

Issue 142

FEB 26

£1.00

The Anchor



All Saints Rebuild

From the Fire to the Future



We would like to thank the mysterious Ladies That Like to Stitch for their delightful post-box topper of All Saints Church-and Paul Smith for sending us the photograph.

From The Editors.

Firstly, a big thank you to all our loyal contributors and readers – we wouldn't have a magazine without you. We wish you all a belated happy and healthy New Year.

As we write this in early January, we are very conscious that the month is named after the Roman god, Janus, who faced both ways. In this edition we look to the past with some highlights from Christmas and fundraising projects- and even further into the past with memories of schooldays.

Yet, we also look to the future with anticipation and hope as we see the building work on our church commence. No doubt, like us, you are keen to spot signs of progress every time you walk past the site.

Fundraising will still be necessary as we focus on the furniture and contents of the new building and there will be exciting discussions about the facilities and activities we envisage in the rebuilt church. You will find that some creative ladies are already thinking about Remembrance Day 2027!

Meanwhile, we remind you of events like Art Club, Mainly Men, the Bible Study and Mothers' Union which happen on a regular basis.

Our theme for March will be: What was the most interesting book you read in 2025? and the deadline for articles is February 20th. Because of our early deadline this month, some of your articles will be held over until The March edition, so we can also continue that theme. Paul Smiths Places to visit part 2 will also feature in March.

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View from the Vicarage

As we enter into the second month of 2026, may I take this first opportunity to extend my good wishes for the 2026 to all of our wonderful Anchor readers! I hope the year has started well for you.

This month our theme is Schooldays. For some of us our school days feel much more distant than for others!

I wonder whether you remember your school days with a smile or with a grimace? Whatever feelings are elicited by our memories, our school days are formative aren't they – they have played their part in shaping us into the people that we are, for good or for ill. I'm looking forward to hearing about some of your school experiences and the ways that they have shaped you.

I wonder if we ever think about Jesus' schooling experiences. He would have been taught the Scriptures from a very young age, and we see a wonderful example of his skill and keenness in learning from one of the only stories that we have about his childhood.

Jesus and his family visited Jerusalem for the Passover festival, and they are on their way home before his parents realise that Jesus is missing. The young Jesus is found in the Temple after being lost for three days. While Mary and Joseph search anxiously, Jesus is sitting among the teachers, listening, asking questions, and astonishing everyone with His understanding. This is the first recorded glimpse we have of Jesus as a learner—curious, attentive, and deeply engaged.

This story reminds us that learning is holy work. Jesus, the Son of God, did not bypass the process of growth. He listened. He asked questions. He spent time in conversation with those who taught the faith before Him. In doing so, He shows us that faith is not opposed to learning, but enriched by it. Our questions are not signs of doubt, but often pathways to deeper trust.



You may have heard the saying ‘every day is a school day’. We are all constantly students — of Scripture, of one another, and of God’s unfolding work in our lives. As we head into the month of February, I wonder what questions we are being encouraged to ask? Where might we need to sit and listen more closely? And how might we, like Jesus, grow “in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and people”?

As a church community, we share in this learning together—across generations, experiences, and callings. Whether you are teaching, mentoring, parenting/grandparenting, studying, or simply seeking, may this month remind you that God meets us in the process of learning. I hope these pages encourage curiosity, reflection, and a renewed joy in discovering God’s truth—today, and every day we continue in His school of grace.

God bless you all.

Rev Kathy

Bishop Rhiannon came to St Lukes on 21st December. Thanks to Paul Smith for this photograph as a reminder of a special service.



Christmas Lunch at The Nelson

On 18th December about thirty people from All Saints met at The Lord Nelson for a most enjoyable Christmas lunch. Our thanks go to Sandy who had only just become the new landlady, Tony and Judy for arranging the event, The Band and all those who entertained us – and Joss Cole for the photograph.



BIBLE STUDY

The Thursday evening Bible study group meets at 7pm at 3 Minterne Road, where Judy and Tony Eden kindly welcome us to their home.

Newcomers are always very welcome.

If you are interested in joining us, please contact Mary Thomas

A Busy time at Christmas and New Year

[Technical issues meant that we could not publish this article in time for the Christmas edition]

When we lived in the Cornish village of St Keverne, on Christmas Eve we had a Christingle service in the afternoon and in the evening we had a Carol Service. On Christmas Day, our three daughters and myself, who are all bell ringers, would rise very early to ring the church bells along with other ringers at 6am.

After about half an hour of ringing, the village was awake and we went to the house of bell captain, Jim Pengilly, for breakfast. His wife, Bertha, dressed the table for a Christmas breakfast with crackers for everyone to pull. Following breakfast, we would return to the church for the 8 o'clock service where we rang the bells for another half an hour and then went home. Meanwhile Bill had put the turkey in the oven!

Then the bell ringers returned to the church for 10.30am to ring for the 11am service for another half an hour. We all stayed for the service including Bill. Then we returned home to relax and ate Christmas dinner in time to listen to the Queen's Christmas message. At that time, he was Churchwarden although about 4 years later he became an ordained curate for St Keverne parish.

On New Years's Eve there would be a Watchnight service in church at 11pm. We would ring the bells for 10.30pm to ring the old year out. We rang the bells slowly, which made it difficult to keep the bells under control and not clashing (practice helps). People gathered outside in the village square just outside the church and some came into church for a short service. At 11.55pm the ringers would return to the bell tower, standing by our bell ropes ready to ring the New Year in. The bell captain would be on the tenor bell ready to strike 12 chimes. He had to get it exactly right and then we would hear a loud cheer from the square outside and folk began singing Auld Lang Syne-then went straight to the pub. One year we saw a shooting

star. No, we weren't drunk and it wasn't fireworks! We went home and went straight to bed, tired.

When we lived at the Lizard where Bill was Rector and our daughters had flown the nest, we did the same things there, although the ringers came to the rectory for breakfast prepared by Bill before taking the 9.30am service at one church and an 11 o'clock service at another church on Christmas morning. Then we had Christmas dinner with the family in time for the Queen's speech.

Jenny Cole



Mothers' Union



The Mothers' Union usually meets monthly at 3.30pm in the lounge of the Methodists' Church in Mudeford Lane, also weekly for prayers at 10am on the remaining Mondays. All meetings are open to anyone who is interested and would like to know more about this world-wide organisation.

For more information and are interested in becoming a member, please contact Mary Thomas or speak to any of our members.

On Monday 2nd February Rev Wendy will talk to us about Ruanda.

And

On Monday 2nd March Sue Rigden will give us 'Himalayas Part 2'

Mary Thomas

Fund-raising 2025/2026.

In 2025 our congregation have been unbelievably generous-We have raised over £100,000 in the members appeal. This is still being added to each month. In addition fund raising events have raised over £10,000. (See the next 2 pages for a few examples of where this money was raised) This is part of a larger total, which has enabled us to start the rebuild.

This year we are changing the emphasis from the congregation, looking for more support from local businesses and the wider community. With this in mind, we are organising an event at the Christchurch Harbour Hotel in March to attract support and involve the media. We will also invite those organisations who supported us financially last year.

The theme of the meeting will be based around the exciting future use of the building. In short we are now fundraising for lighting, heating, furniture and fittings not covered by insurance. This function at the Christchurch Harbour Hotel is being generously funded by the Hotel.

Peter Neale has been instrumental with others in organising and obtaining money from the insurers for contents lost in the fire. He is now offering the opportunity to donate towards individual items that will be needed once the church is built. See Page 12 for some suggestions. If you are interested in helping please speak to Peter.

We still intend to organise a few events during the year. For example we have had offers of help from a ukulele group, a bell ringing group and Mike Andrews.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who contributed in whatever way to put us in this position of rebuilding the church.

John Ward, Chair fundraising.



Photos

Taken

13th

Jan by

Paul

Smith



More good news from your Fundraising Team

Many of you will remember Lovedy James and her distinctive paintings. Sometime before she died, Paul Smith photographed some of her pictures and she gave permission that these could be used for “church purposes”. Courtesy of a contact at The Avon Reach Business



Breakfast group, I approached Richard Oswald at PP Printing and he very generously agreed to a print run of 1000 cards for no charge – equivalent to a donation of approximately £130.00: I was later back for additional 300 cards, again printed for free.

I was very grateful to my team of “card folders” -Debbie Kitley, Hetty Ward and Peter Rose for their help in converting 1300 cards into bundles of 5 ready for sale.

Much to my surprise and with huge thanks to Occasions in Highcliffe, Stewarts, Mandy in Quayside Hair and Beauty, Balan in Bury’s newsagents, Avon Reach Care Home, The Christchurch Harbour Hotel and the Captains Club, but most of all, to all of you who purchased cards after Sunday services and at the Christmas Fayre, all 1300 cards were sold and £938.00 added to the Rebuild Fund.

And, we heard last week that the residents of Avon Reach Care Home have voted for The Church Rebuild Appeal to be their Charity of the Year. I have to meet with Ruth Wildman, Care Home Manager (aka intrepid Sky Diver!) to discuss plans for the coming year – there will NOT be another Sky Dive, but there are exciting ideas, which I cannot divulge, but watch this space .

Sue Rigden

Parish Challenge – September 2025

As part of our fundraising for our new church, our event for October last year was a ‘Parish Challenge’. Instead of asking people to buy tickets for something, we offered £5 to anyone who would like to take part on the same basis as the parable of the talents. The challenge was to use the £5, combining it with your own particular talents to make the money grow.

What an amazing congregation we have and the range of talents exhibited was truly wonderful. We had people baking, making soup, offering lifts to the shops or for appointments, painting and making cards, taking photographs and making notelets, busking on the beach, inviting neighbours in for coffee, wine or a cream tea, making decorations for Christmas, knitting, organising a table top sale, giving talks to the WI, selling produce or other items and collecting or making donations! Sorry if I’ve left any activities out, but the response was quite overwhelming.

Not only did people make money, but they also served others and so many people benefitted from what was on offer. Here are a few photos of some of the efforts:

A huge thank you to all those who took part and to date we have raised a magnificent £1600 towards our rebuild project. An amazing effort!

Sally Clifford





ATTENTION ALL THOSE THAT CAN KNIT AND CROCHET

It has been suggested by Chris Pickard that we create a blanket of poppies to ornate our new altar in time for Remembrance Day 2027

I have made a start !



So please retrieve your needles and hooks and find red and black yarns to help with this project. Assorted patterns are available for free online, although I will gladly copy those that I am using.

Lesley Wright



Our new church is coming soon and we are looking for people to help us fund the improvements: sponsor a chair, piece of furniture or part of our new stained-glass window.



If you are interested, please use the QR code or contact admin@rivermudechurches.uk for further details:



My Early Memories of School My very first memory of going to school was at the age of just five. I was allowed to go immediately after the Whitsun half term break as this enabled my older sister to take me for the few weeks remaining before the start of the summer holidays.

The building was very old. One had to be very careful in the playground as the walls were covered in flint stones. The toilets were outside, across the yard, and were very drafty and smelly! In the 'Babies' classroom (as we were called), during the winter months an open fire was lit (with a large fireguard) to keep us warm.

It was a C of E school so every morning we started with prayers and said grace before we had our dinners. At the end of each day, we sang "Now the Day is Over".

Once a month we attended the very nearby church with the Rev Ernest George Pratt and his wife, Ethel.

Reflecting on my life, the three schools I did attend have all been pulled down. It amuses me to think that I have been erased from history!

Lesley Wright

School Memories One of the things I most remember about my time at Summerbee School is the morning assembly. Each morning, we had to sing Jerusalem as this hymn was the headmaster's favourite, and we had to sing it with gusto. If he wasn't satisfied with the way we sang it we had to keep on singing until he was happy with it. To this day when I hear this hymn it reminds me of Mr Legg, our headmaster.

I was known for being a chatterbox during lessons which got me into trouble with the teacher. To shut me up he would throw the blackboard rubber at me. I never learnt my lesson: I still talk too much.

Marion Neale

Prince Rupert School

For those who remember I wrote an article a childhood in Singapore which some readers found interesting, so I thought you might be interested what happened on my return from the far east.

After returning from the far east my father was posted to Neinburg which at the time was in West Germany. As many of you will probably remember, East and West Germany were divided and the East was under communist rule. The two countries were unified in 1990 after the fall of the USSR .

Because of the large military presence in Germany at the time there was a need for schools for the army children. There were four boarding schools which took pupils over the age of eleven from all over Germany. My sister and I attended Prince Rupert School situated at the sea port of Wilhemshaven in North Germany, which during the war years was the German naval base where the submarines were based known as U Boats.

After the war the naval base was taken over by the Royal Navy until 1947 at which point it was decided the base should become a boarding school for service children which made sense as it had the facilities for classrooms and housing for boarders.

The girls were housed in the grounds of the school, and the boys on two sites outside the school known as Bonteheim and Fliegerdeich .

The accommodation blocks that housed the boarders were the billets that were used by the German sailors during the war. The rooms were very spacious and there were five pupils in each room. We had a bed and a wardrobe and we had to make our own beds and keep the wardrobes tidy as the matron inspected the rooms every day. If your own personal area wasn't up to scratch you had to do it all again. I remember I didn't like the matron very much, not because she was German but because she had this horrible way about her being very strict and she never smiled. I certainly wouldn't have gone to her if I had a problem.

The school was divided into four houses. All the houses were named after famous seafarers: Drake, Howe, Rodney and Collingwood. I was a member of Drake house, I remember there was always great rivalry among the houses especially when we had inter-house events like football swimming boxing etc, and, in the case of the girls, netball, hockey and so on. At the end of year prizes were awarded to the winners for each event .

The school day started at 9am with assembly at Churchill. This was the building where we held morning assembly and it was the focal point for many other event such as Cinema on Saturday nights which the whole school would attend. The drama club and choir would get together and lay on the yearly Gilbert and Sullivan production and to this day I still love these operetta especially the Mikado.

School finished at 3.30 and all the pupils went back to their houses for afternoon tea followed by leisure time. Some pupils would belong to various clubs. I played football with my room mates using a jumper or jacket for goal posts.

Supper was served at 7 o'clock. My favourite day for supper was Thursday because that was egg and chips night. I always remember we sat at long tables a bit like we have at All Saints and at the top would sit the Monitor. He would get the first serving so by the time the bowl containing the chips got to the bottom end of the table there were not many left for the poor junior pupil. I know because I was one of them. when I started at boarding school that's just the way it was, but it was great as I moved up the table I got more chips.

After supper we had prep (Homework) which lasted for an hour, doing the work set out by the teachers which had to be in the next day. You were in trouble if you hadn't done it. This was a quiet period and if you were caught talking the duty monitor would dish out lines.

At weekends we still had to do prep on Saturday morning for two hours after breakfast, but the rest of the weekend was free except for church on Sundays which lasted for an hour. As you can see I went to church from an early age.

Half term was an exciting time although we didn't go home. It lasted from Friday till Monday when parents came to visit for the long weekend, speak to the teachers and find out how you were doing. The school also laid on events for the parents: the school choir would give a performance, also the drama club would perform the play they had been rehearsing for the occasion, and of course you spent time with your family.

I must admit I really enjoyed my time at this school although the first month was hard going as I had never been away from home before. I was home sick and missing my family, I remember the first month I had a calendar on the wall above my bed and I would tick each day off waiting for half term, but as the days went by the ticking off days was soon forgotten as I adjusted to school life and embraced the environment I found myself in.

I got on well with all my dorm mates. We looked out for each other if someone was struggling we would rally round and give support and do what we could to help sometimes. It could be tough especially if someone was home sick, boarding school wasn't everyone's cup of tea as the saying goes.

The only experience I had with bullying that I can remember, is there was one chap that picked on me relentlessly so in the end I retaliated and to my surprise I punched him and you know he never bothered me again. That's the thing with bullies- stick up for yourself and they go away. One thing I learnt very quickly was you had to grow up and look after yourself. You didn't have a mum or dad to run to. Throughout my life I have never tolerated bullying or injustice and I suppose this came from my time at boarding school.

Our Headmaster at the time was Mr Sharpe whose daughter also attended the school as a boarder. Mr Sharpe was passionate about education and he

published two books on the subject. He always had words of encouragement and was very approachable.

The majority of the teachers were British and as far as I can remember lived within the school grounds unless they were Head of House then they lived in the boarders accommodation. We also had two German teachers who taught metal work and woodwork .

Prince Rupert School opened in 1947 and closed in 1972.

Peter Neale

Art Group

The All Saints Church Art Group now gathers behind Stanpit Village Hall, in both the Maberley Room and the Harbour View Room above it, on the fourth Saturday of every month from 9.30-11.30am.

We have a concession from the Club opposite to park in their forecourt. We must vacate it before midday please and they ask that we park towards the front.

This group welcomes everyone with an interest in sketching and painting, from beginners to those with years of experience. Pictures for inspiration will be provided, but people are welcome to bring their own photographs of any subject that interests them.

The next meeting will be on Saturday 28th February

The subjects will be Underwater/Fish/Amphibians

For more information please contact Mary Thomas

School Days

In the sixties, secondary modern schools concentrated on practical skills such as metalwork, woodwork, rural studies, needlework and domestic science.

I was hopeless at needlework and domestic science. One day the teacher told me to put some sausage rolls into the oven for baking. She was too busy to show me how to light the gas cooker, so I just switched it on, as we had an electric cooker at home. Later when she checked the oven and attempted to light it, all her eyebrows were singed and the tale went around the school! However, I did manage to gain Cookery and Nutrition GCE later on, when I attended a Domestic Science course at Bucks County Farm.

I was also hopeless at games and PE. My Father acquired a second-hand black tracksuit, so I was happy to mess around in the goal during hockey. As for netball, my forte was to serve the slices of oranges to the teams and give out drinks!

My best time at school was with the music section. I had piano lessons every week after school and managed to get to Grade Six before going away nursing. It was a bit of hassle to take the exams, as I usually went with Mother and Auntie Gert on the train to Bedford. Bletchley did not have a piano exam centre. Mum and Auntie Gert would love to do the shopping in Bedford after the exam. I was in the school choir and one year we won a cup at the Northampton Eisteddfod. The school had excellent drama classes run by Mrs Gibbs. All her examination certificates had been destroyed by bombs during the war and she had to re take all her GCEs etc to be employed. Both Mrs Gibbs and her husband were keen members of the Bletchley Operatic Society and I will always remember Mr Gibbs as Emile in South Pacific as he was tall, dark and handsome and had a wonderful voice. I loved going to drama club after school and we did several concerts and plays to the parents. I was Miss Bourne in Arnold Ridley's "The Ghost Train"

and appeared in another school production with the teachers, the following year. The art department came up trumps with wonderful scenery and the needlework teachers helped with costumes.

Late developers like me often gained the exams later on. I passed the Intelligence Test at 10+, 11+ and 13+, but needed the extra tuition for English and Maths, which parents did not think about in those days, or could not afford. Later in the 6th Form I passed more exams than those at the Grammar School and think that it was better to be in the top, in Secondary School than at the bottom in the Grammar School.

Some of the teachers and their teaching was very poor and others were fantastic. Our Geography teacher really enthused us and I loved learning about other countries, travelling and Physical Geography. Mr Cross encouraged us to attend night school to take the Royal Society of Arts exams in English and Geography to boost our knowledge, ready for the GCEs.

I loved the routine of school and the friendships made. Doing the last few years a school website has grown and I now go to school reunions in Bletchley when I can. The last one was in September. Happy days.

Valerie Young.

Leon School Choir, I am top right in the photo.



Mrs Gibbs applying the makeup.

Miss Bourne getting drunk in The Ghost Train



Reunion with my classmates September



2025

Miss Brown and Mr Jeremiah of Fawcett Infant School, Kennington Oval, Lambeth: 1943

Miss Brown was incredibly pleased with our enthusiasm in decorating our classroom so beautifully and she made a point of telling us so. So it was that one day our darling teacher thanked us by presenting the class with a special gift by way of giving us a surprise treat: **five peanuts each, no less.**

She had an enormous glass jar which she held under her arm to secure it. Into this glass container she would plunge her little hand and pull out the treasure. She then proceeded to visit every child and altogether we had to count out the treasures with everyone joining in counting 1,2,3,4,5. Eventually, when everyone was served, we had instructions to peel off their brown jackets and upon completion the whole class had to eat them all at the same time. This seemed to take a lifetime. They were delicious and a real treat, making us incredibly happy. Of course, no sweets were available because of rationing. I still wonder where she got them from. On the Black market? Who knows? Who cares? All I know was that we were 'made up' as they say and eternally grateful. For my part I never forgot that simple act of kindness and a lesson in treating everyone the same whatever their capabilities, not the way they looked and with no favourites.

Miss Brown was different to anyone I had ever seen before. She was beautifully dressed as though she was sent direct from heaven and had forgotten to wear her wings. Strangely enough, she didn't seem much taller than her precious infant pupils. About her neck she supported a string of beads, and she wore a fragrant apple perfume. I had never seen beads or smelt any perfume before so was somewhat dumfounded. Thus, it transpired that I vowed I would copy her when I grew up. This I did and still do eighty-one years late as I confess that I am an avid collector of fragrances and strings of beads of any sort, but I do not think there will be any chance of getting wings!

We all loved her but had to say our goodbyes as we all had to be **evacuated** but as for me, I never forgot her kindness to everyone, treating us all the same and listening to us.

Sadly, parting broke my little heart as I never saw her again.

Mr Jeremiah was the headmaster. He was a dear man who was very spritely, being always there to encourage and praise anyone's efforts and so very smart, well turned out and suited. They were, of course, angels on earth. I wrote this in December and when my granddaughter asked me what it had to do with Christmas I replied that it is all about love, being humble, sharing, remembering others less fortunate in any way, and above all celebrating the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ maybe in a somewhat simplistic way, but truly loving, and believing with our whole hearts, forever and always come what may in our lives. Thank God for teachers, after all, Jesus grew up to be – the best!

Barbara Perry-Taylor



Duncan Layne's Schooldays

Ashton Vale Primary School

I started at Ashton Vale Primary school aged 4. That was quite a large modern school. Each child was allocated various things like a flannel. At that age we weren't expected to know numbers so pictorials were used. Mine was a Yacht. After lunch there was a time allocated for a nap. Little beds were brought out which we had to lie on under blankets while trying to fend off boredom.

Northleaze C of E Primary School

In 1968 we moved house to Long Ashton just across the border into Somerset. Ironically one reason for moving was so my elder sister wouldn't have to go to the school that she has now been a Teacher at for over thirty years.

There were two primary schools in the village, one on a new housing estate and at the other end of the village Northleaze C of E school. My Mother chose that for the simple reason that when making enquiries their secretary was the first to answer the phone. Going there was a lucky escape from the "Initial Teaching Alphabet" taught at the other school which a colleague always blamed for his poor spelling decades later.

Northleaze School was over 100 years old when we started there and had been built without any vehicular access. This might have caused problems for the daily delivery of free school milk, especially with steps up each side



from the entrance. However, Class 3 (eight to nine years old) was adjacent to the main road. Each day at about 11:00 the milk lorry would pull up alongside the school wall. Boys would be sent out for the driver to pass the

crates of milk to and take to the various classrooms. On a rainy day you wouldn't want to have to deliver to Class 2 which was up some outdoor steps right at the opposite end of the school grounds.

Milk crates were passed over the wall on the left. The two storey part on the right was used for the staffroom and secretary but had originally been the Headmasters house. There were two more "temporary" wooden classrooms further to the right of that.

Fun fact: In 1860 this cost £2200 to build.

When I was young my Mother used to walk with me to school. One day, when we got to school the Headmaster wanted a word.

"Mrs. Layne; you're a teacher aren't you.? Can you do a day's supply taking Mrs. Someone's class as she has phoned in sick." Can you imagine that happening today ? From then on she became their supply teacher of choice. Then a vacancy came up teaching Class 1. Since they already knew her she was the obvious candidate and she stayed working there for the next fifteen years.

Other things that wouldn't happen today:

When my Mother congratulated the school cook on a particularly nice dinner the cook said she had got the recipe from Woman's Weekly and multiplied the quantities by 40.

At the back of the school they set up an Adventure Playground with a log cabin made from wood from an old wharf from Bristol Docks. There was also a scrap Ford Anglia on bricks in the Centre. It was a health and safety nightmare and I can think of two occasions where boisterous games led to boys ending up having to have stitches in their heads. I don't recall any injuries from the Ford Anglia, despite boys borrowing the schools hacksaws to try and saw random parts of the engine to find out what was inside, Brake fluid being one discovery. When I was in Class 4 the Teacher bought each member of the class a Christmas present (probably all from a bulk package from somewhere like Peeks). Having had to recently provide proof of age to

buy a saw by mail order it is increasingly surprising that at the age of 9 my present was a penknife.

Backwell Comprehensive School

This was most memorable for all the different lunchtime and after school clubs. At about 13 I was invited by the Physics Teacher Mr Smith to be one of the Founder Members of the Electronics Club he was setting up. There we built simple projects like the Ladybird Transistor Radio. After 47 years doing electronics as a career, I owe him a big thank you.

Another lunchtime club was “Maths Club.” Activities included making animated films (not quite to Nick Park’s standard) and programming the (note the singular) school’s computer a Busicomp 2017. This involved punching holes out on perforated cards often using a Biro, while trying to avoid “hanging chads”.

An after-school club was the Model Railway club. That had a large layout which was normally suspended from the roof of the metalwork classroom and could be lowered down on ropes, preferably by six boys in order to control the descent. That club was unusual in that it wasn’t really run by a teacher but by a couple of six formers with the leadership being passed down the line when they left.

One year for a school open day I used my electronics knowledge and some Meccano to build a coin box for my own layout. Inserting a coin would make the train run around the track a couple of times before stopping at the station. It was so lucrative that the year after I left school the club borrowed it again to raise funds.

One last “It would never happen today” concerns a school report. After glowing reports in all the Academic subjects, the P.E. (Physical Education) teacher wrote

“Duncan has tried really hard this year and has progressed from being completely useless to useless.” No wonder I prefer dancing to sport.

Early School Days I don't think many children run away to school, but I was one such child! In January 1944 I reached the age of four and on the day after my birthday I announced that I was ready to go to school. I explained I had taught myself to read and count and now I needed to go to proper school. Also, I needed to get away from my little sister who spoilt all my games. My parents explained that I couldn't go to school until I was five because that was the law. I was not happy and in fact very cross. I waited for the next day and after my father left for work and my mother was busy with my sister I let myself out of the house and walked round the corner to the local Widemarsh Road Infant School.

I had seen the children lining up in the playground and I knew just what to do. I went in the girls' entrance and joined the line of smallest girls and marched in when the whistle blew. I sat at an empty chair at the back and waited. The teacher read out a list and all the children answered, "Here Miss Cauldicott". Except me. After a while one of the other forty children asked Miss Cauldicott, "Who is the new girl?" What a fuss ensued. Off to the Head Mistress. Lots of questions and eventually I was escorted homeno one had missed me!

My parents then agreed I needed to go to a school. I couldn't wait for a year before going to state school so they found a little private school. The Margaret Allen Preparatory School, also known as Red Caps because that was part of their uniform. It was run by two elderly sisters in a large Victorian house.

My primary school days were definitely some of my happiest days. My first teacher Miss Marjorie Gibbs taught me so much, to be curious, love nature, try everything offered, to learn from my mistakes, to persevere, but above all to be kind and love people. Her sister, Miss Kaye Gibbs, was the cook and carer and one of my greatest joys when I reached ten was to be her kitchen helper give out the little bottles of milk and roll out the pastry. My love of cooking and food comes from her. Some twenty years later they were both guests at my wedding. Definitely a great beginning

Poetry Section: Message from Jill Barr below and Poem from Tom.

Hello, just getting in touch with you to let you know I've been published FOR REAL along with my poetry group (Wimborne Stanza Poetry) . Each of us submitted seven pages of poems. You can decide for yourself whether my poems are any good but the others are terrific and well worth reading. If you are curious and would like a copy, you can order it from *Dithering Chaps*.

You'll find it listed under publications or follow the link Poems from the Old Squash Court Café - Wimborne Stanza 2025 — Dithering Chaps Jill x x

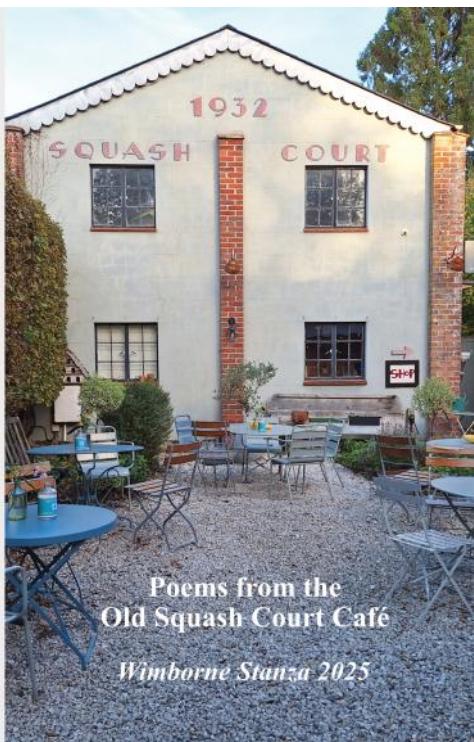
Wimborne Stanza hope the poems in this anthology speak for themselves, but also speak volumes about our world, ourselves, and what inspires us poetically.

Many of these poems have been previously published, some are being shared for the first time.

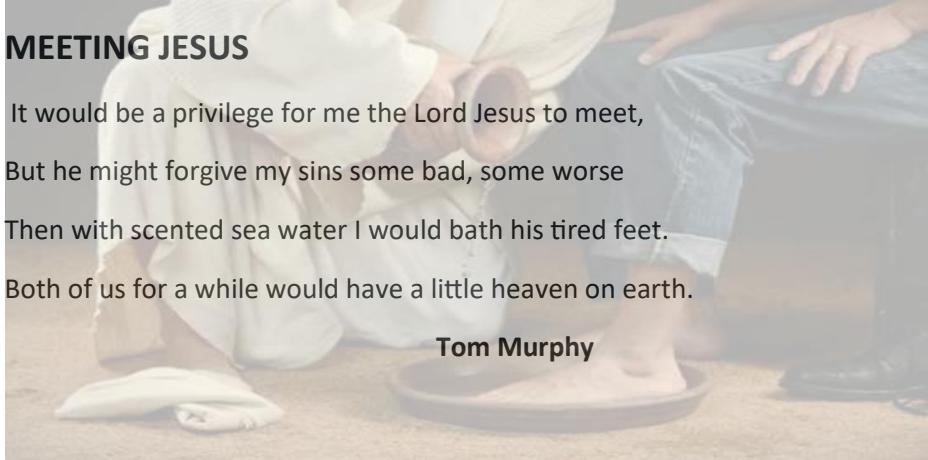
Here, you will find poems about: Chesil pebbles and Portland stone; concerns for the planet and for the displaced; conversations overheard and with ourselves; runners in parks and dancers in mid-leap; unstitchings, AI glitches; swamps, shrews and grey, ravelled sheep.



Poems from the Old Squash Court Café



MEETING JESUS



It would be a privilege for me the Lord Jesus to meet,
But he might forgive my sins some bad, some worse
Then with scented sea water I would bathe his tired feet.
Both of us for a while would have a little heaven on earth.

Tom Murphy

Mission Pot: House of Joy

The Mission Pot for February is The House of Joy in Sri Lanka. Chris and Alf Green were there doing voluntary missionary work in 2014. There was an article in our December/January edition of The Anchor which I hope you have had a chance to read. This included a letter from Fr Jude thanking us for our support and including an update.

Chris comments:

It always pleases us to know the House of Joy is still doing well despite their many difficulties.

The girls continue to flourish at school and their outlook on life after their education has finished is much brighter and more positive.

The money we send on behalf of All Saints' is so appreciated and very helpful as it makes such a big difference in many ways.

The girls and Fr Jude pray for us at All Saint's every week as we do for them.

Blessings

Alf & Chris

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Meesons Solicitors in Ringwood and Spurlings Solicitors in Christchurch are very excited to announce the merger of their two firms. This will bring two long-established, and well-respected, solicitors' firms together, and enable them to provide an even better service to their clients in the Hampshire and Dorset area.

The merged practice will offer a comprehensive range of legal services, that can deal with all your legal requirements in relation to Wills, Probate, Family, Employment, Dispute Resolution and Residential Property. They will continue to operate from the existing offices in Ringwood, Christchurch and Mudford, under the name of 'Meesons and Spurlings'. The Directors of the new alliance will be Edward Holmes, Ruth Lucas and Tamasine Whitbread (nee Spurling).

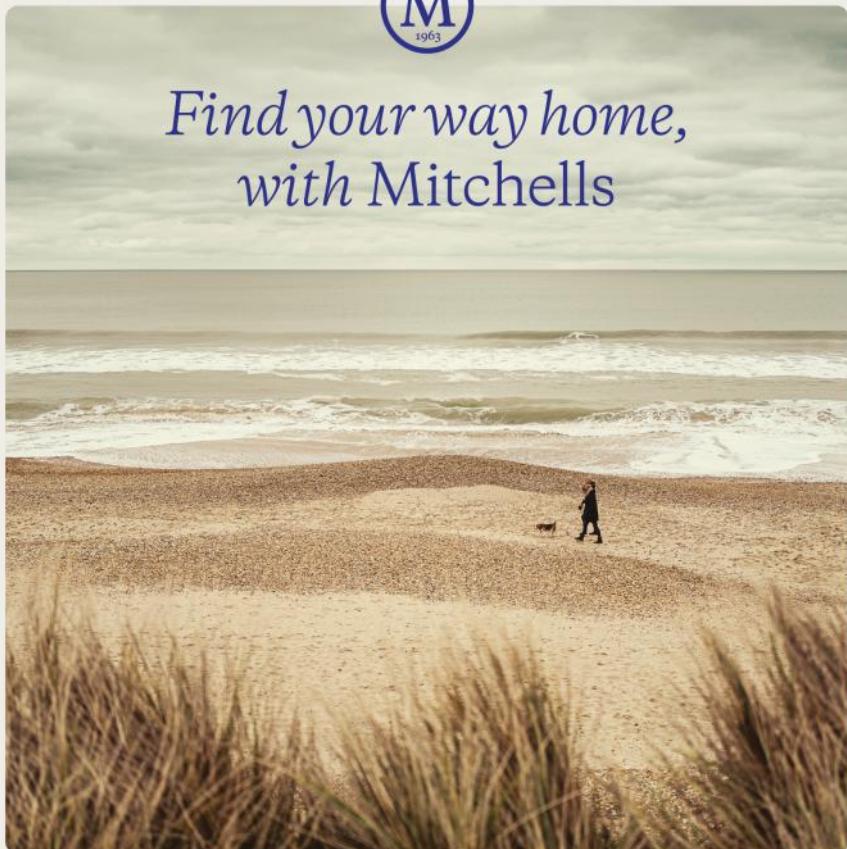
Tamasine will continue to practice in Christchurch and Mudford with the added benefit of offering Dispute Resolution and Family services while Edward and his team will continue to be based in Ringwood covering all the surrounding areas.

Edward Holmes states "I am delighted that the opportunity has arisen to join together two firms with a common client-focused philosophy. We are all looking forward to the opportunities this affords us - not only to offer an even better service to our clients, but also to expand the range of legal services we can offer".





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Mainly Men

An invitation to join an open group within the life of All Saints Church.

Mudeford Methodist Church

11.30am on 27th February 2026

Captain Charles Fryatt

An Unsung Hero of WW1

By

Paul Joyce

The talk will be followed by a Bring and Share lunch:
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Contact: Bob Miller 01425 240146

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Queen Elizabeth Church Grammar school

My secondary school career started in 1959 – still in the days of the 11+ exam. However the family move in late 1958 from Bournemouth, Hampshire to Ferndown, Dorset was a problem. My brother was to continue his place at Bournemouth Grammar for boys but my school would have to be in Dorset.

So in September 1959, I caught the bus to Wimborne to attend Queen Elizabeth Grammar School for boys and girls.

Queen Elizabeth Church Grammar school was founded by Lady Margaret

Beaufort (1443–1509), the mother of Henry VII. Her father, John Beaufort, 1st Duke of Somerset, occupied the Kingston Lacy estate in the mid-15th century and Lady Margaret was brought up there. Until Victorian times the curriculum continued to centre on Greek and Latin (varied with cockfighting in the 18th century). Student numbers were low until the beginning of the 20th century. At the first inspection by the new Education board in 1905 there were 27 boarders and 37 day boys.

The site of the school was immediately south of Wimborne Minster, just across the road. The old Victorian church school building was erected in 1842. It had a central hall 'Big School' for teaching, flanked by two suites of rooms, originally for the Headmaster and Second Master. On the second floor there were other classrooms with the third floor once used for boarders dormitories – empty and 'out of bounds' in my day. The



Old Grammar School, King Street - Built 1842

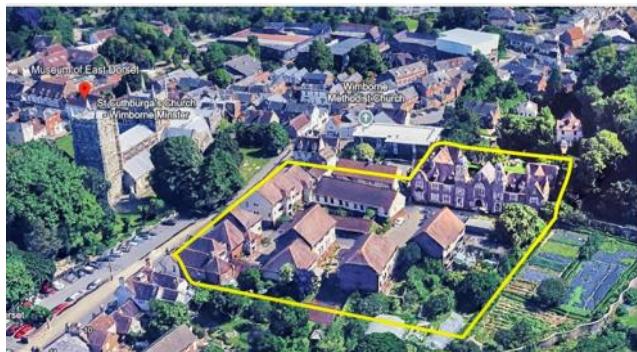
playground was in front of this building with two 'fives courts' and a gym on the far side and an old rifle range on the South side, historically used by the schools army cadets. The 'fives' game is very similar to modern squash but using hands in place of racquets and a hard rubber ball.

Between the old school building and the road were twentieth century classrooms and labs and specialist rooms for Woodwork (Boys) and Domestic Science (Girls).

However this was the start of the surge in 'baby boomer' numbers and more space was found for years 1 & 2. Six additional 'annex' classrooms were located on the other side of the town centre to the North alongside the River Allen. This meant up to 4 journeys on foot between the two locations; after morning assembly, to and from Lunch then back at end of the school day to catch the bus in the centre of town. At least Wednesday afternoon games were at the field adjacent to the annex classrooms.

I left to go to University in 1966, but the school was not to continue for many more years. The transition from selective secondary education and the move of Bournemouth to Dorset in 1974 prompted major changes.

The Grammar school building was closed and Pamphill school, just a mile away to the West became the main secondary comprehensive school for the area. It is still known as QE (Queen Elizabeth) School and has an excellent reputation.



This image shows that the old school in the yellow border, façade remains as apartments with housing replacing the classrooms and playground.

Paul Smith

In Praise of Creation. (Climate)

Weather is a frequent topic of conversation in Britain but, as one person recently said to me “Climate change and weather are all a bit of mystery”. We see the UK weather every night on TV but the presenters do not have the time to explain the wider climate picture. To understand the weather, we first need to realise the forces that create and drive it.

The power driving the climate comes from the sun, heating the land and water near the Equator. The sun’s heating is greatest at the equator, and diminishes as the latitude increases to almost zero at the poles. Just like a house room radiator, the hot tropical water produces hot rising air by convection. Hot moist air rises at the equator and then moves at high levels to the colder regions, half to the North, balance to the South. In the Northern Hemisphere, the rising air turns clockwise and creates high pressure areas, but the air that went up then cools, rains and comes down in low pressure areas which circulate anti clockwise like the eddies in a river. These high and low pressure areas are then steered by the predictable trade winds as shown in the diagram. A low pressure area or storm starting near West Africa will travel Westerly to the Caribbean, - occasionally becoming a hurricane – then moves North East towards Europe and us, though losing some power with colder seas.

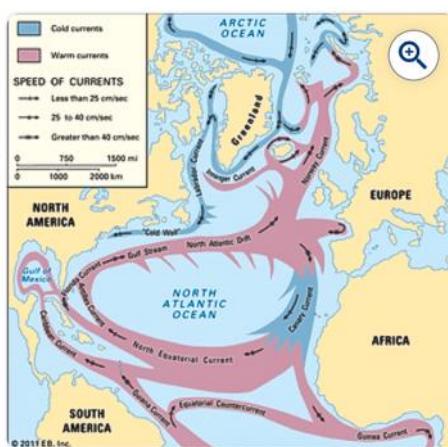
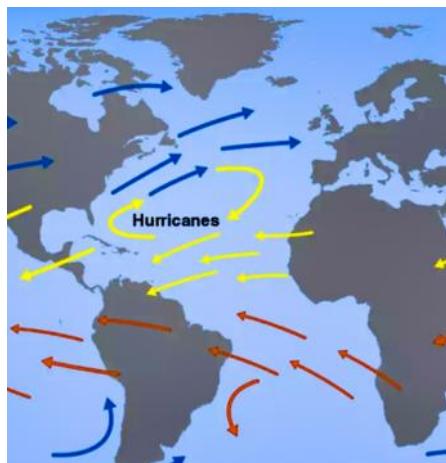
Also, the warm tropical water near the surface travels towards the poles, then cools, sinks and returns deep down in cold currents southwards. The diagrams shows the overall flows of air and water in the North Atlantic area and the benefit we get from the Gulf Stream.

The earth is tilted 23 degrees in relation to the Sun, so the strongest water heating moves further North in Summer which makes air and water temperatures for us higher in Summer and changes the weather. In England, we benefit in summer from the gulf stream, longer, higher sun and warmer airstreams.

These air and water circulations create a balance in the world climate. When scientists talk about climate change, this is based on higher water temperature at the tropics, caused by fossil fuel Carbon Dioxide. CO₂ creates a 'greenhouse' effect, increasing the retention of heat. This heat is what powers our weather and, in particular the severity of storms. Reports of the latest super Hurricane in Jamaica commented on the Caribbean water temperature being 1-2 degrees higher than normal which was powering the hurricane to the highest wind levels ever seen when it struck Jamaica.

Next month I will try to show how weather systems from the tropics affect us then explain some of the weather presenters jargon - Low Pressures, Fronts etc. Added to this I will cover the different types of clouds we see and how they can forecast future weather.

Paul Smith.





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Church website: allsaintsmudeford.org

Christchurch Foodbank+

Happy New year and thank you for all your faithful support of CFB+ over the Christmas period and within the community. With your help we blessed 117 individuals with a hot Christmas dinner, 70 full Turkey dinner trays were delivered out to those in our communities who were unable or didn't want to go out, 331 households were blessed with Christmas goodies, 71 Turkeys were delivered across BH23. That is all whilst the Foodbank operated as normal. Thank you, working together to help those struggling in our communities through the ministry of the Foodbank. Our needs are UHT milk cartons, tinned carrots, peas and corn, meatballs and tinned pies. **Thank you and blessings in advance from Tracy, Sarah, John**

Our Vision for Mission:

This Parish seeks to be inclusive in extending God's kingdom, by encouraging the whole community to grow in the Christian faith through prayer and worship, and to care for others through pastoral and practical support.

All Saints Services

Mudeford, Christchurch, BH23 3HS

Sunday: 10am at either Stanpit Village Hall or St Luke's, Burton.

Wednesday: 10am at St John's, Purewell.

First Sunday in the month Church In the Round, an informal service at 5-30pm at High Cross Church, Somerford.

4-30pm in the winter.

On the Internet.

See Church web-site or notice board for all details.

www.all saints mudeford.org.

Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/parishofmudeford/>

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