



OLD WINBURNIANS NEWSLETTER – SPRING 2026

Dear Fellow Old Winburnians,

'Nostalgia – a sentimental longing or wistful affection for the past, one example includes fondly remembering childhood' (Oxford English Dictionary definition). Does that word then explain, at least in part, if not wholly the continued existence of the Old Winburnians Association ? When you, the reader, open the pages of the latest issue what are you hoping to find ? Above all, it will surely be news of old school friends you may not have seen for years and reminders of those long distant days when you attended our old school in King Street, Wimborne Minster. Ah ! Yes, King Street, I wonder how many of you actually remember in any detail the street itself other than the entrance to our school in Grammar School Lane. Of course, if you lived somewhere in the town that necessitated a walk to school that took you along it each morning and back along it each afternoon to and from your home you probably do still have a clear image of King Street. On the other hand if you travelled to and from school every day in a bus any detailed knowledge is unlikely. In fact, what you may remember is that in those far-off days King Street was two-way for traffic. It's difficult to believe such a state of affairs today with the size of lorries and double-decker buses, yet I do not recall any accidents – our coach drivers were careful and skilful.

So, what prompted this writer's renewed interest in King Street ? It was reference in our last issue to dear old 'Motty', Mr L H Mottram, who lived at No 14 for many years. A few days ago, I chanced to walk along the street to see if I could locate his old house after all the changes that have taken place over the last half century. In truth, the numbering of the surviving properties is, to say the least, somewhat eccentric if you should decide to explore yourself some day in the future. The names on the front doors of some of the houses evoke a very different, bygone age – Blacksmith's Cottage, The Forge, Victoria Cottage, Beaufort Cottage, Allhallows House, among others. Actually I suppose it is possible one or two of our members even attended as small children the old National School, originally built in 1843, enlarged in 1871 and enlarged again in 1888 – were you a short-trousered pupil there before passing your Scholarship exam to go to QEGS ? (Not that I am implying you were there in the 19th century !). The school has, in fact, long ceased to be an educational establishment – it is now a Community Centre.

I don't recall the exact date when significant changes occurred in the street – when it became one-way, when many of the older properties were demolished (what

compensation was paid to existing property owners I wonder ? When access to the large car park necessitated their removal ? etc.). Of course, today the splendid Model Town flourishes on the other side of the road after its removal from its old site near the Corn Market. If any of you have not yet visited it do make a point of going along at the earliest opportunity – it is quite superb with a splendid tea-room. Further along you will find the entrance to Wimborne Cricket Club’s new ground with views across to the water meadows of the River Stour. Many of us lamented the loss of the old club ground when Waitrose arrived in the town. In truth the new club ground is quite superb and worth a visit if you are in the vicinity.

To conclude this piece which was prompted by my memories of Mr L H ‘Motty’ Mottram I would just add that, if you never knew him as a teacher at our old school, he was truly a splendid human being. When I first arrived at WGS, along with the likes of my old pals, Brian Richmond, Derek Lawman, David Park, David Roberts, Ron Mansfield, Frank Hackforth – among others – he was our Geography master. White haired, of medium height and build, a twinkle in his eye, he played a key role behind the scenes with Mr ‘Fishy’ Maiden in school drama productions and, of course, a hugely important role in the OWA. As it happens, I have one particular memory of him from those far-off days – he was the first teacher at WGS to send me out of the classroom. The first of several, I must add ! He was delivering a lesson on sheep farming in Australia and, at a particular point, I heard myself emitting a loud ‘Baa ! Baa !’ sheep-like noise. The class erupted in laughter, ‘Motty’ was not amused, “Bennett, out, out !” ‘Sheepishly !’ I left the classroom which was suddenly silent. ‘Motty’ was quite right, of course, and I respected him even as I wrote the 200 lines he gave me for my impertinence that evening !

See you in July ! Warmest good wishes.

P.S. I never did find No 14. Sadly demolished – like so many others !
Farewell, Motty !

Alan R Bennett
On behalf of the Committee

+++++

Remember the Lime Tree at the edge of our playground in King Street



[The lime tree in late Spring 2024]



[The lime tree in late Spring 2026]

**FORTHCOMING IMPORTANT
OWA DATES FOR YOUR DIARY**

Summer Reunion
Annual General Meeting
Christmas Reunion

Saturday 4th July 2026
Monday 14th Sept.2026
Saturday 5th Dec. 2026

+++++

FULL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Alan R Bennett	11 Hawk Close, Pilford Heath, WIMBORNE	BH21 2NW
Janet Coy	2 Durrant Road, Lower Parkstone, POOLE	BH14 8TP
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
Bill Haskell	54 Ryan Court, Whitecliffe Mill Street, BLANDFORD	DT11 7DQ
Hilary Kemp	1 Trumpeters Court, West Street, WIMBORNE	BH21 1JS
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

+++++



[A tranquil scene this Spring as the River Allen flows under the bridge on Hanham Road, but earlier in the year it was a raging torrent and those benches were under water !]

**EXPECTED ATTENDEES AT THE CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON
6TH DECEMBER 2025**

Mr Morgan Antell	52 - 58	Mr Bill Haskell	52 - 56
Mrs Ann Antell	Guest of Mr Antell	Mr Geoff Hill	58 - 59
Mrs Jennifer Baker	Née Donaldson 63 - 70	Mrs Guilia Holland	Née Griffiths 58 - 63
Mrs Marilyn Barber	Née Bartle 59 - 64	Mr Mick Felton	Guest of Mrs Holland
Mr Alan Bennett	49 - 56	Miss Elizabeth Judd	65 - 70
Mrs Wendy Bundy	Née Baker 54 - 59	Ms Hilary Kemp	61 - 66
Mr Derek Burt	47 - 52	Mr Alan Maitland	54 - 59
Mr Ian Sandy	Guest of Mr Burt	Mrs June Maitland	Guest of Mr Maitland
Mrs Eunice Carnall	Née Chadd 55 - 62	Mrs Diana Moss	Née Anderson 55 - 61
Mr Andrew Cherrett	62 - 69	Mr James Moss	Guest of Mrs Moss
Mrs Elaine Cherrett	Guest of Mr Cherrett	Mrs Julia Palmer	Née Cave 63 - 70
Mr Peter Clarke	55 - 57	Mr David Park	48 - 55
Mrs Elizabeth Clarke	Née Lucas 62 - 69	Mrs Lorna Park	Guest of Mr Park
Mr David Webber	Guest of Mrs Clarke	Mrs Betty Read	Née White 53 - 58
Mr Robert Copelin	46 - 51	Mrs Helen Rooney	Guest of Mrs Read
Mr Desmond Cox	47 - 51	Mrs Ann Richmond	Née Mitchell 55 - 60
Mrs Janet Coy	Née Dowd 53 - 58	Mr Ian Rogers	45 - 53
Mrs Freda Croasdell	Née Millard 61 - 66	Mrs Deanna Rose	Née Christopher 54 - 59
Mr Nigel Heaney	Guest of Mrs Croasdell	Mrs Barbara Russell	Née Morris 55 - 60
Mr Anthony Elgar	53 - 60	Ms Rainbow Russell- Pritchard	Née Lynne Russell 66-71
Mrs Dianne Elgar	Guest of Mr Elgar	Mr Gary Scammell	66 - 72
Mr Tony Gould	51 - 57	Mrs Janet Scammell	Guest of Mr Scammell
Mrs Elizabeth Gould	Guest of Mr Gould	Mr Ken Taylor	51 - 56
Dr John Guy	63 - 71	Prof Bob White	51 - 57
Mr Robin Harris	51 - 56		

APOLOGIES FOR THE CHRISTMAS REUNION LUNCH ON 6TH DECEMBER 2025

Richard Anstey	Audrey Cooper	Christopher Hyde	David Reeks
Richard Bathurst	Janet Doolaeye	Mary Hyde	Guy Russell
Linda Berenbrinck	David Finnemore	Andrew Jones	Marion Ryder
Kenneth Bernthal	Janet Finnemore	Mike Kerley	John Singleton
Nick Bishop	Patricia Fripp	Carol Lee	Tim Spall
Paul Burry	Carol Griffiths	Ron Mansfield	Jill Strong
Rod Cheese	John Harper	Carolyn Martin	Richard Strong
Harry Clarke	Keith Harvey	Graham McNeill	Geoff Welch
Michael Coffin	Sue Hatherley	Christopher Peters	Helen White
Sue Coombes	Robin Hussey	Graham Powell	

SERVICES OF REMEMBRANCE 2025 by Dr JOHN GUY (63-71)

QE School's service of remembrance in 2025 took place on Armistice Day itself, Tuesday 11th November of course. This year the threat of poor weather meant the whole act of remembrance took place in the main assembly hall at QE School Pamphill and was overseen by those memorial plaques which used to hang on the wall in Big School at QEGS Kings Street. Below are a selection of photographs taken at this event.



[Wreaths laid at a temporary focal point set up in front of the stage in QE School's main assembly hall]



[Display of Remembrance in the main entrance lobby of QE School]

The Old Winburnians Association (OWA) also took part in Wimborne Town’s traditional Remembrance Sunday Parade around the centre of the town and the Church Service in the Minster on Sunday 9th November. An integral part of this event is the laying of wreaths at the War Memorial on the Minster Green. Below are a selection of photographs showing tributes of remembrance around the War Memorial.



[The War Memorial on Minster Green later in November]



[OWA wreath at the War Memorial on Minster Green]

Wimborne Minster Remembrance Day Parade and Service
Sunday 9 November 2025 3pm
Wimborne Minster, Church of St Cuthburga

Royal British Legion members, Service & ex-Service personnel and invited groups will attend the Legion Hall in West Borough at about 2.20pm.

At 2.30pm, a Parade will form up in the Royal British Legion car park. Preceded by the Wessex Marching Band, the Parade will march off at 2.40pm to the Minster Church for the service. This will be followed by wreath-laying at the War Memorial at 3.40pm approximately.

The Parade will then re-form and march back to the RBL car park passing the saluting dais where the salute will be taken. The parade will then be dismissed, all are invited into the RBL Legion Hall where tea and biscuits will be served.

[Remembrance Sunday parade & service details
Source – Wimborne Town Council]

THE VIEW FROM THE HEADTEACHER AT QE SCHOOL

(I thought it would be interesting to invite the Headteacher of Queen Elizabeth's School to contribute a few words describing his role at the school today in the same issue we are featuring pieces on QEGS in a very different era. In my letter to Mr Thomas Neill I wrote of my own experiences as a classroom teacher in a variety of schools – 3 Secondary Moderns, Comprehensive, Independent and Grammar. The complexity of the role he now occupies bears little resemblance to that Dr J D Neil knew half a century ago. As for the number of pupils in his school the population is between 3 and 4 times greater than that of QEGS which inevitably presents a wider range of problems. I thank Mr Neill for his kind and interesting response.

Ed.)

It is a great privilege to have been invited to write an entry for the Old Winburnians Newsletter. Mr Bennett extended this invitation and wrote me an engaging and informative letter outlining his experiences at QEGS. It is fascinating for me to learn about how the school has changed, since the not-too-distant past. The role of a headteacher today brings with it a wide range of responsibilities, and the educational landscape is undoubtedly more complex than it once was. Nonetheless, the core purpose of schools remains unchanged: to provide a safe, supportive environment in which young people can learn, grow, and flourish.



Like many schools across the country, we do encounter issues relating to behaviour, the use of mobile phones, and, on occasion, wider safeguarding concerns. However, I am pleased to say that the vast majority of our students are respectful, hardworking, and keen to contribute positively to school life. We place a strong emphasis on clear expectations, consistency, and pastoral support, ensuring that students understand both their responsibilities and the values we uphold as a community.

Where difficulties arise, we address them through a combination of firm boundaries and supportive interventions. Our focus is not only on managing behaviour but also on understanding its causes and helping students make better choices. This includes close work with families and, where appropriate, external agencies. While the challenges you mention - such as those linked to social and economic pressures - are very real, they are not insurmountable, and we remain committed to supporting all our students to succeed.

In terms of the wider life of the school, I am pleased to report that the creative and performing arts continue to play a significant role. Our recent drama and musical productions have been a source of great pride, showcasing both talent and teamwork. The students and staff have combined to create memorable productions at QE, most notably a sold-out full musical production of 'Legally Blonde' after the success of

'Footloose' in 2025. The tradition of a strong emphasis on the performing arts is very much alive at QE and continues to enrich the experience of our students.

Looking ahead, my ambitions for the school centre on maintaining high academic standards while also ensuring that every student feels known, supported, and inspired. We are continually working to broaden opportunities, both within and beyond the classroom, so that students leave us well-prepared for the next stage of their lives.

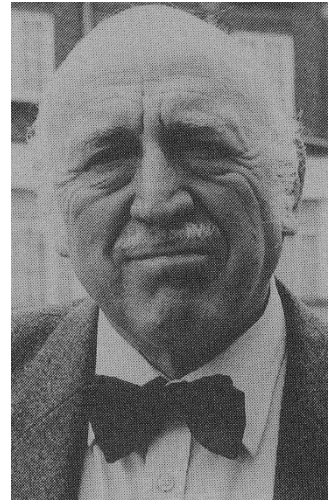


LIONEL JEFFRIES (10 JUNE, 1926 – 19 FEBRUARY, 2010)

by

ALAN R BENNETT (49-56)

Remembering one of our most distinguished old boys who was born almost exactly one hundred years ago. Aside from his many acting roles on the stage and on the screen, he also directed one of the most popular and best-loved cinema films of the post-war era, 'The Railway Children' with the wonderful Jenny Agutter. When I was researching material for my first 'Wimborne Minster, Portrait of a Town' book in 1992, I made contact with Lionel who kindly provided me with his memories of his days in our old school. I quote



'The Headmaster, 'It's a long way to 'Tipper' Airey, Messrs Drury, Maiden, Jolly, Tapping and 'Motty' Mottram who introduced me to the 'wooden O' of the theatre Boys like John Crawford, 'Slasher' Lake, 'Chick' Barrow, Ken Holloway and George Webb.

Of places and things.

The Tivoli cinema, a café next door; faggots and mashed potatoes for one shilling – both places out of bounds. Dorothy Lamour was considered, in her ankle length sarong, the 'hard porn', along with Carmen Miranda and her phallic hat of bananas and grapes. The café was rumoured to be the 'knocking shop' for prefects

*The morning a china chamber pot was discovered hoisted to the top of the flagpole.
"Not me, sir !"*

The days 'Tipper' read out the Roll Call of old boys killed in action.

The School song an excruciating tune and execrable lyrics'

Lionel passed away in Poole aged 83 having suffered from vascular dementia. He and his wife Eileen had 3 children, a son and two daughters.



The photograph of Lionel in his Grammar School cadet force uniform reminds us all of what very different times he grew up in. What he would have thought of the numbers of young people today not in education, employment, or training when compared with the challenges his own generation faced in the 1930's and 1940's would almost certainly have been unprintable.

Lionel, you brought so much fun and pleasure into so many lives during your lifetime – and even today with the repeats on TV of your films – we are all very proud of you and we'll remember you especially on 10 June, 2026.

DESERT ISLAND DISCS by TONY GOULD (51-57)

When I was a pupil at Wimborne Grammar School it was not un-usual to find that older people played the piano but which is rare now. The Headmaster (J D Neil), could quite often be heard playing in his study just by the entrance to the school. At home my Mother loved playing "light serious" music such as Chopin's waltzes and mazurkas on her piano. So, I would take to the Desert Island, if possible, a **CD OF FREDERIC CHOPIN'S WORK** to remind me of childhood and a carefree life at Stapehill/Hampreston.

I would have to take to the island a woman's voice and without question it would be **ARETHA FRANKLIN** whose passion and intensity, I love. Of course, I only got to know of her music when I was in my twenties but the gospel type music of **RESPECT** has always moved me. When I was at college, I recall a fellow student blasting out her songs to such an extent that I was obliged to go to a library to study.

In 1963 when Liz and I were courting one of the greatest hits was **DO YOU LOVE ME** by **BRIAN POOLE AND THE TREMALOES**. I was never quite sure if she did because those of you who know Liz will be well aware that she doesn't "gush". However, we were married in 1984 and we are still together. On the desert island I would be forced to jive alone on the sand but the song would help me keep sane.

Christmas would come around every year but how would I know. I suppose I could carve a notch in a tree every day. I could play **FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK** by **THE POGUES** with the fantastic voice of Kirsty MacColl every day of the year. It is an engaging song encompassing the joy in human relationships and the frailty within our own personalities.

The **ORATORIO MESSIAH** by **GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL**, is a "must" but I would particularly enjoy "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted and every mountain or hill made low". The words express my viewpoint which come from Isaiah XL and completely express my strong feeling which is that we ought to try and get as near to equality of wealth and income as possible and avoid extremes of wealth and poverty.

The nineteen sixties were probably the most enjoyable period of my life when change seemed within grasp but the music was particularly good. I was also young ! A track from the **ROLLING STONES**, perhaps **TUMBLING DICE**, would remind me of the optimism many felt about the future in that decade. This may be a lot to do with the fact that we got married and all our three children were born in the sixties.

I worked for over twenty years from an office in North London and look back with fond memories of old friends and colleagues many of whom have now passed away. The **KINKS** came from North London and their anarchic songs were such fun. **YOU REALLY GOT ME** would help me while away the hours waiting for a passing boat to come to the rescue.

Lastly, I have always loved the overtures to **ROSSINI's** operas. The overture to the **BARBER OF SEVILLE** is the one to take. The sheer musicality and exuberance of the Barber would help to keep me positive.

I believe I am allowed to take a book and this would be **THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE** published in 1972 and again in 1973. I was given this book by being awarded the Miles Clauson Memorial prize whilst at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. (I assure you that this was not a prize for academic distinction but for a contribution to the life of the college). I loved this anthology then and do so now. The wide range from Chaucer (we studied Chaucer at WGS) through Thomas Hardy to Dylan Thomas would ensure perfect bedtime reading every night of the year !

As for a luxury, I am not certain. Am I allowed a **BARREL OF BEER** which would produce a fresh pint every evening ?

Would I like being on a desert island ? The answer is not for more than a day or two. I enjoy human company too much and always have !



FROM THE ARCHIVES

From The Winburnian No. 72, Summer Term, 1936

(You may recall we featured a crossword puzzle in our last Newsletter which came from The Winburnian referenced above. To the surprise of John and myself we received not a single entry !! Was it too difficult or has our membership grown intellectually lazy ? Well, whatever, it's not too late. John and I would be delighted to receive entries from our readers. We await your response. No material prize awaits the successful contributor(s) – just the glory ! We await developments. Surely sitting in your deckchair or while cruising in the Med or the Adriatic someone will respond – positively ! Not with rude words, please !

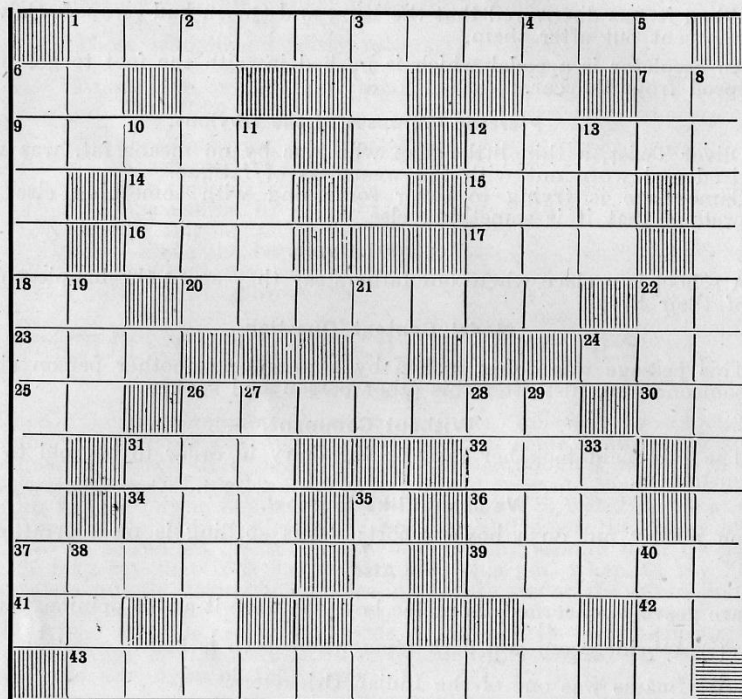
Good luck ! Ed.)

12

THE WINBURNIAN

CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

The anonymous composer of this, our third puzzle, has offered half-a-crown for the first correct solution handed in to the Editor. We think that anyone who does so will earn it!



CLUES.

ACROSS.

- 1.—Dramatist known to Va.
- 6.—Or not.
- 7.—Preposition.
- 9.—“— into our gates with praise.”
- 12.—Keep your breath to cool this.
- 14.—Terror, Upset?
- 15.—Well-known work of reference might be useful here.
- 16.—If you know a better one?
- 17.—Tiny whig.
- 18.—Sometimes takes the subjunctive.
- 20.—No need to slim.
- 22.—Dorset affirmative.
- 23.—To keep this suffix seems to mean to watch.
- 24.—Connection between poetry and poverty.
- 25.—With 30 makes carpets.

- 26.—One of the things done in the gymnasium.
- 30.—See 25.
- 31.—Often lost.
- 32.—Another five.
- 34.—Conj.
- 36.—Is plural.
- 37.—New suggests a beginner in Latin.
- 39.—To do nothing, go away.
- 41.—Uncome.
- 42.—Sailor.
- 43.—More often heard of than brought, even by shepherds.

DOWN.

- 1.—Offspring, male.
- 2.—What A does to the bells (2 words 1, 4).
- 3.—Pit found in check.
- 4.—Possible to get into this—with the rent.
- 5.—Hungry again? Then do it.
- 6.—Up at last.
- 8.—The noxious fumes whereof . . . (3 words).
- 10.—Often confused with 19.
- 11.—Film?
- 12.—Metal in this heavy fellow.
- 13.—Queer.
- 19.—See 10.
- 21.—Oxford teacher turns to do this.
- 22.—I wrote much about nothing.
- 26.—He doubtless calls it his christian name, but do the Abyssinians agree?
- 27.—Concludes.
- 28.—This is a tidy calf.
- 29.—In front of 6 down.
- 31.—On the School field.
- 33.—Number of the young masculine negroes.
- 35.—Past-matrimonial term.
- 38.—Does a baby say this upside down?
- 40.—This is idle talk too.

Space reserved to help you work out the answers

"FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ON THE HOME FRONT"

The blackout restrictions have, at the time of my writing, been in force some four months : we have had to grope our way along the side-walks, tripping over kerbs, and apologising to lamp-posts. Nowadays the streets of Wimborne, never brilliantly illuminated, are inky black : one has to wend one's way through numerous glowing cigarette-ends and torches, gently feeling for non-existent pavement edges, and cursing not so gently when what one thought to be a pillar-box turns out to be some large expanse of waistcoat. A Canadian or an Australian could not possibly imagine the mortification and embarrassment of an Englishman who collides with a lamp-post, and as he takes off his hat and apologies, realises the insensibility of the said lamp-post : what blushes the black-out must hide !

The streets of Wimborne by night would be a happy hunting ground for a psychologist. Armed with his psycho-analysis he would discover primitive man's fear of the dark still alive in his civilised successor : the tone of a man's whistle, the hesitancy of his step, or the shrillness of his whistle would reveal to him the state of that individual's nerves. That word "nerves" occurs many, many times in any discussion upon the relative merits and defects of the black-out.

Undoubtedly the black-out has taken its toll of the ordinary citizen; it has played havoc with his nerves; it has lessened his buying or selling prospects, whether he be purchaser or shopkeeper, and it has severely curtailed his amusements. Most places of amusement have found their patrons falling off week by week : but as the profits of the cinema, the theatre and the professional football club go down, corresponding increases are noticeable in other spheres of life. The price of petrol has risen; the cost of living has gone up; taxes have been imposed on sugar, tobacco, and spirits : very few of these increases are beneficial. No one would say that we reap any benefit because the cost of living has risen. However, there has been one increase that everybody will welcome : the amount of literature read has advanced by leaps and bounds.

This increase is nowhere more evident than in our own School. During the Christmas term over eleven hundred books were borrowed from the Fiction Library. This figure surpasses by more than one hundred the previous highest, that of the Christmas term on 1938, and, considering that the Library was closed for more than three weeks at the beginning of the term, the record is all the more praiseworthy. If averages were correct, it would mean that each boy in the School took out four books during the last term. That is of course not true : there are still too many boys in the School who have never taken a book out of the Library. There are a number of boys from IIa and IIb who are regular "customers", but usually the two lower forms frequent the Fiction Library little : perhaps they think it would be better if the books were housed in a room less near the Headmaster's study.

There has also been an astonishing increase in the number of books borrowed from the Reference Library. Considering that the Library is only accessible to boys in the Remove, Forms Vb, Va, and the VIth, the figures are very commendable.

During the term a section of books from the Dorset County Library was added to the Fiction Library. This scheme will, I hope, become popular. The English and Current Affairs sections of the Reference Library were enlarged by the purchase of several new books.

H.L.D.

From The Winburnian No. 82, Winter Term, 1939

"ANNUAL DINNER, 1940"

Several Old Boys in khaki and Air Force blue were among the company of about 50 at the Annual Dinner held on the evening of Saturday 13th January 1940 at Gush's Restaurant, Wimborne.

In a regretted absence, owing to indisposition, of Mr M J Raymond (a vice-president), Mr A R O Foster kindly consented at very short notice, to preside. The toasts of "Our Royal Foundress" (followed by a hearty rendering of the School song) and "Old Winburnians who have passed on" were drunk in silence. Those present stood for a minute in silence as a tribute to the memory of two Old Boys who had died on active service, W F Barton and Raymond Ginder.

We were very pleased and proud to have as a guest, Mr W Lovell, headmaster of the Wimborne Boys' Council School. In proposing the toast of "The Association" he said he was sure no other similar association could claim such a wonderful and varied type of members, including as it did a Bishop, the chief BBC announcer (Mr Stuart Hibberd), clergy, lawyers, and, of course, even school teachers – (laughter and applause) – indeed members of all ranks of life all out to do their best for their fellow men and to make their country and the whole world a better place in which to live. He was pleased to see that the present membership was approaching 250.

Mr Gordon H Dacombe (Acting Hon. Secretary) in reply mentioned that there had been an addition of 50 new members since the last dinner – a very satisfactory increase of nearly 25 per cent. He gave a resumé of the past year's activities and concluded by warmly thanking the President (Captain J C Airey, MC, MA) for the wonderful backing he had given the Association and thanked the Acting Treasurer (Mr Phil Bollen) for all the help he had given.

The toast of "The School" was submitted by Sergeant "Biddy" Warren, who paid tribute to the Headmaster's work in bringing the School up to its present high position and to his great interest and assistance in the Association.

Mr Airey, responding, congratulated Sergeant Warren on his rapid promotion and the organisers of the dinner (Messrs Phil Bollen and Gordon Dacombe) on the success

of a representative reunion, and assured the Old Boys present that the School was flourishing in spite of difficulties.

Mr Airey felt that in fairness to members of the staff whose age placed them as teachers in a "reserved" category, he should explain that they could only join the Forces with the permission of the County Education Committee, which at the moment was not being granted. Though he realised that it was not easy for men keen to serve to remain in their civilian job, his memory of schools immediately after the end of the Great War convinced him that the decision to retain the more experienced men in the schools, where the future youth of the nation was being trained, was eminently a wise one.

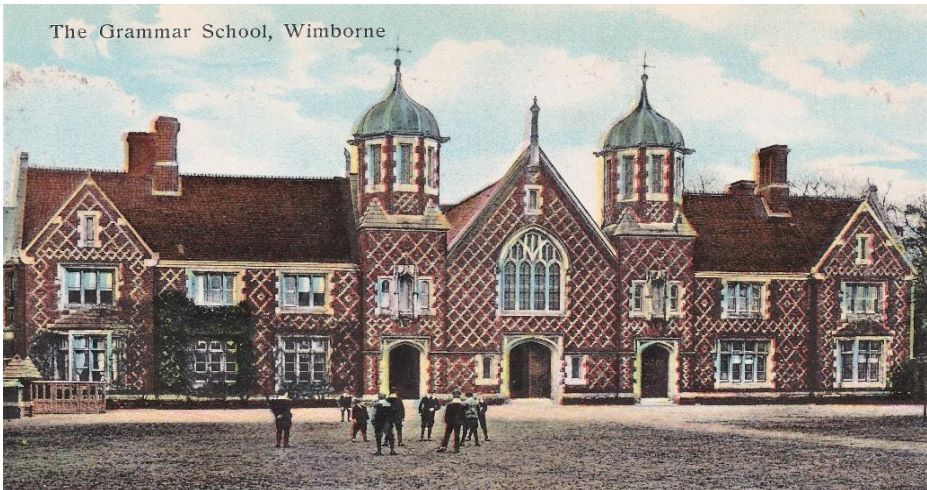
The boys of the School had send gifts of cigarettes to serving O B's, and he had received many letters of appreciation. Some of these letters seemed to indicate that, despite the obvious disadvantages of the war, there were some virtues to be derived from the healthy discipline and rough and tumble of army life. He felt sure that in the time to come they would look back proudly in their careers in the services as a really happy time.

Mt T W Tapping proposed the toast of the Chairman and Mr Foster, in replying, thanked the company for their assistance in his somewhat arduous task and although he said certain people told him that he was "the world's worst chairman", it was agreed that he filled his office admirably. He read extracts from a letter received from the Rev A D H Allan who expressed regret at inability to attend but wished the Dinner every success.

The pleasure of the evening was increased by an excellent musical programme. Mr A R Jolly (who played the accompaniments) opened with a pianoforte selection, community singing was conducted by Mr Phil Bollen, who also gave monologues, Mr F A Kerridge gave a reading in the Dorset dialect, Mr R L Small and Mr L H Mottram entertained and the Staff Choir gave selections from their repertoire.

A very enjoyable evening came to a close with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

+++++



(Remembering a Headmaster most of you will have known.

Ed.)

"HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE"



My dear School,

After seventeen years as your Headmaster, the time has come for me to say Goodbye. Most of what I have to say was said by me at the Old Winburnians' Dinner, and the Old Winburnians' Association has done me the honour of printing my speech in full in its Notes, so you can read my words in this issue. There are still one or two things, however, and I will say them now.

The first is that my time at this school contains some of the happiest days of my life, and I want to thank you for making them so. My happiness has come from presiding over a happy and harmonious developing community, from the admission of girls in our midst, from watching over the successes that have come to us in so many fields, and from the friendship you have so generously extended to me. I have been particularly fortunate and happy in the last : I shall never forget the many boys and girls and staff who have offered themselves to me in this way, and I hope that our friendship will continue and be fostered by many meetings in the future.

The future of the School casts a cloud, for me, over our parting, but I shall not say anything further of that now, except to wish you all well, in all that may befall. In the very near future the Grammar School will cease to exist as such, but our nation has always had a genius for adapting old institutions to new conditions, and I am sure that it will be possible for you to preserve all that is best in Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in whatever new forms the School may ultimately take. I am quite sure that all of the generation to whom I am now writing will strain every effort to maintain the highest traditions of the past. I wish you every success in this, and hope that you will extend to your new Headmaster all the same loyalty and affection that you have lavished upon me.

My wife, whom you have all so generously taken to your hearts, and who is as devoted to the School as I am, joins me in sending you all her love and every good wish for the future. May God bless you all !

Looking forward to many more happy meetings, believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

DONALD NEIL

NOTES OF THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH AT THE OLD WINBURNIANS DINNER (as referenced in the "Headmaster's Message" above)

Mr. Neil proposed the toast to the School and the Association and in view of the excellent quality and contents of this, his last speech to the Association as Headmaster, we consider it fitting to include it here for the benefit of those of you not able to hear it:-

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,

Those of you who are familiar with the works of Mao Tse Tung will recall that in the sixth chapter – or is it the seventh ? – of his little red book he uses the following words (or others to the same effect) :

'Ay', he says, 'in the very temple of delight
Veil'd melancholy has her sovran shrine'.

By this he does not mean, as I take it, to cast any reflections upon veils, or upon sovereigns; rather, if I have understood him correctly, he is referring, as elsewhere, to the fact that in life pain and pleasure are inextricably mixed. There is always (if you will permit the expression) a n****r in the woodpile, a fly in the ointment, a thorn in the rose; nothing runs smoothly as you hope – in fact, you can't win !"

"This evening I must confess that I am somewhat similarly the prey to conflicting emotions. I am not made in the simple plain, uncomplicated mould of the headmaster of whom I heard recently, who instructed his boys, 'Come in flannels, or nothing at all !' My pleasure is tinged with sadness, and my sadness is shot through with pleasure. First, the pleasure : it is a very pleasant thing for me to be with you this evening and to enjoy an excellent meal in your company. This is a great joy to me. But on the other hand I am retiring at the end of the coming term, and agreeable as that is to look forward to in many ways, it must carry its sad overtones. This is the last time that I shall address this gathering as headmaster. But have no fear : I have not come here to wring your hearts over my personal concerns and feelings. If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them a little later on when you hear what I shall have to tell you about the School. I understand that in the stock markets in the north of England, where I have just been attending a headmasters' conference, there has, since devaluation, been a steady demand for coarse yarns. However, I did not think it altogether fitting on so serious an occasion to bring any from there to you, and in proposing the toast to 'The School and The Old Winburnians' Association I shall have to ask you to bear with a simple unadorned tale. There was a sculptor who carved a complete elephant out of a single solid block of marble. When his friends were admiring the work, and asked him how he had done it, he replied, 'I simply cut away anything that didn't look like elephant'. Well, that is what I propose to do, just cut away anything that doesn't look like Queen Elizabeth, and give you the school as it is."

"Rather like the learned judges, who are being continually reported as asking, 'What is a car ?' or 'What is a baby ?' or some such apparently fatuous question, I continually ask myself, 'What is a school ?' And as with the judges, the answer is not quite so simple and obvious as it might appear at first sight. A school is obviously not just a set of buildings, nor is it a set of teachers, or pupils, or even former pupils, though each of

these forms part of the whole. The institution is far greater than the sum of these component parts and includes a tradition of continuity which allows for growth. Somehow or other we think of ourselves as the same persons as we were seven years ago, though we are told every cell in our body has been changed in that period. In something like the same way, while buildings, teachers and pupils change, a school goes on, and those who form the outward and visible part of it to-day feel themselves to be members of the same institution of which those of you who have left formed parts in your turn."

"And so in paying honour to Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School to-night I want to say something about each of these elements in turn. First, the buildings : well, we all know they are old enough to be inconvenient, without the distinction of being either ancient or antique. They are full of drawbacks and problems, and our annexe is situated half a mile away. And yet these buildings, for all their imperfections, have a strong hold on the affections of our pupils, and certainly of myself. I have always felt the inspiration of this lofty hall, considerably beautified in recent days, and I believe others have felt the same. None of us, neither you nor I, can leave it for the last time without a pang. To all of us it represents, to some extent, the School."

"Among the staff teaching here there are still three masters, Mr Kerswell, Mr Maiden and Mr Stephens, who were here when I came 16½ years ago. You yourself, Mr Chairman, are another link with the past, as you were here when I arrived and only retired last year. The rest, to the total of 39, including part-timers, have all been appointed by myself, and I never cease to congratulate myself on the skill and discernment with which I have made my choices. I think the staff here are a wonderful lot. I and all of you here present, owe them more than I can say for their devotion to the school, for their acceptance of such new ideas as it has been my privilege to introduce, and for their personal loyalty to myself. In the hands of such men and women the School cannot fail to prosper."

"Then I come to the pupils, and as a number are present to-night, I know you would wish me to spare their blushes and to say 'nil nisi malum'. (For the benefit of those poor deprived unfortunates who no longer enjoy the discipline of Latin, that means, 'Don't praise them to their faces'.). However, I can tell you that I have all the time learnt from them, probably a great deal more than they have ever learnt from me. Their spirit has generally been pretty good. I always like to think of the girl (she is not present to-night, I hope !) whom I had to address very severely over her behaviour. When I had torn off as many strips as I knew how to, I dismissed her. On reaching the door she turned, put on her sweetest smile, and said, 'Cheerio, sir !' However, a few days later I had to deal with a boy for a similar offence, and I dealt with him in a somewhat different, and shall we say, more personal way. He, when he reached the door, turned round and uttered curses so loud and deep that they echoed in my ears for days. I must not let you forget that we now have at the top of the school a number who, having attained the age of 18, will soon be regarded as fully adult, and responsible for their own affairs. Those rude letters to parents with which I sometimes have to send boys home will now have to be addressed to the pupils themselves, and where that will lead, I have not yet been able to work out. It was clearly with prophetic insight that the County provided the delightfully appointed and furnished Sixth Form

Study which was recently opened in the playground. The prefects who occupy this room will no doubt know which way to vote when the time comes – and I am confident it will be before they are 21 !”

"Lastly, a word about the Old Winburnians. No pleasure, in any walk of life, can come to any man with more depth and vividness than that brought by former pupils who return to school, and come to see the headmaster and share with him their hopes and plans and express their thanks. This is a pleasure which I have enjoyed in very full measure, and for it I am intensely grateful. I very much hope it may continue on into my retirement. You all know where I live, and I have no intention of moving."

"Sir, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have kept you too long already with my maunderings. But before I sit down I know you will want to know something of the future. We have had another very good year in all departments of our life, and the School is now I believe, at a peak of all-round achievements. I have given you full details of these in my speech day orations, and I shall not repeat them now; but what is to come of it all ? What does the future hold ? I am sorry to tell you that my prophecy at Speech Day 1966 is to come true. We are simply to be phased out of existence. Our school, as a school, will simply disappear. The operation has been planned in some detail, and it has been decided that, subject to the Secretary of State's approval, the School will continue as a separate institution for 'certainly three years, probably four and possibly five or more'. After that I don't think I am over-simplifying when I say that the chopper will descend and the school will be divided into two parts, one of which will go to Wimborne Modern School, to link up and form an 'Upper Comprehensive', and the other into a new comprehensive at Ferndown. In the meantime entry at 11 will be phased out, so that children will remain in their middle schools from 9 till 13. In this complicated operation it is hoped that the proposed upper school in Wimborne would be, as we are now, a voluntarily controlled Church of England school. This would mean, I presume, that Wimborne Modern School would accept new Articles of Government, and governors nominated by the governors of Wimborne Minster. Whoever is appointed to take my place as headmaster in the intervening period will have no assurance of long security of tenure or of another headship when this one comes to an end. The prospect for the man who will be selected does not therefore look a very rosy one. He will just be here as a caretaker, to preside over the demise of the School."

"To me, this is a great sorrow. I have always held, and I still hold, that in whatever new organisation may come into being, our school, with its long and honourable record, should be central, and should draw in to itself other elements as may be decided. But the reverse is to be the case. Half of our school is to be attached to one school now existing, and the other half to another one to be built. Farewell, Queen Elizabeth's ! You are a place where I have made many friendships, and have grown I hope, in company with my colleagues, and pupils, in knowledge of myself and others. Perhaps we might define a school as a place for growing in. I think this is a great place for that growth. I feel myself stronger than when I came, with a strength that comes from knowledge, knowledge of other people and of myself. Our first ancestor, we are told, when he tasted the tree of knowledge, learnt as his first lesson that he was naked; well, perhaps there is something in that too, something which gives a man power to shape events, when he knows how much he has got to rely on himself in all the great crises of life.

"But, Sir, I must not moralise ! This is a festive occasion, and we are here to laugh and be merry, as we can still afford to do for the little time that is left to us. One last message I would leave with you : to all pupils, past and present, to the School as a whole for the restricted period in which it will remain an independent institution, and to the larger institutions into which it is so soon to be merged, I offer my deep love and my very best wishes."

Former Head of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School dies

DR. DONALD NEIL, the former headmaster of what was Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School died recently at the age of 86. The funeral service was held in Wimborne Minster on 2nd April.

Dr. Neil was born at Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex and was educated at King's School, Canterbury, Pembroke College, Cambridge, and Exeter University where he gained his PhD in theology.

He began his career as a

schoolmaster at the Imperial Service College at Windsor. In 1937 he married Ruth and they settled in Jersey when Donald became Head of English at Victoria College. In 1951 Dr. Neil arrived in Wimborne on his appointment at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School on its former site in King Street, opposite the famous Minster.

Always a man of strong faith, who had enhanced and built up the school connection with the Minster during his headship, he became a Lay Reader on the Minster staff in the '50s and had a great love for Chalbury where he ministered for sometime.

Donald retired in 1968 after paving the way with Mr. Whitmore for the amalgamation of the secondary school in Pamphill and the grammar school.

Donald was President of Probus, Member of the Summer Music Society of Dorset, lover of Glyndebourne, a composer, recitalist and singer.

His final years were spent in Victoria Road, where he was able to watch the pupils going to and from the school he loved so much.

Donald is survived by his daughter Jennifer and son Adrian and five grandchildren, his wife Ruth having predeceased him.

THE SUNDIAL
by
Dr JOHN GUY (63-71)

Something came to my mind recently which prompted me to look into our archives and discover that next December it will be the 90th anniversary of the presentation to the School by the OWA of the Sundial.

(The following is reproduced from the OWA Newsletter of Autumn 2019)

Today, when one walks through the archway into what used to be the back of the main assembly hall, one is confronted with an expanse of green grass in the middle of which is a sundial (picture shown below).



The inscription on the sundial reads

**'Presented by The Old Winburnians Association
3rd December 1936'**

During my days at the school, this sundial stood on a small lawn situated between the two-storey, red-brick and so called 'New Buildings' situated on the northern side of the main playground and the playground itself.



I presume it was put in place to coincide with the opening of the New Buildings by the Earl of Shaftesbury on the date shown (please see the 'History of the School' on the Old Winburnians internet site).

IN MEMORIAM OF DAVID SINGLETON (51-57)

(To complement the obituary provided in this issue, the following is reproduced from an article in the OWA Newsletter of Spring 2012.

Ed.)

PLOUGHBOY TO COWBOY ? by DAVID SINGLETON (1951-57)

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

A.R.B.)

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



I went from Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School to London University, to study chemistry, and ended with a less-than-distinguished BSc, probably as a result of the 'Country-boy-in-the-big-city' syndrome. This resulted in my being unable to find a place in graduate school in London and, doubtless, elsewhere in the UK. I was encouraged, by one of the chemistry faculty, to apply in North America, where places were more available, and was accepted as a graduate student and laboratory

assistant at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. After a sea voyage of 8 days (one more than scheduled because of a hurricane), I arrived in Montreal, the only person of 8 at my table, who had made it to every meal ! This was followed by an overnight train journey of about 400 miles. At the University I was able, in the course of one day, to settle on a major professor (thesis supervisor), get an advance on my salary and find lodgings. So began what I naively thought would be a 3 year romp and a return to England. In fact, my PhD took about 4.5 years, which was about average, and my return to England took 13 years (just a visit) !

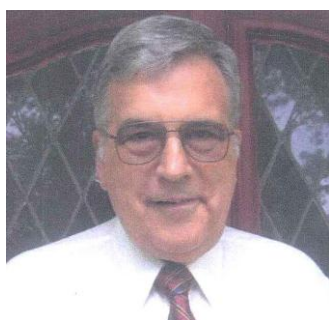
During my stay at McMaster I had married a fellow-chemist and we had a son. On completion of my research we moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where I took up a post-doctoral research fellowship. As had happened in Canada, my wife worked in the same research group as myself and published her first paper, before mine ! Again, naively, I had assumed that I would return to an academic position in Canada but the universities, which had expanded greatly in the late 1950's and early 1960's, were

now retrenching and it was not to be. Therefore, I got what is sometimes called a 'real job' with the research arm of Shell, in California.

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

During my career I worked on a variety of projects, including olefin synthesis and conversion, catalytic incineration of sulfurous waste-gases, oil-processing and various chemical processes, nearly all involving catalysis. My final project was the discovery, synthesis and commercialisation of a key ingredient for Tide™ detergent, which enables its use and efficacy at low temperatures, whilst remaining biodegradable. This earned my two collaborators and me the Southwest Regional Award for Industrial Innovation, of the American Chemical Society. (We missed out on the corresponding National Award).

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



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

OBITUARIES

DR JOHN EDWIN RYLEY (48-56)

(We received the following from John's wife, Georgia.

Ed.)

John Ryley sadly passed away on 25th August 2025 following a short illness at the age of 87.

John was born in 1937 within minutes of younger twin brother Derek and brought up together with his older sister Hazel in Wimborne, Dorset. Both brothers attended Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Wimborne, then continued their education at Southampton University in electronic engineering. Whilst Derek gained his BSc degree, John continued studying and was awarded a PhD for his research. It was this education that formed the



[John on the left, Derek on the right]

basis for his future career. Both Derek and John incorporated their own separate electronic design companies working closely with one another for over 30 years. John qualified as a Chartered Engineer. He was a member of the Institution of Engineering and Technology for 67 years and a member of the Institute of Advanced Motorists.



[John showing some French admirers the 20hp engine at the Normandy Overlord Museum in 2023]

With success in their businesses both John and Derek pursued their interests in owning fine cars including Jaguar, Aston Martin and ultimately Rolls-Royce. In 1986 John purchased his FH Corniche from Jack Barclay in London. He recalled on one occasion reaching a speed of 125mph driving in Austria and Germany on the autobahn. The brothers discovered an unloved 1926 Park Ward 20hp Coupe GZK54 sitting in the back of an antique dealer's building in Wimborne and with John's encouragement, Derek bought it and commissioned the full

restoration of the car. Thus started a combined passion for this car lasting for 41 years. Sadly, Derek passed away in 2001 whereupon John inherited the 20hp. If ever a car could embody one's love for one's twin, John felt it for this car.

John was a member of the Rolls-Royce Enthusiasts' Club (RREC) for 44 years and an active Member of the Wessex Section, having been Treasurer and events photographer for many years. He was also an active Member of the South Western, Central Southern and Great Western Sections. Most people knew him as the owner of the 1926 20hp Park Ward Doctors' coupé WU7011 (GZK54) and the 1980 FH Corniche FJT1V of which he took great pride in.

John was extremely knowledgeable on Rolls-Royce cars. He could tell you details about every model, as his mind was a catalogue of facts all to do with the cars. His engineering mind continued well into retirement with his custom designed and self-built microprocessor-controlled cruise control for his Corniche. His interests included photography, research in hybrid and electric cars, climate change and renewable energy.

John first met his wife Georgia at a RREC Wessex Section lunch in 2005. As keen club members, they became more involved in RREC activities, eventually marrying in 2012. They enjoyed many years driving on 20hp Section rallies and going to local car shows.

John leaves behind his loving wife Georgia Cheer-Ryley.



ALISTAIR CHARLES STUART PILLEY (48-53)

(We have received the sad news that Alistair died in October 2025. We are most grateful to his granddaughter, Stephanie Hutton, for letting us know. Ed.)

I am writing to inform you that Alistair Pilley, my grandad, has sadly passed away on 9th October 2025, aged 89 years. His wife, my nanna, passed away a few years ago so we are thankful they will be reunited now.

Alistair was born in Yorkshire on 19th September 1936 and attended QEGS, Wimborne from 1948 to 1953. Up until his passing this week, he continued to print off the Old Winburnians newsletters every time he received them, and read them fondly.

Grandad had an incredible life with over 60 years of marriage to his beloved Maureen who he met at a local dance. They moved across to Melbourne, Australia with their two daughters Clare & Helen, and were lucky to have 3 wonderful grandchildren. He was a Lift Engineer and well regarded in the Melbourne Lift industry. He pioneered the Men's Shed Association here in Melbourne. He was also a longstanding Rotary member, including several years as President.

DAVID SINGLETON (51-57)

(We have received the sad news from his brother John and wife Liz that David has died. We are most grateful to them for letting us know. Ed.)

David was the eldest of three brothers born in Upton near Poole and after attending the local county schools he went to QEGS in 1951. After 'A' levels he attended Queen Mary

College (London University) for his BSc in chemistry and then to McMaster University in Hamilton Ontario where he completed his PhD in 1965. It was here he met and married (in the McMaster chapel) Elizabeth Sloan (Liz) – also a chemist. Their first child (David) was born here.

There followed a two-year fellowship in organometallic chemistry at Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland after which he joined Shell Chemical Company in California. Thus began a 37-year career as a research chemist with Shell which took him and his family to Oakland, Amsterdam and Houston. During this period he received many patents for catalysts in the areas of air and water pollution and detergents. His patents for the detergent used in High Efficiency Cold Water Tide won him an award from the American Chemical Society. Outside of work David sat for many years on the Board of that Society and was also active in the Southwest Catalysis Society.

For relaxation he enjoyed reading, music (opera and symphony), archaeology, wine tasting, growing roses; also playing rugby and curling – and jokes !

His music taste clearly developed over the years for when he was in the UK he was a jazz fanatic, encompassing playing on the cornet with other local enthusiasts.

After retirement he became a Master Gardener.

He was sadly predeceased by his son David but is survived by Liz, their daughter Kitty, 5 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

He died in the Memory Care Unit at Eagle's Trace Senior Living, Houston.

JOHN MURPHY (exact dates at QEGS unknown)

(Although not an OWA member, John was a former pupil at QEGS and we received the sad news of his death in late 2025 from David Mason (63-70). We are most grateful to him for letting us know.

Ed.)

CHRISTOPHER GYMER (66-73)

(A former member of the OWA, we received the following information from Paul Mason (66-74). We are most grateful to him for letting us know.

Ed.)

It is with great sadness that I have to inform you of the passing of Christopher Gymer, after a short illness, at the young age of 70.

After graduation from King's College, London, he worked in the UK for a few years but in the early 1980's made his home in Australia where he established an IT consulting company providing services mostly to the Australian Federal Government.

Chris was an avid supporter of human rights and environmental causes, up to including running for local office as the Greens candidate in Doncaster, Victoria, and supporting a community in Vietnam, which he visited in 2006.

He leaves behind his life partner, Catherine Duck, two children, Francis and Zoe, two grandchildren and his older brother Keith.

+++++



[Some views of bluebells seen in the countryside beyond Witchampton]



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