



## OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - SPRING 2012

Dear fellow OWs,

So here we are again, happy as can be. All good pals and jolly good company. At least, I hope so for what is more precious than the love and companionship of family and friends and that, after all, is what the OWA is all about, is it not?

Well, what an eventful year lies ahead of us. The Diamond Jubilee celebrations, the Olympic Games, the resolution of the Chris Huhne court case and the will he/won't he be England's manager Harry Redknapp saga. Will Frankel extend his nine race unbeaten run? Will Camelot win the Derby? Will Andrew Strauss and his merry band of white flannelled men retain their status as world number one Test match cricketers? Will Harry R (or someone) guide England's millionaire footballers to European triumph? Will our own much loved Ken Moody be proudly sporting a gold medal on the podium when he represents Gt. Britain in the Olympic pie-eating event? We'll all be lustily cheering you on, young Kenneth, you may rest assured.

Mentioning the Olympics I must confess I do look back nostalgically to the relative innocence of the immediate post-war Games before the obsession with national medals tables, (do we really need to import foreign born athletes who have never set foot in the UK and do not know the words of the National Anthem) or drug-taking and cynical professionalism reared their ugly heads. Growing up in the era of Bannister, Chataway and Brasher (the inspiration behind the wonderful London Marathon), and witnessing the glorious achievements on WGS Sports Days of the Bartletts, Mike and Kenneth, and Van Lottum (what became of V. L, by the way?) I spiritually belong to a different age, I fear. London, 1948, and London, 2012, are very different cities - in so many respects - and values have changed, not all for the better. I m not getting old, am I? Surely not.

And I must write just a few words on the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II. Long, long ago in my misguided youth I actually harboured republican sentiments. The events of the past 60 years have long since banished such unworthy thoughts. The unerring judgement and common sense wisdom, the humility and dedication to service of our Queen have proved a magnificent example to us all. I am certain I write on behalf of each one of our members in wishing Her Majesty a very happy and fulfilling year. It has been richly earned. Let us, above all, hope that all the events planned for 2012 pass off peacefully and safely. Those with the responsibility of ensuring everyone s security bear a great burden in the months ahead.

As for the Newsletter, readers will find half a dozen splendid pieces from OWA members who live overseas. Earlier this year I wrote to a random group of individuals inviting their contributions. Almost everyone responded enthusiastically. It is an experiment I would like to repeat so I will be dropping a line to another random group of OWs living overseas. Obviously there is a limit on space but it is particularly interesting, I think, to accommodate the life stories of those of our kith and kin who have left these shores.

Finally I bid you all welcome to our next reunion - and do let me know, those of you who cannot/do not attend, how many of you join in our toast to Absent Friends at 2pm on the days we gather. A letter, a phone call, an email, (even pigeon-post) to someone on the Committee will suffice (a grain-fed, plump pigeon if it is to Ken Moody, please). I will publish every name in the next edition. In the meanwhile, I wish all our members - a happy and healthy summer, 2012.

### **Compliments**

Alan Bennett

### **FORTHCOMING REUNIONS**

Saturday, 7 July, 2012

Saturday, 1 December, 2012

### **THE CHRISTMAS REUNION 2011**

The following is a list of those members (their spouses and friends, where known) who attended. Wherever possible, I have included the maiden names of our lady members (with thanks to Alan Maitland).

**Dr. Gareth Annels, Morgan Antell and guest Ann Antell, Alan Bennett, Tony Bletsoe, Reginal Booth and guest Alice Booth, Rex Breach and guest Cynthia Breach, Jim Brewster and guest Denise Brewster, Wendy Bundy (née Baker) and guest Brian Bundy, Eunice Carnall (née Chadd), Roderick Cheese, Robin Christopher and guests Hazel Christopher, Jackie Morris and Peter Morris, Dale Clements and guest Jenny Clements, Mervyn Coombs and guest Rosemary Coombs, A. Cooper (née Hallett), Robert Copelin, Desmond Cox, Sandra Cox, Peter Cox, Janet Coy (née Dowd), Gerald Crowther, John Dacombe and guests Judy Douch and Jack Douch, John Dare, Joyce Downton, Norah Dyson (née Henfield), Faith Elford (née Hawes) and guest John Elford, Olive Foyle, Mervyn Frampton, Edgar Francis, Gerald Froud and guest Rosemary Froud, Brian Glover, Janet Gordon (née Daniels), Tony Gould and guest Elizabeth Gould, Dr. John Guy, Frank Hackforth, Lawson Hall and guest Jill Hall, Alan Hall, John Harper and guest Joyce Harper, Bill Haskell, Sue Hatherley (née Bush), Maurice Herridge and guest Kate Herridge, Donald Hibberd and guest Joyce Hibberd, John Hill, Geoff Hill, Rod Hurt, Carolyn Kamcke (née Walking), Patrick Keeping, Anne King (née Wall), Susan Lawrence, Alan Maitland and guest June Maitland, Ron Mansfield, Maria Martin (née Limm), Carolyn Martin (née Rodgers) and guest David Martin, Kenneth Moody, Victor Moss, Jennifer Moss, Diana Moss (née Anderson) and guest James Moss, Peter Parry, David Park, Len Pearce and guest Diana Pearce, Christopher Peters, Donald Phillips, Graham Powell and guest Hazel Powell, Christine Price (née Richmond), Terry Randall, Betty Read (née White), Gordon Richards and guest Nesta Richards, Ann Richmond (née Mitchell), David Roberts, Ray Scott and guest Anne Sweeney, Roy Sheppard and guest Betty Sheppard, Kenneth Smart and guest Mrs M. Masterman, Margaret Stokes (née Budden), Cynthia Tanner (née Streets), Ken Taylor, John Taylor and guest Jill Taylor, Monica Vacher (née Brown), Norman Waterman, Geoffrey Welch, Stanley White, Prof. Bob White, Helen White (née Filcher), Roger Whittaker and guest Maggie Sadler, Eddie Wood and guest Jose Wood, Beryl Wythers (née Moreton.)**

### **APOLOGIES RECEIVED FROM**

**Peter Douch, Elaine Smith, Gale Greenfield, Paul Burry, Lorna Miles, Frank Shears, David Finnemore, Janet Finnemore.**

### **ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES**

Chairman	Tony Gould	1 Manor Farm Cottages, Tolpuddle DT2 7ES
Vice Chairman	Patrick Keeping	17 Wellers Close, Totton
Secretary	Ken Moody	Flat 8, Wickham Court, 9 Eastwood Avenue, Ferndown BH22 9LQ
Treasurer/Membership	Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St Andrews, Blandford DT11 0JL
Newsletter	Alan R. Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, Colehill, Wimborne BH21 2NW
Web Site	David Finnemore	4 Purbeck Gardens, Poole BH14 0QS
Memorabilia Secretary	Derek Stevens	2 Remedy Gate, Woodlands, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 8NG
Publicity Secretary	Betty Read	15 Allenvue Road, Wimborne BH21 1AT

## **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD WINBURNIANS ASSOCIATION - SEPTEMBER 2012**

**PLEASE BE SO GOOD AS TO NOTE THAT  
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION  
WILL TAKE PLACE AT COBHAMS SPORTS CLUB, MERLEY,  
WIMBORNE ON MONDAY, 10th of SEPTEMBER 2012 at 11.00am**

WHY NOT ARRANGE TO BE IN THE WIMBORNE AREA ON SEPTEMBER 10th?  
THE MEETING IS NOT A LONG ONE AND THE AGENDA WILL BE STANDARD  
ALTHOUGH OF COURSE THE OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE UP  
FOR ELECTION. IN ANY EVENT THERE WILL BE OPPORTUNITY  
TO RAISE ANY RELEVANT ISSUE.

### **A TRUE SON OF WIMBORNE - PAT KEEPING - A THUMBNAIL SKETCH**

Those who are able to get to the re-union lunch will know Pat Keeping because he acts as Master of Ceremonies at the event and, in the absence of a musician, leads the singing of the school song. We are lucky to have the services of this semi-professional musician. Why do I say semi-professional? The reason is that though music was not Pat's main job it has featured prominently throughout his life. He played the cornet in the Salvation Army Band in whichever town he has lived - in fact, he played the instrument from the age of eight until he was sixty-eight.



Non-conformist Wimborne runs through Pat's life as lead through a pencil. His parents met through the Sally Army and his dad, who was a carpenter in the town, played the drum in the band. His mother hailed from Verwood. Pat was born and brought up at Colehill and moved with his family to Station Road, Wimborne, at the age of eleven in 1949. He explains that he was an only child who enjoyed his period of study at QEGS and has many fond memories of Wimborne and the school in the late forties and early fifties. He has taken part in the work of the Salvation Army in whichever town he has lived and eventually became a Divisional Envoy working throughout Dorset, Hampshire & Wiltshire. This work led him to establish the clothing box collection scheme in Southampton in the mid-eighties which now has expanded throughout the country with gross takings of £8m annually.

Pat earned his living by working for several firms throughout the south of England as a surveyor and more latterly as a contracts manager for the building industry. He credits the careers advisor Mr. Alcock, who used to visit school leavers as a matter of course in those days, with establishing him in his life's work. At the interview Mr. Alcock soon got the formalities over and then said 'I have got just the job for you' and so Pat went off to become a chainman on the Wiltshire Avon & Dorset River Board. After a year there he found that even with his GCEs further promotion was not possible. In consequence, he moved on to work for Alfred Savill & Sons in Wimborne where he began to learn the techniques of surveying professionally.

National Service interrupted this employment between 1957 and 1959. Once the Royal Air Force learned that Pat could not only play an instrument but also read music he was drafted into the band. However, his ordinary job in the RAF was a medic and he was trained in several locations. Towards the end of his service Pat virtually ran a department in a large hospital at Gosford near Wolverhampton. He did this until April 1959 thus completing his two years.

He then returned to his old job with Alfred Savill & Sons in Wimborne. After a few months he was asked to go to a new office the firm had opened at Chipping Norton where he stayed for ten years. His next move was to Salisbury where he worked for an architect and was involved not only in surveying but in drawing up the plans. His sense of community was such that for the three years he was in Salisbury he enlisted as a part-time fire-fighter.

After four years he moved to Hill Construction based in Southampton where he and his second wife have lived nearby ever since. One of the highlights of this last phase of his employment was that he sold a building to and managed its installation on the Royal Estate at Windsor. As a consequence of his success his firm earned the right to advertise themselves as acting by Royal Appointment to H M the Queen of which Pat is justly proud. Pat has only ceased to be an employed person because he worked on from the nominal age of retirement at sixty-five part-time until he was seventy. Pat is also a member of the OWA Committee and Vice-Chair. It sounds like a good job well done - why not take it a bit easier now, Pat?!

**TONY GOULD**

### **HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD**

*(I would like to express my gratitude to each of the following overseas contributors. None would have guessed on the day they left WGS for the last time they would, 50 or so years later, be writing such pieces from so many far-flung places for their old school pals. We do miss you. A.B.)*

### **FROM UPTON TO INDIANA, USA**

DAVID SCRASE (1951 - 59)

*(David was a childhood friend, We grew up together in Upton/Lytchett Minster, attended the village school where we passed our scholarship exams, travelled on the Bere Regis coach to WGS on 200 days every year for 7 years, earned pocket money as delivery boys - I delivered cakes from my father's bakery, David meat from the local butcher - and played cricket and football in every spare moment. My last memory of David, other than a year or so ago when he dropped by at a reunion, was watching Test Match cricket together on my mother's b/w TV set in Hamworthy in the early 1960s. Neither of us could possibly have guessed that a half century would pass by before we set eyes on one another again A.B.)*

When I left QGES and went to Bristol University to read German and French, I assumed (planned would be the wrong word) that I would get my BA and teach somewhere in the UK like Wimborne. How different things turned out.

After graduating, I went to Germany for a year and taught English as an Assistant at a Gymnasium in Bremen. I returned for a year to do an MA, but was urged by one of the professors to go to the University of Zurich as a Lektor in the English Department. My sights were now on an academic post at some UK university. The number of positions in German available in the mid-sixties, however, was small, and an American I had met in Zurich suggested that I consider moving to the USA.

Meanwhile I had obtained a one-year replacement position at what was then the Oxford Polytechnic (now the Brookes University). This position, inevitably, did not miraculously turn into anything better; neither did I find anything else. I accordingly sailed (yes, on the Holland-America Line Statendam) to New York and then flew to Bloomington where I enrolled at Indiana University to do a Ph.D which my friend informed me, would get me to a position in the States. And so it proved. In 1971 I began an academic career at the University of Vermont in Burlington, a town of about 40,000 inhabitants just south of Montreal. And here I remained until I retired in 2009.

I soon adjusted to American life, while remaining somewhat European in outlook through my work and travel as a German scholar. What I missed, however, were the sports I had engaged in with enthusiasm at school and university, rugby and cricket in particular. I played both in Indiana with a motley crew of Commonwealth expatriates. In Vermont, I started a rugby club, coached college rugby, and aligned myself with another group off expats for a few games of cricket in the summer.



My other great interests, music and woodwork, were more easily accommodated. Indiana University has an outstanding conservatory and Burlington has concerts and recitals of high quality with both local musicians and visiting artists. Montreal is only a two-hour drive and I have long had season tickets to the Montreal Opera, while Boston is three hours by car and New York six.

As for woodwork, I have always had a basement workshop and have made small items for the home, along with repairs and antique restoration. My partner, Melanie, and I have a second home on an island in Maine (Chebeague Island), and there I now do most of my work, primarily turning bowls and other items on my lathe which I sell through craft stores and from my homes. My daughter, Anna, is a cellist and lives and works near Sydney in Australia, where I visit her and her child from time to time.

QEGS, Wimborne, and Dorset remain a constant and delightful presence all these years later and all these many miles away.

**FROM HERE TO THERE . . . .**  
**(and back again, just one more time!)**  
**Marion Wimsett (n e Hardy) (1955 - 60)**

Many thanks for your invitation - I was thrilled by your request.

I have written a piece, slightly more than the 400 words but I am sure Fishy Maiden was looking over my shoulder at the time!

In some ways it is very difficult to compare the two different lifestyles and the numerous items that you miss (as I said such silly things as Plaice or breakfast cereal) and difficult to explain the differences in the culture between the two countries - one has a soft green beauty and one has a stark beauty - in England you rarely used to venture far from home - here we have to travelled 400 kilometres to go to a party and think nothing of it! (Mind you, most of that was on the open roads with very little traffic and not a traffic light in sight).

The biggest difference is the heritage - here anything over 50 years is almost treated as heritage! We do miss those old churches and buildings.

We look forward to our last trip this year and hope to see you at the reunion in July.



The new life in Australia happened more as an accident than a deliberate act! After having left QEGS in 1960 I started life in Lloyds Bank (more of a spanner in the works) and from there ended up as a Personal Assistant in an Advertising Agency in Bournemouth.

One of my friends had relatives in Perth, Australia, and wanted to try and join them with her family but didn't want to go to the information evening by herself so asked me to join her. Everything looked bright and breezy and the sun looked so inviting! Gradually she took the next step and suggested I join her again - it wouldn't do any harm just to apply and see what happened. And so it progressed, until it wouldn't do any harm to send the form and the cheque off . It was a bit of a shock when my acceptance came through and hers didn't!

Being an only child, and not exactly an adventurous one, no one expected me to go but as I explained it to myself and everyone else - it wasn't for ever - only two years and I would be back. And so I became a £10 Pound Pom - and ended up an Aussie.

Well, the reason to stay happened in the week before I left - I fell in love - a four day whirlwind romance! My newly found love followed me out a month later - my parents asked us to give them six months so they could arrange to come out for the wedding - we did, and they loved Perth so much they eventually emigrated out here as well

So 40 happy years later, with one son and two adorable twin girl grandchildren, why are we coming back for a last holiday (the one of several we have made!). Well, we will sadly miss the snowdrops, bluebells and daffodils but May should bring us the slightly warmer weather (rather cooler than we are used to but a pleasant change), the beautiful English countryside and a chance to get back to our heritage roots - always underlying our life. Plaice, scampi, grapenuts and Shipham's paste will be

first on the list - such strange things to miss! Of course, there is also the fun of being able to attend the Summer Reunion - the first and last attendance but I am really looking forward to catching up with lots of my schoolmates.

What we don't miss is the snow, the weather, the traffic, dark winter nights and the crowds - after each trip back we say last one - never again but nostalgia creeps in - you can never fully leave your roots behind - but the sun, sea and casual, outdoor and friendly lifestyle wins in the end.

## FROM WGS TO SWAZILAND - AND MANY OTHER COUNTRIES

### Robin Hussey (1952 - 58)



When Robin Owen Hussey (1953) left England with his wife, Hazel, two young sons, Richard and Julian, having recently qualified as an accountant in 1967, little did he realize that his life would change forever. A two year contract to Anglo-American in the copper mining industry of Zambia seemed a good prospect to see a little of The World, to accumulate some capital and for the whole family to gain from the experiences offered by travel. Now, 45 years later, he is still in Africa, happily retired and wondering where all the years have gone. Rob lives with Hazel in Swaziland, the tiny mountainous Kingdom in south east Africa, little known for its beautiful terrain, happy friendly people, splendid weather but better known for its King (Mswati III, who was educated at Sherborne College). Swaziland has been blessed over the years; it has never had a war due mainly to the peaceful cohesive society where only one tribe exists.

The family has had the opportunity to see much of Africa, having acquired a Landrover in 1968 to explore East & Central Africa on safari. A camping trip with friends in convoy turned out to be a turning point for the Husseys. Kilimanjaro was climbed in Tanzania, the Ngorongoro Crater explored (they were charged by rhinos) and then crossed the equator into Uganda searching in the mountains for gorillas before venturing into Rwanda and Burundi to return down Lake Tanganyika to their Copperbelt home. Yes, England with family and friends was missed initially, but this emotion has largely passed except for the long daylight and warm summer months. This is more than compensated by the wide horizons, the climate, the new but long lasting friendships forged with people from all over the world.

The Hussey's departure into the tourism industry in 1985 gave them opportunities to visit places and see sights that are only in the imagination of many. The seven continents have been visited and only recently a trip to the Island of Komodo revealed the marvel of the dragons.

Due to the wonder of digital television it is easier to keep up with the news (international and parochial) and sports; the world really is a much smaller place than it was 45 years ago when a voyage from Southampton to Cape Town took 21 days.



## AROUND THE WORLD - FROM WIMBORNE TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

Rod Wiseman (1947 - 53)



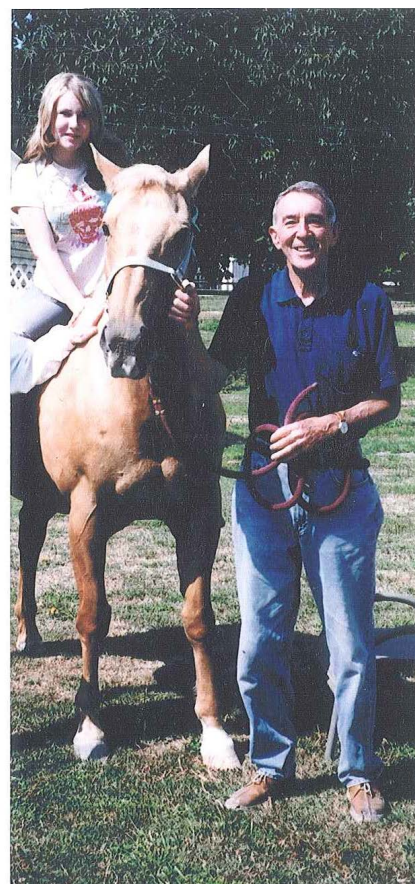
Go to sea suggested my parents. Not a bad idea, thought I, especially as I did not have any others. Thus, in 1953, the die was cast for the rest of my working life when I signed on for a four year deck apprenticeship with Shell Tankers. I learnt the nautical ropes both literally and figuratively, not least how to clean brass really well. I saw the world and my education and experience of life were broadened considerably! Shell treated me well and I stayed with them

as I put in the sea time required and sat the examinations for the progressively higher levels of competency, culminating in a Master's ticket in 1963.

After obtaining my professional qualifications my thoughts turned to emigration, probably to Australia or Canada. I started my quest on the Canadian east coast and worked as a deck officer and Master for various organizations. But I still had new pastures to explore and headed west to Victoria, British Columbia. There I joined the Coast Guard and worked out of Victoria and then Prince Rupert. I met and married a Vancouver girl and my western progress ended abruptly. Sadly my wife Marie died in 2005. I have a daughter and a granddaughter.

In 1968 the Coast Guard selected me to join a Hovercraft Unit being established at Vancouver Airport. I worked there as Craft Captain and Officer-in-charge for 22 years, with the craft used primarily for search and rescue. The Hovercraft Unit and my last Coast Guard appointment as Regional Superintendent Operations and Planning with the Marine Emergencies branch were the most interesting and satisfying jobs of my career. The branch deals mainly with marine oil spills, but also with such things as chemical spills and disaster response. In 1995 I took the opportunity to retire early when the country's dismal financial situation dictated that cuts be made in the Civil Service, with the attendant inducements for those willing to leave.

I have no regrets regarding either my career choice or decision to emigrate. I have had disappointments, but haven't we all? The ups have far outweighed the downs. With regards to emigration I probably started with an emotional advantage because my roots in Britain were not that deep, having in effect left home for distant parts at the age of 16, and having spent 4 years in South Africa as a child. I missed family and friends of course, but I was used to being apart for long periods when away at sea (none of my trips with Shell lasted for less than a year). Making comparisons between countries can be invidious and I tend to avoid them. However, one cannot ignore the size of Canada together with the relatively small population. There is lots of space! Otherwise there are so many similarities between living in Canada, particularly on the west coast (a.k.a. the WET coast) of British Columbia, and Britain that I suffered virtually no culture shock. I have a lot to thank both Britain and Canada for. I would certainly do it all over again.





## PLOUGHBOY TO COWBOY?

David Singleton (1951 - 57)

*(As with David Scrase so David Singleton was a childhood friend, along with his brothers John and Richard. Apart from the cricket and football many of my memories of David are our camping holidays most summers on the land adjacent to David's home - usually in the company of John Hill - and those magnificent breakfasts cooked over an open fire and late-night suppers. We were also both passionate about music. David was a traditional and Dixieland jazz aficionado with an extraordinary collection of obscure vinyl records, while I preferred Johnnie Ray, Frankie Laine, Nat Cole and Sinatra. Fond memories, David? A.B.)*

Well - not literally! I was a Dorset country lad, but I did no more than occasionally ride on a tractor while the farmer was ploughing. I live in Texas, but I've never ridden a horse since coming to the state, much less chased a steer.

I went from Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School to London University, to study chemistry, and ended with a less-than-distinguished BSc, probably as a result of the Country-boy-in-the-big-city syndrome. This resulted in my being unable to find a place in graduate school in London and, doubtless, elsewhere in the UK. I was encouraged, by one of the chemistry faculty, to apply in North America, where places were more available, and was accepted as a graduate student and laboratory assistant at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. After a sea voyage of 8 days (one more than scheduled because of a hurricane), I arrived in Montreal, the only person of 8 at my table, who had made it to every meal! This was followed by an overnight train journey of about 400 miles. At the University I was able, in the course of one day, to settle on a major professor (thesis supervisor), get an advance on my salary and find lodgings. So began what I naively thought would be a 3 year romp and a return to England. In fact, my PhD took about 4.5 years, which was about average, and my return to England took 13 years (just a visit)!

During my stay at McMaster I had married a fellow-chemist and we had a son. On completion of my research we moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where I took up a post-doctoral research fellowship. As had happened in Canada, my wife worked in the same research group as myself and published her first paper, before mine! Again, naively, I had assumed that I would return to an academic position in Canada but the universities, which had expanded greatly in the late 1950s and early 1960s, were now retrenching and it was not to be. Therefore I got what is sometimes called a 'real job' with the research arm of Shell, in California.

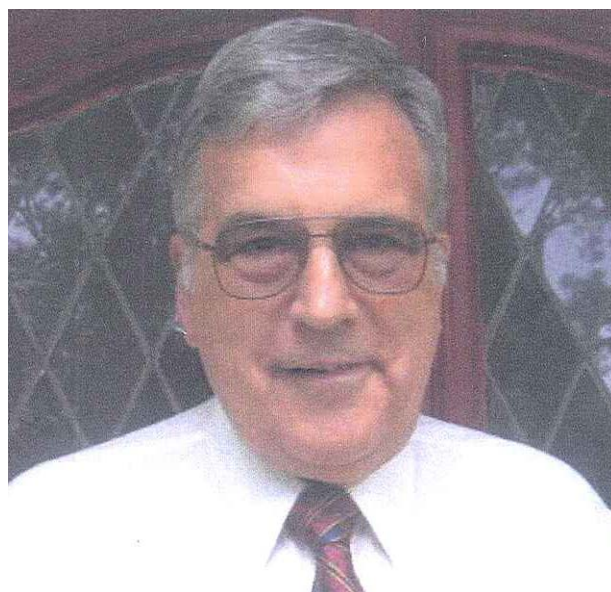
After 5 years (and a daughter) I was transferred to the Houston area, where a new research centre was to be built but, after 3 years, just as this was about to open, I was given a special 1-year assignment in the Shell Research centre in Amsterdam. This was a wonderful experience. The children attended the local school and became fluent in Dutch (I became semi-fluent!). We travelled extensively in Europe and were able to spend Christmas and New Year's holidays with my family in Dorset. Following this event, I returned to the new centre in Houston and remained there until my retirement in 1999, after 32 years service.

During my career I worked on a variety of projects, including olefin synthesis and conversion, catalytic incineration of sulfurous waste-gases, oil-processing and various chemical processes, nearly

all involving catalysis. My final project was the discovery, synthesis and commercialisation of a key ingredient for Tide™ detergent, which enables its use and efficacy at low temperatures, whilst remaining biodegradable. This earned my two collaborators and me the Southwest Regional Award for Industrial Innovation, of the American Chemical Society. (We missed out on the corresponding National Award).

Since retiring, I have remained active in the American Chemical Society, where I am one of the Councillors who represent the Greater Houston Section on the National Council. I am also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Chemistry, thus keeping up the British connection. I am also a member of several archeological societies on both sides of the Atlantic. For fear of my becoming a couch-potato, my wife encouraged me to take the course to become a Harris County Master Gardener and I volunteer at the County Demonstration Gardens most Tuesdays. For many years, I was an active member of the Curling Club of Houston - a sport which I learned in Canada. While in Hamilton and in Cleveland, I played rugby for the corresponding city clubs. This required a lot of travelling, especially in the USA, as our closest opposition was, typically, 150-400 miles away! I understand that things have improved more recently. For exercise now, I try to walk a couple of miles each day during winter and swim 500 metres each day in summer, when it is too hot and humid to enjoy walking. Houston is on about the same latitude as Cairo or Delhi, with a summer to match!

You may wonder why we are still in Houston. First, we are too (North) Americanized to return, permanently, to the UK. More importantly, our children, grand-children and great-grand-children are all in the USA. Also, most of our friends are still in the Houston area. My wife is fond of Vermont, but I don't like cold winters, especially driving in icy conditions. Houston has reasonable weather, except in summer, and has a moderate cost of living for a major city, with all the amenities thereof. The last include resident opera, symphony and ballet companies, art and science museums, and some of the best medical facilities in the country. Another major factor is that Texas has no state income tax! There are a handful of other states in this happy condition, but none of them appeals sufficiently



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**JANET DOOLEAGE (n e Pursey) (1958 - 65)**

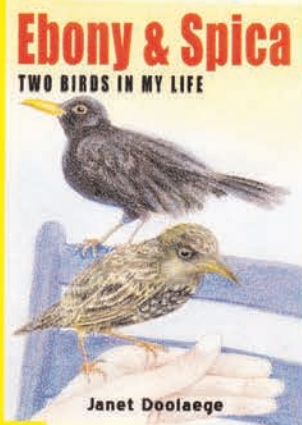
*(When I invited Janet to contribute she had just lost her much loved mother, the widow of Donald Pursey. In the circumstances Janet did not feel able to write but did ask if I might include the following page on her literary efforts. I am delighted to be able to do so, Janet. Our condolences on your sad loss. A.B.)*

## MY VENTURE INTO SELF-PUBLISHED E-BOOKS



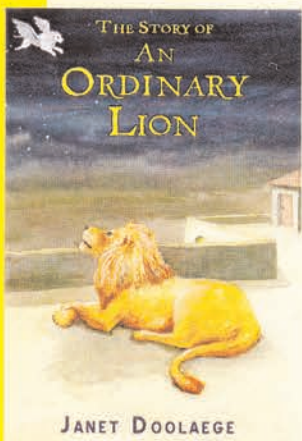
“Why is the ghost of a distressed woman running through a corridor in the Paris metro? Kay, a translator, finds herself being drawn into a puzzling web involving two gifted musicians, a maker of beautiful jewellery and a morose but attractive bookseller with a passion for poetry, who may have caused his wife’s death. Key to the mystery is the fate of a missing black cat. The story of secrets and betrayals unfolds against the backdrop of present-day Paris, with its boulevards and cafés, tiny flats in old buildings, bridges over the Seine, and not least the dark underground maze of tunnels and corridors that make up the metro. Should limits be set to love? And what are the consequences of sexual jealousy? They will all find out – except, perhaps, the cat.”

A reviewer has kindly written: “This is how the author, Janet Doolaege, who was a translator herself at UNESCO, describes her book, “A Paris Haunting”, published on Amazon, and the story certainly lives up to the expectations raised by this description. It is beautifully written, and her human characters are so well developed that they really come alive. Janet, an animal lover with an acute sense of observation, also draws a wonderful portrait of the cat, a central figure in the story. If you love Paris, cats, and above all a good mystery, this is the book for you.”



A reviewer writes: “In this real-life story also published on Amazon, Janet Doolaege describes how she took in two injured young wild birds, Ebony, a European blackbird, and Spica, a starling, who were too young to know fear of humans. Her love of animals turns these two common birds into unique individuals. She took care of them and they came to trust her, thus creating an unforgettable bond that lasted, in each case, for many years.

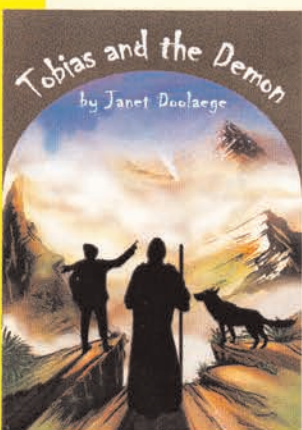
“fascinating, funny and poignant by turns, the two birds became an important part of Janet’s life, even though they sometimes created havoc in her home! As Janet writes in her description of the book: ‘Most birds are afraid of us and fly away. Imagine, then, what it is like to see a bird flying happily and confidently towards you, the light shining through its wings.’”



Turning my hand to children’s literature, I have recently self-published two more books:

Here is my description: “Leo, an ordinary lion, living in the desert, finds his life changed utterly, first when his life is saved by father Jerome and he goes to live in a monastery, and then when he is wrongly accused of eating the monastery’s donkey, Rebecca. The monks can’t understand what he is saying, but he must somehow prove his innocence. This straightforward story is an entertaining version of a medieval legend, but it also touches lightly on the problems of understanding between animals and people and the crucial importance of translation generally... And (wonders Leo) might a lion be able to fly?”

This story has already been enjoyed by several children aged 8-10, I’m glad to say. I had also had it translated into Italian, since I’ve found that Saint Jerome, patron saint of translators, is more popular in Italy than in English-speaking countries.



This is a novel for older children, based on a story in the Apocrypha: “Tobias, together with his dog, sets out on a quest to recover his father’s money, but the stranger who guides them across the mountains is not what he seems, and sinister dangers lurk. The end of the journey is by no means what they both expect. The story, set in ancient Mesopotamia, is told by Tag, Tobias’s faithful dog.”

It is so difficult to find a conventional publisher, not to mention a literary agent, since no publishers nowadays will look at a manuscript unfiltered by an agent, let alone take a risk with a wholly unknown writer. This self-publishing scheme for download to Kindle, iPod, iPad, PC, etc., is thus very welcome to all would-be writers who have been scribbling for years but who have become discouraged by all the rejections.

Please download them and let me know your opinion! I should add that they are extremely inexpensive... And if you have a manuscript stowed away somewhere, why not try this scheme yourself?

Janet Doolaege, née Pursey



JANET DOOLEAGE (n e Pursey) (1958 - 65)



The Square  
(Circa early C20)

(Thanks to  
Rod Wiseman  
for card)



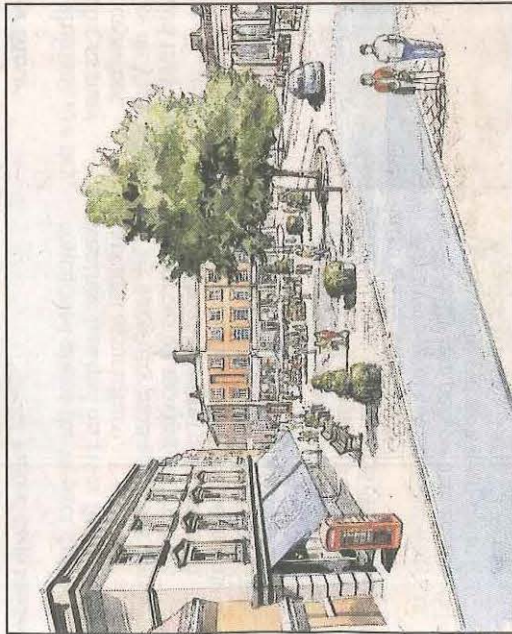
A more familiar  
scene to our  
members.  
(A.B s collection)

(postmarked 1964)

Compare & Contrast (as the examiners like to say) not least with p.13 picture.

As a majority of OWs live out of the Wimborne area I thought it would be interesting to reproduce an artist's impression showing just some of the changes taking place in the Square. The intention is to introduce something of a continental flavour to the town. It is an ambitious and interesting scheme which, it is hoped, will attract visitors to the town and enhance its appeal to shoppers and those dining out locally. In the article are details of activities taking place in early June. Why not come along and see for yourselves? A.B.

# DOUBLE CELEBRATION



**BUSY PROGRAMME PLANNED: An artist's impression of the Wimborne Square enhancement. Right, Town Crier Chris Brown and The Mayor of Wimborne Cllr Robin Cook**

WIMBORNE will be well and truly in the party mood with a double celebration for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee and the Square reopening, it has been announced.

Businesses have put together a busy programme of flower festivals, entertainment and food and drink from June 1-5.

Town crier Chris Brown will lead the official opening of the Square on Saturday, June 2, following its five-month revamp, and Reverend Vanessa Herrick will bless the space.

The new events area will be a hive of activity with street theatre, circus skills workshops, crafts, entertainment from community groups and a balloon launch, plus a fire-eating display.

Dorset County Council, East Dorset District Council and Wimborne Minster Town Council representatives have been invited to the ceremony/

**By Harriet Marsh**  
newsdesk@bournemouthcho.co.uk

The Minster will host a five day flower festival and musical entertainment, from June 1-5, and the Priest's House Museum and Gardens, Wimborne Model Town and Walford Mill Crafts are all planning special events.

Highlights include the Big Jubilee



Lunch on the Minster Green on Sunday, June 3, and a family day on Tuesday, June 5 will see a climbing wall, bouncy castle, face painting and charity stalls on the Green, street entertainment throughout the town and a Junior Town Crier competition. Town Mayor Robin Cook said: "The enhanced Square will provide a new, attractive centrepiece for the town and this will be demonstrated during the days of fun we have planned during the June Bank Holiday weekend.

"Wimborne Minster residents and businesses look forward to welcoming visitors old and new."

Groups, schools and choirs are wanted to perform on Saturday, June 2, and Tuesday, June 5.

Email enquiries@wimbourneminster.net for details. To run a charity stall on the Green, email olivers.wimborne@fiscali.co.uk

Traders should email alan4wimborne@virginmedia.com

With thanks to

**AVON**  
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Wimborne & Ferndown  
bournemouthcho.co.uk

## METAMORPHOSIS

Somewhere, in one of the deep recesses of my brain, is a definition of something which I first learned about in the Biology Lab approximately seventy-five years ago .

Metamorphosis , as I recall, is A profound change in form from one stage to the next in the life history of an organism . This is surely what has happened in respect of Queen Elizabeth s Grammar School in over half of a millennium since Lady Margaret Beaufort set up a Chantry in Wimborne Minster and instructed the priest to teach the boys of the town. During that time most aspects of life within the School must have changed and so have the buildings.

We all know that the foundation of The School dates from 1497 and are also aware that teaching did not commence until 1511. Did Sir Richard Hodgekynnes, the first Chantry Priest, teach the Ten Boys in Trinity Chapel, the site of the Chantry set up by Lady Meg, or did instruction take place in the Priest s House - now the location of the Museum? I guess we ll never know! We do know the names of the Headmasters but not where they exercised their authority.

This could be the situation which existed for the next couple of hundred years or so yet again we do not know. A map of Wimborne c.1775 indicates a building approximately where the 1851 building was erected. Another map of 1800 omits that building but clearly shows one closer to The Minster as Chantry , at right angles to what became known as School Lane.

The 1851 building which cost £7000 most likely benefited from the flush toilets which Thomas Crapper did much to popularise! What happened in earlier years one hesitates to think !! The building also boasted gas lighting since Big School has been illustrated as fitted with hanging clusters of Fish Tail or Fan Tail burners. The heating of Big School by large coal / coke stoves lasted for about a hundred years.

In 1936, away from the existing main school building, a New Building containing three classrooms, a Chemistry Lab and a Physics Lab was opened and in 1954 a first floor was added to it, providing 4 more classrooms, an Art Room and a Reference Library, following the admission of girls to the previously all-male school, raising the combined total of pupils to approximately 300.

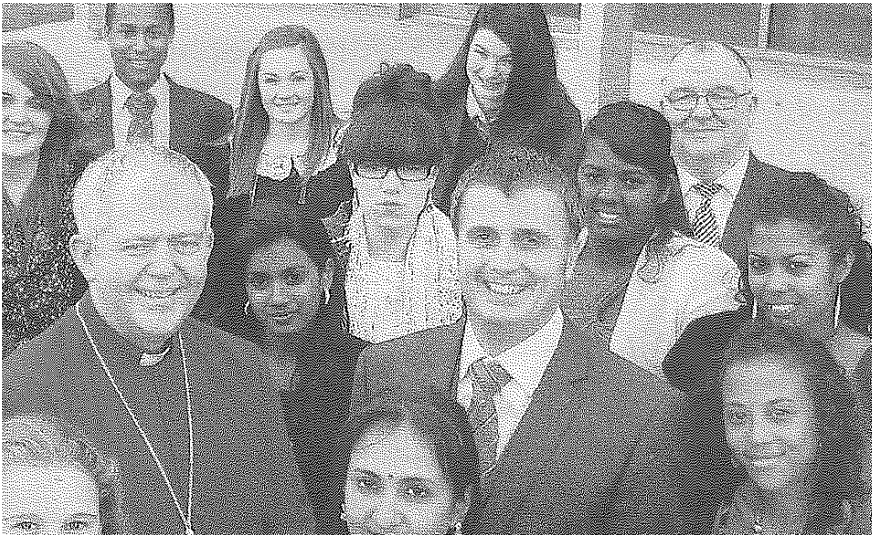
That lasted until 1973 when teaching on the Grammar School site ceased and the pupils were transferred to an existing Comprehensive School at Pamphill, which embraced the WGS pupils and was designated Queen Elizabeth s School (QE for short) where the current (2011) number of pupils is in the order of 1400.

By 2007 this building was deemed to be the top ranking Dorset Secondary School most needing replacement . Thirty million pounds of Government funding enabled DCC to arrange for the rebuilding of QE in 3 linked blocks of 3/4 floors within the existing site, by utilising the area of the sunken sports pitch. Etched into the glass of the Entrance / Atrium is an illustrated Time Line of events from The Good Lady Meg to the present. The main hall has been retained and substantially upgraded. Along the West wall there is a portrait of Lady Margaret Beaufort and the one of Queen Elizabeth with which we are all familiar. All the Memorials from Big School are there and a full list of Headmasters. The new QE is environmentally friendly - wood-chip burning boilers and solar power, rain-water recycling, air conditioning, together with insulation using recycled newspapers and straw bales.

The three upper floors of the palatial building are fitted out with banks of computers and all the best teaching aids and, at the cleverly utilised lower level of the entrance block, is a 'state of the art kitchen, together with a permanent dining area - the tables & forms in Big School and the iron stoves are history !!!.

The new QE is a fitting building to continue the inspired Foundation of the Good Lady Meg into the Twenty-first Century.

**Len Pearce (36 - 41)**



Open : The Bishop of Salisbury, the Right Revd Nicholas Holtam, joins staff and pupils from QE School and their sister School, Beau Bassin State Secondary School in Mauritius, at the opening of the new school in Wimborne.

## **NEW SCHOOL IS AMAZING**

Music and dance helped make the official opening of the rebuilt Queen Elizabeth's School in Wimborne, a real celebration yesterday.

Students from QE's partner school in Mauritius travelled more than 6,000 miles to see the Bishop of Salisbury, the Right Reverend Nicholas Holtam, bless the results of the £52million project.

Pupils from both schools performed for the audience, which included the Lord Lieutenant Anthony Pitt-Rivers, the Archbishop Daniel Deng of Sudan, local councillors and mayors and Annette Brooke MP.

Recalling the day in 2006 when he heard the school had won Building Schools for the Future funding, headmaster Andy Puttock said: Over the next three months we developed a vision of a campus dedicated to independent learning.

I am pleased to say it has come true. We are incredibly privileged to have this amazing new facility and have committed ourselves to never taking that lightly.

Head girl Bethan Davies said: Everyone is totally amazed by the new building and all the advantages and facilities that it provides us with.

Dorset County Council chairman Cllr John Wilson said the school, which began life in 1947, now boasts 433 rooms across an area the size of the London 2012 Olympic basketball arena.

Bishop Holtam, who unveiled a commemorative plaque, said: I am delighted that these wonderful buildings will lift the spirits and learning experiences of each one of its pupils.

### *Our new buildings include:*

The largest underground air exchange system in Europe

A biomass boiler which uses wood from local sustainable sources in Dorset. The ash residue is fabulous for the garden!

Solar panels on the roof to reduce electricity consumption and water from our own borehole.

Intelligent classrooms where lighting and ventilation levels adjust automatically to meet the needs of the users.

One whole building made of sustainable wood with natural insulation of straw bales, sheep wool and recycled newspaper

## CORRESPONDENCE

**PETER RUSSELL (1961 - 68)**

### **INFORMATION REQUEST: WIMBORNE S RAILWAYS**

I am researching the history of the railways around Wimborne with a view to writing a comprehensive book. This started in the 1960s but has taken off more seriously as a retirement project since 2008. I am seeking any members with recollections and historical materials from the operating days or the post-closure period. Many pupils travelled to school by train from Daggons Road and Verwood stations, but others resident in the area may recall seeing the trains and infrastructure or have family connections with railway staff.

The last service passenger trains ran on May 2nd 1964, but some special trains called on occasion until May 1977, when the last goods services ended. Between 1977 and 1980, the railway around Wimborne Station was destroyed in connection with the building of the Wimborne bypass. Wimborne was once served by both the Southampton & Dorchester line and the Somerset & Dorset line, with a junction, locomotive depot and staff housing at Oakley. The latter route from Corfe Mullen Junction last saw passenger trains in 1922, while goods services ended in 1933 except for clay traffic from Carter s Siding, which finished in 1959.

Although the study is focusing on Wimborne Station and the junction, the study area extends to West Moors Junction in the east, Bailey Gate (Sturminster Marshall) in the west and Broadstone in the south, as these points defined the local network. Wimborne was once the most important station in Dorset, albeit for a brief period from 1860 to 1886.

I would like to hear stories from individuals and families associated with the railway in any way - whether as passengers, goods service users, employees, enthusiasts or whatever. I am especially keen to find any rare photographs, plans and paperwork that may lie in family collections.

If you have any information you are willing to share, please contact me at Ramblers, Linley Green, Whitbourne, Worcester WR6 5RQ. Tel: 01886 884585.

e-mail:pbr.wessexrail@btinternet.com

I visit West Moors most months and could arrange meetings if appropriate.

**PAUL MIDDLETON (1949-55)**

As you may know Peter Alliss is travelling the country with his An evening with Peter Alliss show. Apparently, there are 40 performances.

I attended one of them recently at Weston-super-Mare and when telling us about his schooling he mentioned QEGS and went on in glowing terms to describe how the school was established way back in the fifteenth century and that he had fond memories of his time there.

An excellent show, especially for golfers and delivered in a relaxed style with him sitting on stage in an armchair wearing collar, tie, and button-up cardigan.

Afterwards, he signed his latest book Golf - The Cure for a Grumpy Old Man for me and I mentioned that we went to same school. He responded and asked whether I ever went along to the re-unions? He then added (with a smile on his face) that . . . the trouble is, they always serve oxtail soup .



### **RICHARD (DICKIE) ANSTEY ( ? )**

I was saddened to read about the passing of Keith Miller. Keith and I both went to Upton Infants, Lytchett Minster Primary school then both passed the 11Plus and went to QEGS together.

Our mothers also worked together at Upton Infants school. He lived just 50yds from me and we walked to the school bus almost every day of our time at school. I was shocked to also read the piece from his wife Moira that mentioned he had suffered from Dementia from the age of 45 years.

Thanks for a great Newsletter - even Carolyn s piece was of interest - she travelled on the Upton bus with Keith and myself.

### **PATRICIA VANDE VELDE (n e Birch) (1961 - 67)**

Thank you for continuing to maintain and revive our old memories - good and bad (!) of our Wimborne Grammar days. Indeed so many memories indelibly stamped in our minds.

I will indeed be thinking of you this 3rd December - at 3pm our time here in France. And all the best to you all for the festive season and a bright 2012.

### **PAT TRAYLER (n e Braun) ( ? )**

The latest OW was full of interesting items. I was interested to see the photograph and thumbnail of Carolyn. I mainly remember the back of her head, as I sat some way behind her on the school bus for the year 62/63. I was always a little in awe of her as she was a prefect and seemed to be neat and tidy whatever the weather (something I have yet to achieve). I am sure it was Carolyn who got away with wearing some strappy sandals after being stung by a bee. Oh, the envy that generated! Carolyn lived up the next road to me, and our Mums often chatted - usually about gardening, animals and daughters.

I was sad to see the message from Moira Miller about the death of Keith Miller. Whilst Carolyn lived one road up from me, Keith lived one road down (and the Mums used to chat about gardens, animals and children). Not only did I go right through Upton Infants, Lytchett Minster County Primary and QEGS with Keith, but met up with him at Bournemouth Tech where I was on Day Release and he was on a Sandwich course, HND Mechanical Engineering I believe. Our paths crossed a few times in the canteen and Keith would always have a cheery chat and a catch up of gossip.

At the infants school we both went home for lunch,so often walked to and fro together, in the days when 5 to 7 year olds could go out on their own. Keith usually had an amusing tale to tell. Looking back he was the same happy lad throughout the years, he just got bigger.

There were jolly japes throughout the lower school years, but in the Sixth Keith, now known as Milly, seemed to find ways of causing chaos in the nicest ways. In the Physics lab he would complain of the cold and darkness, then would light a Bunsen burner. Soon there would be a strange smell that turned out to be Milly singeing the hair on the back of his hand. Keith was good with words and was not afraid to put pen to paper when he had an idea. In Physics his answers could be straight to the point. Why is the sky blue? God ran out of the other colours. A serious essay in English was turned into an amazing story about haggis. On this occasion he happened to be one of the few chosen at random to read their efforts out to the class, before handing it in for marking. He had a bit of a telling off for that one, but the class appreciated a little light relief. When there was not much happening Keith could be relied on to perform his

party tricks, showing off his skills at press-ups, which he could easily do in a variety of ways. Please extend my sympathy to Moira for her loss. It may have been over 30 years since I saw Keith, but the article still conjured up many happy memories.

I am enclosing some of my family history notes that have connections to QEGS, which I have translated into something approaching English. Mahala Custard of Witchampton married into my family. She was a servant in QEGS in 1871. I have also included Rev Henry Pix, schoolmaster (mathematics) and headmaster of QEGS (and writer of books on algebra one of which has been on the internet in Egoooglebooks). He moonlighted by taking services in some of the churches that my families used, so their paths would have crossed.

Mahala Custard. On the 1871 census Mahala is listed as a Nurse maid, living in Wimborne Grammar School with the Headmaster Rev William Fletcher. The Reverend's children were out of the nursery by this time, but his married daughter Louisa, was staying with her two month old first child Edward Russell Clarke. Louisa was staying with her parents for the birth and recovery period, choosing family and countryside rather than her new home in London. Also Reverend William Fletcher baptised his grandson in the Minster.

## **REVEREND HENRY PIX**

### **Schoolmaster and Headmaster of Queen Elizabeth's Free Grammar School**

*Henry Pix appears in the 1861 census for Wimborne as a schoolmaster and stayed with the school for a number of years before moving to Minterne Magna to take up the post of Rector. Henry was an author, with a book published in 1846 entitled *Arithmetic and Algebra* and a series of *Examples in Arithmetic* published in 1851, 1857, 1861, 1864 and 1869. The 1861 version is free to read on Google Ebooks and has many interesting questions set to tax the mind. In 1861 the classic problem of men digging holes was complicated by men, women and children digging at different rates. A speed question started with a privateer chasing a merchant ship and there were many money and market conundrums, which could have been set recently.*

**Henry Pix** was born 6th June 1821 in Rolvenden, Kent. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and entered Cambridge where he gained a BA in 1843 and MA in 1846. He was ordained as Deacon (Hereford) 1845 and a priest in 1846. After serving as Curate in Much Wenlock in Shropshire, Henry became senior Maths Master at Marlborough College, where he stayed from 1847 to 1855. Henry married Adelaide Maurice in Marlborough in 1855, before moving to Dorset for his next appointment as 2nd Master at Wimborne Grammar School from 1856 to 1872. He then took the position of Headmaster until 1875.

On the 1861 Census for Wimborne, Henry was living in the School House with his wife Adelaide. He has two children, Maurice and Julie, who were both born in Wimborne; Reverend Henry officiated at their baptisms in the Minster.

The listing for staff at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in 1865 is:-

Rev W Fletcher DD Head Master

**Rev Henry Pix** MA 2nd Master

Henry Sidney Cook Esq Assistant Classical Master

Mr JE Carman English Master

Mons D Abnour French Master

Weld Taylor Esq Drawing Master

On the **1871 Census** for Wimborne Henry is 49 and his occupation is given as Master of the Endowed Grammar School, School House Lane. His wife Adelaide and two children Maurice

and Julie are with him but there are no indications of any other offspring. There are three servants, a cook, a housemaid and an under housemaid, to look after the family. The students now boarding with him were named as follows.

<b>Student</b>	<b>Age</b>	<b>Place of Birth</b>
James Elwin	15	Folkestone
Henry Bourke	16	Ireland
Henry Windsor	15	London
Frederick Maton	14	Maddington Wilts
Arthur Salter	11	London
Charles Edwards	12	London
George Batten	10	Bombay

The **1881 Census** at Minterne Magna, shows Henry Pix has changed occupation to become Rector of Minterne Magna.

From 1887 Henry became a Licensed Priest of the Diocese of Salisbury.

Adelaide died in 1898 and Henry died in 1902 aged 80. There did not appear to be a will in the Probate Calendar for Henry Pix, but his estate may have been entailed and not gone to Probate.

(We are indebted to Pat for her discoveries. There was much else of interest I could have published but alas there is insufficient space. A.B.)

## OBITUARIES

### STEWART RUSSELL (1966 - 73)



OWA member Peter Russell (1961-68) has notified us of the death from a brain tumour of his brother Stewart, who attended the school from 1966 to 1973. Stewart was born in Eastleigh in 1955 and attended Ferndown Primary School after the family moved from Swindon in 1958. He was marked out as potential Oxbridge material even then and duly obtained a degree in physical sciences at Cambridge in the mid 1970s. He proceeded to a Masters at Newcastle in energy policy and then a Ph.D. at Aston's Technology Policy Unit (TPU) on combined heat and power systems.

In 1988 he took up a lectureship in science, technology and society at Wollongong University in New South Wales, staying for 18 years and becoming a senior lecturer, specialising in environmentally-sustainable energy systems. In 2006 he returned to the UK to become Deputy Director of Science, Technology & Innovation Studies (SITS) unit at Edinburgh University. There he developed interdisciplinary post-graduate courses. Over the years Stewart was active with Friends of the Earth, CND and other environmental campaign groups, and as consultant to trade unions, community groups and government. In recent years he gave a series of public lectures in Understanding Technology at the National Museum of Scotland.

Stewart was well known and liked among fellow pupils and staff in his time at Wimborne. He remained close friends from his Ferndown days with Chris Gymer - another old-Winburnian, Chris

also emigrating to australia. With his partner of 17 years, Lorraine, Stewart had planned to build a carbon-neutral home on a rural plot they bought in Fife in early 2011. He was diagnosed with an aggressive glioma in February 2011 and operated on to remove it, but subsequent radiotherapy and chemotherapy failed to prevent regrowth and Stewart died in Kirkcaldy Hospital on September 17th. Obituaries appeared in The Guardian, Scotsman and Times Higher Education Supplement. Stewart is survived by his wife Lorraine, his mother Ruth (who still lives in West Moors) and Peter (who lives near Worcester). Any OWA member who remembers Stewart is welcome to contact Peter via the OWA if he/she wishes.

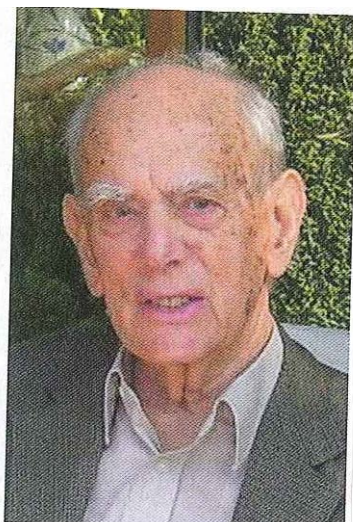
*(We send our condolences to Peter and the wider Russell family. It is clear Stewart enjoyed a brilliant career. It is terribly sad he did not live long enough to enjoy a deserved lengthy retirement. A.B.)*

### **NESTA RICHARDS**

The much loved wife of a gentleman who has served the OWs so superbly over the years, Gordon Richards, passed away at the turn of the year after a courageous battle with illness. Many of you will have known Nesta and the contribution she made to the OWs, not least at Christmas reunions, when she assisted Gordon with the table arrangements. We will all miss Nesta greatly and send Gordon our deepest sympathy and best wishes in his grievous loss. (A.B.)



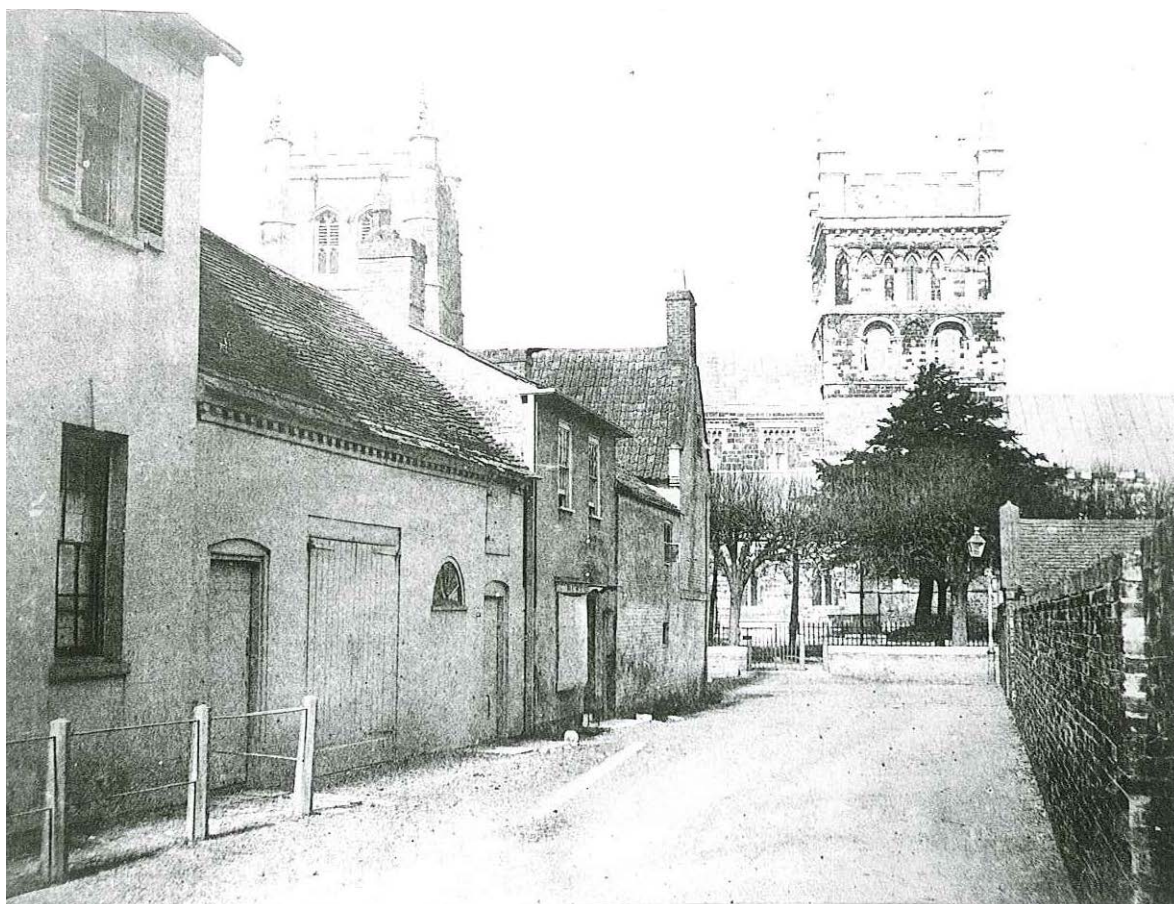
### **JACK DOUCH**



Jack passed away just a couple of weeks ago. A much loved and respected man Jack regularly came along to our reunions, usually in the company of family members and John Dacombe. A fine cricketer in his day, he remained closely associated with local club cricket all his life and was a familiar figure in the wider Wimborne community. A softly spoken, kindly man Jack will be greatly missed by his many friends and family. (A.B.)

## LOOKING BACK - AND FORTY YEARS ON

*(Continuing to dip into his vast collection of WGS memorabilia Derek Stevens has furnished us with some more pictures that will stir memories - and a fascinating piece originally published in The Winburnian of 1937 entitled Forty Years On. As ever, many thanks to the estimable Derek to whom we owe so much for his indefatigable efforts on our behalf. A.B. )*



Most of the Chantry range of buildings were purchased by the school in 1919. In this view the window on the extreme left lights the Reference Library / Prefects Room (the latter much to Mr. Maiden's fury) until removed to the main building in 1947. The doorway provided through access to the new building and the double doors beyond became a form room for many years for the Remove. The small window beyond lit a curious cupboard and the door provided access to the form room around it. Beyond were the tuckshop and clothing store. (D.S.)

### FORTY YEARS ON

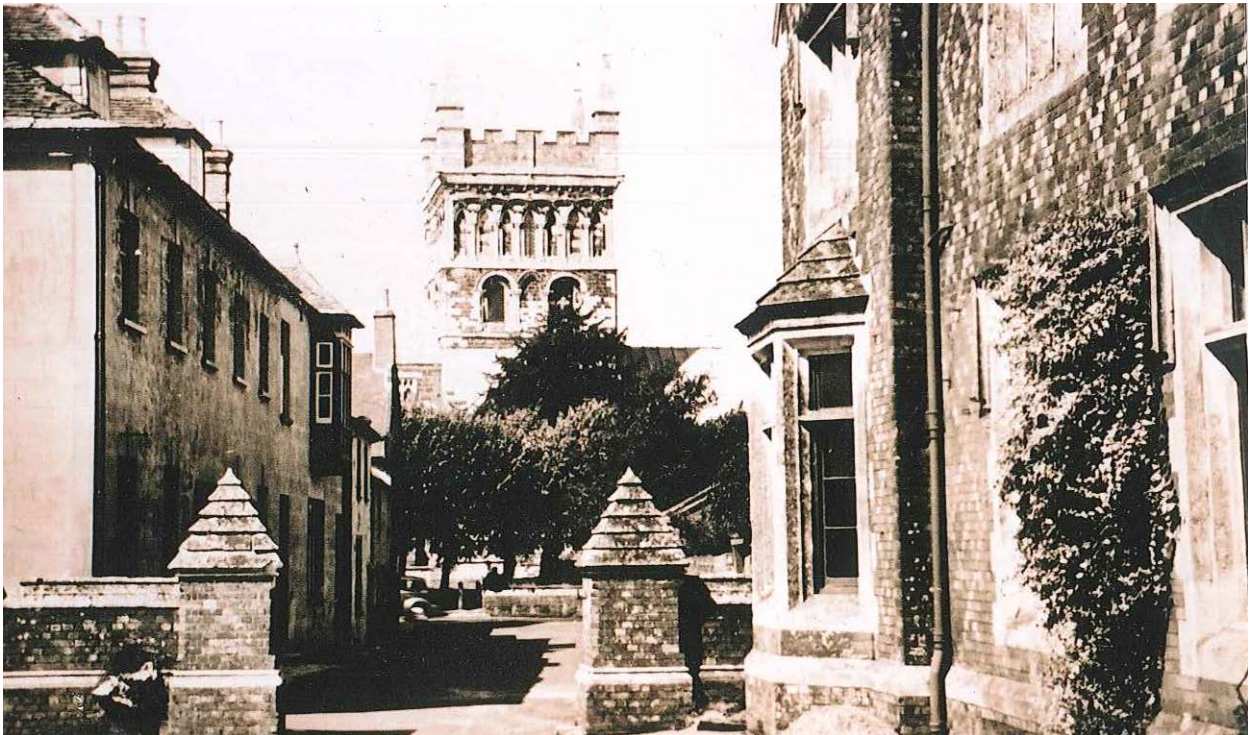
In the autumn of 1977 two distinguished-looking gentlemen met in the shadow of the Minster. They were representatives of rival firms who had been asked to report on the probable cost of installing a sewerage scheme in Wimborne, a problem which for some time had been exercising the minds of the City Fathers. After some talk they discovered that they were both Old Winburnians who had not met since they left school some forty years before.

Naturally, they deferred the Sewerage Scheme and conversation turned, as it always does, to School Days, and *Do you remember?* was the preface to almost every sentence. Of course the old school was not what it used to be, at least that is what they soon decided.

Just imagine pulling down the Chantry to build baths and new labs. Why I remember there wasn't a nicer room in the school than Room 2. I had a seat near the fire, said the first Distinguished Looking Gentleman. I never knew you were in Iib, replied the Second D.L.G. I wasn't, it was Va form room. But I distinctly remember sitting at the foot of the room, and I was in Iib, insisted the First D.L.G. This argument could not be settled without reference to Wimborne's oldest inhabitant who had once been a master, but as he was unfortunately stone deaf it wasn't much use consulting him.

During this conversation they had made their way towards the School, past the Odeon Television Theatre which stood where the Wesleyan Church used to be. Even they had to give grudging praise to the fine front of the new buildings in King George VI Street, formerly known as King Street, and had to admit that the quadrangle with the Mottram Memorial Gardens was an improvement on the coal stores and cycle shed which used to occupy the site. But the changing room with its electric driers did not meet with such approval. Do you remember the old Changing Room in School Lane? Beautiful replied the Second D.L.G. It had the latest gas lighting and a radiator; and who needs a bath after a game. There was always the river. Boys are spoilt these days, said the First D.L.G. Fancy providing garages for boys. And just imagine playing fields at Shapwick. Didn't the old field used to flood, enquired the Second D.L.G. Very occasionally, was the reply, but it never stopped our games, at least not very often. And don't you remember the pioneer work we did? Why, my squad rebuilt the staircase to Room 2 after its collapse.

By this time they had reached the Old School building which still remained as an example of what schools used to be but which was, of course, not used. After introducing themselves to the Head Technician of the School they were gladly conducted round the new school. Of course, we have no class rooms now, only labs, he said.



A later photo of School Lane looking towards the Minster. A second storey has been added to the carriage shed with a projecting window. In the 1920s this window was provided with a rope for escape in case of fire. (D.S.)

*(With many thanks to jenni at Wimborne Print Centre for all her splendid work. I am so grateful. A.B.)*