

# THE FOSTERIAN

The Magazine of the Old Fosterians' Association



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Spring 2020

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ASSOCIATION 2019/2020**

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## THE PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

May I begin by thanking Mike Goode for his many years of service, both to the School and to the Old Fosterians' Association. Mike has always been known for his loyal and hardworking time at Foster's – in the classroom, on the sports field, at camps, and, of course, on the stage in Commoners' Concerts. When Ken House became too ill to continue as President of the OFA, Mike stepped into the breach and helped to keep us going. Many thanks, Mike – you're one of the good guys.

I should also like to thank all the other members of the Committee, especially our Chairman, Philip Dolbear, for their continuing efforts on behalf of the Association. Without their skills and contribution we could not function and might well have ceased to exist. 'Autant en emporte le vent'.

I am honoured that the Committee saw fit to nominate me to succeed Mike and I shall do my best as President of the OFA to promote the Association. As time passes and links fade, it has become increasingly difficult to keep together those who spent their younger years at Foster's. It is to be hoped that the Appeal that went out from the Chairman at the end of 2019 will help to keep us afloat financially and that our annual Lunch at the newfound venue of the Grange will bring together an increasing number of Old Fosterians.

Foster's had an effect on all our lives. As a young teacher I was guided by the many wise heads in the staffroom. I ultimately became a Senior Lecturer at the University of Exeter. This in part was due to the encouragement I received at Foster's to develop teaching materials and new ways of presenting them. I moved on to other schools, but in none of them did I find what I found at Foster's – an ethos of learning, hard work and dedication in an

environment where everybody knew everyone else. I shall endeavour to maintain that spirit.

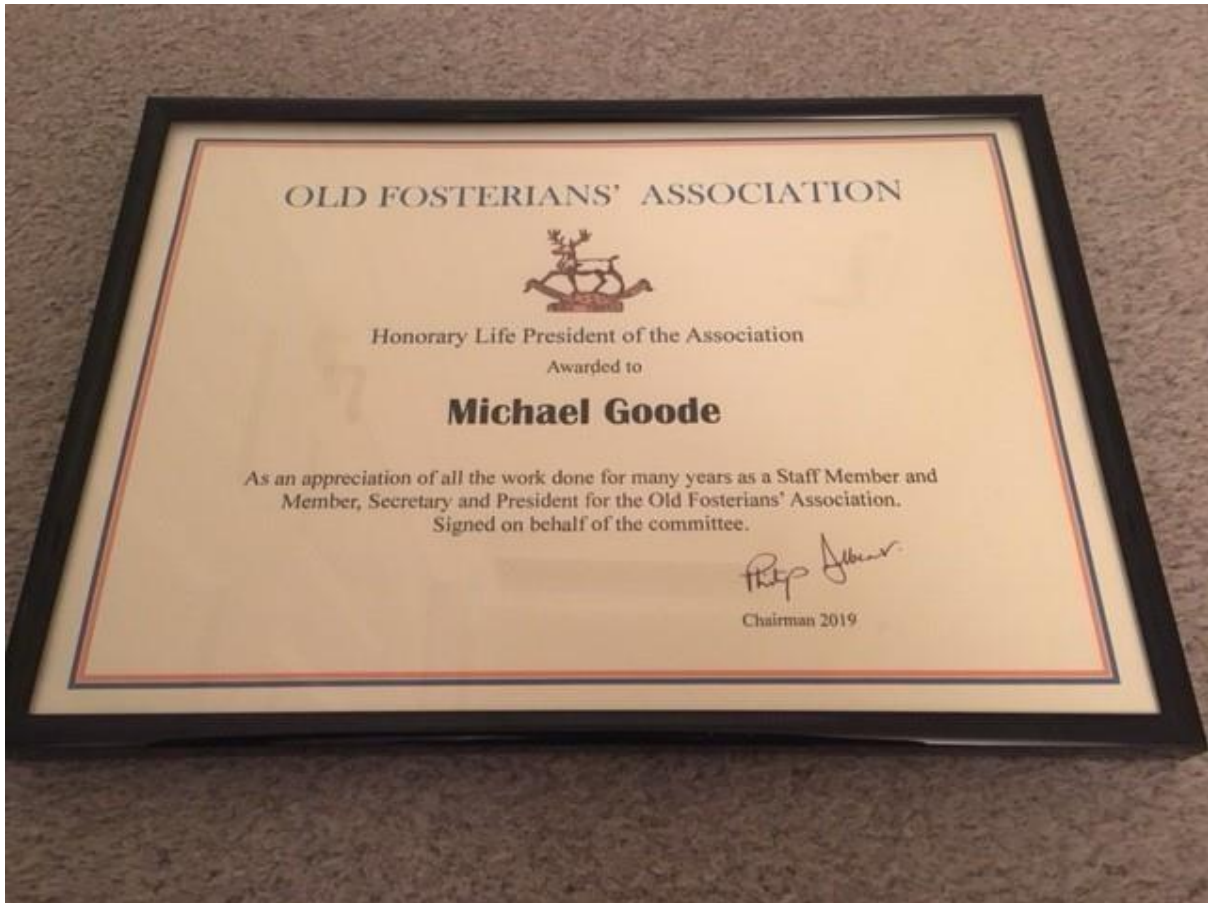
**Ian Maun** (Foster's Staff 1977-1986)

## **CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS**

I commented last year that the OFA continues despite Brexit uncertainty. Even with recent events, the Brexit saga still continues and I fear the resulting trade negotiations might now even outlast the OFA?!

I write full of gratitude again, on your behalf, to Kevin Parsons for the production of this Magazine. As usual, he continues to feed well off scraps of news and contributions to make 'a good read'. Please try and make his life easier with new material. It takes 5 minutes to scribble or type a paragraph of news. We don't need essays – although this would never be declined!

We have had a 'changing of the guard' on the Committee. As you read last year, Mike Goode has stepped down as our President. It was proposed and agreed unanimously at the last AGM that we should make him an Honorary Life President. I was delighted to visit and present him with this.



Mike and Selina have now moved closer to their daughter Jenny near Dorchester. They try to keep an eye on him but his determination and energy remain a challenge - he was caught standing on a chair trying to install the electrics in his new Workshop at their new abode!!! Interesting to hear he has had a visit from Dave Register (see later for a photo). He is always pleased to see 'old faces' so do pop in.

We are delighted that Ian Maun agreed to become our new President.

Many thanks go to Graham Bunter who has stepped down after many years of contribution to your Association Committee. Not least through masterminding the production of our Magazine through his Printing Company (at I'm sure quite favourable rates). Of course thanks are due to all the Committee. Everybody contributes which is a great help. We are very pleased to

welcome 'new blood' onto the Committee. Mark Brewer, Alec Thorne and John Harring.

Various activities and news are reported throughout the following pages. A major point of discussion in the year has been the Association's (dwindling) finances and in particular the format of this Magazine (the greatest cost element of our operation). I wrote in the year appealing for funds to help 'steady the ship'. I, we the Committee, you, the readers should be very grateful for the additional one-off contributions (the main response) and some who have increased or instigated new regular payments. This has indeed helped. The figures are reported later by our Treasurer

.  
As you will realise by receipt of this publication, the Committee felt it was right and possible to continue in this format for this year. It remains to be seen whether 2019 contributions repeat or new ones appear. There was a much appreciated response immediately from the appeal, but the frequency has tailed off significantly since. The extra funds generated by increased or new Standing Orders, while of course very welcome, will not solve the problem on a long term basis. The Association has 221 'active' members. Active defined by us having contact by email or post. Of these, there are 66 financial contributors in one way or another, a number which increased by 17, largely we assume as a result of the Appeal. Without wanting to be too blunt, and sound ungrateful, as many a School Report has said over the years, "could do better"! Your Committee will review the position again this autumn ahead of the 2021 Edition. It seems though, at some stage, we will need to switch to a digital only format.

This will mean that currently some 60 members will no longer be able to receive The Fosterian as we hold no email address for them either to send them an e-copy or tell them one has been published. You will know if this is you because you received a letter from me (as opposed to an email) last October. Please

update Simon Newell, Membership Secretary (simonhnewell@yahoo.co.uk) with an email address if you want to keep receiving The Fosterian.

Of course, we live in a very digital world already and one full of social media. However it has many benefits. It is good to see over the year several flurries of activity (often on Facebook) as one OF 'pops up' seeking some contact and that in turn generates several others 'to come out of the woodwork'. One of the more amusing ones was the revelation and Facebook storm of memories that someone had come across Sid Maltby's leather briefcase!

As we enter a new decade, I will close with the following quotation I was reminded of recently: "*Success is not final, failure is not fatal. It is the courage to continue that counts*" (Winston Churchill)

To that, we can add our own School motto: "*Possunt quia posse videntur*" – they can because they think they can

With best wishes for 2020.

**Philip Dolbear**

## **HON TREASURER'S REPORT**

at 31st December 2019

The balances of the OFA accounts are as stated below for the year end December 2019.

Assets at 31st December 2019

NatWest Reserve A/c £1,403.67 (£1,400.87 Dec 2018)

NatWest Current A/c £ 874.52 (£ 854.55 Dec 2018)

Total £2,278.19 (£2,255.43 Dec 2018 up £22.77)

Subscriptions and donations received from members in 2019 totalled £1228.00 up £659 on 2018. (Please see below)

Expenditure at 31st December 2019

Donation to Sherborne Douzelage £ 200.00 (£ 200.00  
2018) Magazine printing / posting £ 767.53 (£ 848.18 2018)

Founders Day Church Expenses £ 137.50 (£ 155.00 2018)

BMV Lunch Adverts Nil (£ 34.56 2018)

Lunch Guest of Honour costs £ 52.00 (Nil 2018)

Poppy wreaths £ 25.00 (£ 25.00 2018)

Total £1,182.03 (£1,262.74 down £80.71)

I have not received any claims by members of the Committee for any expenses incurred by them for calendar year 2019.

### **2019 Appeal for Funds**

Following the appeal by our Chairman for members to donate to the OFA in order to arrest the decline in its funds and continue its benevolent work, I have received some very generous donations. These have ranged in value from £10 up to £200. Some members have also initiated more modest, but regular monthly contributions. I would like to thank all who have contributed and encourage others to do likewise.

The OFA current account details are:

Sort Code: 60-19-12

A/c No: 05531349

Just to remind the membership, that I do not itemise the income for either the Founders Day Lunches or the Annual Dinner / Lunch (nor their expenditure) as both these events are fully selffunding. 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 15/1/2020**

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### **An Editor's Plea...**

This Space could be filled with a contribution from you. An Editor's life is made much easier when he has material to edit.

This year, our regular contributors have once again come up trumps with anecdotes, added to by some more new faces who have trawled their memories and sought out photographs to send in – I heartily thank you all.

But the coffers are now empty (happens every year...) so please could I ask you to spend a few moments scribbling some missive and send to me at the address shown on page 2, or via e-mail. Any topic (loosely school related preferred) goes!

However, next year's **Looking Back** will be themed on that old favourite,

#### **The Commoners Concert.**

So, seek out your memoirs on this doyen of cultural school life and wing them to me.

**Kevin Parsons**, Editor

## **THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2019**

Minutes of meeting 12 October 2019, The Grange, Osborne.

### **Attendees:**

David Noble (Secretary) Philip Dolbear (Chair)  
Ian Maun, Robert Taylor, John House, Mark Love, Steve Joyce  
Kevin Parsons, Stan Love, Alec Thorne, Simon Newell  
Mark Brewer, Kevin Waterfall,

## **Chairman's welcome**

### **Apologies for Absence**

Mike Goode, Pete Holden, Mark Hoppe

### **Minutes of 2018 AGM**

The minutes were agreed

### **Matters arising from Minutes of 2018 AGM**

Per agenda and AOB

### **Chairman's Report**

The Chairman thanked the committee, especially:  
Kevin W for social media, Kevin for magazine  
David Noble as secretary, Ian for the dinner

### **Discussion about timing and location**

Stick to this time of year. Include promotion of Pack Monday  
Fair activities (old boy is Organiser)

### **Treasurers Report -**

Effectively, running down funds by £5-600 a year, so all funds  
will be exhausted in two to three years.

Points for discussion on expenditure: Founder's Day and  
Douzelage should continue,

### **Discussion on magazine:**

Donation account information into magazine for people to give  
some money

### **Election of Officers and committee**

Mike steps down as President. Proposal for him to become  
Honorary Life President

Proposal for Ian Maun to become President. Seconded, Kevin W, Ian has accepted.

Officers and committee.

Mark Brewer and Alec Thorne agreed to join committee.

Unanimously approved.

## **Resolutions - None**

### **AOB**

*Remembrance Service.* 11th November at the Gryphon. Kevin, Alec, John H will be attending *Founders Day Service.*

*Magazine plans.* Content required. 230 copies requested for printing. Article magazine on how the Foster's name continues in modern day

*Reunion plans*

### **Date of next Committee Meeting, Reunion and AGM A**

*Memory of Richard Foster:* What can we do to keep the memory alive of what he did. An educational establishment in his name?

Currently the Richard Foster Douzelage fund and a prize at Gryphon in his name for "all round contribution to the school".

**Closed at 4.20 pm**

## **OLD FOSTERIANS' LUNCH 2019**

Last year we opted to have a Lunch rather than a Dinner. This meant that most people could get to Sherborne and back in a day and, furthermore, if they stayed over until the Sunday and the Monday, they could attend all the festivities associated with Pack Monday. We also changed our venue, choosing the Grange at Osborne. Jonathan Fletcher and his wife Jennifer devised a mouth-watering menu. Thirty-two guests arrived and we had a thoroughly enjoyable time and excellent food.

Unfortunately our President, Mike Goode was unable to attend but we were able to welcome Derek Stansfield, sometime Music Master, and his wife Marilyn. Our guest of honour was the Mayor of Sherborne, Councillor John Andrews (Foster's 1970-1975) who was accompanied by his wife Jane. John gave us his memories of his time at Foster's and some wise words on how to get on in the world.



Mayor of Sherborne and Old Fosterian Jon Andrews, delivers memories of his days at school to the Annual Dinner The Lunch was followed by the AGM. See the separate report.

This year's Lunch will be at the Grange on October 10th. A discount will be available for those booking overnight rooms. Just quote 'Foster's' when booking. For details of the menu and payment, please see the booking page for the Lunch.

**Ian Maun**

## **REMEMBRANCE SERVICE - 2019**

The Gryphon School held its annual Remembrance Service on November 11th with a few members of the Old Fosterians including the Town Mayor Fosterian John Andrews and our new Honorary Life President Mike Goode. A former student of the Gryphon, Kitt Thomas-Peter was the visiting speaker. Kitt is now serving in the RAF with the rank of Flying Officer and he

described to the congregation what his role as Deployed Air Movements officer at Brize Norton entails, Kitt also explained the importance of Remembrance to our nation and to serving personnel.



The roll of honour was read by Old Fosterian Mr Stan Love who reminded us that at the time of the outbreak

of the

First World War there were only 60 students enrolled at Foster's School, but that over 120 Old Fosterians saw action in the war, 22 of them making the ultimate sacrifice.

The OFA wreath was placed on the 1914-1919 & 1939-1944 Honours boards by Old Fosterian John House together with one from the Gryphon School by one of their younger pupils. The service was lead by the Head Teacher Mrs Nicky Edwards and the trumpet was expertly played by Gryphon student Edward Blake.

**John House**

## **THE RICHARD FOSTER TRAVEL BURSARY**

**Sherborne Douzelage Project 2019**

[Our Trip to Granville – A Student view.](#)

We were a group of 8, 2 chaperones from Sherborne Douzelage, and 6 French A level students, all waking up bright and early on Saturday the 3rd of March to get to the ferry at Poole Harbour. Upon reaching Cherbourg, we were greeted by Jean-Claude; our French guide, who kindly hosted us for 3 nights in his lovely traditionally French house near the coast. Upon arrival, some members still recovering from the ferry, we drove to Coutances and saw the breath-taking cathedral and beautiful botanical gardens, situated on a hill. After a long day, we finally made it to our destination, Granville, where, to our surprise, it seemed the party had already started. People were walking around everywhere in a variety of brightly coloured onesies, and we were not quite sure what we had gotten ourselves into. An evening of lively music and hearty French food left us excited for Sunday's 145th "Carnaval de Granville".

Croissants were a welcome sight the next morning, giving us the energy we did not yet know we were going to need for the rest of the day. We met our compatriots at the float dressed as snails and policemen; a protest against the lowering of the speed limit. The rest of the day was spent walking through the packed streets of the town, with the largest crowds any of us had seen cheering and throwing confetti. The atmosphere was energising, helped by the lively, but deafening, music, and is a feeling none of us will forget, especially during the night time carnival. None of us wanted it to stop. Monday morning it was a struggle to get up after the previous day, but we all found the strength and visited both a





French school and Mont St. Michel. On our last day, a sobering thought to us all, we did the carnival in our costumes a further two times for Shrove Tuesday, with the assurance there would be a “Bataille de Confettis” to come. This turned out to be an exhilarating experience, where confetti was thrown from floats in massive amounts to people below, allowing everyone to throw handfuls of it. Covered from head to toe in confetti, which seemed to stick everywhere, it was finally time to go home on the overnight ferry, back to Sherborne.

The carnival was an amazing experience, which we all enjoyed thoroughly, and was unlike anything else we have ever done before. We wish we could do it again and know that next year French A Level students will love it just as much.



**Elena Harrison**

Elena Harrison, Alan Flechon, Isabelle Jones, Oskar Maitland, Charis Henry and Will Forster

*... and on the page following, a thank you from the Douzelage Charity.....*

30th October 2019

Dear Mr Phil Dolbear and Committee,

We would like to send this letter of thanks to you and your committee for the kind donation from your bursary fund given to the students' trip to Granville, France in March this year. Without your help the travel would not have been possible for three of the students, so just to enable them to attend was a fantastic initial achievement.

There were three boys and three girl students from the lower 6th (studying A level French) at the Gryphon School in 2019 and they came together as a group to travel and experience French culture, without their teachers and without their parents - a first for them all!

Your Grant enabled them to visit some sights, go shopping in cafes, restaurants, tourist sights and shops. They attended school and experienced school lunches in France and were bombarded with questions about the UK too! They lived with a French family and ate with them and with their comrades on the Carnival Float. They took part wholeheartedly in this massive cultural traditional carnival event - which was a huge experience in itself!

The overall conclusions of what they get out of the opportunity you gave them is never wholly known for many years to come but I know they enjoyed themselves enormously and were grateful for the chance you gave them and everything they saw and took part in.

On behalf of the Sherborne Douzelage Committee, the six students and their families - we thank you all"

We hope we will be able to come to you again for assistance with the Richard Foster Travel Bursary, as we have another group starting to save up and organise themselves to attend in February 2020

Yours sincerely, for Sherborne Douzelage

*Sarah Whittic*



## LOOKING BACK

For this year's Looking Back, we concentrate on our achievements on the Sports Field. I am afraid that I will have to rely entirely on you all for this – to put it bluntly, I hated Sports! I tell a lie, I did enjoy cricket, but as many of you will know, the frequency of a good game of that was very low.

PE was bearable – just – largely because it was indoors. The best was the end of term treat – Pirates. As you will no doubt recall, we had to 'hide' in plain sight but in such a manner as to avoid being caught by the chaser. We could move, but not touch the floor. As I recall, Dave Slattery was the star of this. He was able to scale the centre rope to its top, taking with him the adjacent ropes, thereby rendering himself untouchable!

But as for football and rugby, well – the less said the better. I think it fair to say that in my entire 59 years on this mortal coil, I have only ever watched two football matches, both of them on TV and both just seeing if England could beat the World! Back when I donned my sports kit, I invariably ended up playing on the so-called pitch outside of the Woodwork and Art rooms, the surface of which was not the smoothest. One would run at full pelt chasing a ball, only to stumble in a hollow that at walking pace, was hardly noticeable!

And as for cross country running – more like cross country walk and hope I could get back in time to catch the bus home!!

All good fun – so over to you.

**Kevin Parsons**

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### **The day the school cheered me...**

I was never one of the sporting elite at school, although I enjoyed the games afternoons and represented Foster's in both the Tennis and Badminton teams under the tutelage of Mr Crouch.

Sadly, nor did I achieve stardom in the big three, Rugby, Football or Cricket, with opportunities being limited to house matches. Occasionally Rugby required more players so I did get to play the odd game on the wing for St Bedes, stationed outside my cousin Jeff Tompkins who was a good player and astute enough to never pass me the ball. Likewise, with Cricket, and once got a lucky edge for four off the school cricket captain's bowling, which he never forgave me for.

But the day the whole school (it seemed like it) cheered me came in my second year. It was Autumn term and the first cross country of the season. We second year boys got paired off with a first year "buddy" with the strict instructions from Mr House that whatever transpired, the senior boy was responsible to stay with their first year charge and not only ensure they learnt the course but got safely back to school. The pairing was alphabetical and being an "L", I was paired with Kevin Morgan. He was one of the most pleasant, easy going boys in the first year and had already established a reputation as a musical talent. But he was not a runner, and although I was never a challenger for the win, I often achieved top ten status.

We set off on the normal course to Haydon and by the time we got to the Black Horse (too young at this age to get a drink inside) it was obvious we were not going to be top ten that day. Kevin was already out of breath, and asked that we walk a while. With Mr House's instructions ringing in my ears, I had little option but to agree as it was obvious that Kevin was struggling. We managed to return to a gentle trot past the New Castle and not long after the front runners appeared on their return to the school. Their words of encouragement were not very encouraging. Undeterred, and to Kevin's credit, we pressed on and made it up through the deer park to Haydon, but whomever had been charged with the traditional check point had given up and gone.

So we returned back towards the school, and by this time the evening was drawing in. Neither of us had a watch (well before the

days of iWatches) but the falling darkness told us we were probably around 16.00 hrs, normal school home time. By now we were down to a permanent walk and I was getting worried that Kevin would not make it back at all, plus it was getting cold. We were once again near the New Castle when a green Morris Minor Traveller came into view. It stopped, and a very unhappy Mr House got out. "Where have you been Love?" he asked me as the senior boy (in his unique cynical "you are in deep trouble" tone). I stuttered an explanation that we had just been a little slow on the course and fortunately Kevin's out of breath efforts to back me up provided some confirmation that we had not been in the Black Horse or similar establishments.

Mr House ordered us to get in his car, and in the failing light we drove back to school. As we went up Newlands (before the one way system) we encountered the school bus queues and other school leavers. Everybody was cheering. I did not think at the time they were cheering me, but Mr House for saving two boys from death in the deer park. I was wishing I was not there. Mr House, sporting a stern expression, drove on past the cheering hordes, and the deafening silence in the car crushed my spirits even further. We parked in the by now deserted school yard, and got out and were told to get showered, and then I was summoned to see him. I feared what consequence awaited. He gave me some faint praise for sticking with my task to accompany my first year charge, and my 12 year old world was right again, and a valuable lesson in teamwork reinforced.

Kevin went on to become a professional musician, and I went into accountancy; then banking. I still run for pleasure, and finally in 2018 ran the Geneva marathon. But, to this day I cannot see a Morris Minor Traveller without remembering that Autumn day back in 1976.

**Mark Love**  
mrmlove@hotmail.com

## **Haydon Wood adds his bit..**

I enjoyed most sport at Foster's managing to squeeze into some school teams but I could never develop much enthusiasm for cross country. It seemed like a lot of pointless, painful effort.

We were forced into many training runs from the school - dashing across Long Street past the Bear Hotel, along New Road and then up the steep footpath to the Terrace playing fields and back.

Of course, the fittest and keenest, Paddy Fields and John Shapland in my year (66-73) I recall, had got to the turning point at the top and were sprinting back past the likes of me still struggling up the hill.

Was Ken House at the top sitting in his car crossing off our names or had he been bluffing and hadn't bothered? Would John or Paddy tell us as they raced past? Nope. Fair enough I suppose but I remember feeling so cheated when it turned out Ken was back in the gym and no-one was checking.

The cross country finals on a long circular route out to Alweston and North Wootton was the end of the misery until the following year. Still, John and Paddy were both in St. Dunstons so we kept the cup out of School House's grubby hands for a year or two.

**Haydon Wood**

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## **As does Simon Newell**

### ***Cross Country***

I have to agree with Haydon Wood, what was the point of that? I hated it. The only positive was that it kindled a spirit of rebellion in me from an early age. I could never understand why we were made to run through muddy fields in 'daps', plimsolls, (white, at that - try explaining that to your mother). And those fields were muddy because cross country running was often the alternative when the playing fields were waterlogged. Often it was freezing cold, actual ice in the tractor wheel ruts, one's feet were wet and freezing due

to the footwear. It did not help that I had/have no stamina so hated long distance running (still do). Mind you, it was a great walk in the country on a sunny November morning; I have a vague memory of some magnificent stone gateposts at somewhere like Haydon village which I think was the turning point.

At least Gary Cotterill and Jerry Burgess got to have a crafty fag.

### ***Rugby***

Many memories of rugby, most of them not good. I remember at twelve finally having enough leg strength to lift that infernally heavy, wet ball over the cross bar for a conversion, from about fifteen feet, straight in front of the posts of course. A leather ball which doubled in weight at the mere sniff of moisture.

Being 'run over' by Clive Sheward in the Old Boys match – think Mike Catt/Jonah Lomu.

Being kicked unconscious by Cahill (Paul/Phil?) at the bottom of a ruck, coming around lying on the pitch, being carried off to recover in the gym whereupon Ken House gave me a bollocking for eating too much chocolate beforehand which I was by then copiously vomiting – into a cardboard box! Funny what stays in the memory.

### ***Football***

Behaving abominably on the football pitch and having a fight with Peter 'Daisy' Robertshaw as a result of one altercation - think Joey Barton. Not my finest hour(s).

### ***Athletics***

Watching John Shapland disappear 'up the hill' on the back straight of the four hundred yards (not metres) and trying not to be sick when I eventually finished, thirty seconds after him.

Wondering who the hell was Victor Ludorum.

### ***Cricket***

Saving the day by scoring twelve winning runs in a house match when batting at number 11. A legend for a lunchtime!

**Simon Newell**

1966-73

**Nigel Joy sent in some photos of a Sports Day.** Although we have no dates, this is my era and looking at the boys I recognise, I would put it at 1976, possibly 1977.



The dreaded running track. The slope did nothing to help the less able! Study with a magnifying glass reveals Jack Crouch stood on the right, while (I believe) Ned Heasman, takes the tape.

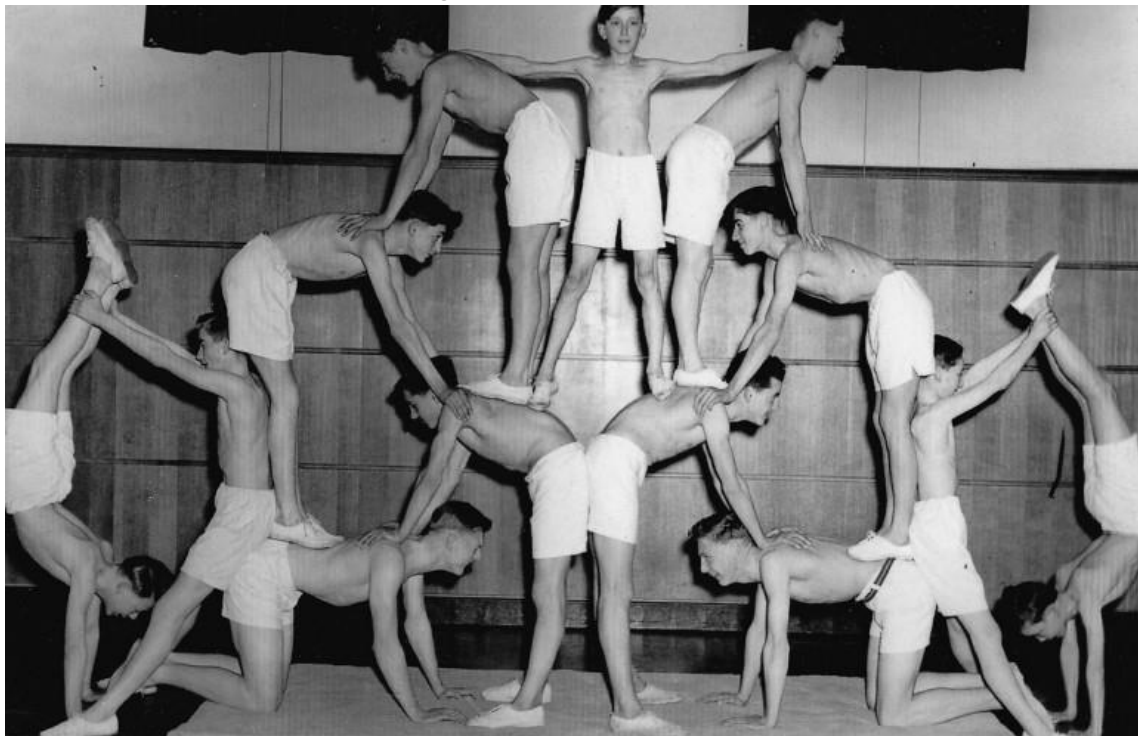


The pole vault. I remember this being introduced. The pole was in no way flexible! Can you guess who has his arm up at the front?



Here's your answer – a youthful Mike Goode

And finally for these sporting photos, an old one from John House...



It looks to be taking place in the Assembly Hall as opposed to the Gym

**John Shapland** shares his sports field achievements.

At the time that I left primary school in the tiny village of Stourton Caundle and ventured out into the big world of Foster's Grammar School in the metropolis of Sherborne, I could hardly have been called a sportsman, in fact far from it.

But during that first winter term when Ken House sent us out to do the cross country runs during PE lessons, I found to my surprise that I was actually quite good at it. I also learned that there were benefits to being one of the early finishers - first use of the showers while the water was good and hot, with no mud and sludge on the floor, and more time to thaw out before the next lesson. I remember a fierce competition developed with Paddy Fields, a friendly rivalry that endured the 7 years we spent at Foster's. So it was cross country running that initially showed me that I could compete in sport and gave me the self confidence to do so, eventually representing the school at football, rugby and tennis. You will notice there is no mention of cricket! I take my hat off to those like Tony Mayall who played cricket... the ball was much too hard, went too fast, and stung like mad when it hit you on a cold Wednesday afternoon in the English summer!

The mention of sport at Foster's brings back many memories of inter house competitions. St. Dunstan's (my house), St. Bede's and St. Aldhelm's faced the annual struggle to cling onto the coat tails of the (usually but not always) all conquering School House. It was not often that Dunstan's did get one over on the likes of Chris Neill and Steve Crane (both incredibly talented all rounders), "Fred" Widdowson (a fast and powerful flanker), and others. But triumph we did one year in the football tournament despite "Hans" Tomlinson ruling out a goal I scored from a quickly taken free kick on the edge of the box because, he said, the opposition were not ready!!! Do you remember it Simon (Newell)? I believe you were in goal for School that day? 50 years on and it still rankles!



Talking of football which was my main sport, I continued to play at a decent level well into my 30's, but I was always in admiration of the natural skill of one of my contemporaries, Gary Cotterill. Gary made the game look so easy and was one of the most talented footballers I ever played with, despite his 20 fags a day habit!

I cannot finish without some mention of my brother Steve, a far better sportsman than I ever was. It could have been quite annoying having a younger brother who could run faster, jump higher, and throw various objects further than I could, but we were always side-by-side in the house, school or county teams fighting for the same cause.

I could rabbit on all day with my reminiscences of sport at Foster's, so I had better close off now. In doing so I would like to pay tribute to Brian "Barny" Davis. As a teacher and a sports coach, Brian inspired, developed and challenged me. He was a truly great man to whom I owe a great deal.

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Lastly, **John House** sends these memories of **Philip Antell** starting with this picture of the Under 14 Soccer Team – remember, no Rugby in those days. (and yes, it is “our” Ken House)

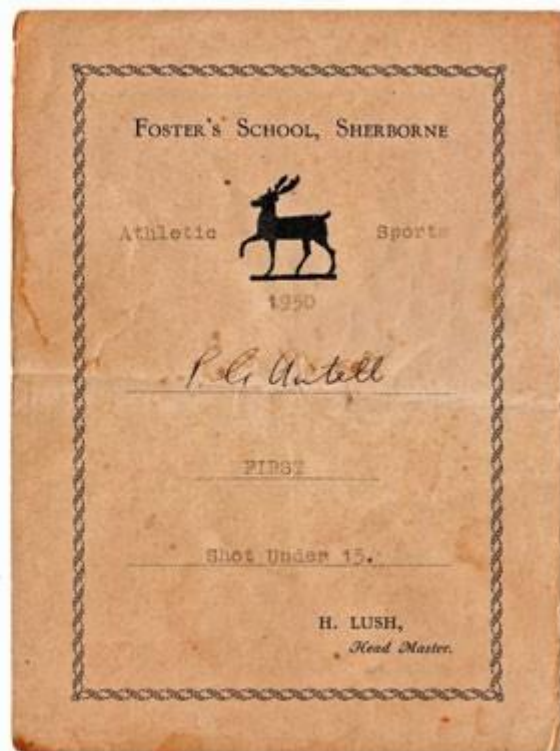
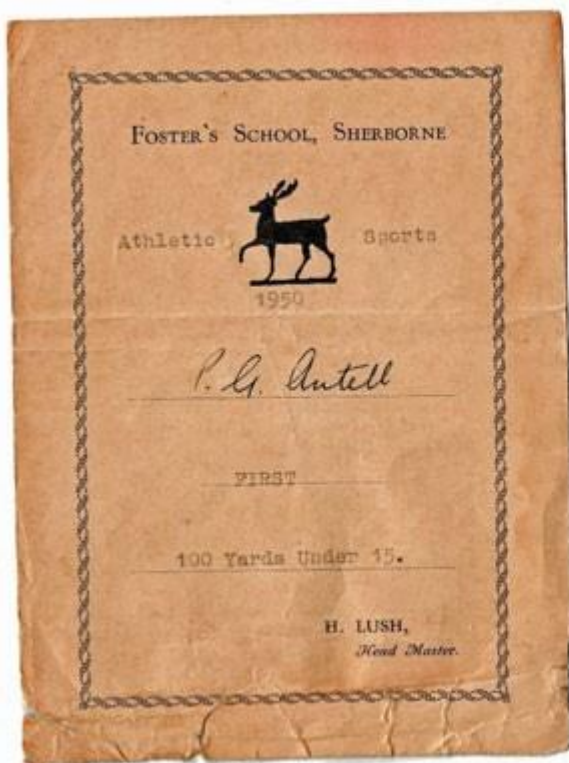


Fosters School Under 14 XL 1949/50

Back Row: Head Mr H Lush, Mogg, Ham, Shire, Tuffin, Curtis, Johns, Mr Hulme  
 Centre: R Earnshaw, K House, Antell (Capt), Ball, Roberts

Front: Doe, Moore

And these achievements by Philip – he was quite a sportsman!





## Looking Back – Some more general snippets.

John Abbot reprises last year's Theme of Mr Francis with **A Memory of CRWF**. It also has a tenuous Sporting thread!

Does anyone who was at Foster's around 1966 remember a fellow by the name of Max Horsey? He failed his eleven plus but after some years at St Aldhelms got moved down to Foster's, arriving on his BSA Bantam motorcycle.

I was then the chairman of Foster's Photographic Society. One of Max's interests was photography so he soon joined us. Until then we hadn't done much beyond developing holiday snaps at a cheaper rate than Boots and providing poor quality passport photos. Max had other ideas.

He wanted to make a film. A movie was beyond us so it was to be a slide show accompanied by a tape recorded sound track. We

were in the age of “The Great Train Robbery”. Our film was very loosely based on it and named “The Great Pound Robbery”.

In those days an overzealous prefect had assumed responsibility for impounding any gym clothing left lying around. To be reunited with their property the negligent owners had to pay a fine. The sweaty garments were held up after morning assembly and money changed hands. I can't recall the name of the chap who ran “The Pound” but I think his surname may have been Fraser. Correct me if I am wrong, anyone.

The unlikely story line of “The Great Pound Robbery” was that the contents of the pound had grown to such an astronomical value that it became the subject of a major robbery.

The cast was a small one of just three. The zealous prefect, Fraser, agreed to play the part of the determined police constable in pursuit of the robbers. Fraser's father happened to be a police officer so a real police uniform complete with helmet and a black, police bicycle was to hand.

The two dastardly robbers were Phillip Bailey and John “Noddy” Harris. “Noddy Harris” is not to be confused with “Twitch” Harris, both in the same class but with differing idiosyncrasies. I do hope that today's schoolboys are kinder to anyone a bit different than some of the boys in my class were. I may have not taken part in the ragging but I did not stand against it either. Noddy's head remained stationary until he began walking. He was “Noddy” to us all and he and Phillip Bailey were the greatest of friends. I cannot tell this story without recalling that Phillip's life was cut tragically short around the age of thirty. I felt so sorry for his devastated parents. Phillip was their only child and they doted on him.

Back when the film was being made, Phillip already had a driving licence and often borrowed his father's Morris 1000 Pick Up which became our unusual robbers' getaway vehicle.

At that time, CRWF was going by the nickname of "God." A lot changed when God took over. We day boys were largely from working class homes and had only ever played soccer. Rugger was for the Kings School and the upper classes. The introduction of rugby was one of God's first changes. I found myself in the first rugby 15 not even knowing the basic rules of the game. In the early stages we were clueless. I just ran about after this pear shaped ball trying not to get hurt. In a stretch of the imagination the film attributed the massively increased size of the sports clothing pound to the introduction of rugby.

I won't try to describe much of the film's content but the first scene will always remain with me - more especially because the premier showing was just to CRWF and his teaching staff. Our little photographic society had the slide projector, screen and tape recorder set up ready in the physics lab and in swept the staff, black gowns flowing and led by CRWF.

The opening scene looked up into a black stormy sky with flashing forks of lightning. The tape recorder boomed out dramatic music by Wagner mixed with the noise of crashing thunder.

Then a slow, deep melodious voice began:

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS GOD.....AND GOD SAID..... "LET THERE BE RUGBY"..... AND THERE WAS RUGBY.....AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD.

We were nervous about what the reaction might be, but to our great relief there were sheepish smiles even from CRWF. A few days later we made a second showing to a madly enthusiastic school. After more than fifty years the final scene also stays with me. The masked Great Pound Robbers are speeding down South Street in their Morris 1000 Pick Up, the back heavily weighted down with a huge pile of dirty sports clothing. Constable Fraser is in hot pursuit, pedalling furiously on his bike and accompanied by the William Tell Overture. The getaway vehicle just makes it across the level



crossing as the gates close. Constable Fraser doesn't. His bike crashes into the gates and he goes flying into the air to land heavily on the tracks just as a steam locomotive races through. Fortunately the last slide [to a cello's mournful strains] is of his police helmet by the side of the track and not of his mangled body.

That is my story and its memory has been vividly with me since 1966 when so many more important things have gone forever. In the Fosterian I see almost nothing of my class although I remember every one of them. I wonder what became of John "Noddy" Harris and what did Max Horsey go on to achieve.

I had little other contact with CRWF. He did not teach me and I was neither brilliant nor bad enough to warrant his attention.

**John Abbott** 1960-67

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### **Roger Taylor shares this shot of the Boarders, C.1960**



**Middle Row.** Howard Legg, Robin Mence, Graham Lovett (?) Jean and John Sugden, Alan Thackur (?) Chris Mainwaring, David Calderhead.

**Top Row.** John Phillimore, John Harbour, Chris Marshall, Anthony Thompson, Keith Downtown, ??, Roger Wilsher (?) Roger Taylor. (Seems the bottom row are persona non-grata, a reflection of the fact we tend to remember our peers and seniors, but not our juniors...)

***...and Looking a Long Way Back.....***

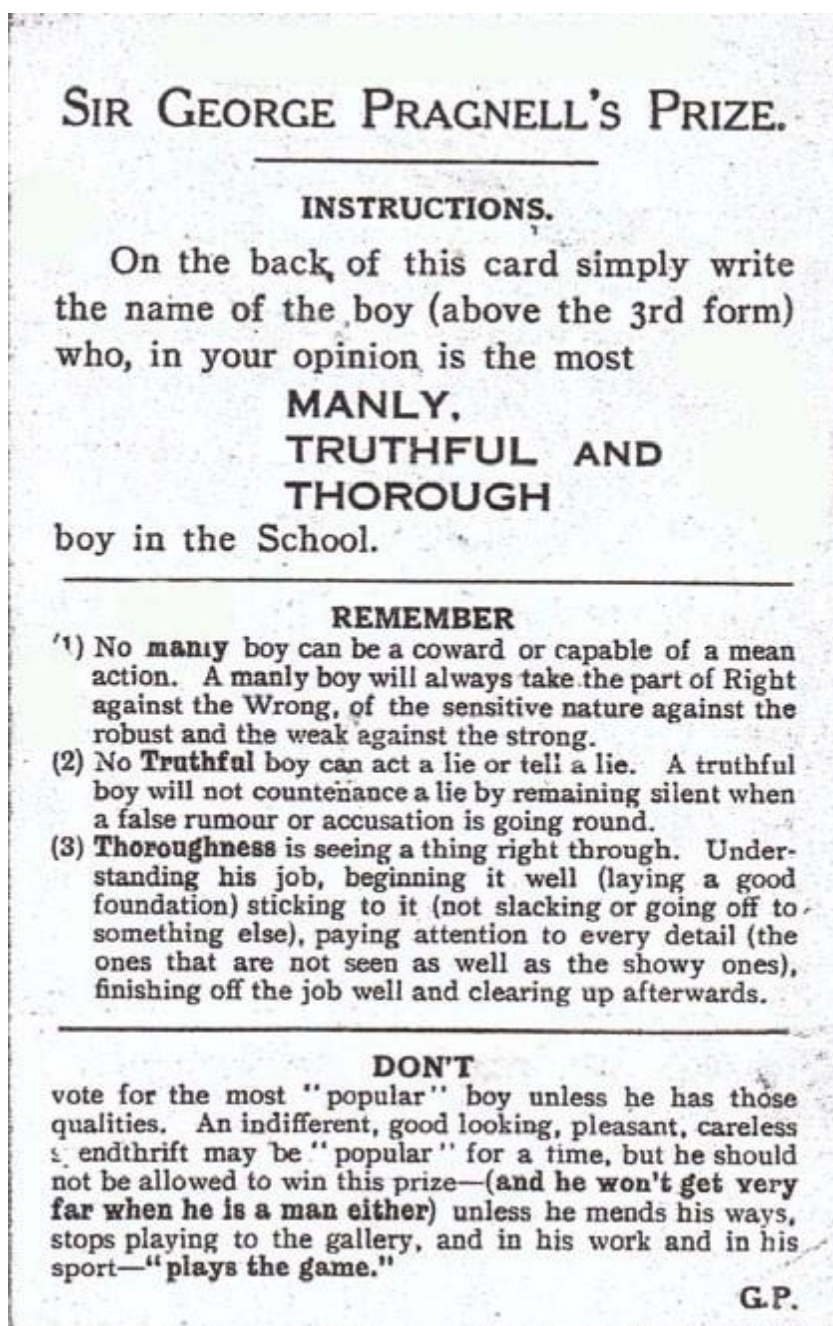


A horse show about 1910 in what is now the Foster's School playing field. The field was known as "Tinney's Lane Stall" after a cow shed the remains of which remained standing in the school grounds when the school arrived.

... and finally, **The Sir George Pragnell Prize**

John House sent in this print of a voting slip for the Sir George Pragnell Prize. The date is not clear, but the tone of the language suggests it is the early 1900's. Stan Mckay in his 1975 booklet elucidates...

“Among the first pupils of the re-organised school in 1875 were four Pragnells, three of them sons of WG Pragnell who was Head Gardener at the Castle. (The 4th one was the son of the Landlord of the Half Moon Hotel.) The eldest of the brothers, George was Captain of School from 1875 to 1877. He trained as a Draper, joined a London firm of wholesale drapers and became managing partner in 1907. He devised a scheme whereby employees were given three weeks paid holiday provided they spent fourteen days in a Territorial Army





Camp, this scheme was adopted by 2000 companies.

He was given in 1912 a Knighthood as well as being a Lieutenant of the City of London and a Justice of the Peace.

Sir George was always a great supporter of his old school, Foster's. He helped form the Old Boys Club, of which he became President. He held it again when the club was reformed in 1913. At the prize giving in 1912 he gave his own prize in the form of a 'handsome engraved silver tray' which he gave annually up to his death in 1916 at the age of 53. The prize was continued by his widow and then his younger brother until his death in 1944 when a sum of money was left so that the prize should be given in perpetuity.

The prize, for the 'most manly, truthful and thorough' boy in school was originally given on the vote of the boys but latterly at the discretion of the Headmaster and in more recent years has become regarded as an award for the Captain of School."

Can you imagine such a voting slip appearing these days?

## **THIS AND THAT**

***Roger Taylor** relates his Job with Signposts on Portland*

Some of the grandchildren were with us this week and one of them told me they had visited Lands End in the summer with friends and they had their photo taken under the signpost sited there.

I did that job as a student on Portland in 1963 and Lands End in 1964. My then girlfriend was Jill Scammel (Lord Digby's) and the boyfriend of her elder sister Kay was one of the two founders of the business, which was how I got the job. Having excavated some old photos for the grandchildren it occurred to me that this might be of general interest.

It was taken when Tim Gillham and others visited me in my little wooden hut on the Bill after work one evening. Clockwise from the top, Tim, Dave Burge, Chris Longstaff, cannot remember this chap, Steve (Flab) Neale.

My recollection is that we had a stroll on the Bill, a leisurely pint in the pub, and then a drive in the van (Tim's Dad's) along the coast and a late night skinny dip!

I happen to know that, sadly, Tim and Chris are no longer with us.



Mike Courtney who I think had been a teacher at St Aldhelms, together with a reporter from Westward TV, conceived the idea of getting concessions to set up signposts at Lands End and John O'Groats, under which holiday makers could be photographed. The genius of the idea was to attach a spare arm in which the holidaymaker's home town or village would be inserted together with the mileage from the place in question.

As you can see from the photo, you could insert whatever words you wanted, though we had to censor some of the requests!! The business proved an instant success and there are signposts at both places to this day. It only operated in my time in the summer holidays (June-August) with student labour.

Because of his Dorset connection, Mike also started one on the Bill at Portland and I joined in, I think, its second year. Whereas in the other two areas there were between three and five photographers, on Portland there was just one. I lived in one of the wooden holiday huts and ate in Jack's Cafe which is long gone, though the Lobster Pot (founded by Howard Legg's parents) still flourishes.

I learnt on the job, it was a wonderful experience and the following year I did the same at Lands End which was much more sociable. Sadly, the Portland Posts no longer operate.

**Roger Taylor 1957-62.**

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### ***Kevin Waterfall Recalls...***

Hearing that my former classmate Nigel Sale was coming to UK for his mum's birthday prompted me to contact Paul Cosh, also a classmate of the 1959-66 group and see if it coincided with Founders Day. It was too late for that, but still in May so we met up in the Digby Tap for a yarn and to catch up on our news, plus reminisce over various school exploits. We concluded that we were all mostly fit and well with little to complain about and nothing that we can't manage, indestructible as ever.

Nigel is the only one of us who is still doing serious paid work. He is in Saudi Arabia for 3 weeks a month advising and supporting a small firm that has been commissioned to build several thousand houses and apartments in Riyadh, the rest of the month he still lives in Durban.

Paul is like me mostly retired, though he does give some expert experience sessions to brass bands and brass musicians around the country. He is a keen hill/ mountain walker and has several UK exploits planned for the next few months.

Paul and Nigel were both in the CCF, though mostly the time Paul was in the CCF hut was to practise his trumpet away from disturbing the rest of the school.

Nigel related one exploit when the platoon that he was part of was on an expedition in the Lake District as the fog came down; checking the compass they found that it was going haywire due

to the high iron content in the ground, hence what to do? Nigel was roped up and lowered down a slope to try to find the saddle in the hill that was to be their way down. Fortunately for him the fog lifted briefly and he saw a shepherd and dog and determined the way they had to go.

The group got down towards a small village feeling very cold and wet, when they saw a house with a light on so thought they would go and beg for a cup of tea to try to warm them up. On approaching the house they discovered to their delight that it was an “informal” pub so they all disappeared inside and had a couple of pints to revive their spirits before going on.

We had many other memories, several of which should not be reported publicly but it was good to catch up; we manage it about every couple of years,

**Kevin Waterfall**

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*..and now **Haydon Wood***

I completed a law degree in London after leaving Foster’s but followed my family into a career in newspapers because all their friends in the profession seemed to have exciting and varied jobs - but not, of course, as rewarding financially as being a lawyer.

I trained at the Western Gazette in Yeovil before working as a district reporter in Wincanton where I met my wife Elaine at the

town's carnival glamorous granny competition (no she wasn't a competitor - her mother was a judge!).

I returned to head office in Yeovil a few years later as news editor before scrambling up the greasy pole to editor of the Gazette and managing editor of sister paper Pulman's Weekly News in Devon.

I enjoyed a training role as new computer publishing systems replaced hot metal printing in the 80s and switched to lecturing on a Sheffield University journalism course based on the Wirral, Merseyside, where my Old Trafford season ticket was easier to make use of.

But eventually the call of working on a newspaper proved too hard to resist even if the pay was still modest so I joined the Liverpool Echo when my son and two daughters left home and were off the payroll.

As night editor of the Echo I could see how the internet was already crushing print media. Staff cuts became as regular as annual seal culls. The chance to retire early with a decent redundancy cheque was too good to miss.

New newspaper/web reporter recruits now use a strange online language when they chat in the office. I needed an interpreter. And they find good grammar, tight writing and accurate spelling an unnecessary nuisance. I was getting too grumpy and got out at the right time.

Elaine and I now enjoy the freedom to travel, eat out and help pacify eight grandchildren.

My memories of Foster's? Mainly happy and rewarding. I suspect the teaching was high quality if limited in scope. One of my memories of CRWF was him standing behind me as I checked the noticeboard and informing me I could not move because he was standing on my hair. It was barely touching my collar but I was sent

down town to his chosen barber who had obviously been told what was expected. My class of 66 were a great bunch - with one or two exceptions. I made some good friends but was disappointed to lose some of them who moved on after fifth form.

I remember a sixth form fascination with Digby's students, of course, but also the Schulz Charlie Brown cartoons, Don McLean protest songs, Elton John's early LPs and Monty Python all of which we could quote far more confidently than the English literature texts we were supposed to be studying.

Regards to anyone who remembers me.

**Haydon Wood**

**Steve Page** *writes on his life in Finance, which I found fascinating and edited for length, I include it for your pleasure.*

I attended Foster's between 1963 and 1970. Being a poor student and passing a majority of my O levels with the minimum pass mark of 6 (including Maths and, in particular Latin), I drifted through two years of A levels in Arts subjects, gaining acceptable pass marks, then had no idea as to what career to pursue. The evidence of my O level left me with the obvious choice, given my demonstrable ability in Maths, to seek a career in banking.

I applied for positions as a management trainee to four banks and was offered a job with the British Bank of the Middle East (BBME) BBME as life as an international banker appeared to be rewarding. Two years later I found myself at the age of 20 posted at two weeks' notice, to my first overseas job, to North Yemen at the foot of the Arabian Peninsula.

Then, as now, Yemen was a country at war. It was, and is, a feudal, tribal society where any male over 14 carried a Kalashnikov rifle and Khunjar knife and all women were veiled. It is also an extremely beautiful, country, with high mountains and fertile valleys. Taiz, the mountain town I was working in, was close to the border with communist Southern Yemen which was at war with the North. Each day, around noon, platoons of soldiers would arrive

and rest in the shade, on the steps of the bank building which meant stepping over sleeping, armed men as the manager and I (the only two expatriates) went for lunch. The evening calm was disturbed by the sound of tanks firing their guns about 20 miles away and one of my first tasks was to coordinate our escape plan if things went seriously wrong. This was to place the bank's stock of travellers cheques and foreign currency in a small safe for which I held the key, grab these and drive to Mocha on the coast about three hours away. There we would hire a dhow and sail to the French enclave of Djibouti on the other side of the Red Sea. Fortunately, this plan was not needed as the two countries declared a cease fire three weeks later and life returned to normal.

The other "highlight" of my first week in Taiz was to visit the city's souk and witness a sight straight out of the Middle Ages – namely four severed heads on stakes, formerly belonging to robbers sentenced to death by public execution the previous day. Yemen was, effectively, cut off from the rest of the world - no telephones, just the occasional working line via the local Cable and Wireless office and all communication with Head Office via mail. We also set customers' exchange rates between the Yemen Rial and foreign currencies using a three week old Financial Times that arrived by air mail from UK. Unsurprisingly, we rarely failed to make a profit on these transactions.

After a year in Yemen, I received a day's notice to move to Dubai and after three years, returned to Yemen again. This time it was not to the cool mountains of Taiz, but to the flat, hot and humid port town of Hodeidah on the Red Sea. Life there was intermittently boring and difficult due to the climate – temperatures ranged between 25 and 35C with humidity close to 100% and the electricity supply fluctuated between 150 and 230 volts which resulted in the regular failure of air conditioning units. The local merchants considered banks were charitable institutions and bribery of staff was rife. Entertainment was limited to local cinemas showing spaghetti westerns dubbed into Arabic (but with the reels in the wrong order, whereupon villains, who were shot early in the film, miraculously recovered 30 minutes later). It was not unknown

for some of the audience to get carried away with the story and discharge their guns in the direction of the screen. Other than this our one day off (Friday) was often occupied by trips into the mountains in our bank supplied Landrovers. The latter proved useful in providing transport for the illegal beer which was bought from smugglers in Mocha. On arriving in Mocha our Landrover would be met by men on motorcycles who would correctly assume that we were not there for the scenic sights, but to seek liquid refreshment (which only foreigners could desire or afford). There then ensued a twenty minute drive into the desert until a small sand dune was reached that was, in reality, a cache of cases of alcohol covered by a tarpaulin and a mantle of sand. Beer, whisky etc were then transferred speedily, payment made and the return trip commenced. Care had to be taken to ensure that the cases did not appear above the lowest level of the vehicle's windows – to avoid attracting the attention of armed militias who manned checkpoints at the entry of each town en route. The most cases we managed to carry on one trip, in one vehicle, with one driver (usually the most junior officer, deemed the most dispensable in the event of a problem!) was 110 - weighing 900kg. This lasted about eight months when distributed amongst the four thirsty expatriate bankers and their newly acquired friends in the small expat community.

In 1979, it was time to move again, this time to Hong Kong. This was 18 years prior to the 1997 handover to China, so the freewheeling capitalist ways of the colony were at their peak. I found myself working on syndicated loans with a General Manager. Loan proposals were reviewed and approved, often within 48 hours – no committees, just a “Yes” or “No” and a commitment to advance US\$5 or \$10 million.

Two years later it was off to Tokyo, a wonderful vibrant city, with a completely different culture, far more sophisticated than freewheeling Hong Kong, I was fortunate to travel widely throughout Japan before being sent back to Hong Kong and then on to Seoul in South Korea. While in Seoul I spent one Christmas



Eve visiting American troops on the DMZ – the front line on the border with North Korea. The sense of imminent invasion by the North was palpable and all of the 15,000 American troops stationed there were on high alert, particularly as Seoul is only some 40 miles from the border. I doubt little has changed.

Fortunately, another crisis occurred - this time in India and so, in December 1993, I found myself in Mumbai attempting to manage a securities (custodial shares) problem. This arose because the Indian government opened investment in the Indian share market to foreign funds – who in their ignorance did not realise that India operated with shares being held in physical, not paperless form. An investment of say US\$ 10 million would result in an equal number of certificates which had to be checked, revenue stamps applied and then placed in bank vaults by the custodians. This swamped the banking system within two months as both foreign and Indian banks were not able to provide the amount of secure storage required by foreign fund managers and in one case a fund manager arriving to check the security of his share certificates was directed to the roof of the bank to find certificates in boxes under a tarpaulin, guarded by an elderly watchman. This situation was remedied by advising the government to speed up the system by changing the Indian Stamp Act of the 1850's and allowing revenue to be paid by bank cheques. Subsequently the introduction of franking machines further improved the system and I was given the unenviable task of speaking at a meeting of 1,000 postal workers at the City hall to explain the requirement for franking machines (which would almost certainly result in the loss of many jobs performed by revenue stamp sellers). Fortunately, their understanding of my speech, in English, was rather less than complete as I recall that I received a loud round of applause as I made a swift exit.

From India, it was on to the Sultanate of Oman – a simply wonderful country and a real jewel in the Middle East, with high, arid mountains, sandy deserts and a pristine ocean on its eastern coast. The Omanis practice a separate sect of Islam and are

therefore largely removed from the Sunni/Shia conflict that absorbs much of the rest of Arabia, Iraq and Iran. Omanis are also very friendly towards foreigners and there are few of the restrictions on travel or lifestyle that are prevalent elsewhere.

Finally, in 1997, back to Hong Kong and my last four years of gainful employment. In 2001, after a short time managing HSBC's property portfolio I was asked to return to London to manage the move of Head Office to Canary Wharf. This was not how I envisaged spending my last years, so opted for early retirement and settled in Melbourne with my wife and young family. Six months after arriving in Melbourne I accepted a position as a hedge fund Director until it closed as a result of the global financial crisis of 2007-8.

So, today, life revolves around the usual mundane activities, walking the dog, gardening etc, but I do manage to escape at weekends to ride my BMW motorcycle or drive my somewhat vintage German sports car along the great roads that are found outside Melbourne.

Looking back, I was not a natural student and probably failed to take full advantage of the learning opportunities provided by Foster's. I did however recognise that limited academic success was no barrier to an interesting and varied career provided that opportunities were seized and one was open and willing to take a risk and explore these as they arose.

I would love to hear from anyone. Email: [page1@bigpond.net.au](mailto:page1@bigpond.net.au)  
**Steve Page 1963-70**

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**Paddy Fields**, having been in touch with Philip about the future of the magazine promised to write a few lines by way of news. Over to Paddy...

It must have been in 1969 that we embarked on the annual camp at Blashenwell Farm for those in their third year, supervised, as usual, by Messrs House and Davies and their respective wives. I still vividly remember the hikes around the Isle of Purbeck and the

canoeing at Chapman's Pool. The latter carrying a real sense of anxiety for someone like myself who was a poor swimmer (Phil Nile and I teamed up in a double which was virtually - but not quite impossible - to turn over).

I recall that one of the walks took us to Swanage which was rather convenient for one of our boarders, "Fredd" (sic) Widdowson, who lived there. Others took us through beautiful parts of Dorset albeit the beauty was somewhat wasted on some of us who took it for granted in our youth.

So it was with a real sense of déjà vu that last week (this being written in January 2020) that Sue (nee Austin - LDS) and I, together with some friends and family found ourselves staying at Dunshay Manor, a Landmark Trust property, just outside of Corfe Castle. Worth Matravers just a couple of miles down the road which, I think I recall, was one of the villages we ambled through during that week over fifty years ago.

Such a trip evokes mixed emotions. Not only the frightening speed at which the years have gone by but also the recognition that the influences of the school, its ethos and the dedication of the staff have made an indelible impression upon those years and upon my life for which I am grateful. Moreover, under the tutelage of great teachers and good men, Foster's gave me an opportunity for which I will always be grateful.

I was "an interview" boy after taking the 11+. I have always understood this to mean that it was a near miss but worth having a look at. I still remember being ushered through Mrs Jones' office to the the headmasters' study where I met Mr Francis and Mr McKay for the first time. Somehow I blagged it. Probably one of the best day's work of my life. Day 1 in September 1966 and into the classroom in alphabetical order (which I still remember). Because I had gone to a Catholic school in Yeovil, I knew only two other boys; Richard Fish through Scouting and Gavin Oakley as we had, at one time, lived not far from one another. However, I don't recall it

being a daunting experience as the lads in the class were a good bunch. Richard and I both ended up at Southampton University together and were best men at each other's weddings. The one hangover from my earlier convent school education was an initial inability to address the Masters as "Sir" rather than "Sister".

The seven years went quickly. Some left during those years and others joined and fitted in well, for example Tony Mayell and Brian Gillette. We would like to think that we grew from boys into men during that time. Parting was a curious experience because it was as if in slow motion. We went off for study leave prior to the A level exams, returned to do the exams but never went back until the final assembly when we donned our blue gowns for the last time and had a sneaking sense of satisfaction as our hair had crept over our collars in the preceding weeks and some were sporting modest amounts of facial hair. No more would CRWF grab a tuft of hair of us hirsute gentlemen with those immortal words "Get it cut, boy!"

Happy days.

**Paddy Fields (1966-73)**

**August 2019 and Mike Goode meets up with Dave Register.**



(from  
the  
editor)

I always  
remember  
Dave as  
quite a suave  
character  
with a good  
head of dark  
hair and a  
substantial  
moustache!

Although  
most of us  
were taught  
Maths by  
Ken House,

Dave  
was actually  
Head of  
Mathematics  
from 1971 to  
1982 and if  
you survived  
5 years of  
Ken, then

Dave  
attempted to

get

Advanced Mathematics into our brains (with varying degrees  
of success) in the 6th Form!

## OLD BOYS' NEWS

*We start with a letter from **Nigel Joy**. Nigel was in my year. It was good to hear from him – see below*

Hi Kevin, It's been a long time!

Hoping you are well, it's good to see our Fosterian heritage is still being maintained. Further to Philip's recent request I attach some photos I unearthed recently which hopefully will stir some memories of sports day, (see above – Ed) regrettably I do not have any sporting achievements to go with them.

I have been retired from banking and financial services since 2016 and it is the best club I've joined! Two sons have given me 3 grandchildren so far and my daughter has just started at university last year. Based in Okehampton in Devon for the last 25 years I still maintain my interest in music particularly brass bands, presently playing for Sidmouth. With Dartmoor on the doorstep it allows ample opportunity for walking and touring in the sports car I have been renovating. Having time to travel is great with New Zealand and Alaska ticked off the list so far.

**Nigel Joy**

**Dave Austin (73-80)** has been in contact and is in occasional contact with **Jonathan Field (73-80)**. Dave's older brother **John Austin (66-73)** is in contact with his old classmates **Roger Cowley** and **Mike Challoner**

*Philip Dolbear shares news of **Ray Fox, 39-46***

I was delighted to have a phone conversation with Ray (Jan 2020). Despite 3 cancers and a stroke, he was very spritely in his 92nd year! He says he still has his blond hair though! Only recently in Summer 19, he drove himself down from his home in Ledbury to his birth place Leigh, and back in a day!

He told me how he had moved from Leigh to Yetminster at the age of 6. He was at Foster's over the transition from Hound Street to Tinneys Lane and also experienced the WW2 bombing of Sherborne. He was also a Border where he was Head Boy.

He was evidently quite a good X-Country runner but tells me the route then was out towards Thornford, up through Honeycombe Wood, along the ridge back to the Sturminster Road and down by the Lodge back through the Terraces. No Haydon Gate!

After University at Loughborough, he taught at Beaminster Grammar School where he married the 12 months work experience French Assistant - who was to be his wife of 58 years, until her sad passing in 2018. He later did a further Degree at London University in Geography which became his new teaching subject.

**Philip Dolbear**

*Kevin Waterfall on **Clifford Thorne** 1959-'64*

I caught up with Cliff Thorne the other day and over a jar or two in "The Weavers", formerly the Marglass social club; he related some memories of his time at Foster's. Remarkably he could reel off the names of all members of his class, in alphabetic order, with the names of those who joined us later, or left before 5th form.

His reminiscences of the staff brought back memories, enhanced by the act of capturing their ways of speaking. At the end of lessons with Mick Miller, when the bell rang he would continue without reducing pace until in a sentence he would say "you boys can fade away". However with Ernest Hulme then he could predict the bell and you would get out early, with Sam Sale saying "Bye Ern" to which he blustered and said "who was that using the shortened version my christian name"?

Cliff claims that he instigated the nickname "Gabe" for Mr Wilkins as he didn't consider that the earlier name of "Wilks" was

sufficiently distinguishing. He says that seeing that he was G. W. Wilkins he would try calling names out in class and Mr Wilkins responded/protested when he called out “Gabriel” so it was thought that was probably his name.

He remembers his athletics and cross country activities as being a time when he always seemed to come second with Geoff Goode and Geoff Grist both beating him, though Grist was a year older.

Cliff was a smoker at school and with others was often seen or caught in the act. However he must have been fit as he didn't miss one day of school in his whole 5 years there. One memorable smoking event when 5 of them were caught behind the little pavilion by Prefects Pete Fish and Neal Peters resulted in all of them being taken to the Headmaster, John Sugden. They were told by the Head that they had to report to the Stationary Room at 4pm on the following Monday and fully expected to have to write essays or some other punishment as had been meted out on previous occasions. However this time the Head produced a box of 6 large cigars and told the boys to each take one and that they had to smoke them then and there, “so that it will make you thoroughly sick and so stop you doing it again”. The logic seemed lost on them as the pleasure of the occasion seemed more of a reward than a punishment.

Cliff doesn't smoke now, like many of us having given it up many years ago. He is still however an ardent “Railway Crank” riding behind the locos, using his free rail pass as an ex-railwayman to allow him to travel the length and breadth of the country. He has an encyclopaedic knowledge of British trains and railways and keeps a clear record of all his journeys in a fat ledger that he was given when he worked at the Western Gazette. To date he has notched up over 2 million miles of travel and visited 772 stations on the UK mainline networks, though he admits it is unlikely that he will be able to get to 3 million miles as achieved by some “cranks”.

**Kevin Waterall**



Emails have been received from **Richard Harvey** (living in Norwich), **Chris Dawson** (living in Sydney since 1988) **John Shapland** and **James Ingleton**. We have the contact but no news!

**Andy Dawson**, Chris' younger brother (75-83) is a Graphic Designer working in the Poole area. **Rob Dolbear** (Accountant living near Romsey) of this vintage is still in touch with **Nick Golding**

**Barry Fox**, aged 86 living in Poole.

**Pete Vincent**. 74-81. Retired as a farrier and now works at Mole Valley Farmers in Yeovil where he would be pleased to see you.

**Dave Austin** (73-80) is in contact with **Jonathan Field**. Dave's older brother **John Austin** (66-73) is in contact with **Rog Cowley** and **Mike Challoner**.

**Philip Dolbear** (74-81) retains contact with and sees **Rob Sanders**, **Mike Pheysey** **Mark Partridge**, **Kev Hunt**, **Simon Clifford**, **Colin Hart** and **Steve Cheleda** who still lives in Yetminster. They in turn and via Facebook and other means are in touch with **Simon Clifford**, **Marc Neilon** (retired!), **Will Stafford**, **Alan Fazackerly**, **Robin Jackson**, **Andrew Hastings** and **Tim Carr** of that vintage. **Alan Buckland** still farms at Goathill. **Tim Knapman** is recovering well from a triple heart by-pass. Remember the list chaps – Bale, Banfield, Buckland, Carr, Cheleda, Clifford, Conkling, Dolbear etc ( I concentrated less after this point!). It shouldn't be too difficult to get a group together for a Reunion Dinner. 40 years since leaving in 2021?

## VALETE

**Michael Johns (47-52)**. We learnt from Michael's daughter that he sadly passed away in 2018. He had 2 older brothers. Marcus and Roger, and a sister Ellen. In his time at Sherborne, he was a Chorister at the Abbey. At the age of 16, he moved to Doncaster and trained as an Electrician.

**William Carver** 41-47 died in 2014 aged 85

**Brian Partridge** 48-55

**Alan Cockerham** 82-89 died suddenly in December 2017 for reasons unknown

### **Obituary**

**Clive Andrew Sheward** 1953-2018 (School years 1967-71)

Clive 'CAS' Sheward came to Foster's as a Boarder in 1967 and after being House Captain and a prefect left with nine O levels and A levels in History and Geography in 1971 having been recruited by the British Bank of the Middle East in Dubai and Abu Dhabi, then little more than coastal villages. At that time many of the Bank's overseas postings resembled biblical times with minimum tours of two years without leave and as a young bank officer living in a portakabin at the then remote Jebel Dhanna, he could have been forgiven for believing he was on the set of the sequel to Lawrence of Arabia. He went on subsequently to run banking operations in Singapore and the Maldives and also worked in Dubai, Saudi Arabia, Hong Kong, Pakistan and Kuwait where he was well liked and respected by both staff and customers. He married and had two children.

Although a proud Englishman (schoolmates will remember his booming English tones) he loved all things Scottish - haggis, drambuie and country dancing, celebrating Hogmanay at the Caledonian Hilton in Edinburgh and driving from Kuwait via Saudi Arabia to attend Caledonian Society functions in Bahrain.

At school he had been an excellent all round sportsman having represented Foster's in rugby, cricket and football and attending a county rugby trial. Thus it was no surprise that he was also a proficient golfer and as well as the UK, played golf on sun baked desert courses, the Italian Alps, the Algarve, Cyprus, South Africa, the Far East and America.

He was also a member of the Kuwait Sailing Club which decided to sail to a remote and deserted island in the Persian Gulf for a long weekend. The idyllic conditions of the first day soon turned into a severe storm overnight and the following morning it took many attempts to leave the lee of the island. The sea state was so bad that the support motorboat ran out of fuel and had to be rescued by Arab fishermen. Meanwhile, Clive and his New Zealand crewmate were to be seen trapezing high on their twin hulled dinghy above a trailing shark which was shadowing them in the torrid conditions.

His living on the edge was not confined just to sailing on the high seas. A schoolboy interest in motor scooters led to a lifelong passion for epic motorcycle journeys, testimony to his adventurous spirit. Through that he came to meet his partner Nina when embarked upon a round-the-world motorbike journey. After that the pair journeyed together on separate bikes to many destinations. One such was across North Africa, and then down through Egypt to South Africa via countries featured heavily in Oxfam adverts and Kate Adie war torn reports.

Upon retiring and moving to Norfolk, he assumed a more settled life with a little sailing, playing golf and assisting in developing and planting plum orchards, always looking to increase year on year yield. There were, however, still the international motorcycle adventures and it was after one of those that he died in December 2018 having become ill on the trip just a month before.

He is survived by Victoria and Robert and partner Nina.

*This obituary is an adaptation of the eulogy given by Clive's great friend David Berry.*

## **Harold Osment – an Obituary by Roger Taylor**

The arrival of the latest Fosterian, which I thoroughly enjoyed, made me realise that I have overlooked reporting Harold's death, at the age of 92, in September last year.

He passed away in his home in Shropshire and is buried in the churchyard of Tugford Church in the Corvedale near Ludlow which was his favourite of the many local churches where he played the organ. He was a countryman to his fingertips and lies near an ancient Yew alongside one of his old farmer friends.

After qualifying, Harold taught firstly at my Prep School and then one near Newark and always returned to the small family farm in the holidays on Vagg Hill. His brother John, who worked at Westlands, came up from Yeovil to help their Dad with the cows and Mum tended to the poultry.

His Dad, a lovely man, died prematurely in one of his fields whilst tending the cows. His Mum could not manage on her own and, rather than see Ten Acres sold, he moved back permanently and taught at a number of Yeovil schools as well as increasing and tending the poultry and stabling horses. In 1980 or thereabouts he got more and more concerned about the modern teaching methods brought in by the Head, went to the Press and then got into hot water on the front page of the local paper with the headline

Teachers treated like nameless cattle !

At that point he sought my professional help resulting in us both attending a disciplinary hearing when he was suspended and, several months later, a meeting with the Chief Education Officer which resulted in early retirement with pension. A good Fosterian deal !

Although he was happy with that, he never really exercised his full talents as a teacher again though he did carry on as a gifted piano teacher and organist.

When his Mum died, Ten Acres was sold and he moved up to Shropshire because where we lived “always reminds me of Tutt Hill.”

He settled in the Corvedale and is now at rest in the graveyard of his favourite church in the village of Tugford. His grave is in the shade of an ancient Yew and he sleeps alongside a farmer friend and neighbour with a meandering stream on the other side. A more pastoral setting would be hard to find, untouched by modernity, with the sheep still keeping the grass short.

He had time in his early retirement to write a book about growing up in Dorset. It was published by Rodney Legg who got very excited about Harold’s memories of the bombing raid and insisted on giving it the title *Wartime Sherborne*. The descriptive opening, when he sets the scene at Lenthay Dairy, reads as well as anything written by Thomas Hardy.

**Roger Taylor**

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## ***Have you ever wondered??***

### **Foster’s legacies**

The subject was raised at the last AGM how Foster’s and the legacy of Richard Foster is being remembered in Sherborne. I was able to recall 4 ‘areas’ which readers may be interested to share.

1. The short connecting road from Hound Street leading off the entrance to the old Boarding House to the top of St Swithins Road is called ‘FOSTERS’. From memory, we have Mike Goode’s campaigning to thank for this.

2. At the Gryphon School, there is still a House competition. There are 4 Houses - 'Gryphon', 'Aldhelm', 'Digby' and, you guessed it, 'Foster's'.

3. The Gryphon School also runs the 'Foster's School Award' which recognises an individual who has demonstrated, beyond the call of duty, a positive contribution to School life.

4. A few years ago, we initiated the Richard Foster Travel Bursary. This is administered and awarded through the Sherborne Douzelage and helps a young person in Sherborne partake in an overseas trip, which they might otherwise not have been able to do.

**Philip Dolbear**

**There are two Facebook accounts that Social media fans can access.**

The "**Old Fosterians Association**" is dedicated to the OFA.  
<https://www.facebook.com/search/top/?q=Old%20Fosterians%E2%80%99%20Association&epa>

and "**Foster's and Lord Digby's: our virtual school**"

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

**...and finally**



John House sends this in – Entitled “Blandford Camp 1947”. Does this ring bells with anyone?. I think the car is a Morris 8 or 10.

### **Dates for your Diary**

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

## **Gryphon School Remembrance Service**

Wednesday 11th November 10:30am 2020

We are once again kindly invited to join the Gryphon School Service, a part of which includes reading the Old Fosterians’ Roll of Honour form the School Boards and Poppy Wreath laying.

Please phone Philip Dolbear (01935 873497) if you plan to attend.

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# **OLD FOSTERIANS' ASSOCIATION**

## **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

will be held on  
**SATURDAY 10th October 2020 (Following the Reunion  
Dinner) At The Grange at Osborne**

### **Agenda**

Minutes of the AGM 2019  
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**

*(Open also to members of Lord Digby's School Old Girls'  
Association)*

**Saturday 10th October 2020**

**The Grange Hotel, Osborne DT9 4LA Phone 01935 813463**

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12.30 for 1.00pm Lunch. Tickets £26.00

(You are welcome to arrive earlier for coffee, etc. at your own  
convenience)



## Menu choice

### **Starters:**

- (A) Autumn vegetable soup, croutons
- (B) Chicken and duck liver parfait, red onion marmalade, melba toast

### (C) Galia melon, fruit compote **Main courses:**

- (J) Guinea fowl breast, savoury stuffing, pommes anna, shallot and red wine sauce
  - (K) Torched salmon fillet, spinach creamed potato, salsa verde
  - (L) Vegetable tagine, chick peas, savoury basmati rice, poppadum (dairy-free, gluten-free, vegetarian)
- ### **Desserts:**
- (X) White chocolate and raspberry cheesecake, Dorset clotted cream
  - (Y) Fruit salad
  - (Z) West Country farmhouse cheeses with biscuit, quince, chutney & fresh grapes

Please use these **code letters** when ordering. Put your choice on the form at the back of the magazine and return to:

Ian Maun, 13 Higher Brimley, Teignmouth, Devon TQ14 8JS

Please inform Ian if you have any dietary requirements. His email is:- [wordsmith@eclipse.co.uk](mailto:wordsmith@eclipse.co.uk)

### Accommodation:

There are a limited number of rooms available in the Grange Hotel at a specially negotiated B&B rate of £99.00 per night. Please contact the Hotel direct on a 'first come, first served' basis, quoting the reference 'Foster's'

**The Annual General Meeting at 3.30 p.m. follows the Dinner. All Welcome!**

**Remember to send your meal choice to Ian Maun – use the form at the end of this magazine, or simply send an email to Ian with the appropriate information.**

You are invited to the ...

# **Joint Old Fosterians' Association and Lord Digby's Old Girls' Association**

Founders Day Service  
Saturday 9th May 2020

11.30 am. Castleton Church, Sherborne

Afterwards there will be a buffet lunch in the Digby Memorial Hall. For those who wish to attend the lunch, there will be tickets. However the details and price at the time of printing are not yet confirmed. Details will be posted on Facebook and the Website. Alternatively, please contact Philip Dolbear 01935 873497 nearer the time.

## **Stop! Before you turn over...**

If you have enjoyed reading this copy of **The Fosterian** can you please consider for a moment making a donation to OFA funds.

None of the Committee claim expenses but there are still costs of running the Association, and aside from donations there is no longer any form of income.

If you feel able, the Association's bank account details are:

Account Name: **Old Fosterians' Association**

Sort Code: **60-19-12**

Account number: **05531349**

IBAN: **GB59 NWBK 6019 1205 5313 49**

Your contribution could be a one- off payment or in the form of a regular standing order. Both would be welcome.

Thank you very much.

**Philip Dolbear, Chairman**

**OLD FOSTERIANS' ASSOCIATION DINNER & REUNION  
MENU CHOICE**

Detach please and send off to Ian Maun

Old Fosterian Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

.....

e-mail Address: .....

.

Years at School: From ... to .....

Please use the code letter indicating your menu choice:

Starter:            Main Course:            Dessert:

Guest Name: .....

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](mailto:wordsmith@eclipse.co.uk)

**\*\*Please contact Ian if you have any specific dietary requirements  
Cheques to be made payable to the **Old Fosterians'**  
**Association.****

Application by October 1st is requested. No applications can be  
accepted after this date. Seating is limited. Reservations will be  
'First come, first served'.

Please keep a record of your choice using the menu choice sheet  
above.

← **Detach here please and send off to Ian Maun**