



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – AUTUMN 2023

Dear Fellow Old Winburnians,

So how are you, dear friends ? Another summer has passed and, inevitably, at this moment for many of us there's a feeling of wistful sadness. Yes, we remember with pleasure the things we promised we'd do and did, but there's sadness too in recalling the relatives and friends we failed to meet, the places we'd promised ourselves we'd visit but didn't.

More importantly, we hope you are in good health and spirits, notwithstanding life's many challenges as we all grow older and more vulnerable. I know certainly that a number of you will not be finding life physically very comfortable at the moment and the militant actions of certain union members will not be helping. Let us hope circumstances change soon for the better.

The Newsletter contains the usual blend of material, some simply interesting historically, some regrettably very sad. We do welcome, John and I, every contribution so please do put pen to paper, or fingers to keyboards.

So how is Wimborne today, you may be asking ? Well, you would still recognise many features that you remember from years gone by – the Minster, the Square, the King's Head, West Borough and so on – but step a few paces outside the town centre and there are quite a few changes. Arriving from the west on Julian's bridge and look to your left towards Cuthbury, the old Wimborne FC football ground, the allotments (where Messrs Maiden, Williams and Pursey once had plots), our old cross-country route – all have disappeared beneath a vast swathe of houses and apartment blocks. Leave the town north along the Cranborne road and it is the same story, vast estates on both sides comprising mainly of very expensive properties. Travel eastwards out of the town along the old A31 towards Ferndown and it's the same story. At the morning and evening rush hours work and school traffic clogs the roads. It's not a pretty picture. With most local employment based in Poole and Bournemouth or to the east, there is no alternative means of transport for most other than the car. If the Wimborne railway station and adjacent lines had not been closed by Dr Beeching and the 1960s politicians, there would still exist viable transport alternatives. But that's progress for you, I suppose ? Nor have I mentioned the serious impact on wildlife by all the developments. Far fewer birds and almost no small mammals. That is desperately sad.

To conclude, our twice yearly Reunion attendances are holding up remarkably well. Our July get-together was a great success with a very happy atmosphere and excellent food provided by Cobham's. So do come along if you possibly can. You will be most welcome and warmly received.

Do remember to raise a glass and join our toast at 2pm (GMT, or UTC if you prefer) on 2nd December to Absent Friends.

Our very warmest good wishes to one and all.

Alan R Bennett
On behalf of the Committee

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**FORTHCOMING IMPORTANT
OWA DATES FOR YOUR DIARY**

Christmas Reunion	Saturday 2 nd Dec. 2023
Summer Reunion	Saturday 6 th July 2024
Annual General Meeting	Monday 16 th Sept. 2024

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ATTENDEES AT SUMMER REUNION LUNCH ON 1ST JULY 2023

Mr Alan Bennett	49 - 56	Mrs Guilia Holland	Née Griffiths 58 - 63
Mr Nick Bishop	60 - 63	Mr Andrew Jones	53 - 60
Isobel Reid	Guest of Mr Bishop	Mr Alan Maitland	54 - 59
Mrs Eunice Carnall	Née Chadd 55 - 62	Mrs June Maitland	Guest of Mr Maitland
Mr Robin Christopher	52 - 59	Mrs Jennifer McFie	Née Eling 60 - 67
Mrs Hazel Christopher	Guest of Mr Christopher	Mr Victor Moss	56 - 63
Mr Michael Coffin	70 - 77	Mrs Jennifer Moss	Née Day 61 - 63
Mrs Sue Coombes	Née Froud 56 - 63	Mrs Diana Moss	Née Anderson 55 - 61
Mr John Coombes	Guest of Mrs Coombes	Mr James Moss	Guest of Mrs Moss
Mr Robert Copelin	46 - 51	Mr Ken Parratt	63 - 68
Mr Desmond Cox	47 - 51	Mr Terry Randall	45 - 52
Mr John Dacombe	56 - 62	Mrs Betty Read	Née White 53 - 58
Ms Janet Doolaeye	Née Pursey 58 - 65	Mrs Irene Whittle	Guest of Mrs Read
Mr Peter Douch	58 - 63	Mrs Ann Richmond	Née Mitchell 55 - 60
Mrs Faith Elford	Née Hawes 56 - 61	Mr Ian Rogers	45 - 53
Mr Anthony Elgar	53 - 60	Ms Rainbow Russell-Pritchard	Née Lynne Russell 66-71
Mrs Dianne Elgar	Guest of Mr Elgar	Miss Elaine Smith	59 - 65
Dr John Guy	63 - 71	Mr Peter Griffiths	Guest of Miss Smith
Mr Robin Harris	51 - 56	Mr Timothy Spall	58 - 61
Mr Bill Haskell	52 - 56	Mr Richard Strong	55 - 62
Mrs Sue Hatherley	Née Bush 53 - 60	Mrs Jill Strong	Née Cowdry 56 - 63
Dr Peter Hatherley	Guest of Mrs Hatherley	Mr Ken Taylor	51 - 56
Mr Geoff Hill	58 - 59	Mr Peter Watts	56 - 63
Mr John Pearson	Guest of Mr Hill	Mrs Helen White	Née Filcher 55 - 60

APOLOGIES FOR SUMMER REUNION LUNCH ON 1ST JULY 2023

Richard Anstey	Lorna Dyter	Ann King	David Singleton
Morgan Antell	David Finnemore	Brian Langer	John Singleton
Jennifer Baker	Janet Finnemore	Carolyn Martin	Cynthia Tanner
Kenneth Bernthal	Douglas Frewer	Ken Nicklen	Michael Wallis
Paul Burry	Patricia Fripp	Kenneth Orman	Geoff Welch
Dan Challis	Tony Gould	David Park	Bill White
Rod Cheese	Ian Hastings	Christopher Peters	Prof. Bob White
Harry Clarke	Robin Hussey	Christine Price	Havilland Willshire
Pete Clarke	Christopher Hyde	David Reeks	Eddie Wood
Audrey Cooper	Mary Hyde	David Roberts	David Woodhead
Alan Crumpler	Elizabeth Judd	Barbara Russell	
Stuart Dean	Hilary Kemp	Peter Russell	
Dennis Dolman	Mike Kerley	Marion Ryder	

**EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF THE OWA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
HELD ON 18TH SEPTEMBER 2023**

Attendees : Ken Taylor, Anthony Gould, Bill Haskell, Alan Bennett, Rainbow Russell-Pritchard, Alan Maitland, Ann Richmond, Ron Mansfield and Mick Wallis.

Apologies received from : Kenneth Bernthal, Paul Burry, Harry Clarke, Alan Crumpler, Paul Cumberland, Dennis Dolman, Faith Elford, Tony Elgar, David Finnemore, Janet Finnemore, Douglas Frewer, Patricia Fripp, Dr John Guy, Russell Hunter, Robin Hussey, Mary Hyde, John Perkins, Mark Perkins, Christopher Peters, Betty Read, David Scrase, David Singleton, Elaine Smith, Jill Strong, Richard Strong, Havilland Willshire.

Chairman & Committee Member changes : Ken Taylor requested to step down as Chairman because of other commitments. He will still remain as a committee member. This was agreed. He was thanked for his time as OWA Chairman. His continuing contributions to the committee and OWA will be most welcome.

Caroline Kamcke has asked to resign from the committee; we thank her for all her help in the past.

Ann Richmond was nominated to take over the role of Chairman which she accepted. Anthony Gould was nominated as Vice Chairman and he accepted.

Alan Maitland will continue as Treasurer.

John Guy will continue as Membership Secretary.

Alan R Bennett will continue as Newsletter Editor.

Rainbow Russell-Pritchard will continue as Committee Secretary

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FULL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Alan R Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, WIMBORNE	BH21 2NW
Anthony Elgar	4 Garden House, Cuthburga Road, WIMBORNE	BH21 1GS
Anthony Gould	1 Manor Cottage, Tolpuddle, DORCHESTER	DT2 7ES
John Guy	"Gateways", Gaunts Common, WIMBORNE	BH21 4JN
Alan Hall	18 Burnbake Road, VERWOOD	BH31 6ET
Bill Haskell	54 Ryan Court, Whitecliffe Mill Street, BLANDFORD	DT11 7DQ
Alan Maitland	Coles Farm, Milborne St. Andrew, BLANDFORD	DT11 0JL
Ron Mansfield	52 Castle Street, Cranborne, WIMBORNE	BH21 5QA
Betty Read	29 Pembroke Court, West Street, Wilton, SALISBURY	SP2 0DG
Ann Richmond	4 Three Lions Close, WIMBORNE	BH21 1EP
Rainbow Russell-P	Orchard Cottage, Waddon, WEYMOUTH	DT3 4ER
Ken Taylor	31 Canford View Drive, WIMBORNE	BH21 2UW

CO-OPTED MEMBERS

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

SUMMARY REPORTS TO ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ON 18TH SEPT. 2023
REPORT OF TREASURER

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FROM 01/06/22 TO 31/05/23

Income	2022/23	2021/22	Expenditure	2022/23	2021/22
Reunions	£2,790.00	£2,328.00	Reunions	£2,668.00	£2,208.00
Subscriptions	£1,055.00	£1,155.00	Newsletter Costs	£1111.90	£1,125.25
Raffle Receipts	£341.00	£256.00	Raffle Prizes	£58.48	£39.55
Donations	£130.00	£113.00	Cup for Presentation by QE School	£0.00	£150.00
Legacy from the late Derek Stevens	£0.00	£5000.00	Remembrance Day Poppy Wreath	£35.00	£35.00
			Website Costs	£0.00	£0.00
TOTAL INCOME	£4,316.00	£8,852.00	TOTAL EXPENDITURE	£3,873.38	£3,557.91
			Excess of Income over Expenditure	£442.62	£5294.09

BALANCE SHEET AT 31ST MAY 2023

ASSETS AT 31ST MAY 2022		ASSETS AT 31ST MAY 2023	
NatWest Current A/C	£8,844.73	NatWest Current A/C	£9,287.35
LESS unrepresented Cheques	£0.00	LESS unrepresented Cheques	£0.00
SUB-TOTAL	£8,844.73	SUB-TOTAL	£9,287.35
Plus Excess of Income over Expenditure	£442.62		
TOTAL	£9287.35	TOTAL	£9287.35

Alan Maitland
18th September 2023

REPORT OF MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

SUMMARY OF CURRENT MEMBERSHIP (as in membership database on 18/09/2023)

Total Number of Members	: 264 (at 2022 AGM : 271)
UK based	: 220
Overseas based	: 44
Members who are considered as former staff	: 14
Expired subscriptions (since 2022 AGM)	: 4
New members (since 2022 AGM)	: 4
Deceased members (as reported since 2022 AGM)	: 7
Over the 12 months since the 2022 AGM, the following occurred :	

- Deceased members : 6 in UK, 1 Overseas
- New members : 3 in UK, 1 Overseas

Details can be found on the Old Winburnians internet site www.oldwinburnians.org.uk.

John Guy
18th September 2023

MEMORIES OF LIFE IN EAST BOROUGH FROM 1934 TO 1957 by TERRY RANDALL (45-52)

I spent the first 20 years of my life living in East Borough. Our house, Chester House, backed onto the school playing fields, as did the other houses in the road. The house on the right belonged to Mrs Coakes who told me her grand-daughter was Marian Coakes of Stroller fame, holder of an Olympic Gold Medal. In 1947 she died and the property was sold for £500. How prices have changed!

Next door was Mr Batterbury who was a J.P. He was an avid cricket fan and I remember him telling me how many runs Compton and Edrich were scoring in the current Test Match.

The Fripps lived in the last house in that group of four. All these houses had no electricity at that time. The lighting was fuelled by gas. If the gas mantle broke one had to finish one's homework by candle light.



[Terry 'ready for school']

The Fords lived opposite the Fripps. They had several children. Two or three boys went to the Grammar School and I think there were 3 or 4 girls. The youngest girl was my age and we became close friends. Her name was Cherry. Mr Ford owned Walford Mill, which was working in those days as a flour mill. We would often go into the mill with some of the boys and would have great fun swinging on the ropes.

Commander Kirk lived next door to the Fords, in a substantial house with a house keeper. She was a very nice lady and a close friend of my mother's. He was an avid angler and a very talented artist. I have an etching of his that appeared in the Fish Inn at Downton where he often fished. My cousin, Roger Samways, used to go fishing in the river Allen with me. When he died Mr Kirk left his fishing gear to us.

My father was severely deaf and was excluded from military service. He was a qualified carpenter and during the beginning of the war he was employed building army camps in places like Blandford, Dorchester, Lytchett Minster and Tarrant Rushton.

At the end of each camp diggers dug a large hole to bury many good materials – the contract was dependent on the cost of materials ! Is that how firms like McAlpine, Keir or Costain became so successful ? Next, my father was sent to Poole (Balson's shipyard) building Motor Torpedo Boats in preparation for D-Day. One pastime in their lunch break was making cigarette lighters from empty rifle shells to sell.

During the war there were no betting shops. Pubs like The Smith's Arms in East Borough took bets across the counter. My father was a talented skittler and at the latter end of the war he won two pigs at fetes, skittling for a pig. The pig lived in our

garden. Food for it came from the left-overs of the Council School, who now had to provide lunch for all pupils. Skittle leagues were popular, particularly with farmers. Mr Caines from Chalbury was captain of my father's team, which was very successful, both with prizes and parties. I remember one Saturday Mr Caines took me in his car to Southampton vs Manchester City at the Dell and I saw Frank Swift, England goalkeeper and Charlie Wayman playing. Before the war my father competed for Southampton Speedway and, in a fixture against Belle Vue (Manchester Speedway), he beat the legendary Jack Parker. Coming home father's motor cycle headlamp broke. Driving across the New Forest single track roads, with ponies and no fencing was a tricky journey.

After the war he took me to Poole fair in the first week of November and rode the Wall of Death on a motorbike to win a pound. "The easiest £1 I have ever earned!" said my father. At that fair in 1950 you could also win a pound for going three rounds boxing against Freddie Mills, who lived nearby and became a famous boxer.



[Terry 'being prepared']

At the top of East Borough lived Len Pearce, who went to the Grammar School. He was a member of the local Air Force band as a drummer. Opposite his house was the Bee Hive pub, which no longer exists and is currently a service station. Michael Fripp, whose dad was the local taxi driver, lived in one of the cottages next door to the pub. He and I both passed the 11 plus and went to the Grammar School in the same year. The Bee Hive was a unique pub and in the grounds the local circus would come and perform a couple of times a year. One outstanding memory was seeing one of the circus team put his head in the lion's mouth. Opposite the Bee Hive was the local scout headquarters. When I joined the scouts, the venue moved to a new site at Leigh Common, which had plenty of space and opportunities for barbecues outside. We would sit around the camp fire and sing scout songs, preparing for the winter Gang Show which took place in the Church House every year. It was always a total sell-out.

When I went to the Grammar School I became a member of the Minster choir, which involved many hours of practice. By then the war was coming to an end and the Grammar School was still short of staff since many men were still serving in the forces. At home in East Borough the concrete tank traps were being taken down, as were those in the gravel track entrance to the school playing fields. As pupils we loved jumping from one to the other along the top of the tank traps. During the war the housing authorities checked for any free bedrooms. Before D-Day we had a paratrooper billeted with us, along with others in these houses. They were preparing for D-Day. I remember one day being allowed to talk on their radio to Maureen Fripp, 2 houses up, where another paratrooper was billeted. These brave men flew out of Tarrant Rushton at the start of D-Day – I wonder how many survived the war. At the same time we had some American Officers staying with us. I still have the addresses in the book they had

to fill in for the housing officer. The Americans used the playing field to practise their sport with some of us joining in. We were given chewing gum and sweets.

As the war was coming to an end we had an officer of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries billeted on us. He had a car and he visited all the local prisoner of war camps, because many of the prisoners were still here in 1947. I often would go with him to the Italian prisoner of war camps at Lytchett Minster. It was a friendly camp and I remember that they gave me a willow laundry basket they had made for my mother. The German POWs from Merley were allowed to come into Wimborne, where my aunt, Mrs Samways, sometimes invited them in for a cup of tea. My mother fell out with our lodger because he was a communist and insisted on having the Daily Worker delivered each day. Being high up in the Mother's Union and with the vicar often visiting her, it was a potential embarrassment. Ironically, I liked the lodger and he often helped me with my homework.

The choir was a marvellous group of friends and people like Mike Bartlett, Mike Foot, David Park and others became friends for life. Much of our friendship was related to sport.

Keith Lockyer had a full bag of cricket equipment. He lived in the square and we had matches on the recreation ground against some good teams involving players like the Parks, the Dacombes, Carter, Chick and Van Lottum, etc. At winter time, Michael Fripp and I, after a Saturday morning football game with the school team, then played for Wimborne under-18 team in a league against sides like Shaftesbury, Dorchester, Bridport, etc. A typical Saturday could involve a coach to Swanage in the morning for a school team football match, eating a sandwich coming back to the square, changing the coach and travelling to Dorchester and playing football. Afterwards we would stop at the World's End pub. Most of the team were now working, having left school at 14, so beer and fags were the norm – for me, a schoolboy, shandy.

In my last year at school, J. Burgess and I represented the South of England schoolboys vs the London schoolboys XI at Salisbury. Mr Kerswell took us. A new assistant priest arrived at the Minster, the Revd Elphinstone. He quickly introduced a mixed youth social group for the church and the choir boys. At 17 one suddenly became aware of girls. I stopped playing football for Wimborne under-18 and joined the rugby club where some of the rugby farmers' daughters came to the Crown Hotel with their dads. I now drank beer along with pupils like Hugh Williams, Ken Bartlett and Ian Bishop.

As National Service loomed I left the Grammar School to join the RAF and I looked back on my first year at Wimborne Grammar School: one came home for lunch (there were no school lunches then), I got beaten up by the Council School boys in East Borough as a Grammar School bug and then in school lane the boarders would beat me up as a day bug ! Happy days !!

As an addendum, a recent visit established that the four houses in that part of East Borough are now five, but the track to the school playing field and the gate are still in existence.

(A superb account, Terry, which evokes a unique period in the history of Wimborne. Many thanks, old friend.

Upon reflection, it seems entirely appropriate to add a post-script to your story of East Borough and its residents for, in more recent times, their number has been augmented by a remarkable lady and her husband whose story follows below. They actually live in a property adjacent to our old playing fields. Read on, dear friends.

Ed.)

**THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM
'Wimborne Minster – Portrait of a Town (2018)' by Alan R Bennett**

No.9 : On the Green

Monday 11th June 2017

We sit at a corner table in No.9, On the Green, a pot of tea, china cups and a buttered scone before us reflecting on distant days in a very different world. Through the window the June sun blazes down on Minster Green and the magnificent church of St. Cuthburga. The lady who sits beside me has experienced such contrasting fortunes and emotions in her 92 years, innocent, fun and laughter in her childhood days, theatrical and screen success in her teens and twenties, a happy marriage to TV producer Raymond blessed by a son Michael, then heartbreak when still a very young man Michael died from cancer.

Let's begin in those far-off days when she was a gifted child dancer appearing on the stage even before Hitler's tanks rolled into France. She acted too projecting her voice from her tiny frame to the back stalls of the theatre as the mouse in *Alice in Wonderland*. At 12 she attended RADA for a year. During the war years she remembers the blacked-out West End and the menace of the German 'buzz-bombs'. She made many appearances on *Children's Hour* with the legendary Uncle Mac, a familiar name to the older generation of radio listeners. But it was at the war's end with her Equity card in her pocket bearing the name Margaret Barton and a wealth of youthful experience behind her that she landed the part of Beryl Walters, a tea-room assistant at a railway station, in David Lean's classic b/w film *Brief Encounter*, based on a play by Noel Coward and directed by David Lean, with Trevor Howard and Celia Johnson in the principal roles. The story of unrequited love between a housewife and a doctor retains its power to move generations in a modern society far removed from its original 1945 setting with very different values. For Margaret the choice of Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No.2* to provide the haunting musical accompaniment was inspired. Carnforth railway station filmed in atmospheric b/w with the sounds of railway engines passing through remains highly evocative to present generations of cinema enthusiasts.

And the stars, household names in those post-war years, how did they respond to her ?

"They were very kind. In fact Celia and I became good friends and we later toured in a play in Italy. She was a very fine and sensitive actress, I believe".

What was the initial response to the film on its release ?

“To be honest, the first review wasn’t particularly favourable. No one foresaw its success though over the years it has received much critical acclaim and I still have lots of people asking me about it”.

In 1947 Margaret married Raymond James who was also involved in the theatrical world in various capacities. Margaret continued her career until the arrival of her son Michael when she decided she would devote herself to her new family. Michael proved himself to be a very talented musician becoming the assistant organist at the Minster besides the assistant director of music at Canford School. However, tragedy was soon to strike the family for in 1981 and barely into his thirties Michael was struck down with cancer and died after a brief illness.

“We believe Michael suspected his life would be short. That is why he was filled with such a burning intensity to accomplish as much as he could before he was taken from us. In the last days of his life Michael approached death with such serenity he inspired us all with his courage and faith”.

Every reader of Margaret’s story will feel the anguish she and Raymond must have experienced at the moment in 1981 of Michael’s passing for there can, in truth, be no consolation for such loss. In the aftermath of Michael’s death Margaret and Raymond decided to set up a Musical Trust to provide scholarships and patronage for aspiring young musicians especially those ‘performing in a Christian setting for the enrichment of worship’. So it is that over the past thirty or so years their Trust has supported scores of youthful musicians in their training and furthering their careers. In more recent times, especially since Raymond’s death 2 years ago at the age of 93 and after 66 years of married life together, Margaret expresses her immense gratitude to retired solicitor, Edward Monds, for his ‘invaluable assistance’ in administrating the Trust.

“Sadly Raymond and I were unable to have any more children after Michael. We would have loved them but it wasn’t to be. Today one of my greatest regrets is that I have no grand-children. I would have absolutely loved grand-children”.

I tell Margaret of my dear friends, Linda and Peter Thornton from Ferndown, who lost their beloved son John in the Afghan conflict and set up a similar Trust to support youngsters across the locality fulfil their dreams and aspirations. Happily they have 2 other children and grand-children besides. For all grieving parents remembering their lost sons and daughters by providing support for other young people in this manner reflects their compassion and love in the most practical form possible. Although old age has inevitably diminished her physical powers Margaret still remains active. Like Beryl the waitress in the Carnforth railway station buffet all those years ago she remains a vivacious, effervescent figure. Margaret’s life has been a rich one in many respects though also one of great sadness. That at the age of 92 she is still an active member of the Wimborne community is a splendid thing – and still meeting the grateful recipients of the generosity of the Michael James Trust. Long may she continue to do so.

(If you look in the Minster you will see a stained glass window in memory of Michael James situated over the porch of the West door).

Post Script

During our conversation Margaret was accompanied by a charming gentleman of a similar vintage who sat with us for a time, occasionally enhancing proceedings with a pleasantry or witticism. The gentleman's name, he told me, was Edward Robert 'Rob' Cave, a widower with a daughter named Julia. For the wonderful finale to this story, see more below.

Wimborne Minster

It's true, wonderfully, unbelievably, romantically true and it's a story witnessed by 150 of us in our glorious church of St. Cuthburga's on the last day of August in the year 2018, a mere 73 years after a very young actress played the role of a tea-room assistant in Carnforth Railway Station in a story of unrequited love to the accompaniment of Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No.2. Now here she is walking up the aisle with a smile as radiant as any bride in the land and every single one of us present at this extraordinary event is smiling with her – and, in her footsteps, smiling too, her suitor and groom. With the happy couple too the bridegroom's daughter, Julia, fulfilling the role of matron of honour to the bride.



The wedding service is conducted with quite exquisite sensitivity, fun and tenderness by the Revd. Suzie Allen as she unites in holy matrimony two gentle, kindly, lovely persons both of whom have known the highs and lows of life. The mutual anguish of losing dearly loved sons and their married partners of 60 odd years, the inevitable loneliness and heartache of such bereavement, the shared comfort of a friendship that blossoms into love, no, this is no far-fetched invention of a writer's pen but the truth and for everyone present this magical afternoon it is an event none of us will ever forget.

"Margaret Ann James, do you take ?"

"I do"

"Edward Robert Cave, do you take ?"

"I do"

And where we were smiling, now there are tears we silently brush away.

Dear Margaret and Rob – and Murphy the cat, of course – we wish you happiness and quiet contentment in the coming years. Your story has warmed all our lives. You have made us smile and we share your joy.

(With Margaret’s birthdate falling on 27 May, 1926 and Rob’s birthday falling on 11 December, 1926, and allowing for leap years, that makes their combined ages as 31 August, 2018, according to the calculations of my son-in-law, David, as 67,202 days. Are they indeed the oldest couple in Britain to have ‘tied the knot’ ? Perhaps I should too ‘factor in’ the age of Murphy the cat. Now, do I allow 7 human years for every year of her life – or not ? She’s 14, Rob tells me. She arrived as an ‘emaciated stray kitten 14 years ago’. That, by my calculations, makes her 98 ! Good heavens, I don’t believe it ! That means there are not just two nonagenarians in the household but three !).

(And, yes, they all live in dear old East Borough up and down which we all walked so many times to our old playing field all those years ago. It really is a quite extraordinary story, isn’t it ? As for our lady readers feel free to dab away the tears with your hankies after this excursion into real-life romances. Not even Barbara Cartland could have invented this tale, could she ?

Ed.)

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Wimborne Minster

W.5301L



THOUGHTS OF SCHOOL TRIPS by MARK PERKINS (62-69)

It is always a pleasure to receive the latest copy of the Winburnian and my interest and memory piqued with many nostalgic events brought to mind. Just so with this Spring/Summer edition 2023. Ken Parratt's missive was one such piquing moment as I pictured him being entertained by his most considerate hosts in Germany. Also the return 'leg' which proved more challenging.

I was definitely NOT a language student so never actually managed an exchange trip. However, I was fortunate enough to join the party travelling to Austria in, I think, our 4th or 5th form (and willing to be reminded if this was not so). We boarded the overnight train at Folkestone station and had a night-time journey through France and Germany to reach Innsbruck. A coach took us towards Thaur, a few kilometres further to the east.

On this occasion I took my mother's ancient Cornonet box camera which was old even then ! However the attached photographs demonstrate that either the old camera wasn't so bad, or that I was an excellent photographer (if not linguist). I do recall very well some of our

trips – walking up the hills/mountains in the Tirol, a trip to Hafelekar mountain and on another trip – a very memorable coach tour of the Black Forest and visiting Neuschwanstein Castle.



Peter Stewart



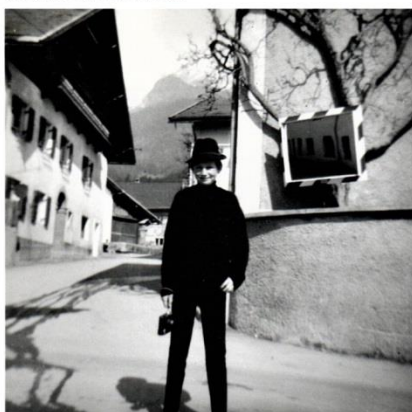
Hafelekar



Richard Bathurst, Rodney Frampton & Robin Cheeseman



Neuschwanstein Castle



Lawrence Price



Janet Parker, Donald Campbell & Lynette Hiscock

Innsbruck 1965

Outward

12th April

assemble B'mth West 09.45
dep. " " 10.08

arr. Waterloo 12.46 Coach to Victoria. Lunch at Chatham
Rooms, Victoria. Collect packed meal
dep. Victoria 15.30
arr. Folkestone 16.57

Move as a group to Customs (show passports) then to the Calais steamer.
Let me go on board first to hand in your tickets. As soon as you are on
board you must get a landing-card from me. Do not lose it, or you will not
be allowed off at Calais.

dep. Folkestone 17.30
arr. Calais 19.00

Disembark and wait on the quay until the group is complete. We shall then
move to the train. You will have a card showing carriage and sleeping-berth number. Find the
carriage and wait on the platform - do not scramble into the train with
luggage, or chaos will result. As soon as I have checked berth numbers I
will tell you when to get into the train.

dep. Calais 19.43

13th April

arr. Bale 04.47

dep. Bale 05.10

You will be informed on the train
when breakfast is available.

arr. Zürich 06.42

arr. Sargans 07.58

arr. Buchs 08.26

arr. Innsbruck 12.15

By coach to Thaur.

Return

20th April

dep. Innsbruck 17.43

with packed dinner.

dep. Buchs 21.00

dep. Bale 00.50

Probably buffet on the train.

21st April

arr. Calais 10.56

dep. Calais 12.05

arr. Folkestone 13.35

dep. Folkestone 14.25

arr. Victoria 15.50

By coach to Waterloo.

dep. Waterloo 18.30

arr. B'mth Central 20.50

[The Itinerary of the Travel to and from Austria on the 1965 Trip]

This was all very nice but in our Lower VI year (again I think) QEGS joined other Dorset schools on a school cruise for a fortnight. The ship, the Dunera, served as a cruise ship for schools both before and after WWII. During the war it gained an unsavoury record of transporting "enemy aliens" to Australia. Anyway this was rather more memorable although I have failed to turn-up any photographs taken - because either mother did not have the old Coronet any longer, or because Mabel Thorpe (she of art teaching fame) set we sixth-formers the task of sketching instead the events aboard the ship. For most of the first week we sailed through awful weather and nearly all (staff and students alike) spent many sad days on deck with our sick bags for company. Finally arriving at Tangier, we had recovered somewhat and could enjoy purchasing our leather belts and Fez's from the bazaars. Our accompanying teachers (I recall Mr. Swinnerton particularly) recommended us NOT to buy the popular sheepskins sold in the bazaar due to the infestation of fleas which would be brought onto the ship on our return. The camels are memorable (no, not the ciggies; that waited until Lisbon).

Onwards, then to Madeira, to Funchal and a turquoise blue sea which welcomed us, plus the young lads who dived for any coins we might like to toss overboard. This was a great place to visit and trips on shore were planned, and all went very well. My old pal, Lawrence Price, and I took a walk to the higher reaches of Funchal to experience the Funchal road sleds which dashed downhill through narrow streets to the town itself, propelled by a couple of 'sledgers' who manoeuvred the sleds down the hills. Lawrence was something of a traveller and had been to Madeira previously with his parents, and had experienced the sled-run.

Finally we moved on to Lisbon. I think the staff had learned to trust us by this time and never could they have been more misled. A group of us, the Sixth formers, took ourselves off on our last evening to taste the delights of Lisbon at night. Sadly we found a 'dive' on the quayside which was to prove our undoing. Well that and the ridiculously cheap imbibing of the local beverage – Ginja. I admit to having to Google this to remind myself of what it was. The low price was our undoing and we staggered from the 'dive' at some time later and tried to sober-up with a walk around Lisbon, and found more cafe-bars! Honestly, I remember nothing other than the return to the ship and being greeted by 'The Staff' lined up on the gangway awaiting our return. All difficult questions were left until the morrow; such was our condition.

All of this leads me to hope that, should this be included in the October issue, my own three near-middle-aged children will not find this copy. I think they may spot the 'pariah' in me which could be used as a lever in the future !

(Mark, I also have had an encounter with Ginja (also known as Ginjinha). Whilst on an international working group meeting in Lisbon, the Spanish representative asked the Portuguese host about Ginjinha. He replied that he knew a place in the centre of the city where one could sample the "real thing" and that after the group's dinner one evening he would take those of us there who wanted to try some. So at about 11pm he duly took us to a very small "shop" just off the main square in the centre of Lisbon. The shop was simply a very small open space which could accommodate no more than 6 people standing at any one time. Around the walls were some cabinets containing numerous bottles of well-known brands of spirits, which I assumed could be purchased. At the "far end" of the shop was a marble-topped counter and standing behind it was an elderly gentleman who had a large, plastic bottle (similar to today's 2 litre plastic milk bottles) containing a clear liquid. Our Portuguese host spoke to the gentleman and he poured each of us a small measure of the liquid into a plasticised paper cup which was about half the size of a typical shot glass. The cost was 50 eurocents per cup. Ginjinha is a type of cherry brandy, the genuine traditional drink being made from wild, sour cherries. The taste was superb and very warming on a chilly evening ! So, of course, we all decided to have another. After the second, I started to feel a trembling in the back of my knees which could easily have led to a loss of support ! We never had a third !

DR John R F Guy (63-71)

DESERT ISLAND DISCS by NICK BISHOP (60-63)

Life and Music are so full and rich, the only way I could choose was to pluck 8 out of the air without much thought and then agonise about so many missing.

When I was young, we always had a big radio in the living room. In those days only 50% needle time was allowed for recorded music due to an agreement with the musician's union, so far too much was performed live by Deirdre Dishwater with Manuel and his music of the Mountains (aka the Geoff Love Orchestra). The pop charts were controlled by old guys in suits only interested in money and presented on radio by DJs who mostly knew nothing about the music. Of course they all went to jolly good schools, so that was ok. Perhaps the biggest let down was the Third Programme which played endless selections from Screech and Bash volume 23, designed to keep so called serious music away from the masses. As for jazz..!!!

Thank goodness the BBC has improved a lot in 70 years, but if you go to an Orchestral Performance anywhere except the Proms you may be pleasantly surprised to find you are still quite young. This is not so in other countries.

With the aid of a long wire from the conker tree at the end of our garden and a homemade crystal set I could listen to Radio Luxembourg after dark and went to sleep many nights wearing headphones.

I was put off learning an instrument by being sent off to Miss Crochet for piano lessons. She sat beside you with a ruler and would wrap you on the knuckles for playing a wrong note. I soon bunked off that.

My first choice is **Elvis Presley singing Stuck on You**. Despite the hindrance of Colonel Parker, Elvis made a lot of good records and hide in the kitchen, hide in the hall, ain't gonna do ya no good at all, cos once I've got ya and the kissin' starts, a team of wild horses couldn't tear us apart, always appealed to me.



Second choice is **Sam Cooke with Wonderful World**. The sheer innocence and optimism of this song about school days brings both a smile and a tear. Shame the poor singer was shot by a jealous husband having got caught in flagrante.

If you visited the Cellar Club in Poole, or the club at the Lansdowne you could also see listen and dance to live bands. Manfred Mann, The Yardbirds and John Mayall were all just getting going.

My third choice is **The Sorcerer's Apprentice composed by Paul Dukas**. Then, of course, there was two-way family favourites and amid all the sentimental stuff, often requested was the Sorcerer's Apprentice. It took me a long time to appreciate the true merits of this piece, Dukas himself realised it was the best thing he had written and was for ever refining it. If you want to enthuse grandchildren, the Mickey Mouse fantasia version is watchable on YouTube.

Joni Mitchell's, Song for a Seagull occupies my fourth spot. There are some songs that just grab you by the throat and Joni Mitchell has written and performed lots. My dreams with the seagulls fly, out of reach out of cry, resonates with my head and heart.



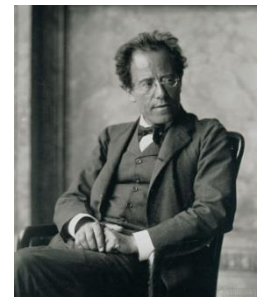
Next is **Miles Davis with Blue in Green**. So off to Uni. where I got to learn of, and about, modern jazz. Blue in Green is perhaps one of the most famous of all jazz recordings and reminds me of a rather cool summer's evening and night I spent on a park bench in Branksome Dene Chine having got locked out of the staff quarters of the Branksome Tower Hotel where I was working during the vacation. Luckily I have a record player in my head and at the time this track would not stop playing.



My sixth choice is **Dave Brubeck's Fujiyama**. Dave Brubeck found his way into the regular hit parade with Take Five. If you gate-crashed the prefect's common room (I never made prefect) you might also catch Roger Whittaker playing a solo piano version which somehow made the quirky 5/4 time signature even more notable.

Brubeck himself was not such a great pianist, but wrote some brilliant tunes, this one – about the most photographed mountain in the world, has some excellent sax playing by Paul Desmond.

Gustav Mahler's 5th Symphony occupies my seventh slot. It was very sneaky of Mahler to foresee that one day a CD would get invented with a maximum playing time of 75 minutes; just right for his 5th Symphony. It was written on a summer holiday by a lake in Austria and overflows with great tunes and melodies. For a sampler, start with the fourth movement, perhaps one of the most romantic pieces of all time.



Possessions are things I try not to become too attached to and for years a good laptop and a decent set of speakers have fulfilled most needs. It is great that hi-fi has improved so much.

My Dad spent many hours building loudspeakers in the days when you needed to get the most and best sound out of rather underpowered amplifiers. He was generous in letting me take these to parties in the main assembly hall at school, for instance, along with his rather good tape recorder on which I avidly recorded pop songs.

There is something about a good blast of sound that I have been addicted to forever. In the early days my Dad would always be asking me to turn music down. Later it was my kids and I still take full advantage when my wife goes out to rattle the windows with something like Dirty Diana by Michael Jackson.

My final choice is **Camille Saint Saens's 3rd Symphony**. This features a very full orchestra and some beautiful tunes, then suddenly a full octave below everything comes the sound of an organ. It is not an Organ Concerto, but a Symphony with organ. If your speakers cannot shake the room get some new speakers.

I cannot believe having left out Hendrix, the MJQ, the unique Stan Getz Focus album and the sadly departed Jeff Beck who I saw in concert only last year.

Music today is better than ever, we still have everything from before and thanks to YouTube, I-player, etc. availability, accessibility and sound quality have improved beyond dreams.

On the desert island I understand I get the Bible and the complete works of William Shakespeare. For my book, although I am not a great reader, some years ago I got involved in an over coffee discussion about what happened at the Weathertop, 50 pages into Lord of the Rings. By this time I had the combined trilogy paperback version and went back to double check the details. I became so engrossed that I continued to the end (over 1,000 pages). Incidentally, the film location of this scene is on Mount Victoria in sight of our house in Wellington.

For my luxury item, it has to be definitely a wind-up radio that gets short wave so I can listen to the World Service. If you can only listen to one radio station this is about the best. In New Zealand in the 1970's I used to sit out in the garden after work with a beer to catch the 05:00 GMT news.

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[A View, circa 1950 towards the Minster, along what is now Grammar School Lane; note Chantry House on the left]

THOUGHTS OF FIRST CARS by MARK PERKINS (62-69)

As a response to our editor's request, I write as follows and can only write this from the perspective of a comparison with young folk of 2023 and the youths of 1968/9. All the youngsters I know, who have reached school age, have cars bought for them by their parents, or who can afford decent 'wheels' themselves at the outset.

A stark comparison.

Age 16, Mark buys a 1959 Vespa 125cc from school friend, Paul Morris, who is upgrading to a Lambretta.

Age 17, driving test now passed at 17 years and 3 months (so when did I do the lessons – a bit of illegal driving I guess since I had few lessons). The Vespa was sold and Mark bought brother John's old 1962 Minivan as he too upgraded to a 1965 version Minivan. 9801 LJ then served me loyally for over 10



[A Classic Vespa]



[A Typical Minivan]

years. I drove that old thing every day for many 1000s miles – an old but, by this time, broken odometer records total mileage when scrapped at somewhere around 250K miles. The reason for scrappage by this time was that I had taken the role of creative director of an advertising agency and the board didn't think my little van suited the company

image, and also my wife and first child required transport, so the old rusty van moved on again for another few thousand miles. I think what killed it in the end was that our daughter, Hannah, was too fond of trying to get out of her carrier in the back of the van – current Health & Safety rules would have stopped this a long time ago.

Many of you will remember how we kept our old cars going. Things were so simple – a basic engine, a bit of transmission lurking underneath, a pressed steel body, some nuts and bolts and four wheels. Job done. My scooter cost me £30 and so did my Minivan – thanks John, the best £30 I ever spent.

One issue of Minis of all kinds was the deliberate ploy by Sir Alec Issigonis to design the car with rainwater traps – everywhere ! I am not complaining since this is why they were cheap. For my own van, by the time I had it at 8 years old, it was actually pretty much due for scrappage – but I soon learned how to wield fibreglass and respray quite well. Eventually the fibreglass became costly and I began experimenting with newspaper and body-filler, and that worked very well indeed. Eventually the day arrived when my garage owner said that what was now my wife's car, had come to the end of its life. He was unable to find anywhere to attach the bits which fell off to what was left of the body. I rue that day ever since and have even invested in a beautiful low-mileage example of a classic Mini Cooper model as an investment which can be used !

(Thank you, Mark. I know many readers will find your account fascinating. Do keep them coming in, friends.

Ed.)

MY FIRST CAR by Dr JOHN R F GUY (63-71)

Following on from Mark's excellent piece in response to our editor's challenge, here is my recollection of how my motoring career got started.

I grew up in Sturminster Marshall. My best friend in the village in my early teens had grandparents who lived in the house at Lion lodge on the Charborough Park estate. He was a year older than me. His parents had bought a rather aging Austin Devon car which they left with his grandparents at the lodge, anticipating that soon after he was 17 he would pass his driving test and the car would be his for everyday use. He and I used to cycle to his grandparents quite often and "play" in and around the park. Since we considered we were not on the 'public highway' we used to drive the car around the park well before our respective 17th birthdays. (We



[An Austin Devon]

never thought about the legality, or any insurance implications in those days. However, we often met and chatted with the retired Admiral who was the head of the family at that time, but we were never challenged about what we were doing – so I think everyone knew what was going on, but). This, of course, got us used to handling the car, a degree of road sense when we very occasionally met another vehicle, etc.

One of the peculiarities of cars of that age was the need to "double declutch". Since the car had manual gear changing with no synchromesh, this meant when the need arose to change gear, one had to depress the clutch and move the gear into neutral, momentarily release the clutch, depress it again, select the new gear and release the clutch once more. Having experienced such a procedure, one soon appreciates the benefits of manual transmissions with synchromesh gears and, ultimately, automatic gearboxes of course.

In those early teen years my parents "bribed" me by saying if I did not have a moped, scooter, or motorbike they would pay for my driving lessons as soon after I reached the age of 17. This was the deal, but I don't think they really bargained for me to pass the driving test first time ! So by that autumn I was ready to go solo on the open road and, inevitably, wanted to borrow the family car.

In 1967 my parents had purchased a brand new Morris Minor 1000 4-door saloon (although it was fitted with a 1098cc engine). Eventually this became my "first car". Although not the most stylish of design shapes, it was a really reliable workhorse which one could keep going under most circumstances. The most memorable was when I was making daily trips to work from Wimborne to Christchurch. On a particular Wednesday, I was returning along the road adjacent to Hurn airport when the car started to stutter as though it was running out of fuel – although the tank was at least half-full. I

managed to pull off the road in a safe place. I remembered that these cars were fitted with electric fuel pumps and, when they aged, sometimes they could stick. I opened the bonnet, gently banged the fuel pump, it burst into life and fuel flow was restored.



[A Morris Minor 1000 4-door saloon – same colour as mine]

When I got home, further investigation of the fuel pump during the evening showed that the contact points within the pump had become pitted and needed replacement. This was a job which I could do easily, but I could not get the parts and did not have time to do the job until the weekend – and I needed to get to work for the next 2 days.

So as a temporary fix should the same thing happen again, I tied a piece of string around the pump and fed the ends through a hole in the bulkhead between the engine compartment and the interior, leaving them hanging next to the steering wheel. So the next time I started to feel the car stutter, I simply pulled on the string which agitated the pump and fuel continued to flow ! This got me through until the weekend when I was able to fix the problem properly.

Try doing such a thing with a modern car ! The best you may achieve is to get a new download of software from the manufacturer !

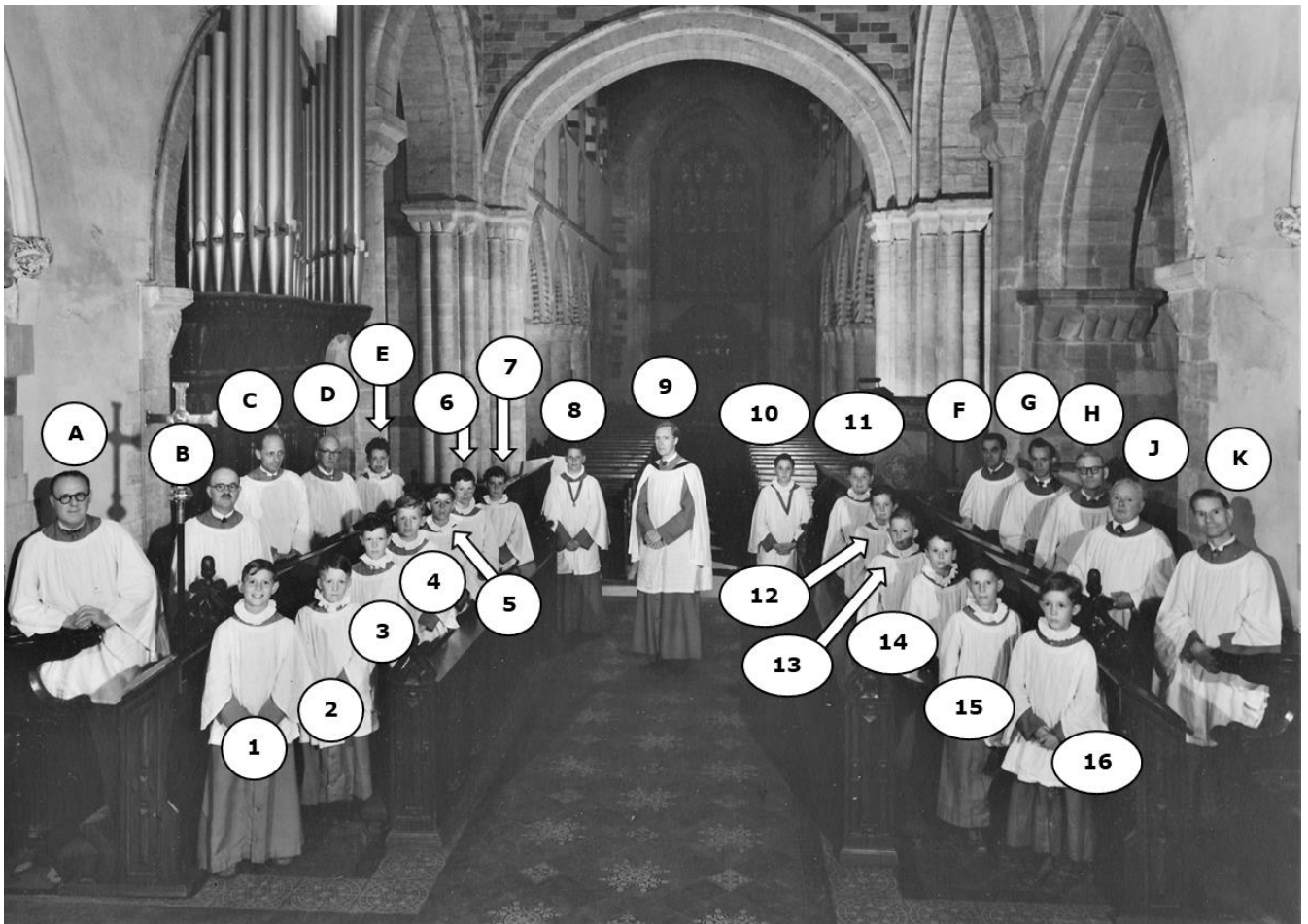
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[A View of West Borough, circa 1960, when it was two-way traffic : were any of these similar to your first car ?]

THE WIMBORNE MINSTER CHOIR OF 1959

Many thanks to Peter Douch (58-63) for adding a couple more names to the table below.



IDENTIFIER	NAME	IDENTIFIER	NAME
1	Graeme McNeill	14	John Dacombe
2	(possibly Stuart) Harris	15	John Lawes
3	Richard Adams	16	John Issacs
4	David Woodhead	A	Ted Harris (alto) [crucifer]
5	Malcolm McNeill	B	George Schofield (bass)
6	Russell Gilbert	C	Lyn Bartlett (tenor) [Mike's father]
7	Nigel Scott	D	Frank Kerridge (tenor)
8	Peter Hayward	E	????
9	Graham Sudbury	F	Dick Holloway (tenor)
10	????	G	Ronnie Groves (possibly a tenor)
11	????	H	Charlie Bishop (alto)
12	????	J	Charlie Gilbert (bass)
13	Malcolm Budden	K	Denis Lomas (bass) [soloist]

As you can see there are still 4 more slots to fill. So please continue to help to identify the missing persons and/or corroborate/challenge any of the names shown.

Many thanks in advance for your help !

DR John R F Guy (63-71)

From No. 124, p.14, dated JULY 1957

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL

I often stand and gaze
At the picture on the wall
Where everything is peaceful there,
Not like the world at all.

I sometimes wonder why
The hay cart stands alone;
Perhaps it's nearly dinner-time
And every one's gone home.

Perhaps the farmer lives
In the white house at the top,
Where he can see the cornfields
And estimate his crop.

So still I stand and gaze
At the picture on the wall
Of the brilliant yellow cornfields
And the ripened ears so tall.

Jill Cowdry (now Strong) IA (56-63)

(Do you still think of that picture, Jill ? What happened to it ?

Was it at home – or where ?

Ed.)

From No. 129, p.22, dated DECEMBER 1960

THE STORM

The storm on October 6th was the worst for many years. I was out in that storm. I had heard the rain on the roof of the Primary School in Wimborne during the last quarter of an hour of the Cub meeting, but I had no idea of conditions prevailing in the town.

When I cycled through the Square the water came up to the top step of the Bank. I rode on to Poole Corner and there the water was lapping the door of the International Stores. The rain was pelting down and it began to thunder. The water was running down Saint John's Hill like a torrent.

I then approached Leigh Arch and the police turned me back. So I turned around and climbed Saint John's Hill but my troubles were not over yet; even in Colehill the drains had more than they could cope with. I also saw a lot of cars that were stranded. When I reached home the road was flooded at Fox Farm and the Fire Brigade had to be called three times in eight days because the house was flooded to a depth of six inches. This ends my story of the floods.

M. Bishop IIA

(But which Bishop, was it, Mary (now Pope) (59-64), or was it Maureen (now Viney) (56-61). Did you tell your parents you were at Brownies when in fact you went to Cubs ? Can you still remember the occasion, Mary or Maureen ? A mystery to be solved – or have we got completely the wrong Bishop ? Do let us know, ladies, if you can remember !

Ed.)

From No. 132, p.29, dated NOVEMBER 1963

THE LIME TREE

For sixty long summers
Yon lime tree has stood
Like a watchdog, growing
From sapling to wood.

For such a long era
The faithful old tree
Has watched years of prefects
As proud as could be.

For years the old linden
Saw nothing but "fives",
Games of "conkers", and "marbles"
'Til the first girl arrives.

But now the school's bigger,
It's grown to extremes.
(And the plans of a new school
Are still only dreams).

So now there's a rumour,
They've made a decree.
To find space for classrooms-
Down comes the old tree.

Perhaps they'll relent
When they hear of our plea,
We do need more classrooms,
But, please, leave our tree.

Patricia Birch (now Van de Velde) 3A (61-67)

(Now living in La Belle France, do you remember still the tree, Patricia. What memories of it today ?
Ed.)

From No. 133, p.28-29, dated MARCH 1965

Alwyn Annells (54-61)

Now a much travelled man, Alwyn tells us that he is "flatting" at 10 Augustus Road, Southfields, London, S.W. 19 with his brother and two friends. After three years at

King's College, London, Alwyn has moved to Imperial College, researching in his particular field of interest – volcanic phenomena in S.E. Iceland. He has spent one summer camping out among the ice-caps and glaciers of Vatna-jokull. This coming summer he sets out on an expedition to the volcanic fields of France, Italy and Germany before heading north again for Iceland and Greenland. Alwyn says "I can certainly recommend Geology for anyone wishing to see the world". It certainly seems like it ! Good luck, Alwyn, and safe voyaging.

(Now living in Stratford-upon-Avon, still travelling Alwyn ? Ed.)

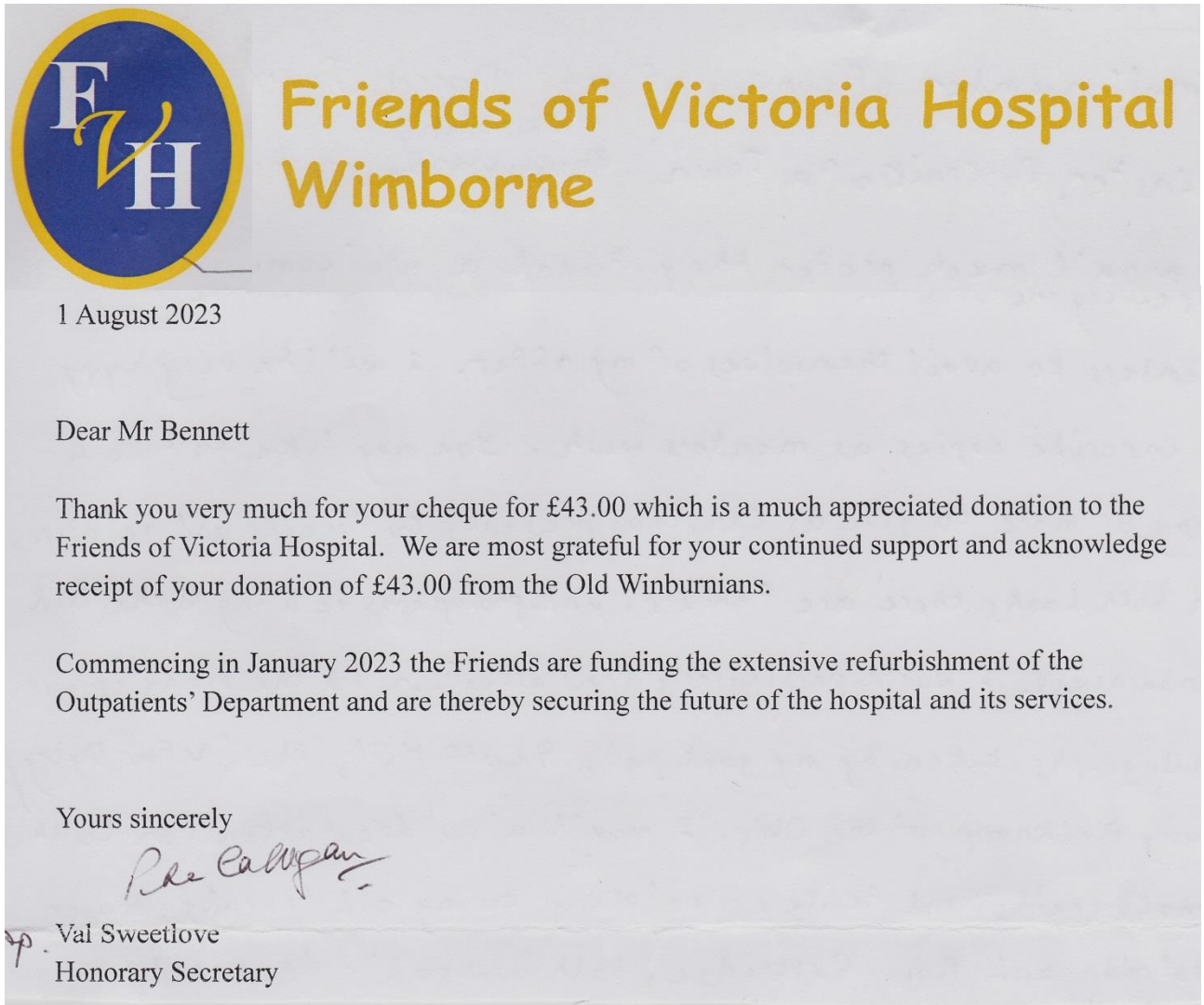
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[A View of East Street, Wimborne around 1904]

FROM YOUR EDITOR

I have a small number of copies of my books 'Dorset Journey' and 'Wimborne Minster, Portrait of a Town' residing in boxes in my garage. I would much prefer they found a welcoming home. At the last Reunion in July I invited members to help themselves and requested a donation to the Friends of Wimborne Hospital in return. You can see the letter I received from Val Sweetlove, the Honorary Secretary thanking OWs for their support.



I shall be repeating the offer at the Reunion in December and invite our members to avail themselves of my offer. I will be very happy to inscribe copies as members wish. You may like to take a copy or more to give as Christmas presents to friends and relatives. In both books there are features and photographs relating to the Old Winburnians. I would particularly draw attention to the many splendid photographs taken by my good pal, Geoff Hill, the 'Arfur' Daley/Harry Redknapp of the OWs. I would also draw your attention to the photographs and features relating to my old friends, Roger Holman and Roger Guttridge, both now sadly deceased.

WIMBORNE NEWS IN THE 2020s

(I thought the pieces featured below would interest OWs. Who could have imagined all those years ago when our young ladies attended our school the possibility of QE girls becoming national soccer champions ? We send our congratulations.

QE School girls become national champions

The Under 15s girls' football team from Queen Elizabeth's School in Wimborne are national champions.

Having triumphed in five of the previous rounds – which included the defeat of tournament favourites Surbiton High School – they took on The Cottesloe School from Leighton Buzzard in the English Schools FA final.

The nine-a-side match was held at the 11,500 capacity Sixways stadium in Worcester.

Coaches Andy Jackson and Emma Acott had guided the squad of 14 through the tournament that began in January.

Andy said: "This was a new competition run by English Schools and it was open to all schools in the country.

"In the first round we beat Poole High School and then beat schools from Sussex and Devon before the semi-

final against Surbiton High School."

Liz West, chief executive of Initio Learning Trust that includes QE School, said:

"Sport is a very important part of life at our trust and this is a day that will live with the girls for the rest of their lives."



Squad: Top row – L–R – Mary Dean, Ashleigh Prince, Sofia Noakes-Zapater, Erin Maltman (GK), Evie Trussler, Georgia Mitto, Bottom row – L–R– Ella Bradford, Lucy Luca, Scarlett Phillips, Willow Watkins, Elloise Bond and Millie Smith

And, below, that the Tivoli would be featuring countless 'tribute' acts ? Remember our Speech Days ? Did you see the genuine articles ?

ON STAGE	COMING SOON	SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER
<p>Saturday 16th September 7.30pm 1999 THE ULTIMATE PRINCE EXPERIENCE Tickets £27</p> <p>Sunday 17th September 7.30pm COUNTRY SUPERSTARS Tickets £24</p> <p>Wednesday 20th September 7.30pm GO NOW: THE MUSIC OF THE MOODY BLUES Tickets £26.50</p> <p>Thursday 21st September 7.30pm CLIMAX BLUES BAND Tickets £22.50</p> <p>Saturday 23rd September 7.30pm CODA: A TRIBUTE TO LED ZEPPELIN Tickets £20</p> <p>Wednesday 27th September 7.30pm MARK HARRISON BAND Tickets £16.50</p> <p>Thursday 28th September 7.30pm WISHBONE ASH Tickets £28.50</p> <p>Friday 29th September 7.30pm THE KAST OFF KINKS Tickets £22.50</p> <p>Saturday 30th September 7.30pm TOYAH & ROBERT'S SUNDAY LUNCH 2023 ROCK PARTY TOUR SOLD OUT</p> <p>Monday 2nd October – Thursday 5th October 7.30pm Matinee Wednesday 4th October 2.30pm PROJECT PLAY PRESENTS A VICAR OF DIBLEY CHRISTMAS Tickets £17.50 evening/ Matinee £16 / 1 in 10 tickets free available via Box Office only</p>	<p>Friday 6th October 7.30pm PAUL YOUNG: BEHIND THE LENS £80 meet & greet/£45 VIP/£30 standard</p> <p>Saturday 7th October 7.30pm LIVE/WIRE: THE AC/DC SHOW Tickets £21.50</p> <p>Sunday 8th October 7.30pm ALBERT LEE & HIS BAND Tickets £28.50</p> <p>Thursday 12th October 7.30pm JIM DAVIDSON: A SPECIAL ONE OFF – OVER 18'S ONLY! Tickets £27 – last seats remain!</p> <p>Friday 13th October 7.30pm OH WHAT A NIGHT! Taking you back in time on a musical journey through the incredible career of Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons. Tickets £24/£22 concs</p> <p>Saturday 14th October 7.30pm THE WONDER OF STEVIE THE ULTIMATE CELEBRATION OF THE GENIUS OF STEVIE WONDER. Tickets £29</p> <p>Thursday 19th October – Saturday 21st October 7.30pm Matinee Saturday 21st October 2.30pm Wimborne Drama Productions present REHEARSAL FOR MURDER Tickets £16 evening / £14 matinee – / 1 in 10 free all performances (available via Box Office only)</p> <p>Tuesday 24th October 7.30pm SH*T FACED SHAKESPEARE: MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING- OVER 16'S ONLY Tickets £24</p>	<p>Wednesday 25th October 2.00pm Made To Measure Productions present HALLOWEEN SPOOKTACULAR Tickets £14.50 adult/£13.00 under 16</p> <p>Thursday 26th October 7.30pm THE ULTIMATE CLASSIC ROCK SHOW Tickets £26.50</p> <p>Friday 27th October 7.30pm THE GEORGE HARRISON PROJECT Tickets £21</p> <p>Saturday 28th October 7.30pm BON GIOVI World's Premier look-alike and sound alike Tribute to the New Jersey rockers Bon Jovi. Tickets £19</p> <p>Sunday 29th October 4.30pm DO YOU THINK THAT'S WISE? – THE LIFE & TIMES OF JOHN LE MESURIER Tickets £16.50</p> <p>Monday 30th October 7.30pm MARTI PELLOW: PELLOW TALK – THE LOST CHAPTER Tickets: £30 Standard/£45 VIP/£80 Super VIP</p>
<p>19 West Borough Wimborne BH21 1LT</p>		<p>BOX OFFICE 01202 885566</p> <p>www.tivoliwimborne.co.uk</p>

'Fings ain't wot they used to be !' as Lionel Bart memorably commented (Ed.)

NEWS OF SOME OLD WINBURNIANS

MICHAEL CLIFT (44-50)

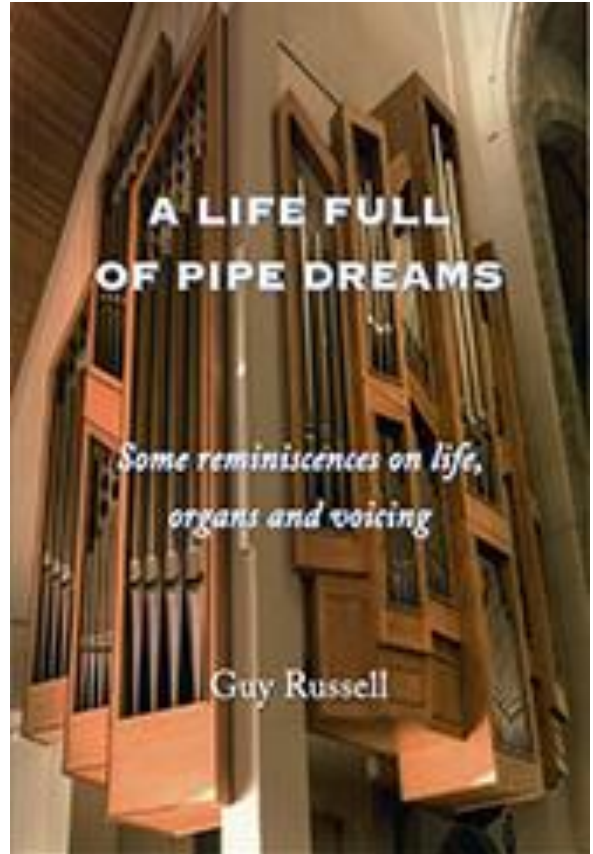
Michael writes to raise our awareness of a book written by Guy Russell. In the past he met Guy on several occasions, but had no idea he was a former Wimborne Grammar School pupil. Michael sends us a copy of a review of the book.

Guy Russell : *A Life Full of Pipe Dreams : Some reminiscences on Life, Organs and Voicing*

Edited by Paul Hale; forward by Roy Massey.
(Institute of British Organ Building, 2021).
86pp. £9.99 + postage.

<https://bit.ly/IBOBuilding> or by
email: administrator@ibo.co.uk or
+44(0)1359 233433.

The subtitle says it all that one needs to know about this excellent little book: 'some reminiscences on life, organs and voicing'. Guy Russell recently retired from his key role as Tonal Director of Nicholson Organs. The first, shorter, part of the work is autobiographical, covering the author's early life as a young chorister and organ student at Wimborne Minster. As Guy Russell writes, it includes many anecdotes about people that he has met and places where he has been, 'with hopefully a little humour included'. Whether or not you are interested in the technical side of organ-building, this biographical element is well worth reading. For those who are interested in the technology, then you will not be disappointed in the remainder of this little gem of a monograph. Guy Russell is to be congratulated on putting some of his experiences and expertise down on paper for future generations, and not least the chapters on different types of organ register (I was especially taken with the section on Mixtures – what a lesson there !). The book is completed by specifications of major instruments and short notes on their design and some good illustrations. Very highly recommended !



David Baker

(Guy is also the brother of our current Committee Secretary, Rainbow Ed.)

PAUL BURRY (52-57)

I was very interested to read Ken Parratt's account of his exchange visit to Germany at Easter in 1966. He refers to 'a plane crashing into a lake in Berlin' and suggests that it may have been connected with 'an airlift of supplies'.

In fact, the crash he mentions was almost certainly that of a then newly introduced Russian supersonic interceptor aircraft (Yak 28P – NATO codename 'FIREBAR') that suffered engine flameout and ditched in the Havel lake in the British Zone of West Berlin on the 6th April 1966.



[Yakovlev Yak 28P 'Firebar']

The aircraft could probably have landed at the nearby RAF Gatow airfield, but permission was refused by the Russian control HQ; the two man crew did not eject and lost their lives when the plane came down.

What followed was a fine example of Cold War skulduggery. Between the 6th and 13th April, specialists and divers working under water clandestinely removed the engines and radar which were then flown to the Royal Aircraft Establishment in Farnborough for detailed examination and evaluation. The parts (less the radar) were then flown back to Berlin, replaced in the wreck which was then floated and handed over to the Soviet military who had been waiting at the lakeside with increasing frustration since the 6th April. The bodies of the crew were also recovered and handed over with full military honours. The Russians knew the radar was missing, but had to accept an explanation that it had irretrievably sunk into the mud at the bottom of the Havel.

Throughout the recovery the job of dealing with the Russian demands (they had a Major General who ate and slept in his staff car on site for the whole of the time) was the responsibility of a relatively small British unit in Berlin entitled the British Commander in Chiefs Mission to the Soviet Forces in Germany and normally referred to as BRIXMIS. This unit was set up in 1946 and the American and French concluded similar agreements which allowed them to travel throughout the Soviet Zone of Occupation (later the communist German Democratic Republic). Soviet missions were established in the occupation zones of the three western allies in West Germany. (The missions remained in being until 1990).

Service in BRIXMIS gave its members a unique opportunity for close up observation and contact with the Warsaw Pact military, principally the Russians and East Germans. I spent three years there in the early 1990s. During this time there was a major upgrading of the Warsaw Pact forces and new weapon systems were continuously appearing in East Germany.

**IN MEMORIAM OF
PETER JOHN DOUCH (58-63)**

(The following has been taken from the September 2023 edition of 'Dorset View', a publication distributed free to homes and businesses in selected areas of Dorset and Hampshire, and the Daily Echo of 15th August 2023.

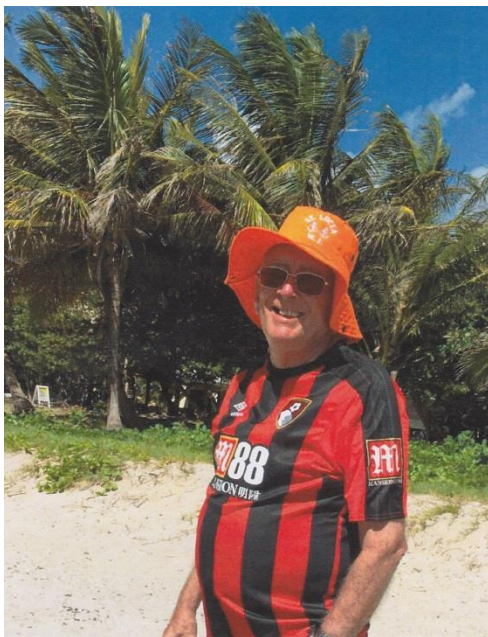
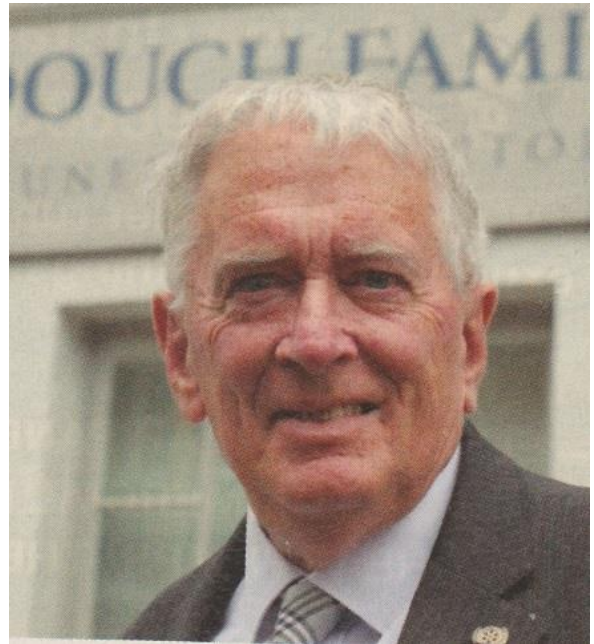
Ed.)

Tributes have been paid to a well-known Dorset family businessman with a passion for sport.

Peter, who only last year stepped down as chairman of Douch Family Funeral Directors to watch more sport, died on Saturday, August 5th, at the age of 76 years.

On Friday 4th August he had been watching Gloucestershire play Northamptonshire in a one-day cricket match in Cheltenham and died the following morning.

Founded in 1909 by Peter's grandfather Fred in Wimborne, what became known as Douch Family Funeral Directors was initially a furniture and furnishings business. It is now dedicated to funerals with seven branches across Dorset employing more than 50 staff.



After leaving school Peter trained as an accountant in Poole and secured his first post-qualification job in St. Lucia (West Indies) where he met his wife, Josephine, a nurse. They married in 1976. Later he became manager in Dominica of accountants Coopers & Lybrand. In 1988, they moved to England with their four sons, Dweyn, Nick, Quentin and Andrew, settling in the Wakefield area where the children were schooled, and Peter worked for a management consultant in Bradford.

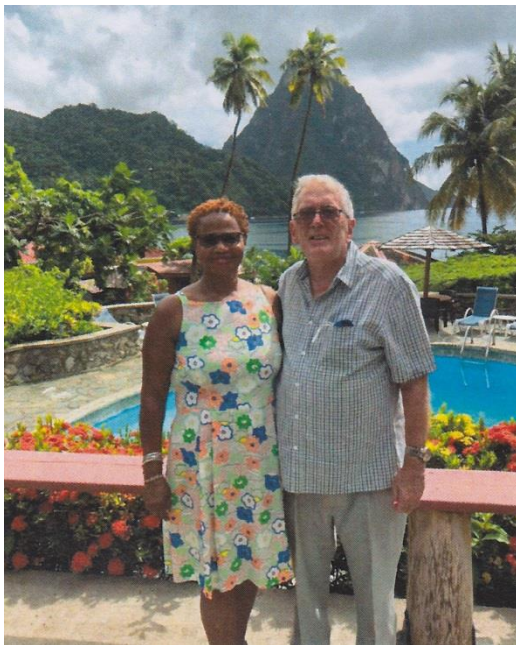
In 1994, Peter's father Jack was running the family business and Peter moved down to join the company as finance director. Later he became managing director and in 2011, when his son Nick took on that role, he became chairman.

Peter's son Nick said Peter 'wasn't keen on the limelight but he shone in business', overseeing the family firm's growth and acquisition of other businesses, winning 'many awards'.

After his retirement, Peter said "My father ensured I worked in all aspects of the funeral business so I would know it inside out, from arranging and conducting funerals to coffin bearing. It is a grounding that was important and one that I impressed on my children. With my family heavily involved in local sport – especially cricket – for years, we have sponsored many teams and leagues, and for more than a decade sponsored the Dorset Cricket League through our Dorset Funeral Plan".

Peter's son Nick said : "Tributes have been pouring in. His passion was sport and he had visited almost all of Britain's professional football grounds, and he particularly loved cricket. He was always keen to help people and was genuinely interested in everybody he met, and he was a keen and long-standing Rotarian".

Peter is survived by his wife Josephine, sister Judy, four sons, three granddaughters, and an upcoming fourth granddaughter.



(In my latter years at QEGS I started playing cricket for Wimborne Cricket Club's Second XI. Peter was the captain; his father, Jack, also played in the same team in the position of wicketkeeper. The team's performance was often quite variable, as was my batting, but Peter always seemed to be able to find the right words to focus on the positive aspects of what had gone on in every match. Whichever way one looks at it, cricket is a great leveller; for everyone playing in the next game, we all start from the same place – zero !

DR John R F Guy (63-71)

Despite spending much of his time between Wimborne and the West Indies, Peter attended our reunions if he could and, occasionally, our Annual General Meetings. He was also a regular contributor to these newsletters. It was with great sadness to hear of his death at such a young age. He will be greatly missed !

Ed.)

ROGER STEPHEN GUTTRIDGE
5th May, 1950 to 8th August, 2023

(We do not usually publish features on individuals who were not Old Winburnians, but we make an exception here for two reasons. One is a very simple one, Roger's widow Sylvie (née Dufall) is an Old Winburnian (64-71) to whom we send our condolences and very best wishes. Furthermore, their son Andy actually was a pupil at Queen Elizabeth's in the 1990s and a contemporary of my daughter Fleur. The second reason is that Roger, who attended our rival Dorset grammar school in Blandford in the 1960s, not only lived in Wimborne for many years but was, like our dear old friend Roger Holman who predeceased him by a couple of years, a quite outstanding human being and a brilliant Dorset writer whose literary work will live on through the ages. We take pleasure in reproducing a small part of a tribute compiled by his long-time friend and associate Fanny Charles to whom we send our thanks.

Ed.)

A journalist, a news-hound, a swimmer and swimming correspondent, a local historian with a special interest in smuggling, a lover of The Beatles, Queen and a great supporter of his son when Andy started his own band as a student ... Roger Guttridge was a man who lived life to the utmost, right up to the end, still contributing his columns to the BV (Blackmore Vale) magazine.

After a four-year battle he died of leukaemia on 8th August.

A journalist first

As a district and chief reporter for the Bournemouth Evening Echo, Roger was a true newshound. Andy recalls family days out when Roger would spot a blue flashing light – ambulance, fire engine, or police vehicle – and rapidly turn the car around to follow it, keen to be first on the scene, first with the story. But he was no sensational headline seeker. He believed in the importance of the local newspaper in the community and he was involved in and concerned about many aspects of life in Bournemouth and Wimborne, where he worked for the Evening Echo, and throughout Dorset, which he mined for stories for some of his many books.

His interests extended even across the Atlantic to Newfoundland, where he explored the centuries-old connection between the remote Canadian fishing community and the many families in Dorset and Poole, whose fathers, sons and brothers went west to find work fishing the Grand Banks.

John Newth, a long-time editor of the sadly now defunct Dorset Life magazine, recalls his relationship with Roger, over many years and hundreds of articles. Speaking at Roger's funeral, he praised the reliability, consistency, quality and total professionalism



of Roger's work. If John had even the wildest idea, Roger would track it down – and he never missed a deadline ! John remembers their years together as filled with many laughs.



The Three Rogers: photographers Roger Lane (R) and Roger Holman (L) with Roger at Knowlton Church, in 1991



Far right - with other journalists in flooded Leigh Road, Wimborne 1979

OBITUARIES

ERIC LEESON (43-47)

(We received the following from Eric's son, Alan

Ed.)

Sadly, I have to inform you of the passing of my father on Monday 11th September 2023. He was 91 years old.

He had a fall and broke a vertebra about six weeks prior but this went undiagnosed until he was admitted to hospital three weeks ago with a suspected TIA (Transient Ischaemic Attack). Both were confirmed and being rather frail his health began to falter quite rapidly. My family cared for him for a number of days before he initially went into a nursing care home. This is when his condition suddenly worsened and he was re-admitted to hospital and where unfortunately he continued to deteriorate.

I know that my Father was extremely proud of his connections to Wimborne through the Association. His fascination of William Cox, a former pupil I believe and his pioneering role in creating a route through the Blue Mountains between Sydney and Bathurst in Australia, inspired Eric to write a book. Eric would also entertain us on special occasions with his rendition of the school song, which we were fortunate to record not so long ago.

He will be missed by his wife of 69 years, Betty, daughter Janis and son Alan, son-in-law Ian and daughter-in-law Beverley, and grandchildren Emma, Jon, Matthew and Rebecca, their spouses and his seven great grandchildren.

HARRY C WELLS (35-40)

(We received the following from Harry's wife, Barbara, in June this year from Florida. Ed.)

I'm sorry to say but my husband, Harry C. Wells passed away. He was two weeks shy of his 100th birthday. He so enjoyed the 500 year reunion in 1997 and fondly looked forward to your newsletters via e-mail. Thank you for keeping him informed of his old friends.

RICHARD WALLIS (39-46)

Sadly, Richard Wallis died on 10th April 2023, aged 94 years. He was born in 1928 in the small village of Sandleheath, but grew up entirely in Dorset, in Alderholt. His dad was a lorry driver and his mum was in service until she married. The little school he attended before Wimborne had a single class for those aged 11-14. In Richard's year only 2 were put forward for the 11+ and only he passed. He remembered travelling to school in Wimborne by train. At school, in particular, he remembered swimming lessons in a local river whilst the master had a smoke. He also remembered many teachers having been sent to World War II. He remembered one teacher who gave him 'War of the Worlds' to read and how he struggled to enjoy it. When he next saw the teacher he

admitted this and the teacher said 'don't give up, skip the next 2 chapters' which he found a revelation as he then developed a lifelong love of books and always remembered the advice.



After school Richard did national service and it was during this time he discovered there was an opportunity to be funded by the army to go to University. He went to Southampton to study French and German, and travelled widely in Europe during and after his training. He then got a job in teaching and moved to Barnsley. In 1959 he married Anne whom he'd first met on a cross channel ferry and they moved to his next teaching job in Birmingham. Following the birth of 2 children he moved once more back towards his roots, getting a job as Head of Modern

Languages in Norton Hill school in Somerset. Two more children were born and the family moved to Frome where Richard lived the rest of his life.

Richard was a great naturalist and knew almost every flower and bird on his many walks. He also volunteered as a warden of footpaths and walked many of the UK's long distance footpaths, including Offa's Dyke and the Pennine Way. He even published a book, 'The Land of Towers', which featuring local Frome walks along with the history of places along the routes. He was a great vegetable gardener, avid reader and stamp collector, and in his latter years became an accomplished bowler. Richard leaves his wife Anne and 4 children.



Kindly sent to us by his daughter Nicola with the help of cousin Mick Wallis (45-51)

REGINALD WILLIAM GEORGE BOOTH (39-44)

(Sadly 'Reg' died back in 2020, but this was recently discovered on the internet site of Nicholas O'Hara funeral directors.

Ed.)



Reginald 'Reg' Booth died on 29th June 2020. He was born in Salisbury on 17th October 1927. He grew up in Cranborne with his brother, George, and sister, Pat.

He attended Wimborne Grammar School, but missed his final exams due to appendicitis. This led him to join the Merchant Navy and trained at the Vindicatrix School for merchant seamen. He joined his first ship at the end of the war having also trained as a DEMS (Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships) gunner to shoot down enemy aircraft (without much success).

He met Alice (his wife to be) at a dance hall in Poole, where she scribbled her address on his navy clothing ration book, but he didn't see her again for 6 months as he joined his ship the next day.

His last ship was the MV Cranborne and after 7 years in the Merchant Navy he decided it was time to settle down, get married and join the police force. He joined Bristol Constabulary where Nigel was born, then transferred to Dorset police in Poole where his second son, Keith, arrived. He served for 25 years with many postings around Dorset. Poole to Corfe Castle to Cerne Abbas as a uniformed PC, then to Dorchester where third son, James, was born. He then transferred to plain clothes as a detective constable, then detective sergeant. He was then assigned to the Regional Crime Squad travelling around the West Country, then to Bournemouth to head the newly formed drug squad for some years. Finally, as a sergeant in Special Branch.

During his years in plain clothes, many a surveillance operation was conducted in disguise. His wigs and sunglasses still stored at his home in Hamworthy. It didn't fool the IRA though as an 8-car team tailing terrorists came unstuck up a single-track Welsh mountain when the IRA made a U-turn at the top and went back down the mountain smiling and waving at the undercover convoy driving up the mountain.

On retiring from the police, he took up a position as the Southern Seas Fishery Protection Officer patrolling the south coast in a patrol vessel and a RIB.

He finally retired to spend many happy years with Alice on their boat 'Scotch Mist' and at their French cottage in Fresville.



DEREK LUTHER (dates at QEGS unknown)

(Although not an OWA member, we received the following.

Ed.)

Born on 4th March 1941, Derek Luther sadly passed away on 8th August 2023. He will be deeply missed by his partner Joan; children Jo, Ian and Catherine; his sister Emmy; brother Richard and all their families. He was adored by his grandchildren for his fun-loving and kind spirited nature.



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