss, who was 89 in February and is known as the 'Voice of Golf', said : "In wartime we had sirens, bombs and people blown up in the streets – we knew the enemy. This virus is like a science fiction movie, a creeping monster".



(Peter has been reflecting on coronavirus, his future plans and his anxieties about the effects of the pandemic on the smaller golf courses and the 2 million ordinary people who play the game for fun up and down the country, besides the impact on the stars of the world tournament.

Ever the optimist – Peter renewed his OWA membership recently for the next 5 years(!) – he observes ; 'Hopefully I will live long enough to make the 2022 Open Championship at St. Andrews. Maybe someone can carry me on a sedan chair and people will enjoy what I have to say'.

Peter, you are a greatly loved human being besides being such a brilliant commentator. Of course, you will be there at St. Andrews and, as one of our most distinguished alumni, every member of the Old Winburnians will be cheering you on !

A R B)

(My thanks to Betty Read (53-58) for spotting the article on Peter in the 1st May edition of the Daily Express

A R B)

MY DESERT ISLAND DISCS by ALAN R BENNETT

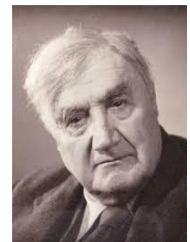
Where to begin ? First of all, I cannot overstate my love of music. As a young man my ambition was to become a professional actor/singer. Alas, my theatrical dreams were thwarted at the age of 18 while still at WGS after a journey with 2 fellow pupils (Derek Lawman was one) to County Hall, Dorchester, when my application for a scholarship to RADA, or the Bristol Old Vic was rebuffed with words I still vividly recall. 'Surely the country already has enough actors – and half of them are out of work !' As for the singling the best I achieved was a few paid nights singing a dozen standards or so at the Wessex Hotel, Bournemouth, then a popular venue (now demolished !). Regrettably, I didn't persevere.

In London the LCC offered me a grant to study at the London School of Economics (LSE). After 3 years there I drifted into teaching, acquired a wife and a mortgage and, doubtless like many readers, youthful ambitions were submerged/forgotten by the mundane realities of everyday life. Yes, the occasional amateur excursion into acting/singing but, in all essentials after the youthful dreams I must count myself a failure.

So to my choices to play on my wind-up gramophone marooned on a desert island. Incidentally, I wouldn't mind camping out under the stars in a congenial climate. When I was 19 I camped for 6 months on a farm in Kent milking goats, tending 300 head of free-range poultry, often cooking on an open-fire, for myself and driving my little 1933 Singer Le Mans 4 seater sports car about the lanes. Those were the days !

1. FANTASIA ON A THEME OF GREENSLEEVES by Ralph Vaughan Williams

Let me explain my choice. I was actually born in Lewisham, south-east London, and was subsequently evacuated with my parents to Luton where I spent many nights in an Anderson shelter in our back garden listening to the air raids. Despite their best/worst efforts, however, Hitler and the Luftwaffe failed to kill me. At this point, I will include a curious story. After the war, I heard from a generally reliable source that a secret file was discovered in Joseph Goebbels' office in the Nazi HQ in Berlin containing certain names that will be familiar to you. Let me list the names : Desmond Cox, Robert Hall, Ron Mansfield, Kenneth Orman, Len Pearce, Graham Powell, Ray Scott, Derek Stevens. The file was marked 'Enemies of the Reich. No Mercy !' It is believed that Hitler and his cronies had developed a particular hatred of Winburnians since the celebrated BBC newsreader of the time, Stuart Hibberd (1893-1983) was an old boy of WGS. Curiously, there were 3 asterisks after the name of Desmond Cox suggesting he was a prime target for the Luftwaffe and the Gestapo. Of course, all of you who know Desmond will easily understand the reason for the 3 asterisks !



However, I digress. When I was 8 years old my family, Dad (a baker and confectioner by trade), Mum, my younger sister and myself moved to a small bungalow in Sandy Lane, Upton. At the time Sandy Lane was just that, a mile long very sandy stretch of dusty track running from the Poole/Blandford road to where Upton joins up with Lytchett Minster. Our bungalow bordered a magical heathland setting with unbroken views across Lytchett Bay to the distant Purbecks. In summer I fell asleep to the sound of churring nightjars which bred amongst the heather. At other seasons I listened to the cries of various species

of the owl family, the haunting call of curlews from the foreshore mudflats of the bay, or the barking of foxes from their dens on the heath. Fellow OWs who will remember the locality include the Singleton brothers, David and John, David Scrase, Ken Taylor (a delivery boy from Palmer's bakery at Organford) and Keith Harvey who lived not far away. Incidentally, my old friend, David Singleton long resident in the USA, was a passionate Dixieland/trad jazz fiend who collected the most obscure recordings of New Orleans virtuosos, while David Scrase was already listening to Shostakovich and Rimsky-Korsakov !

I attended Lytchett Minster village school. You can still see the old buildings adjacent to the parish church on the bend in the road, a short distance from the St. Peter's Finger public house. It was a typically happy little village school with half a dozen teachers, nearly all men, educating children from 7-8 through to 15 years old. Every morning and afternoon, in every season and all weathers, I walked unaccompanied through the lanes and across fields to school, seldom seeing anyone on my journey. There were no cars for few families then owned a car, just the occasional farm-cart, cow, or horse. Was I afraid ? Never. It was a similar story for so many of our generation living away from towns, wasn't it, and so different from today. I know many of you walked or cycled very long distances to and from WGS.

In our music lessons we learned the words and melodies of traditional songs, one of which was Greensleeves, a tune that dates back at least to Shakespeare's time. I grew up to love the gentle, lilting melody, as so many generations have done over the centuries. Then there was the very special occasion when, returning home from school, drifting across from a nearby cottage, I heard the unmistakable tune of Greensleeves, an orchestral version, obviously emanating from someone's wireless (not a radio yet !). I have never forgotten that magical moment. So that is my first choice with no particular recording preference for there are so many wonderful versions. It is England, the England I love !

2. BUS STOP by The Hollies

What next ? The Swinging Sixties hold many happy memories for me and, no doubt, for many of you. Derek Burt and Robert Copelin discarded their Teddy Boy outfits for the latest Carnaby Street fashions and Tony Elgar and Jim Brewster hastened across The Channel to visit the newly opened Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam while studiously avoiding the temptations of the Red Light district (so they said !). I was living in London, Clapham SW4 to be precise, not far from where the distinguished OW, Les Bishop, was soon to be unpacking his 2 shirts and solitary pair of underpants from his suitcase in Larkhall Rise.

At the LSE one of my dearest pals was a certain Ray Reardon, known to his female admirers as Ray Pilgrim (see page 8) who sang with the Oscar Rabin band at the Wimbledon Palais at weekends and every Friday lunchtime on the BBC's 'Go Man Go' radio programme which some of you may remember. It was a very popular show and each week featured one of the leading 'pop acts' of the moment. At Ray's invitation I regularly attended the broadcasts at the Paris studios in Regent Street and met, albeit briefly, John 'Johnny Remember Me' Leyton, Eden 'Well I Ask You' Kane and the recently deceased Kenny 'Up On The Roof' Lynch. Kenny actually laid on a strip dancer at his Soho club for us which reminds me of a curious incident as we arrived there. Sneaking out of the exit looking rather embarrassed was a figure who looked remarkably like Tony Gould. Was it you, Tony ? Do tell me !





Of course, the Sixties were a lot of fun and were musically mostly about bands rather than solo performers, especially The Beatles and the Stones. Incidentally, Mick Jagger was a year or two behind Ray and I at the LSE though our paths never crossed. In fact Mick dropped out after a year or so saying he wanted to try his luck with his band, but was told he would be welcome to return to his studies if the music business didn't turn out well for him ! In truth the band I preferred was The Hollies my favourite among their recordings remains the Graham Gouldman composition 'Bus Stop' which tells the story of 'boy meets girl' at a bus stop. They fall in love and live happily ever after (we hope !). With Allan Clarke's lead vocals and Graham Nash and the other band members providing the harmonies and backing, it is, in my judgement, a wonderfully clever lyric and 'catchy' tune that stands the test of time. Somehow it also reflects the general optimism of the era. And we were all optimistic in those days, weren't we ?

Curiously, I still recall so clearly chancing to walk in Graham Nash's footsteps as he strolled, guitar slung over his shoulder and unrecognised other than by me, up St. Thomas's Street, Weymouth, early one summer's morning in '66 or '67 on his way to rehearse at a local cinema/theatre for a performance that evening. Weymouth, incidentally, has a particular resonance for me for it was there I first met and then married my wife, Elaine. My best man on my wedding day was my fellow OW and one of my dearest friends since sixth form days, Brian J Richmond, brother of another OW, Christine Price !

3. MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE sung by Johnny Hartman (1923-83) accompanied by tenor saxophonist, John Coltrane (1926-67). Recorded in 1963.

Many readers will probably be unfamiliar with Johnny Hartman. All I can say is listen to the recording and I cannot imagine anyone of you being disappointed. The lyric is wonderfully romantic, the melody is hauntingly beautiful, the collaboration is exquisite. Johnny Hartman was little known outside The States, but was a truly great singer with perfect diction, pitch and an understanding of the lyrics he performed. Has there ever been a finer tenor saxophonist than John Coltrane who sadly died of liver cancer in 1967 ? A perfect accompaniment to a romantic evening. And OWs are a romantic lot, aren't they ? So, fellers, pour the wine, give the lady a kiss and put on the music. Or, maybe, the lady could pour the wine ?



-  Carolyn Kamcke, a glass for John perhaps ?
-  Hazel Christopher, a glass for Robin ?
-  Betty Read, a tumbler for Bill ?
-  As for Sue Hatherley, just pass the bottle across to Peter !

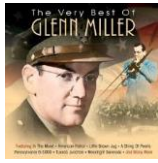
4. NESSUN DORMA sung by Luciano Pavarotti (1935-2007)



From Giacomo Puccini's opera Turandot, Pavarotti recorded Nessun Dorma on a number of occasions as a solo artist and as a member of the 3 Tenors. I have always loved the tenor voice, the first gramophone record I bought when I was 16 was Mario Lanza's 'Be My Love'. There is a thrilling quality about the tenor voice, especially as the performer reaches for the higher notes. Pavarotti himself was a force of nature, a phenomenal performer. Technically I understand the highest note in Nessun Dorma is a B4 or a semi-tone short of C5, the tenor high C. Not a lot of people know that, as someone used to say. I

wonder how many OWs know that ? Alan Maitland perhaps ? Geoff Hill ? Peter Clarke must be a real possibility. David Park a certainty ! Incidentally, if you haven't seen the film about the great man I do recommend it. It is magnificent.

5. MOONLIGHT SERENADE by The Glenn Miller (1904-44) Orchestra – US Army & Air Force Band



A choice that will, no doubt, be popular with many readers. Very simply, this is pure nostalgia. Poor, ill-fated Glenn, a superb orchestrator and band-leader, he'd created a wonderful band, recorded some memorable music, entertained millions live and on the wireless, when he was a passenger in a small aircraft that was lost over The Channel in the closing stages of the war. No details were ever discovered, probably in enemy action. Played by that fine actor, James Stewart, in a film made not long after the war ended, it was a heart-breaking and cruel blow to his wife and family, and all his friends and fans. What more is there to add ?

6. BY THE TIME I GET TO PHOENIX sung by Frank Sinatra (1915-98)

At the WGS I was a Johnnie Ray fan while my old OW pal, Derek Lawman, was a confirmed Sinatra aficionado – Derek was right. While Mr 'Cry Guy' was a mesmerising performer on stage – I saw him at the Winter Gardens backed by Johnny Dankworth – Ol' Blue Eyes was different class. An amazing talent with a complex character, at times he could behave appallingly as he himself acknowledged. Yet he was also capable of great kindness and possessed a social conscience that led him to wage a long battle against racist bigotry and injustice. A friend of Martin Luther King he also consorted with some very unsavoury characters in the US Mafia, a legacy of his Hoboken days, while raising huge sums of money for under-privileged children across the World. He was a man full of contradictions but, above all, blessed with a voice and a gift of musical timing that made him the greatest popular singer of all time. Above all, he could interpret love songs with an understanding and sensitivity no other performer has ever matched. Personally, I have been privileged to see nearly all the great singers of our age live on stage at some time – Tony Bennett, Jack Jones, Johnny Mathis, Ella Fitzgerald – they have all acknowledged Sinatra as the supreme interpreter of the 'Great American Songbook'. Alas, he was the one singer I never did get to see live.

So why 'By the time I get to Phoenix' ? Jim Webb wrote the song and Glen Campbell initially recorded it. Described by Sinatra as 'possibly the greatest popular song ever written', the lyrics tell a story of a broken relationship with all the poignancy and sadness accompanying such a breakdown. To be honest, I could easily have chosen 8 Sinatra tracks as my choices because no one has ever sung of falling in love, lost love, regret, memories of relationships, with greater sensitivity and understanding. But I have chosen this title because it is my ultimate favourite.

7. SKETCHES OF SPAIN by Miles Davis (1926-91) with Gil Evans. Released in 1960.

Another very complex individual, this black American jazz trumpeter produced many memorable tracks during his career. My chosen piece is an extraordinarily atmospheric piece of music which creates a sound image of Spain that is instantly recognisable. If you sit back, close your eyes, perhaps a glass of Spanish vino this time, it's all there in the music. Quite astonishing. You can see the landscape, feel the heat, experience the timelessness of it all.

8. A LARK ASCENDING by Ralph Vaughan Williams, possibly with Nigel Kennedy playing the violin.

My second piece of music by Ralph Vaughan Williams and my final selection, it is also said to be the British public's favourite piece of classical music.



As a bird-watcher since my childhood I have always loved the sound of the skylark, most often in recent years as I walk around Badbury Rings though sadly the numbers of the birds have declined markedly in recent times. For Wordsworth the bird was 'an ethereal minstrel, a pilgrim of the sky'. For Shelley it was 'a blithe spirit' as it delivered its song while ascending almost vertically into the sky, hovering or even while descending.

For the critic, David Mellor, Vaughan Williams himself was a man 'of decency, integrity, steadfastness, courage, generosity of spirit and a liberal dose of English good humour. In WW1, at the age of 42, with the outbreak of war he insisted on going to the front as an ambulance man. In old age, in WW2 he would trundle a wheelbarrow around Dorking collecting scrap metal for the war effort'.

Clearly a fine human being, a favourite of dear old Albert Maiden, a magnificent composer – a glorious piece of music.

What better way to end ? Thank you for your patience.

MY BOOK

So many wonderful writers, so many wonderful books. What I choose today, I may have changed my mind by tomorrow. But here goes

ENGLISH JOURNEY by J B Priestley

First published in 1934, describing the author's travels through England in 1933. However, I would strongly recommend the superb 1997 edition published by the Folio Society with an Introduction by Margaret Drabble. Not cheap but superbly produced and illustrated with no fewer than 80 black-and-white photographs, all of them dating from the 1930s by some of the finest photographers of the decade.

'Being a rambling but truthful account of what one man saw and heard and felt and thought during a journey through England during the autumn of the year 1933'.



A novelist, playwright, essayist, broadcaster, J B Priestley was a great man and a brilliant social observer.

Read on !

OBITUARIES

RONALD CHARLES WHITE (48-54)

Ron suddenly passed away at home on 15th December 2019.

Upon leaving school, Ron worked on a farm for a year as one of the requirements to become a student at the Dorset College of Agriculture, from whence he graduated a year later well qualified in the subject. Ron was subsequently employed at the College for three years as manager of their poultry unit and a student instructor. Following this he worked in the poultry industry for the next thirty years as a hatchery manager, poultry specialist and regional advisor. During this period he also founded the South and West Broiler Association.



Ron then changed direction somewhat and became a salesman and advisor for Cheminex, supplying prescription-only products to vets and feed compounders, and making visits to farms with vets. This he did for ten years whilst also at one time running a sow breeding unit of which he was the co-owner. He then retired in 1999.



During retirement he did not stand still; he worked seasonally for Kelley as an advisor and salesman for their turkeys, delivering and installing tens of thousands of turkey poults in farms in the South and West. You have probably eaten one of them at Christmas when mature.

Throughout his life, Ron had a broad range of interests - the countryside, railways, old airfields, stationary engines, industrial archaeology, local history, family history, etc. He leaves wife Jean, two daughters and two stepsons.

Kindly sent to us by his brother, Prof. Bob White (51-57)

I certainly recall him being the chief poultry person on the staff at Kingston Maurward when I did a course there in about 1959. I also remember his fondness for walking the Dorset coast and his affection for bicycling.

Kindly sent to us by Tony Gould (51-57)

BRIAN FRANCIS KARSLAKE GLOVER (49-54)

Brian's ambition upon leaving school was to join the RAF. Unfortunately, during his assessment this was found to not be possible because of something in his previous medical history. Being an aeroplane enthusiast, as he was for all of his life, undeterred he cycled from his home in Verwood to Tarrant Rushton airfield to enquire about employment with Flight Refuelling (FR). Following an interview, Brian was employed as a trainee engineer which involved attendance at Bournemouth College.





In addition to their obvious activity, FR had large aircraft maintenance contracts with the RAF and air forces abroad. Brian worked on the maintenance of Meteors, the UK's first jet powered fighter aircraft in service. He was mainly involved in undercarriage overhaul and functional testing.

Eventually, FR lost some of the contracts and large scale redundancies resulted. Brian had been much valued at the firm and, as an example of this, his manager, who had been made redundant, visited Brian at home and wrote him a reference. Brian subsequently joined Penny and Giles, a large research and development engineering company in Christchurch. He worked on the use of, and data recording from, multi-axis accelerometers in crash recorders (the well-known "Black Boxes").

Brian was a member of Wimborne Methodist Church. He was very active in church affairs.

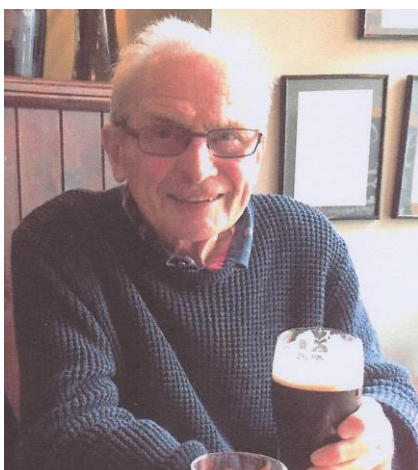
Kindly sent to us by Prof. Bob White (51–57)

(He was an immensely popular and well-loved figure in the church community which was reflected in the packed congregation at his memorial service. Warm and moving words were spoken from the pulpit and by his sister who recalled a kind, gentle and amusing individual who was always ready to help anyone. As someone who knew Brian over many years I shall miss his cheerful presence in the town. We all send our love and very best wishes to his family, especially his sister and his lovely lady and wife of many years, Valerie.

A R B)

KENNETH JOHN BARTLETT (44-52)

Having suffered with Alzheimer's disease for a number of years and developing pneumonia late last year, Kenneth sadly died on 14th November 2019.



He was born in Ringwood, Hampshire, in 1932, the second of 4 brothers. As a young boy during the war he had many memories of the family rushing to the shelter to sleep in the cold and damp as German planes were trying to drop their bombs on Southampton. He shared the Primary School with evacuees, they went to school in the morning and the local children went in the afternoon. Ken loved to be outdoors, spending much of his time in the New Forest. He always said that this was the reason he was so bad at Mathematics, as he didn't have enough time to practise his sums.

On passing the 11+, Ken came to Wimborne Grammar School. It was a 20 mile round-trip journey from his home, which he cycled every day. There he became Head Boy, plus shining at Languages, English, Art and rugby. He and two friends took the leading roles in school plays, playing both male and female parts. The weakest of the 3 applied to the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art (LAMDA) and was

accepted for an acting career to the others' amazement. So, for a bet and a dare, they too applied and Ken was offered a place. On telling his father, he was told "No you don't, my son, you're not going on the stage! Do your National Service, stay in the Army, or go to University." He did both !

At St. Luke's College in Exeter Ken played in the team that won the 1957 Middlesex Sevens tournament held at Twickenham, beating London Welsh in the final. Having shone in the defeat of Wasps along the way to the final, Ken was asked to join their club in the next season. After a year and a half at Wasps, he moved to Saracens in February, 1959, having also played for Dorset & Wilts. His playing career at Saracens was relatively short, halted by a serious shoulder injury in November, 1962, but he was Captain for two seasons and also represented the Southern Counties against the touring South Africans in 1960. He was later inducted into the Saracens Hall of Fame along with the likes of Michael Lynagh (Australian) and Philippe Sella (French).



Ken's playing career coincided with his first teaching post, which was at Borehamwood Grammar School. It was there, in 1961, that he met his wife Pauline. They were married the following year; a marriage lasting 57 years.

Ken remained a stalwart of Saracens and was appointed as the Club's first official coach in 1967. During his time as coach, he also coached Hertfordshire and was a key member of the Advisory Coaching Panel to the Rugby Football Union (RFU).

Having left Borehamwood in 1962, Ken took up a role lecturing at Hatfield Polytechnic and coaching many sports including cricket. In 1967 he was head-hunted by Hertfordshire County Council to take up an advisory role. However, his first love was



teaching and, after a chance meeting with Dan Hearn, a former England rugby international, the family moved to Haileybury (near Hertford). Ken continued to coach rugby, running the first XV with Dan, although his coaching at Saracens had to be curtailed. At Haileybury, he was able to revive his acting skills and he delighted in taking part on stage in school reviews, comedies and took the lead role of Willy Loman in Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman". In 1979 Ken became Housemaster of Kipling. On the day his appointment was announced in the school, one boy in the house ran off and joined the Foreign Legion – an apparent coincidence!! Being a Housemaster can be very hard, but also very rewarding. In his 10 years in Kipling he dealt with many troubles with sensitivity. It was a time-consuming job caring for the academic and social needs of at

least 55 boys, one in which Ken earned great respect from his colleagues and most of his charges.

In 1991 Ken & Pauline retired to Langham (in Norfolk). There Ken became church warden for many years. Retirement didn't bring about a quiet life. He had a gift of saying the right thing and never said "No" to any job that needed doing. This led to him becoming Treasurer on the Street Fayre's committee and later it's Chairman. He also organised the Scribes Calligraphy group in Norwich for many years.

As well as speaking fluent German, Ken's French wasn't bad and he learnt Spanish well enough to be understood in one year. He loved dialects, Norfolk tales & songs, and read humorous poems in an immaculate Norfolk accent.

He is greatly missed for his fabulous sense of humour, a mischievous twinkle in his eye and an inspirational advisor to all of his family.

Kindly sent to us by his wife, Pauline

Having been at QEGS and St Luke's College, Exeter, studying PE together, Ken & I had many similar interests. At QEGS, as well as becoming Head Boy, he was also Head of Derby House, in-charge of the Combined Cadet Force so leading to a National Service commission, Victor Ludorum in athletics, Captain of most sports & taking major roles in school dramatic productions.

Many career opportunities presented themselves, but Ken chose teaching. Throughout his career he maintained his rugby prowess in regional and premier teams. During his time at Haileybury he gave great support to Dan Hearn after Dan dislocated his neck and damaged his spinal cord in a tackle when playing rugby.

The inspirational skills which Ken had acquired at QEGS served him well in retirement when, with Pauline, he very ably organised many village activities. I feel privileged to have known someone who achieved so much in life and gave so much support and pleasure to so many.

Kindly sent to us by Terry Randall (45-52)

I did my National Service based in Devon and often hitch-hiked home to Ferndown at weekends. On one occasion a coach pulled up beside me. "Jump in," said the driver, and I saw that all the passengers were in the uniform of the Parachute Regiment. No problem. Except that half-way along the aisle I recognized the officer in charge. It was Ken Bartlett. Only two or three years earlier we had been in the WGS cricket team. But now he was 2nd Lieut. Ken of the Paras, and I was just a lowly private at the headquarters of the Devonshire Regiment.

What should I do? Army regulations demand that a private soldier salute an officer. But this was Ken, my old team-mate. I'd feel a bit silly snapping a smart salute to someone who had been a cricket pitch pal. On the other hand, I couldn't just say "Hi Ken, how's things"? Private soldiers don't talk to officers. They take instructions from them. And call them Sir.

So I took the cowardly way out and strode quickly towards a seat at the back pretending that I had not noticed there was an officer on board. And when the driver reached the point where I had been asked to be let off I moved with equal speed in the opposite direction, not daring even to glance at that uniform with its single pip.

By now any other officer would probably have put me on a charge. But then, if it had been any other officer I would have known what to do. Salute !

Kindly sent to us by Brian Davis (45-51)

RICHARD READ (52-58)

Richard sadly died on 19th November 2019, after a long illness. He always enjoyed reading The Old Winburnians' newsletter and until he became too ill to travel, he also enjoyed meeting up with old friends at the reunions. He was immensely proud of having been a pupil at the school and went on to enjoy a fulfilling and successful career in education, initially as a teacher in a range of primary and special schools and later as headteacher in three different schools, including one designated as a school of Exceptional Difficulty.



In the early 1980s, Richard moved to Richmond-upon-Thames local authority as Senior Inspector for Special and Primary Education, before moving in 1989 to East Sussex as Senior Advisor for special education (in mainstream and special schools). In 1994, he went freelance as a Registered Ofsted Inspector and an Education Consultant for schools and local authorities, with contributions to teacher education. His skills, knowledge, breadth of experience and personality meant that he was always greatly in demand!

Richard was also extremely well-travelled, spending as much time as possible with the many friends he made around the world, especially in The Gambia, Kenya, India and Vietnam. Retirement meant this and his voluntary work could increase and in later years we benefitted greatly from the tremendous support received from many friends and families, natural and adopted, both here and overseas.

Richard is greatly missed, but will always be remembered for his colourful socks as well as his warmth, fun, thoughtfulness and care, but above all, for his ability to talk - to anyone, at length! The phrase by which he was perhaps most well-known, "Enjoy yourself", taken from The Specials hit of the same name, sums him up exactly !

Kindly sent to us by his wife, Angela

MICHAEL PATRICK AIKEN MBE (50-57)

Michael sadly died on 24th March 2019 whilst out horse riding. He grew up in Holtwood just outside Wimborne Minster in Dorset. The son of Harold and Joan Aiken, younger brother to June and elder to Peter and David.

He was educated at Gaunts School and then at Wimborne Minster Grammar School. Michael studied accountancy under articles for 2½ years, then volunteered and served for six years, firstly in the Parachute Regiment and then the Northumberland Fusiliers. He was stationed both in Hong Kong and Germany. He was a commissioned officer and was injured in Germany in 1963.



He entered the business world, ultimately achieving senior appointments in the brewing and shipping industries. He was a Board Member of a number of companies within Grand Metropolitan plc, now Diageo, including Chief Executive Officer (CEO) of Trumans, the brewers and retailers. Michael was the first private sector director to be recruited to the Board of the newly-privatised Sealink British Ferries, acquired by Sea Containers Group, Europe's largest ferries and ports company. He was appointed CEO of Sea Containers international ferries and ports business.

Michael then decided to strike out on his own and acquired Wightlink Shipping, becoming the principal shareholder and CEO in 1995. He grew the business substantially and sold it in 2005. During this time, Michael was a Board Member of the British Chamber of Shipping. Following the sale of Wightlink, he became a private investor and created a charitable family foundation.



Michael was a Vice President of The Mary Rose Trust, having been Trustee and Chairman for 12 years, Chairman of Rochester Cathedral Trust, Chairman of Aiken Spence, a former Trustee of the Tall Ships Youth Trust, former President of Relate in the South East and President of the Blyskawica Society. He was a Founder Trustee and past Chairman of the Leadership Trust and was a board member of Portsmouth Historic Dockyard.



Michael was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and Commerce. He was awarded an MBE in 2013 for services to National Heritage.

His most passionate interests throughout his life were sailing, the study of British maritime history, and in more recent years, horse riding.

With his wife Sigi, he made his home, for the last 42 years, in the village of Penshurst in Kent, where he was also the owner and Chairman of the Bottle House Inn.

He has been married to Sigi for 53 years and they had three sons; Alexander, Ralph and the late Fabian. He was father-in-law to Sonja, Anna and Annette and the adored grandfather of Oona, Kiefer, Astrid, Joshua and Sevasti.

Reproduced from his Memorial Service Sheet, kindly sent to us by The Chapter Office of Rochester Cathedral

DAVID EYNON EVANS (51-56)

"David entered the School in September, 1951, and has worked his way well up the School, ending with two years in the Sixth Form. He has been a hard worker, undertaking a heavy programme of advanced work, and is entered for the General Certificate of Education in English and Art at Advanced Level. He has a good sporting record. He was runner-up in his weight in Boxing in 1953, and played Rugby for the XV in 1955. He was appointed a School Prefect on Probation in 1954, and subsequently with full dignity. In his office he has been reliable, efficient and popular. He has a pleasant nature and manner, and bears an excellent character".

J.D.Neil 25th July 1956

David sadly died on 2nd October 2019. On leaving school, from 1956 to 1957 David studied Archaeology, History and English at the University of Wales in Cardiff. Thence, from 1957 to 1963 he gained his Diploma in Architecture from the Welsh School of Architecture at the University of Wales Institute of Science and Technology in Cardiff. In 1981 he gained an MSc in Town Planning from the same institute. Subsequently, he became a Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects (RIBA) and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.



Later in his career, from 1985 David worked as an architect at the Senior Professional Technical Officer (SPTO) grade for the Property Services Agency (PSA) in Croydon. Initially, he was with the Directorate of Works (RAF) and ultimately with the London B Design Office. He had responsibilities commensurate with being the Superintending Officer and Design Team Leader of projects up to £10million for central government. These included an air passenger terminal, gymnasia, living accommodation & motor transport facilities. He was the Directorate of Works (RAF) publicity officer for two years.



Kindly sent to us by his close friend, Jacqueline Cooling

(It was with great regret that I discovered David 'Dai' Evans had passed away. We were great pals in the Sixth Form but lost touch when he went off to study in Wales. I believe he joined the OWs not that long ago so we never met again after saying our goodbyes in King Street in the dim and distant past. You were a great guy, David

A R B)

David was also a close friend of Tony Leigh (49-54) in their early years. Tony has also provided us with the following

AROUND THE CORNER

*Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end,
Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it, a year is gone.*

*And I never see my old friends face,
For life is a swift and terrible race,
He knows I like him just as well,
As in the days when I rang his bell.*

*And he rang mine but we were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men.
Tired of playing a foolish game,
Tired of trying to make a name.*

*"Tomorrow" I say! "I will call on Jim
Just to show that I'm thinking of him",
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
And distance between us grows and grows.*

*Around the corner, yet miles away,
"Here's a telegram sir," "Jim died today."
And that's what we get and deserve in the end.
Around the corner, a vanished friend.*

SANDRA PEARL COX (53-58)

Sandra died peacefully in Poole Hospital on 18th February 2020, aged 78 years. She will be sadly missed by all her family and friends. Personal messages, memories and donations (to the benefit of the Jigsaw Unit of the Bournemouth Hospital Charity) may be made online at www.oharafunerals.co.uk.

(I remember Sandra as a warm, vivacious member of the first intake of WGS girls who was a regular attendee at our Reunions for a number of years. We send our condolences and love to members of Sandra's family and her friends.

A R B)

MARION WIMSETT (née HARDY) (55-60)

It is with great sadness we have learnt of the death on 31st March 2020 of Marion Wimsett who lived in Perth (Western Australia).

Marion emigrated to Australia and married her English husband Alan whilst there. She struggled with her health over many years. Over the last couple of years and despite the odds, with doctors saying she won't last, she made it longer than anyone expected, but sadly her pure stubbornness could not last out her heart.

Her heart was broken 5 years ago when her husband died and she tried to rebuild her world with part of her missing. She moved to Perth to be closer to her family and friends.

Marion and I had been classmates ever since infant school, primary school and at QEGS. Although not close friends, we lost touch when she emigrated and then discovered one another on that old website 'Friends Reunited' so have been in touch ever since via e-mails and Facebook.

Kindly sent to us by Diana Moss (55-61)

GERALD DYMOND (41-46)

Gerald Dymond (a former OWA member) died in hospital in Perth, Western Australia, on 28th June 2019. He was 89 and a former West Moors "train boy".



I knew Gerald as a youngster and as a fellow train boy, but we met again at the Quincentennial anniversary reunion when he invited my wife and I to contact him in Perth the following January when we were to be there on another Australian trip. Over the following years we met either in Perth, or in West Moors, where he enjoyed English summers in his old

family home and we attended several summer reunions together.

He was very friendly with the late Stanley Orman (39-45) who kindly allowed Gerald the use of his Jaguar car whilst in England.

Gerald emigrated to Australia many years ago and established a successful estate agency business in Perth with the assistance of his wife, Phyllis, whom he leaves together with their daughter.

Kindly sent to us by Dennis Dolman (44-47)

JULIAN HOULDEY (former Member of Staff at QE School)



Julian Houldey died of cancer on 14th April 2020, six days short of this 80th birthday.

Born in 1940, Julian grew up in Trowbridge, Wiltshire with his brother Michael and attended Trowbridge Boys High School where he excelled in sport. He was an excellent sprinter at school and achieved representation at county level. He then trained as a PE teacher at St. Luke's College, Exeter and, at the same time, played for Taunton Rugby Club. Married in 1963 to Jane, they lived in Corsham with Julian teaching in Chippenham. Julian was a very accomplished cricket coach and, at this time, played a part in the development of the early career of batsman David Turner who became a regular member of Hampshire County Cricket Club's first team.

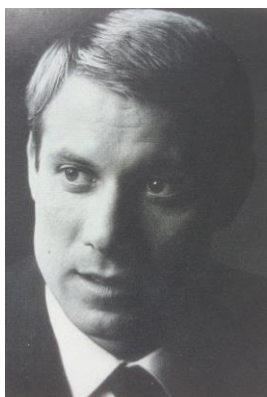
In 1966, Julian was appointed Head of PE at Wimborne Secondary Modern School, Pamphill. He remained in this role after this school merged with QEGS to become the QE School it is today. Whilst there, he introduced the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme into the school and organised numerous school camping trips to Swanage. He maintained a strong interest in playing cricket, in particular for Kingston Lacy in the evenings, plus Poole Old Grammarians and Wimborne Cricket Clubs at the weekend. Julian became an ambassador for QE School to strengthen its links with organisations outside of school, such as rotary clubs, round-table groups, businesses and youth clubs. This included being the Old Winburnians Association's point-of-contact with QE.

Prior to moving to Highcliffe in 2013, whilst living in Gaunts Common Julian pursued his lifetime passion for animals and plants, especially roses. Also he was very fond of Basset Hounds and became vice-president of the South of England Basset Club.

He is survived by his wife, Jane, 3 children and 9 grandchildren.

Prepared by Dr John Guy (63-71)

JOHN BOWN (at QEGS 47-52)



Born in Corfe Mullen, John will be remembered by his surviving contemporaries and all those who travelled on the Bere Regis school bus starting from Upton, via Lytchett Minster, Holton Heath, Corfe Mullen to school. John got on the bus at Lockyer's school and was a popular prefect because of his gentle, kindly disposition. John became an actor appearing on stage and TV, especially in the 1960s/1970s working with the RSC for several years. He died in Hampstead in 2017, but I have only recently confirmed the details.

Prepared by Alan R Bennett

GEOFFREY NOEL HENDY (at QEGS 58–65)

I'm sorry to have to report that Geoff passed away from the effects of cancer on 9th August 2018 in Montreal, Canada. He was born in Poole in 1947 and attended Queen Elizabeth Grammar School from 1958 to 1965. At that time he was living with his parents in Parley Cross, near where I also lived. We remained in contact after we left school and when we both worked in London I used to meet up with him on a monthly basis in Soho for a pint and a curry, but we lost contact in the early 1980s. I recently decided to search for him via Google and found that he'd passed away.



On leaving school Geoff took a Zoology degree at Sheffield University. Having completed his degree he went to work on hormone research in the laboratory of Dr Jeffrey L.H. O'Riordan at the Middlesex Hospital in Goodge Street, London. While working there he gained a PhD.



After the Middlesex Hospital he moved to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, followed by postdoctoral training at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Following a brief return to the UK Geoff was in 1985 appointed Associate Professor of Medicine at the McGill University in Montreal, Canada, Division of Endocrinology and Metabolism in the Department of Medicine. Geoff remained there as Assistant Professor in Medicine, then as Professor in Medicine and Human Genetics. He researched the genetic causes of mineral metabolism disorders and tumour suppressors associated with Primary Hyperparathyroidism, amongst many other subjects. He produced 248 papers published in the more prestigious journals and countless book chapters, which resulted in Geoff's receipt of several prestigious awards and honours.

Geoff served for a long time as a mentor in McGill's Department of Human Genetics for undergraduate students and for those working on their PhDs who greatly benefitted from his knowledge and career advice. He was well known at McGill as "a gifted imitator of that special British funny dry sense of humour", and as a lover of British blues music.

Kindly sent to us by OWA member Martin Radcliffe (64–65)

Martin has also added this anecdote from their schooldays.

One evening in 1966 Geoff and myself went to the Horns Inn in West Parley for a drink on my scooter. After a couple of pints we jumped on my Lambretta and tore off round Ferndown, in the course of which we got into a race with two guys on motorbikes. We came down the hill to the turn off to Geoff's road, which was gravelled and skidded off on the stones in the dark. Geoff tore a gash in the knee of his jeans and cut his knee. A girl we knew who lived on the corner saw this. She had plainly come back from a date and had been drinking. She said she'd go in to the

bathroom and get some Savlon for Geoff's knee. For some reason she didn't turn the lights on in her house and came back in the dark and proceeded to rub toothpaste into Geoff's knee. Geoff went home with his jeans torn and his knee bleeding and covered with toothpaste. Knowing he couldn't explain this away to his parents he told them what happened and was told he should have been wearing a helmet, to which he replied he'd have looked an idiot with a helmet on his knee. In the following days Geoff's Mum repaired his jeans by taking off a back pocket and stitching it over the tear in the knee of his jeans. (Mums eh?). So we were treated to the sight of Geoff wandering around Parley, Wimborne and Bournemouth with what looked like a pocket on his knees. Sadly pockets on jeans knees didn't catch on as a 1960s fashion.

We were younger then !

+++++

Three of Our Most Distinguished Alumni



**Stuart Hibberd
(1893-1983)**

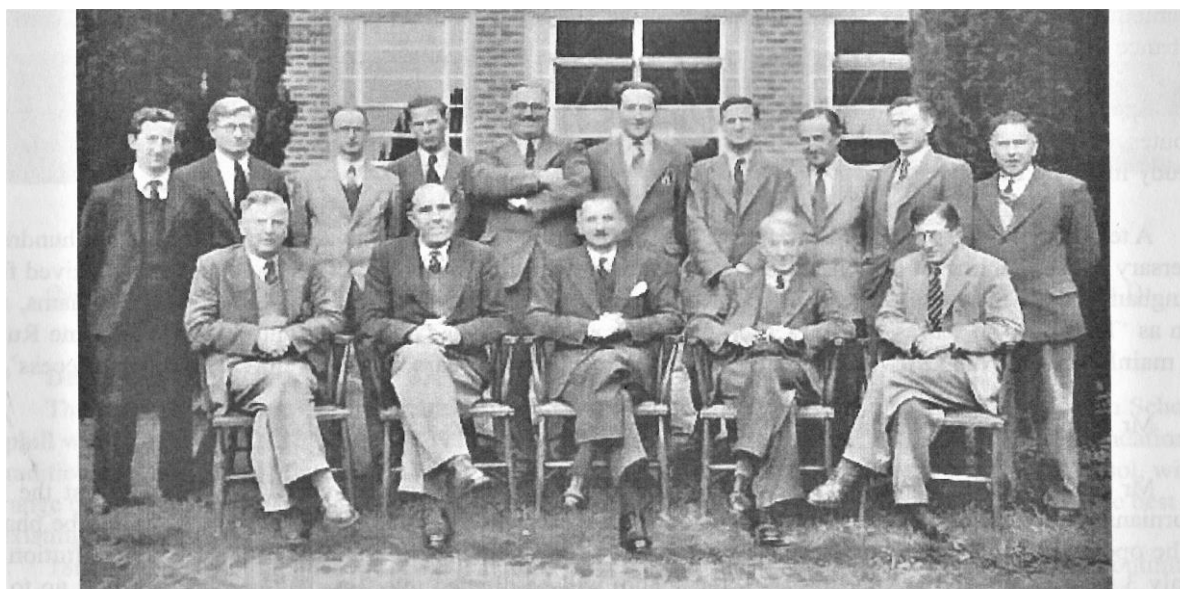


**Lionel Jefferies
(1926-2010)**



**Richard Todd
(1919-2009)**

STAFF 1951



Standing - Messrs, Holman, Jayne, Clark, Small, Williams, Bennett, Lawrence, Whiteside, Stephens, Lee
Seated - Streets, Kerswell, Neil (Headmaster), Mottram, Maiden.

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