



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – SPRING 2024

Dear Fellow Old Winburnians,

Well, all our readers who love wind and rain and, have shares in umbrella and raincoat companies, must be smiling ear-to-ear. Greetings, friends !

Here in sodden Wimborne we ain't 'arf looking forward to some warm spring/summer sunshine. Those of our readers living in different sun-shiny climes must have smiled wryly when they read in their papers of gale-force winds and storms perpetually lashing these shores. But we've survived – even the departure of half-a-dozen Prime Ministers and scores of Cabinet ministers. Do we any longer care? As Lionel Bart once so aptly put it : 'Fings ain't wot they used to be' ! Whatever they were ! Can you remember ? We're now all so old we've forgotten whatever it was we intended to do last week which was originally our New Year's resolution, wasn't it ? If you get my drift ?

To get to the point, we hope here in Wimborne that you, our old friends and readers, are in good health and spirits, notwithstanding, so to speak. I wonder what 'Fishy' Maiden, 'Inky' Stephens, 'Gunner' Holman, 'Joe' Kerswell, 'Tarzan' Williams, 'Neddy' Neil et al would make of the present world and our schools and the challenges facing today's teachers ? Who would want to teach in a vast comprehensive in Lewisham (my birthplace actually), or Bermondsey containing the better part of 1,500-2,000 pupils, many of them living in high-rise blocks of flats peopled by drug-addled, knife carrying thugs ? Sprinkle in the mix of a few racial tensions, gender related issues, smart phones and social media, the Covid legacy and the general problems relating to the impersonality of the modern sprawling comprehensives and you have a scarcely inviting environment. Nor are the problems confined to the inner-city schools. Across the land the challenges confronting teachers are often very complex with no easy solutions.

When I began teaching in the 1960s, most schools were smaller institutions with a typical pupil population of 400-500 with a staff of 30 or so teachers. We all knew one another, well almost, and attendance and discipline were generally excellent. Only the odd individual constituted a problem. The abolition of the eleven-plus and grammar schools – outside towns with a borough status – together with the creation of the huge comprehensives has certainly not helped in many ways. Of course, the fact that more children now progress into the Sixth Form and go on to higher education can be seen as progress.

Anyway, we are where we are and as you will observe elsewhere in the Newsletter, there are clearly a few problems relating to QE School which I have no doubt will be resolutely confronted by the staff at the school. Meanwhile, we wish them all the best with their efforts. There are a lot of fine teachers at the school who deserve the support of parents and students alike.

So, here we are, our Association is still flourishing after all these years when almost all similar bodies have long since ceased to be. Numbers at our Reunions are holding-up and a great spirit exists when we get together twice a year, not least when we sing the old School Song. If you've not been along previously and could make it if you really tried, then give it a go – you won't be disappointed, I'm sure.

Do remember to raise a glass and join our toast to 'Absent Friends' at 1pm (GMT, or UTC if you prefer), that's 2pm BST, on 6th July.

With much affection and our best wishes,

Alan R Bennett
On behalf of the Committee

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FORTHCOMING IMPORTANT	Summer Reunion	Saturday 6 th July 2024
OWA DATES FOR YOUR DIARY	Annual General Meeting	Monday 16 th Sept. 2024
	Christmas Reunion	Saturday 7 th Dec. 2024

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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

**EXPECTED ATTENDEES AT THE CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON
2ND DECEMBER 2023**

Mr Morgan Antell	52 - 58	Mr Bill Haskell	52 - 56
Mrs Ann Antell	Guest of Mr Antell	Mrs Sue Hatherley	Née Bush 53 - 60
Mr Alan Bennett	49 - 56	Mr Geoff Hill	58 - 59
Mrs Wendy Bundy	Née Baker 54 - 59	Mr John Pearson	Guest of Mr Hill
Mr Derek Burt	47 - 52	Mrs Guilia Holland	Née Griffiths 58 - 63
Mrs Eunice Carnall	Née Chadd 55 - 62	Mr Mick Felton	Guest of Mrs Holland
Mr Robin Christopher	52 - 59	Mr Andrew Jones	53 - 60
Mrs Hazel Christopher	Guest of Mr Christopher	Ms Hilary Kemp	Née Kemp 61 - 66
Mr Peter Clarke	55 - 57	Mr Alan Maitland	54 - 59
Mr Robert Copelin	46 - 51	Mrs June Maitland	Guest of Mr Maitland
Mr Desmond Cox	47 - 51	Mr Ron Mansfield	49 - 54
Mrs Janet Coy	Née Dowd 53 - 58	Mr Paul Mason	66 - 74
Mrs Freda Croasdell	Née Millard 61 - 66	Mrs Diana Moss	Née Anderson 55 - 61
Mr Arthur Croasdell	Guest of Mrs Croasdell	Mr James Moss	Guest of Mrs Moss
Mr Anthony Elgar	53 - 60	Mr Ken Nicklen	44 - 50
Mrs Dianne Elgar	Guest of Mr Elgar	Mr Kenneth Orman	37 - 43
Mr Tony Gould	51 - 57	Mr David Park	48 - 55
Mrs Elizabeth Gould	Guest of Mr Gould	Mr Ken Parratt	63 - 68
Mrs Carol Griffiths	Née Harvey 60 - 66	Mr Terry Randall	45 - 52
Mr Peter Griffiths	Guest of Mrs Griffiths	Mrs Betty Read	Née White 53 - 58
Dr John Guy	63 - 71	Mrs Ann Richmond	Née Mitchell 55 - 60
Mr Francis Hackforth	49 - 56	Mr David Roberts	49 - 55
Mr John Harper	52 - 56	Ms Rainbow Russell- Pritchard	Née Lynne Russell 66-71
Mrs Joyce Harper	Guest of Mr Harper	Mr John Singleton	54 - 61
Mr Robin Harris	51 - 56	Mr Ken Taylor	51 - 56
Mr Keith Harvey	51 - 56	Mrs Helen White	Née Filcher 55 - 60

APOLOGIES FOR THE CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 2ND DECEMBER 2023

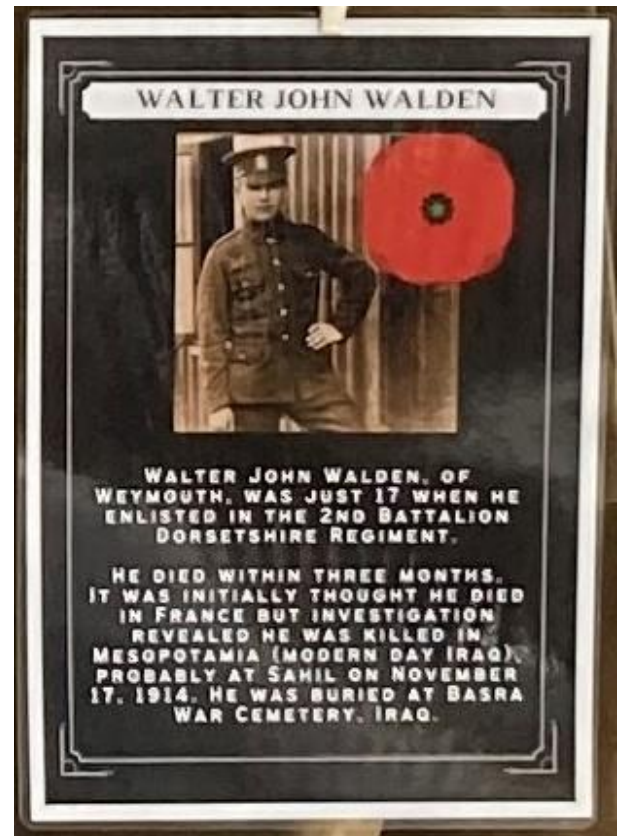
Richard Anstey	Paul Cumberland	Derek Lawman	Elaine Smith
Kenneth Bernthal	Stuart Dean	Tony Leigh	Jill Strong
Nick Bishop	Dennis Dolman	Jenny Moss	Richard Strong
Paul Burry	Janet Doolaeye	Vic Moss	Pat Trayler
Dan Challis	Faith Elford	Mark Perkins	Geoff Welch
Rod Cheese	David Finnemore	Christopher Peters	Bill White
Harry Clarke	Janet Finnemore	Christine Price	Prof. Bob White
Michael Coffin	Elizabeth Goode	Ian Rogers	Havilland Willshire
Audrey Cooper	Christopher Hyde	Marion Ryder	
Peter Cox	Mary Hyde	David Scrase	

QE SCHOOL REMEMBRANCE SERVICE – FRIDAY 10TH NOVEMBER 2023 by Dr JOHN GUY (63-71)

Once again this year OWA members were kindly invited to participate in QE School's service of remembrance. Although a little chilly and with a moderate breeze, thankfully the weather was dry so they were able to hold the service outside around the main entrance to the school. Following the customary laying of wreaths, at the conclusion of the service guests were invited into the main hall for light refreshments. This enabled us to pay our respects at those memorial plaques which used to hang on the wall in Big School, but now have pride of place on the wall of the main assembly hall at QE School, Pamphill.



On our way into the hall we were able to view a display which had been created in the main entrance lobby. This commemorated two soldiers who had been killed in action.



HEAD DEPARTS 'WITH IMMEDIATE EFFECT'

(The following has been taken from the Daily Echo of 28th March 2024.

Ed.)

A Secondary School has announced its headteacher has left with 'immediate effect'. Queen Elizabeth's School in Blandford Road, Wimborne, said its headteacher, Simon Firth, had left the state secondary school to 'pursue other opportunities in the education sector'.



He is replaced by the school's director of secondary education, Brian Boyes, who becomes interim headteacher.

The news comes after the school received a downgraded rating from Ofsted when it was rated 'requires improvement' in October 2023. As reported, the school complained to Ofsted about the rating due to being deemed 'good' on three out of five areas with the grading being branded 'unquestionably disappointing'. Ofsted has closed the complaint.

A spokesperson for Initio Learning Trust said "We have written to families to confirm that Simon Firth is leaving Queen Elizabeth's School and that Brian Boyes, our director of secondary education will be interim headteacher with immediate effect. Brian is an extremely experienced school leader with a track record in school improvement. He will be driving forward our programme of school improvement whilst we launch a recruitment campaign to find our next leader".

In the trust's newsletter, the school thanked Mr Firth for his 'work and commitment' since September. The trust has continued to express its faith in his replacement, but will begin a recruitment campaign to find a new headteacher in the meantime. In the newsletter, the school said : "Mr Boyes met a number of you earlier this month at the parents information evening and I know he is looking forward to working in partnership with you as we build further on the strengths of the school, whilst also addressing important areas for improvement. I know that Mr Boyes will be looking to increase the number of opportunities for parents and carers to engage with the school so that we build stronger relationships. He will be in touch with more details on this".

The academy teaches around 1,500 students aged 13 to 18 and was rated 'good' for 15 years.

The trust asked parents to inform their children of the change which came on the last day of the school's term on March 27th, 2024.

MY FIRST JOB by BRIAN WILLIS (46-52)

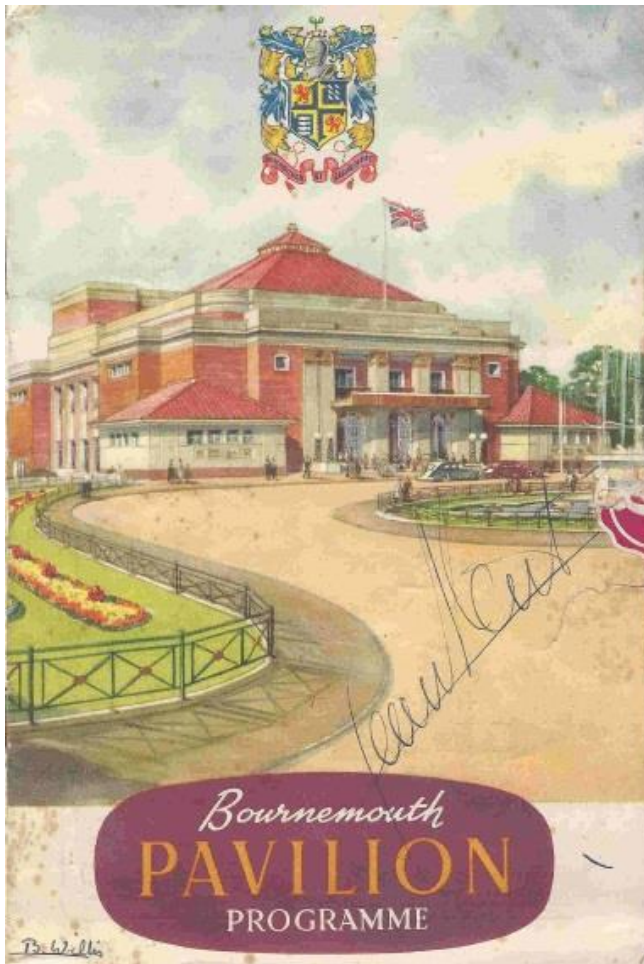
My first job, well it was Work Experience really, was as a "Props Boy" at the Bournemouth Pavilion pantomime. Throughout my teenage years, I was besotted with anything associated with the theatre and used to attend a Drama Club which was run in Church House. The lady who organized that group got me a month's work in the Pavilion. I used to cycle there and back from Wimborne at the height of winter but didn't care.

My time at the Pavilion was great fun. Here are a few of the stories.

I used to prepare the "custard pies" for the slapstick routine. It was shaving soap, which I boiled up, then, using a hand whisk, made into a froth. Must have been a nasty taste for the cast.

The Panto was "Cinderella, and occasionally I would help exercise the six Shetland ponies on the beach. (A great PR stunt, of course). The ponies pulled Cinder's coach, and I was fascinated to watch all six rising in the scenery lift for their scene.

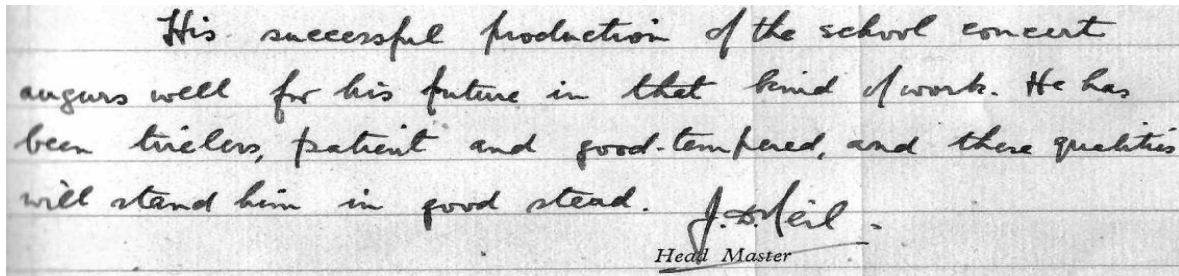
They also made me "Head of twigs". The Tiller Girls (remember them ?) did a dance routine involving small branches, and it was my job to dish out and collect these after their sequence.



But my big moment came each performance with "The Cloak". The "old hag" would walk across the Kitchen and when she got to the fireplace, there was an enormous flash, and she turned into the Fairy Godmother. The cloak was attached to a fishing line, which I paid out as she wobbled across the stage. Then when the (literally) blinding flash was set off, my job was to run as fast as I could off stage dragging the discarded cloak behind me. All went well until one fateful night, as I was paying out the line, a vast tangle emerged. I ran out of line and had to let it go. Observant members of the audience must have wondered why the old dear was being followed about ten feet behind by an enormous spider. Then came that flash and I had to dash across the stage (the Pavilion has a massive stage) grabbing the cloak off the floor as I flew, nearly knocking myself out when I collided with a lamp on the far side. Here's the front of the programme with

the film star's Jean Kent's signature. She was the big star attraction.

The then Headmaster of QEGS, Mr J D Neil, wrote in my final report.....



"His successful production of the school concert augurs well for his future in that kind of work. He has been tireless, patient and good tempered, and these qualities will stand him in good stead,"

I believe this was the first time ever that a pupil had produced the school concert. Yes, he was right. Two years in a boring office job in the Eclipse Works, then four years in the RAF fixing airplanes, but also producing and acting in the Station Dramas. And finally, I joined the BBC in 1958 and worked my way across various departments for the next thirty years before retiring as a TV Director/Producer in 1988.

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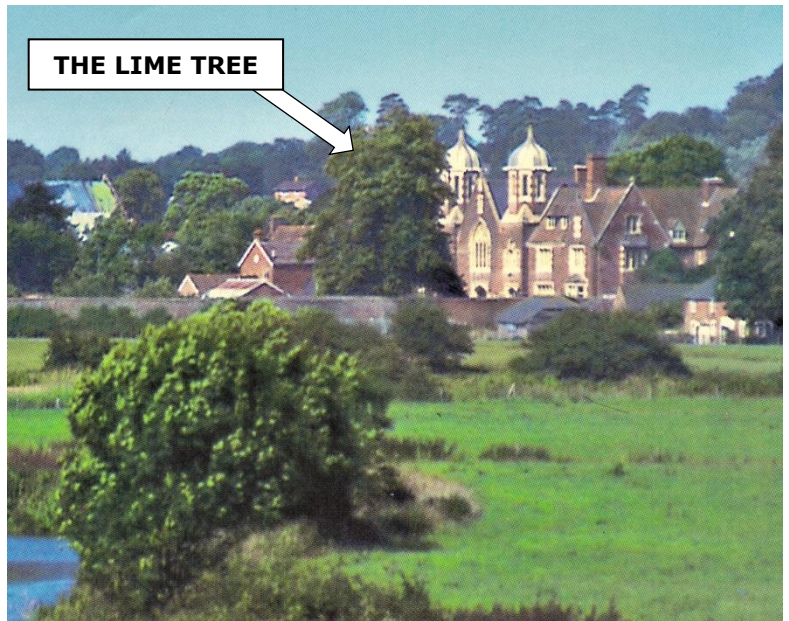


[Inside part of The Bournemouth Pavilion Theatre]

THE LIME TREE by JANET DOOLAEGE (née PURSEY) (58-65)

When I read Patricia Birch's poem in the autumn edition of the Newsletter, memories of the early 1960s came flooding back.

That big old lime tree was growing in front of the wall that separated the playground from Dean's Court, and some members of staff used to park their cars under it, which was not a good idea as lime trees exude a sticky substance. Perhaps the car-drivers objected to it. At any rate it was considered to be in the way, as there was a plan to build more huts to be used as classrooms. We already had two huts just off Grammar School Lane, next to the girls' changing rooms, and they were less than luxurious; but extra classroom space was needed.



The lime tree stood tall, its rich foliage of heart-shaped leaves lending shade on hot summer days, its white and yellow bee-filled flowers bringing wafts of perfume on the breeze before the summer holidays, the tracery of its dark bare branches outlined against grey skies in winter. How long had it been there? Nobody knew. We took it for granted.

When word went around that it was to be felled to make room for more huts, some of us were outraged. This was long before there was any general awareness of climate change, the dangers of deforestation and the need to protect trees as carbon sinks and refuges for wildlife. We just thought that it was a lovely tree and did not deserve to be chopped down merely for the school's convenience.

We got up a petition to save it. What could we say in protest? We made a guess that it was at least sixty years old, which seemed ancient to us at our age, and we went around collecting a great many signatures. Save the tree! A retired staff member, Mr Mottram (whom only the oldest among us will remember), stopped me one day in King Street and said that he congratulated us on our initiative. Did he have a word with his former colleagues? Perhaps.

Anyway: it was not cut down, and we, soon to leave school, were triumphant.

Another sixty years have rolled by, and we have scattered all over the world, to study and work, succeed and fail, get married and divorced, have children and grandchildren Indeed, some of those young campaigners are no longer alive.

I have recently learned that the Common Lime can live for as long as 400 years. Perhaps our tree was growing in its place before the foundations of the Victorian Gothic school building had been laid, and was already much older than we dreamt at the time.

Last summer, when I visited Wimborne for the OW reunion, I wandered around the town and into the much-changed precincts of the school. Only the preserved façade of the old building looked familiar.

And what about the tree? There it still was – but much shorter. I walked across the grass to take a closer look. It seemed as if it had lost half its former height. I peered up into the branches.

"What are you doing?" demanded a voice.

A gentleman had emerged from one of the flats and did not look very friendly. I hastened to reassure him that I was only a former pupil and not a potential burglar. He grew less hostile as I described our petition to save the tree, and he told me that it was diseased, and so it had been necessary to top it. It might not last much longer, he observed.

I am afraid that may be true, as mature trees do not respond well to such drastic action.

Former pupils no doubt often came back to see their old school, I said, and he muttered, "Not only old pupils. We get all sorts poking around. I need to keep an eye on the place."

With a last look back at the truncated tree, I turned and departed down Grammar School Lane. Might this residence of luxury flats be a "gated community", secure against the approach of all pokers around, by the time I next visited Wimborne?

And would the remains of our dear old lime tree still be there?

Eheu fugaces.



[There's still life in the old lime tree yet !]

*[Photograph taken by Dr John Guy
in mid-April 2024]*

FIRST CARS by MARGARET STOKES (née BUDDEN) (57-62)

In the 1960s my late husband, Geoff Stokes, and his younger brother Peter (both Old Winburnians) seemed to spend most weekends in their parents' garden heaving engines in and out of their jointly owned vehicles and lobbing tools round the place when things didn't go to plan.



Geoff bought his first model, a maroon coloured soft topped Hillman, during his final year at QEGS. He would occasionally drive it into school and proudly park it alongside the teachers' cars.

When we eventually married in 1967 Geoff and I needed our own set of wheels. He let his mechanic's heart rule his head and found it impossible to resist an old hardtop MGA that he'd spotted on a nearby forecourt. Having just passed my test in a very smooth running driving-school Vauxhall Viva, I quickly had to grasp the rigours of double-declutching the MG with the seat mounted on thick wooden blocks, fitted by Geoff, so that I could see the road ahead.



In time the bodywork became a bit tatty so Geoff purchased all the kit and set about a re-spray, again in the garden of his long suffering parents. By then, Peter and his wife had a toddler who was still a little unsure on her feet. We found her using the MG to steady her progress on the driveway, leaving sticky little handprints in the wet paint all along the offside. It then had to be dried, rubbed smooth and sprayed with a further coat.

When our jobs took us in opposite directions, Geoff decided that I needed a car of my own to drive the few miles to my office at Bovington Camp.



I became the dubious recipient of a 'Sit up and beg' Ford Anglia which defied all the normal vehicular conventions! To begin a journey, one had to be very vigilant, put it in gear, release the clutch suddenly, lurch forward and go. If one followed the usual rules of raising the clutch gradually, it sort of jumped up and down on the spot, then pattered to a standstill. An embarrassing daily situation evolved where my colleagues all waited in the staff car park to see whether I could

take off alone or whether I would need a push start.

On a good day, I could get a maximum of 56mph out of it around the perimeter road of the camp although this dizzy speed seemed to cause it to stray, inexplicably, to the right hand side of the road.

Eventually, Geoff took over the Anglia and let me drive our Ford Cortina Estate which felt wildly luxurious by comparison.

One morning, whilst he was driving a colleague to work, the poor chap and his seat suddenly dropped about six inches, when the floor collapsed on the passenger side. I believe this was the final straw and the car went the way of many subsequent acquisitions.

We always seemed to be the final owners before the scrapping process.

Hooray for the introduction of the MOT tests, say I.

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**OUR JOURNEY TO WIMBORNE GRAMMAR
(FROM UPTON TO WIMBORNE)**

CHOCOLATE AND CERISE ONTO TWO-TONE BROWN

PART ONE by ROBIN CHRISTOPHER (52-59)

Me, in my school uniform, walking up to Upton crossroads to get on a Bere Regis coach, driven by 'Bill' House. Joining me would be David Scrase, head boy, and Alan Cook from Butchers Lane, and later Julia Walsh from the farm behind the cemetery on Blandford Road.

Our next stop was Moorland Way, where the Sandy Lane crowd piled on; your good-self (Alan R Bennett), David and John Singleton, Dennis & Margaret Randall, Geoffrey Hopkins, Bob Hussey from the fish & chip shop, Peter & James Moss and Tony Dean from the BDH houses, and later cousin Sandra Kenyon, another best cousin, Maureen Payne, and later still another cousin, Peter Morris. Keith Harvey joined us at Seaview Road and by St Peter's Finger (Ad Vinculum, i.e., in chains), we picked up the vicar's daughter, Angela Mortimer, first head girl, and her younger brother and somewhere in Lytchett, Lorraine Thomas.

Then on past the Baker's Arms to Organford crossroads, where red faced and blackballed, Geoff Bartlett (no relative to the Wimborne Bartletts) came aboard. Up to Higher Lytchett where Raymond Collins, Bernard Stickland (another distant relative), Gwen Burbidge and a Crumpler piled on. Down to Limberlost to pick up Yvonne Sawyer and up to Corfe Mullen for Brian Antell, another head boy, Pat and Rachel Kettle, Andrew Jones of Violet Farm, Gabby Hughes, Percy Bartlett (again unrelated to the Wimborne Bartletts), Peter Pardy from the Bakers, whose mum was a dinner lady, Jeanette Worbey and the Strange sisters (strange by name not by nature), and a Pike from The Towers.

These are the ones I remember, but there would have been others who have faded away in the mists of time. When it was home time, we lined up in the main playground to climb aboard, but never attempted to sit in the rear seats, which were reserved for the bigger boys.

The late Geoff Hopkins used to bring a mandolin along, which he played whilst onboard. Once, when driver Bill had run over a dog just past Limberlost, Geoff jumped off and administered the coup de grace, putting the dog out of its misery.

PART TWO by ALAN R BENNETT (49-56)

Having suggested the idea of writing a feature on our journey to WGS to Robin I was delighted to receive his splendid submission. We were not exact contemporaries for I was (49-56) so, although we knew many of the same characters, our checklists were not identical. However, between us I believe we have contrived to remember almost all of those boys and girls who travelled with us from the starting point of Upton crossroads, along the A35 to Lytchett Minster and Organford, up the Wareham Road

through Lytchett Matravers and on to the Blandford Road, down to Limberlost, through Corfe Mullen and, eventually, along the A31 to Wimborne and our (beloved) school. To anyone we have forgotten we send our apologies (please do remind us). If anyone else would care to write a similar piece recalling their own journey to school and their companions, John and I would be delighted to hear from you.

At Upton crossroads (besides Robin's remembered companions) and at the top of Moorland Way, I would add the names of John Hill, Geoff and Peter Stokes (all from Sandy Lane), John Selby (from Chelmsford Road), Michael Pryor (from Guest Road) who all clambered aboard 'Bill' House's Bere Regis bus. (John Hill sadly passed away in 2017-18. Michael Pryor emigrated to New Zealand and died quite young. The last I heard of John Selby he was living in the Holton Heath area and doing voluntary work for the Dorset Wildlife Trust).

One enigmatic figure who at the very beginning of my WGS days joined the bus a half-mile down the road at what was called the Marsh was 'Henry' H.....n. 'Henry' came from a farming family, clearly possessed no school uniform (he always wore a shabby grey jacket and trousers, presumably his family could not afford the school uniform) and usually smelt of milk, especially when the sun shone on his clothes. I believe he helped with the family milking of the cows every morning before school. I was never aware of him speaking to anyone and he left school before reaching the examination years. I suspect he was a boy academically bright enough to pass the eleven-plus, but lacking the family support to enable him to pursue a different path in life. Who knows ?

Soon to join us further along the route was our estimable former Chairman, Ken Taylor, who has given so much valued service to the OWA. Ken, of course, I best remember as a boy delivering bread from Palmer's green van along Sandy Lane. At the same time Yours Truly was tramping around Upton pushing his green delivery handcart selling buns, cakes and pastries at the door from his father's bakery. We were not in direct competition for we worked on different days.

Also joining the bus at Holton Heath/Organford, or thereabouts was a loathsome thug called David C.....n. Such individuals sadly exist in every community. He was a bully who derived pleasure from tormenting those boys smaller than himself. He pulled their ears and their hair, twisted their wrists and generally inflicted pain wherever and whenever he could. What became of him I have no idea, but I hope he duly met someone who put him in his place – in the gutter where he belonged.

By now we are turning right up the Wareham Road to Lytchett Matravers where the next stop is Glebe Road and joining the bus a certain Patrick James Hatchard whom I nicknamed 'Toad' – we were reading *Wind in the Willows* in class at the time. Pat used to bring 'dirty books' to school (Does the name Hank Janson ring a bell or two ?) posted to him by an older brother who had emigrated to the States. He occasionally allowed us to read salacious passages from the books on the journey to school. Patrick, alias 'Toad', seldom did any of the homework he was set by his teachers, preferring to copy from someone else's book on the journey to school. His handwriting was naturally appalling, its spidery awfulness exacerbated by the movement of the coach so that what he handed in was barely legible. He was obviously a bright boy being in the A-

stream throughout his schooldays. However, he was eventually expelled half-way through the Fifth Form because of his failure to complete homework and his increasingly wayward attendance record. Your author occasionally saw him in the years after leaving WGS, though quite what he was doing was always difficult to establish. The next positive sighting of 'Toad' was when he became the landlord of the Albion hotel in Wimborne Square, a pub all OWs will remember as a popular and very respectable establishment. Alas, the reputation was soon to change following the disappearance of the Christmas Club money deposited by its trusting clientele together with the resignation of the landlord. No prosecution ever followed, probably because of the brewery's embarrassment at the sequence of events. As for Patrick James, alias 'Toad', the author has no definitive conclusion to his story, suffice to say that a reliable witness told him she feared he passed away some years ago. What happened to the vast library of Hank Janson books I have no idea !

Further along the Wareham Road in Lytchett Matravers two totally contrasting figures joined the school bus, one destined soon to become by far the largest, heaviest boy in the school. 'F...y' Short, as he was known, was an amiable figure of vast proportions. A few years ago when this author made enquiries about him, it was only to discover he had recently passed away. A mere bus stop or two along the way another utterly contrasting figure boarded our Bere Regis coach. Presumably suffering from some rare medical condition he resembled a survivor from Auschwitz or Belsen. With supreme irony he was nicknamed 'Tarzan'. Though I recall his surname I will not repeat it in these pages. What became of him I simply do not know. Another boy called Holloway joined the bus at the same point. Also in this approximate location I seem to recall a Ritchie (not Lionel), Paul Key (also known as Poole Quay), a Johnston, Betty White (now Betty Read – our illustrious committee member of many years longstanding), a Holloway (or two), Julius? (not Caesar) among others.

By now we are leaving Lytchett Matravers and joining the Blandford Road at which junction I recall an older boy, probably 'Hugh' Williams, boarding the bus. Did 'Hugh' become Head Boy at one point ? Not far away another individual I remember all too clearly joining us. His name was 'Goofy' B.....r, his actual Christian name unknown. Not dissimilar to D.C.....n, 'Goofy' was a loathsome bully who derived pleasure from inflicting pain on younger, smaller boys. He may even have achieved 'prefect' status, though I could not be sure. I have no idea what became of him. He belonged in a cesspit.

So, on to Corfe Mullen where, to add to Robin Christopher's list, a particular pal joined us at South Road. Eddie Dennett was an interesting figure. He had arrived at WGS a year earlier, but served an extra year in 1A. A fine sportsman, Eddie was the absolute antithesis of D.C.....n and 'Goofy' B.....r. A ruggedly handsome boy he already knew about girls. He often sat directly in front of me and his clothes bore the distinctive scent worn during his previous night's 'snogging' session with some local beauty. Without doubt one of the strongest boys in the school, he duly left his mark in dramatic fashion upon Wimborne's scenery. In the senior years we attended woodwork and metalwork classes at the council school at Redcotts. We walked from WGS across town via the path behind the Tivoli. To this very day Eddie's imprint can be seen. Testing his strength he would bend a railing or two as we wound our way to and from the school.



It was never vandalism in the anti-social sense of the word. The railings represented a challenge to his virility and strength. They can still be seen twisted and misshapen ! Walk behind the Tivoli and you will see them – 70 years later ! (Eddie passed away 10-15 years ago).

So, on to Violet Farm and Andrew Jones (destined to become a much loved music teacher at St. Michael's, Colehill – and still going strong !). Somewhere in this general location a very interesting figure got on the bus. The epitome of good manners and kindness a certain John Bown boarded. Tall, slim, fair-haired and the star of a school drama production or two, John went on to attend LAMDA and become a successful actor appearing on TV and in films. John passed away in 2017.

So, it was now down the hill past an old post office on the left and the Lambs Green pub on the right, and along the A31, over Julians bridge, round now what the reversed traffic flow is and so into the playground.

Arrival. The Fives courts already full of the early arrivals, we greet our cronies from far and wide, and the bell rings and another school day begins.

Those were the days, my friends. We thought they'd never end – until they did !



[Some typical examples of Bere Regis coaches]



THE JERRARD FAMILY, BUTCHERS IN WIMBORNE MINSTER **by PAT TRAYLER (née BROWN) (62-69)**

Christopher and Anthony Jerrard were brothers and executors for the will of Elizabeth Smallwell the younger (see Spring 2023 newsletter, 'The Smallwell Family of Millers in Wimborne'). A search for the brothers uncovered a large family with many of the males with the occupation of butcher. The surname could be spelt in a great many ways which made life rather difficult. The earlier records seem to keep to Jerrard and later ones to Gerrard(e). A search for the occupation of butcher and how it had changed over the years beckoned. The answer was the occupation had remained the same but the lifestyle changed. Meat had been processed since sharp tools could be used to sort (hack) a carcass into edible and useful parts, leaving as little waste as possible. What was considered useful changed over the years.

The Roman butchers brought new ideas to Britain and by the middle ages a butcher had become a craftsman. Butchers formed collectives in the 700s and were among the first at forming a guild, in their case for promoting cleanliness, craft and maximum use of a carcass. By the 1600s many rules and laws had been well established to ensure consistency, and disease from meat was minimised. There was no refrigeration, so fresh meat had to be sold and used within a day and a half after slaughter in the summer, and had a little more leeway in the winter. Butchers were not to prepare or sell processed meat, i.e., sausages and ham, this was a separate business.

Meat for the poor in cities was a luxury. Those in the country could buy and fatten a piglet or lamb which could mostly forage on their own. Pigs were particularly useful in eating acorns in the autumn but feeding pigs through the winter could be a problem, so the animals were slaughtered and processed by the local butcher. The butcher and probably the Lord of the Manor would each take a piece of the meat as a tithe and payment. By autumn a lamb would be well grown and provide several meals for a large family.

The Landowners had a choice of meat grown or hunted on their estate. Venison and boar were on the menu, mutton rather than lamb and veal rather than beef. A boar's head would be a centrepiece on the table at Christmas. There was no mention of the practice of hanging game for some time before cooking. The middle classes could eat a variety of meat that was on sale at the market or in a butcher's shop. A thought rose about selling fresh meat which would be messy. How was it moved about? From early times, (probably 700s) cut meat would be moved about wrapped in linen cloths that had been dipped in wax and polished. These were reusable after washing.

Sausages, the name thought to be derived from the Latin salisium for salted, were a way of preserving meat known about from the stone age. The English versions of sausage were similar to that of today but there were no continental versions of salami. The sausage length depended on the size of the hand of the producer. Ham, another ancient product, could be stored for much longer than fresh meat. Thighs of the pig were salted with "sweet brine", smoked and dried. Before the ham went for smoking, the ham tester had an important job in judging the soundness of the ham. He stood in a barrel to protect his clothes from the dripping brine and workers brought hams to him

for testing. A long pointed trier was plunged into the ham and then withdrawn and sniffed. The smell should be sweet.

The hides of the slaughtered animals were a source of income and many of the early butchers had a small tannery on their property. Bones were discarded before the discovery of their value for fertilizer. In the middle ages and beyond the butchers often lived in a small compound. Pens were outside for the animals ready for slaughter in the nearby slaughter house. The processing of the meat for customers in their shop, market or for delivery to the wealthier took place in another building as did the preparation of ham and sausages. A small tannery was usually attached in the earlier days.

Dwellings for the workers were also needed along with stabling for horses and delivery carts. Over time the head butcher had a bigger house with gardens and lands separate from the workplace.

Early Church records showed Jerrards had lived in Wimborne in 1512 when John Jerrard was a Church Warden in the Minster. Assuming he had to be over 21 to have this position, he was born in the middle to late 1400s. There are not many records on line from this time. However the Kingston Lacy estate includes a vast area in the Wareham and Purbecks and may account for movement to and from Wimborne and the Wareham and Purbeck area. In 1587, Christopher Jerrard, senior, father of Christopher and Anthony aforesaid, married in Steeple and moved to Wimborne Minster. His brother Anthony married in Wareham and moved to Poole. Other records indicate movement of Jerrards between Steeple, Melcombe Regis, Wyke Regis and Wimborne. Many were butchers, but the Wareham records show the Jerrards as Burgesses and MPs. The review of Dorset by Hutchins suggested all the Dorset families of Jerrards were descended from those at Wareham. In the records there are many Jerrards with Butcher as their occupation and annoyingly mostly with the forenames of John, Christopher Andrew and Thomas.

The life of the butcher could be very rewarding and the Jerrards of Steeple had gained money according to the For Sale entry in the newspaper 1765 Salisbury and Wimborne Journal.

1. A copyhold Estate of Inheritance consisting of a good Mansion House, barn, stables, garden, orchard, 19 acres of meadow ground in good condition to the same adjoining pleasantly in the Manor of Wyke Regis within a half of a mile of the Town of Weymouth and a quarter of a mile of the seashore and in full view of the Island of Portland and of the ships coming in and lying in Portland Road. Now in the possession of Mr John Jerrard, butcher.

2. A copyhold Estate of Inheritance called Easter Lane House consisting of 18 acres of meadow and pasture ground all in good condition in the manor of Wyke Regis and likewise in the possession of Mr Jerrard. Conditions of the sale from Mrs Stanway at the Crown Inn, Weymouth. Mr Jerrard of Wyke will show the premises. The butcher's business was profitable judging by the estates acquired and the money left in an assortment of wills.

Christopher Jerrard, senior, moved to Wimborne to work as a butcher and died there, leaving 3 children, Christopher, Anthony and Elizabeth. There was a possible fourth child, Ralph.

1663 Christopher Jerrard the younger, died intestate so an inventory of his estate was drawn up by his brother, Anthony Jerrard. The things of value were a gun and rapier 10/-, 2 Kin(e) £8, 1 horse 30s, 3 sheep 24s, 2 hogs 30s, one colt 23s. Funeral expenses were £2. Joanne Gerrard, Anthony's wife, took in one of the children and was paid £5.

Several of the Jerrard butchers of Wimborne left wills which showed that they had land in and around Wimborne and Corfe Mullen. The wills of the Jerrards also included some particular possessions and money sums to be given to family members. John Jerrard, butcher of Wimborne made a will, leaving sums of money of £200, £100, and £50. His named possessions were a silver bowl, silver spoon and a diaper (damask) table cloth and 6 napkins bought from London. In 1710 these sums of money and possessions would be a lot of money in today's world.

The families were large and fairly long lived so eventually there was no need for more butchers in Wimborne. Several moved to Corfe Mullen, Canford Magna, and Poole. Some of the family were apprenticed into other trades. These have stories for another time. The Jerrards who stayed in Wimborne had many mentions in the Church records. Many of these were for seats in the Minster.

Others were for rents on church houses. John Jerrard paid rent on a chimney in the Minster churchyard grounds. There was no explanation for this last entry. Suggestions welcome.

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[A Game Dealer & Pork Butcher in Wimborne Square circa 1910]

Source : Wimborne Camera

DESERT ISLAND DISCS by DIANA MOSS (née ANDERSON) (55-61)

When I was at Primary school we had a piano at home which my father would often play. There was one particular piece I grew to love, possibly because he never played it much beyond the first page of music and I was left wanting to hear more. He would start to perform **Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata** while he was waiting for my mother to be ready before taking her out – and that wasn't very often! About a decade after my father died in 1959 I first heard all of it played by a professional musician. I loved it and will always associate it with memories of him, so this would be my first choice.



I went through a stage of falling in love with Cliff Richard and all his songs. I thought my heart would break when Buddy Holly died in an air crash, but happily his songs lived on. There seemed to be a fair amount of good popular music around in the early 1960s and this was also the period when The Beatles and their fun songs came into their own. My father had preferred classical music so this was a time for me to explore my own preferences. Just a month prior to his death we had moved house and my mother, who was a nursing sister, started up a small residential home for the elderly.

My mother surprised me by giving me a Dansette record player for my twenty-first birthday. How I loved it! (And how many times did she have to remind me to turn the volume down in case I disturbed our elderly residents!) After that my feet probably wore a path round the counters of Woolworths, listening to records in one of their record booths and trying to decide which one to buy.



I then went through a romantic phase and enjoyed **I Love You Because** sung by Jim Reeves. He also had approval from my mum, so I'll take that one with me on the desert island. Some years after I first owned this record I first realised all that Jesus had done for me, even to dying for me and rising again so that my soul will never die. I gave my life to Jesus that evening and soon this song took on a new meaning for me.

Soon after this I stopped wishing for this and longing for that, yearning for time to pass as one tends to do when young. It was around this time that **Magic Moments** sung by Perry Como was released. I learned how to live in and enjoy the moment – so I would like this record with me as a reminder.

Some years later I grew to enjoy **Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony**. If I am to be stranded on a desert island then, as the weather is discussed and bemoaned so much in Britain, then I must surely have music to remind me of it.

I married Jim in 1975 and we had two children – Simon and Hannah. There are many moments and memorable pieces of music to treasure from all of it. I think the highlight would be our family trip to New Zealand in 1995 which also turned out to be our last family holiday together. Whilst there we stayed with friends. On our last evening we had a family get-together round the piano ending with singing some praise and worship

songs. One we didn't know was **Shout to the Lord, which was originated by Hillsong**, so our friends taught it to us and even gave us the sheet music. That song means so much to all four of us for many different reasons. We gave the sheet music to our musicians at church. I would like to think that we brought that song to the UK, but it became so popular I'm sure it would have turned up here anyway before long !

Soon after this it was discovered that I am hard of hearing and have since worn hearing aids. This song was the first song that I learned how to sign in British Sign Language – not that I'm at all proficient in BSL, but it has been helpful at times.

This is the Air I breathe by Michael W Smith is a song I first heard as a beautiful unaccompanied solo sung by a young girl. It is so worshipful and thoughtful, so I couldn't be on the desert island without it as a reminder that God is constantly in me and around me.



Late in 2013 it was discovered that I had cancer in my large colon and needed major surgery. All the time I was in hospital, words from a song we had recently sung at church were going round in my head; **The God of Angel Armies is Always by my Side by Chris Tomlin**. My best ever Christmas present was when the surgeon telephoned me at home to inform that I was cancer free. It had all gone and had not affected any other organ so no further treatment was necessary apart from annual check-ups for five years. All that is behind me now, and I can testify to God's continued faithfulness.

My last choice tends to be heard around Christmas, but I feel needs to be sung all the year round as it tells of such wonderful uplifting truths. It is **Joy to the World by Isaac Watts**. I will take this to my desert island to remind me of all this – and of course it might be Christmas while I'm there!



I understand I will be able to have my Bible with me, also the complete works of William Shakespeare. My choice of book would be by **Monica Dickens**, the great granddaughter of Charles Dickens. I was in my teens when I first read **One Pair of Hands**, which is based on her experiences as a cook-general, then **One Pair of Feet** which is an autobiographical novel based around her time as a nurse at the outbreak of World War Two. I found her warmth, wit and wry observations to be captivating and read them often. Indeed these entertaining books were the original inspiration to write articles, stories and books myself. I later read **My Turn to Make the Tea** which describes some of her encounters as a junior reporter for a regional newspaper. I am hoping that by the time I will be on my desert island these three books will be published together as a trilogy!

For my luxury item I would like to take a **typewriter with plenty of paper and ribbons**. There are bound to be many incidents needing to be transcribed ready to publish another book by the time I am rescued.

FULL CIRCLE by MARGARET STOKES (née BUDDEN) (57-62)

In the Autumn newsletter, the obituary to Eric Leeson referred to his fascination with William Cox, former pupil of QEGS and pioneering spirit in 18th century Australia.

My antennae twitched !

Back in 1957 I joined the school and was seated (alphabetically, as was the custom) directly behind Sandra Brown since when we have been lifelong friends. One of my retirement hobbies is genealogy and, at her request, I researched Sandra's paternal line, about which she knew nothing.

The line grew more and more interesting with many references to the well documented William Cox (1764-1837) who turned out to be Sandra's 4 times great-grandfather.



[Portrait of William Cox, 1830, by Charles Rodius]

Source : Wikipedia

Watching a TV episode of 'Who Do You Think You Are' some months later it was revealed that Cox was also a 5 times great-grandfather to Jason Donovan.

I subsequently made the surprising discovery that William Cox had been a former pupil of the Grammar School where Sandra and I first met, thus bringing us full circle.

In a further connection, Sandra's son James emigrated to Sydney some years ago and now lives in Brisbane.

She has sent him all his ancestral documents, showing his place in Australian history.

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE WINBURNIAN

(Ed.)

From Issue No. 77, Spring Term 1938

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr Tapping has presented the School with a framed reproduction of an old advertisement of the School. It reads :

"At the Free-Grammar School, Wimborne, Dorset, Young Gentlemen are boarded and educated, by the Rev. James Mayo, at Twenty-five Guineas per Annum: and a temporary Advance of 3 Guineas. (This charge includes Classical Instruction, Writing and Accompts, and Washing). Entrance Two Guineas, with a Silver Spoon, Knife and Fork. A separate Bed (if required) Two Guineas per Annum. French, Dancing, Music and Drawing, by proper Masters. No New Year's Gifts, or other Perquisites, are required, or expected. June 24, 1800.

J Easton, Printer, High-street, Sarum."

LIMERICKS FROM FORM MAGAZINES

There was an old man from Corfe Mullen,
Who always was moody and sullen,
But one dark hour
He was flung in the Stour
Which gave him a jolly good coolin'.

JOKES FROM FORM MAGAZINES

GOOD BUSINESS

Two yokels were watching a village cricket match.

First Yokel : "The doctor be bowling well today, 'Enery."

'Enery : "Aye, that he be, he's got fewer wickets and three new patients."

SOMETHING LIKE

Old Gentleman : "I'm glad to see you admire the beauty of the sunset."

Small Boy : "That's not the sunset ! That's our school on fire."

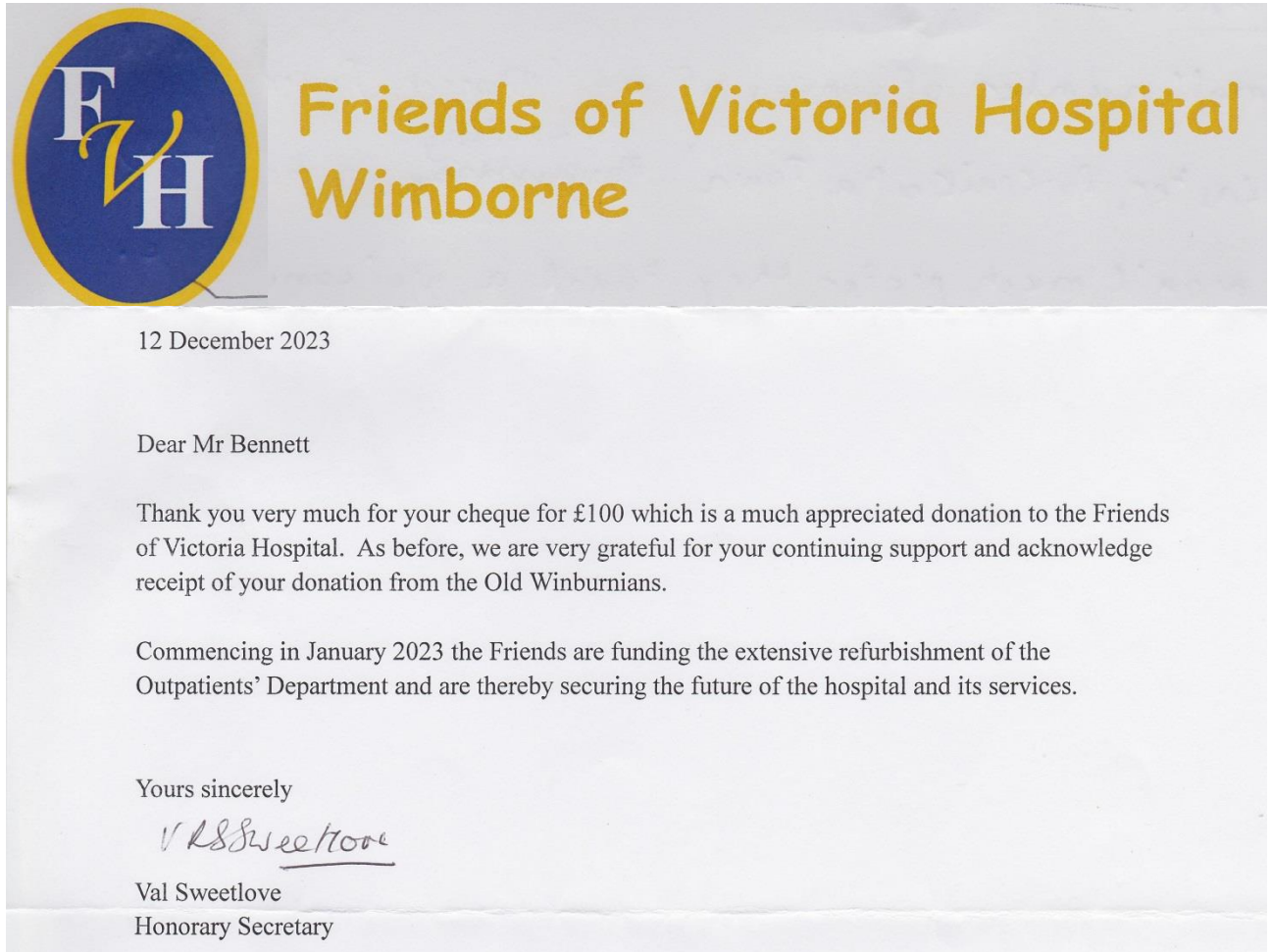
HIS IDEA

A town dweller was talking to a country yokel whom he considered ignorant. After hearing the day's routine he asked , "Well, George, how much do you earn ?"

George replied : "Well y'know, I d'reckon I d'earn 'bout ten pund a wick, but varmer only gives I thirty bob."

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 December 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 July and invite our members to avail themselves of my offer. I will be very happy to inscribe copies as members wish. 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.

NEWS OF SOME OLD WINBURNIANS

CHRISTOPHER PETERS (51-54)

Thank you Alan and John for continuing to carry out the excellent work you do on our behalf to keep in touch with Old Winburnians. Seeing old photos of Wimborne is always a treat ! My sister, Anna Abel, does some occasional voluntary work at the Tivoli and has come across other OW's.

The photos of old motor cars bring back vivid recollections of carting a cello in an old Standard motor car and others from the school to meet my father in the square, near Woolworths, to be driven home which was at Paradise Farm, Holt. But my father managed Edwards & Co garage in Pokesdown, so waiting times for him to collect me varied. The reverse trip was carried out the following morning. Needless to say my cello playing skills failed to progress very far. I learned to "mime" playing in the morning assembly until that must have been noticed by Mr Clarke, the music teacher if memory recall is good ! Oh happy days !!

With best wishes to you and others from the early 1950's, especially Anthony Gould, Ken Taylor and Bob White.

PAUL BURRY (52-57) & IAN HASTINGS (52-57)

'Even 63 years cannot erase a true friendship'

Ian and I were at the Grammar school together from 1952 to 1957. We remained friends for some time thereafter, but lost contact in the 1960s – Ian moving to Spain and I joined the Army.

Among my particular memories in the late Fifties were Saturday nights at the then Ritz Ballroom in Bournemouth followed by late night coffee at the Swiss Restaurant just off the Square. Ian had, I think, a very smart Austin Cambridge with a radio !



He stayed in Spain until the 1990s when he moved to Chile. I remained in the Army for 27 years, then spent several further years in security management and consultancy before retiring to France with my wife in 2005. About six years ago Ian got in touch with me having got my details from the Old Winburnians; a really pleasant surprise, but it was not until last year that we were actually able to meet.

DEREK LAWMAN (51-56) & BRIAN RICHMOND (49-56)

Great to hear from two old Sixth-form pals of yesteryear.

Derek, notwithstanding a number of health challenges (like his wife Karen), is still deriving a lot of pleasure from listening to the music of our mutual heroes, Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett, Jack Jones, Johnny Mathis, Sammy Davis, Barbra Streisand, et al.

Also from Brian and his wife Sue in Wokingham. Amazingly Brian is now the longest serving guide at Stratfield Saye House. I am sure the late Duke of Wellington would have appreciated Brian's devotion to service. However, whether Brian – for all his generosity of spirit – would have approved of some of the Iron Duke's political views, post 1815, I am sceptical. But keep up the good work, old friend. I know you will deliver an eminently objective opinion to the visitors at the House. Do you also show the visitors the paddock where his horse Copenhagen, who died aged 28, was buried? I understand his dam was pregnant with Copenhagen at that famous battle in 1807. That's quite a story in its own right, isn't it?

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**A MESSAGE FROM THE BOYS OF WALMINGTON-on-SEA
(via YOUR EDITOR)**

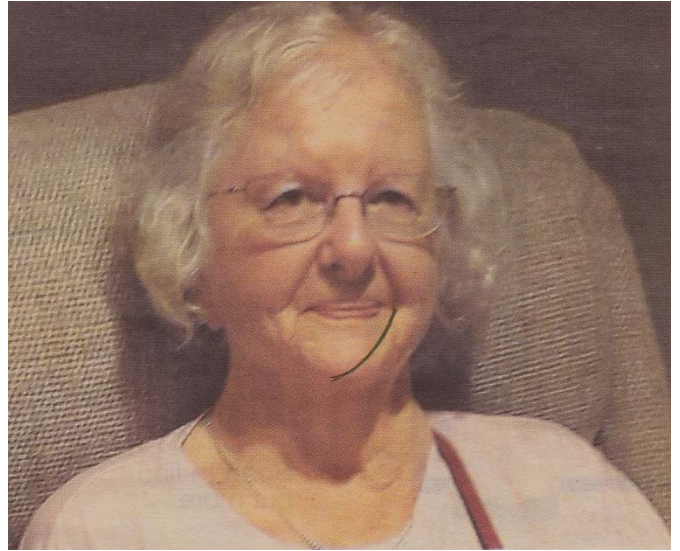
We send greetings to the Old Winburnians. We too remember our schooldays with great affection (well, mostly !). Private Walker has a special message for the ladies. 'Lovely ladies in Wimborne and around the world. If any of you should be in need of any k....r elastic, I've just received a fresh supply of top quality, guaranteed to avoid any difficult situations that may arise (is that the right verb in the circumstances ?). Anyway, just give me a bell. Love, Joe Walker (Private)'.



**IN MEMORIAM OF
CYNTHIA TANNER (née STREETS) (55-62)**

***(The following has been taken from the Daily Echo of 20th February 2024.
Ed.)***

Tributes have been paid to a 'devoted mother of five' and a school teacher. Cynthia Tanner from Ferndown died peacefully, aged 80, at Bournemouth Hospital after a short illness. She spent her final days surrounded by her daughters. In a tribute, her family said "Cynthia was generous, calm, quiet and modest".



She hit the headlines in 1975, when, already the mother of 13-month old Claire, Cynthia gave birth to quadruplets – the first ever born at Poole Hospital.

She fondly recalled finding out she was expecting four on April Fool's Day and no one believed her. Gill, Hilary, Judith and Rachel were born healthily 24 days later. They were two sets of identical twins, thought to be the first quads of their kind in Europe or America, and featured in the Daily Echo and on the BBC.

Cynthia started her teaching career at Kemp Welsh School in Poole and later became deputy headteacher at Parley First School; she took early retirement in 1993.

Born in October 1943, she grew up in Wimborne, where she attended Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School and was taught by her father, William Streets.

She was a member of the 'Old Winburnians Association' and was still in touch with former pupils.

Cynthia met Neill Tanner, a local deputy headteacher at the time, when he visited her school. They were married within a year and were together for 43 years before he passed away in April 2015.

Cynthia's daughters said : "She was passionate about genealogy, not only compiling comprehensive Tanner/Streets family trees, but also enjoyed helping others with theirs. She was an incredibly talented knitter and sewer. She had recently completed intricate cross stitch pictures for her grandchildren, Leon (10), Taro (11), Wren (8) and Circe (4), which they will treasure."

Her daughters have been incredibly touched by the tributes from Cynthia's friends, which have been of great comfort. She was described as 'generous, appreciative, caring, kind and eager to help all.' They will miss her daily messages and phone calls, her loss is a huge void. She is also dearly missed by her sister Liz.

Cynthia died on January 30th 2024.

**A MEMORY OF PETER JOHN DOUCH (58-63)
by JOHN DACOMBE (56-62)**

DORSET RANGERS CRICKET TOUR, GERMANY, 1966

In 1966 (World Cup year) Peter and I were invited to go on a cricket tour of Germany playing various regiments that were stationed there.

We were the youngest of the party, I had just turned 21 and Peter was 19.

On our first day after arriving at our destination some of the older members of our party suggested that it would be a good idea to take a trip to Hamburg so we youngsters could see the Art and culture of the city.

On arriving in Hamburg we were immediately taken to the Reeperbahn area where we were taken to a premises which sold alcohol.

As Pete and I sipped our lemonade shandies we noticed a small stage at the end of the room, but thought nothing of it.

After a period of approximately ten minutes the curtains parted and a young lady appeared and started removing her clothes.

As you can imagine Pete and I were shocked and tried to avert our gaze. I remember the song being played was "Spanish Eyes" by Al Martino and I remember thinking how ironic because her eyes would be the last thing we would be looking at.

After about four hours and several performances later we finally managed to avert our gaze and return to our base slightly less innocent than we were a few hours earlier.



OBITUARIES

GEORGE LEONARD PEARCE (36-41)

(We received the sad news of Len's passing in late December 2023. He was our oldest member at the time. A former OWA committee member, he was at the heart of preparing for the quincentennial celebrations in 1997 to mark the founding of QEGS, Wimborne. He attended our reunion events for many years, often accompanied by his wife Diana.

Ed.)

A Service of Thanksgiving for the life of
George Leonard Pearce
"Len"

12th March 1925 – 21st December 2023



Donations in Len's memory are for the
Dorset & Somerset Air Ambulance

Donate online at
www.funeraldirector.co.uk/len-pearce

or cheques may be sent to

Douch & Small Funeral Directors,
7 Leigh Road, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 1AB

JOHN (POLLY) PERKINS (58-65)

(We received the following from John's brother Mark

Ed.)

It is with sadness that I am publishing the death of my dear brother, John (Polly) Perkins.

He was 76 years old and had suffered from Parkinson's disease and Lewy body dementia for several years. He had been making great progress, but in June he had a fall and broke a hip. This was successfully replaced, but John was never able to recover mobility and his zest for life. He died on 21st October 2023 at 76 years old.



He enjoyed his membership of the Old Winburnians Association and we would discuss the contents at some depth for several years.

He also enjoyed his seven years at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School although, by his own admission, he was not the most dedicated student and did as much as was required academically. He did,

however, love the social side of QE life, and the Sixth Form of that cohort did take part in many escapades at school.



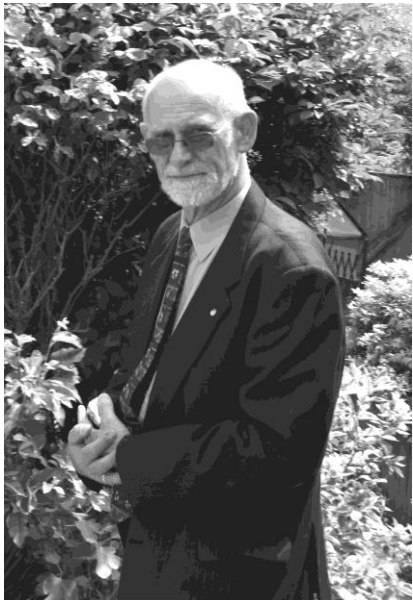
Following his time at QE, he attended Harper Adams Agricultural College for two years followed by a BSc at Bangor University. This suited him well and he went on to complete his doctorate at the same university. A spell as manager of the student's union at Bangor was followed by a year's teaching rural science in Mold.

Then he felt he had clearly had enough of schools and began working in the administration department of Bangor University and completed his working life as deputy registrar.

Part of his mission at the university was making connections with universities in many parts of the world and his travels took him to a large number of countries, some were for the university whilst others were of his own making. He made more than one visit to some countries and amongst them was Uganda, Sierra Leone, India, Australia, Palestine, The Philippines and Pakistan. It was during his time in Pakistan that he formed an important relationship with a priest and between them they established a charity which helped girls into education. In the end they actually set up schools specifically for girls and these were named after John's only daughter, Emma*

He was very involved in the life of the Church of Wales and served on the National Synod, and also with the local churches. He was heavily involved in the local community and in the life of Menai Bridge town, serving on many bodies.

*John suffered some traumatic moments in his life, one which affected him very much, and his wife Lis, was when their daughter, Emma Marchant, contracted breast cancer. She fought the disease for several years, but succumbed eventually at the age of 33. Emma left a husband, son and daughter. The son, Elliot, moved into John and Lis's home and settled with them until his marriage in 2022. The other defining moment for John was the death in 2022 of his wife, Lis, after a short illness due to a brain tumour.



His funeral was held on the 8th November 2023 in Menai Bridge on Anglesey.

He is much missed by his two grand-children and of course brother, Mark and his family.



Boys Team, Left to right: 'Basil' Bennett, 'Pip' Randall, Geoff Hendy, Barry Willmott, John Perkins, Michael Froud, Charles Halliday, Martin Radcliffe.

PETER MOSS (52-59)

(We received the following from Peter's wife, Jan

Ed.)

Creative ceramicist, inspirational educator, encouraging mentor and champion of the arts, Peter sadly died on 23rd February 2024 at the age of 83 after living with heart failure and dementia for a number of years.



Peter's father was a Chemist at British Drug Houses (BDH) and, when the company relocated to Poole in 1946, the family moved from London to housing built by BDH for their workers in Upton. Pete and the TX gang (brother Vic, friends Tony Dean and Colin Fricker, and the family dog) roamed the countryside, particularly around Holes Bay, having adventures and only coming home at teatime.



[From L to R : Robin Christopher, Pat Unsworth, Gabby Hughes, Pete Moss, Ray Collins]

Peter often talked about how much he enjoyed his schooldays at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, particularly after girls were admitted. It was at school that he met Judy Cakebread. In her teenage diaries, she wrote about young love, about taking the 'wireless' to Shell Bay, and she listed every film she saw at the cinema with Peter... or another boyfriend. In the summer holidays, they visited Heidelberg, Paris, Vienna and Brunnen – trips organised by Mr Pursey. Peter and Judy married in 1964 in Wimborne Minster and their sons, Dan and Ben, were born soon afterwards.

At Bournemouth and Poole College of Art, David Ballantyne, Peter Stoodley and Philip Hartas encouraged Peter's fascination with pottery, and in 1965 he commenced his studies at the Royal College of Art. Peter said he considered himself fortunate to have experienced a

major period of change in art school teaching and to have encountered, and been encouraged by, influential artists and mentors such as Eduardo Paolozzi, Hans Coper and Lucie Rie.

A long teaching career in art and design education followed, culminating in him becoming Vice Principal at Lincoln College of Art and Design. He was also a visiting lecturer and external examiner at numerous colleges. He never learnt to drive, so he would go by train to colleges in the Midlands and to Plymouth, and fly to Belfast. Peter joined regional and national art groups, sat on many committees and took part in

numerous arts projects in order to promote and influence arts development in Lincolnshire and beyond. He was always willing to help others and he gave his time generously to encourage and inspire young artists.

Peter was passionate about making and sharing his beautiful ceramics and spent many happy hours in his pottery studio. He was as enthusiastic about craftsmanship and the qualities of clay, glaze and decoration as he had been as a student. He showed his work widely in solo and group exhibitions in this country and internationally.

Peter created decorative and sculptural ceramics often in the form of small bowls, large shallow dishes, upright flat-faced vase shapes and forms based on the Kimono. The surfaces were highly decorated with rich glazes, and with multi-fired enamels and precious metal lustres in reds and golds, bronzes, silver and platinum applied in intricate patterns.



Following Judy's untimely death at the young age of 50, Peter took early retirement, intending to concentrate on his own ceramic work. However, he couldn't quite stop teaching altogether and he still enjoyed running workshops with students of all ages, including working with schools and community groups to create ceramic murals to be sited within their communities.

An avid reader and collector of books, Peter also liked listening (and jiving) to music and watching film from animation to Japanese and European films. Playing rugby at school began a lifelong love of the sport, as a player and as a spectator. He liked the comradery and friendships formed on and off the pitch. In later life he joined a bowls club and, again, very much enjoyed the friendships and post-game visits to the pub. Peter married for a second time in 1994. He met Jan through work and they enjoyed 30 years of happy marriage together. Although Peter had lived in Lincoln for 50 years, he never lost his love for Dorset and, when he could, he liked to visit his son, Ben, who lives in Dorchester.



To celebrate his 70th year, he held a major exhibition at The Hub in Sleaford – the wall of ceramic red kimonos as you entered the exhibition space was simply stunning. Sadly, after heart surgery, Peter never returned to making his ceramics, but the family have placed a ball of clay in his coffin (just in case), along with a box of sand from his beloved Dorset.

Peter touched the lives of many and was an extraordinary man, but to his family he was a loving and loved husband, dad, grandad and brother.

RUSSELL HUNTER (57-64)

(We received the following from Russell's wife, Andrea Silver Ed.)

It is with a heavy heart that I felt I should inform you that Russell passed away on December 19th, at Eastbourne General Hospital.

Russell was 77 years old and would have been a student in the 1950's. I know he relished reading the newsletter and would tell me tales if he spotted anyone he knew. He always displayed the photos of the rugby and cricket teams of which he was a member.

JAMES (JIM) MICHAEL CUMMINS (55-63)

(We received the following from Jim's wife, Erlene Chun Cummins Ed.)

I am writing to share the sad news that my husband, Jim Cummins (James Michael Cummins) passed away on April 3rd, 2023. His family lived not far, in Bere Regis, in old Tom Snow's cottage. Jim remembered many happy memories of his childhood and schooldays, and school friends.

Jim went on to achieve an undergraduate degree from London University, a Master's of Science from Wales and a PhD from Liverpool University. He taught at Victoria University Wellington, University of Queensland and at Murdoch University. His interest was in reproductive biology and he was involved in the development and establishment of human IVF clinics, both in Brisbane and Perth, Western Australia, and in ongoing research in these fields through professional scientific societies. In his so-called 'retirement' he remained actively engaged with scientific endeavour through editing manuscripts for publication.

Jim died at home on April 3rd, 2023 after an 18 year battle with prostate cancer and was laid to rest at Pinnaroo Memorial Cemetery in Perth, Western Australia. He is survived by his wife, Erlene, sons David and Philip, daughter, Sabrina and 5 grandchildren.

MEMORIES OF WIMBORNE



[Two-way traffic on East Street in 1960s when it was part of the A31 – perhaps this Bere Regis coach has just dropped the ‘Chocolate & Cerise’ crowd before going on a day trip ?]

Source : Wimborne Camera



[An Aerial view of part of Wimborne Town Centre in the early 1950s – can you spot the old Methodist Chapel and classrooms 10 & 11 ?]

Source : Wimborne Camera

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