

THE FOSTERIAN

The Magazine of the Old Fosterians' Association



No. 26

Spring 2019

**OFFICERS and COMMITTEE of the OLD FOSTERIANS'
ASSOCIATION 2018/2019**

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Facebook

Most commonly used is - **'Foster's & Lord Digby's: our 'virtual school'**

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/432255810148610/?epa>

but also used is – 'Old Fosterians Association'

<https://www.facebook.com/search/top/?q=Old%20Fosterians%E2%80%99%20Association&epa>

The President's Remarks

Looking out at the scene from Devon, a complete change has taken place. The usual various greens of the trees and fields has been replaced by a vast white sheet of an overnight snow fall. All our arrangements will have to change. 2019 I am sure will be very much a 'year of change'. Brexit whether in or out, a possible election with all its changes.

I am jealous watching how the younger members of society absorb change. At the AGM it was pleasing to see the young officers accepting a need for changes to the annual programme of the Association. They deserve our thanks and support.

Soon I shall be 80yrs old and dealing with progressive 'Parkinson's' disease'. Therefore I have decided that I should stand down as your President from the end of March. I am proud that my whole life has been associated with Fosters. A wonderful privilege. Thank you.

Mike Goode

...Our Chairman replies;

You have read above of Mike's decision to stand down as President. Mike has a long association with Fosters as teaching Master, Boarding House Master and then the OFA of which he was a dedicated Secretary for a number of years. We cannot thank Mike enough for everything and wish him well. Whenever possible we will still look forward to welcoming him at our events.

We will work to elect a new President over the summer confirming at the AGM in October. I would be very pleased to receive your suggestions and nominations.

Philip Dolbear

Chairman Remarks

Another year, another Magazine, and we will continue despite Brexit. There is no 'back-stop' agreement! Heaps of thanks go once again to Kevin Parsons for pulling this all together. That takes nothing away of course from the unstinting efforts of the Committee.

There is the usual run of reports in the Magazine detailing our regular activities through the year. The Founders Day Service in 2018 was however a very different occasion as you will read. Full credit goes to the LDS Old Girls Association for a very grand affair. You will also read we are ringing the changes in 2019 with a lunchtime Old Boys Dinner and Reunion. We hope this may attract even more numbers.

As ever, the real interest in the Magazine is the Old Boys news. This doesn't get any easier but it really is the life blood of it so please make the effort. Likewise, contact details, preferably by email, are essential to us so please make sure Simon is up to date. His email address is inside the front cover.

I hope you enjoy your read and look forward to catching up with some of you in 2019.

Philip Dolbear

HON TREASURER'S REPORT at 31st December 2018

The balances of the OFA accounts are as stated below for the year end 2018.

Assets at 31st December 2018

NatWest Reserve A/c	£1400.87
NatWest Current A/c	£ 854.55
Total	£2255.18 (down £690.60 on 2017)

Subscriptions received from members in 2018 totalled £571.00 down £70 on 2017. There were no donations or OFA tie sales.

Expenditure at 31st December 2018 (up £438.19 on 2017)

Donation to Sherborne Douzelage	£200.00
Magazine printing / posting	£848.18
Founders Day Church Ex.	£155.00
BMV Dinner Advert	£ 34.56
Poppy wreaths	£ 25.00
Total	£1262.74

I have not received any claims by members of the committee for any expenses incurred by them for calendar year 2018.

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 9/1/19

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2018

Agenda of the Old Fosterian's Association Annual General Meeting 13th October 2018, held at the Sherborne Golf Club.

1. **Apologies.** Received from Philip Dolbear.

Mike thanks to Philip and the committee. We're in a period of much change, and we as an organisation also have to change.

2. **Minutes of previous meeting.** Kevin proposal accepted, Mike seconded. Passed
3. **Matters arising.** There was confirmation that the travel bursary was awarded. Sent message of congratulations to the recorder player who received it when she went to Granville in France.
4. **Chair's report.** The Chairman apologised for his absence at this year's event and wished everybody well. His report would be given in the Magazine

5. **Treasurer's (interim) report**

This is a mid-year report

Dinner cheques late as delivery error. Attendees will be asked to cancel and resubmit.

Suggestion that the chair investigates the postage cost of the Fosterian.

Membership report. Read out membership report

6. **Election of officers.** All officers were happy to continue. This was agreed
7. **Attracting more members to the dinner.** Discussion occurred. General agreement was lunchtime in October. By having a lunchtime event, it is hoped that this will encourage more members to attend as it will be easier to get to and from the event, overnight accommodation may not be necessary for many, and for others, it leaves the rest of the day and weekend free for family events in and around the town over the Fair weekend.

Stimulate interest earlier in the year and make a post lunch event like going to Pageant Gardens events such as concerts etc. John and Kevin W will research venues and catering options.

Several Members committed to engaging with former school friends within their broad age range (John and Simon and Gary/David).

8. Any Other Business.

John: Website address needs to be published in the magazine and Facebook groups to allow people to find it more easily.

Name and address to be circulated for members to send copy for the magazine.

9. Date of next meal (and AGM)

Sat 12th October

David Noble

Founders Day Service - 12th May 2018

More than 300 Old Girls, their guests and somewhat fewer Old Fosterians packed Sherborne Abbey. This was a special year for the Old Girls celebrating 100 years of their Association.

The Service was attended by the Lord Lieutenant, Angus Campbell, the Deputy Mayor designate Cllr Jon Andrews, Mrs Bidy Wingfield Digby representing the founders family and Nicki Edwards Head of the Gryphon and herself the daughter and niece of Old LDS Girls .

The service was led by Cannon Eric Woods assisted by Lay Minister Sue Rawlinson, a former teacher at Digby's. The address was given by Revd. Sulin Milne (nee Sue Churchill) a former pupil (1975-81) and with a brother at Fosters (1966-73).

Sulin, while referring to Digby's, gave an address which applied equally to the Old Boys. How the School was an entity which formed us and provided a foundation for our lives. As well as academia, we learnt about God, though RE lessons were often not the most popular! She

told us that God is patient, compassionate, loving, reconciliatory, challenging, powerful and forgiving. She explained that despite all the changes since School and in Society, these attributes of God have remained unchanged. She explained God has a plan for us if we let him, that we should not resist, and that it is never too late to believe and follow.

Readings were given from the Chairs of the Old Girls and Boys. Two poems were read, one referring to the comradeship of the former school written by Anne Cooper (nee Dryden).

The service was followed by a grand tea at The Digby Hall with a celebratory cake cut by the Old girls most senior members who attended the School in the 1930's.

Remembrance Service - The Gryphon School - 9th November 2018

We were delighted to be asked to join in the School Service again and lay a wreath on the Roll of Honour Boards which are now located in the Quarr Hall at the School.

The Service was addressed by Major Richard Hall, an ex-pupil and member of The royal Engineers who had served twice in Afghanistan.



His Grandfather had served in WW2. He encouraged us to think of the Act of Remembrance as one for everyone including victims, past and present, and all Nationalities.

Remembering our forbears will strengthen us and by learning from a shared history and having a debt of gratitude, it would equip us for the future.

The Gryphon School also unveiled a new memorial, the silent soldier figure standing outside the School to mark 100 years since the end of WW1. Surrounding it are 22 poppies made by the School's Art and Design Departments. Each poppy is dedicated to a student of Fosters School who gave their life in the war. The Gryphon will be holding a special remembrance service for staff and students on Friday 9th November, after which the school plans to give the poppies to descendants of those they are dedicate to. Year 10 Students had also prepared a display of research work they had done finding out about the lives of some of those Old Fosterians.

Headteacher Nicki Edwards said "We are proud of this memorial which will serve as a reminder of the sacrifice made by students of Foster's school, which went on to merge with Lord Digby's and St Aldhelm's schools to become The Gryphon as we know it today.

The Gryphon Foundation kindly provided funding for this Silent Soldier and our Art epartment have done an amazing job in creating these beautiful poppies



The Richard Foster Travel Bursary

This year, the Bursary again sponsored one Student to attend the Douzelage Musician Project. Following are reports on this.

Sherborne and Douzelage European Young Musician Project 2018

The Sherborne Young Musician project 2018 was for the first time split into two parts, a local competition in Sherborne in May and participation in the Douzelage European Young Musician festival and competition in July. We are also pleased to announce that Adrian Brendel has agreed to be the new Patron for the Sherborne Young Musician project. He is one of the most versatile and original Cellists of his generation and has travelled the world as soloist, collaborator and teacher.

Sherborne Young Musician

Thirty young musicians from the Sherborne area entered this year's competition, which was organised by Sherborne Douzelage. After a nerve-racking day of playing in front of a panel of judges consisting of local music teachers and an external adjudicator, the winner in each category took part in the Final Concert on Saturday night in the Tindall Recital Hall of Sherborne School's Music School – watched by parents, sponsors, and members of the public.

The performances were all of a very high standard and were enthusiastically applauded by the audience.

The overall winner and Sherborne Young Musician of the Year 2018 was Jessamy from Leweston School who sang beautifully and with character. She was presented with a trophy and cash prize, presented by Cllr. Dominic Elliott, Mayor of Sherborne. The category winners, who took part in the final concert were:

Piano	Isaac Bingley
Voice	Jessamy Bowditch - overall winner
Strings	Ellie George
Brass	William Brown
Woodwind	Joseph Page – Barbara Whatmore prize

The competition in Sherborne again demonstrated the amazing number of talented young musicians living in the area. These young musicians were from school years 7 – 10.

Additionally five Young Musicians from years 11 – 13 gave a recital and were presented with scholarships to the Douzelage European Young Musician of the Year Festival in July.

Douzelage European Young Musician of the Year

This year the festival was hosted by the town of Granville in Normandy, France, where Music students from Latvia, Lithuania, Czech Republic, The Netherlands, Slovakia, Belgium and England together with local French students had a wonderful week of making music together. The five young musicians from Sherborne represented the UK and they were led by Dr Rachel Milestone, Director of Music at Leweston School. Our students played wonderfully and took two of the top five places with Kelly as the best pianist and Bea as the best woodwind player; the standard of music was very high.

The overall winner was Kristýna Prančlová, a violinist from Susice in the Czech republic. Kristyna was a participant in 2014, when the Douzelage Young Musician events were held in Sherborne and her music career has moved on with her now studying music at the conservatoire in Pilzen.



As well as the soloists performing in the concert our young musicians, Kelly (piano), Bea (recorder), George (oboe), Ciara (violin) and Eliza (piano) also

performed with the music school orchestras and in ensembles making chamber music. Our youngsters were great ambassadors for their

schools, the town and the UK; several of them also introduced their music and fellow performers in French which helped our international credentials.

We all stayed in the CRNG Sailing School down by the harbour side in Granville, where they have the largest daily tidal changes in Europe. Being by the sea meant that swimming was a great way to relax, no matter what time of day or evening and the jumping platform, about 100m out from the sea wall was a popular spot. Sharing accommodation and meals with people from other countries was a wonderful way to understand Europe from the grass roots. We ate well and the favourite snack for all of us was crepes, with sugar or chocolate, or fruit sauces.

Our social activities included seeing French street dance performers, a treasure hunt, town tour, band night, visiting Mont St. Michel and on the way home going to the Normandy Landing beaches. At Mont St. Michel, in addition to exploring the town, we went on a guided walk across the sands at low tide, crossing rivers and practicing what to do if stuck in quick sand. It was a lot of fun, especially as we knew that we had experts with us to help us if we really had problems.

On the D-Day beaches we visited Pointe du Hoc, Utah Beach (more swimming) and the museum at Quineville where we experienced life as it was in France under occupation.

The next Douzelage Young Musician event will be held by Turi, Estonia in 2020 where we hope to take part. Our thanks go to all the local sponsors and funding bodies who have helped create this memorable experience for our young musicians.

Sherborne Douzelage is most grateful to Sherborne Schools and to all its sponsors without whom we could not have achieved this project.

..And now a participant's perspective...

Douzelage International Young Musician of 2018

Having left Sherborne at 6:15 on Sunday morning we arrived in Granville at around 4pm after a very smooth ferry crossing in which card games and a delicious Breakfast and Lunch were definitely the highlights.

On arrival at the sailing school we were welcomed by our hosts and given keys to our rooms. Then a whistle-stop tour around Granville, to the beach and up the steps to the old town, was led by our guide and source of all knowledge, Kevin, who quickly decided we were all in need of ice creams as we passed the “Glacier” on the Quayside. Back at the Sailing School, it was time to sample the hostel food. I think we were all surprised by the four course format of each meal and very relieved to discover that, despite the repetitive selection of starters (melon seemed to feature every day) we were not going to starve. Having almost run down and back from the beach for a quick after-supper swim, we were treated to some contemporary music performed by the French students from the “Ecole de Musique” during a welcome concert.

The first full days of our stay in Granville were spent mainly at the music school (a 15 minute drive outside the town) but we were lucky enough to be able to come and go (largely) as we pleased thanks to our personal chauffeur, who throughout attended to our every need, including buying us oranges and pears on the third day (by which time we were slightly fed up of the melon from the hostel)! Thanks to this shuttle service and also the relaxed timings of our schedule which bore little or no relation to the timetable with which we were issued on day one, we managed to swim every day.

However, on the Wednesday the agenda proved busier than usual as those of us who hadn't made it through to the final would have to form chamber groups and perform in a concert in the afternoon. This was followed by a highly contested Treasure Hunt in the old town which meant we had to push our swim as late as 10:30 pm after which we were cold, hungry and in need of some hot chips. The scarce existence of any 'nightlife' in Granville soon became very clear to us as we struggled in vain to find any!

On our last full day, we were taken to see the Mont Saint Michel. A first ever visit for most of us, we were overwhelmed by the size and scale of the Abbey and the extent of the town below. We had some time to explore but, having decided against climbing the endless steps to the Abbey, the 30 degree heat and swaths of tourists forced us to take shelter in the cool of a “Crêperie” which served us delicious “Crêpes au Citron” in double quick time. However, the highlight of this trip was definitely the walk across the mud flats and wading through the cool rivers behind the Mont Saint Michel with our somewhat weather beaten guide who explained to us in broken English the importance of the “Wild Simon” stock for which you could be sentenced to “Prizeson” for fishing - a tale which amused us a lot.

By Friday all that remained was to say our farewells, thank our hosts and head back to the ferry port at Cherbourg stopping off on the way at the "Point du Hoc" and Omaha beach. Once again the return ferry crossing was filled with highly contested card games and delicious supper. We finally arrived back in Sherborne at around 23:30!



It was an amazing experience and we are all extremely grateful to Kevin and Rachael for coming with us but also to The Old Fosterians and all those who are involved with and help fund Sherborne Douzelage.

LOOKING BACK

For this year's Looking Back, I thought I would concentrate on one main topic and ask us all to pass on your memories of former Headmaster, CRW Francis". Mr Francis came to Fosters in 1965 and was with us until 1976, during which time he made an impression on us all. The following is a re-print from "The Fosterian" of 1965;

"The Headmaster.

Mr C R W Francis B.SC., M.A. (Oxon), took up his appointment as Headmaster in January 1965. Previously he had held an appointment as an Assistant Master at Blundell's School, Devon, after nearly eight years as a Headmaster in Tanganyika (now Tanzania - Ed). He first went out to East Africa as Headmaster of Mbeya School, a junior coeducational boarding school for European pupils, and was subsequently appointed the first Headmaster of St Michael's and St George's School, a new secondary co-educational boarding school for over 500 Europeans.

Before going out to Africa, Mr Francis was Second Master and Senior Chemistry Master at Worksop College, where he was also the Careers Master, and served for ten years as a Housemaster.

Mr Francis is married with two children, a boy and a girl."

And from the 1976 magazine, penned by Stanley Mckay...

"MR C.R.W. Francis

It was a fortunate day for Foster's School when in January 1965, Mr C. R. W. Francis become its Headmaster. Under his wise and kindly direction the School grew in numbers, especially in the Sixth Form, and the proportion of boys proceeding to Universities and other degree courses increased many times. While these trends have been to some extent national, the encouragement and guidance given by Mr Francis

has made them especially noticeable at Foster's; no Headmaster could have done more to help boys find suitable places. Moreover, at a time when, in so many respects, standards seemed to be falling all around, Mr Francis strove unceasingly and, may we claim, with success to maintain them at Foster's School.

The aim of Mr Francis was always "excellence", in academic and other contexts, and the standards he demanded were high, yet no-one was more ready to understand and help boys who failed to achieve those standards. This, and a readiness to give his unstinted time whenever and to whomever it was needed, coupled with a keen insight, marked the headmastership of Mr Francis as exceptional. If one word can sum up the mainspring of all his actions that word is "caring" – for boys, for staff and for the school.

Mr and Mrs Francis will continue to live in Sherborne, and we wish them the long and happy retirement that they so richly deserve."

I always had the greatest of respect for him and can still see him in my mind's eye after 40 years, invariably attired in his billowing black gown. To me he seemed to be firm but fair, though I know others may have different views. However, he also had his eccentric side and was the source of much humour.

So to get the ball rolling, I'll start off with my memories that began even before I started my education at the school. At the Introduction Meeting during the last weeks of the Spring term prior to me starting, he asked me jovially "*Do you think you will like it here?*" "Yes Sir" I said, to which came the response "*Well, we'll soon see about that!*" Another, on one of his many visits to the dinner table as he rotated round the Hall for the midday meal, the usual spotted dick was on the menu and, once dished up, the custard was proffered by him to me, even though I hated (and still do) the stuff. "*Custard boy?*" he said. "No thank you Sir" said I. "*Why not?*" said he, "*Is it against your religion?*"

Talking of Religion, CRWF attempted to teach us Religious Studies, with varying success, but he also took Chemistry lessons when necessary and we always knew when as whatever the topic, it invariably involved the production of hydrogen sulphide gas, whose malodourous notes would creep up the corridor from the labs.

But enough of my thoughts, what do others recall of our illustrious Leader?

From Geoffrey Quick:

'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.

CRWF introduced Rugby into Fosters in the Spring of 1965. He was an enthusiastic coach and nearly always there on the sideline, offering spirited and voluble comment, including in my case increasing my vocabulary on one occasion when I lost possession. "*QUICK!!!!* *YOU CONSUMMATE ASS!!!!*"

At 15 years old I had to look that adjective up.

At the end of one morning break Tony West and I, doing the Prefect bit, heard the chatter of a group of about a dozen Third Form Digby Girls at the end of the main corridor outside the Chemistry lab. After a quick check we started to stroll back up toward the Staff room at the other end of the school to remind Reg Griffiths that he had a class waiting. We had only gone a few paces when CRWF, gown flowing out behind, steamed back past us and plunging headlong in to the schoolgirl throng. "*What is all this discordant din about?*" he thundered.

Silence fell, apart from one poor lass who dissolved into an embarrassed giggle.

"You, Girl!.....STOP TITTERING!!!!!!". Tony and I walked quickly away, desperately fighting to keep our faces straight.

Steven Trump, Rob Cowley and I had CRWF all to ourselves for "A" level Physical Chemistry. He was a superb teacher and kept you on your toes. *"Quick, you are an industrial Chemist and order 3000 litres of Sodium Hydroxide which duly arrives in a tanker...Your first check would be to do what?"*

I started to stumble a mumbled reply about doing appropriate tests for pH etc. *"No Quick, before any of all that, you check that 3000 litres has indeed turned up!"*

Then, on another occasion, there was pure theatre when Rob Cowley was obviously mentally elsewhere. *"Cowley, are you paying attention?"* "Er yes!",

"So, perhaps you might then be so kind as to tell us exactly what constitutes an electron?" Rob was now in a corner.

"Well, I did know, Sir"

"And?"

"Er, I've forgotten..?"

At this point there followed a stentorian CRWF bellow of absolute agony. *"What a tragedy!"* (arms thrown aloft) *"What a disaster for the advancement of Science!"* (head shakes in despair). *"What a lost opportunity for mankind!"* (head slumps on chest) *"Two beings in the entire universe who could have given us the answer to that question"* (sobs) *"GOD – (who won't) and Cowley, who has just informed us that HE HAS FORGOTTEN!!!!"*

He had a grey Consul 315 Classic. During the famous 1967 Sherborne/Shafsbury and return Charity walk he offered my parents a lift to check out how it was all going along the route. To my Father's surprise CRWF followed a strange driving pattern of accelerating up to 70 m.p.h. then coasting back down to around 40.m.p.h then repeating the cycle. *"It's a technique I use for fuel economy!"* Explained CRWF. No doubt fine for rolling across the open plains doing MAMOBAs (Miles

and Miles of Bloody Africa), but it must have been somewhat disconcerting for all the other motorists on the A30 that day.

Running up to “A” level Chemistry he explained to my father that he could not understand why I could grasp fairly well the principles of Physical Chemistry, but seemed to flounder doing Organic Chemistry: *“That’s all a bit of a mystery to me, since there’s absolutely nothing to basic Organic Chemistry. You can teach that to monkeys up trees!”*. (This monkey did eventually just “get under the wire” – another CRWFism - in that subject).

He wrote to me personally when I got in to RAFC Cranwell and again offered me sound advice when I later went up to University. I last dropped back to Fosters to see him in 1975 and was very warmly received, taking up his wish for me to speak to a Sixth form Class on life post the School. I have a lot to thank him for.’

Geoffrey Quick. 1964-68

Brian Bowsher gives us his thoughts:

‘First, there was the infamous letter sent to all parents, I think in 1970, that set out his views on long hair and the reasons he wanted to enforce short hair. If I remember correctly, the first five Forms were not allowed sideboards and at the back, their hair shouldn’t touch their collars; sixth formers were allowed to have sideboards half-way down their ears. In his letter seeking parents’ support, Mr Francis argued that he was convinced that “long hair led to smoking, drug addiction and unwanted pregnancies”. The last of these was a particular challenge for an all-boy school! (This rule also led to the habit of many years of pushing hair behind my ears on any sight of authority).

My other memory was linked with the fact that I used to play the piano at school assemblies - alternating with Derek Stansfield when he was at Digby’s - playing a voluntary piece whilst everyone settled down and then the hymn. Being not very good at the piano and with only a limited repertoire I quickly ran out of classical pieces and was encouraged to play more popular pieces such as various songs by the Beatles.

However, I took it too far - playing the theme from the Godfather as Mr Francis, gowns billowing, led the staff through the hall. I was summoned to his office where it was made crystal clear what introductory pieces were appropriate!

I should also say that Mr Francis was a very good headmaster and provided the leadership for the school to flourish. My time at Foster's was blessed by some superb teachers and it was the combination of the enthusiasm and skills of John Charles (Chemistry), Brian Davis (Physics) and David Register (Maths) that gave me the foundations for a career in science.'

Brian Bowsher (OFA 1970-75)

(I can add a similar experience to Brian's above – see the “Looking Back- some more general snippets later – Editor)

Steve Linham adds his memory:

'As a pupil and boarder 70-74, I have many memories of Mr. Francis or Crow as we called him, queuing up on a Saturday morning at the boarding house outside his study to draw weekly pocket money and his very animated urging of the 1st XV from the touch line during matches.

One memorable assembly when explaining what he would do to some graffiti artists, he said if caught he would award them the DCM , don't come Monday, which was his take on the acronym for Cadbury's dairy milk.'

Steve (Larry) Linham

...and now, our President, Mike Goode adds a staff input.

As a member of the teaching staff, memories of Mr. Francis would possibly be of a professional nature. Not so, mine are from a much 'softer angle.' as are reflected by these letters, hand written by him. Following any extra-curricular event that I undertook, it was always acknowledge on the day after. Our editor has typed these handwritten letters up so that you can read them more readily.

First Form camps.

Headmaster

C.R.W. Francis BSc. MA (Oxon)

Foster's School

Sherborne

Telephone

Dorset

Sherborne 2470

7th July 1972

Dear Selina and Michael,

I am most grateful to you both for all your hard work in organising and running the Form 1 camp so efficiently and happily. I was most impressed by what I saw on Wednesday, and the morale and cheerfulness of everyone under difficult conditions.

I am aware that the boys and their parents also appreciate the splendid holiday you have provided for Form 1, especially as for many of the boys it will have been their first real experience of camping, and for some the only holiday they will have this year.

I also appreciate very much that Selina took a week off work to give her invaluable assistance.

Once again my warmest thanks to you both.

Yours Sincerely,

C.R.W. Francis.

It was great to see him take over this particular camp and organize the games for the evening.

Commoners Concerts.

Headmaster

C.R.W. Francis BSc. MA (Oxon)

Telephone

Boarding House: Sherborne 2228

School: Sherborne 2470

Foster's School

Sherborne

Dorset

DT9 3AA

23rd March 1975

Dear Michael,

I thought the Junior Play in the Commoners Concert was splendid. It was an unusual and ambitious choice, involving a great deal of work, not only in the acting and speaking, but also in the efforts and stage management. However, it all came together and was a great success, and I am sure that the boys enjoyed it and got a lot out of it.

My warmest thanks for all your efforts,

Yours Sincerely,

C.R.W. Francis

I think the play was 'Hewers of coal' A dramatic play with miners trapped below ground.

We did disagree now and then.

Headmaster

C.R.W. Francis BSc. MA (Oxon)

Telephone

Boarding House: Sherborne 2228

School: Sherborne 2470

Foster's School

Sherborne

Dorset

DT9 3AA

8 March 1976

Dear Michael,

I do see your points of view. As you know, I dislike this sort of situation as much as you do. I also think that it is important that the situation is cleared up as soon as possible. Therefore, if you could manage it, I would appreciate you coming in at 12-10 pm.

Yours sincerely

CRW Francis

Great encouragement at a difficult time

Sherborne 812808

Ambleside

62 Newland

Sherborne

Dorset DT9 3AQ

18 October 1989

My dear Mike

Trish and I were very sorry indeed to hear of your illness and that you have to go into hospital for a major operation. Our prayers and best wishes go with you for a successful operation and speedy recovery. My sister had a similar operation at the age of 80 2 years ago and is now active again and enjoying life.

You are facing a stern challenge but never forget that you have the full support of a loving wife and family, and also your many friends at Foster's, colleagues, boys and Old Boys will be wishing you well. And your own courage and determination will be tremendous assets. Good luck, Mike and God bless you. We shall come and see you as soon as we can. Yours ever,
Frank

(It is interesting to see in this letter, CRWF signs himself as "Frank")

Following his retirement Mr. Francis kept very much in touch and asked me to drive to visit his sister living between Poole and Sandbanks. We would collect his sister and enjoyed a splendid lunch in a little café close by. Returning to the rather large bungalow, the afternoon was spent would looking around the garden. His affection for his sister was always evident despite my presence. On returning to Sherborne 'petrol money' was always offered.

I still recall his help and kindness and it was a privilege to have known such a gentle man'.

Michael J Goode

Stuart Woods gives us his view:

'I was only talking about CRW to an ex classmate of mine from when I was at school in Nairobi in 60's.

My parents were Civil Servants working for the British Government on the railways in East Africa from 1953 to 1965. On return to UK we settled in Henstridge where my parents ran the Sub-Post office. I started at Fosters as a 13 year old and had to have an interview with the Headmaster.

Now here follows one of those "it's a heck of a small world" stories my elder brother had been at the European primary boarding school in Tanzania at Mbeya. His headmaster was a certain Mr CRW Francis!!!! Princess Margaret visited the school in 1956 when my brother was there. CRWF had a photograph of himself escorting the Princess around the school on the wall of his study behind his desk. My parents had a copy of the same photograph. Can you imagine their surprise to meet him again at Fosters in Sherborne! That both their sons were going to be students under the same headmaster but some 6,000 miles apart!!'

Stuart Wood (65 to 70)

And lastly, David Prout has added his penn'eth worth:

'Not a lot to say about CRW as I was departing as he arrived. My memory of him is his First Assembly.

"Football to be called Soccer forthwith, Head Boy to be called 'Captain of School', Prefects to wear cloaks and Rugby Football to be introduced ASAP."

David Prout 58-65

Editor here again. Thank you to everyone who sent their snippets in for publication. Needless to say, I received several other memories from Old Boys that I just had to include as a bonus "Looking Back", Hence;

Looking Back – Some more general snippets.

Brian Bowsher's contribution about the piano reminded me of a similar experience with the morning assembly a few years after Brian had left school. A new boy, Kevin Morgan, took up the mantle of stand-in Assembly pianist. Kevin was extremely talented with the ivories and one day, like Brian, somewhat bored with the usual pace of play, decided to liven up "Für Elise". After the first few bars, he gracefully tinkled a few notes, then continued at a much greater speed in the Jazz style of Scot Joplin.

As the assembled mass of boys smiled at this rebellious slight on the solemnity of the morning ritual, Mr Norfolk strode into view, sidled up to Kevin and we distinctly heard, in his classic sarcastic tones "I don't think Beethoven wrote it like that..." requesting Kevin revert to the more conventional rendition of this classic piece. It was good whilst it lasted!

Kevin Parsons 71-78

David Prout, when he sent his snippet in about CRWF, included a piece about his predecessor, John Sugden. David continues – 'A lot did not get on with him but I found him ok.

I was a member of Sherborne Youth Club which met in the building to the left of LDS. Now an Antique Shop.

We used to have great times on a Friday evening. Usual Table Tennis Snooker Coffee Lounge / Bar and Disco which was more like a member sticking on the Dansette and whacking Beatles music through some heavy duty speakers. Bar non-alcoholic (mostly) and god forbid it girls.

I approached Mr S and suggested that some of the Boarders might like to come over on Friday evenings. After a visit by John to the Club to meet our leader another John (Bryant) it got off the ground. It was traditional for the members to repair to the New Inn - down from Tinneys Lane on RHS- for a few under age pints. One evening a crowd of us were in the Lounge having a few halves and who should walk in

but Mr S looking for errant Boarders. He saw me in the corner with my arm round the Girlfriend of the day with the other hand holding a Beer.

We greeted each other politely and off he went.

Didn't hear any more officially but we passed in the Corridor a few days later. He smiled and stopped and we had a chinwag about it and after I told him that the local Bobby Sergeant Dredge was also in regular attendance keeping an eye on proceedings he warmed and told me that I was the talk of the staffroom

Not a bad bloke

David Prout 58-65

John Bowles (48-53) recalls several memories. The eager crocodile walk to the swimming pool. The less eager walk back! Where Nat West was until recent closure, there used to be a Milk Bar called The Pop Inn run by a cooperative man call Tom. The boys had a standing order with him so they could drop off the tail and go in and quaff a ready-made milk shake. Then run to catch up. Apparently Edgar Maltby and Stan McKay gave up trying to control the practice.

Memories of a form Choir trying to produce 'The Trout' at Commoners Concert. In another performance, he remembers a fellow pupil, Derek Boshier (an artist) dressed up as a cat. Memories of Peter Perry as Puck in a Midsummer Night's Dream alighting from a chair but not so lightly!

Friday afternoon was CCF time. Field Days and camps at places like The Guards' Depot at Pirbright. On the Field Days, full kit was worn and old WW1 Lee Enfield Rifles used with blank ammo. Heavy and nearly as tall as the boys! He remembers being ushered from the gym, encouraged by a waving cricket bat, the last of whom through the door felt it. Then the cold showers! School Assembly with a dart hanging from the ceiling. Phonetic French lessons with Ernie Hulme and introduction to lab equipment with Happy Blythman.

John Bowles

Stephen Snell,
(who appears later in the magazine) has sent us this great picture of Foster's during the severe snow of winter 1978 – a time many of us remember fondly due to the inability to attend, especially for us country boys and girls!



THIS AND THAT

Phil Stainer here; 1951-1959, Looking through my old photographic junk, I came across some strange old negatives dating from 1958.

In the Summer of 1958, Fosters School organised a school trip to The 1958 Brussels World Fair, otherwise known as “Expo58”. I remember Stanley (Aka “Jock”) McKay was one of the staff who went with us, but

there were several others too.



We went by bus to a ferry, and then on to Brussels by coach, so perhaps it was a “Coach Trip”; other Old Boys might remember more.

It was a very big exhibition, and the central building was The Atomium, a strange aluminium creation consisting of nine interconnecting spheres and supposed to

represent an iron crystal magnified 165,000,000 times. I had forgotten how important iron and steel production was to Belgium in those days. I have visited Belgium many times since then, and don't recall their having any significant iron or steel production left at all over there now.

Unlike Brussels today, most of the signs seemed to be in Flemish. I do not remember there being much French on any of the literature or signage, and French was the only other foreign language any of us knew! The result was we Fosters Lads all had to learn a bit of Flemish while we were there. While this has since become quite handy for reading the menus on our trips to Belgium, (and Holland, as Dutch and Flemish are so alike), it was in fact an early sign of the antipathy that existed then and still exists today between the two different parts of Belgium, of which we Brits remain substantially unaware. Our Belgian friends tells us it has become so virulent that there is even talk of the Flemish Northern part splitting away from the French South!

Our Flemish, we all soon found out, was also vital in discovering where too was "The Heren"; because we all began to develop a taste for the Jupiler Lager that was served up widely across the exhibition and especially in one of the Atomium spheres. It is a taste that I still enjoy even today....if ever I can get hold of it. Still a common sight in Belgium, it rarely crosses the channel except in the boots of visitors cars.



If any Staff Member did notice what we were up to, they must have quietly looked the other way, and found another place they just had to be as we boys explored these new taste sensations. I wonder if they

could dare to be so broad minded today. Supposing we had fallen down in our slightly dazed states? In those days, nothing would have been said, and certainly no parent would have even dreamed of coming to the school complaining. Nowadays, there would be calls for compensation, and I believe the youngsters of today are far worse off as a result.

If my memories are perhaps a mite hazy as a result, I can point out it was 61 years ago, and sadly the photographic records I have are not as good as I would have hoped. I had sort of appointed myself as the school photographer! (Some Old Boys may still have pictures of themselves and others that I took when Fosters played tennis against Lord Digby's School for instance.) So for this trip I had equipped myself with several (very expensive in those days) rolls of 120 COLOUR Film!

Had the films been Back & White I would have done all the developing & printing myself as soon as we returned, but these were colour films and were far too valuable for me to risk colour development: A process which in those days was incredibly complicated and required special lighting to re-expose the negatives when half developed.

So I was forced to take my films to a shop in Cheap Street that specialised in Developing and Printing. That was not a decision I was keen to take.

I felt as if I was "cheating" in some way; and in any case I was never sure about others doing my processing.

Sadly, my worst fears were fully justified! The lady in the shop apparently "put the films into the wrong envelopes" and the laboratory that processed my films tried to develop them in Black and White! All the pictures were substantially ruined. Most generously the shop said they wouldn't charge me! And then they gave me two new colour films as a recompense! Fat lot of good they were! But I have kept the ruins all these years just the same. Some contain poor but viable images.

Now, thanks to modern technology & Photoshop, I am slowly managing to drag back something of the trip's photos. I attach a few. My main problem is transferring the odd sized negatives to the digital state. My

negative scanner is designed for 35 mm film, and my flatbed scanner does not take kindly to negatives! I am placing the negatives on the flatbed, and then using a powerful LED torch to illuminate them, but this results in the lines from the LED showing through.

But I'll get there eventually!

So far I have picked out Peter Gregory, Stanley McKay and I think Martin Bishop. I certainly recognise several other faces, but after 61 years am finding it harder to fix on their names.

Phil Stainer

Many thanks Phil, now John House brings back memories of the move from Hound Street to Tinneys Lane.

FOSTERS SCHOOL – an anniversary

2019 marks 80 years since the school moved from Hound Street to Tinneys Lane in 1939

In September 1933 Mr Lush, Head Master raised the problem of more classrooms needed, number of pupils then standing at an average of 150. In 1935 plans were drawn up to build in the Fairfield, next door in Hound Street. (Now Digby Hall & Library). This was rejected by the County Education Officer as there would not be any room for playing fields, the school were still using the Terrace Playing fields. Purchasing the adjacent property, The Wilderness was also considered and rejected.



The Old Fosters School in Hound Street,
it was the Boarding House. The new school was

Dorset County then overruled the Governors and purchased a site in Tinneys lane, where Lord Digby's School already had, since 1924 a hockey pitch. A contract was made with E.G.Wilkins of Marnhull in January 1938 for £20,864 to build the new School. taken in the 1970's when

scheduled to open at the

start of the Autumn term but problems caused a delay and they eventually moved in to the new school on 11th & 12th October 1939 after world war two had started.

The Old Fosterians gifted to the new school an automatic scoring board for the cricket pavilion.

There are boys, now in their nineties that are still with us who attended school at Hound Street as opposed to being a Boarder there.

Dennis Fudge,
Harry Hughes,
John Jackson,
Alec Oxford,
Jack Treasure and hopefully many more.

Alec remembers having to go to the Terrace



The New School at Tinneys Lane, circa 1950 before the extension housing the Chemistry Laboratory was built

playing fields to play football and other sports. He did score 4 goals in a game against Sherborne Town.

Jack remembers that all pupils had to have indoor shoes before attending the new school to protect the floors, no hobnail boots!

John Jackson remembers the shoes as well and the huts down in the gardens used as class rooms and the weekly market that took place in the Fair field. Pack Monday market, with its Sheep, Pigs, Cattle and Horses was also held there which attracted the Gypsies. Also remembered was Mr Lush's Secretary Harry Otton.

Last year several people asked when the Old Fosterians Association was formed. First came 'The Old Boys Club' in 1885 this was refounded in 1913 only to be overtaken by war and resuscitated again in 1929. The Fosterian colours were then 'a very handsome blend of Green, Gold and Chocolate'

Much of the above information has been taken from S G McKay's book called "Fosters".

John House

Phil Stainer has been busy with his scribbling this year and we have to thank him for the following as well as he reminisces about his further education after Foster's School.

'I went to The Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham as a civilian, from where I got an External London Honours Degree in Special Chemistry. You see my father had built up his business by this point, so although I also got a State Scholarship, it was worth nothing financially, because it was "means tested" and that meant unless your parents were dirt poor the State would pay nothing much!

My Scholarship to the RMC of S however was treated as mine and mine alone & was considered to be independent of any parents. After all, I had won it through an examination and a whole week of "interviews" at the college.

My time at The Royal Military College of Science was unbelievable. The Exhibition made it possible, for there was no way anyone in our family could have afforded the life-style. Essentially it paid for EVERYTHING from there on! Every pen & pencil we used, every book needed, every scrap of paper used, every drop of ink, every chemical needed, every bit of food & drink consumed, board, lodging you name it Her Majesty's Government provided it!

I went as a civilian, but was treated as if I had the rank of somewhere around 1st Lieutenant or Captain in the Army. I had my own room, my Batman and my own en suite! I was allowed to take my dog and horse if I chose...I took neither...and we "Dressed for Dinner" every night! Lounge suits allowed for civilians except Thursdays, when it was DJ. Of course the Batman made sure it was all clean & pressed. If one wished to invite one's "lady friend" for dinner, a separate room was provided with its own waiter in attendance. All one had to do was pay for her food and drink.

The food was 5* and the wine list (subsidised) was better than any club or hotel I have ever been able to afford since! I still do not know how I didn't come out 30 stone in weight. The Day started with early morning tea. ...brought in by my batman. Then breakfast was cereal, grapefruit and a "Full English" followed by toast and tea or coffee. Coffee time was really short but then there was Lunch - 3 courses! Afternoon Tea was at 3.30-4.30 and was tea, plus, on occasion, toast & cake.

As I said, we dressed for Dinner at 7.30 precisely, but we were "expected" to be in the bar by 7.10 ish for pre-prandial drinks. The Hall Commander usually arrived at 7.15 and bought drinks for all "His Hall"! Luckily drinks were cheap! A whiskey was 1 shilling and 1 penny that's 6.5p. Gin was marginally less at about 6p and Brandy about 7p. I developed a taste for pink gin! Its bitterness was the only way you are ever going to be able eat the next meal! Besides, whatever you asked for, when our Hall Commander was paying, you got Pink Gin! I might add that while the Hall Commander was going around before dinner asking everybody what they wanted to drink, the Corporal (for the bar was always run by an NCO of Corporal rank or above) was

busily lining up gin glasses, putting Angostura Bitters in each, tipping that into the next and so on, while his colleague put a large measure of gin in each. Thus, by the time the Hall Commander had done his rounds and had asked what you wanted, at the end he simply said "That'll be 27 (or whatever) Pink Gins then Corporal" and the aforementioned drinks were already in line! It was a carefully choreographed routine that was carried out with tight precision each day, and while everyone asked for something different "...A Pint of Flowers Ale Sir please!", "... A small sherry would be nice Sir! Thank you very much".... no-one batted an eyelid when they were presented with their gin with a small jug of water so one could dilute to one's taste! ("Pink Gin" only becomes PINK when you add water!)

The first night I was there I was a bit embarrassed to say anything, being a civilian in a large crowd of military officers, and never having actually tried Pink Gin.... before I realised that EVERYBODY got pink gin; and everyone just drank it and pretended that was exactly what one had asked for! Nobody EVER mentioned itnor spoke about it! Well - One just didn't!

Studying was not easy! IT CAME BETWEEN MEALS AND OTHER COLLEGE/MILITARY ACTIVITIES.

While the tuition was excellent, the facilities were unsurpassed (we had our own atomic laboratory!) the College Activities one was "expected to attend" were time consuming. I mean "Dinner" just went on & on for a start! Then Thursday Lunch was a major curry - The extra dishes made the table groan! No work was possible that afternoon but Dinner was at 7.30 just the same!

Each month there was "The College Lecture", when we all had to turn out in our DJ's; but the soldiers were in their Full Dress Suits, complete with spurs, chain mail epaulet, ribbons and swords, according to their regiment and rank. A well know person would come to speak, and later dine (in my Hall usually) and at dinner they would give another more light hearted talk. Brandy & Port were passed around till many passed out. But I got to meet Clement Atlee, Hugh Dowding, Sir John Wolfendon...he was full of stories. I remember he said his mother had

two boxes of string! One was marked STRING...but the other was marked "Pieces of string too short to be any good".

Then there was Montgomery---he was just SO FUNNY! You could see why men followed him though! You would follow that guy into Hell and back again! I will miss out the totally un-PC jokes and stories Monty told, not to mention his absolute and total HONESTY.... but his utterly mischievous sense of humour! Well, we should have been prepared for that! He had a staccato way of speaking, and I understand that a few years earlier, standing in front of the troops in Burma (still fighting a brutal enemy when Germany had already surrendered but Japan still had not), he addressed them more or less as follows! "Now you lot...Are going about...Saying you think ...You are "The Forgotten Army"! Well! ...I can assure you...That is TOTALLY Untrue! The real fact is...You have **Not** been forgotten....The real fact is...They have never bloody HEARD of you!" So many wonderful people we lost count!

But none of this helped with our degree. There were only two civilians and about five army officers studying Chemistry. There were physicists, mathematicians, electrical engineers mechanical engineers ...all sorts...but always science based. The Chemistry syllabus simply read "A broad knowledge of Chemistry will be expected" i.e. THERE WAS NO SYLLABUS! They could ask us anything...and they did.

Not sure how any of us got through, as chemistry is such a vast subject. But despite the lack of syllabus and the vast number of extraneous college activities we were "expected" to take part in, virtually all the civilians (I think it was about 12 or 13 in total) all got degrees. Sadly the hundred and odd service officers were not as fruitful. As I recall, only about 50-60% got degrees. So The RMC of S liked civilians, as they kept the statistics looking rosier. Rather sadly, the civilian scholarship scheme was dropped a few years later.

My Father, a very straight DORSET man was not surprised. "Goin' to Shrivnum **ruined** that lad!" he would say! Well! Beans on Toast and tea is not Beef Wellington washed down with Chatueauneuf du Pape!

But as a poor scientist on a meagre pension it is more my price range now.

But it was “How the other half lived”!

Phil Stainer

Finally, nonagenarian **Dennis Fudge** has shared the following photographs with us. This first one is rather atmospheric.

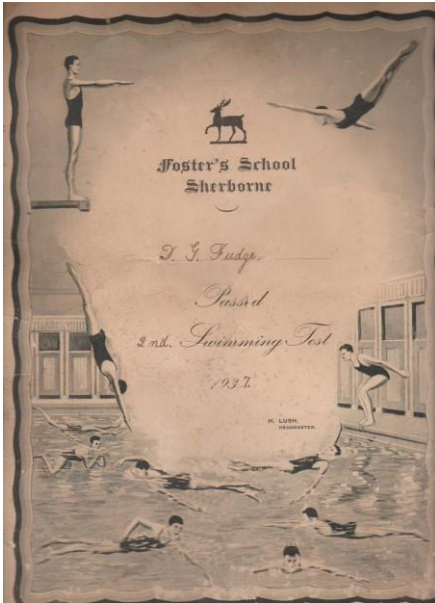


A lovely image of the Hound Street Woodwork classroom.

Those block planes look quite cumbersome to use!



The date is 1936 and we see Form IV B. Dennis is sat in the second row on the left of the form Master



2nd

It seems Dennis was a bit of a swimmer, as this certificate proves, he having passed his Swimming Test.

I am not sure the pool features accurately reflect the Kings School Pool used by the local schools!

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Steve Jones (79 – 86)

I have been a member of OFA since leaving the school, but have only recently come across the web site. It is a great idea to have all the old editions of The Fosterian uploaded to the site. It is interesting to read the contributions of fellow pupils and members of staff. I have also enjoyed going back and reading the editions from the actual years I was at Foster's. Particularly the mentions of our rock band Stag Party at the Commoners' Concert. I believe we hold the record of being the first 4th form band to appear. And probably also the only band to appear 4 years in a row!

The photos of the sports teams from the 80s are great. Lots of old familiar faces.

After A levels I studied Electrical and Electronic Engineering at Bath. I enjoyed the course, but decided it wasn't the career for me. So after graduation I trained to be a Chartered Accountant at KPMG in Bristol. Upon qualifying I took up a finance role at Hewlett-Packard in Filton, north Bristol. I was there for 7 years before moving on to Lloyds Bank in central Bristol. I have been there for 15 years and over time have moved to a role that can probably be best described as Data Analyst.

I met my wife Andrea at university, so we have been together 31 years and married for 21 years. She is Assistant Principal at Winterbourne Academy, a large secondary school. We have a 13 year old son who loves football and playing the drums.

I have an annual get together with fellow old boys Richard Balmford, Vernon Smith and Neil Sturgess (all 79 - 86). Richard lives in Southampton. He works for a small tech company that designs cutting edge telecoms and networking components. In his spare time he enjoys running, cycling and Salsa dancing. Vernon had a career in shopfitting, but has recently set up a fine art publishing company.

He is due to marry his partner Nicky later this year, and has two daughters from his first marriage. He keeps the spirit of Stag Party alive playing guitar in his band Bad Uncle. Neil is an IT manager at Pittards in Yeovil. He married Jules in 2011 and they have a young daughter. Neil also has two older daughters from his first marriage. We have been joined on a couple occasions by Giles Weston (79 - 86) who lives and works in Split, Croatia.

My brother Andy (81 – 88) studied Civil Engineering at Loughborough and then went on to form a Civil Engineering partnership, specialising in work for the railways. After several very successful years he sold up and moved to Auckland, New Zealand. He lives there with his wife Karren (a Kiwi) and 11 year old daughter (born here but acquiring an impressive Kiwi accent!). He runs a business that imports 20th century European furniture.

Steve Jones

Thanks for the Magazine received from **Dave Austin** who enjoys reading it.

We have heard from **John Abbot** (1960-67) living in South Africa who is also in contact with **Barry Barter** (1960-65).

Meanwhile **Robert Denning** lets us know he now lives in Canada at 20 12192 Symons VALLEY RD NW Calgary Alberta T3P 0B9

Stephen Snell has kindly sent his news.

"I left Fosters in 1980 to pursue a career with the Ministry of Defence at Copenacre Technician Apprentice Training Centre, near Bath, and after gaining an HND in Electronics at Bath Tech - I went on to Portsmouth Polytechnic to study for a BSc Electronics - I returned to the MOD and was offered a job working from Portsmouth Dockyard as a "field engineer" setting up communication equipment on new build vessels (surface and subs) prior to handing the equipment over to the navy - I was then selected by GCHQ to be trained to carry out

Electromagnetic Testing on ships and shore establishments - for which I was extremely deeply "positively vetted" ! I was in that job for almost 4 years, and being on call to travel to Rosyth Dockyard or anywhere else in the country with less than 5 minutes notice - took a toll on me!

Then I had an accident in 1990 - that took me to Southampton Neurological Unit in a coma - and left me with poor speech, poor coordination, poor memory and poor physical mobility. But the MOD kept me on - after they had spent so much money training me!!

I was moved in to a new role in IT at Gosport - Which I loved and excelled at - Travelling, locally - rebuilding computers and associated equipment. I was then moved to RNAS Yeovilton in a similar role - which lasted until 2005 - when I was TUPEd to EDS / Hewlett Packard - as a cost cutting measure by the MOD. This job lasted just 3 years - when I was made redundant by HP - I was then medically retired the following year I now work, part time in IT for a school.

Whilst I would love to reminisce with old school colleagues over a pint - I am not the most communicative person out there and no longer touch alcohol"

Steven Snell

VALETE

Phil Stainer informs of the death of **John Read** in Solihull last year. His earthly life was from Nov 7th 1938 to Oct 6th 2018.

His time at Fosters was from 1948 to 1956, but he was not in the Old Fosterians Association.

John actually passed the old eleven plus aged 10 in 1948 and went to Fosters in the September of that year. He always said it was ridiculous because he could not keep up with the rest of the class, many of whom would have been nearly two years older. He was kept back for a year and did two years in the first form and one year in the sixth form.

Phil got to know John in his 5th & 6th form years, as we both hated “sport” with a vengeance! It is a sad fact that “Careers Guidance” was not really Fosters School forte in those days! Indeed it is truer to say it was almost non-existent for those who were not good at Cricket or Football!

John was extremely artistic and musical, and had a truly magnificent Tenor voice, but no-one ever guided him into taking it up! He did his National Service as a Dog Handler (which he enjoyed) but when he came out he started work in Bradfords in Yeovil and then worked for St Ivel. Moving up to Yorkshire with the company, he eventually finished up in Birmingham working for a company who specialised in office equipment.

Thus John never followed up his painting and music till he was almost retired! However he was in constant demand by various operatic & choral societies in Birmingham.

Yet in 1956 all the signs were there! He was Lady Bracknell in Fosters School version of “The Importance of Being Ernest”, and I can safely say I have seen the play dozens of times with the most famous of English Dames playing the part, and even David Suchet, **but NO-ONE has ever played that part as well as John!** I can still hear his unbelieving gasp of “**AAAA HAND BAG!!!!**” to this day.

John died from multiple cancers which started as un-diagnosed Prostate Cancer.

We hear of the death of **Mike Tomkins** 1934-2018. His funeral was attended by John House who provided the following report.

The church was absolutely packed and a lot went to wake at Sherborne Golf Club afterwards. I spoke to both sons, Jeff (19741981) who lives in Denmark and John, the younger son living in Yeovil, both went to Fosters. Mike was born in Sherborne and used to tell stories about the bombing although their family never got hit. After school he worked in the cashier's office at both Sherborne and Yeovil railway stations.

He then joined the R A F to do his National Service. Afterwards he joined Normalair-Garrett in the accounts department and stayed there until he retired. He became treasurer of the Westland Retirees Holiday club played several sports, keen supporter of Yeovil Town Football Club. His favourite sport was golf and eventually he became Captain of Sherborne Golf Club. His older brother Peter was also an Old Fosterian. The funeral was also attended by Mike's classmates, John Hann and Stan Love.

Have you ever wondered??

Why there are two Facebook accounts that we can access?

It is simple really and reflects the plethora of Groups that can appear on Social Media.

The "**Old Fosterians' Association**" is (clearly) dedicated to the OFA. There is another separate group used solely for the Lord Digby's Old Girls association.

However, as we are all aware, our two schools were inextricably linked, sharing facilities, teachers and lessons. Therefore, it is only natural that we maintain those links and hence, "**Foster's and Lord Digby's: our virtual school**" fulfills that objective.

So there you go, join whichever group(s) you wish, after all, we share a common background with many shared memories.

Dates for your Diary

We have two dates for your diary, so please make sure you send the right dinner request to the right person!

OLD FOSTERIANS' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

will be held on

**SATURDAY 12th OCTOBER 2019 at 3.30 pm (Following the
Reunion Dinner) At The Grange at Osborne**

Agenda

Minutes of the AGM. 2018

- 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 12th October 2019

The Grange Hotel , Osborne , DT9 4LA.

Phone 01935 813463 12.30

for 1pm Lunch.

(you are welcome to arrive earlier for coffee etc at your own convenience)

Tickets £26

to include 3 course meal followed by coffee

Menu choice:-

Starters

- (A) Leek and Potato Soup
- (B) Classic Prawn Cocktail, Iceberg Lettuce, Marie Rose Sauce
- (C) Pressed Terrine of Ham Hock & Chicken , Dressed Leaves, Mustard Gel
- (D) Glazed Goats Cheese, Balsamic Dressing, Rocket, Toasted Pine Nuts

Main courses

- (E) Pan Roasted Salmon Fillet, Gremolata Crust, New Potatoes, White Wine & Dill Sauce
- (F) Slow Cooked Somerset Pork Belly, Champ Mash, Local Cider Jus
- (G) Confit of Creedy Carver Duck Leg, Creamed Potatoes, Port & Red Currant Sauce
- (H) Tortellini of Spinach & Ricotta, Wild Mushrooms, Wilted spinach, Parmesan

All served with seasonal vegetables.

Desserts

- (I) Mixed Berry Panna Cotta, Mango Sorbet
- (J) Selection of Homemade Ice Creams

(K) Lemon & Raspberry Cheesecake, Ginger Crunch, Fruit Compote

(L) Dorset Blue Vinny, Candied Walnuts, Chutney & Biscuits

Please put your choice on the form below and return to Ian Maun at the address shown

Accommodation

There are a limited number of rooms available in the Grange Hotel at a specially negotiated B&B rate of £99.

Please contact the Hotel direct, on a first come, first serve basis, quoting Reference 'FOSTERS'

.....

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

*****Please contact Ian if you any specific dietary requirements*****

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

Application by

September 12th 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 at 3.30 p.m. follows
the Dinner. All Welcome!**

Detach here please and send off to Ian Maun

You are invited to the

**JOINT REUNION of L.D.S. O.G.A & O.F.A. on
SATURDAY 11th MAY 2019**

11:30am Founder's Day Service at Castleton Church

12.45pm for 1pm Buffet Lunch in the Digby Memorial Church Hall,
Digby Road, Sherborne. DT9 3NL

Your spouse, partner, relative, or friend would be welcome to come to the Service and Lunch too

Please let any non-members of the O.G.A. know that it would be good to see them in the Abbey and they may book a lunch if they wish to come.

Local Caterers "Dorset Delights" will be doing the catering again this year. Buffet lunch and Church costs will be £15 per person.

Please add your dietary requirements on the attached form. Booking for the Buffet is essential!

The A.G.M. for members of the O.G.A. will follow the lunch at 3.15pm. in the Griffiths Room.

ACCEPTANCES MUST BE RETURNED BY 13th April 2019 PLEASE!

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Please send your reply to the Treasurer, Mrs Wendy Green (née Gould), by post, or email if paying by bank transfer.

Address: 8, Lamparts Way Email: wg167@tiscali.co.uk

Broadway

Somerset

TA19 9RY

Telephone: 01460391381

If possible, please send your payment by Bank Transfer to:- SORT CODE: 30-99-98 ACC. NO: 01797031 BANK: Lloyds ACCOUNT: 'Lord Digby's School – Old Girls' Association'

Or enclose a cheque (made payable to Lord Digby's School Old Girls' Association')

Name _____

Maiden Name _____

I / We wish / do not wish / to attend the Buffet Lunch @ £15.00 per person.

(The cost includes Church, Organist and Verger).

Name of spouse/ partner/ friend/ relative attending _____

*Dietary Requirements

Gluten Free ___ Diabetic ___

Other _____

*OGA Member?___ I wish to join the OGA and enclose £10 life membership fee___