

**OFFICERS and COMMITTEE of the OLD FOSTERIANS'
ASSOCIATION 2020/2021**

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Other Committee: A Thorne, M Brewer, J Harring, J. House,
D. Noble, K Waterfall.

Web Address

<http://fostersdigbys.co.uk/>

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

Account Name: **Old Fosterians' Association**

Sort Code: **601912**

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.

THE PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

As time passes, so our numbers grow thinner. This year I am sad to report the death of Jack Crouch. Jack was a many-talented man who taught, amongst other things, woodwork and maths. He was a skilled engineer, and many will be the Old Fosterians who first learnt to wield a chisel or a drill under his skilled supervision and watchful eye. He was also an excellent tennis-player and his coaching of the School teams will be remembered by many.

Pete Holden has written elsewhere in the magazine of his own memories of Jack. Please read his tribute to a gentleman of whom many of us hold, and will continue to hold, very fond memories. R.I.P., Jack.

Covid is still with us, unfortunately, and as I write, the Queen is ill with this terrible virus. We all wish Her Majesty a speedy and complete recovery.

The response to the Committee's appeal last year for funds was very good and our coffers are looking pretty healthy. This does not mean that we are entirely out of the woods yet, and I would urge all Old Fosterians to consider a Standing Order to their bank for whatever they can spare in these hard-pressed times. All contributions gratefully received.

Our sister association for the alumni of Lord Digby's School is perhaps not in the same state of membership health as the Old Fosterians and the question of how the two groups can continue has been raised. In these days of near-instant communication, many former pupils keep in contact through social media, without feeling the need for an annual dinner or other celebrations. It may be the case that we shall have to draw ever closer to the Digby's association, and perhaps even merge at some stage. Doubtless these matters will be raised at Committee meetings, and we hope that a solution may be found to the satisfaction of everybody.

As the Covid restrictions are eased, may I wish you all good health. Keep well, keep safe.

Ian Maun
(Foster's Staff 1977-1986)

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS

12 months on, I write in the ongoing pandemic though I do believe progress is being made. It was great we were able to have our Reunion Lunch which was held in memory of Mike Goode. We were delighted that his daughters Caroline and Jeni could join us as guests. Sadly in the last year, another stalwart from the teaching staff in Jack Crouch has passed away. There are tributes later.

The Association remains in reasonable form (verging on a little precarious) with ongoing donations and several updating their lifetime Standing Orders from the original £5 per annum. We just ask for £12 - it makes a big difference. Delighted to have new younger blood helping out on Committee. All the Committee deserve rich thanks on your behalf. However special thanks to Kevin Parsons again for producing this wonderful edition for 2022.

I wish you all a happy and above all healthy 2022. Keep the contributions flowing!

Philip Dolbear

HON TREASURER'S REPORT

At 31st December 2021

The balances of the OFA accounts are as stated below for the year end 2021.

Assets at 31st December 2021

NatWest Reserve A/c	£1405.02	(£1404.89 Dec 2020)
NatWest Current A/c	£2058.70	(£1440.43 Dec 2020)
Total	£3463.72	(up £618.40 v Dec 2020)

Subscriptions and donations received from members in 2021 totalled £1675 down £39 on 2020.

Expenditure at 31st December 2021

Donation to Sherborne Douzelage	Nil	(£200	2020)
Magazine printing / posting	£781.53	(£923.09	2020)
Founders Day Church Expenses	Nil	(Nil	2020)
BMV Lunch Adverts	Nil	(Nil	2020)
Lunch Guest of Honour & costs	£ 94.00	(Nil	2020)
Poppy wreaths	£ 25.00	(£ 25.00	2020)
Memorial Donations	£161.20	(Nil	2020)

Total **£1061.73** (down £86.36 on 2020)

I have not received any claims by members of the committee for any expenses incurred by them for calendar year 2021.

The Reunion Lunch was dedicated to the memory of our late President and greatly loved Master, Mike Goode. The Association was honoured with the attendance of his daughters Jeni and Caroline. They most generously put £400 'behind the bar' of which the members present managed to imbibe £361.20! The balance of £38.80 was augmented by £61.20 from OFA funds and donated to Parkinson's UK in his memory.

(As the attendees of the Lunch dispersed it was realised by Messrs Maun/Dolbear/Holden that no collection had been made for the Grange staff so a cheque for £40 was sanctioned as a gratuity)

Very sadly, on 3rd November 2021, the Association lost one of its great supporters and one of the schools hugely influential members of staff, Jack Crouch. Following an exchange of emails around the Committee, it was agreed to make donations of £50 to both Alzheimer's and Cancer Research in his memory.

Old Fosterian Magazine

Thanks are due to our Editor, Kevin Parsons, for the substantial saving made on printing costs having sought alternative quotes from a number of suppliers. (Postage rates are beyond even his sphere of influence!)

Printing cost was £468.30 in 2021
 (£575.00 in 2020 / £465.00 in 2019)
 Postal charges were £313.23 in 2021
 (£348.09 in 2020 / £302.53 in 2019)

Appeal for Funds

I have again included an (anonymous) analysis of our monthly income. Over February, March and April the Association received £500 from just four generous members. There has been a steady increase in smaller one-off donations and also regular monthly contributions. Thank you to all who have donated.

Jan '21	£78.50	Jan '20	£285	Jan '19	£61
Feb '21	£153.50	Feb '20	£51	Feb '19	£26
Mar '21	£578.50	Mar '20	£656	Mar '19	£71
Apr '21	£213.50	Apr '20	£126	Apr '19	£81
May '21	£93.50	May '20	£86	May '19	£56
Jun '21	£58.50	Jun '20	£91	Jun '19	£76
July '21	£33.50	July '20	£26	Jul '19	£21
Aug '21	£23.50	Aug '20	£16	Aug '19	£11
Sep '21	£74.50	Sep '20	£67	Sep '19	£38
Oct '21	£112.50	Oct '20	£101	Oct '19	£486
Nov '21	£223.50	Nov '20	£189.50	Nov '19	£231
Dec '21	£31.50	Dec '20	£19.50	Dec '19	£18

If all our Old Boys donated just £1 a month we would be financially secure for the foreseeable future.

The OFA current account details are:

Name: Old Fosterians Association
 Sort Code: 60-19-12
 A/c No: 05531349
 IBAN: GB59 NWBK 6019 1205 5313 49

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 21/1/2022

LOOKING BACK

- Jack Francis Crouch

10th July 1928 – 3rd November 2021

This year, I was intent on publishing your memories of the Commoners Concert. Events were yet again overtaken sadly with the death of Jack Crouch. As with Mike Goode last year, I felt it appropriate therefore that this year, our 'Looking Back' slot should be dedicated to Jack, who, as with Mike, left us not just with memories, but also with physical artefacts from our times spent sawing and chiseling. Never fear with regard to the Commoners Concert – it will appear next year.

*Our President, Ian Maun, has written about Jack at Foster's School and Jack's Wife, Elizabeth, has kindly filled in some background on him on his life before and after that time. To start with, I will hand you over them, beginning with **Elizabeth's** words....*

Jack Crouch died on November 3rd 2021, peacefully at home. We had moved to Poynton, Cheshire early last year to be nearer some of our families.

Before joining the staff at Fosters School, Jack taught at a school in Guildford before he and his first wife, Joy, went out to Zimbabwe (known then as Rhodesia) where he enjoyed teaching at a boys school near Gwelo.

Their three children, Liz, Sue and Nick were born out there. Jack built a house for his family (typically, built it himself) and taught at the school for ten years. The family returned to England and Jack took a position at Fosters.

Ian takes over the story, in words which Pete Holden, representing the OFA, kindly read at Jack's funeral:

I believe Jack joined the school in the summer of 1964 and went on to dedicate the next 28 years of his working life to Fosters, overseeing its closure as Acting Headmaster in 1992. Within a year of his joining, the Headmaster Mr Sugden was replaced by Mr Francis – a legend in the history of Foster's. Mr Francis was a very religious man, a stickler for discipline, academic achievement and extremely keen on Rugby Football – which he introduced to the school. He led Fosters, enabled by a small but dedicated team of masters to new levels of achievement. Jack was at the very heart of that team. I believe Jack was most at home in his beloved Woodwork room, but he was also the specialist Technical Drawing teacher. He inspired many boys to careers in Engineering through his tuition in TD. However, in a school with such a small staff he could (and did) turn his hand to teaching most subjects including Maths and Religious Studies.

Foster's annually produced what was known as the 'Commoners Concert', over two nights to a public audience. Jack being the engineer and practical man that he was devised and constructed the scenery and large props. These were painted by the Art Master Edgar Maltby – a 'character' of the staff room. He did the same for the annual joint school play with Lord Digby's – Fosters equivalent school for girls.

Jacks love of tennis will no doubt have already been mentioned. He organised coaching and matches for the school, greatly assisting Ken House the schools Physical Education master.

Above all, Jack was a professional and a gentleman. When I arrived at Foster's School in January 1977, he was already an established and respected figure in the staff-room. Despite his seniority, he could not have been more open and welcoming than he was. His appearance was always immaculate, almost military, but beneath that firm exterior was a kind and warm personality. He had a wonderful sense of humour, and his laugh ranged from a quiet, throaty chuckle to an outright guffaw.

When he was living in Sheeplands, in Sherborne, he had a sort of

flat-pack, ancient French car in the rafters of his garage, and although I had no knowledge of cars, he would occasionally consult me (I taught French) on French terminology. When I left Foster's, the car was still unmade, but whenever I saw him at Reunions, I would ask him about it and he would assure me that progress was being made!

Many of the older generations of Masters at Foster's have passed away in recent years. Now we have lost Jack. I shall always remember his kindness and his humour. Thank you, Jack. R.I.P.

Ian Maun

...Thank you Ian, now back to Elizabeth who finishes off

As it turned out, the ancient French car, the Jouffret, was Jack's last car restoration project. After he retired, he restored a GT6, a Sunbeam Talbot Alpine, and a Darracq before the Jouffret was also fully, and meticulously, restored.

He moved to a bungalow in Marston Magna, and spent the best part of two years building another floor in the loft to make room for all his family to come and stay. There were three garages, but in order to have plenty of room for his car restoration, he built a fourth!

Jack was a wonderful and much loved father and grandfather. He had 9 grandchildren, and they all have happy memories of staying at Courtside. He taught them all to play croquet and table tennis. This was carried out with his usual patience, encouragement and sense of fun.

Jack and I married in April 1998. He was on the Parish Council and gradually we became very involved in village life, particularly with the church. He also took charge of the local footpaths and produced an illustrated booklet, which is still in use today.

We had many enjoyable holidays in Europe and in Britain, but as the years passed we often returned to Beer, in East Devon.

At the time of our marriage, I was head teacher at Charlton Mackrell primary school. Jack became a frequent visitor to the school and, being a small school, the children got to know him and were always pleased to see him. He used to tell people how friendly and polite they were! If I needed a new piece of classroom equipment, Jack

would devise and make it for me. He once made four sets of electrical circuit boards to help a group of children who were finding this difficult to understand. He sat with them, demonstrated the circuits and encouraged them with great patience!

Jack was always there to support me at numerous school events, and he was very well liked by all the staff and parents.

Jack was 93 when he died. He played badminton until he was 82 but had to stop playing tennis a little earlier due to a shoulder injury. He often talked about his teaching career and looked back on it with great happiness. Foster's School was hugely important to him, both while he was teaching there and through all the years of his retirement.

Elizabeth Crouch

Inevitably, former pupils have expressed their thoughts and memories of Jack, many relating the common theme of his patience with us all, either when crafting, or during his Maths teachings. These now follow and I will begin.

Here we are, another year on and sadly, another great teacher has passed away. My own memories of Jack are mostly good. I say mostly as I seem to recall he was quite a strict (in a good way) disciplinarian, something many of us, myself included, found to our cost at times. I had him for woodwork only, my maths education coming courtesy of Ken House and I did not take Technical Drawing.

I can recall easily the woodwork room, with its store and cupboards of tools. Being one of two left-handers in the class, I was teamed with Rory Walters for 'my' bench as they were designed specifically for us sinister beings. The skills Jack instilled I was to carry throughout my life as I still enjoy woodworking in my spare time.

I remember the first rite of passage that was the Book Holder (see a photo later to remind you) but it was in the 3rd year, when we could choose our projects that found me armed with a gouging chisel making piles of shavings as I valiantly attempted to turn a wooden

bowl on the lathe. I succeeded and my mother used it all her life to keep fruit, it passing again ultimately to me. To this day, I recall the glint in Jack's eye as armed with mallet and chisel, he separated the bowl from the face plate where it had been glued for the last Term whilst being fashioned by me – 'This can go one of two ways' he exclaimed but I need not have worried, a deft blow cleaving it cleanly away. He was, as others have indicated, one of the legendary Foster's Teachers

Kevin Parsons

Ahh sad to hear. One of the best. I made a box for colour slides with him. Long time ago now. Last time met at a Dinner he told us all about his old car restoration and voluntary work at Haynes museum where they of consequence stored the cars for him.

Brian Hillman

So sorry to hear this. When I am working with wood I always hear him. Mind you, putting Kenyon in his place for suggesting that tightening at one point on a three-point chuck was good enough always made me smile.

Paul Lavender

He was the best Maths teacher I had at Fosters, and wholly responsible for my unexpected grading at O-level (and influenced my better grading at Further Education). For that I am grateful.

William Stafford

Sad news - I didn't get very far in Woodwork but Jack certainly helped me to get a Maths O-level.

Tom Anderson

He must be one of the last to have gone now from the mid 60's era. I still use the bookshelf unit I made in his class in 1965..... Less than 4 pounds in materials cost. He built a hover mower c.1965 and put a badge on it " JAFCO" that jokingly stood for "Jack F Crouch Company " as he explained.....

Geoffrey Quick

Sorry to hear this news. I Remember Jack well both from school and his days living near me in Thornford. He and my Father became good friends through woodwork and were the same age. Dad was a wheelwright by trade and they could often be found discussing the virtues of various types of timber. RIP Jack - a gentleman.

Paul Edwards

I remember him well after all these years and managed to get an O-level in woodwork?!!!

Tony Deavin

I was very lucky to have had Jack as one of my teachers while at Fosters. I really enjoyed Technical Drawing (and still have my drawing board) and that contributed to me becoming an engineer and a 36 year career at Jaguar Cars. Later, Jack and I were to become friends with our shared interest in cars. I used to drop into his home in Marston and was always made welcome with a cup of tea and a review of projects in one of his four (!) garages. He was an ingenious engineer, as displayed by his restoration of the Jouffret from just a few components. I gave Jack a Centre Punch that had been made in the Apprentice Training School at Jaguar and he never failed to tell me that he was still using it every time I visited. I will miss him, but never forget him. The electronics for my home cinema sit on the coffee table I made in his woodwork class.

Peter Holden

Sad news indeed. Woodwork was fun, if at times 'challenging' but the grounding he gave in Technical Drawing has served me well over the years. Also I recall he was a 'crack-shot' with a blackboard rubber. RIP

Richard Saunders

So sorry to hear about Mr Crouch. I was the only female in a class taking the exam in Engineering Technology in 6th form and he coped admirably! He seemed determined to ensure that I did well, not sure how much faith he had in my ability, but I designed a fantastic bath

hoist! A great teacher and someone that our dad played badminton with for many years, really enjoying his company.

Sue Deuchars

Cheerio Jack Crouch. The last of the old guard teaching staff at Fosters. I enjoyed woodwork but not so sure Jack enjoyed my woodwork!! RIP ol'boy and hope they bury your Triumph Herald convertible with you.

Callum Petrie

The book rack was the absolute pinnacle of my woodworking career, c. 1978 - and all thanks to JC's incredible patience with a completely untalented pupil.

Ross Manaton

Very sad as I knew the family well during their time in Sheeplands Lane and spent time with Liz, Sue and Nick amidst many debates over Sunday lunches at their home - Happy Memories

Nicola Whitwell

RIP to one of the Foster's legends. He took me from "underachiever and proud of it" to winning the school Maths prize. I wish I'd been taught technical drawing too! Pretty sure he did all manner of after school clubs - Badminton as well as Tennis. Definitely an eccentric and unique character! "Flynn get your feet auf the desk!" He will certainly live on in our memories!

Dave Flynn

Sad news indeed...as a few have mentioned this marks the passing of the last of "The Big Three" - I imagine Jack will be joining old pals Ken & Mike in the great Staff-room in the sky to share tales of unruly boys and memorable Commoner's Concert performances. Mr Crouch was a charming fellow and gentleman, who as well as teaching us lot invaluable woodworking skills, also taught me important stuff like how engines work in Engineering Technology and the subtle skills of badders in the gym (& assembly hall occasionally if memory serves). He certainly got a lot of stick from us kids (out of

earshot if you knew what was good for you!) but as all the comments above show, he was an incredibly valued part of our Foster's history. RIP Jack!

Daren Gapper

I will never forget a few years after I left Fosters complaining to Mr Goode that my Morris Minor had stopped charging. We went up the road to Mr Crouch's only a few 100 yards apart and sorted it mainly by basic laws of physics! Sparked the voltage regulator to reset its magnetic status as the Morris was a positive earth and I had tried to fit a negative earth voltage regulator two great teachers and gentlemen.

Peter Vincent

I've been thinking about Jack quite recently as I've been doing quite a lot of carpentry. I have an old wooden handled set square I use a lot and every time I pick it up I imagine Jack nodding approvingly. And I only passed maths because of Jack. My chess board, Headmaster Commendation no less! JC had the patience of a saint. Rest in Peace.

Charlie Lawrance

RIP Mr (Jack) Crouch, joining the many masters that made Foster's FOSTERS! including Ken (House), Mike (Goode), and their much missed and loved colleague (and partner in 'crime') Brian Davis. xxx

Jennifer Goode

I remember, he called his convertible (car) his menopausal gift to himself. He was a great colleague with a wonderful sense of humour. As someone else has remarked, there were three greats: Ken House, Mike Goode, and dear Jack - now sadly all passed. Blessings to Jack's family - you can be so proud of him!

Sue Rawlinson

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2020

Minutes of meeting 9th October 2021

Attendance

Ian Maun – President Philip Dolbear – Chair
David Noble – Secretary Pete Holden - Treasurer
John House, Kevin Parsons, Kevin Waterfall, Alec Thorne
Steve Joyce, Gary Ireland, Jenni Goode, Caroline McCormick,
Jim Reilly, Richard Trickey, Callum Petrie, Andy Topp
Jim Dreham, Stan Love, Roger Taylor, Kevin Hudson, Mark Love
Rob Wood, Ian Strong, Paul Tackley, James Allwright

Chair's welcome

1. **Apologies;** Simon Newell
2. **Minutes of previous meeting;** Agreed
3. **Matters arising;** None
4. **Chair's report;** Thanks to the committee. It's functioning well.

Thanks to Kevin for the magazine

5. **Treasurer's (interim) report;** Current account has gone up. Subscriptions and donation £1300.50. About £96 down per year, but still healthy. No donation to the Douzelage as it didn't happen. OFA magazine printing cost has come down by changing printers. Print and post costs have come down, which is good. Expenses were down because most activities didn't happen because of the pandemic. £1 a month per member would set the association on a very solid foundation.

Question: What can we do to request more donations? Continue to publicise through AGM, magazine etc., but members can encourage their peers to join and contribute.

Magazine costs discussion

6. **Election of officer;** Committee stands for re-election: Agreed. Membership secretary: Gary Ireland offered and this was accepted.

7. **Any Other Business;**

- 1) Suggestion to raise the Douzelage donation from £200.
- 2) A request for younger members to encourage their peers to both come to the meal and then become members.
- 3) Question about the future of the OFA and should the association change to include people who weren't educated at the school to ensure that the legacy of Richard Foster. There was a suggestion to consider for future years about setting up a trust fund or similar.

There is no Gryphon alumni organisation, so there may be a possibility to connect with them. The Gryphon Foundation was created from amalgamations of various local educational trusts, one of which bears the Foster's name.

Suggestion for a sub-committee to investigate this further.

- 4) Request for content for the magazine. The theme for the next edition is the Commoner's Concert. Contributions can come through social media as well as directly to the editor.

OLD FOSTERIANS' LUNCH 2021

After a year's break due to the dreaded pandemic, a stalwart band of Old Boys, their Wives and a smattering of Digby's Old Girls gathered once again at The Grange at Osborne where John and Jenny once again prepared a sumptuous repast for all to enjoy. We were fortunate this year to be joined by both of Mike Goode's daughters, Jenni and Caroline who very generously put funds behind the bar to

allow all present to enjoy a drink in memory of their father – thank you.

You will see later that the date for the Dinner this year is the 15th October 2022. Do please make an effort to attend and cajole, harangue or otherwise persuade Old Fosterians of your acquaintance to attend.

Kevin Parsons

FUNDING APPEAL – continued

As we highlighted last year, the Old Fosterians' Association has few expenses.

A change of magazine printer last year help reduce costs, but with the country experiencing ever increasing prices, we will not be immune. In a world of digital this and on-line that, there is still a place for the hard copy written word, hence the continued plea for funds.

If every OF makes a donation of £1 per month, i.e. £12 per annum (or better still round it up to £20!) this will keep us going for the next few years. This could be done through a standing order through your bank into the OFA's bank account, whose details are to be found on the front page of the present edition.

May we therefore please ask you to consider making such a contribution (less than the cost of a cup of coffee per month)? The survival of the Magazine in printed form depends on the willingness of the Members to contribute.

Banking Details on Page 1

REMEMBRANCE SERVICE - 2021

We were delighted to be able to welcome back representatives of the Old Fosterian's Association for our annual Remembrance Service this year. The address was given by Commander Ben McGreal, RN, on the theme of the importance of remembrance. Gryphon teacher, Steve Fox, played the last post and reveille after the roll of honour had been read by Old Fosterian Mr Love. Headteacher, Nicki

Edwards, led the prayers and a reading from St. John's gospel reminding us all that "greater love has no one than laying down their life for their friend". Wreathes were placed at the Roll of Honours boards by Co-Chairs of the School Council, Isabel Fraiz-Brown and Joshua Slocombe and Philip Dolbear from the OFA.

Nicki Edwards

THIS AND THAT

Phil Stainer sent me several missives early in 2021 as a result of the request for Commoners Concert memories and not just on this latter. His topics are varied and I have slotted them in as necessary, with the Commoners Concert memories appearing next year. But let us start with his memories of his time at Foster's.

For me it all started in September 1951. I found myself in the the First Form with 30 or so other new boys, most whom I had never seen before. We had all passed our 11+ to the enormous relief of ourselves & our parents. Relief, because if you were a boy in or around Sherborne in 1951 and you failed your 11+, there really wasn't anywhere else for you to go. Unless your parents were sufficiently well heeled to pack you off to Sherborne School "Prep" or some distant Public Boarding School, your options were limited to staying on at one or other of the local Primary Schools till you got a dead-end job at 15 or you just might get a place in Yeovil Technical School.

The headmaster of Foster's School had decreed the former brown school uniform with its yellow & green trimmings be replaced with blue and a bit of bright yellow thrown in. He had also introduced a new blue school cap with bright yellow badge. It was very similar to a baseball cap, with a very large peak and ideal for the 5ft 11in- 6ft 6in School Cricket Team. It was also deemed essential headgear for all boys whenever they were out, even if it was only shopping in Cheap Street. Regardless of the size of your head the peaks seemed much the same for all. I was among the smallest boys in the school. When we put on our new Fosters School uniforms, we all looked like Rod Hull's Emu.

I was short-sighted and (undiagnosed) dyslexic. Not bad enough dyslexia to show, (and in those days unheard of outside very narrow medical circles), but it meant that it took me much longer to read any work I was given. I was never able to read out loud, and at 81, I still cannot spell. I had no idea I was "different", so I simply worked harder & longer than the others...and that made me a "swat"! A few of us vied to be 1st 2nd or 3rd in most subjects, but it was many, many years later before I realised how much less work, they had had to do to get there compared with the hours I put in. Yet, even when 1st, 2nd or 3rd, we were all told that it was not our hard work or ability that had got us to this exalted position, but just that *"the others in your year are so poor"*! So absolutely no encouragement there then and that sense of "not being quite up to the mark" stayed with me even after I won an Exhibition to the Royal Military College of Science, an Honours Degree in Special Chemistry, had become Chief Chemist to a couple of leading UK companies and had a string of UK & World Wide Patents with my name on them!

When it came to sports or "games" there was no way of hiding my shortcomings. My brain is just not wired up to allow my body to react fast enough to hit a ball...even if I actually see it... which normally I do not. Cricketing Helmets were unheard of in the 1950's and a friend of mine had been rendered permanently & totally deaf as a result of a cricket ball impact, so I knew the damage they could do and I also knew I would not see what was about to hit me! During my very short stay at the wicket, I would watch apprehensively, bat in hand, as another boy came thundering towards me with some sort of red object in his hand. Then, just as his arms seemingly disappeared in some sort of wild frenzy, bits of the wicket behind me would go flying towards the wicket keeper and beyond. "Keep your eye on the BALL!" PE Master Arthur Critchley would shout, red in the face with fury. Well! what ball was that then?

As for football: I was no better. As one of my fellow pupils remarked, "Your best position on the football field is "Left Back". Left back in the changing room!"

But at Foster's School in those days and certainly in the eyes of the Headmaster, an inability to excel in sport meant you were a "lesser person". Foster's might have been called a Grammar School but an ability to master grammar in English, French or Latin counted as little compared with the ability to catch a cricket ball in the slips.

And as for my love of science or any capabilities in that direction? Well that counted for even less. "Terrible SMELLS come from down there!" The Headmaster once remarked to me, as he nodded disapprovingly towards the Laboratory.

Phil Stainer 1951 - 59

Every so often, a good memory appears on social media and so it was recently when the picture below appeared from Lucy Chisholm, whose father Oliver, was at Foster 1953-60.



L-R Girls; Susan Betty, Susan Peacock, Marion Matravers,?,?, Melian Borders Boys; Mile Dunk, ?, Oliver Chisholm, Alan Thacker, ?.

An early example of the cooperation between the two Grammar schools, and at the moment, little is known of the occasion other than an inter-school Tennis Tournament and the participants have yet to be fully identified, but we have done our best. Apologies for the chopped off pupil on the right!

I have had hints that Oliver has more photographs – watch this space.

Roger Taylor has, like many of us, spent lockdown reminiscing and dropped a line recalling his induction into the world of Public Houses.

The New Inn, Newlands. As boarders in our second year in the Sixth, this was the pub we were “permitted” to use at limited times provided we were sensible and discreet. There were not many of us, we didn’t all go, or go very often, which enabled Mr. Sugden to turn a worldly blind eye.

I realise The New Inn was what we now call a parlour pub. One of a row of houses, only distinguished from its neighbours by the pub sign. You walked in and immediately turned right into the bar/front room, which had a simple counter and casks on a shelf behind. Alas, I cannot remember the names of the Landlord or his wife who were both good fun and pleased to see us.

It was probably also essentially a cider house, which was fine by us as rough cider was much cheaper than beer and all we could afford anyway. We stood out in that our fellow drinkers were older than us and “proper Dorset”. Everyone was welcoming and we enjoyed some cheerful chats and learnt some new jokes whilst carefully sipping our one pint. I do recall that at some point the then Chancellor, Selwyn Lloyd, introduced a “sweetie tax” and for some reason, that caught rough cider. Everyone was up in arms and Sherborne’s MP, Simon Wingfield Digby, raised a question in the House, but I don’t know (and cannot find out) if that changed anything.

The pub has reverted back to a home but I'm pleased to say that the frame of the pub sign was still in place in September 2019. A nice touch.

The Britannia, Westbury. I think we only went to The Brit. post A-levels and I remember it best because of Willie Carroll. Willie was an Irishman and a retired clergyman living in one of the Alms houses. However, he was also the Chaplain of the Boarding House and took our Sunday services at Castleton.

When two or three of us first visited we were spotted by Willie, hardly surprising, since it would have been his local. However, he looked at us with a twinkle in his eye, stood up with his drink and moved to another table out of sight behind a pillar. I did thank him when we next saw him at Church and he said, conspiratorially, that he didn't want to spoil our fun.

That was the extent of my pub visiting as a boarder but my connexion with Sherborne continued through Terry Payne whose parents gave me a second home as described in a previous missive.

The Cross Keys, Cheap Street. This was the pub we tended to use to meet up with former school chums when I was staying with Terry for part of the Oxford vacs. Along with my friend Tim Gillham, three who come to mind amongst my contemporaries are Steve (Flab) Neal, Chris Longstaff and Dave Burge.

I remember Chris turning up in a Triumph Spitfire (you could park in Long Street) and saying he was able to buy it because he had got a good job. The car was green as was I with envy though very pleased for him. Sadly, Chris died of leukaemia a few years later.

The Crown, Greenhill. The Crown came into the picture when Terry and I were both working in London in the early days of our respective careers, I think from 1967 onwards. He had a very quick car and we both lived fairly close to each other in West London, so it was easy to

pile in on a Friday evening and pick up the A30, stopping for a pint at one of the roadside pubs around the halfway mark.

Terry's Mum kept the sub-post office in Coldharbour, but we would always drive straight past Meerut (shades of Empire) to have a thirst-quenching pint or two at The Crown. The regulars were always impressed that we got down so quickly, London was a long way away in those days. His Mum would always have a light supper waiting for us. No wonder I became so fond of her!

We also enjoyed The Rose & Crown at Trent, The White Horse (now Hunters Moon) at Middlemarsh and most of all...

The Brace of Pheasants at Plush. This was in part because it is such a lovely drive over Giants Head, added to which, Terry was a very good driver and always had a fast car. I remember us doing 100mph for the first time, on the top road, in his Marcos 3 litre on the way there. All this probably seems a bit irresponsible now, but it was before the 70mph speed limit and the breathalyser and our beer intake was modest.

I remember us taking his Dad and his Dad's best friend, Jack Lugg, to The Brace in a demonstrator BMW that Terry had been lent for the weekend. When we got out of the car at the end of the evening, I asked his Dad what he thought of it. He replied "Er goes like manure (or something like that !!) off a shovel". She did indeed and I thought that should be BMW's advertising slogan!

I still visit the last three pubs when I can with Terry, family or friends and it always feels like coming home down "Country Roads", if I can borrow from John Denver.

Roger Taylor. 1957-62

(Read Roger's tribute to Terry in Valette later)

*And in this year's valued contribution from **Haydon Wood**, he recalls his memories of his teachers:*

I bet you were dreading this - another opinionated offering from me for the Fosterian. In my defence, former tabloid journalists can't resist the chance to see their words in print or online again but by all means hit the delete button - we are also used to rejection.

In my early days at the Gazette in Yeovil, I remember having one of my stories (typed on sheets of paper then of course) thrown through the doorway between the reporters and sub-editors rooms by a snarling news editor. Picking up all the individual sheets of what I had thought was glittering prose in front of my delighted colleagues certainly helped focus the mind next time I made a contribution.

Still, not as shaming as victims of the editor at my next employer, the Western Daily Press in Bristol, who put a story (not mine this time) on the spike (literally a sharp piece of metal on his desk to deposit unwanted copy - and another newspaper term from the distant past) with so much force he stabbed his hand leaving the offending article covered in blood. Another time, he erupted into a torrent of abuse and threw a story out of the fifth-floor window. But this grand gesture also ended badly when it turned out to be the only version of that morning's 'splash'. A few of us were sent to the car park to retrieve it.

Anyway, perhaps I should also admit to being a bit sad still reflecting on my school days when collecting my pension. At my age I should be worrying about knowledge ebbing away rather than how I gained some of it in the first place.

But the schools I went to and the friends I made are still pretty happy memories. The teaching staff had a huge impact on all of us and they usually get a lot of appreciation from ex-Fosterians in the magazine. Fair enough. I agree they were mostly a professional, dedicated bunch who knew their stuff and how to pass it on - but not I venture all of them, all of the time.

There were certainly some interesting characters with a variety of personalities and some eccentric teaching styles. Their sense of

humour was often dreadful but occasionally a pretty good teaching aid.

I remember the first ever homework we were given was learning a list of French words for the snappily dressed Mr Lowcock who had entertained us for most of our first lesson that day by pretending he could only speak French.

He also introduced us to his classroom performance game where we sat in ability order and moved up and down by challenging a classmate in the row above if we got a question right and replacing him if he got it wrong. I'm not sure you'd get away with this today because it was a form of ritual humiliation, but I was content to be safe in the back row with my friends never expecting to advance anywhere near the front where those with golden testicles stayed put - you know, the ones who didn't need to check they were on the commendation list each month.

Monsieur Lowcock made it even more thrilling in the last week of term by letting us challenge anyone in the whole class and not just the next row. I once fluked a correct answer and foolishly challenged and replaced whoever was top of the class - maybe Chris Neil or Stephen Buckland. But it was a brief stay as I became the popular target for everyone else and soon returned from the rarefied air to the back row where I clearly belonged.

You may have noted I didn't use a Christian name for our French teacher and his nickname is far from politically correct. I know his initials but have no idea what the R L stood for.

So I consulted one of my former classmates - now a Crown Court judge - confident he has a better memory and superior research skills to me. The honourable Paddy Fields did recall that R L Lowcock used to claim he was reserve team goalie for Luton Town in their Cup Final year 58-59 (I'd forgotten that) but could find no record of him on their books around that time. Who knows?

Monsieur Lowcock impressed me by arriving at school with what seemed like a different model of the then new Jaguar XJ6 every week. Maybe he was exploiting the car's popularity. Because Jaguar couldn't make them fast enough, they were worth more second hand than new.

He was the easiest member of staff to throw off course. If you didn't fancy the French lesson, perhaps because of homework not done, you simply asked his view on some controversial topic and off he would go in a direction which would not be considered too politically correct these days. (*I recall that Mr McKay could similarly be diverted – Editor.*)

The more 'macho', sporty teachers in my era at Foster's tended to teach the maths and science subjects while arts and humanities was staffed by more sensitive, kindly souls.

No-one messed with Ken House in maths or gym sessions. Ken growled the word 'factor' in our first maths lesson letting it reverberate around the room to make sure we were paying attention. I once plucked up courage and asked him for a headmaster's credit when I thought it was deserved but was greeted with a withering stare. Ken was put in charge of the third year by which time we had developed a lot of self-confident bravado but not much sensible maturity so he was perfect to keep order - a headmaster in the making.

Physics teacher Barney (*Brian*) Davis, named of course after Barney Rubble because of his uncanny resemblance to a certain Hanna Barbera character in the Flintstones, was also a popular character with a nice turn of phrase. (*when Brian's Son Ian joined the school, he quite naturally and unashamedly, was nick-named, Bam Bam! – Editor*)

His tuition included a memorable demonstration of Maxwell's corkscrew law. One of his jokes that maybe helped us all pick up an extra O-level mark was asking the class to suggest anything that could have caused errors in an experiment. He always asked Nick

Woodlock, who always replied, 'a faulty thermometer' and we all always laughed. So, a forgettable fact was on everyone's list for the exam. Barney was also an excellent sports master taking senior rugby. Sadly, he died young of a heart attack playing squash in 1977.

Senior master Mick Miller (why was he nicknamed after a greyhound?) was another tough guy but the stone floor in the corridor was helpful because it meant that you could hear pedestrian traffic along its length. Thus you heard Mick leaving the staff room even though we were in room 1 awaiting his maths lesson. He was no greyhound so before he reached room 5 (the old geography room) you would be silenced as if in a submarine trying to avoid a depth charge only to hear the words, "Boys! Classwork and the date!". So no routine lesson that day - algebra on the board, resolve it and hand your book in. I only encountered Mick for O-levels and Ad Maths lessons, so I checked with one of his A-level students from my year who said: 'He was an excellent maths teacher, who taught us brilliantly'.

There was also a frightening friar who taught maths for a short time and kept a stash of blackboard chalks in the wings of his brown cloak which he could whirl around and then aim as a painful punishment. No idea of his name and I couldn't find him on the list of staff, but I don't think I'm making this up! Maybe he was a short-stay supply teacher.

Perhaps clergy were not well suited for Foster's. The rotund and vertically-challenged Sister Bruce Bacon of the Methodist Church led devotions at assembly on occasion. Her sage advice largely passed us by, but some may recall her bundling down the aisle in the assembly hall hotly pursued by CRWF and her bowling over with a terrific thud. The stone floor escaped remarkably unscathed and, surprisingly, the 180 or so boys in attendance managed, within limits, to restrain their mirth at such misfortune.

So, were humanities teachers a gentler bunch? Art maestro Sid Maltby was most pupils' favourite - and a safe bet for a few headmaster's credits when you were getting near the 20 target for a prize. I remember he was creating a giant chess set by painting different sized and shaped plastic bottles and using the faces of kings, queens and Jacks from playing cards for their features. We contributed by providing old bleach, drink and shampoo bottles - even one shaped like a horse's head.

John Norfolk made geography a highlight in the school week for me. He also marked generously with 18 or 19 out of 20 a regular reward which was good for morale.

Jock McKay tried to bring history to life as well as explaining how he was converting an old ambulance with a Rolls Royce engine into a camper van (reg SAM). Once when we moved rooms between lessons, we did so in step thus giving a jackboot sound. Jock's response was creative and the product of his time when the school used to have an Army cadet corps. He got us all out on the tarmac doing drill.

Music teacher Mr Derek Stansfield amused us by wearing enormous, padded gloves when fielding in the deep during the staff/boys cricket match to protect his piano fingers. He once tried to throw the ball back under-arm and his glove went further than the ball.

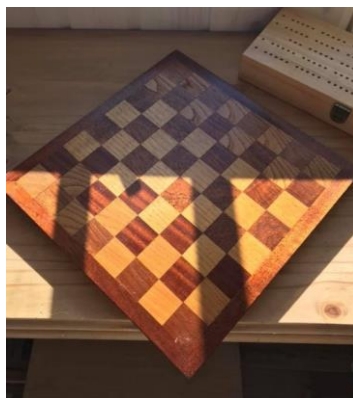
My favourite was first-year master and Latin/English teacher Pip Davis. I think he quite liked me because I always laughed at his jokes. I mentioned this to a classmate who amazingly could actually remember one of them - after more than 50 years. Simon Newell recalled how Pip used to crack on about the auxiliary fire brigade who kept the fire going until the proper fire brigade turned up, to help us remember the Latin 'auxiliaris'. Brilliant! Pip was a kind man and generous with his time who also tragically left us far too early.

(continued on page 30)

This picture is a few years old, taken at the Founder's Day 2008, but recent events make it more poignant to print again. For the uninitiated (and there will be a few...) L to R Derek Stansfield, Ken House, John Norfolk, Mike Goode and Jack Crouch. Derek is still with us and thankfully, many memories of the others.



Ross Manaton's Book Rack, familiar to us all as our first woodworking project under the expert tuition of Jack Crouch along with Charlie Lawrance's Chess Board.



AGM – 2021

Replete with food, a relaxed group of attendees cogitate on the Minutes of the AGM.



(Some of) The Class of 76-83 at the AGM

from L - R
Paul Tackley,
Ian Strong,
James Allwright,
Robert Wood,
Richard Harvey,
Kevin Hudson



Below - Remembrance Service 2021

L – R: Commander Ben Mc Greal, RNAS Yeovilton,
Lyn Robshaw , Philip Dolbear



(continued from page 27)

Jack Crouch used to check our shoes were clean each morning during registration which was a worry because we used to play football waiting for the school bus. The mud had to be wiped off by transferring it onto the back of trousers. His efforts to make woodwork stimulating by letting us make a toy boat then a tea tray while letting us choose oak or mahogany never worked for me. Mind a choice of expensive hardwoods would seem generous today.

The exception to arts teachers being more 'cuddly' was, for me, the terrifying Digby's history teacher Miss Austen who seemed to lack any sense of humour and certainly didn't appreciate mine.

I was also struggling with her Christian name so I got some help from two sisters who were Digby's pupils at the time. But the best they could come up with was: 'It might have been Dorothy'. So, did Lord Digby's girls even give their teachers nicknames or were they too polite and sophisticated? No that can't be right. Unforgivably 'Dorothy' regularly made us late for lunch after the walk back from Digby's by letting her history lesson persist 10 minutes after the bell went. I always felt she resented having to put up with Foster's boys sharing lessons with her girls.

So having bored readers with my memories, I challenge you to test yours. All right I bet most of you can recite the names in the register after having it read out day after day. But who can also remember the football teams our classmates used to - hopefully still do - support? There were many Saints fans in my year but also a few shameless glory hunters.

I would like to thank Simon and Paddy for their contributions and hope they will share the blame for this article. If anyone else wants to make contact and maybe challenge my appreciation of staff or provide better anecdotes my email address is haydon.wood@yahoo.com

Haydon Wood 1966-73.

Bill (William) Stafford can be relied on for a good read – this year is no exception.

Samuel's Peeps?

For Christmas 1977, I was given a small brown diary. It was a week over two pages. I was 15. Earlier that year I had been on what was broadly referred to as “An Educational Cruise”, up the Baltic Sea, to Helsinki, Leningrad, and Copenhagen, aboard the SS Uganda. If the diary had been a gift for Christmas 1976, the pages through August would have been much fuller and may have required keeping in a locked box.

There it was. A third of a page to recount my life. And to be fair, I struggled to do that. “Played rugby”. “Did some running”. “Went up The Terrace”. “Saw a pretty girl from Digby’s” (not that that was such a peculiar event to be of note, more that the girl in question was important to me – I shan’t name them; it would embarrass us both). There just wasn’t that much going on in this mid-teenager’s life, even to fill such a restricted space, but it was a start, a springboard, if you will, and (Oxford comma!) I enjoyed it.

There have been several journals kept through the years. I still have some of them – I might have trouble putting my hands on the 1977 volume. Occasionally, when I am told to tidy up my “rubbish”, I find them, and spend my tidying time reliving my life.

My accounts of motorcycling trips, of days at work, of people I have met, the major events in my life, both high and low, are there, written in longhand, usually with a fountain pen, sprawled over the pages. I laugh; I cry. I will mention just one entry. It wasn’t mine. It was that of a young lady friend who, quite rudely I thought, read my diary. She wrote “Makes for interesting reading”. It was in block capitals, in ball point and had, in parts, ripped through the page (Marked 0/10 for finesse). I’m still not convinced this was a compliment.

In the main, my accounts are of times when I needed to vent. If times are good, the entries are truncated. When things are not going so well, the entries are long and full of vitriol. Reading them, even years

after those situations have been resolved, for better or worse (no pun intended), remind me of those times. And then I am grateful for where I am now.

As Mr Ronan Keating so eruditely said, my life has been a right roller coaster, to be fair, but it's unlikely to be any different to your life, or the lives of your loved ones. Maybe the axes on the graphs have slightly different values, but we all have ups & downs.

However, this journal sowed a seed which – as you can see – is still blossoming today.

I love writing. I love words. I love how the words go together. I'm not a great fan of how language is used currently, but I understand it lives and evolves. If it did not, we would be still being all "yay, verily", or even honking on about "coillons". Neither Shakespeare or Chaucer would be likely to understand a word spoken in Starbucks and don't even think about them reading a tweet (I may be the only person, however, to use a ligature diphthong in a text message; it was to do with a Cæsar salad, as you're asking). I was reminded recently of the pleasure in the use of a dictionary, as opposed to spell checking on your computer. By doing this, there is the additional chocolate sauce on your ice cream of finding words you weren't looking for. My happiest memory is of finding the word "uxoricide". This had a mention in a journal (it was The 90's; difficult times).

Then there is punctuation. I love the semi-colon; who wouldn't? You may not have noticed, but I write how I speak, thus the use of parentheses (that's brackets to you lot) is widespread, because I always feel an explanation is beneficial (or an aside).

And yes, you did read they are all written longhand, usually with a fountain pen. This is another pleasing element of keeping a journal. I tried doing it on a computer, but the empathy was lost and the need to think about what is to be written and how it is to be written are no longer necessary; cut, paste, delete, format, oh the ignominy.

I wrote a lot in my career but was seldom encouraged to use a proper pen (except for my sojourn through Special Branch, where it was compulsory. The waistcoat and cravat, however, were affectations of my own design). Issued ball point pens were the order of the day. Like drinking warm, fizzy beer from a bottle, it was an anathema to me. At the very least, allow me to use a decent ball point pen, maybe slip a furtive roller ball in there, eh?

The realisation that words are important is never more starkly apparent than when writing evidence for an appearance in a Court. That which is written shortly after the event will be pored over by The Defence, in an effort to establish Reasonable Doubt many months later. A solid grounding in being able to say what you mean has stood me in good stead.

The responsibility for all this sits squarely at the feet of two men; Jack Edwards, and John Stafford. The latter, obviously, was my dad. He had the same delight in words, although, to my knowledge, he never kept a diary of any sort – not even when he should have done for his work.

The former was an English teacher. He did both Language and Literature. In the mid-70's, I was taught by Janet Ginzler. She took me to one side early in the school year and she said the two of them had chatted and thought it would be better if I was in his class. I took it to be a promotion, given that I did my O-level a year earlier than the others did. Both Jack and John are in the back of my head when I write. One is full of words of wisdom; the other is nearly full of Wadworth's 6X. I'll leave you to decide which is which.

I wrote stuff later, too. For Uni rags and even a letter to The Metropolitan Police journal "The Job". It was about how motorcycle dispatch riders were picked on, claiming they were a minority who deserved more respect. It was hilarious. I signed it, feeling mightily pleased with myself, "Tenemus". It was never printed, but I did find a copy in a box of "rubbish" whilst I was "tidying". Oh, how I laughed.

I wrote many essays for my University course, and, later, reports for Senior Officers. I took pride in all of them.

The pleasure of creating a piece of prose is difficult to explain. That you have got this far would suggest you enjoy reading, but what about bunging some words on a page for the enjoyment of it? You could vent or reminisce. You could make lists, or record recipes. You can write for yourself, or to entertain others. And the best thing about it, is you've got a captive audience and no hecklers. They can shout all they like, but you can't hear them. There are some who have made decent money from keeping a journal. That might be an incentive, if you need one.

But use a decent pen. It's like dressing properly for a function.

I still keep a journal. I departed long ago from the formatted pages of a Lett's Day-to-a-page diary and use a bog-standard lined book. Some days there just isn't much to say. Today isn't one of them and tomorrow is looking a bit iffy, too.

Bill Stafford 1974-79

*Your Editor, **Kevin Parsons**, thought it high time to share how he used his education in life – he begs your indulgence.*

Having fluffed my A-Levels, I decided University was not for me and took a job with Wessex Water as a Trainee Chemist at Poole, beginning my induction into, amongst others, all things sewage (a much underrated topic in all honesty). After 18 months, I swapped to an enforcement role based in Dorchester. The work involved pollution monitoring and regulatory enforcement of the water environment – a job I loved and allowed me to work in my beloved Dorset, as it turned out, for my whole career. Upon privatisation of the water Industry, I moved across to the National Rivers Authority and at the formation of the Environment Agency, my role expanded to regulation of water, air, waste disposal and just for good measure, fisheries.

I met and married Karen in 1983 and two children later (one of each) family life often revolved round work as I was on frequent standby, required to cover emergency calls over Dorset, some of Somerset, loads of Wiltshire and a smattering of Hampshire. This might seem a strange boundary, but remember, Water Regulation in England is run on hydrometric catchment areas, boundaries that had evolved as a result of the Land Drainage Act 1930. By 1950 the Avon and Dorset River Board had responsibility for flooding, regulation of discharges to rivers and also fisheries – all within the defined hydrometric areas. After the creation of the Water Authorities in 1974, all this work, plus pollution control, was undertaken by Wessex Water. It was into this mire of legislation that I found myself, working in the Dorchester District covering the south Dorset rivers, the Char, Frome, Piddle and also discharges to coastal waters from Charmouth to Poole Harbour.

We had to learn ‘the knowledge’, much like London cab drivers, only our lessons were the rivers and streams, where they started, which tributaries were what, such that after a few years, I was (and still am, mostly) able to navigate round the County using a map showing just the rivers and nothing else. Knowing the watersheds between river drainage areas created our daily ‘boundaries’. Hence Sherborne, clearly in Dorset, was not within my remit as the R Yeo drains into the Bristol Channel, but any rain falling on the south side of Honeycombe at the top of Sherborne Hill drains south to the Stour and into the English Channel under my former watchful eye! There were two other Districts in our Division, the Stour and the Avon, hence me needing to have a working knowledge of those areas too for when on Standby.

The work was varied and thoroughly interesting. We largely worked on our own, only coming together to resolve any particularly bad pollution incident. I remember my first day – I was given a map, a list of some 20 sewage works and river locations, the appropriate number of bottles and sent on my way into the depths of West Dorset. You soon learned the locations and in the course of such travels, the small lanes that, overlaid mentally onto the river map,

allowed ergonomic passage between rivers across the County as necessary.

Understanding and control of sewage treatment was a major daily task. We did not do the work, so to speak, but had to understand the stages involved to allow us to regulate them effectively. A completely natural process, it is thoroughly interesting how the bacteria do all the work, I could go on for hours about the relationship between Nitrosomonas and Nitrobacter, but space does not permit.

If called to a pollution incident, which in this rural County was invariably of farming origin (and I loved working with Dorset farmers – the salt of the earth), we would have to trace its source, take Formal Samples according to a strict protocol, encourage the farmer to resolve the matter and then, if of sufficiently serious nature, take the appropriate enforcement action, that could include prosecution in the Courts. Tracing sources of pollution were often easy, but time consuming necessitating long walks carrying bucket, bottles and Dissolved Oxygen meter. The upside to all this was of course that we got to see some stunning countryside. We could often save time using our noses to point us in the right direction as the odours of pig, cow, dairy and silage wastes are quite distinctive! The downside was after dealing with the event, my clothes took on the odour-of-the-day, duly noted by the family when I came home!

If serious, fish were often killed and hence it became imperative we found a source and garnered evidence accurately as any subsequent Court case would no doubt involve much cross examination – I wanted my facts straight! Fines for pollution could be quite staggering, several hundreds of pounds for a minor offence, but if a large company or commercial concern, it could stretch to as much as £20,000 and/or imprisonment. Whilst I never saw the later, the former was not unheard of, together with remedial costs.

Talking of fines, when it came to fisheries, we had good working relationships with the Police Marine section. The fines for 'Handling Salmon in suspicious circumstances' and similar anti-poaching laws

were quite hefty compared to those dealing with drug users. Given that these latter individuals were often the same people engaged in salmonid poaching (Sea Trout as well as Salmon), the police soon realised that requests from us for assistance benefited them as much as us, as our legislation was often, in addition to being more punitive, also easier to prosecute!

Two cases for which I was the Lead Officer were 'Firsts' for the Environment Agency. One was the successful prosecution of a Company under the Transfrontier Shipment of Wastes Act for illegally exporting waste material across international boundaries. The other involved a Waste Operator who, having been convicted of an offence, skipped the Country for his house in France before his sentence was given. Using the good offices of Interpol and the then new European Arrest Warrant, he was returned to the UK to receive his punishment.

My employment had added benefits besides walks in the countryside, mainly in access to locations that few others saw – the inside of the Prison ship moored in Portland Harbour, or the 'wrong end' of the Lulworth army gunnery range for instance. In the latter case, we were issued with an ID booklet so that we could avoid driving over unexploded ordnance (as opposed to non-lethal practice rounds!).

By far the most interesting were the WW2 oil tanks on the Isle of Portland. We were asked by a Greek company, who wished to resurrect these, to visit as part of approval to provide a modern bunkering facility for ships passing through the channel. These tanks were constructed on Portland, beneath the Prison at the start of the last War to provide an emergency bunker oil supply for the Fleet. There are four in total, each 1,500 feet in length, with diameters of 30 feet, constructed of concrete lined steel segments. On the appointed day we were taken up the old incline round the island to the entrance – an innocuous steel door in the hillside. Inside, we literally walked through time. This access tunnel, about 10 feet in diameter was constructed by McAlpine along the lines of the London Underground. Each cast iron segment was dated, so we started at the door some time in 1939 and after 100 yards or so, we were up to 1940 and a

large gallery, giving access to the front of the four tunnel tanks – all underground - truly awesome. The site was resurrected and currently operates as Portland Bunkers International.

All things come to an end though. By 2010, I was beginning to feel excess to requirements. Environmental Regulation was changing as a result of the changing government policy – and not in a way I liked. I was given the opportunity to take Voluntary Severance, which, as it meant Karen and I could spend more time on our narrowboat, I grabbed and so in 2011, I left, feeling little regret, but grateful for a fulfilling career.

Kevin Parsons 1971-78

Phil Stainer continues with his thoughts, moving slowly from Staff to thoughts on life as well as the consequences of Amateur Dramatics - take it away again Phil.

By all means use what you like from my jottings. Getting old now, so memory is not what it was! Because I am partially dyslexic, I had to rely a lot on my memory in the old days and luckily it was often almost "photographic", which meant that in exams I was able to simply reproduce an essay or page (even if I didn't fully understand it). It was the only way I could get through Latin O-level, which unbelievably in the 1950's was essential if you were aiming to get any **Science** degree! A throw-back to the 16th century!

Total waste of time! German would have been so much more useful, as in those days everything...and I mean everything!... that was known about every chemical known on earth was recorded (and still is!) in *The Beilstein Journal of Organic Chemistry*...in German. The year I went to Shrivensham, the UK Universities dropped the requirement for Latin, but insisted that all students took an examination in GERMAN! So I had to learn "Technical German" at Shrivensham. I have forgotten almost every word!

We used to live next door but one to Edgar & Joan Maltby. Edgar taught Art at Fosters and Joan taught Art at my wife's school, St Anthony's Convent, Lewiston Manor.

My father was a great friend of Edgar, though unable to match his Cider consumption. They would often disappear into The Antelope Hotel (now flats) to play skittles. Sadly, my father could not abide Joan! Every time she approached the house he would vanish into the store-room at the back of our house & busy himself! (My wife Flavia didn't care for her either! Unlike Edgar, she was not a good teacher.) Edgar & Joan had two children Malory & Jeremy. Edgar liked a flutter on the horses and watched the racing on our TV. He would knock the front door, shout who he was, switch on the TV, sit down and make himself at home! Often, he would use the excuse of "taking Jeremy (who was about 3 or 4) out". But Edgar was "found out" when one day Joan came round with Jeremy in tow and sat down in our dining room to chat with my Mum. Jeremy immediately got up, switched on the TV, went and sat with his Mum and pointing to the TV (as yet no picture...TV's in those days took a minute or so to warm up) shouted excitedly "See horses! See horses!".

No-one we knew ever knocked on our door! They opened it, announced who they were and walked in. If we went on holiday, they all knew the key was under the mat. We were never burgled!

As you have probably gathered by now, my Mum & Dad knew all the staff at Fosters quite well. My father & mother were "in" to everything that was going on in Sherborne; often "in the background" though Dad was a Founder Member, Chairman & Welfare Officer of The RAFA's Slessor Club. They were not "in" The Amateur Players, but Mum made tea out the back and Dad "acquired" props & "enabled" things to happen because he "knew everybody" in Sherborne...from Lord Slessor & Canon Basil Wingfield-Digby (the vicar) down to the guy who drove the dust cart!

They were great friends of Fred Alcock who founded & ran Amateur Players for years. Amateur Players is almost certainly where June met up with her future husband, Stanley McKay. Ernest Hume and his wife were Amateur Players. He taught French at Fosters, she taught ??? can't remember...at Lord Digbys. Wasn't French, as that was "Miss (Faith?) Dew"...who was "The Grandma" to whom all the

girls ran if in trouble! With the formidable Miss Thompson as Head Mistress, Miss Dew had a lot to do!

I am pretty sure every teacher in Sherborne was roped into Amateur Players at some point in their lives. Edgar & the guy from Sherborne School did most of if not all the backdrops for instance. "Amateur Players" & "Young Conservatives" were essentially **the** "Matrimonial Agencies" for Sherborne in those days. There were at least 9 schools and I remember working out with Peter Gregory that in 1958 there were at least 26 bars where you could get an alcoholic beverage in Sherborne. OK! About 3 - 4 of those required some sort of "membership", like the RAFA Slessor Club, or The British Legion, but having been in the forces/RAF or "knowing a member" was all that was really required to gain access.

In my last term at Fosters, "A" levels having been completed, and 4-6 weeks to go before end of term, the new Headmaster, a certain Mr Sugden as I recall, though I never knew him well, decided we should gainfully fill in our final days by studying local government at The Council Offices in The Manor House in Newlands. And so it was arranged. The one really significant statistic that I can recall from those studies was that in 1958 & 1959 the number of children "born outside wedlock" in Sherborne accounted for 25% of the total. It was estimated by the guy giving that part of the training, that it was quite possible that "a further 50% were probably only JUST legitimate." The presence of 26 bars, a much more liberal attitude than exists today and the absence of "The Pill" will no doubt have contributed to this.

But when I see the youngsters today "living together" for a while, having children and THEN getting married and generally behaving in ways that would be totally disapproved of by my parents & grandparents, I just smile and think, "Well! At least they are being totally honest!". Unlike many folk, I do not think the World will be Falling Apart when left in their hands.

I was sorry to see of John Gregory's demise. His brother Peter, (who was something like 15 years younger than John) was a great pal of

mine when we were at school and Doris Gregory was almost my "Second Mum". Peter & Johns Dad, Reg, was an accountant and real "pillar of the community". Chairman of Sherborne Council and similar. I have a feeling he was an Old Fosterian too, but would not put too much money on that. I used to spend every Sunday evening with Peter, Doris & Reg, watching their TV. John was in the RAF, (navigator) and I remember them flying a huge 4-engined bomber low over Sherborne, flicking the wings over Abbots Fee (the house at the top of Green Hill where Peter lived).

Sorry to see June McKay in the VALETE too. June (Miles as she then was I'm sure) was the Gym Mistress at Lord Digby's School when I was in about the IVth or Vth Form and I can tell you she was "Quite Something"! She was really good looking, full of beans and I think it would be fair to say most of the boys at Richard Foster's Grammar School lusted after her quite unhealthily, even though clearly & totally "out of their league"! When it was clear that she was going to marry "Jock" McKay they were both "cock-a-hoop" and we secretly envious. But June didn't have all her own way. Jock was quite a bit older than June, a bachelor quite set in his ways. He had been in the war as an Army officer and ran the CCF based on his experiences. He taught History at Fosters and had an MA, (Cambridge I think) so was pretty bright. He was well in to Amateur Dramatics and was a stalwart of Sherborne Amateur Players (who were really quite excellent!) and Jock was often the "Romantic Lead". He was "The Hero" in "Berkley Square" I recall. So June had her time cut out! But few men would have been able to resist long! Stanley McKay stood no chance! When she became part of Fosters School, the boys just loved her! God Bless her!

While many are understandably sad at the disappearance of Foster's School and I know many more Old Girls are sad at the loss of Lord Digby's School, Sherborne in the 1950s, despite at that time being full of schools, (I think we counted more than 9 at one time!) had an education system that left most local children (many quite talented) devoid of all hope of any decent higher education: And I have not been in favour of segregated education for very many years.

Segregation is a throwback to the Victorian era and beyond and perpetuates the myth that there is any significant difference between the mental capacities of boys and girls, men and women. My many years as a Chief Chemist in two totally different companies have furnished me with absolutely no good reasons to change that opinion.

Many of my best and most reliable chemists were girls. I can still picture one of them standing firm as she rejected a large tanker delivery from one of my company's major raw materials suppliers. By her analysis it was "Off Specification". My Production Manager had already begun rearranging his entire production schedule, but the middle aged (and massive) male tanker driver was furiously contesting her results. It meant a 200-mile return journey... fully laden! My inclination was to go outside and give her my moral support, but it was another girl who held me back. Veronica had come in early at 4.00 am and re-checked her analysis: She knew she was right. My going out would have undermined her authority, not enhanced it.

Having gone to Fosters I had to be taught that by one of my young female staff!

A boy from The Gryphon would have known it instinctively!

Phil Stainer (1951-59)

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Richard Atkinson (1981-88) is currently living in Scarborough, Ontario, Canada. He married Katherine Sussman on 25th July 2020 and has a step-daughter Jade. Richard is Vice President (Americas) for Coomtech Ltd, a UK based company that specializes in new sustainable ways to dry bulk raw materials.

Richard is a professional mechanical engineer, spending his early career with Ford Motor Co. in the UK and Germany working on new vehicle development and manufacturing (in 1999, he was part of the

launch team for the new Ford Focus). He has also held key leadership roles in growth-stage ventures in the science, engineering, and technology fields, and is an advisor and trustee to 'non-profits' in the development and conservation fields.

Jeff Jenkins. Just a quick update for all my friends at Fosters and Lord Digby's associations. My wife and I moved to a small coastal village in Snowdonia in January 2016 and love it here, 5 minute walk from the beach and a short drive into the mountains, Cader Idris being about 10 miles inland from here and lots of beautiful scenery and walks plus to narrow gauge railways in neighbouring towns. Our village is very rural with about 500 residents spread along the coastline of land that rises very sharply from the sea and is unbuildable on after a short distance. Many old cottages but ours is relatively modern having been built on the site of an old petrol station about 20 years ago and it inherits it's name from Victory House garage, so-called because the owner had a long battle with the authorities to get the garage built in the first place. When we moved here, we had two Jack Russell terriers but they sadly passed away last year. We were going to hold off from getting any more dogs for a while but within a week we have picked up Snoop and Stan, a pair of Pembrokeshire Corgi/Welsh Sheepdog crosses (so-called "Worgis").

I retired from work last summer having spent most of my life in investment banking and payments processing in London. Since retiring I easily fill my time with various hobbies including photography, console gaming and a new found 3D printing hobby which keeps me occupied when not out walking the dogs. Learning to design 3D objects was quite challenging but I'm getting reasonable at it and have successfully sold some designs. I'm still in occasional contact with a number of old school friends from the 1970s.

Mike Dunk *brings us an update from South Africa.*

Like the rest of the world, we had a year of dealing with the pandemic. Just when matters looked to be on the way to the "old normal" we got hit by the fourth wave as predicted. What disappointed South Africans was because we identified the Omicron

variant, we were saddled with the incorrect statement that it started from here. Consequently, UK was very quick to put us back on the Red List and deny us entry into the country.

This seemed not only a “knee jerk” reaction, when you considered that our numbers of infections were very slight compared to those of the UK. In comparison to population. I, like a large number of people living in South Africa who have strong UK ties, are amazed that Boris Johnson continued to resist announcing any restrictions following the new wave having hit UK. Here, we are not allowed out of our houses without the obligatory mask; still cannot attend sporting fixtures and these are played to empty stadia; gatherings are limited; theatres and venues can only hold a maximum of 50% of capacity, and it was only just after Christmas that the curfew was finally lifted and restaurants and bars could sell alcohol within their respective licencing laws. It goes without saying that our tourist industry has taken a massive hit and this is possibly our biggest earner towards our GDP.

Whether I will be able to visit my daughters and grandson this year is still up in the air. It is now almost three years since I last saw them but thank goodness for Whatsapp and Skype.

Finally, the report on State Capture has been released, or the first part at any rate and now it remains to be seen as to whether the authorities do take action against those who have been implicated. Action is certainly needed in some areas to try and bring those responsible to book.

Sadly, we lost our beloved “Arch”. Yes the amazing Archbishop Desmond Tutu passed away on Boxing Day and what an outstanding contribution he made to post-apartheid South Africa. His fight for the under privileged has been chronicled worldwide and when Skye News was full of his passing and life on the day he passed away, it was testimony to what he as a man and a person achieved. A winner of the Nobel Peace prize and we as a country claim to be only country that has two winners of the Nobel peace prize living in the

same street, Vilikazi Street, in Soweto. Nelson Mandela being the other.

Our previous and embattled former President continues his fight against his day in court which he claims he wants. If that is true, then he is going to extraordinary lengths to avoid exactly that! Released on medical parole from his 15 month contempt of court finding, has gone against the grain of most people. We await to see if that decision will be overturned!

From a personal point of view my year was thrilling and from my involvement in the tennis development program that I run in the African Township, we had the best year ever with regards to success on the court and events that the kids could play in. It is so rewarding to see the progress being made by these children when you consider the poor facilities they must play under in their own back yard. The facility is Municipality owned but they are reluctant to maintain the courts and surrounds. It is also understandable that with sports like football, rugby and cricket, attracting large numbers of African children, the bulk of the money goes to those sports. I am extremely grateful for the funding we receive from the International Club in London which enables me to run an extremely worthwhile and fulfilling project.

We have a group of 10 or so children from 10-14 who are really promising players and our energies will be concentrated on them over the next few years to see if we can produce a player, or players, of merit from under privileged conditions.

Holidays are restricted to resorts at home and thanks to Time Share we can still enjoy the beauty of Cape Town and its surrounds as well as the golf resort at Sabi River Bungalows, but I hold thumbs that this year we can come to UK to see my daughters and grandson (who I am delighted to see is playing lots of sport even at 5 and a half so he must have his grandfathers genes!!) as well as attend Wimbledon and enjoy the strawberries and cream of an English summer.

VALETE

Tony West 1950 – 2021. Deputy School Captain 1967-8

Jane West, Tony's wife, kindly sent us a eulogy for Tony, but in addition, Geoffrey Quick has penned a few words in memory of him. We will start with Geoff's missive;

In celebrating the contribution of Tony West to Fosterians, I think that first perhaps some context might be appropriate.

Tony's father came down to Yetminster from the Home counties to take up an ambition to be a farmer. He built up a herd of around 45 head of cattle and he and his lovely wife had three children, Tony the eldest, then Simon and Suzanne. Tony started at Fosters in 1961.

I came to our magnificent school as a Fourth Former in 1964. Tony was immediately obvious as a classmate with a strong, balanced presence, backed by a subtle self-effacing humour. His individuality was underlined by a relaxed dress code and fly away haircut (affectionately dubbed "Scruff" "West, a title he cheerfully accepted).

Tony was a good athlete and team player and we got to know each other better, assisted by the introduction of Rugby by CRWF in 1965. St. Dunstan's benefitted from his presence, typically referred to by him as "good old Dustbins!"

Out of school time, I started to visit the West's farm. It was an eye opener to me as to the enormous demands farming makes. Animals don't have weekends off and tasks such as milking were undertaken long before breakfast. Many skills are called upon and I happily took the opportunity to avail myself of some of them under Tony's tutelage. Bricklaying, wood construction ("Geoff, you've just nailed your boot to the deck!"), Cattle herding, Tractor driving ("It's just a humble tractor") as well as a host of other maintenance and

agricultural arts. As time went by and I spent more and more time on the farm, I also had generous donations of pocket money for my efforts.

Time moved on and both of us stayed on at Foster's into the Sixth form. Tony was very much the practical individual and went for Pure Maths, Applied Maths and Physics. He also had his father's permission to drive the family car, a Vauxhall Victor. So suddenly West and Quick could go cruising of a weekend evening. Digby girls, sharp as ever, cottoned on to this capability so we got to some lovely parties around the area as driver and escort.

Foster's was a great place to be as a Sixth Former. As prefects our relationship with the masters was cordial, indeed Tony and I used to go swimming down at the coast with Reg Griffiths in his Morris Countryman. We also knew that it was all coming to an end and that we would go from the top of one ladder in life to the bottom of the next. Tony had confided in me that he wanted to be a civil engineer "Pumping Turds etc.". I had assumed that he would eventually take over the farm, but he was very quiet on that subject.

I will never forget walking with Tony out of Foster's gate after our final service as schoolboys. "Well, that's that isn't it?" Not Quite!

The summer of '68 saw us as schoolboy extras on "Goodbye Mr. Chips". Tony's practicality came to the fore and we got to know the film crew and some of the adult Actors by volunteering to help out (of which a bit more later).

Tony got into Portsmouth on a Civil Engineering Sandwich course and we met up from time to time during which he remarked how much he loved "Being on the site".

We both graduated in '72 and I became the proud owner of a Triumph Spitfire of uncertain vintage. Tony had heard of a party in Enfield, so I volunteered to drive us up. Well, we stopped to refuel near Salisbury and then surprise, surprise, the engine was dead. I

felt crushed. Tony hopped out, opened the bonnet, scratched around for a few seconds leaned back in the car and started the engine first time. “Just a bit of corrosion on a battery terminal”.

We met a few times later and I gathered he was going out to the Middle East, then our paths in life diverged.

Oh yes, if anybody watches the “Chips” film, there is a sequence for a few seconds of just two boys sitting and chuckling together on a bench - Tony West and Geoffrey Quick.

Geoffrey Quick

*...and from **Jane**, his wife;*

I recognise the Tony who Geoff knew, the old trousers worn shirt and always in need of his hair cutting. He called the shaving regime designer stubble! There is the story of the cap bought for him one birthday, not believing how much I had paid for it he almost refused to wear it in case it got lost. He took it with him on his last journey, along with his penknife and some string!

His love of the outdoors was always part of his life from regular trips to Dartmoor as a teenager, to what is now referred to as wild camping in Scotland. This sense of adventure led to a travel holiday in a minibus group through Finland to Russia (during the Cold War].

Having been brought up on the farm in Dorset he went off to university, his sandwich course meant half his time was spent in Birmingham and the other half in Portsmouth. He must have had quite a pioneering spirit, though I understand this did not extend to his laundry, which was taken home to be done at the end of each term. He would prefer to buy a new pair of socks than to have to wash them.

It was in Birmingham that he met Tony Morris, who was to become a lifelong friend After losing touch for a while they reunited about six years ago and began messaging each other regularly, very regularly in fact. – from 7.30 in the morning until bed time.

On completing his degree, he went to Durham where he worked on the Newcastle Underground. "*I did that*" he would say, whenever the Gray's monument above the underground station was shown on television. He then took his young family, Denise his wife and his son Alexander to Abu Dhabi to work on building the sewage system for this developing country. He continued to play rugby, in that heat? And running with the Hash House Harriers. His work in the Middle East over, Tony came back to his beloved Dorset and continued civil engineering with Wessex Water.



Tony West (1950-2021). The first at Foster's c. 1967, the second, in Spain, many years later (2018) !

Tony and I were married in 2002 and moved to Pulham. We had many happy holidays in Spain and the Canary Islands, usually walking in the mountains and staying in small cottages, one was a converted pigsty another had an old water wheel in the living area. It was after that holiday that I took over selecting the accommodation. Yes, we visited dams, sewage systems and marveled at manhole covers along the way even on our honeymoon!

After retiring Tony spent time at the Science Café in Sherborne and also volunteered his time three afternoons a week at the Country

Men's Club at Rylands Farm at Holnest. He loved it, gaining as much as he gave and he certainly found a new talent in caring for the men who went there. Being around the farm, the animals and the tractors especially was a bonus for him. He loved hearing the old chaps' stories and being a storyteller himself, much like his father, he loved telling them his.

This reminded his brother Simon, vividly of the trick he would play. When milking the cows out in the field there was always an electric fence that had to be tested. He would get Sue and Simon to hold his hand then at the last minute he would touch the wire with a blade of grass which would send a shock through to the twins. Sue says she can remember sparks flying off the soles of their black plimsolls. It took a long time for them to learn! When Tony tells this story it was his father doing this to him.

His Illness ...

The cancer that eventually took his life is not something that should define him, but perhaps his attitude to his own diagnosis is something that should be celebrated. Tony didn't fight or battle with the disease, there was life before, then life with cancer and it is hard to tell the difference.

He showed huge inner strength while undergoing chemotherapy and radiotherapy. He continued working throughout, never missing a day. He wanted to be involved with any trials and research that was going on, hoping to help others along the way. *"It is what it is"* he would say. His information is continuing to be used in the research departments at The Royal Marsden and Southampton hospitals.

For both Tony and myself, the garden became our salvation. The beauty of our large plot gave us purpose and motivation. We became almost self-sufficient, the farmer in him coming to the fore once again. There were two Head Gardeners, which of course, was never going to work. So each Head Gardener had their own piece of ground to work on and 'project meetings' were held in the conservatory before work began. As time went on, Tony 'managed'

me – he sat in his chair and directed the planting of the potatoes and other vegetables. There was also a lot of baler twine around in order to make sure the rows were straight – they never were!

After being in hospital in May, he decided he would end his life at home. Never in the last difficult months did he complain. Requests for “*Cakey wakey*” were frequent should anyone be going shopping or visiting. He was surrounded by those he loved and who loved him and received the very special care of the team from the surgery at Cerne Abbas, Weldmar and Marie Curie Carers

The final celebration of his life was held at Higher Ground Meadow in September. The weather was perfect and the day was made so special by us being joined by Eddie Upton, Bonnie Sartin and Colin Thompson. Music and poetry followed the Dorset theme, we had become members of the William Barnes society before lockdown. We even stopped half way to his final resting place to sing the Yetties songs *Courting round Dorset and Back ‘n Back*.

His laughter was loud and his smile broad (his jokes often unrepeatable). He gave so much joy and happiness and saw good in everyone.

Jane West

Peter Graham, Foster`s late 1950`s early 1960`s died at Southmead Hospital, Bristol on Saturday 19th June 2021. When at Foster`s Peter lived in Sherborne.

Mark Winter passed away on 21st October 2021 at the age of 61. He was at Foster`s 1971-76. *(I went through Fosters with Mark, or ‘Bernie’ as we called him – for obvious reasons. He suffered the ignominy of being the last in the class alphabet and hence when textbooks were handed out, he invariably ended up with the tatty old copy with a cover missing! But at least he could hide in the back corner of Class!. – Editor)*

The following appeared in the Western Gazette:

'Alex Thomas Walter Oxford M.B.E....of Sherborne passed peacefully away on October 25th at the age of 95. He was Husband to childhood sweetheart Nora, Father to Clive, Sally, Simon and Caroline.'

'Coming from a working class background, he won a scholarship to Fosters Grammar school where he became Head Boy. By 18 he had trained as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. His career in the Youth Service began in 1947 when he became the first Boys Club Leader for Sherborne. After a long and distinguished career, he eventually became Deputy Director for the National Youth Bureau, his services recognized with an M.B.E. On retirement he returned to live in Bradford Abbas and oversaw the development of 'Tinneys' Youth Centre.'

'He remained active in the community working in the archives of Sherborne Museum, researching the history of Sherborne, and as a member of the local camera club. As a keen Sportsman he played County Cricket for Dorset and West Kent.'

'He will be greatly missed by his surviving children'. 'All who came to know him will forever be grateful for his patience, kindness and generosity. Even 'till his dying day he was described as a true gentleman, apologizing for any inconvenience his death might bring to others.'

Alec was at Foster's from 1936 – 43

Charlie Bartlett 5.12.32 – 20.12.20

We are grateful to Charlie's daughter who advised us of his passing and I have lifted some memories produced in the local press by his long standing employees.

Charlie was the third generation of Bartlett's to work for Bradfords in Sherborne in the footsteps of his father Bob and Grandfather William. (I wonder if they were OFA's too?)

He retired in 1997 and had a 70 year Association with Bradfords, Sherborne. He remained until the end a part of the community in the town he loved.

It was fitting that, by arrangement with Mayor John Andrews, another OFA, his funeral cortege was allowed down Cheap Street with a Bradfords lorries escort.

Andrew Williams (at Foster's 1974-81). It is with sadness that we heard from his sister, Claire, that Andrew passed away suddenly but peacefully with a heart attack in his sleep on 17th December 2021. Steve Snell has sent in this picture of him (right), printed with the blessing of his family.



John Jackson (at Foster's 1939 – 44) sadly passed on 16th December 2021. Prior to moving to Foster's, John was previously at the Stonegarth School, sited at the bottom of the Avenue, Sherborne, which was badly bombed in 1940.



John took and passed the entrance exam and started at Fosters, Hound Street and moved up to the new school in Tinney's lane in October 1939. Unfortunately, John left school aged 15 because three of his father's employees were called up for war duty and John had to go to help his father doing butcher's meat rounds, even

driving the van, until the local Police warned his Father (see photo left).

John wrote an article in the O F A Magazine about life at school during the War years, the air raid trenches dug in the playing fields, the school windows broken by near-by bombs etc. John at 92 must have been one of an ever-reducing number of Old Fosterians' who went to the Hound Street school.

...And talking of the ever-decreasing cohort of Old Fosterian's who went to the Hound Street school...

John M Courtney (at Fosters 1936-42). Richard Courtney has contacted us to advise that his Dad, John, passed away very peacefully on the 18th February 2022 from old age. In his 97th year he always spoke fondly of this time at Fosters.

He was a very good runner but was constantly annoyed by always coming 3rd to the two sons of the English teacher at the time in the cross- country races!

*As we go to press, we hear of the passing of **Terence Douglas Payne**, Roger Taylor has penned these few words.*

Terry was a year younger than me and I got to know him when we were fifteen or sixteen, when Terry had a weekend job manning the pumps at Dewey's Garage in Newlands. We would chat when I passed by on my way from the Boarding House to Cheap Steet. We discovered we had a mutual interest in cars. This was strengthened in my last year when I helped Terry collect scenery for the school play in his Granny's Morris Minor van.

Our friendship deepened after my A levels when Terry recruited me to accompany him driving Peter Konig, a pen-friend of Russel Blackwell, who had come over from Vienna and was very keen to visit English country pubs. Russell could not go because he and his parents were strict Methodits and therefore teetotal.

Terry's parents were a lovely couple. Dad worked at Westlands, Mum ran the sub post office in Coldharbour and Gran ran the house. Meerut became a second home for me, particularly in Oxford

vacations (my parents were abroad by then), and his Dad once said “you are the brother Terry never had”. His Dad died at a relatively early age and his Mum loved me calling in over the years with my children.

Career wise, Terry started in Local Government at Sherborne UDC. After a few years he transferred to Chelsea and Kensington Borough Council. This coincided with me training in London after Oxford. He stayed with me and my fellow flat mates before moving long term into another flat share and eventually buying the flat.

He enjoyed a successful career with the Council, becoming Senior Rating Officer. He took early retirement on a reorganization and thereafter spent a lot of time travelling abroad. We never lost touch and he was a frequent visitor both to our home in Ludlow and our second home in Lymington. We also had regular meet-ups with Oeter and his family in their home in Austria and their second home in the south of France.

The last time we were together was January 2020, when he joined me in Lymington prior to us driving to Sherborne to visit his parents’ grave on the 20th anniversary of his Mum’s death. Our normal pattern of spending time together was then totally upset by lockdown but we retained regular contact by phone.

Rest in peace dear friend.

Roger Taylor

Dates for your Diary

The strange times we still live in have precluded firm details of the usual events. We can advise as follows though:

OLD FOSTERIANS' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

We hope this will be held on

SATURDAY Saturday 15th October 2022

(Following the Reunion Dinner)

At The Grange at Osborne

KEEP THE DATE FREE!

Final details to follow,

however, if you wish to stay the and make a break of the weekend, the charge will be

£109 for a single £119 for a double

Gryphon School Remembrance Service

Keep an eye on the Web/Facebook page for further details

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>