

THE FOSTERIAN

The Magazine of the Old Fosterians' Association



No. 25

Spring 2018

**OFFICERS and COMMITTEE of the OLD FOSTERIANS'
ASSOCIATION 2017/2018**

President

M.J. GOODE Esq. Rosewell, Courshay, Hawkchurch,
Axminster, Devon. EX13 5XF. Tel No. 01297678164. email:
goode123@btinternet.com

Chairman

P. DOLBEAR Esq., 12 Blackbirds, Thornford, Sherborne, DT9 6QZ Tel
No. 01935 873497. e-mail: philipdolbear@aol.com

Hon. Secretary

D NOBLE Esq. e-mail: david.noble@gmail.com

Hon. Membership Secretary

S. NEWELL Esq.

Tel No. 07770 641027. e-mail: simonhnewell@yahoo.co.uk

Hon. Treasurer

P. HOLDEN Esq., 14 Park Road, Leamington Spa, CV32 6LG Tel No.
01926 422655. e-mail: peteholden43@talktalk.net

COMMITTEE

G. BUNTER Esq., J. HOUSE Esq., I. MAUN Esq.,

D. NOBLE Esq., K PARSONS Esq., K WATERFALL Esq.

The President's Remarks

100 years ago numerous groups of women were coming together to fight for 'rights for women'. Most under the age of 32 had no votes. It must have been some very determined old girls from Lord Digby' School who founded their Association within that social/political environment.

Over the past year, amongst a jumble of sites on social media, I have followed the Fosters' and Lord Digby's.....'Our Virtual School' site and recommend it to members. Please excuse me from the established position of President to act as "devils' advocate".

Social media, now and in future, has become a main information channel with the majority of Old Fosterians being fairly conversant with the 'internet' etc. Should the Association be concerned? It's fast increasing membership, now at 500 + and across both schools, coupled with its international appeal has created an 'association' within our traditional arrangements.

The Officers and committee work very hard; nevertheless the difficulty gathering sufficient news for the Magazine causes some concern. (although I have just heard from Kevin that, this year, there has been a good response.) Founder's day in May.....only 6 members from Fosters. The Annual Dinner in October with its traditional date in October....Would a daytime event Mid-summer have a wider 'family' appeal? The Remembrance Service at the Gryphon School, a memorable occasion, again only 6 representatives from the Association. The representation relying mostly on the same 6.

Having expressed my thoughts I would welcome views from the Association and will attempt to collate and report back.

These comments must not diminish or tarnish the thanks to our Officers and committee for again working quietly and efficiently thus retaining the sound foundation of the Association. **Mike Goode**

Chairman Remarks

I am delighted for you all to be receiving another excellent edition of the Magazine. I hope you will enjoy the reports from the traditional events through the year, but most of all your contributions. A big thank you for a great response to our request for these. The biggest thanks of all to Kev Parsons for pulling it all together. All your Committee have done 'their bit' over the year and hence the Association continues in reasonable health. Thank you. However, it is always going to be a challenge with a finite pool of Members. Your President has invited us to think 'outside the box' to maximise appeal of The Association. Please do give it some thought and send us your comments - contact details in the inside cover.

Philip Dolbear

HON TREASURER'S REPORT

at 31st December 2017

The balances of the OFA accounts are as stated below for the year end 2017.

Assets at 31st December 2017

NatWest Reserve A/c	£1714.49	NatWest
Current A/c	£1231.29	

Total	£2945.78	
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Subscriptions received from members in 2017 totalled £641.00. Donations totalled £40 and there were £30 of OFA tie sales. All are accounted for within the NatWest Current A/c.

Expenditure at 31st December 2017

Magazine printing / posting £662.05 Founders
Day Church Ex. £137.50

Poppy wreaths £ 25.00

Total £824.55

I have not received any claims by members of the committee for any expenses incurred by them for calendar year 2017.

Just to remind the membership, that I do not itemise the income for either the Founders Day Lunches or the Annual Dinner (nor their expenditure) as both these events are fully self-funding. All income received by whatever means is accountable and traceable through the Nat West Current account statements. Expenditure likewise is all through the single cheque book operating on that account.

P R Holden 11/1/2018

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2017

Minutes of the Old Fosterian's Association Annual General Meeting
17.30pm, 14th October 2017, held at the Sherborne Golf Club.

Attendees

Philip Dolbear – Chair

Pete Holden – Treasurer, David Noble - Secretary

Harry Hughes, John House, Ian Maun,

Kevin Waterfall, Kevin Parsons, Mr Perry

Apologies

Mike Goode

Minutes of previous meeting:

Kevin Waterfall proposed, agreed unanimously and signed by the Chair.

Matters arising

At the previous AGM, a proposal was agreed to give an annual bursary, the Richard Foster Travel Bursary. At this time, no claims against it have been made yet. KW will allocate whether the preferred project will be Granville exchange students or Young Musicians.

Chair's report

The Chair started by thanking committee and offered special thanks for Kevin Parsons for editing the *Fosterian* magazine for the first time; many compliments for it had been received.

The 2017 Founder's Day service was held with the LDOGA at Castleton Church . As in previous years, LD members greatly outnumbered OFA members. The 2018 Founder's Day will be 100th year of Lord Digby's Association.

The Remembrance service will be held on the 10th November 10.30 at Gryphon School.

Sherborne Museum has reorganised its storage space, with some being moved to their Yeovil facility. Most Foster's related items have been formally assessed, bar two boxes from Ken House which are yet to be done. The Chair has formally requested of the Museum Director that this be done.

The Chair offered his Thanks to Ian Maun for organising the Dinner.

Treasurer's (interim) report

The Treasurer provided his interim financial review. Reserve £1714.35 an increase of £0.11. Current account is up by £0.13. Reserve as agreed last year should be used for bursaries.

Many members make regular donations. Agreed that donations will be recorded as a total sum, but not necessarily the names of the donors. Magazine costs were up by about £200 on last year, though the reasons unclear.

The Blackmoor Vale Magazine wasn't used for advertising the meal this year, saving around £150. Publicity in Western Gazette, Sherborne Times and others was free.

There were no committee claims for expenses.

It was agreed to seek consensus by email from Committee for a donation to the LDOGA for The Founders Day Service in line with normal expenditure rather than necessarily half of the Abbey fees and other costs.

Kevin Parsons, Kevin Waterfall proposed and seconded the Treasurer's interim report.

Election of officers

All Committee members all happy to continue in their current roles. Proposed and seconded by Mr Perry and Mr Hughes. All members of the committee re-elected

Any Other Business

Advertising for OFA meal. Suggestion to email all members after Fosterian goes out to remind/inform people of the meal. Request for email addresses in the Fosterian to ensure they are up-to-date.

Chair will do write up from tonight.

Post dinner write up will be published onto Facebook groups.

The Fosterian will have its usual review.

The OFA/LDOGA website can carry an reminder of the meal. Geoff Jenkins needs to be given copy.

Local press 'adverts' will be placed two months before.

Bulk email reminders will be sent in the months leading up to the meal.

The Golf Club need to know final numbers 1 week before the meal.

The Committee commented on the flexibility this provides.

Date of next meal -13th October 2018.

Request for stories for magazine.

AGM closed 1830

OLD FOSTERIANS' DINNER 2017

2017 Old Fosterians' Association Dinner – first to last

The Annual Dinner occurred this past weekend (14th Oct) at Sherborne Golf Club. 37 attended made up of Old Boys with a contingent of Old Digbyonians and partners. Fosterians attending included Harry Harris (34-40) who had his final year as the first attendee of Tinneys Lane to a group who finished in 1992, the last year of Fosters – yes it was 25 years ago! Other travelled from Brussels and Dubai to be there! Previous Staff Members present included Association President Mike Goode and Ian Maun.



A plea was made at the Dinner for up to date contact details in particular email. Whether you are an existing Member or not, but want to be kept advised of future activities, please email

philipdolber@aol.com. There is also a website, a Facebook page and LinkedIn group.

Plans are afoot for 2018. The joint Founders Day Service in conjunction with The Lord Digby's School Old Girls Association is on 12th May. This year a special service in Sherborne Abbey (and tea after at The Eastbury) with the girls celebrating 100 years of their Association. (See notes later in magazine.) The 2018 Old Fosterians Dinner (to which LDSOGA welcome too) is to be held on October 13th 2018. Mark the diary now and get a cohort together!

FOUNDER'S DAY SERVICE

- 13th May 2017

Members joined the Lord Digby's Old Girls Association for this traditional service, again held in Castleton Church. Mike Goode, our President attended along with Brian Arthur, Jim Dereham, John House, Kevin Waterfall, Simon Newell, Alec Thorne and Philip



Dolbear. Special mention must go to Brian (1947-51) who travelled over from the Isle of Wight and at the tender age of 83, nearly missed

the Service because he spent too long cycling round his old haunts in Thornford and Bradford Abbas in the morning!

The Service was conducted by The Revd Dr. Richard Wyld. He reflected on education for life, not just in terms of skills but also becoming a good rounded person. The reading from 4 Philippians 4-8 urged reflection on good things in God's eyes – things that are noble, right, pure, lovely, and honourable, Dr Wyld said we should also keep these in our minds. A vision of being 'good' would help us live our lives well too.

On May 12th 2018, being the Centenary for the Old Girls, the Service will be returning to Sherborne Abbey. Details later in the Magazine.

The Richard Foster Travel Bursary

The Richard Foster travel bursary was not called on for funds in 2017, but an award of £200 has been made in 2018 to support a Gryphon young musician to take part in the Douzelage Young Musician project (M4EU) in Granville, Normandy, France. M4EU brings together young musicians from 10 EU countries to make music together, to take part in a competition and perform in a concert. Additionally the students take part in social activities together which help them to understand different cultures and music across different countries.

The Annual Gryphon/German Exchange 2018

The Gryphon school welcomed the annual exchange students from Realschule der Pfingsttittstadt, Bad Kotzting; this year there were 16 students. There is often a return visit from The Gryphon to Germany and the exchange has been happening for 21 years and is always something that boosts German language capability and confidence amongst students. On this trip the students and their teachers had a day of working in class with students from The Gryphon as well as a

range of activities and visits including, Stonehenge, Salisbury, The Dorset Coast and London on their way back to Germany.

At the weekend they stayed with host families from The Gryphon and each went out to explore with their families the places that the students liked.



Many thanks go to Emma Hensman and Sarah Slade for organising these visits and making them such a success.

LOOKING BACK

We start this year's Looking Back, courtesy of John House, with that den of torture we all remember well – the Gym. This lovely shot shows all the facets designed to challenge us, the ropes, beams and wall bars. Behind the double doors was stored equipment, whilst though the doors on the right were the changing rooms and the showers that, if I remember rightly, were mainly cold!



The Janitor took as much care over

this floor as he did the main Assembly Hall and woebetide any boy who went into the Gym in anything other than plimssoles!

John has also sent us a picture of the Swimming baths taken on what can only be the Swimming Sports Day. Situated in the grounds of the Kings School (the Boys Public establishment) near the Abbey, it required us to walk across town to partake in the dip. Many decades ago, this pool



was fed by the stream running nearby (now culverted and hidden), but was changed to Town water for hygiene reasons. This pool was bathing the old

way – an open air pool, unheated and to be “enjoyed” irrespective of the weather at least one afternoon per week in the summer term.

The girls of Lord Digby’s School were subjected to the same rigours, especially disliking the canvas covered outside changing rooms (though from memory, “room” would be too grand a description!

Next, a day out prompted memories for Kevin Parsons who penned the following

Blashenwell Revisited.

On a fine weekend last June, I took a cycle ride round an old stamping ground that many old boys will remember. Back in 1966, the 3rd Form were the forerunners of a tradition that would last the best part of a decade by leaving the Vale of Yeo and migrating south to the Isle of Purbeck to the annual week-long Camp at Blashenwell. By 1971, the

1st Form also had the pleasure of this rather rural site, each year enjoying the experience until 1976 when the last Camp was attended by boys from the school.

My tenure at Foster's was such that my year group enjoyed Blashenwell Camp in both the 1st and 3rd years. The Camp was situated on a rising north facing hillside to the west of the Purbeck village of Kingston at the head of a track to Blashenwell Farm, a third of a mile northwards. Access was through a wood from Kingston village 400 yards away – an easy downhill walk at the start of the week, a slightly more tiring return after a week in the fresh air!

Referring to the photograph below, taken in the summer of 2017, the tents – six man scout variety – were arranged in a C-shape on what passed for a level part of the field, though was on the steady rise, on the right of the photo. Immediately to the north, a sculptured level area held the life-blood of the Camp – the kitchen and mess tent. This is the area to the left of centre of the photo. Between this and



the track, (on the left) sat a large wood pile to feed the camp fire. To deal with the more basic of human functions, latrines of the traditional bucket-and-chuck-it type were sited some 100 yards away, hidden from Camp view by topographical features, but in plain view of a footpath crossing the field! There were no washing facilities other than bowls of water that, boys being boys, I don't recall ever being used!

My memories of Camp life are, quite understandably after 45 years, a mixture of the two visits, but all of them largely pleasant. Quite naturally, our more “physical” of teachers led the camp and hence Ken House and Mike Goode, along with Brian Davis figure in my memories, along with their wives whose culinary abilities never failed to feed us.



Scouring the scrubland, I came across the the site of the latrines, complete with the concrete cess pit, now filled with earth, seen here to the left of centre with nettles now growing up out of the old manhole!

Camp life consisted of rostered duties, mixed with walks and Canoes. Rostered duties encompassed the whole business of camping from peeling potatoes to emptying the latrines. This latter activity sticks in my mind, especially the emptying of the buckets into a large cess-pit, followed by a slosh of elsan blue. Any group of boys apparently idle during these Camp chores were detailed to move the log pile from one location to another on the apparent desire to make access easier!

But it is the canoes that stick firmly in my mind. On day one, we all experienced the first of several walks down the hill to Chapman’s Pool, the isolated cove just over a mile from camp, where some dozen or so canoes sat on their transporter in the car park on the cliff top. Our mission was to transfer them down the cliff path to a secluded part of the beach hinterland, where a small camp was also set up. The purpose of this second camp soon became obvious – part of the camp duties included a night guarding the canoes! Our third photograph

here shows this secluded cove and the geological challenge required to access it!



By day we had sessions canoeing in the sea, including, I particularly remember, rafting up and the outside boys climbing out of their respective vessels, one crawling across the bows of the rafted others, the second boy across the sterns, to reach each other's craft.

Guard duty was best described as an experience. With no teacher to keep an eye on us, we were left to our own devices. I can honestly not recall if we were left any food – but I suppose our masters ensured we did not starve. My abiding memory is of us attempting to scale the very unstable shale cliff face opposite the tents, as well as boiling up water from the stream for a drink – an act that in retrospect, after a career in which I learned (and indeed regulated) exactly what was put in the stream further up the valley, might be construed as a folly. But we lived.

Back at the main camp, our bodies, clawing at the edge of puberty, were kept exercised. We walked to Swanage and back, then down to the coast and westwards to Kimmeridge on the sea shore – particularly hairy in places, followed by a cross country return to camp. We were left, to a degree, to our own devices in these perambulations and on one walk, returning from Corfe Castle across Corfe Common, one of our party, more in hope than expectation, stuck his thumb out to hitch a ride from the farmer returning to Blashenwell Farm in his landrover. To our great surprise, pity upon us was taken and we played the game

of seeing how many boys could fit into the back, then actually hang on as we were transported precariously back to the farm and the short walk up the hill to Camp.

I seem to recall that failure of a group to achieve a particular task, or a tent that made too much noise overnight, received swift corporal punishment administered by Ken House in the form of a run down to the Farm and back in double quick time before breakfast – well, that was explained to us as what WOULD happen. In practice, I don't recall any particular group suffering the "punishment".



An ariel photo from 1972 of Blashenwell. Kingston village is bottom right and the track to the camp runs westwards – you can see the white dots of the tents. To the north, a track runs to Blashenwell Farm and beyond, Corfe Castle (off the photo)

When I look back, both weeks I spent in this field in the Purbecks were greatly enjoyed. Had I known more of the area at the time, perhaps I would have paid more attention to what I was seeing, for this vicinity, (more so Renscombe, the small hamlet east of Chapman's Pool) played a pivotal part in the development of Radar. But that is another story - see elsewhere in this magazine. Meanwhile, enjoy the photographs and if you have particular memories, please share them.

Kevin Parsons

Finally, a Teacher's memories of his time at school

Foster's – Some early memories

It all began on a Friday in 1976 when Sue, my wife, showed me an advertisement in the *Times Educational Supplement* for a languages teacher. 'Foster's School, Sherborne. 200 boys.' 'No,' I said, 'It must be a misprint for 1200.' Still, I applied for the job and got an interview.

We drove up to to Sherborne from Cornwall, where I was teaching, stopping on Dartmoor for a picnic lunch, and then finding ourselves in a curiously old-fashioned town. Newland Garden with its trees and golden-stone houses around it looked like something out of *Biggles Goes to School*.

I made my way up Tinney's Lane to find a curious Art Deco building dating from the 1930s. I was shown into the little room at the foot of the Library stairs where I waited to be interviewed. A bright young man with a big smile and wearing a sports jacket bounced into the room. 'Hello,' I thought, 'this must be the PE teacher.' He introduced himself and then showed me to the Head's study...where he sat down behind the desk. It was Chris Lea, and he was the Head!

I went through the interview. There was only one other candidate and he already taught at a public school and played hockey, so I thought I had little chance of getting the job. I was sent along to the staff room at the end of the corridor, where a terrifying figure with a big moustache was waiting. I'm clearly a very poor judge of character, because this was the delightful Edgar Maltby, Head of Art, who was as polite and kind as you can get, and was so forever after.

It was Friday, and I had to wait until the Monday to get the result of the interview. Sure enough, in the late afternoon, Chris phoned me at school to offer me the job. Taking that step was one of the most important moments of my life.

Before leaving Fowey School (my first post) I asked one of the older members of staff if he had any advice for someone taking up a new

job. 'Yes,' he said. 'In the first lesson, just set out what you expect. Lay it on the line.'

So, on a cold morning in January 1977, I left the Boarding house, where I was staying and again made my way up Tinney's Lane. I was made welcome in the Staff Room by the gentlemanly 'Mac' McKay, the Deputy Head, and immediately given a master key to the premises. Imagine that today!! I was introduced to a delightful bunch of characters who were to be my colleagues for the next few years – Ken House, Jack Crouch, Jack Edwards, Mike Goode, John Norfolk, David Register, John Charles, Janet Ginzler and Enid Judge. Among them was Brian Davis. Sadly, I was only to know Brian for a few weeks. Soon after the beginning of term, he collapsed and died on the squash court at Sherborne School. A very sad loss indeed.

That first lesson was with the Third Form, if I remember rightly. Among the pupils was Philip Dolbear, our present Secretary. I did as I was advised and spent Lesson One laying down the law. I think they were trembling more than I was when I left the room. Still, you can't teach under a dictatorship and we soon settled down to a more human relationship after that. I remember that class with great affection. There were naughty boys, of course. They were the ones who didn't get their homework in on time.

In those days, language-teaching was making great strides (that was before the National Curriculum came along) and I'd been involved at Fowey in devising a really practical course in survival French for the less able. The litmus test involved taking a group of youngsters to Lanmeur in Brittany to test it out. We in the Language Department knew it was successful, when a lad came running out of a *boulangerie*, waving a *baguette*, shouting 'It works, sir! It works!'

So, it was a bit surprising when I got to Foster's to find in the language cupboard posters showing cars with solid wheels and French housemaids in frilly caps and aprons. No exaggeration! Still, the department was using Longman's Audio-Visual French Course

(remember the Marsaud family and M. Lafayette, the absent-minded French teacher?), so that was a start. Now, a wiffly-waffly unpractical course had little appeal for Foster's lads, and after a few years, we took up French for Business Studies. This was an AO exam, even harder than O Level. Foster's boys took to it like a duck to water.



*The Ballet Quintet –
top row, Alex Burford, Ian Maun, Malcolm Bardsley.
Bottom row, Steve Blowers, Steve Shapland*

Of course, school isn't just about lessons. It's a way of life and it prepares you for life. That's why we had things like 'Activities' on a Friday afternoon. This could involve music or social service, helping old people in the town, or variety of other things. I ran orienteering. My role involved preparing a route for the lads to follow and to get round as fast as they could, via various checkpoints. Their role involved taking short cuts, strolling and stopping for a fag on route, before arriving panting and innocent-looking back at school.

Then there was the Commoners' Concert, a cross between *The X Factor* and *Britain's Got Talent* that actually involved some talent.

We had music, acting, gym, poetry-reading and singing – and, of course, the dreaded but eagerly-anticipated staff contribution. I'm sure that few will forget *The North Dorset Sand and Gravel Company* – a cunningly-devised name to hide the true identity of Messrs Bardsley, Burford, Blowers, Shapland and Maun in ballet tutus, dancing *Swan Lake* to the music of *The Sugar Plum Fairy* while dryice smoke whirled around their feet! (See below.)



Then there was sport – watching rugby on a winter's day while Will Stafford's father patrolled up and down the touchline waving an umbrella and roaring support – freezing to death on a

cricket pitch in May when umpiring an Under-14s' match – and standing in the Staff Room drinking coffee and eating mince pies (a staff privilege) while frozen and bedraggled lads came back from the annual cross-country in December...those lads, that is, who hadn't accepted a lift on the motor-bike of a senior lad who was later to wear a dress in Assembly for a dare (he went unnoticed) and who later became Head Boy. Remember him?

Well, those are just a few of the memories. Foster's was ten very important years of my life. I met some fantastic people, both staff and pupils. I got great professional experience. I had some great fun but also saw some sad times. All in all, though, it was an unforgettable time.

Ian Maun

THIS AND THAT

Radar in Dorset.

With the passage of time, we forget, or are not necessarily aware, of what happened on our land during the Second World War. Of necessity, much was kept secret, even though it happened under our noses and one such secret was played out near Worth Matravers on the Dorset Purbeck coast.

In 1940, worried that the Germans might target existing facilities in the east of England, the RAF transferred its Radar development centre to Renscombe Farm, about half a mile west of Worth Matravers. The adjacent field was already in use as a Chain Home station – part of the nation's *The*



remains of the Chain Home Low coastal radar defences. station at St Aldhelms head Chain Home was good

from an altitude of 500 feet upwards, so to monitor low flying aircraft, the Chain Home Low sets came into use to monitor the air down to 150 feet above sea level and again, one of these was positioned at St Aldhelms Head, a mile south of Worth next to the ancient small chapel.

Chosen because of its elevated flat clifftop position, the Telecommunications Research Establishment (TRE), as it became to be known, soon blossomed, initially with 400 personnel, enlarging to some 2000 staff, many billeted at Swanage. Renscombe was the “hub” of practical activity, there being remote admin sites at nearby Leeson House and elsewhere. In addition to the existing two 240’

wooden Chain Home masts, the site boasted two others for experimental work. Of all the work carried out here, perhaps the most important was the invention of centimetric radar using the cavity valve magnetron – a device found today in modern microwave cookers. The first experimental machines using this new technology “practised” on the old chapel at St Aldhelms Head as a “target”. The importance of this new radar technology cannot be overemphasised. For the first time, the ultra-short wave length of the microwave transmitters meant large aerials were not needed and the sets could be fitted to aircraft.

By 1942, following the successful Bruneval raid on German radar installations, Churchill thought the site too vulnerable to retaliatory enemy attack and the whole experimental station was moved to the Malvern Hills. At the end of the war, the site was decommissioned and removed – all except a set of buildings and one 360’ mast that remained until the early 1970’s. Today, just these latter buildings remain as a field study site, whilst at St Aldhelms Head, the decaying walls of the Chain Home Low station, some concrete bases and guy restraint loops serve to remind us of the activity that went on here 75 year ago.



It is surprising how soon nature reclaims its own, aided by the farmer’s cultivation of the land (though the writer was told by the farmer in the 1980’s that he regularly broke plough shares on concrete blockwork left buried in his land). Take a look at the aerial photographs above from 1947 and the second from 1972, at just how little remains.

Renscombe was not the only site and a more complete picture can be gained by visiting Swanage museum. In addition, for anyone interested in further reading on Radar development, I can heartily recommend two books – “Instruments of Darkness” by Alfred Price and “Most Secret War” by R V Jones. Both are out of print but can still be found via an internet trawl.

Kevin Parsons

One of our eldest Old Fosterians is Harry Hughes and Pete Holden has written his story here, including a War-time career that would have used the Radar developments made at Dorset.

William Henry ‘Harry’ Hughes DFC, DFM, AE

Harry Hughes is one of our most senior Old Fosterians, having left the School in July 1940. With the family home being in Buckland Newton, he was a boarder and one of the initial occupants of the new Tinneys Lane site in 1939. He was interested in aircraft from an early age and with the outbreak of World War II, would visit aircraft crash sites armed with a pairs of secateurs to ‘liberate’ items of wiring and hydraulics for his collection! I only met him in September 2016 when he attended the AGM prior to the Annual Dinner. In casual conversation it emerged that he had served in the RAF during the war and some years earlier had contributed to a book about Bomber Command. The book, ‘Five of the Many’ written by Steve Darlow, records the stories of five survivors of the bomber command offensive. I found it compelling reading and was left in awe of his exploits and those of other men.....

Had his father’s plan come to fruition, Harry would have been commissioned into the Royal Navy on leaving Foster’s. Returning from a selection test at Portsmouth, after a none-too successful maths exam, Harry found himself with a couple of hours to fill while waiting for a train connection at Salisbury. Being sure he had failed selection for the RN, he walked into town, saw an RAF recruiting office and joined up, listed as a pilot or navigator. On recounting his news to his father he was crestfallen. Losses in the fledgling RAF were already mounting and he feared for his son’s longevity.

Harry filled his time as a wages clerk while awaiting the call from the RAF. Finally, having been selected for pilot training, four more months were to pass before he was integrated into the 'Arnold Scheme', where pilots were trained in the USA. After a tense passage to Canada running the gauntlet of the U-boats, he travelled from Halifax to a holding camp in Toronto then onto Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama. He went solo in a Boeing PT17 Stearman, but despite this achievement, he failed his chief instructor's test and was 'washed out' and sent back to Canada. What was not realised by the aspiring pilots, was that the RAF needed aircrew more than pilots to man the emerging new four-engine heavy bombers – Stirling, Halifax and Lancaster. Navigators, bomb aimers, flight engineers, gunners were all in short supply, so 80/90 per cent of trainee pilots were 'washed out' to fill these positions.

It was while he was waiting to return to the UK from Canada that Japan attacked Pearl Harbour. At a subsequent interview (with Group Captain Massey, brother of the actor Raymond Massey) it was decided that Harry would become a navigator. Training commenced in January 1942 and following several courses at training centres in Canada, Harry returned to the UK in late July. More courses followed before he was posted in late September to 15 Operational Training Unit at Harwell to continue flying-training on Avro Ansons and Vickers Wellingtons. This OTU had contributed crews to the thousand bomber raids. Active service was getting very close.

Over the next four months Harry became part of a crew ('crewing-up' being a decidedly random process in the RAF) and after spending most of February 1943 at 1658 Heavy Conversion Unit (to familiarise themselves with four-engine bombers) Harry and his crew mates joined 102 Squadron based at Pocklington in Yorkshire.

Merely surviving training to get to a squadron was a huge achievement. An extraordinary statistic is that 8,090 Bomber Command men were killed and 4,203 wounded on non-operational duties during the war, many whilst training.

102 Squadron flew the Handley Page Halifax, an aircraft that Harry warmed to as it had a reputation for flying despite heavy damage; moreover, the navigator sat immediately on top of the forward escape

hatch! However, 102 Squadron would gain an unenvied notoriety as sustaining the second-highest loss rate in Bomber Command.

Bomber Harris's main campaign against the Ruhr began on the night of 5th / 6th March 1943. The relatively 'safe' mine-laying trip that Harry and his crew had hoped would be their first active operation never materialised. Instead, they joined this Ruhr campaign on 12th March, with a raid on Essen. Not only one of the most heavily defended cities in Germany, but the route to it was across the Ruhr!

Unlike the USAF who flew their missions in daylight and in tight squadron formation (for mutual defence) the RAF flew at night with aircraft independently navigating their course. The navigator's role was critical and the pressure that Harry felt almost overwhelming. From the start he could not get the Mk1 Gee navigational aid to function correctly. He felt he was on the cusp of going LMF – Lacking Moral Fibre - if he couldn't get his aircraft to the target or, worse still, turned back. Heading across the North Sea, Harry reverted to 'first principles', calculating their course from 'star shots' made by another crew member who was also trained in navigation. They hit the Dutch coast 'way point' on the button and his crew thought he was a genius! They made the target and despite the dreadful flak Harry was 'thrilled to be there' – just so relieved he had done his job.

102 Squadron lost three aircraft on the raid. Fifteen out of 21 crew perished, with the remaining men becoming prisoners.

And so it continued. On 14th April they took part in the attack on Stuttgart, two days later, Pilsen. On the later raid they were coned in searchlights, evaded them, but heavily damaged by flak they had to make an emergency landing at (ironically) Harwell for repairs, returning to Pocklington a day later. On that raid their Squadron Leader became a PoW, but tragically his tail gunner was killed. Then came Stettin on 20th / 21st April – two aircraft lost, only 2 crew from 14 survived. Duisberg, Essen (twice), Dortmund (twice), Dusseldorf and Wuppertal saw the losses continue and several near-death experiences for Harry. These came not just from enemy flak and night fighters, but also 'friendly' aircraft flying at higher altitude. Incendiaries penetrated their aircraft's fuselage and had to be kicked overboard and on another occasion a 1000lb bomb tore off the aircraft's port rudder

and tail plane. Particularly unnerving were the brushes with the dreaded night fighters. Harry could do nothing except sit and listen to the gunners passing a running commentary to the pilot as they strained to see the tell-tale signs of an approaching night fighter, awaiting the call to break to port or starboard, or the sound of the bombers' .303 Browning machine guns. In turn they claimed several night fighters shot down.

As they were now approaching the mid-point of their tour of ops, welcome leave was enjoyed in June, but a return to ops came on 19th / 20th June to Le Creusot. Op 14 was to Mulheim – returning on just two engines! A return visit to Wuppertal on 24th / 25th June was immediately followed by Gelsenkirchen on 25th / 26th June. Of the 473 aircraft and 3300 airmen, 33 aircraft were lost and 180 airmen paid the ultimate sacrifice – 7 from 102 Squadron. Just one night later Harry was over Cologne.

After trips to Aachen (devastating loss of the Squadron Leader, Wing Commander Coventry) and Montbeliard came three trips to Hamburg in quick succession. On the last, 2nd / 3rd August, the aircraft was turned over in a vicious thunderstorm with a full bomb load. With the escape hatch jettisoned, Harry's pilot told the crew to prepare to abandon the aircraft. Harry hadn't removed his flying helmet and fortunately at the very last moment heard the order rescinded as the pilot regained control of the aircraft. An extremely draughty journey home ensued. Harris then switched Bomber Commands attention to The Big City – Berlin.

Harry enjoyed the first three weeks of August on leave during which he managed to break a bone in his left foot. He compounded the injury by falling off his bicycle and tearing ligaments, resulting in his foot being plastered and Harry confined to hospital. The raid to Berlin on 23rd August was a 'maximum effort', so Harry's crew were rostered with a spare navigator. It was considered bad luck to change a crew, so Harry and his pilot persuaded the doctor to let Harry fly on the raid – complete with plastered foot!

The squadron lost 62 airmen in August, 43 of them killed. The dead included a fellow navigator and close friend by the name of Jackie. His

aircraft returned, but Jackie died during the return trip. Seeing his body affected Harry for a short while, but, as he said, “we got on with it”. Two trips in September, Munich on the 6th and Hanover on 22nd completed Harry’s first tour with Bomber Command. He was now to pass on his experiences as an instructor at a Stirling conversion unit. Starting with 1666 HCU on 28th September, he was transferred to 1653 HCU in April 1944. But training was not for Harry – he wanted to return to Ops.....

Despite two conventional letters to his group captain requesting to be returned to ops on Mosquitoes being rejected, it was the third one he wrote in black paint on the ceiling of his mess that did the trick! He joined 1655 Mosquito Conversion Unit on 26th July 1944 and a month later was transferred to 692 Squadron based at RAF Graveley, Cambridgeshire, part of 8 Group’s Light Night Striking Force. Harry had crewed-up with pilot Roy Montrowe (one tour on Wellingtons) a ‘typical dour New Zealander’ – “a lovely guy and we got on fine” The Light Night Striking Force was an invention of Don Bennett, father of the Pathfinder Force. He began using the very fast Mosquito to assist the early marker aircraft and also to carry out diversionary raids to distract the fighters from the main attack. Nuisance raids across Germany by single aircraft also kept the German defences on alert and tens of thousands of people awake.

Harry and Roy’s first op was to Kiel on 26th / 27th August – dropping ‘window’ (aluminium strips to block radar) and, after orbiting the target for a while, a 4,000 lb ‘cookie’. The following night they flew to Mannheim – a straight bombing trip. Eight mainly solo trips were completed in September. Of the seven ops in October, the raids on Berlin on 5th and Cologne on 28th were particularly well executed gaining 692 Squadron recognition. It was around this time that Harry saw the new emerging Me262 jet fighter and V2 rocket being launched. Losses due to enemy action were much lower than on his first tour of ops. However, crews were still maimed and killed due to mechanical failures, adverse weather and pure bad luck.

Harry’s raid tally accumulated rapidly during the last two months of 1944. He finished the year on 62 (Berlin), two of which were flown in daylight, so reduced was the threat from the Luftwaffe. Seven more

raids in January – with three more crews lost in tragic circumstances – gave way to seven more in February, but the end was in sight. Harry flew his last op on 14th / 15th February to Frankfurt – bringing his tally to an incredible 76. Unlike 55,000 colleagues, Harry had survived the conflict. After VE Day Sir Arthur Harris acknowledged that the chance of an airman surviving one tour was negligible, two tours, mathematically nil. Harry had defied the odds.

To the Distinguished Flying Medal he had already received was soon to be added the Distinguished Flying Cross. Later, the Air Efficiency medal for long service.

Harry remembers VE day for getting drunk in Cambridge and eating a bowl of tulips “I was hungry”! He remained in the RAF for four years on an extended service commission, ferrying aircraft out to the Far East – occasionally piloting when the chance arose. When transferred to Transport Command he passed a categorisation exam and moved on to VIP flights. On leaving the RAF he took a job in the City selling ships. This included the Royal Mail ship *Highland Princess* on which he had sailed to Canada in 1941!

Harry has lived in retirement in St Ives Cornwall since 1982. His remaining ambition is to get a letter from the Queen for his 100th birthday to go next to the letter from her father for the award of his medals.

Pete Holden December 2017

An Old Fosterian helps create New Lifeboat Stations



Over the past 10 years I have been privileged to lead the renewal of 4 slipway lifeboat stations for RNLI at Bembridge, Mumbles, Porthdinllaen and Moefre, and assisted with a further 2 at Sennen and St David’s. All part of a strategic upgrade of the rescue service to 25 knot vessels with the ability to launch at any time 24hr/7 days pw/365 days

per year, in any weather, day or night, with or without power

The Sennen slipway under construction



St Davids was officially opened on 14th March 2017 being the most ambitious and challenging and the last of the new Tamar LB stations; a programme of which scale is unlikely to come around for another 50 to



St Davids

100 years. Didn't lead this one in the same way as some others but involved from the start and brought in later to add to the team knowledge - a real team effort. Good to see it built but likewise a shame that the last 10 years to fruition has come to a close, made many good friends along the way and of course the volunteers just exceptional.

First Love Reunited.

We all remember our first mode of transport – be it car or motorcycle. Barry Barter (60-65) sent in the following after he was reunited with his “first love”. I will let Barry continue:

“I’m not sure if these pictures below are any use for the magazine, if not no worries.

This picture has just been published in the Talbot Register.

As it explains, I bought the car (my first ever car) shortly after leaving school and was reunited with it again this January (50 years later!).

Interestingly the price has shifted from £45 to £10,000!



I sent the picture to my lifelong friend in South Africa, JW Abbott (6067) who I have constantly kept in touch with and it was his suggestion to submit it.”



The car in question is a Sunbeam Talbot ST80 Coupe. At the time, Barry was the car's third owner. Lovely photos Barry!

A FURTHER VIEW ON SOUTH AFRICA.

I was interested in reading John Abbot's article, South Africa - The Change in the 2017 Fosterian and it prompted me to write this article. Like John I left England with a three year contract in 1967 and am still here, although I did spend the first ten years in what was then Rhodesia before coming to Cape Town in 1976 and then Johannesburg in 1980. And there I still reside! It has been a long three years! There is so much that I agree with in John's article but unlike

John I do not have (thankfully) a memento of bullet holes anywhere but know that it is, sadly, common to a lot of people.

Since December there has been change and the momentum increased in February with the long awaited resignation of one President and the election of an astute businessman to take his place.

The change has been long overdue and the alleged corruption that has taken place has caused untold damage to all citizens and the Country. I for one am optimistic that with the changing of the guard, we will see a gradual improvement in many things including the economy, which will bring about a better life for us all. It is a long road to travel as the State Owned Enterprises must be pulled into line and operated on a proper business level and the alleged corruption must be brought to the surface with those implicated facing their day of reckoning. In the end I am sure it will be worth the wait.

2019 will see a General Election. Will the opposition be able to take over or will the new President have done enough to repair some of the damage caused by his predecessor to convince the electorate that the current ruling party is worth another chance. Interesting times!

I spent most of my time since leaving Fosters banking, firstly in England with what was then the Midland Bank and then I answered an advert to work in a bank in what I thought was to be South Africa but it soon became apparent that I was destined for Rhodesia. Now that was a wonderful ten years albeit around the time of change in that Country and yes, at the ripe of age of 32, I was called up to do a stint in the Army.

The face of banking was changing and we became more pro-active and I found myself moving more into Public Relations. I also started to do a small amount of radio work in Rhodesia and when I came to Cape Town and subsequently Johannesburg, this expanded into a large amount of freelance radio and then subsequently, television sports commentary.

I was extremely lucky to have covered a number of sports locally and a huge amount of tennis both locally and internationally. I have worked

at Wimbledon, The French Open, the year-end ATP finals when they were in New York, as well as South Africa's Davis Cup matches in Sweden, Germany, Italy and all the major tournaments in South Africa before retiring a while back. Since then with the advent of live streaming, I have been "called back" to do some more commentary but now find that being in South Africa the broadcasters now look for "younger, black commentators." I had a marvelous innings stretching back to 1975 when I first started that kind of work. I found it fulfilling, rewarding and gave me the opportunity to travel and meet some very interesting people from most walks of sporting life.

Broadcasting was only ever a hobby but it did lead to a change in job as I was asked to run the Indoor Arena in Johannesburg along the same lines as Wembley Arena in London. We staged a multitude of various events from music concerts, product launches, choral concerts, church services and sporting events. It was during this time that I became involved with promoting an ice show which was based in Amsterdam but travelled the world. They did a ten week tour of South Africa for some six years. That gave me the chance to visit what became one of our favorite cities, Amsterdam, annually.

We now live in a Retirement Village in Johannesburg where I must say the lifestyle is vibrant and hardly qualifies for the word "retirement" as we both remain extremely active. As with most ex-UK people, my two daughters did the reverse to me and have forged wonderful and successful careers in London but luckily I still manage to pop over to see them regularly.

I feel that with the imminent change of power here, South Africa will benefit and our rather stagnant economy will pick up. Our current exchange rate makes it hard for us to travel overseas but already there are signs of an improvement in this with the anticipated change.

Mind you all this may be history by the time you read this, but I am hopeful and optimistic that the change will be for the benefit of all South Africans.

Mike Dunk 1952-59 February 2018

OLD BOYS' (AND STAFF) NEWS

N T MASON 1968-73

Just an update. I moved back to Dorset in 2007 having taught Sciences in London secondary schools. I'm now a Reserve Warden at RSPB Arne and live in Poole with my wife.

Son Dominic is a design engineer for Princess Yachts in Plymouth.

I enjoy sailing and kayaking which I first did at Chapman's Pool on a 3rd year adventure trip with Ken House and "Barney Rubble"!

My current address is 34 Douulton Gardens Poole BH14 8RG.

MARK HOPPE 79-86

Having left Fosters, I worked in Gillingham for a small chemical company, rising to the level of works manager. After 10 years I moved to what was Wincanton Engineering in Sherborne, where 23 years later and 3 company name changes, I am the operations manager for Tetra Pak in Sherborne.

My work links me up with other old Fosterians - Graham Orchard and Tony Emm.

I married Michelle in 1992 and we have one daughter - Freya who is currently studying Spanish and History at Birmingham.

My spare time is still mainly car-centric and having spent 1982-2013 involved in every capacity in autograss racing, I switched to car trials in 2014 and promptly found I had a good ability and won both national titles in my first year and another a year later.



I still see other Fosterians reasonably regularly around Sherborne and recently had my annual meeting with Mark Hayward 79-86.

Also meeting for an annual golf day with Steve Harris 80-87 and Dave Dennett 77-85.

My father, Colin is also an OF and still works full time at 70 plus years of age.....he is still mistaken for my brother!

IAIN MCELLIGOTT 1978-84

After a long period of silence I thought I would update you on stuff. I have been living in Sydney, Australia for almost 20 years working as an accountant.

A number of our year group keep in touch through the Fosters and Digbys virtual Facebook site.

MARTIN CHAFFEY (1986-1993)

It was good to receive the recent e-mail requesting a contribution for this year's magazine - every year I mean to send something but never quite get round to it!

The Magazine and old school days is something that I do think about, especially now that I have Stuart Mathews working with me at the Taunton office of Ashfords solicitors (Stuart now heads up our office, with fellow Old Fosterian Mark Manning a Partner in our Exeter office). I have been working as a residential conveyancing solicitor now since 1997 and there are a number of former schoolfriends who are now living in houses I've bought for them, so to speak!

I did manage to get mention of my son's birth in a previous edition of the magazine - when we were at school and saw the announcements section of the famous yellow magazine, the thought of marriages and children seemed a very long way off! I now have two children, Ellen (7) and William (6), and they enjoy playing with their cousins - my sister Kirsty (LDS) has a son and a daughter too, as does my brother Gareth (1990 - 1997) - and in Old Fosterian Rob, a very proud Grandad!

Back at Fosters, I used to enjoy running cross country and Mr Shapland would be proud - for many years I was the secretary of Yeovil Town Road Running Club and both organised and took part in races on a weekly basis (including three London Marathons) but the advent of children rather put paid to that! Instead, my wife Lynda and I answered the call for volunteers when parkrun started up at Montacute House in 2013 - the theory at least was that one of us could run whilst the other marshalled, but in practice we have both been on the organising core team since we started over 200 runs ago. parkrun is a really good concept, allowing runners to run a free 5km every week, and once you have your barcode, you can take part in any event nationally - or internationally - and we quite often have "parkrun tourists" come to join us.. including a few familiar faces from years gone by (John Pharoah and his sister Gayle came over and said hello the other day!).

We are really lucky to be able to have the use of the parkland at Montacute House each week - having started with an average of about 100 runners, it's not uncommon to have 400+ runners completing the 5km course and it's quite a sight to see a line of runners the full length of the Avenue. It really is an ideal start to a Saturday morning - if you are still living in and around Sherborne, do come over and say hello (9am start!). If you're lucky I might be dressed as Elvis or leading the annual Air day Red Arrows tribute (you'll have to look at the Yeovil Montacute Facebook page if you want to see the video of that!)

martinchaffey@hotmail.co.uk

KEVIN WATERFALL

It was good at the 2017 annual dinner to catch up with two classmates from 1959 – 66, though I left in '64.

Paul Cosh is fully retired from music and is now getting in as many UK walking holidays and trips as his legs will allow him. He still has a flat in Sherborne and so we occasionally see him and Sandy around the town, such as at the December Shopping day.

Nigel (Sam) Sale was over visiting his Mum and rescheduled his visit to coincide with the annual dinner. He must have been the furthest travelled as he came from Durban, South Africa. He still works in Dubai, though more of a Senior consultant basis now so the trips are less frequent.

It was strange the next day to bump into Cliff Thorne by the station. You may remember he worked on the railways for most of his life and got his free rail pass last year. When I met him he had travelled 40,000 miles on the UK railways in the year and meeting him a couple of months later he had put on several thousand more miles.

On my own count I have changed the main focus of my activities to be more conservation and wildlife focused. I always did a lot of bird surveys but in this last year have added a regular weekly activity of countryside maintenance with the EuCAN Mid Week volunteers. This involves hedge laying, scrub clearance, tree felling, stone wall building and the like in conservation areas, come rain or shine. It's very satisfying for Val (Valerie Coffin 1959 - 66) and I and it gives us a good work out in nature's gym. We have also both become Marine Wardens for Dorset Wildlife Trust at Kimmeridge.

As a further related activity this year I am taking up the role of a Marine Surveyor on UK based ferries; it involves taking daytime watches on the bridge of ferries to observe and record Cetaceans and Sea Birds see on the voyage. This is with an organisation called Marine Life.

Therefore I am as busy or more so than I ever was, but whilst I can do these things then I'll continue to do so.

BARRY JONES (68-75)

I joined Fosters as a boarder in September 1968, along with Simon Easton, Simon Dunford, Patrick Gill and Andrew Stewart. My step-brother Kevin McClenaghan was already there as a "fourth former". The Boarding House was still being run along



fairly Victorian lines, although I think "the slipper" as means of punishment was stopped that year. However "fagging" and all the associated duties were still prevalent and the boarding house was pretty much run by the boarders themselves, with minimal outside staff.

Opportunities to venture 'out' of the Boarding House were few at first, but naturally the system 'eased up' through

out my time there and by the time I was in the sixth form the routine was almost unrecognisable from 6 years earlier . Once into the routine I generally enjoyed it, and thrived on the combination of academic rigour and sporting opportunities offered (with very few other options for boarders, which I think is why School House used to win most of the trophies!).



I have many pleasant (and a few unpleasant) memories of Fosters. Highlights would be my time with the 1st XV rugby team (as Hooker) and my involvement in all the drama productions I could get into, from Commoners Concerts to culminating in trying to maintain a believable welsh accent as First Voice in “Under Milk Wood”. I was also awarded a “Special Flying Award” from the Royal Navy, which paid for me to get my Private Pilots licence while still at school (1974) and naturally influenced my subsequent career. It was difficult in the first few years, as my parents were in Canada and I could only visit twice a year, which meant I didn’t see between Christmas and Summer holidays. It all stood me in very good stead for my later career though.

Also of course, strong bonds of friendship were made, some of which still exist and I frequently see Brian Bowsher and Simon Easton. On leaving Fosters I attended Southampton University, sharing a house for 2 years with Brian, while Simon was ‘down the road’ at Portsmouth and on the UAS with me, so we got together regularly. Brian Hillman (68-75) was also there at the time as I recall.



On graduating, and while waiting for my application to join the RN as a pilot to go through the system, I did two jobs. My first ever was via the kindness of Simon Dunford, who allowed me to spend the summer at his parents house in Axminster while

working as a cook at a seafront cafe in Seaton. I got paid 50 pence per hour and the bus fare to Seaton was 50p each way, so I had to work the first two hours for nothing! However hitchhiking was still common then and thankfully I managed to get lifts fairly often. After the summer, I then joined Rolls Royce at Filton on the Advanced Projects team for 6 months - a wonderful job and one I nearly turned the RN down for.

I didn't though, and spent the following 22 years in the Royal Navy as a helicopter pilot. Significant events included the Falklands Conflict (on HMS Invincible) and several 6 month deployments to the Adriatic during the terrible Bosnia business in 95-97. Highlights were meeting and marrying my wife Anne in 1985, my time on the "Sharks" helicopter display team (sadly no longer with us) in 1988, and 3 years on exchange duty with the US Coast Guard in Miami (well someone had to do it). During my RN time, I once again encountered Patrick Gill, while at Dartmouth, but sadly lost touch again later.

I settled in Cornwall on commencing helicopter flying training at Culdrose in 1979 and have (mostly) remained there ever since, so it was an easy decision on leaving the RN in 2000 to join British International Helicopters, mainly at Penzance flying passengers to and from the Scilly Isles, but also at Plymouth (latterly Newquay) Airport flying RN personnel to and from ships for their training in the Plymouth Sea Areas, so just like being back in the Navy. One of my Chief Pilot's at Penzance was Ron Walker, ex Royal Marine and also an Old Fosterian, but just prior to my time (maybe 63-68?). I retired from BIH in 2016, having been Head of Training for 11 years, but continue to do the odd flight or simulator check ride for them, and will until my qualification as an examiner will expire in September 2018, when I can finally hang up my headset after 44 years of flying.

In retirement I seemed to have regressed slightly, spending a lot of time making plastic model kits when not travelling the world.

For anyone who wants to keep in touch, my email is bazandanne.jones@btinternet.com



As a follow-up, Barry keeps in touch with his peers and sent the following photo of their regular reunion.

Left to right; Sally Bowsher, Brian Bowsher, Simon Easton, Janet Easton and Barry Jones

ROGER O TAYLOR 1957-62.

I have a Wife Linda + three children, three step children and (between us) eight grandchildren.

I practiced as a solicitor in Ludlow for 41 years, then switched to a consultancy where, for the last 5 years, I have concentrated on the firm's business development. We now have five offices covering the Welsh Marches from Oswestry in the North to Hereford in the South with partners and staff totalling approximately 250.

Apart from work, I have been an active Freemason but now take a back seat.

I am a trustee of Megan Baker House which is a charity helping children born with movement difficulties, e.g. cerebral palsy via a therapy called Conductive Education.

I am also Chair of the Young Enterprise Local Volunteer Board for Herefordshire, having previously been the business advisor under the scheme at Hereford Sixth Form College for a number of years.

For leisure, I indulge in walking, motor sport and motoring generally, I have been a member of the Midland Automobile Club since 1982 and have run a classic car(s) since then. Architecture, particularly churches and old houses, foreign travel and gastronomy.

Most importantly for me, I have maintained my Hampshire and Dorset links and we are fortunate to have a second home in Lymington.

My current Old Fosterian links include Harold Osment (now 91) taught me English at my prep school and was responsible for getting me into Fosters as a boarder aged 13.

Terry Payne 1956-63. His house became my second home when my parents were abroad and we have been friends ever since.

Howard Legg - same year as me and a fellow boarder. We lost contact in our mid-twenties but this has been renewed via my Lymington connection since Howard lives in Wyke Regis.

One final thought. I feel very lucky to have had three gifted teachers in my school life.

Harold Osment who not only got me into Fosters but instilled in me a lifelong passion for literature and poetry.

Jock McKay, an inspiring history teacher which resulted in me reading history at Oxford.

Headmaster John Sugden, a man of the world whose Sixth Form General Studies lessons were more like tutorials and who, along with Harold, was confident that Oxbridge was do-able without having to be scholarship material. He also sent me to a friend of his at the Law Society for a chat about whether I should opt for history or law. They were great days.

8 Friars Garden, Ludlow SY8 1RX

RANDOLPH BURT: 1985-1992

Picture below is me taking part in the Leeds Castle Triathlon last summer.

Lots of good memories from my time at Fosters, but I think the opportunity to participate in so many sports was great - The fact that each year group was no more than 30 children meant there was so much opportunity - and I seem to remember that we were pretty successful too! Today my main hobby/sport is cycling and triathlon - not sports we did at school, however I am forever grateful to M Shapland for getting me interested in sport in general.

After school I went to Southampton University and studied Computer Science before moving to Kent to work, where I've remained at the same company for over 20 years - a rare feat it seems these days. I'm pretty much settled in Kent these days - married with 3 children - Occasionally I'll come back to Sherborne - Once I drove round the estate where Fosters used to stand, trying to explain to my children that my school used to be here, much to their bewilderment.



I've attended the October reunion dinner a few times with David Noble, Gary Ireland, Gail Henry, Haley Orman, Jonathan Kareshaw, Ian Murray and Peter Warboys and remain in contact with a few people from our year on Facebook.

JAMES E. H. STAFFORD 1961-1964

A mixture of good and bad news.

After three and half years free of cancer after my last surgery a new tumour became evident in my mouth. A biopsy sample was taken before Xmas and I rushed back on Boxing Day for a consultant's appointment to hear the news the following day.

Within a month I was in the operating theatre and seven days later discharged minus tumour and a bit of my fibula. I am now recuperating at home and planning a return to the golf course in time for the new season!

Prior to surgery I volunteered for a placebo controlled clinical trial of a new type of anti-cancer drug. From the reactions I had to treatment it was apparent that I had received the active drug; though do not know yet whether it shrank my tumour. Interestingly, they used the same technique for boosting my immune system as I used to use when developing new biological agents extracted from rabbit blood for measuring drugs administered during clinical trials.

HAYDEN WILLIAMS 1980-87

Every year the Fosterian drops on the door mat and it occurs to me that I really must make a contribution, so here goes a whistle stop tour of the last 31 years!! Can it really be that long?

I got a 2:2 in Accounting and Statistics at Southampton, which really only gave me one career path, and I qualified as a Chartered Accountant with Ernst and Young in Bristol. Six years at Wincanton Logistics followed, in various finance related roles, before I moved to McCarthy and Stone in Bournemouth in 2000. I spent nearly 16 years there in a variety of senior finance positions, before making the decision to have a gap year! Yes, a gap year aged 46. The

announcement said “left to pursue other interests”, which we all know means “sacked”, but this time it really did mean just that.

Over the years I have accumulated many interests; I played cricket for Stalbridge for 35 years, and over the last seven years have been moving up the cricket umpiring ranks, and have spent the last three in the West of England Premier League. The next step up would be Minor Counties – some of you may recall that Ken House was very highly regarded in Minor Counties circles, both as a player and administrator, and a few years ago he said to me “there was a time that a word from me that you were a good chap would see you on to the Minor Counties Umpires Panel. But these days they like to do things properly”.

I have musically directed a number of pantomimes, (and appeared in a couple) mostly for Stalbridge Players, and also reluctantly appeared in an occasional play – normally as something like an irate parent of a public schoolchild, or a police inspector outwitted by Miss Marple. I continue to play the church organ on a Sunday morning, sing in choirs from time to time, and have recently dabbled in property development.

I keep in touch with Kieran Millar, Daren Gapper, Simon Manaton and Colin Moore, all 80-87, often over a curry table, and we also keep in touch with some of our LDS peers from the same era, Kate Harper (Gibbs), Jacqui Watkins (Owen) and Jo Bayley. We have had a few class reunions over the last few years, which are always good for catching up with people who are doing much more interesting things, and I believe we are due another one next year to celebrate (if that is the correct word) reaching 50!

I found a couple of old Commoner’s Concert programmes the other day, and was reminded of the dubious attempts Kieran and I had at playing piano duets. I think Elgar’s Pomp and Circumstance March (the famous one!) was probably too much for us, especially as there was a page missing, we had to keep talking over the music to make sure we were both playing the same bit, and had to swap over parts half way through!! Entertaining, but not very accurate!!

JEFF JENKINS 1971-76

Crochet in Snowdonia

After a few bouts of ill health which I've recovered from we decided that the hectic life of living in Hampshire and commuting to London every day maybe wasn't helping so we decided to downsize and move out to the seaside somewhere. I would carry on working (from home mostly, my company were very understanding) and my wife Helen retired as she suffers from Rheumatoid arthritis and could do with a less hectic lifestyle as well.

Our only criteria was that we be within walking distance of the sea. We considered Somerset, Suffolk and the whole of the south coast of England and I also threw in north-west Wales to the equation as I remembered visiting the area when I was about 11 years old on a family holiday. We found some properties that looked interesting online and booked up to see them over a weekend visit. We travelled up with our two dogs to a cottage in Llwyngwril, a few miles south of the one house we really liked the look of in a village north of Barmouth called Llanaber. We also booked to see a few other properties in the area including a few in the village we were staying in.

Arriving on the Friday afternoon I stopped the car outside the cottage we were staying in to unload our luggage and opening the car door I was welcomed by the sound of a fast flowing river. This made me instantly fall in love with the village, the river Gwriil flows through the centre of the tiny village with it's one pub and shop next to the bridge across the river.

That afternoon we had booked to see one property in the village but the one we really wanted to see was the one in Llanaber which we set off to the next morning after trying out the village pub on Friday evening - a very welcoming place and strangely not that many Welsh accents were to be heard in the bar that night.

So the property in Llanaber was as expected, really nice but there was a hitch in that it wasn't really in a community with a centre you could

walk to or a shop or a pub, you'd have to get in a car and drive to Barmouth for that. so we looked at a few other properties in the area including two more in the village we were staying in. Now there were a few things that happened in the village that made us even more enamoured of Llwyngwriil - people were so friendly and the owner of our cottage stopped his car and got out to talk to us when we were taking the dogs out for a walk. A true local gentleman who gave us the warmest of welcomes to the village.

To cut a long story short, we ended up buying the first house we saw in the village and moved in early January in 2016. I said we were downsizing but we ended up with a bigger house for a lot less money than we sold the old one for. House prices up here can be silly in a good way. Again the welcomes we got were unbelievable - one owner of three cottages let us use one of the cottages over a few nights (for free) while we moved in and got everything sorted in the house - it was a two day move up from Hampshire and this helped a lot, especially with the dogs.

Two years on and we've settled in nicely and feel a real part of this small community - the village is populated with people from all over the west midlands and a few from further afield (Russia and Israel for instance). I work from home most days with a monthly trip to my office in London while Helen is actively involved with village activities - although it's a very quiet village there is a lot going on at the community centre to keep people busy - the unusual one is the yarn bombing where a group of knitters and crocheters decorate the village every summer by covering things in the village with woollen displays, some of which are ridiculously ambitious. There is a giant (Gwriil) who lives on the bridge and many other displays around the town and down to the beach. This has attracted a lot of interest from tourists and we've been featured on at least four television programmes in the last two years including one on BBC Alba, a local one covering the international sheepdog trials which were held ten miles down the road in 2016, village of the year competition recently (we made it to the quarter

finals) and Julie Walters' coastal railway show that was on Channel 4 recently. She spent half a day with us and we had a great laugh.

I still play guitar and sing - I first performed in public in a commoners concert in about 1974 and have continued ever since playing solo and with bands and have recently been compering an open mike night in our village pub, The Garthangharad.

There are also times when this village reminds me of Llareggub, the fictional village from Dylan Thomas' Under Milk Wood play for voices which we performed at school, there is something about the way the village rolls down to the sea and the streets at night that are very atmospheric and the smell of burning wood and coal pervades in the winter months. I played the Reverend Eli Jenkins and our real deal vicar lives next door to us (though he drives a Porsche which is a bit different to Eli!).

GEOFFREY QUICK. 1964-68.

I arrived at Fosters in September 1964 –my fourth grammar school in under a year (Luton, St. Austell and Redruth being the predecessors, whilst my Father looked for work). I thus started in the IVth, where to my shock found out that Mr. Trend was the form master. Having been one of those joining in the cheering and jeering when he left Luton Grammar School a couple of years earlier, I felt my card had been marked! After a few months under Mr. Sugden's headmastership came the arrival of the redoubtable CRWF, in whose opening morning assembly Bible reading thundered "Know ye that I am God and I will be obeyed!" He rapidly stamped his Churchillian influence on the School.

Rugby was soon introduced. I was hooker for the first ever Foster's XV whilst in the Vth form, with the superb Mr. Norfolk as an "Old School" form master. It was the run up to "O" levels of course. Physics was a delight with Brian Davies, English at times hilarious under Mr. Lewis. Biology was well taught at Digby's with the sharp discipline of Mrs. Ann Fountain keeping the aspiring swinging sixties "Guys and Gals" in

check (she thought!). For French we had Mr. Lowcock (heaven knows how he got me through!). Pat Miller was our Maths master and an anchor for the school as Deputy Head. CRWF despaired of me even making it to the VIth (“Doubt if he’d make it as a doctor, has he considered being a vet?”)

Well, I scraped in to the VIth, where in that transition away from being a “Schoolboy” the relationship with our schoolmasters became closer and less formal. Brian Davis and Reg Griffiths in particular in my case became personal friends and even our redoubtable School Secretary, Mrs. Betty Jones, allowed herself a chuckle with us at times. Mr. “Jock” Mackay also had to herd us in as Form Master, as well as giving us a very useful weekly lesson about how British institutions functioned.

Walking out of Fosters following the final assembly in the Summer of ‘68 was a never to be forgotten bittersweet moment.

Trying to compress the ensuing 50 years into a few lines is not easy since it encompasses several career moves and lifestyle changes . These include World-wide travel in and out of the RAF and industry, helping set up a fairly major EU institution in Spain for six years, a decade of consultancy based out of South Africa and now eight years, so far, in semi-retirement on the Tanzanian coast, fairly close (in African Distance) from where that Old African Hand CRWF used to boom out his lessons at Morogoro School before coming to Fosters. I remember him well lecturing us one day in the VIth. “Once Africa gets into your blood it never, ever, gets out!” How little was I to know.....

Yes, I am still in contact with several Old Fosterians , one of whom in particular has shared life’s path with me closely for well over half a century, our being best men at each other’s (first!) weddings.

However the closest contact physically had to be with Nigel Holmes (now sadly deceased) who was Captain of that first XV in 1965. I arrived at RAF Wildenrath in Germany in April 1976 and had to report to the Medical Centre immediately to have my left wrist probed and

glass splinters removed, injuries sustained during antics the night before in London. Squadron Leader Nigel Holmes duly obliged.

PETER STEVENS 1964-68

I'm now retired and living in Nailsworth in Gloucestershire...a keen walker, traveler, gardener, and currently writing this from the town tourist information office, where I volunteer. I've been married to Jude for nearly 40 years and we have an 18 year old daughter, for whom I am full-time taxi driver!!

I worked for 40+ years as a Social Worker, specialising in adoption and fostering, and loved it. Last year I spent 2 months + backpacking on my own in Chile and Argentina, an amazing trip I had always promised myself.

Memories of Fosters? Hanging Wilf, (?) the caretakers bike from the flagpole when we left; the hitch hiking race to Gretna Green; disappearing under the physics lab floor and out of the school during Phiz's lessons after we had asked him, yet again, to explain how atom bombs worked!; excruciating after-school ballroom dancing lessons fearing none of the girls would choose to dance with me; Palmer the English teacher's wooden stick and lots more about the old place. Very sad it's no longer there.

DR DAVID PEARSE 1979-86 (STAFF)

My wife (Dominique) and I have just moved to Chichester having lived after Foster's in the Thames valley area for 30 years. We celebrated our Ruby Wedding in 2015. Our Son, Antoni, is married to Ann and they have two boys aged 4 and 3

Since Foster's, I have taught history in three more schools and latterly did some supply teaching. I am now retired and writing articles for The Historian.

For a few years before moving to Chichester I was a governor at a local primary school – very interesting and rewarding.

My wife and I aim to walk for an hour each day and we go regularly to Chichester’s Festival Theatre – 8 minutes walk from our house. 7 Charlotte Avenue, Roussillon Park, Chichester, PO19 6DU

VALETE

Bryan W Moore. The Western Gazette of 15th June 2017 reported the death of Bryan, B W Moore. Fosters School 1947 to 1952. Bryan was a boarder at Fosters, friend of Ken House. Bryan was a very keen supporter even at School of Yeovil football club and went on to become Secretary of the Yeovil Town Supporters Club and then became Treasurer of the Yeovil Town Football Club, then a director and then Chairman of the club. Bryan never missed a home game between 1969 and 1990 and watched more than a 1000 consecutive games home and away.

William Knowles Smethurst. We were only recently advised that William Knowles Smethurst passed away on 22 July 2016, aged 71 years.

Stephen Wheatley reports on social media, “I have to pass on the sad news that **Mike Tompkins** who was for some years Chairman of the OFA, died on Wednesday 4th April 2018 after a short illness”.

Dates for your Diary

LORD DIGBY'S and FOSTER'S SCHOOLS FOUNDERS' DAY 2018 12th MAY 2017 at Sherborne Abbey

Our Founders Day Service is coming up once again and as usual held jointly with the LDSOGA . However this year is a little bit special being their Centenary Year. Hence a return to the Abbey and a change to the tea location.

There is no limit to numbers attending the Abbey Service. However to book tea afterwards, please contact

Val Giles,
Membership Secretary L.D.S.O.G.A.
20 Verlands
Congresbury
Bristol
BS49 5BL

Cheques should be made payable to 'L.D.S. O.G.A.' for £13.00 per person.

OLD FOSTERIANS' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

will be held on

**SATURDAY 14th OCTOBER 2017 at 5.30 pm
(Preceding the Reunion Dinner)**

At the **Sherborne Golf Club**

Agenda

- Minutes of the AGM. 2016
- Matters arising from the Minutes
- Election of officers and committee Resolutions
- AOB

Members are reminded that should they wish to submit any resolutions for the consideration of the meeting, copy(s) must be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of the Association, 21 days prior to the meeting.

OLD FOSTERIANS' ASSOCIATION DINNER & REUNION

Saturday 13th October 2018

**At Sherborne Golf Club DT9 4RN. 6.45pm for 7.15
pm. Tickets £20.00**

Menu Choice.

Starters: Mere Farm Smoked Trout Tart (A)
Melon with Spiced Berries (B)
Chicken Liver Pate, Toasted Flutes (C)

Main Course :

Daube of Beef, Celeriac Mash, Greens & Red Wine Jus (D)
Baked Chicken Breast, Mushroom & Sherry Sauce (E)
Poached Salmon Supreme, Cauliflower Three Ways, Lemon &
Dill Butter (F)
Lightly Spiced Mushroom, Sweet Potato, Cauliflower, Spinach
& Butter Beans, Filo Pastry Tartlet (G)

Desserts :

Sticky Toffee Pudding, Brown Bread Ice Cream (X)
Vanilla Panna Cotta Mixed Berries & Brownie (Y)
Chocolate Cardamom Torte (Z)

Please notify Kevin Brown, at S.G.C.
bar@sherbornegolfclub.co.uk of any allergies or special
requirements.

Old Fosterian Name: Address:

e-mail Address:

Years at School: From to

Please insert the code-letter indicating your menu choice:

Starter: Main Course: Dessert:

Guest Name:

**Menu Choice Starter: Main Course:
 Dessert:**

Please send ticket applications to:

Dr. Ian Maun, 13 Higher Brimley, Teignmouth, Devon TQ14 8JS E-mail : wordsmith@eclipse.co.uk

Cheques to be made payable to the **Old Fosterians' Association**.

Application by

September 30th is requested. Seating is limited. Reservations will be First come first served.

Please keep a record of your choice using the upper part of this form.

**The Annual General Meeting is at 5.30 p.m. All
Welcome**