



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER - AUTUMN 2014

Dear fellow OWs,

Sometimes the appropriate words come easily. Today I hesitate. Why so? Glance through the pages and you will see that the Obituaries begin a third of the way through. I have never received so many - a dozen in all, reflecting lives full of achievement and distinction. Several are names familiar to most of us. It is, of course, very sad that we will not see some old friends again but inevitable, as an ageing Association, that death will take its relentless toll on our membership in the coming years.

However, speaking with my good pal, John Dacombe, (yes, we are actually the very best of friends!) in Wimborne the other morning he remarked to me, 'Alan, do include some cheerful items in the Newsletter beside the sad!' Well, there's not much comedy as such, John, but I hope there is plenty to interest readers. As for the 'cheerful' bit let us congratulate ourselves that we are, at least, still here - mostly vertical - and with much to be grateful for. Whatever time remains to us let us resolve to make the most of every hour of every day. And, for a start, how about making a note in your diaries of Saturday, 6th December? Come along to meet old friends. Many do travel a long way to be with us. And, if you cannot be present, do join us in spirit at 2pm and raise a glass with us as we toast 'Absent Friends'. Promise?

Alan R. Bennett
(on behalf of the OWA committee)

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

CHRISTMAS REUNION Saturday, 6th December 2014

SUMMER REUNION Saturday 4th July 2015

CHRISTMAS REUNION Saturday 12th December 2015

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING Monday 14th September 2015, at 11am

All to be held at Cobhams Sports and Social Club, Merley BH21 3DA

SUMMER REUNION 2014

Dr Gareth Annels, Morgan Antell and guest Ann Antell, David Beck, Alan Bennett, Les Bishop and guest Paul Cumberland, Tony Bletsoe, Rex Breach and guest Cynthia Breach, Jim Brewster, Wendy Bundy nee Baker and guest Brian Bundy, Eunice Carnall nee Chadd, Robin Christopher and guest Hazel Christopher, A. Cooper nee Hallett, Robert Copelin, Desmond Cox, Sandra Cox, John Dacombe, Roy Dacombe, John Dare, Janel Doolaege nee Pursey, Peter Douch and guests Judy Douch and Josephine Douch, Joyce Downton, Faith Elford nee Hawes and guest John Elford, Peter Eyres, Roy Feltham and guest Pauline Feltham, Mervyn Frampton, Edgar Francis, John Froud and guest Rodney Hurford, Brian Glover, Janet Gordon nee Daniels, Tony Gould, Bill Haskell, Geoff Hill, Carolyn Kamcke nee Walkling and guest John Boughton, Patrick Keeping, Alan Maitland and guest June Maitland, Ron Mansfield, Maria Martin nee Limm, Kenneth Moody, Michael Moss, Victor Moss, Jennifer Moss nee Day, Diana Moss nee Anderson and guest James Moss, David Park, Len Pearce and guest Diana Pearce, Graham Powell and guest Hazel Powell, Christine Price nee Richmond, Terry Randall, Betty Read nee White, Gordon Richards, Ann Richmond nee Mitchell, David Roberts, Ian Rogers, David Royce, Barbara Russell nee Morris, Ray Scott and guests Mary Gilbert and Ann Sweeney, Kenneth Smart and guest Mary Masterman, Rodney Smith, Elaine Smith, Timothy Spall, Derek Stevens, Cynthia Tanner nee Streets, Ken Taylor, John Taylor and guest Jill Taylor, Monica Vacher nee Brown, Peter Watts, Geoffrey Welch, Stanley White and guest Ann James, Prof Bob White, Helen White nee Filcher, Bill White and guest Marion White, Roger Whittaker and guest Maggie Sadler, Eddie Wood and guest Jose Wood, Beryl Wythers nee Moreton.

APOLOGIES RECEIVED FROM

Christopher Peters, John Harper, Norah Dyson, Richard Ferguson, Lorna Miles, Reg Booth, Brian Webb, Don Phillips and Denis Dolman.

ESSENTIAL ADDRESSES

Chairman	Tony Gould	1 Manor Cottages, Tolpuddle DT2
Vice Chairman	Patrick Keeping	17 Wellers Close, Totton
Secretary	Ken Moody	Flat 8, Wickham Court, 9 Eastwood Ave, Ferndown BH22 9LQ
Treasurer	Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrews, Blandford DT11 0JL
Membership	John Guy	Gateways, Gaunts Common, Wimborne BH21 4JN
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

QE SCHOOL, WIMBORNE, CHRISTMAS 2014 EVENTS.

ANNUAL CAROL SERVICE IN THE MINSTER

Monday 15th December at 7pm - Entrance - Free, but there will be a retiring collection in aid of charity. No need to book, however, it is always very popular, so come early to get a good seat.

CAROL CONCERT AT QE SCHOOL

Date /Time not yet finalised. If you are interested in going, contact the Headmaster's PA, Jan Day near December, on Tel: 01202 885253 or e-mail: JDay@qe.dorset.sch.uk

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (AGM)
OF THE OLD WINBURNIANS (OW) - HELD AT MERLEY, DORSET

on 8th OF SEPTEMBER 2014

During the year 2013 / 14 the OW has continued to provide opportunity for our members to meet one another in a relatively relaxed atmosphere on two occasions throughout the year. The 2013 AGM was held in Merley on 9th of September 2013. Elections took place although I am bound to report that contest for office was not hotly contested at any level! Those elected and re-elected were:- Len Pearce, Rodney Hurt, Tony Bletsoe, Don Phillips, Ken Moody, Pat Keeping, Alan Bennett, Ken Taylor, Tony Gould, Bill Haskell, Betty Read, Alan Maitland and Carolyn Kamcke. This year we have been pleased to welcome Ann Richmond as a co-opted member of the committee.

In this year four committee meetings were held, two newsletters produced, two successful reunion lunches organised, one in July and one in December. In early May five members of the committee accepted an invitation from Martin McLemon the Head to look round the QE School at Pamphill. We met in his office and were then conducted around by two senior pupils. It can be said that we were impressed by what we saw and the range of activity taking place.

We have 323 members of the Association and this includes forty or so foreign based members to whom we do not charge a membership fee. Our work in keeping the OW functioning would not take place without the dedicated work of a number of people. These include David Finnemore for his considerable skills as honorary web-master who makes sure that people from all over the world can find us with a couple of clicks. The late Gordon Richards has done such great work in liaising with Cobham Sports Club and so has ensured that our social functions go smoothly. Alan Bennett for his tireless work with the newsletter and our hardworking but largely un-sung heroes the Secretary and Treasurer Ken Moody and Alan Maitland respectively who produce the agendas, minutes and accounts. Derek Stevens we thank for displaying historical material at our December 2013 lunch. Betty Reid, Carolyn Kamcke and Bill Haskell for organising in connection with our two lunches and Pat Keeping for acting as master of ceremonies at those lunches. I am most grateful to all members of the committee for their advice and assistance at meetings which are always well attended.

During the year we have lost some valuable old friends. A great loss has occurred recently with the passing of Gordon Richards who died peacefully at home. Gordon was a founder member of our committee which was re-configured in the 1990s and has been associated with the work of the Old Winburnians ever since.

In summary the past year has been one of steady progress. I think we can be proud of the spirit which ensures that we continue to have in 2014 an active old students association of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Wimborne.

Tony Gould - Chair. (1951 - 57)

Old Winburnians Association					
Statement of Accounts From 01/06/13 To 31/05/14					
Income	2013/14	2012/13	Expenditure	2013/14	2012/13
Reunions	£3,807.00	£3,742.00	Reunions	£3,619.50	£3,700.00
Subscriptions	£1,350.00	£1,235.00	Newsletter Costs	£1,305.13	£1,176.02
Raffle Receipts	£505.00	£412.20	Raffle Prizes	£69.79	£74.17
Donations	£20.00	£4.50	Committee Meeting Costs	£86.00	£90.00
School History Sales & Donations	£183.70	£467.78	School History Expenses	£139.75	£1,192.11
Gross Interest On Reserve a/c	£0.00	£0.40	Memorabilia Costs	£0.00	£48.00
Sale Of OW Ties	£0.00	£28.00	Web Site Costs	£44.93	£35.86
			Remembrance Day Poppy Wreath	£25.00	£25.00
Total Income	£5,865.70	5,889.88	Total Expenditure	£5,290.10	£8,341.16
			Excess of Income over Expenditure	£575.60	-£451.28
Balance Sheet At 31 May 2014					
Assets At 31 May 2013			Assets At 31 May 2014		
NatWest Current a/c	£1,052.37		NatWest Current a/c	£1,629.48	
LESS unrepresented			LESS unrepresented		
Cheques	£162.69		Cheques	£164.20	
		£889.68			£1,465.28
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure		£575.60			
		£1,465.28			£1,465.28

I have audited the summary of accounts as set out here. In my opinion these are consistent with the full account of the Old Winburnians Association for the year 1 vi 13 to 31 v 14.

K.T.P. 30 vii 2014

VISIT TO QE SCHOOL on FRIDAY 2nd MAY 2014

A small party of OW members consisting of Tony Gould, Ken Taylor, Patrick Keeping, Alan Maidment, and myself, visited QE at the invitation of the new Headmaster, Mr. Martin McLeman. We were shown into "The Headmaster's Meeting Room" where the Headmaster and ourselves had a very informal meeting. During our talks, Martin told us he hoped the school would become an Academy by the September term. By being an Academy the school will have more money and more control in the education of pupils. Martin intends to extend the sports facilities at the rear of the school.

I did mention the WW1 Roll of Service which is attached high up on the wall of the Main Hall where it cannot be read. I said it is very possible that some of today's pupils' forefathers were written on that scroll. Martin saw my point and said he would endeavour to have it brought down a level where it can be read.

We were shown around the school by two girl prefects. The tour had to be an abridged version of the tour we had at the "Official Opening" as all the classrooms had pupils in them - studying, and some had exams taking place. In answer to our many questions to the girls, they said they all had to study the usual subjects on entry to the school but, as they progressed to senior levels, they could specialize and study the subjects they would need in their future careers. To mention just a couple - Philosophy & Ethics and Law. Our guides appeared to be very interested in what we had to say about our days at QEGS especially regarding the lack of facilities compared with theirs.

We later returned to the Headmaster's Meeting Room for a coffee and a short meeting. I asked Martin that we are given brief details of their Christmas Programme by early September so that they can be included in the next Newsletter. Martin said that should be possible.

Ken Moody (1947 - 53)

New headteacher for QE

WIMBORNE'S flagship school, Queen Elizabeth's, is to have a new headteacher in September.

Martin McLeman, pictured, will take over from Andy Puttock* who is to become the principal of the British School of Beijing, China. Mr McLeman is currently deputy headteacher, but was also acting headteacher for a period in 2011 at Tewkesbury School in Gloucestershire.

He started his career in Leicestershire working in Community Colleges in Coalville, Quorn and Loughborough. He then moved back to his native North-East where he was assistant headteacher at St

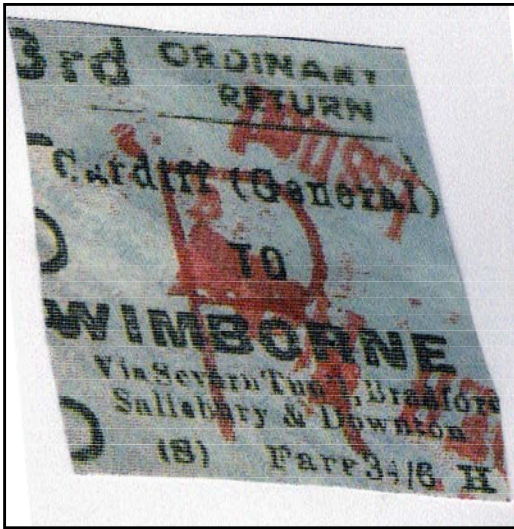


Thomas More School, Blaydon, an outstanding 11-18 comprehensive, before being promoted to Tewkesbury School in 2005. He is married to Sally and

they have four children aged 14 to 21.

His interests include golf, walking, skiing, music, art and theatre. He counts himself fortunate to be one of the loyal fans of Newcastle United who have managed to cope with many years of disappointment.

Mr McLeman said: "I am completely blown away by this school; it is amazing and I could not be more impressed with what I have seen. It will be a huge privilege to lead the school through the next stage of its development and I am really looking forward to meeting all the staff, students, parents and wider community in the coming months."



When Wimborne had a passenger railway
1947 - 1964

Funeral directors fund dating of skeletons found under Square

In 2012 East Dorset District Council embarked upon an enhancement scheme of Wimborne Minster Town Square. As part of the redevelopment a decision was made to replace the existing plane tree. To accommodate a new tree it was necessary for a trench 5m x 3m to be dug to a depth of 1m 20cm.

During the excavation of six preliminary test pits undertaken by members of East Dorset Antiquarian Society in 2009, 270 fragments of human bone were recovered and it was likely, therefore, that the trench for the tree would also impact on archaeological deposits in the north western part of the square. Because of this, in accordance with guidelines the excavation of the trench had to be undertaken by archaeologists and at the request of EDDC a group of experienced archaeologists from the Priest's House Museum and EDAS began work in February 2012 on a voluntary basis.

Following removal of the tarmac and hardcore by machine the underlying deposits were taken out by hand. Straight away it was obvious that a number of burials lay within the trench as immediately beneath the surface a large number of disarticulated human bones were recovered from burial disturbed by post-cemetery activity. Over the following two weeks as the excavation went deeper, a number of

intact skeletons were revealed.

EDDC agreed to fund he analysis of the remains and the preparation of a report. The bones were taken for examination and assessment to Dr Katie Tucker at Winchester University. She identified a total of 23 individual burials, nine adult females, five adult males and four adults where the sex could not be assessed, together with the remains of three infants, one child and one adolescent.

During her examination Dr Tucker noted a high proportion of the skeletons showed signs of degenerative disease and activity related to skeletal lesions suggesting the population at this time was involved in heavy manual work. There is also some evidence to suggest that a number of the individuals may have been related.

The remains were re-buried on 12th February this year, with members of the public joining excavators, EDAS committee members and representatives from the Priest's House Museum and EDDC to witness the re-interment, which was carried out by Nicholas O'Hara who also provided the specially made caskets.

No secure datable evidence for the burials was obtained during the excavation and not other date other than the broad brush 'medieval' could be allocated. Nicholas O'Hara generously donated a sum of money to allow the

investigation to be carried out. Samples from three of the skeletons were sent to the Scottish Universities Environmental Research Centre's radiocarbon dating laboratories in East Kilbride. The results show dates of 1246AD, 1292AD and 1340AD, all with a margin of error plus or minus 30 years.

A full report of the excavation is currently being prepared and is hoped to be available for publication early next year. However, it is obvious from the evidence obtained during the excavation that many more burials still lie beneath the present town square which would be disturbed should any further invasive development of the Square be undertaken.

**Gill Broadbent, Hon
Keeper of Archaeology at
the Priest's House**

Town remembers the 164 men who didn't come home

Hundreds of people congregated on and around the Minster Green on Monday for 'a respectful Remembrance of 4th August 1914'.

Welcoming the gathering which included local MP Annette Brooke and town and district councillors, Minster curate, The Rev Belinda Marlitt said: "The First World War was one of the bloodiest wars in history in which 164 men from Wimborne lost their lives."

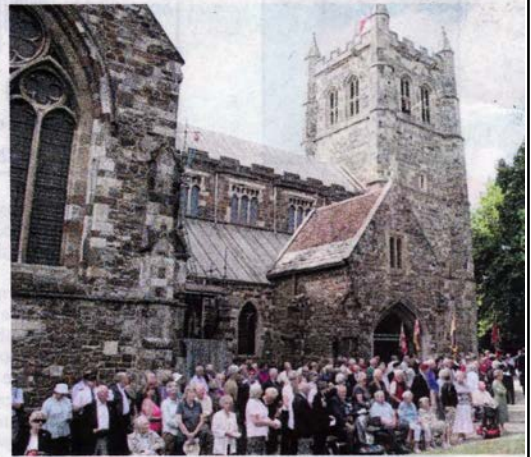
Chaplain to Wimborne Royal British Legion, The Rev Alan Davies said: "It was a war without precedent in modern times in which 20 million people lost their lives."

Father Kenneth Noakes from St Catherine's Church led prayers, Marcus Adams played Reville, verger John Hughes read 'The Soldier' by Rupert Brooke, John Raymond, the RBL president recited the Exhortation, the Mayor of Wimborne, Councillor Andy Hampton laid a wreath and The Rev Robert Jones from Wimborne Baptist Church said the closing prayer.

In addition, nine people took it in turns to read out a roll call of local fatalities.

**Report and photos by
Marilyn Barber**

*More photos on
www.blackmorevale.co.uk*



Crowds gathered outside the Minster and across the Minster Green for Wimborne's Remembrance



Standard bearers and members of the fire service took part in the Remembrance

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Stour and Avon magazine)

Old Winburnians' Association

Founded 1896



Year Book and List of Members, 1948

Total number of Annual Members	196
Total number of Life Members	
Grand Total	<u>121</u> <u>317</u>

(Some time ago it was suggested that the Newsletter might include a section headed “What happened to old so & so ? “And I just thought you might like to include the following if you have room for it.

Len Pearce)

Bill Liverton. WGS 1936 - 41.

Back in the Spring and “out of the blue”, I picked up an e-mail message from Paignton - via QE School - the writer was trying to contact anyone who had known “Bill Liverton” at WGS. This time he had ‘struck lucky’, as Bill and I had gone through the School together and, over the years, I had wondered what had happened to him. My correspondent was able to fill in the blanks.

Like me, Bill had joined the RAF and we had both been trained as Flight Engineers at the same station in South Wales but never met there. One of the reasons was undoubtedly that, after a while, Flt. Engs were “Type Trained”, and Bill was in the Avro Lancaster stream and I was destined for the H.P. Halifax MkIII.

After the war I returned to ‘civvy street’ but Bill sought employment in the post war aviation industry and by 1952 he was the Chief Flight Engineer in a Company called Aircharter which was Freddie Laker’s first company and, by then, operating the Avro Tudor aircraft out of Stansted.

By 1955, the trips on the Tudor were to Adelaide, carrying secret freight which in fact were rockets for test firing at Woomera. It was a 12 day , pretty gruelling trip, as there were two crews on board and the two engineers not only carried out all the servicing but also took it in turns to sleep on the aircraft to guard it.

In February 1959, Bill was the Senior Engineer on a Bristol Britannia which was the first turbo-prop aircraft to circle the world - again with a double crew. However, within two months he was killed.

In April Bill was flying to Australia, as usual by a devious route, which necessitated a climb to avoid the mountains in Turkey, when he was killed as the aircraft hit Mount Suphan Dagi at about 14,500 ft, having been blown north of track by strong Southerly winds. About a week later, an RAF mountain rescue team from Cyprus reached the top, after climbing under terrible conditions. The rockets were blown up and the 14 crew were interred there, only a few feet from the summit of the mountain.

Bill always flew wearing a white silk scarf but he will be remembered by the OWs of 36 - 41 vintage, as a tall, slim, good looking, athletic type . He was a fine example of the sort of people that the School sent out into the world.

Len Pearce (36 - 41)

War casualties identified in Len’s research

Len Pearce quietly gets on with his voluntary work for the community in Wimborne, never seeking recognition for his efforts.

However, he certainly deserves credit for the painstakingly research he has undertaken for two churches in the town.

He has discovered details of the men who died in the First World War, and are listed on rolls of honour at both Wimborne United Reformed Church and Wimborne Minster Church.

Mr Pearce, who has lived in Wimborne all his life, has been a guide at Wimborne Minster church for the past 20 years, and now also carries out verges duties during holiday periods.

Born in East Borough in 1925 and christened in the Minster, he said: “As a boy I knew the widows of some of the men who didn’t come home. Two lived in Chapel Lane.”

He managed to get a lot of details from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website which gives background details to casualties.

“Canon Fletcher, who was rector at Wimborne Minster during the First World War put details in the parish magazine and these are held at the Priest’s House Museum,” he said.

Mr Pearce, who served as a flight engineer in the RAF during the Second World War, married Diana at Wimborne URC in March 1951, and they have two daughters, four grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

He may shun publicity, but last year when it was revealed that Wimborne had the highest proportion of married couples in the UK, he and Diana were interviewed by the BBC.



Len Pearce with his wife Diana

Diana is well known in local amateur dramatic circles as she sung with Poole and Parkstone Musical Society for 30 years, and still does the make-up for local productions.

An old boy of Queen Elizabeth’s Grammar School - a Winburnian - Len has also researched details of former pupils who didn’t return from the two World Wars.

“I’ve loved the challenge. Tell me I can’t do something and I’ll do it,” he said.

Len’s research is held by the Imperial War Museum, Dorset Museum, and Wimborne’s Priest’s House Museum.

Report and photo by Marilyn Barber

(I am delighted to include this fascinating piece from Jennifer Holman, the daughter of the late, fondly remembered and highly respected R.J. (Gunner) Holman, who taught Latin and History for many years at WGS)

LIVING AT WGS - EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE HOLMAN FAMILY

Stephen and I were born in the first half of the 1950s while our parents were living in the Grammar School flat which was situated in the rooms above and to the rear of the school staff room. As far as I know we were the last children to have lived there from birth. Whether or not others were born there when QE was a boarding school, I do not know.

In the late fifties two other boys were born, Philip at Fox Lane and Nicholas at St John's Hill in Wimborne. These homes were both houses designated for teachers. Down Fox Lane, the games teacher Mr Hoare and his wife lived next door. I have a vivid picture in my mind of Mr Hoare doing cartwheels on his front lawn one day. Up St John's Hill in a line were the headmaster, Mr Neil, the vicar of St John's Church, and then us. On the opposite side lived Mr Williams who was a history teacher at QE. It was with Mr Williams and a group of others that we made our first trip abroad, touring around Europe for most of the summer holidays in 1964.



Chantry building.

When Mum and Dad moved into the Grammar School flat they had to decorate the place. I remember my uncle, Leonard Pearce, an Old Boy of the school who sadly died in 2013, telling me that he helped out, as did Dad's brother who was a dab hand with the plumb line and wallpapering. We have one or two photographs of the interior but they are too dark to see much. (

still very much alive - AB)

Years later I used to have my A level English lessons in one of those rooms - the floor was dreadfully uneven, and on one occasion the strip lighting crashed down onto my desk. I think we were discussing 'Paradise Lost' at the time!

Dad used to tell one story about the flat which certainly reinforces this sense of decrepitude - having to throw one of his shoes out of a window one morning because it was full of mice.

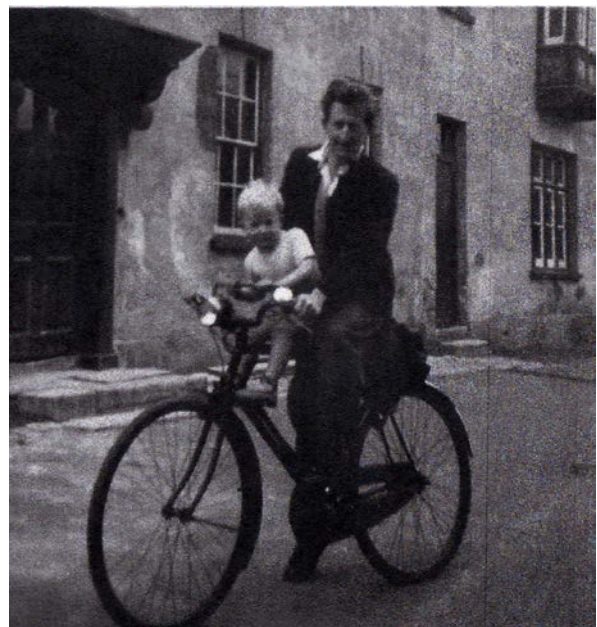
Dad was an Old Boy of the school - we still have his school reports and school magazines. After gaining his university degree, and then serving in the RAF in India during the Second World War, he returned to Wimborne and became a teacher at QE, teaching Latin and history.

Those were the days of the old style ridge tents, and very primitive camp sites!

When we were living at St John's Hill we often had to feed Mr Neil's cats whenever he was away on holiday, quite a feat for Dad who really disliked the creatures.

Stephen and I don't remember much about life at the Grammar School flat, though we have photographs of us as babes in arms and as toddlers playing by the sundial outside the 'new' building and in the fives courts.

We also have photographs, small ones taken with a Brownie camera, of Dad on his bike outside the old



He was also ran the Colts rugby team, was secretary of the Old Boys Association and the Old Boys sports club for a while, and for many years he was the careers master. I can remember travelling on the coach with Dad to quite a few of the away rugby matches on Saturdays.

He always said he wasn't sure how he got his nickname 'Gunner' but it stuck with him from the beginning of his teaching career - he is mentioned by this nickname in the Autumn 1948 school magazine - right through till the end when he spent a few years teaching in the new QE comprehensive school. That he was in the school Cadet Corps during his days as a pupil at QE, and ended up as Company Sergeant Major, might, of course, have something to do with his nickname.

Dad died suddenly after a short illness in 1990; Mum died in 2005. We miss them greatly, not least because there are so many unanswered questions about our early lives at QE.

Jennifer Holman (1965 - 72) - with help from Stephen (1963 - 70), Philip and Nicholas
(all pupils at QE).

*Our guest contributor in this issue is that splendid fellow, Prof. Bob White, scientist and aviator.
A most interesting selection of records, Bob!*

DESERT ISLAND DISCS

Bob White

I feel very fortunate to have been a pupil at the grammar school and have always been very grateful to Joe Kerswell and Bill Streets for the groundings which they gave me in mathematics and physics and for creating my enthusiasm for science subjects . I was fortunate to continue my education in Applied Physics at Farnborough College of Technology whilst working at the Royal Aircraft Establishment Farnborough and eventually I transformed into an Engineer. That is all logical and academically sound but one event brought about by a fellow pupil at the end of the fifth year also had a major impact on my life. During that



relaxed time following the end of formal studies , one of the Fowler twins , I guess that it was Colin, for some reason brought a record player in to school and amongst his record collection was Humphrey Lyttleton and his band playing The Fish Seller, a tune written by Sidney Bechet. I had not heard such music before and it sparked off my interest and enthusiasm for traditional jazz which has had considerable impact on my life, including a trip to New Orleans many years later. So my first record is the 1955 recording of Humphrey Lyttleton and his band playing "The Fish Seller".

My enthusiasm for traditional Jazz was such that I taught myself to play the trombone and with great enthusiasm , and somewhat less talent, played for some years in a "Trad Band" . My idol was Chris Barber, the superb trombonist who is now over 80 years old and still playing. My second record is Chris Barber and his band playing ing " Whistling Rufus". To me this is the height of what Chris and his band achieved and is somewhere close to the greatest possible ensemble playing by six musicians . It really is a joyful tune , unbelievably written in 1899!

Whilst at the RAE Farnborough in the Mechanical Engineering Department I was involved in some hazardous combustion experiments in a laboratory which was, in reality, a slightly remote wooden shed.

My accomplice in this was a Technician, Ron Read, who gave me a recording of the Paul Whiteman band playing the Darktown Strutters Ball. This had a superb trombone solo by Jack Teagarden , who also sang the refrain. This record was a treasured possession until, against my better

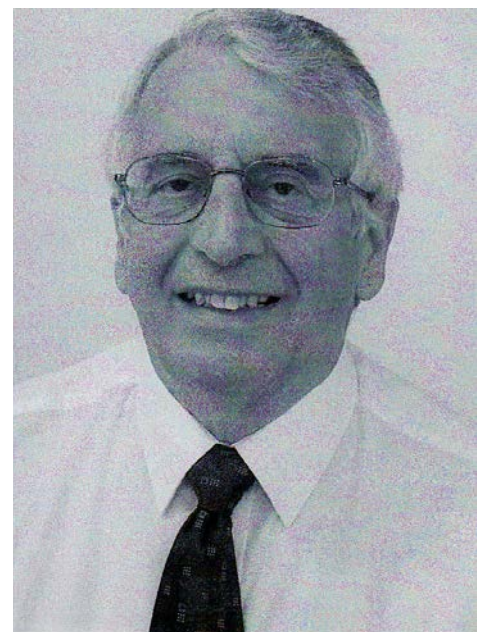
judgement , I acceded to a request to take it to a party where someone sat on it and it went the way of many 78 rpm into pieces. I carried the memory of Jack Teagarden's solo in my head for about fifty years. This surfaced again about five years ago in relation to my other interest, (my Wife probably correctly would say obsession), flying . I have been flying as a private pilot for over forty years, the latter twenty in an aircraft which I built myself. Having retired from Southampton University, my engineering research came to a halt but my research subject in retirement has become flying in WW1. Whilst reading a classic book, "Wind in the Wires" by Duncan Grinnell-Milne I found that whilst he was the Commanding Officer of 56 squadron in France during WW1 he created a squadron band and their signature tune was the Darktown Strutters Ball. My third record is therefore the 1935 recording of "The Darktown Strutters Ball" played by Paul Whiteman's band with Jack Teagarden on the trombone; I have a copy on a CD obtained from the USA!

In February 1928 Bert Hinkler, an Australian, made the first solo flight from England to Australia in an Avro Avian biplane. He flew from Southampton to his home town of Bundaberg; legend has it that he taxied up the main street and parked on his mother's front lawn. The flight was commemorated by Fl Lt David Cyster who flew a solo in a De Havilland Tiger Moth over a similar route in February 1978. Several colleagues and I from Southampton University saw David off from Southampton Airport with a plaque from us to be presented to the Lord Mayor of Brisbane. The BBC made a superb documentary of David's flight and used "Mr Blue Sky " to accompany some of his take offs and landings. My fourth record is "Mr Blue Sky" by the ELO.

In a different musical direction, together with 14998 others, Pat and I went to an Andre Rieu concert in the LV arena at the NEC Birmingham . Andre has found what many people want and he and his superb orchestra give first class entertainment. His sense of humour comes through in his music and the non-standard pauses in the Blue Danube are amazing. Pat and I, with many others , danced in the aisles. As a memory of a superb evening together, my next record is of Andre Rieu playing " The Blue Danube". Pat and I were also fortunate enough, on a special occasion, to dine in a restaurant with opera singers serenading us at the table . Again, a piece of music which I find to be inspiring and also a reminder of that superb evening together, my next choice is "The Duet from the Pearl Fishers".

On the desert island I would no doubt be annoyed by the lack of suitable tools to build a shelter. So I would need a selection of the most well known parts of Tchaikovsky's music from Swan Lake to calm me down. That would be record number seven and to remind me of our great nation whilst I am isolated on the Island waiting for a flying boat to pick me up, a recording of "Land of Hope and Glory" would be a suitable companion.

Now I have to chose a book. My three hero pilots from the first world war are Captain Albert Ball VC, Major Mick Mannock VC and Major James McCudden VC. They were remarkable young men and their exploits and dedication to the cause of this country were outstanding. James McCudden also left a legacy in different form. Whilst at the front he wrote a very highly regarded book about his experiences. He joined the Royal Engineers as a boy bugler, transferred to the Royal Flying Corps as an aircraft mechanic, became an Air Observer and then trained as a Pilot. He was an outstanding fighter pilot and set the basic rules of air combat. For my book, I would take ,"Flying Fury - Five Years in the Royal Flying Corps " by Major James McCudden VC.



Bob White (1951 - 57)

CORRESPONDENCE

I have just received the latest Old Winburnian newsletter and, as usual, read it with delight. I was very interested in Marion's article and photograph about the school trip to Switzerland in 1959. It was strange to see myself sitting in the front row with hair on my head, a site which I haven't seen for a long time now! As I recall we stayed in a town called Brunnen on Lake Lucerne. A year or so ago I mentioned to one of my golfing partners, who is Swiss, that I had visited Switzerland when I was younger, and that we had stayed in Brunnen, only to find out that he was born and raised in the same town! I have been living in Ontario for the last 30 years and just retired a couple of years ago. We live in Fort Erie, a town at the eastern end of Lake Erie, about 20km south of Niagara Falls.

I read the article on "Fishy" Maiden and I remember an occasion when, during a class discussion on television adverts, I made some sort of smart comment to which he responded with a real put-down. I was very angry until someone told me after the class that he told me I was a congenial idiot, not a congenital idiot as I thought!

I was in England in May this year visiting a cousin of mine in Bournemouth. Unfortunately it was at the wrong time for any of the reunions, but one day I must try and make it over for one. My son was with me and I had to take him to Wimborne to pay my respects to the old school and to the Minster, my first visit since around 1970.

Keep up the excellent work.

Keith Rose (1956 - 62)

Geoff Green (1963 -68) (Writing from Manila)



Greetings Fellow Members. I was at QEGS '63 to '68, then did 2 Mathematics 'A' levels at Poole Technical College, where to my pleasant surprise my lecturer was the 'retired' Joe Kerswell! I attended the Government Air Traffic Engineering College at the famous Bletchley Park '70/73'.

Post-training: 10 years as an itinerant Air Traffic systems 'Mr Fixit' around the UK, then '83/'88 at a UK Defence company as Chief Production and Test Manager on various classified weapons systems.

I ran my computer company '88/89 in Cornwall, then spent a year in France unsuccessfully hunting our dream manor house. '90/92' I was with a Bournemouth computer company, then attended Bournemouth uni for a Master's degree in Software, joining Northern Telecom UK for 2 years as Analyst/Programmer '94.

Headhunted by a Wimborne engineering safety consultancy '96, I did Defence work then Rail until I was again headhunted

and allocated Hong Kong on Rail projects '98. I have lived around Asia in Rail Safety Management ever since, the swansong being in Abu Dhabi this year.

Amongst all that I was a semi-pro folk and blues guitarist '70/'06 wherever I was. I part-owned a Bournemouth blues/rock/folk recording label '99/'07 (not recording me - real musicians such as Dorset's The ABB, Jon Dean Foster, and overseas artistes), and was an outside broadcast Assistant Music Radio Producer in Hong Kong '01 - the best fun ever!

I wrote books from '95 following '94's published short stories but wasn't book published until '02 (engineering books - my fiction was ignored until '09). I now own and work as editor for a US ebook publisher in its Philippines office.

Advert! Please visit Globalart Media LLC Facebook page, and www.e-freshbooks.com - a small but growing somewhat different e-book enterprise.

QEGS memories: loved the building - until it was brutally 're-developed'. Some memorable staff characters: Alan 'Briggsy' (Latin), 'Frosty' Hoare (Sport - and I apologise for throwing a javelin at him), 'Taffy' Powell (Sport/Languages), the lovable cheat at tennis 'Fishy' Maiden (English/Literature), 'Gunner' Holman (History), and Mrs Grey, Joe Keswell, and Mr Dallenger who all graciously laid my engineering career foundations.

Fellow class students I recall include Verwoodians Dave Thorne, Maria Parker (with whom I was secretly in love), Geoff Palmer, Merv Coombes, Russell Sherman, and Sheila Sims. Non-Verwoodians include Mick Jones, Dick Bathhurst, and John and Steve Butler (all of whom made me a quick passer of the rugby ball as I had this aversion to being crushed into the mud by large competent rugby players . . .), John Guy (fine cricketer), Dave Cowgill (fellow track and cross-country runner), Yvonne Curtis (all-round athlete supreme), Julia Cave, Simon de Candole, Kevin Crumpler, Mike Cowan, Gail Rice, Lesley Payne, and Stephen Holman ('Gunner's' lad).

All in all it's been an interesting life. I count amongst my friends some of the world's finest musicians, studio producers, and authors - including Old Winburnians member Janet Doolaege (also a great songwriter - on jandoo47-writing@yahoo.fr). I am blessed with two clever daughters, one a UN Refugee Manager: courage nth degree (not in the photo - lives wherever assigned), the other a gifted young graphic artiste, and my wife - astute business woman, great cook and mum, and a dedicated church chorister, plus her two other children - the daughter a budding film and TV director, the son a programmer whizzkid.

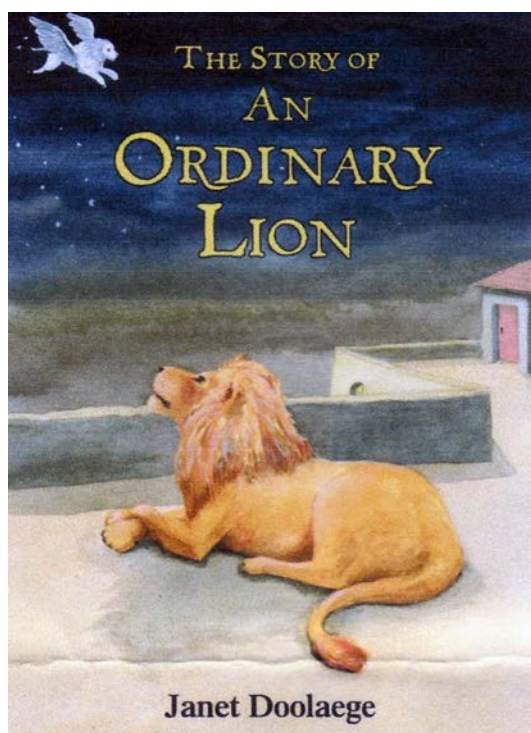
It would be excellent if anyone contacts me about *their* life. I am on green.geoffrey.peter@gmail.com

Janet Doolaege (1958 - 65)

I was wondering whether you could insert the attached press release in the next newsletter. I'm gradually getting all my ebooks into print editions, as a lot of people still prefer conventional paper books (especially oldies like us!) but it's quite hard for me, living in France, to promote books in English. Any help from the OW would be much appreciated. The book is eminently suitable for grandchildren or great-grandchildren.

I always look forward to the newsletters. By the way, do you know that there is a Memories of Wimborne Facebook page? It's been very active lately with people reminiscing about the school, and I've just bought a

book by Diana Moss. I think she is an OW member but I didn't know her as she was in a different year, and I certainly didn't know that she wrote. These are all interesting ways of bringing people together.



About the book:

Why is Leo the lion sitting on a roof under the stars feeling sad? It all began in the desert when he got a thorn stuck in his paw. An amazing flying lion appeared and sent Leo to Father Jerome, a kindly monk. Father Jerome healed Leo's paw and then gave him the job of looking after Rebecca the donkey.

Now Rebecca has disappeared! Could it be Leo's fault?

To purchase *The Story of an Ordinary Lion*, visit Amazon
Review copies available on request - contact details below
For interview, comment and information from New Generation Publishing,

(A nostalgic piece from Mick - and very welcome . A.B.) **MICHAEL WALLIS (1945 - 51)**

I was born in 1935 and lived in the small village (well, it was then), of Alderholt. I have to confess I was conceived in Dorset, but first saw the light of day in Salisbury Infirmary, so I am really a Moonraker. But, I have always thought of myself as a Dorset man. I went to the local C of E school in the village and at about 11 years I went to Wimborne, to the Grammar School, with several other lads and took a test, then called 11+ and, after an interview, I was given what was then called a scholarship to attend at WGS. To do this entailed a train ride every day from the local station called Daggons Road. As this system of entry had been in use for some years, there were several boys on the platform on my first day. I believe the names were:- Richard Wallis (Head Prefect??) his brother Peter, who were both my cousins, Edward (Ted) Parker, David Pattle, Phillip Sims and Norman Edsall. I believe there were two other lads who had got on the train at Fordingbridge (how they came to a Dorset school I never really understood) they were Dennis Shearing, who lived at Sandleheath and an older boy I believe the name was Young, who lived in Fordingbridge.

On that first day Norman and I were issued with train season tickets by the two railway staff, Mr Coombs and Mr Thorne and off we went to Wimborne. I suppose I should add for younger readers that there was then a railway line running from Salisbury down to Bournemouth West (now extinct). It was then called Southern Railway, but if memory serves me correctly, its full name was L & SWR or London and South Western Railway. There were stations at Verwood and West Moors before we got to Wimborne. We then had to walk down to the school which stood immediately behind the Minster. The school was in several parts, Old School, New Buildings, some classes in School Lane and a large wooden twin classroom behind the changing room in School Lane. The playground was surrounded by a high wall and then there were two 'Fives' courts that joined the gym to form a sort of square. At this time the headmaster was Mr Airey. Other masters I recall during my stay there (1945 - 51) were Kerswell (Joe), Williams (Tarzan), Jayne, Clarke, Mottram, Maiden and Streets. I recall that the boys from Cranborne and Verwood came by bus. From Cranborne I recall - Loaders, Pettis, Bailey and Baverstock. From Verwood there was Brian Hall (my age group) and he had two older brothers . . . I do not recall their names. There was also a couple from Three Legged Cross . . . Barry and his brother.

I left school in 1951. This was the first year of GCE exams that replaced School Cert and London Matriculation. The pass mark at this time was 50% . . . there were no other grades. In 1953 I joined the RAF and upon demob in 1956 I joined the Dorset Constabulary as it was then known. There I met several Old Winburnians. David Gibbs the younger brother of Bill, Michael Cornick (cousin to Dave), Brian Carter, Geoff Bartlett, Barry Vaudin, Cecil Budden, Reg Booth and Arthur Bishop (uncle to David and Michael). Sadly the only ones alive now are ,of course, me, Reg Booth and Mick Cornick. I believe there may be other Old Winburnians in the Dorset Police, but they were after my time at school.

On my first day at school in 2A I recall there was a lad called Wallace who sat behind me in class. The name sounded the same as mine but was spelt differently. I believe he lived in Wimborne, near the station. I wonder what happened to him? *(Anyone any idea? A.B)*

DECEMBER REUNION - IMPORTANT NOTICE

Available from corner table near platform.

'HISTORY OF WIMBORNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL' - GRAHAM POWELL / ALAN BENNETT £3.50
'DORSET JOURNEY' ALAN BENNETT - (To date I have sent more than £300.00 to the Weldmar Hospice (Dorchester) and the John Thornton Young Achievers (supporting young local people) as a result of donations at OW reunions in return for free inscribed copy of book. It will make an attractive, interesting extra Christmas present. Just approach me and ask.

Free back copies of the Newsletter. If you do not have certain copies (perhaps you were not yet a member) they date back to 2007.

COMPREHENDING THE COMPREHENSIVE or TRYING to *(Written by L.H. Mottram in 1963)*

Whether it be wise that argument should rage furiously on the subject of Education is not for us to say. Less still as to whether we should add our still small voice to the conflict. For, because we are apparently more or less all agreed what Education is, or should be: the bringing out of individual potentialities, development of mental powers and spiritual sensibilities, arming the personality to enjoy creative work and creative leisure, we none of us (if sufficiently of humble and contrite heart) seem certain how this panacea for all good should be administered.

After all, we have travelled far from the 1870 Act which, in its general purposes, aimed at giving the emerging industrial work-people the ability to read: "Danger! Do not touch the Wheel," or fulfill the necessary requirements demanded by: "Sign HERE." Even from the earlier years of this century when a nobile gentleman in parliament, scenting danger, urged that "we must educate our masters." Of course, we all know what he meant!

So we travelled far - but where to? Things have been horribly complicated; more and more technical processes, more tigerish competition for works markets, automation and electronics and that sort of thing, and looming up, the ghost of leisure - and what the devil to do with it. And heaps and heaps more children rolling up to our feet in youthful joy. And what to do with **them**?

Regrettable that there exists so wide a cleavage between what is theoretically desirable and what is attainable in practice within the foreseeable future.

All of us would welcome smaller classes - a dozen or so - roomy and unskimpt buildings and a race of supermen and superwomen for teachers - all of which, except the last, obtainable by the limited group who are able to pay the rising costs there-of. But for the rest of us - 93% at a hazard - there are large classes, harassed staffs and, especially in the countryside, often fantastically inadequate premises.

So what to do?

The "Butler Act" looking at this vast army of youth waiting to drink deep - or even just to taste - the Piorian springs, began by slicing into groups; Infants and Junior (groups justified more or less by age similarities), Secondary Grammar, Secondary Modern and Secondary Technical (justified, so it was said, by similar standards of attainment and potential).

And then the fun started.

In most counties the third category - secondary technical - hardly exist at all, and so this part of the Act remains largely unimplemented. Secondary Modern, after a few years' unrest, largely caused by their elder pupils who found themselves bored and with little to do, resenting that they were restrained for a year from entering the job-seeking rat race, began to acquire new and in some cases palatial premises, to evolve a widening curricula and a sense of unity of purpose and esprit and to formulate a basis for equality with the Grammar Schools by introducing G.C.E. 'streams'. As for the Grammar School, they were merely carrying on an existence which had begun, in some cases, five centuries before. Thus they start off with a sense of traditional permanence and a proud record of achievement. But, most important of all, they are not static. Even when one strives to achieve objective comment only, one may perhaps be permitted to suggest, from personal experience, that there have been quite outstanding developments in the Grammar School since the earlier years of the century; less exclusiveness and a greater sense of world actualities, an awareness of the importance of science and its relation to these, an immense increase in the realisation that man does not live by bread alone. and so a stirring in music, the drama and the creative arts. No doubt there is much to criticise in this, as in all human institutions; one can possibly question if suggested substitutes are obvious improvements.

And as the fun went on, the question arose if this selection into groups was working, or rather the method of this selection, 11 plus etc., resulting in occasional failures in the grammar schools and an occasional brilliant emergence (usually after further attendance at Higher Educational centres) into academic brilliance in the secondary moderns. Clearly there was something wrong with this crude method of selecting human material on the basis that all attain a maximum potential at the tender age of 11 - even with the plus. Too, there was this idea of segregation, 'apartheid,' boxing up children on the assumed condition of their comparable mental aptitudes, the snob attitudes of some parents at alleged 'class' distinctions.

So the comprehensive came along.

It is a pity that emotionalism enters so deeply into the fierce discussions which followed; unavoidable, maybe, in the circumstances when the talk is of people and so much - "the future of Britain's prosperity and all that" - is at stake.

Solution obvious, say the Comprehensionists: Put the lot of them, all these groups, in one suitably vast building, or buildings, with all the mod. cons. Brilliant pupil? Good. Everything laid on, with classes in Philosophy and the Higher Mathematics. Not quite so brilliant? Excellent: the typing and shorthand studios are in the basement, 14th door on the left. Brilliant in one subject only? Splendid. The Modern History Forum is on the 7th floor, 11th corridor, 6th door on the right. A complete dud academically, but manually most promising? Quite O.K. Engineering shops 4th Annex - just by that inverted pill-box. Thus there would seem to emerge a vast Educational Factory where the children are arranged on shelves as though they were identical soap-flake packets, to be sorted out as they bubble or not or turn things whiter than white or greyer than grey.

It may work. Comprehensive Schools have not been sufficiently long in being to prove their efficiency - or the reverse. Many educationalists of undoubted sincerity are enthusiastic and passionate advocates.

But there are the others. Secondary Moderns are perhaps (though there is no direct evidence) more or less neutral, conceivably imagining a status fillip if turned into Comprehensives and enlarged to three times their present size. The Grammar Schools, it seems, are, with some violence, opposed.

On what grounds?

A pity, again, that, as the Comprehensives have had so short a time to prove their worth or their non-worth, it is only possible to suggest comments of a negative, non-constructional nature. In conclusion, here are a few of them, prompted by a personal experience over a fair number of years trying to do various jobs connected with Schools, mostly Grammar Schools.

Experience prompts a personal conviction that the SMALLER the educational unit the more efficient it promises to be, other things being equal. If other things are not equal, it may be academically dubious, but it will usually be more efficient in the human sense, and as Schools deal with human beings, this is what is to be desired above all.

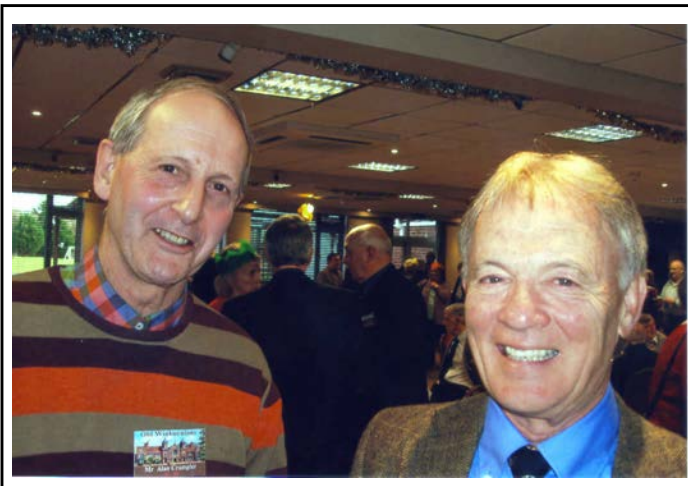
In these envisaged educational Emporia, these scholastic super-markets of pick and choose, it would seem that the best teaching potential - Headmasters, Heads of Departments - would be so overwhelmed with administrative problems that their teaching ability would be wasted in a desert of forms, statistics, formulas, office direction, letter writing and so on.

Fluidity, it is claimed, would be easy at the Comprehensives; a flow to various 'streams' as ability (or shakiness therein) showed itself. But 'fluidity' is quite practicable and is being more and more practiced under the present groupings.

The comprehensive system, it is claimed, is a move towards a 'classless' society in embryo. This, surely, is the sheerest nonsense. If a sense of 'class' be movements, gravitations, groupings among those of similar attainment and outlook. Mrs A will still have the opportunity to grieve that whereas her child is learning to grind piston rings and making drawings for a bookcase, Mrs B's child is sitting for a University scholarship. The answer to this is to rid people's minds of the idea that one type of school is better, higher in status, more posh than another. Schools, to be healthy, exist to fit the child, not to hammer the child into a type shape to fit school.

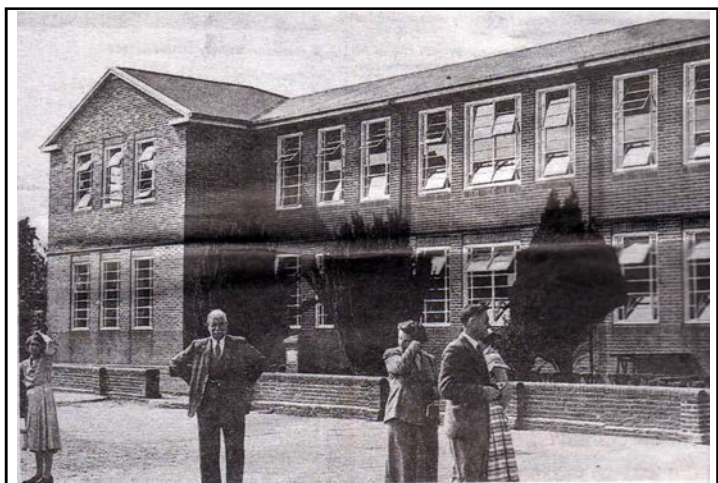
Surely, our aim to achieve educational advance, grave as the difficulties are, is to improve the present set-up: develop the Technical Schools, widen the scope of the Secondary Moderns, which have made so promising a start, give encouragement and increased facilities to the Grammar Schools which, though in fact pioneers, are now coming to be regarded as poor Cinderellas. And not to throw the vast mass of our young people into vast factories where a child will wonder where he is going and what is happening to him. After all, you don't alter the obvious fact that the good God has endowed us with different aptitudes, tastes, mental abilities and creative urges merely by changing the name of the place where we are all gathered in His Name.

Finally, educationalists of integrity will aim to counter the influence of one of the most melancholy aspects of our modern life: the influence of 'super' this and that, Admas, Mass hysteria, Mass thinking and Mass swaying - we're all right so long as we all think together.' Their sharpest weapon in this fight is contact with and influence on the individual. And this weapon will come the better into play in a quiet nook rather than a haystack.



'Two distinguished OWs'
Alan Crumpler & Tony Elgar
Christmas OWA Reunion 2013
(Photo Tony Gould)

(Below) -
In 1954 extensions that had been made to QEGS
were opened?
(It looks like 'Inky' Stephens in the foreground.
The others ?)



OBITUARIES

Michael George Bartlett (1935 - 2014) (1945 - 52)

It is with great sadness that we have to announce that Michael passed away in his sleep on the 19th March. Michael was a great character and had a marvellous life spanning many different careers. He first school was St John's Infants School where his Aunt was Headmistress, then he moved to the Council School at the age of 7. He moved on to WGS in 1945 where he soon made his mark especially on the sports field. His achievements here were quite extensive and he represented the school at many sports.

From a very young age Michael wanted to be a Jesus man. He sang in the Minster Choir from the age of 7 and when his voice broke he became Alto in the Choir (singing was a great love during his whole life). After leaving the Grammar School in 1953 he went to King's College, London, to study theology but his love of rugby meant that he didn't get the essays done and did not finish the course. From there he went to teacher training college and became a teacher in Southampton, the subjects RE and PE a perfect combination for his abilities.

In 1964 when his father died he decided to give up teaching and help run the family business with his mother, Bartlett's (Gentlemen's Outfitters & school uniforms). This was ideal for him as he was near to the Minster and he could follow his boy-hood dreams of taking up the ministry. He studied and took on the roll of non-stipendiary priest at the Minster. He took up the appointment as parish priest at Boscoppa in St Austell in 1990 and then became the Rev Prebendary at St Endellion where he resided for 15 years. He retired to Truro in 2006 but still kept up his ministry work in the Cathedral.

I am told that while at St Endellion he acquired a reputation as the number one choice for funeral orations. He had lots of humour and was very good at summing up a person's life. He was dearly loved and will be sadly missed.

A remembrance service was held at Truro Cathedral on the 30th May at 3.00 pm.

David Roberts (1949 - 55)

Michael Bartlett. An Appreciation

It was with great sadness that I learned of the passing of Michael. Everyone who has been around Wimborne during the past seven decades will be aware of him, from his shop which served the community so well, to his involvement with the Minster and its choir and of course, Wimborne Rugby Club, where he was a player, skipper and chairman. As with everything Mike attempted he threw heart and soul at it. But apart from the pleasant conversations over a few beers, I have my strongest memories of Mike on the squash court. Given any shape of ball and another human being, Michael would turn it into a warzone. He was the singularly most competitive person I have ever had the pleasure to know, taking no prisoners. If you wanted to win you had to beat him, and that was damn near impossible. And yet as in all his life, Mike was utterly honourable, and the eternal sportsman, always fair. The last phase of his life saw him follow his religion, and from the turnout at his memorial in Truro Cathedral, it seems he was held in very high esteem there as well. His warmth and humour was mentioned as were his 'earthy' qualities that seemed to go down so well with his flock. But for me, I will always remember the outstanding all round sportsman, and a man of great integrity, warmth and humour.

Robbie (Bob) Farrance. (1963 - 68)

From Kenneth Bartlett (1944 - 52)

(Ken was, of course a contemporary of Mike and often a sporting adversary in House competitions.)

I remember Mike's enthusiasm on the playing field and his dedication to the Minster Choir, and his cheerfulness in his approach to life and people.

Gordon Richards (1931 - 2014)



I first remember Gordon coming to my Birthday party in November 1943 (we shared a Mars bar between 6 of us, unwittingly supplied by the US Army!) and have been friends ever since.

Gordon was long my mentor keeping me out of trouble - most of the time.

After National Service he 'encouraged' me in his quiet way to join the T.A. in Wimborne and there followed years of fun, comradeship and a little military training.

In 1964, with some help from other fiends, me included, Gordon and

Nesta started to build their home in Pilford Heath Rd. The completion coincided with the birth of their much loved daughter Janine.

Having moved away from Wimborne in 1966 my wife and I would visit occasionally and were always assured a warm welcome from Gordon & Nesta, taking up from where we had left off, as all good mates do.

We continued our friendship through Regimental reunions and, having been 'encouraged' again, to join, the Old Winburnians. Having seen the number and variety of people at Gordon's funeral my wife and I feel proud to have been a small and hopefully important part of his (and Nesta's) life.



We shall remember him with affection and a smile on our faces - a true gentleman.

Brian Pearce (1947 - 1953)

**RICHARDS
GORDON**

Taken suddenly from us
on 29th August 2014.
Devoted husband of the late Nesta,
much loved dad of Janine and Rick
and loving grandad to Chloe.
His passing will leave a void
in our hearts and lives.
Funeral service to be held at
Poole Crematorium
on Thursday 11th September at 2.00pm.
Family flowers only please,
but donations if desired for
the British Heart Foundation
may be sent to

**Douch & Small F.D.,
7 Leigh Road,
Wimborne,
BH21 1AB.
Tel: 01202 882936.**

Alternatively
donations can be made online at
www.funeraldirector.co.uk/gordon-richards.

Gordon was a near neighbour and a dear friend. I always delivered the first copy of the Newsletter to his door - usually to be invited in for a glass of wine! Gordon was an immensely important figure in the rebirth of the OWA in the late 1990s and a much loved member of the local community. He will be sorely missed by his many friends and contemporaries at WGS. We send our condolences to his family.

A.R.B.

PETER BECKETT (1942 - 2014)

Many will be saddened by the death of Peter Beckett. Back in the 1940's the school still fielded teams in soccer, rugby and cricket against the other Grammar Schools in Dorset, and Pete was always in the fore-front, scoring goals and piling up runs. He joined the school in 1942 as a boarder and was soon involved, as boarders tended to be, in all the team-work and competition going. In 1944 he is mentioned as the youngest member of the 1st XI cricket, but having the highest average 13.1 runs per innings. This is still the case in 1948, but the average has gone up to 39.4 runs! Not content with the team sports, he won his weight in boxing in '47, and was swimming champ for the 3rd time in '48, plus he also took part in the annual School Play. That year he passed his Higher School Cert, so he wasn't neglecting the academic side; on the contrary he did well. To all of us who knew him, he was always lively, joking and ready to join in the fun. From school he went on to the College in Bournemouth where he got his Bachelor of Commerce degree, and again played various sports. National Service followed in the Army, gaining promotion to a commission in the Service Corps and advancing to the rank of Captain in the Territorials. After marriage he moved to the London area and obtained a position in the office machine firm Burroughs where he had a good career. Later on he took a partnership in Sumlock. At the finish there he started a firm making programs for business clients. As a member of the Old Winburnians we saw him from time to time until it went into hibernation. When finally it came back to life Peter was one of the first to join the discussion at the Horns Inn about what to do for the 500th anniversary, and keenly participated in the event amidst much reminiscing about past glories.



Graham Powell (1938 - 47)

GERALD FROUD (1932 - 36)

Gerald passed away peacefully on 5th April 2014 aged 92.

My Dad was one of the many Frouds who have passed through the doors of Wimborne Grammar School. His passion for farming led him to leave school a year early and his enthusiasm never waned. He lived and worked at West Farm, Verwood, for the following sixty years until he handed the reins to his son, Roger.

Apart from farming he was active in the local community, including playing cricket, being a member of Verwood Carnival committee and, most significantly, as a long serving Methodist Local Preacher. In 1999 he received a certificate for his fifty years' service.

He married Ethel, who was working on the farm in the Women's Land Army, in 1944. They had two children, Susan and Roger, five grandchildren and five great grandchildren. After his retirement they enjoyed numerous holidays abroad, including nine visits to Canada to establish contact with the extensive branch of the Froud family there.

Keeping in touch with friends and family was an important part of their lives. After Ethel died in 2002 Gerald remained very active, especially in the Verwood Bowling Club and the local Probus group. In 2008 he married Rosemary who, many years earlier, he had helped to select as Verwood Carnival Queen. However, in 2012 his health began to fail and he needed extra care which was ably provided by the staff at Oakdene Nursing home in Three Legged Cross, for which the family is very grateful.

Gerald had regularly attended and enjoyed many Old Winburnian reunions until three years ago. It gave me, as a fellow Old Winburnian, great pleasure to be able to attend alongside him on several occasions. We miss him, and in particular his enthusiasm for life, his interest in other people and his wicked sense of humour.

Susan O'Connor (Froud) (1956 - 63)

SUSAN LAWRENCE (1959 - 64)

I have such happy memories of Susan as a pupil, and in the years since. I can recall clearly, early mornings in my Domestic Science room, before school started, a smiling Susan appearing and saying, 'Is there anything I can do to help you?' This continued if there were volunteers required to help with any activity.

Susan was a delight to teach as were her classmates and those were the days when I thoroughly enjoyed my teaching career. Since leaving school Susan and I have corresponded at Christmas and birthdays. Her Christmas card usually had a robin on it with her message, 'This reminds me of the Christmas cake I decorated in 1963.'

Susan has found the time to visit me over the years and when Brian and I were getting married, called on us with a lucky wedding horseshoe with a wooden spoon attached. Very appropriate! You can imagine how much this meant to me.

Susan was always ready to greet me at the reunions and would organise our seating. I cherish the photographs she took at the reunions. She had a very kind nature and I, for one, will miss her company.

Audrey Cooper, nee Hallett (1956-65)

(Thanks to Cynthia Tanner for forwarding the above to me. A.B.)

Sue was born in 1948 and attended Ferndown infants and juniors schools before passing the 11+ and attending Wimborne Grammar School. Like the majority of us she went through the school quietly passing her GCEs as expected and on leaving found a 'job' at BT. Once there she found she loved it and over the years was promoted several times until she was a managing supervisor. She remained there until she retired.

Although a very private person she was very active in the Ferndown Community where she lived all her life.

She was a founding member of the Ferndown and District Historical Society acting as Vice Chairman for a couple of years before becoming, just before she died, the Chairman.

She was also a very active member of the Ferndown British Legion and at her funeral (standing room only) in Hampreston Church they provided a two flag guard of honour for her.

Sue died suddenly in June and she will be missed by us her very-long time friends and by all who came in contact with her via her work, the Legion and the Historical Society.

Pat Best (Matthews) (1959 - 64) Jan Ricketts (Perry) (1959 - 64) Jan Sparks (Legge) (1959 - 64)

(My thanks to Brian Longman for contacting us. A.B.)

DENNIS HAMES (1928 - 2013) (1939 - 45)

We received notification from Pat Hames, the daughter in law of Dennis, that told us of the sad passing of our OW colleague on 17 . 12 . 2013. We send our condolences to members of his family.

MICHAEL NOCK (1956 - 60)

We received notification from Michael's widow, Angie, that Michael sadly passed away on January 11, 2014, aged 69. We send our condolences to Angie and other members of Michael's family.

MICHAEL WHITE (1943 - 47)

Even as we go to press we learn from Richard C. White of the passing of his brother 'peacefully in his sleep' on August 30. We send our condolences, Richard.

FREDDIE HETHERINGTON-SIMS C.B.E. (1924-2013) (1936 - 43)

Freddie was born and raised in Corfe Mullen, Dorset, and attended WGS from 1936 -1941. Upon leaving school his parents directed him towards becoming an Accountant, which he disliked intensely - and escaped from it when he was called up into the army. After initial training, he was commissioned and placed into the Intelligence Corp where he served in North Africa and then Italy. After the war his Commanding Officer gave a recommendation to the Colonial Service and Freddie joined their legal department.

He married Margaret in 1947 and soon afterwards they travelled to West Africa, first to Ghana, & next to Nigeria, and then in the early 1950's the family moved to the Solomon Islands. His next posting was to Kampala, Uganda and ending in Nairobi, Kenya. This final move was very special because the British Government of the time directed him to work & liaise with the tribal leaders, in order to help draft a Constitution for Kenya. With independence in 1961, & Kenya becoming a Republic in 1964, Freddie worked with Jomo Kenyatta, who was first leader of KANU (Kenya African National Union) and then President in 1963, endeavouring to observe "Harambee" (Swahili for Let's All Pull Together) for the development of Kenya. As a teenager in 1969 I recall the assassination of a cabinet minister Tom Mboya, (a Luo ally of Kenyatta's Kikuyu tribe) when my mother was very worried because my father & other staff had to spend the night in the office fearing tension and violence. Freddie was immensely proud of his contribution to his work and the fact that Kenya was established as one of the most stable countries in Africa. He also focused on setting up the East African Community so the three countries of Uganda, Kenya & Tanzania could benefit economically and socially, creating communication to improve trade relations. While living in Kenya, he helped to organise the running of a large orphanage in the slums of Nairobi, which he & Margaret supported for many years. He served the Colonial Service in Africa and the Pacific with distinction, being commended first with an MBE and later a CBE.

When Freddie & Margaret returned to the UK, he completed his law training and practised as a barrister in Lincoln's Inn, London. During this time they attended St Margaret's Church Westminster, and he was part of the team who organised a major multi-million fund raising project for the church restoration.

They retired in 1987 to Wells-next-the-Sea, North Norfolk and attended St Nicholas Church becoming immersed in community life. Freddie qualified as a Lay Reader for the group of parishes and about ten years' ago, he became Chairman of Wells & District Churches Together, an ecumenical organisation. Combined events were set up, which included a series of talks by non-Christian religious groups such as Hindu, Muslim and Humanist. These gatherings were full of lively debate and proved popular and informative to all those who attended in the Quaker Meeting Rooms.

Margaret's passing in May 2012 left a huge void which nobody else could fill in his life, in spite of the wonderful support offered by the Wells community. Freddie was well known throughout the area as a kind and charming gentleman, showing the values and manners of an era gone by.

After a short illness, he died peacefully in Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Kings Lynn and is reunited with Margaret. He had a lengthy fulfilling life, ending in an ideal way to leave this world with no pain, no dementia, just breathing gradually fading away and ceasing altogether.

Glenda Vogelpoel

GEORGE BARRY VAUDIN (c1946 - c53)

George Barry Vaudin, or Barry, was a Guernseyman, born on 15th Jan 1935 in St Martins. After the outbreak of war in 1940, the children from the island schools, including Barry were evacuated to England. He spent the war as an evacuee, along with his mother and baby brother Ian. Typically of Barry he talked fondly of this period, focussing on the positive memories of helping out around a local farm.

After the war, following the early death of their mother, the boys were sent to board at Guernsey's Vaubelaix college while their father sorted their future. The family relocated to England along with their step mother, Mater, settling in Verwood where their father opened a market garden. While Barry was at Queen Elizabeth School in Wimborne, he excelled at sport, earning a place on the Dorset rugby team and the award of a national team skull cap from his coach.

On leaving school, Barry helped his father in the market garden before joining the army on National Service for 3 years. He served overseas and not only became a PTI but also continued his sporting success gaining several trophies. After leaving the army he went back to the market garden, delivering produce to Ringwood on the back of his motorbike and continuing to enjoy sport at the tennis club where he met Joan, a physiotherapist. They married in November 1956, and soon started a family. Shortly after the arrival of Elizabeth (Liz), Barry joined the police force, becoming PTI (Physical Training Instructor) and soon afterwards, father to Patricia or Trisha and 5 years later to a son, John. Despite the long, often antisocial hours, Barry always found time for his children. When the family lived in Dorchester he would wake the children after an early turn, and take them down to the Nothe (Weymouth) to clamber over the rocks, as he had done as a boy in Guernsey. As time went by he became a traffic officer and his great joy in life was speed and nice cars. Barry became the proud owner of an immaculate black Zephyr which he would drive at great speed, children on the front bench seat, all singing aloud at the top of their voices. Later he became a marksman, taking part in team competitions and proudly bearing home photos of the trophies. Barry involved the children in his interests and hobbies, taking them to shoot in the rifle range and to police motor club rallies and well as to Thruxton circuit where the roof of the Zephyr became a handy seat for the best views. As the family grew, he continued to support them in all their hobbies and interests, he taught them to drive and ran them everywhere.

After 25 years of marriage, Joan passed away from cancer and Barry was left a relatively young widower. One way of dealing with this was to buy a new Capri in which he drove 650 miles in one day to the north of Scotland to see his young grandson. This was to be the first of several Capris including a much loved limited edition 2.8. Barry met Pat, another physiotherapist and they married in March 1986. He gained 2 teenage stepchildren, Claire and Simon and Barry became fully involved in all aspects of their lives, supporting and encouraging them and becoming their loved and respected 'dad'. After 30 years Barry retired from the force and after a spell working with English's he became a driving instructor. He also volunteered to drive the mini bus from Claire's nursery to the dry ski slope with Pat, and travelled with the nursery group on skiing holidays. He continued to ski until his 70s.

His family grew to include 10 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren, among whom he became a legend as the cool granddad with the motorbike, who gave them the gift of his time and attention and who never ever acted his age. He taught 4 of them to drive and the younger ones will be deprived of the singing driving instructor with the supply of Werthers originals and car sweets. He was immensely proud of all his children, grand and great. He was a regular spectator at all their sporting fixtures often using this as an opportunity to ride his bike, he played them at golf and taught them to play pool and poker as well as humming along at concerts and carol services. In summer 2013 he was diagnosed with lung cancer and in a typical move he responded by buying his beloved Jag which he drove whenever possible at speed, his favourite music playing loudly. The chemotherapy did not slow the disease as much as was hoped and he died on 15th December in the Macmillan Unit in Christchurch with Pat by his side and surrounded by the love of their family.

Ian Vaudin (c1948 - 54)

(My thanks to Michael Wallis, a former police colleague of Barry for his considerable assistance in putting me in touch with Ian Vaudin. A.B.)

MONICA VACHER (nee Brown) (1955 - 61)

Monica spent her childhood in Wimborne living in a large house in West Borough with her parents and with her cousin Diane Hoare and family. (Diane was also a pupil at QEGS.) Monica attended Wimbome Junior schools before QEGS and was always a keen sportswoman. She especially loved hockey and played for a local team after leaving school.

In the mid 60's she met and married Dick Jeffries who had also attended QEGS. They set up home in Wimbome and had a daughter Catherine (and a golden Labrador called Bass.) Monica adored both. At this time she went to the cinema to see Doctor Zhivago and this was her all time favourite film and was the theme appropriately played at her funeral. Sadly her marriage to Dick failed and Monica went on to meet and marry Alan Vacher. They moved to Blandford and went on to have Daniel and Vicky, sadly losing another son. Ill health took Alan from her in 2006 and Monica suffered ill health herself in the last few years.

Her daughter Catherine remembers her mother as being very family orientated, nothing pleasing her more than being surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Her other passion was reading. Always looking forward to the reunions Monica will be greatly missed.

Ann Richmond (1957 - 62)

I was reunited with Monica at Canford Heath in the 1980's, we met at Church and Monica had recently sadly lost a young son. I was so pleased when she learned she was expecting Vicky; and much later she and Alan were blessed with two grandchildren Harry and Holly, Katy's and Vicky's respectively. We lived fairly close to one another but there was a lapse in our friendship until once again we were reunited at Twynham Chapel in Bournemouth - both of us visiting. Sadly Alan had recently died. In later years Monica and I have attended QEGS for lunch as often as possible with Maria Martin (nee Limm) It has been good for us all.

I am glad that Monica also became a regular at Friday Fellowship at the Beacon Church where she made more friends. Monica was unfortunate to suffer ill health in later years which she bore bravely and with dignity. I am privileged to have known her. She is sadly missed. Rest in peace and rise in glory.

Christine Price. (1957 - 61)

ROY SHEPPARD (Shep) (1930 - 2013) (1942 - 46)

Shep was born at Pamphill Farm - attended Pamphill school and entered the Grammar School as a Scholarship Boy on Sept. 17th 1942. Of recent years Shep and old classmates have met in Wimborne on that date to remember old times- he just didn't make the 72nd reunion in 2014.

During the war Shep made friends with U.S. Airmen stationed at Kingston Lacy - a friendship which continued with the daughter of one who they visited from time to time and who came here to Wimborne on several occasions.

Shep left the Grammar School in 1946 after passing School Certificate. He started work at B.D.H. Poole, continuing his studies in Chemistry at evening classes at the Bournemouth Tech.

National Service took him into the R.A.F. On demob he returned to B.D.H., Poole where, in 1955 he met his future wife Betty. They were married at St. John the Baptist, Broadstone in 1957. They were great supporters of the church and occasionally did Security Guard at the church.

Shep maintained a keen interest in the R.A.F. often helping on Collection Days for R.A.F.A. He helped at Bournemouth Air Show and with the local branch of the Air Cadet Training Corps.

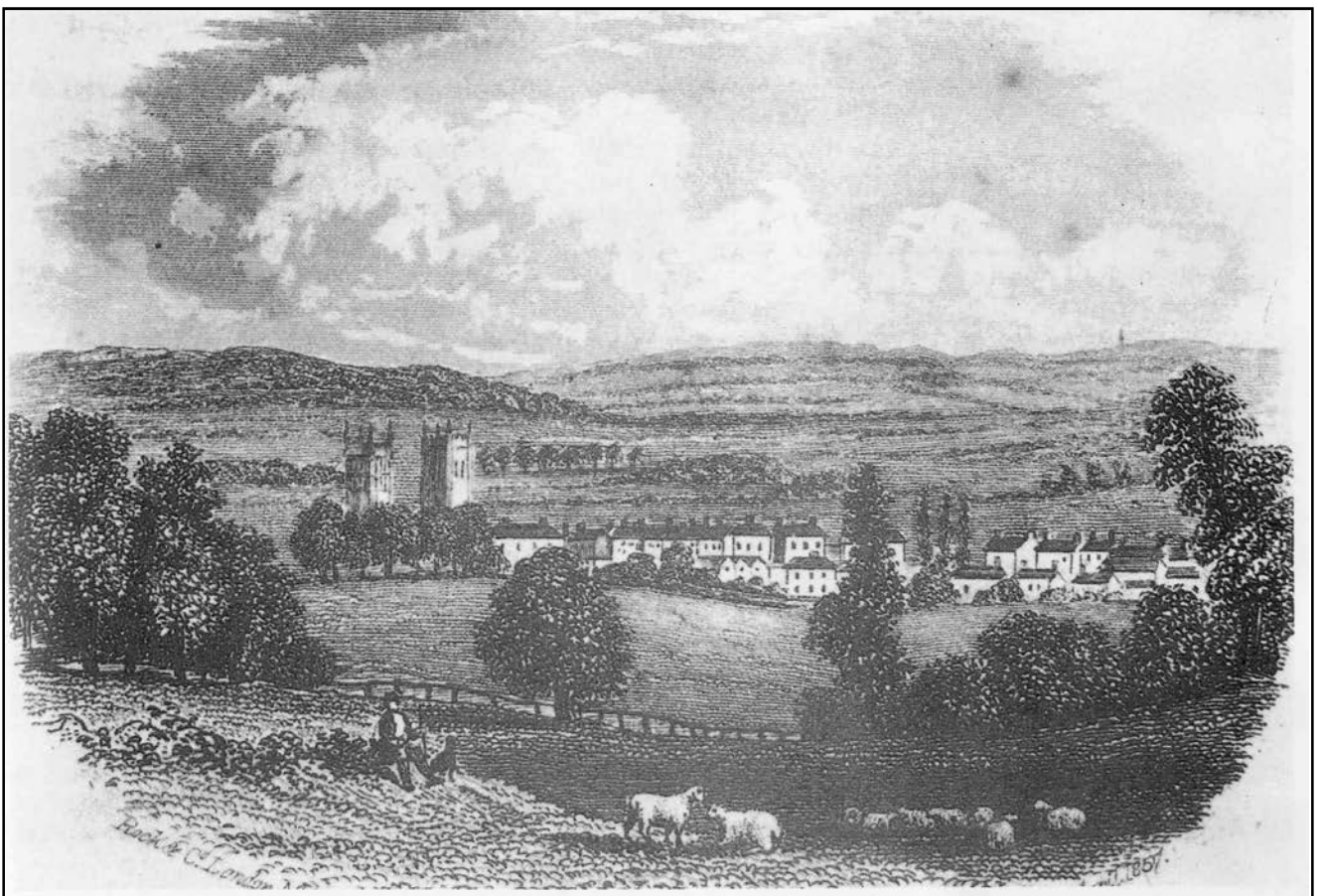
Betty and Roy shared a great liking for foreign travel - visiting N. & S. America, the Caribbean, many parts of Europe and S. Africa. He did White Water Rafting and two Sky Dives when he was 70 and 80!

They both loved Ballroom dancing, taking it all very seriously and having lessons until very recently. Roy also became a member of the Caledonian Society and enjoyed Scottish Country dancing as much as Ballroom. Betty sadly only outlived Roy by a few months.

Doug Williams (1942 - 48)



The Minster Church from across the Stour. An 18th century engraving also showing to the right of the church the Grammar school with its surrounding wall.



(Pictures from 'Wimborne Minster' by Jude James - Dovecote Press)

An 1857 engraving of Wimborne showing the surrounding agricultural parish. Only later in the 19th century did the suburbs begin to spill out over the fields.

(My grateful thanks to jenni at Wimborne Print Centre. Her assistance is immense. A.B.)