

# THE FOSTERIAN

The Magazine of the Old Fosterians' Association



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No. 30

Spring 2023

**OFFICERS and COMMITTEE of the OLD FOSTERIANS'  
ASSOCIATION 2021/2022**

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**Web Address**

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

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

Account Name: **Old Fosterians' Association**

Sort Code: **601912**

Account number: **05531349**

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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**

Following Heraclitus, we are aware that 'all is flux'. Things change and we change with them. Time moves the world on, and we make gains and losses. Of course, in 2022 we lost our Monarch and all that that implied for our national life. Nearer to home, we lost the great Derek Stansfield, our sometime Music Master and his loss is greatly felt by those who knew him. Derek was a cheerful man with a great sense of humour and a tremendous teacher with very high standards. If music was played, it had to be played well. Many are the Foster's boys and Digby's girls who benefited from his instruction and encouragement. In October, the annual Reunion Lunch will be dedicated to Derek's memory, and we hope to see many of you there. Derek was, of course, not restricted to the piano stool and the rostrum, and his treks around the world are legendary. Our sympathies are with his widow, Marilyn. R.I.P., Derek.

We also lost Simon Newell, who had served the OFA as Hon.Membership Secretary for a number of years. Our thoughts are with his widow and his family.

The Covid pandemic is now, thankfully, behind us and we can move on. Society has been much changed by the limitations forced upon us by this terrible disease. Had it struck in the 1970s, education at Foster's and Digby's would have been very different. Confined as we were to classrooms and textbooks, there would have been no teaching and little learning. The advent of computers and the Internet has meant that we are now all able to communicate freely and swiftly. While this is generally a positive trend, it does mean that face to face communication has shrunk, and lower value seems to be placed upon it. Have you tried contacting your bank lately? One consequence has been that people get together less, as Facebook and other social media fulfil their need for contact. The Old Fosterians, however, maintain the tradition of an

Annual Reunion, to which partners and Old Digby's are invited. Indeed, these extra contingents add spice to the gathering, and give us topics of conversation other than 'Do you remember...?'. I look forward to seeing many of you there in October.

In October 2022, we gathered for the Annual Lunch at the Grange in Osborne, where Jon and Jennifer Fletcher catered wonderfully for us. There were faces old and new, including some from the 1950s who had not attended before. The Reunion was, of course, dedicated to the memory of the late Jack Crouch. We were pleased to welcome Jack's widow Elizabeth and his daughter Liz. Members gave many fond tributes to Jack and brought along examples of woodwork that they had created in Jack's classes.

We maintained our traditions, with the reading of the Roll of Honour before Grace. What was novel, and what felt somewhat strange, was the Loyal Toast: 'The King!'. Doubtless it will feel more familiar when we gather this year in October. Having organised the event for some years, I am now handing the torch to Andy Topp, who has much experience in organising events for organisations far larger than the OFA. I wish him every success and thank all those who have supported me in my efforts over the years.

The main topic at the AGM which followed the Lunch was the future of the OFA. There are fewer OFs now, and, while we are comfortably placed financially, funds will not last forever. A closer association with the Old Digby's was discussed and, if the OFA is to survive, looks inevitable. There was considerable support for this, as well as keeping alive the name of Richard Foster. Doubtless these topics will be further discussed in October. May I take this opportunity to wish you all a happy successful 2023.

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

## CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS

Another successful year. I have a lots of points to make and space is tight (a nice problem!) so I will cut to the chase.

We enjoyed a successful Dinner, October 2022, held in memory of Jack Crouch and were delighted to be joined by his widow Elizabeth and daughter Elizabeth. We also pulled together a JC inspired collection of original woodworking pieces – table, lamp stand, book stand etc. Remember those!

Once again, many thanks to Ian Maun for masterminding all the Reunion logistics which all worked seamlessly as they have for a number of years under his jurisdiction. He is now passing the baton to Andy Topp who we are delighted to welcome to the Committee and is taking on this role. There is a 2023 save the date notice later in the Magazine. 2023 will be a Memorial Lunch remembering Derek Stansfield.

Some of you hold your own 'year' reunions. Please can I encourage you to post details and especially photos on the Facebook site.

You would not be getting this Magazine if it were not, once again, for the sterling efforts of Kev Parsons. A million thanks from all of us. The Magazine remains our most crucial and expensive part of our existence. The majority of Magazines get posted. If you would be happy or prefer to receive an electronic copy only in the future, please email me [philipdolbear@aol.com](mailto:philipdolbear@aol.com) and Gary Ireland [gary.ireland@roke.co.uk](mailto:gary.ireland@roke.co.uk) .

Thank you to those that have upped their subscription in the year and / or provide one off donations. It really does make a difference. Bank details are given on the opening page. I must make reference and pay tribute to one special gift. Jeni Goode, Mike's daughter, pledged at the 2021 Reunion to put aside the value of a cup of coffee every time she ordered one for herself. 12 months on, she presented us with a bowl of cash containing £165 - amazing and thank you!

The Lord Digby's Old Girls Association is starting to wind down. We are in contact with them about sharing their contact list to ensure making our Reunion open to them. Funds will not be merged. There remains a possibility of one final joint Founders Day Service they may organise in May 2023. I will keep you posted.

With Alec Thorne's enthusiasm, we are speaking with Nicki Edwards, Head at The Gryphon, about some longer-term legacy to remember Fosters School, possibly involving the Education Trust that exists. This is in itself a legacy of the Newland Foundation Trust which Fosters were instrumental in. That's enough from me. Thank you to everyone involved keeping the OFA going. Looking forward to another year!

**Philip Dolbear**

## **HON TREASURER'S REPORT**

**At 31<sup>st</sup> December 2022**

The balances of the OFA accounts are as stated below for the year end 2022.

### **Assets at 31<sup>st</sup> December 2022.**

NatWest Reserve A/c	£1407.15	(£1405.02	Dec 2021)
NatWest Current A/c	£2844.62	(£2058.70	Dec 2021)
<b>Total</b>	<b>£4251.77</b>	(up £788.05 v	Dec 2021)

**Subscriptions and donations received from members in 2022 totalled £1530.44 down £144.56 on 2021.**

### **Expenditure at 31<sup>st</sup> December 2022**

Donation to Sherborne Douzelage	Nil	(Nil	2021)
Magazine printing / posting	£677.52	(£781.53	2021)

Founders Day Church Expenses	Nil	(Nil 2021)
BMV Lunch Adverts	Nil	(Nil 2021)
Lunch Guest of Honour & costs	£104.00	(£ 94.00 2021)
Poppy wreaths	£ 20.00	(£ 25.00 2021)
Memorial Donations	Nil	(£161.20 2021)
<b>Total</b>	<b>£801.52</b>	(down £260.21 on 2021)

I have not received any claims by members of the committee for any expenses incurred by them for calendar year 2022.

This years Reunion Lunch was dedicated to the memory of Jack Crouch. The Association was honoured with the attendance of his wife Elizabeth and his daughter Liz. (Donations of £50 to both Alzheimers and Cancer Research in his memory were made in November 2021).

£40 was paid from Association funds as a gratuity to The Grange staff.

### **Old Fosterian Magazine**

Printing cost was £446.00 in 2022 (£468.30 in 2021 / £575.00 in 2020)

Postal charges were £231.52 in 2022 (£313.23 in 2021 / £348.09 in 2020)

### **Appeal for Funds**

I have again included an (anonymous) analysis of our monthly income. We have once again benefitted from generous donations of £100 pounds and greater, as well as several of £50. There continues to be a steady increase in regular monthly contributions. Thank you to all who have donated.

Jan '22 £122.06      Jan '21 £78.50      Jan '20      £285

Feb '22	£90.50	Feb '21	£153.50	Feb '20	£51
Mar '22	£124.50	Mar '21	£578.50	Mar '20	£656
Apr '22	£274.50	Apr '21	£213.50	Apr '20	£126
May '22	£119.50	May '21	£93.50	May '20	£86
Jun '22	£71.50	Jun '21	£58.50	Jun '20	£91
July '22	£39.50	July '21	£33.50	July '20	£26
Aug '22	£29.50	Aug '21	£23.50	Aug '20	£16
Sep '22	£60.58	Sep '21	£74.50	Sep '20	£67
Oct '22	£164.50	Oct '21	£112.50	Oct '20	£101
Nov '22	£403.30	Nov '21	£223.50	Nov '20	£189.50
Dec '22	£30.50	Dec '21	£31.50	Dec '20	£19.50

Clearly the Association is somewhat more financially stable than it was a few years ago with approximately £4k in the bank. This has been as a result of increased income, reduced costs (magazine) and due to Covid, cancellation of Founders Day and temporary cessation of our benevolent actions.

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    23/1/2022**



## LOOKING BACK

*We again have to report the death of another Old Master, in this case, Derek Stansfield. Perhaps Derek was not as established as the likes of Mike Goode, or Ken House, but he nevertheless had quite an impact on the musical life of Foster's and Lord Digby's schools. We begin with a Eulogy written by Marilyn, his wife, followed by words from his Brother, Alan.*

### Life with Derek

I first met Derek in 1967. He was about to start a new job as Director of Music at Foster's and Lord Digby's Schools and I was Head Girl. His predecessor, Peter Burness, was a friend of the family so it seemed natural for me to invite Derek back to our home for afternoon tea. My parents were out at the time, but my Grandmother was there and she told them that "Marilyn had brought back lovely choir boy". This was the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

We didn't get engaged when I left school because Derek, most generously, wanted me to have my freedom for four years in Cambridge. We certainly made sure we were doing the right thing! We got married in Sherborne Abbey in 1972. It was a mutual condition of marriage that we didn't want children because we wanted to travel instead. We also promised each other that we were NOT going to have rows. We would always talk about any problems or disagreements as they arose (very rarely!). I can honestly say we had no row in 55 years.

We had grandiose plans for our camper van travels. In 1976 we drove to Kathmandu and back and in 1980/81 we drove around South, Central and North America. We also had trips exploring Europe.

One of the wonderful things about travel is the feeling of being looked after. I can thoroughly recommend it for increasing your faith.

In 1994 we took our first package-deal holiday and flew to



explore China. This was the beginning of us taking holidays that involved flying to places rather than driving. During school holidays we always took off the day term finished and got back the day before term started. I hasten to add that we did all our preparations for the new term beforehand! There was however one year when we didn't do any travel, staying at home and decorating the house. We never did that again.

*A younger Derek, as many of us remember him – Thank you for this Marilyn*

We both loved music. Derek, of course was the expert, but we both enjoyed concerts and listening to Derek's wonderful Quad Hi Fi. We also used to drive up to London after school, leaving promptly at 4.00 pm. In those days we were able to park

outside the Festival Hall amidst all the Australian camper vans! They had been shipped from Australia to India and then driven to the UK driven by lots of Australian couples.

Derek had very wide-ranging musical tastes, asking only for excellence in performance. For example he played Bach in Jacques-Loussier style Jazz on the piano with fellow school-master, Ian Maun, on the drums at Foster's in the early seventies and a close harmony rendering of Old McDonald's Farm with the Croft House School Magical group leaning on their elbows clustered around the grand piano.

We did everything together. Dear Robin Ferguson of Holy Rood Church in Shillingstone used to say "one always got 2 for the price of one with Derek"! After Derek stopped teaching we continued our cycling on the canal towpaths of England. We also loved travelling by train whether main line or steam on preserved lines, including some major transcontinental lines.

Derek's HiFi collection began in his late teens, buying The Quad system in bits as he could afford it. His record and then CD collection was large. It was mostly romantic music and he absolutely loved Elgar.

He had Parkinson's for 11 years and had to give up cycling when his balance became impossible; then it was on to the electric scooter and walking behind it while I drove: much to the confusion of passers by who thought we had a flat battery! He never used the scooter to pull himself along: it was purely to maintain his balance and prevent falling.

He was a superb patient: always willing to try things out; always cheerful; always positive. We did lots of listening and lots of reading when we couldn't get out any more.

Last month on July 15 we celebrated with a wonderful golden wedding anniversary party in our garden. he looked so well and it was wonderful to meet so many friends

Then came the hospital stay and the awful diagnosis, but he had no pain at all from it. Until the day before he died I was telling everyone how well he was doing. I want to say thank you to Carole Walker, the wonderful Parkinson's nurse who looked after him for the whole 11 years. Thank you to all the neighbours especially Derek and Pauline Hunter. They have been so kind. During the last few years Pauline's Derek used to pick up my Derek when he had fallen. "you alright mate?" he'd say, popping Derek in his chair and promptly leaving, always with no fuss. Thank you to all the NHS staff, the ambulance crews and the district nurses, all of whom were so professional and so kind.

I wish that the whole world could be like Broad Oak: then there would be no more war and no more backbiting In Broad Oak, not everyone wants to join in, but everyone smiles and waves and almost anyone would do anything to help without any fuss or ado. Thank you all for the wonderful cards, messages, Facebook comments and your loving care of us both.

I end by quoting dear friends Linda and Andy: *"Derek was always the optimist, talented, incredibly kind, and a gentle man. He took a keen interest in others and always took time to listen. We really were in awe of him and will never forget his sense of humour and his cheeky smile."*

Derek, you will always be in our hearts.

**Marilyn Stansfield**

## **My Big Brother**

Derek was my big brother. I'm immensely proud of him, all his achievements; everything he represented. I'm also deeply grateful for this opportunity to acknowledge and give thanks for all the unconditional love we had for one another. Throughout his entire life there was never, ever a cross word between us. The reason for our strong bond was, I believe, due to our seven-year age difference. When the Second World War ended our dad resumed his trade as a church organ builder. His job required him to be away for up to six weeks at a time on tuning and maintenance duties, so Derek became the surrogate man of the house. I can hear mum calling, "Derek, go and see what Alan's up to!" This was when Derek was not wandering across the fields all by himself in search of adventure. Even at an early age he had something of the Marco Polo spirit about him.

Derek invariably had a knack of finding me just the right presents for Christmas or my birthday. It could be a book, dinky toy or model aircraft - anything I had a craving for at the time. I still have a book on my shelves entitled "The Boys' Book of World Airlines" Inscribed by Derek and gifted to me For Christmas, 1961.

Music constantly filled our home, and I was under strict instructions not to make a noise while Derek was practising for his piano grade exams. His sternest critic was our mongrel dog, Spot. That dog had a highly sensitive ear for music for if there was anything he didn't care to listen to he would sit, bolt upright, facing the piano then throw his head back howling his disapproval like a wolf. A second piano was acquired so Derek could continue his studies in the seclusion and relative peace of his bedroom. If Derek excelled in music at school, then the same could not be said of his lamentable performance on the

sports field. One games master wrote of Derek in his end of term report, "He has no ability whatsoever."

I didn't follow the same musical career path as Derek though I did become a boy chorister at St. Ann's church in Manchester. Derek had been in the same choir prior to me and was a pupil of the resident organist, William Hardwick. Occasionally, Derek would deputise. I'd sit in the choir stalls looking out towards the congregation and say to myself with a feeling of great pride, "I wonder if they realise that's my brother playing the organ!" One Sunday morning, after the service ended, a thick blanket of fog enveloped central Manchester causing the buses to stop running - we had little choice but to walk almost all the seven miles home, pausing only to phone our parents to reassure them and request Sunday lunch be kept warm.

I was always happy and excited to be in Derek's company. When he was an undergraduate at Durham University one of his summer vacation jobs was labouring at Irlam steelworks. Yes, Derek at a steel works - the white heat of the furnace glinting off his 1960's Michael Caine glasses – not a lot of people know that! I digress. Spot and I would race across Chassen Park to meet him off the train when his shift ended and hear his news. Recently, Derek and I were discussing his time at the works. "Do you remember the story about the magic hammer?" he said. I confessed I didn't so asked Derek to repeat it - what he gave me was a pitch perfect recollection. During one of his shifts he was told, "Go to furnace number three and pick up the 'magic hammer'". Sometime later the inevitable question, "Well, did you get the 'magic hammer'?" was asked of an empty-handed Derek who was convinced he was the intended victim of a time-honoured shop floor leg-pull. Unluckily for Derek, the embarrassing truth was laid bare before him by an irate charge hand who said, in no uncertain terms,

that the supposed mythical 'magic hammer' was, in reality, a vital tool for production and he was the one holding it up!

When university term ended, I would get the bus into Manchester and greet Derek at Victoria station. I'd listen to his tales of life in Grey college: they were to spur me on and make me think seriously about further education and where I was heading. Once Derek had passed his driving test I badgered him - not that he needed much persuasion - to take me to Manchester Airport. We'd put our florins in the turnstiles and happily watch the arrivals and departures on the rooftop terrace for hours on end.

The money Derek earned from his various summer vacation jobs went towards his first hi-fi system. I well remember all the meticulous research that went into the purchase of his pride and joy. It pleases me to know that Derek's Quad hi-fi equipment, now considered a vintage classic and one capable of lighting a room with the glow from its giant valves, lives on today. Following a period in my possession it went on to receive a full restoration and currently resides with an audiophile somewhere in Hong Kong - a legacy I know Derek would be proud of.

When Derek moved away from home to commence his first teaching job at Lord Digby's and Foster's school in Sherborne, help was never far away if needed. When he heard I had an interview for a place at a Bristol college, Derek insisted he picked me up from Temple Meads station and stay with him overnight at his new house in Milborne Port. The same unstinting generosity was shown to me four years later following the completion of my studies in Leeds. Derek collected me together with all my goods and chattels - such as

they were - to load into the boot of his Rover for the journey home to Dorset.

Derek, assuming you don't know this already, was the original, archetypal English eccentric. I heard the story - he may have told me this himself - that when he was in Hall of Residence at Durham, he woke in the early hours suffering from night starvation - hunger pangs had struck with a vengeance! Examination of the cupboard showed it to be bare, save for a solitary bag of sugar. Using a teaspoon, Derek began to slowly consume the contents to a point about halfway down the bag his theory being "Sugar! it's supposed to give you energy, isn't it?". On another occasion when Derek had just started teaching and money was tight, the story goes that he would take a bath with his socks on to save on the washing. If the socks needed to be pressed back into service urgently, Derek had the ideal quick fix solution and that was to dry them under the grill!

In February 2020, my wife and I drove Marilyn and Derek to Bournemouth airport. Little did we know that their trip to Norway and the Arctic Circle would also be their last proper holiday. The insidious Parkinson's disease that Derek had been diagnosed with some ten years previously had, by now, taken a heavy toll on his body. Mercifully, his mind was as sharp as ever. We'd happily chat, no topic off limits. I would reminisce about our childhood family holidays in Cumbria or we would try to make sense of a world in which we found ourselves increasingly out of kilter with. I think, without realising it, we had achieved "grumpy old man" status - Derek was quick to point out that I certainly had!

Knowing that he liked to be entertained, I would regale him with amusing anecdotes or jokes I hoped he'd laugh at. I would also search out some music I thought he might appreciate. Recently,



I came across a song entitled “Lullabye”, by the American singer-songwriter, Billy Joel. The version I found was a flawless, close harmony rendition by the combined choirs of Voces 8 and The King’s Singers. You might wonder if this was really Derek’s cup of tea and I admit to being a little apprehensive as I placed my headphones over his ears to play him the track. I stood in silence as Derek listened intently and waited for him to deliver his verdict. As I carefully removed the headphones, he looked up at me from his chair and in a voice barely above a whisper, said, “Fantastic!” In that instant I felt once more that unbreakable bond between us. It was a fleeting moment but one, nevertheless, to love and cherish.

During his life Derek came into contact with so many people, mostly through his travels, teaching or music. I have lost count how many conversations I’ve had with a stranger who would stop me in mid flow and say, “You must be Derek’s brother!” To this day I remain in awe of Derek. His commitment and dedication to achieve the very best in everything he did and, latterly, the courage he showed in dealing with his illness was both humbling and inspirational. He was a perfectionist for whom second best was never an option. “I like things done properly!” he once said to me. Well Derek, I sincerely hope we have done things properly for you today.

You may have come across him as an acquaintance, perhaps you were a former pupil, neighbour or friend? Whatever your relationship with him, be it long or short, I know you will have been touched by his humility and, dare I say it, seduced just a little by his Libran charm. To me he will always be Derek, my Big Brother.

**Alan Stansfield**

*Following are a selection of comments appearing on social media.*

**Pauline Batstone...** Marilyn put together a lovely musical funeral service on Thursday 6th reliant on recorded music and we did not let a power cut stop us (thanks to Canon Eric Woods) - the power came back on half way through the service. Maybe we can enjoy Marilyn's musical choice with a memorial concert in the spring to raise money for The Parkinson's society ..... maybe.....watch this space...

**Jackie Rose...** So sad to hear this. Always think of him when I hear Enigma Variations or Carnival of the Animals. Recently managed to buy one of his books and loved reading about his travels.

**Philip Dolbear...** Great memories. Elgar's Enigma Variations and Saint Caen's Carnival of the Animals will never be the same again! RIP.

**Elly Key...** Remember Mr Stansfield very well and still to this day love Saen sans and "carnival of the animals" and this is because of him ! Thank you Mr Stansfield.

**Mark Brewer...** Sad news RIP Derek he taught me O-level music and accompanied me many times on the trumpet which I was a bit reluctant to do albeit a strong persuasion from him .....the biggest gripe I had was that I missed double games to sit in the Julian and compose.

**Sara Carter....** Singing in the Abbey was fab. I remember him very fondly too.

**Rachel Clark...** He was a brilliant music teacher, I loved being in the choir.

**Debbie Greene...** Ah, Mr Stansfield. I failed the audition for the choir, but was keen and he kindly later let me in anyway. And ever grateful for the way he successfully coached me through music O-level at which I felt very untalented compared to my 2 fellow pupils who were both Grade 8 in 2 instruments.

**Sarah Butler...** RIP Mr Stansfield. I remember auditioning for the choir - I was terrified. He was so kind though. We didn't have to sing solo, we all sang together and he came round to listen to us all individually! The hymn that we had to sing was 'Immortal, Invisible'. I'll never forget. Condolences to his family.

**Steve Herbert...** RIP Mr Stansfield, he took me through O level music with 3 girls from Digby school studying Elgar and Scarlatti I remember. Always fun at combined orchestra as he always told us the brass section that we were too loud!

**Julie Walters...** I'm so sorry to hear this news. I remember him well through both music lessons and in the choir of which I was choir secretary. Putting out the music before rehearsals was part of my job, so I had to arrive early for practices. Being an extremely shy girl at the time there were always awkward silences between him and me. Whilst I remember learning about the Enigma Variations, I also recall us listening to Pink Floyd's "Wish you were Here" album, which remains one of my favourites to this day. So I have Mr Stansfield to thank for my love of choral singing and Pink Floyd! I also enjoyed reading about his travels in South America.

Rest in peace Mr Stansfield.

**Robin Jackson...** His travels to Kathmandu and other places from Milborne Port were legendary but I also remember him enabling us to present and critique the music we listened to - I'm not sure he appreciated Free or Sabbath or Zeppelin but he made us think about music and for that I will always remember him.

## REMEMBRANCE SERVICE - 2022



*L-R: Jeni Goode, Gryphon pupils, Kevin Waterfall, Philip Dolbear, John House, Rev Jim Eddie.*

We were again pleased to be asked to join the Gryphon in their Service including laying a wreath on the Fosters Roll of Honour Boards.

The service was conducted by The Reverend Jim Eddie from the Abbey team. The address was given by Lt Cmdr Phil Hedgecox, RN, Air Engineer Officer responsible for 220 engineers looking after 11 helicopters at RNAS Yeovilton.

He reminded us of some key elements around Remembrance:

- 11/11/18 when the guns fell silent
- The significance of the poppy as one of the few plants and flowers that grew in the desolation of the battlefields
- The Last Post has been sounded to signify the end of the day since the 1790's but now has new meaning as the end of life for those fallen in battle
- The Royal British Legion providing recovery and rehabilitation support to currently serving and ex-service personnel who are wounded, injured, sick, as well as championing Remembrance.

**Philip Dolbear**

## **... and other Looking Back**

*David Merchant sent us his memories of School.*

Many of the articles in the 2022 edition of the Fosterian, coupled with the sad news of Peter Graham's passing, brought back many memories of my time as a pupil of Fosters Grammar School and of my hometown of Sherborne. Therefore, I thought it was time for me to wander down memory lane and to put some of my recollections of Fosters in the late 50's and early 60's in writing.

Putting on the uniform for the first day, along with the much-loved large peak cap, was a thrill along with giving the wearer a sense of pride in being able to walk through the town wearing it.

Some of the teaching staff who made an impact on my life included, to begin with it has to be Mr Miller. Everyone always referred to him as Mick following the famous winner of the Greyhound Derby, even though his initials were PDF. I also remember the lessons beginning whilst he was still in the corridor and woe betide anyone who was not ready when his flowing gown finally arrived in the classroom. In September 1962 when our year entered the 6<sup>th</sup> Form we were joined for the first time by some girls from Lord Digby's for A Level Maths [some boys made the reverse journey for A Level English]. The lessons were certainly unlike anything these girls had experienced at their own School down the road and an even greater disadvantage for them was that the boys had all passed O Level Additional Maths at the end of the 5<sup>th</sup> Form – something the girls had never encountered. The other thing I remember about Mick Miller was his two Bedlington Terriers.

Another important influence was Stan or Mac McKay, who was meticulous in every detail whether in teaching History, the Library or as the Officer in charge of the Combined Cadet Force. He was also someone who really cared about his students, even after they had left school, and when I was appointed to my first senior teaching appointment, he sent me a congratulatory letter as he had met my Mum in town, and she had told him of my appointment as Head of Maths.

Another caring teacher was A J Norfolk – it was years later in reading an edition of the *Fosterian* I learnt his name was John. His aim was for us to enjoy and learn Geography. Tony Palmer taught us English – and he achieved that in me despite my serious preference for numbers over words. I remember in the 1<sup>st</sup> year we had to learn the words to Jerusalem although I never knew why. Two more teachers who come to mind were

Edgar Maltby in Art and Ernest Hulme in French who tried to teach me, but with very limited success.

The Head when I first joined Fosters was Mr Lush and I remember very little about him, but he was succeeded by Mr Sugden who certainly made an impression upon us all during his tenure as Head.

Other memories from my education at school included Saturday morning swimming at the Boys' School outdoor pool – it could be very bracing! Commoners Concerts at the end of the Spring Term – if the Grand National had taken place on the Saturday there was always an attempt to fit the winners' name into one of the sketches; some of us also learnt to Morris Dance under Tony Palmer's tuition to bring something extra to the annual feats of entertainment. There was also the school play, directed by Mr Sugden, and I will always remember being chosen as the Police Inspector in Witness for the Prosecution in June 1963.

1963 was also memorable for the snow which began to fall on Boxing Day 1962 and continued to do so for many days. The Spring Term start was delayed by 2/3 days and for 3/4 Wednesday afternoons as 6<sup>th</sup> Formers, and there being no chance of games, we were dispatched with brushes and shovels to clear the paths of Senior Citizens in the town. Some of our number did not get in to school from outlying villages until mid-February. This was also the year when I was first selected as Crucifer to lead the procession for the Annual Founder's Day Service in Sherborne Abbey; and in my final year I performed the same role for Lord Digby's School Founder's Day Service.

It would be remiss of me not to mention the Yetties, no longer performing since the passing of Pete Shutler. They gave a

number of Charity Concerts in Basingstoke and as we were living in Newbury at the time, we always attended them. There was often some chat back and forth between them and myself and in one such concert I joined them in singing the school song – fortunately they had brought the words along for me! I also remember visiting local hostelrys and one which looked the other way regarding age was the Digby Tap – it was also where Pete Shutler supped long after leaving school. Cider was the most common and most potent drink – but being close to Somerset it was always proper scrumpy.

Now we live in North Norfolk, Sherborne is too far away for a visit, but I have very fond memories of growing up there, attending local schools ie The Council School prior to joining Fosters and feeling very much part of the town; helped by Dad as manager of the Gas Showrooms in Cheap Street and Mum has secretary of St Aldhelm's from when it opened. Reading the latest edition of the Fosterian simply brought so many memories flooding back, so thank you, and I hope these thoughts offer a similar experience to others.

**David Merchant** 1957-1964

*Thank you David. Now Brian Lampits recalls more on Jack Crouch...*

Very sorry to read of the passing of J Crouch: I've had a rummage around and found mandatory woodwork first year boat, bookrack and lamp that we each built in year 1 to 3. I returned to a bit of woodwork on the Friday afternoons in 6th form where I made a slide box which had become forgotten as it hadn't been seen for a long time but like one does, I have been periodically searching the loft for the last couple of years for old photos which regrettably still elude me, but found the box by chance (complete with slides so that's a consolation).



During my school years he would often have a project in the corner – I think some sort of motorised cart and along with caravan! In his retirement he told me about his 2 vintage cars which lodged at Haynes Museum at Sparkford plus a third which he had just finished restoring.

I also recall Jack Edward's, English teacher. I think he passed away a long way back, perhaps before the school closed. Can't say I was at all gregarious at school but I popped back sometime after I left for reasons long since forgotten but Mr Crouch and Mr Edwards really welcomed me nonetheless less. In hindsight I was dreadful at English but he never criticised and I did scrape an O Level which in hindsight facilitated my career which I otherwise perhaps wouldn't have been able to have.

Back to the slide box, in epithet - Jack Crouch wasn't happy with the size or quality of lock that I had to go on to it so 'found' a better one in his desk that he offered to 'swap'. Once finished Jack insisted that I take it down to the staff room to show everyone, doubtless to uplift my reputation.



And in due course awarded the Woodwork prize for that year. I was very pleased to be seated next to him at the OFS Dinner a few years back. I somehow suspect that wasn't a coincidence.

**Brian Lampits 1968-1975**

*Prompted by last year's magazine, John Bowles recounts his time at the school.*

Thank you so much for my copy of the Spring 2022 copy of The Fosterian. It has a wonderful way of connecting me with my past but also highlights my shortcomings in being able to deal with the present. High tech? Not quite the abacus but certainly a fountain pen and pencils are in my tool box. Reading through the comments of Old Fosterians I find, at times, I have become a jaundiced old fart. At 85 it is one thing I am qualified for.

We're my years at Fosters enjoyable? Of course they were but the need to pass that examination to get there carried a lot of stress. That stress was not to have any effect on me as we were not made aware of such a thing. One day we were simply told to wear our "best clothes" the next day and bring our bikes. Big mystery. Nothing more. That day we were conducted to the other side of the world (Sherborne) where there was a big posh school. After the Old Abbey school everything was big and posh. We were shown into a classroom, seated and given two pencils. Exam sheets were placed untidily in front of us and we were told to answer as many questions as we could. At the end we were allowed to go directly home. The Stress was with our parents as they knew what was happening. They knew there was great competition to pass that exam so that we would get the opportunity of a good education. Alongside that was the stress of having to find the money for uniforms and all the other bits that would be needed. Equally there was the kudos of having a child bright enough to go to Grammar School. Debatable.

In all honesty I did not take full advantage of that opportunity. I worked harder to get out of the classroom to get to the gym, sports field or art room than I would have used in the

classroom. It really did mean a lot to pass that entrance exam and certainly tended to break up friendships made at Primary School. Philip Stainer makes reference to the bleak looking future for those who failed. In fact, he makes a sad reference to Yeovil Technical College. A little harsh I feel especially if you look how education developed into Comprehensive Schools where attitude and aptitude developed (in theory) a pupil's talents. Having lived in Sherborne all my life I have been able to watch my friends from all forms of education. Those from Public Schools, Grammar, Yeovil and even a couple from Borsalino as it was called in those days. Result? They have all done very well and some from the Yeovil Tech went on to run their own businesses. There were exceptions and indeed one of them did go on the run.

My memories of the teaching staff are many and varied. Reference is made to the "monk", who carried supplies of bits of chalk in the wings of his gown. This immediately brings to mind Mr Hewitt. I cannot remember his Christian name but he was known as Pansy. A rather tall man he flounced around in his gown, trousers kept up with a tie. He would sprawl in his chair, feet on the desk. The shoes invariably had holes in the sole. In arms reach he had a large globe on a weighted pulley on which he relied very heavily. He lived in Marston Road and drove an early 1930's Morris Eight Tourer. This quite regularly would run away down the hill finishing up near the Crown. If it failed to start boys would be dispatched to push it back up the hill. He served as a submariner during the war. Having spent several tough years at that he obviously decided life should be more relaxed. Good for him. Physics were taught by Mr "Happy" Blythman. A small gentleman who looked constantly swamped by his gown. He Introduced us to the Lab and it's bits and pieces. Standing behind the teaching bench he would hold a retort stand and name it. So on and so on until he came

to a beaker. Which he threw into the air then walked away forgetting to catch it. Crash! He did look the part of the absent-minded Professor.

Some of you will recall that at the back of the lab there was a trapdoor in the floor. This allowed access to the services and ran the length of the lab where there was another trap door in the small store. One of our form, a certain ? ? King would go the length of it and make noises in the storeroom. Poor Mr Blythman. He was a lovely man.

Edgar Maltby was also a lovely man but for years he was the source of mystery to me. He always carried to and from school a large, battered briefcase. It was obvious this was not carrying artwork for marking. One day I was in the Jug and Bottle at the Mermaid, on an errand for my father of course. Edgar came in, removed bottles from that brief case and had them filled up with scrumpy! It was the first time I realised that deep down teachers could be human. There was another event that really caught the attention of our unruly Form in the classroom. Maltballs, as we knew him, produced sketches of a nude lady. Phew temperatures and other things rose amongst a group of puberty-stricken boys. It beat looking at the well-thumbed books in the library. Oh yes you do remember those books. It turned out they were sketches of his wife. Puts a different perspective to Philip Stainer's stated view of her.

Thinking of Maltballs gives me a link to him and Jock McKay in the CCF. Jock was a great disciplinarian. He loved catching you in town not wearing school cap and tie. Be caught with one but without the other and you got a detention. Putting him in uniform in charge of us Army Cadets and he was in his element. Edgar was far more relaxed and a little less crisp in his uniform. His ragged bushy moustache somehow spoilt the

image. Efficient Jock. A friend once said Jock McKay would make you stand up and slope arms before you could lie down and die. William Stafford. Now that name recalls an image of a very angelic, well turned-out young boy standing on the roadside at Longburton waiting for the school bus. That dirty old two tone brown, smelly diesel fume puffing bus belonging to the Bere Regis bus company. Remember William? What happened? Only joking. Two other part time members of staff warrant mention. Bill Wearden was the Abbey Organist and Choirmaster. He visited the school to try and improve our knowledge of music and singing. Poor man, most of us were dead wood. Singing things like 'The Trout' did not appeal. I was one of the lucky few. Our voices broke early and we were relegated to the table of No Hoppers. Rev. Carroll. What a lovely Irish Gentleman he was. He was Curate at the Abbey and toured his parish on a Velocette LE motorcycle. I doubt it ever went above second gear. His ample girth very firmly plonked on it and a battered trilby jammed on his head. Pre helmet days. He achieved a lot of good work without making bow waves. If he had moved faster, his ample form would have done so. Ah well I have waffled on far too long so will stop and go and do one of the things an old man does too frequently. No, not that, I mean have another cup of coffee. Good Health, Good Luck to all Old Fosterians wherever you are in this World. Keep Smiling.

**John Bowles 1948-53**

# THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2022

Minutes of meeting 15<sup>th</sup> October 2022

**Attendees:** Philip Dolbear – Chair, Ian Maun – President  
David Noble – Secretary, Pete Holden – Treasurer  
Alec Thorne, John House, Stan Love, Kevin Waterfall,  
Mark Brewer, Roger Taylor, Gary Ireland, Peter Johns,  
Andy Topp, Jeni Goode, Pauline Batstone LDS OGS

**Treasurer's report:** John House: printing costs up by a third, are we prepared for that to go up.

Gary and Philip to send annual reminder for Fosterian content and add a reminder for members to clarify if they'd like take Fosterian digitally.

Suggestion to put that at the top

**Election of Officers:** No change. Agreed.

New member (*Andy Topp – Ed*) will take on dinner arrangements From Ian.

Next year dinner 14th October 2023. Derek Stansfield memorial.

Remembrance Service date: (*t.b.a- Ed*)

Future of OFA and LDS: Committee agreed to merge in terms of dinner. Contacts list to be sent to Gary after approval from members.

Paragraph from LDS for Fosterian, any LDS members that want Fosterian will have to take it digitally.

Founder's Day costs money and is majority LDS. Most likely that would be the natural end of that process as OFA don't generally attend.

Most sensible to keep two funds separate to avoid complications, and LDS can dispose of their funds as they see fit.

Future of Association (Alec). Should we be aiming to foster something in the community for disadvantaged children in the area?

Chair and Alec to meet with Nicky Dobson(?) from Newland Trust to identify possible options.

Closed 4.03

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## **OLD FOSTERIANS' LUNCH 2022**

Nearly 40 gathered at this years lunch, once again held at The Grange, covering a large range of school years.

The Reunion was held in memory of Jack Crouch. We were delighted to be joined by his widow Elizabeth and daughter Elizabeth (ex LDS). Attendees enjoyed reminiscing over a collection of woodwork including lampstands, tables and bookcases, crafted under Jack's watchful eye. After lunch members recollected moments and memories as pupils under Jack covering woodwork of course, but also Design and Technology, Maths and drama. Of the latter Jack played a huge part constructing sets as well as appearing in front of them at times. Jack certainly made an impact still lasting to this

day – Pete Holden retains a picture of Jack over his engineering bench and when stuck, looks up says “How would you do this Sir!”

Details of the 2023 Reunion are posted later in the Magazine.

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## **THIS AND THAT**

*Following the Annual Dinner in 2022, we received the following letter from Elizabeth Crouch, Jack’s widow.*

26, Carleton Road  
Poynton  
Cheshire SK12 1TL

October 20th

Dear Philip and Ian,

Thank you so much for inviting me to join you and other Old Fosterians at the Grange last Saturday. It was a delightful occasion and I enjoyed it very much.

Not many widows have the opportunity to sit amongst so many people formerly associated with their late husband to hear their fond memories of him so genuinely expressed. I found it very heartening, and a great comfort. I know that Liz felt very much the same. It was an occasion which I will always remember, and I am very glad that I made the journey down to Sherborne.

It was so kind of people to bring along some of their woodwork efforts!

Jack loved teaching at Fosters, and it is evident that the boys



must have enjoyed their time there too ! The fact that the Association is still well supported bears this out.

If you and your wives ever find yourselves up this way please do come and visit. This is a lovely area for walking or exploring by car!

With my thanks again and very best wishes,

Elizabeth

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## **OLD BOYS' NEWS**

Hello Kevin

I was looking at the lunch for the old Fosterians later this year and wonder if there will be any of the 63-70 attending. My departure from England was in 1988 when I received an employment offer in Switzerland with a firm in the technology sector. From then on it has been a roller coaster being in many different industries ( Mechanical, Luxury, Food & Beverage, Natural Resources to name a few).

From reading the various magazines it all seems to be the following years as if time has taken its toll

Regards

Jeremy Neads

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## **VALETE**

**Derek John Stansfield 1943 – 2022 Broad Oak**

**R. John Hann** At Foster's 1946 – 1950. Sherborne

**Dennis Fudge** passed away in January aged 99 years. Dennis was a weekly boarder, cycling in from his home at Leigh where his father owned the bakery. At some point during the Second World War, he became a Submariner.

**Vaughan Hutchings** passed away at the age of 90. His time at Foster's School would have been about 1943-48

**Clive C Moores** At Foster's 1945 - 1952 Stalbridge. *(Note from Editor: Clive's passing cannot go without mention of his business based at West Mill, Stalbridge, supplying animal feeds and including latterly, angling baits. He was and his sons now are, custodians of the old Mill and within, a 40hp Ruston Hornsby diesel engine, installed at the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> World War to assist milling operations when water levels changed as a result of the construction of HMS Dipper – the RNAS base at nearby Henstridge. This diesel engine is, as far as I am aware, still used for milling.)*

**Simon H Newell** At Fosters 1966 – 1973. Earlier in the year we heard of the passing of Simon. His wife Alison advised "My husband Simon passed away on March 6<sup>th</sup> (2022) having suffered from two brain tumours. He was diagnosed with terminal brain cancer last August." Simon was a Committee member, being the Membership Secretary, until his ill-health forced him to relinquish his post. Our thoughts and prayers are of course with his family.

**Ian Miller** At Foster's 1951 – 1958. We heard from Gillian, Ian's wife that he passed away on 28<sup>th</sup> December 2021. Gillian writes: "In case anyone remembered him, he was at Fosters, where his father PDF Miller was Deputy Head, from I think 1951 before leaving to study Geography at Sheffield

University (*He gained a Dorset County Major Scholarship for this – Ed*). His home was in Kings Road. He enjoyed teaching Geography in both Swindon and Faringdon, Oxfordshire and became Deputy Head at the latter. He married myself Gillian, also a teacher and Sheffield graduate and had 2 sons, Malcolm and Andrew both of whom married and lived in Europe. He enjoyed 25 years of retirement and enjoyed travelling visiting places, worldwide, he had only read about, (and had to teach). Travelling on family visits through France and Spain he enjoyed using his languages particularly French (the result of a Rotary exchange whilst still at Fosters) and developed his love of painting, mainly recording the geographical landscapes, a throwback to field sketching a part of his Geography course. Old barns had a fascination for him and he had a collection of paintings of lots, both very local and worldwide. His 4 grandchildren gave him so much pleasure particularly when they stayed for extended periods to understand the English part of their heritage. His was a well lived, happy life and he gave much to his local community.”

**Gareth Boulton** 1.5.72 - 7.9.20. Gareth attended Foster’s School from 1983 - 1990; he enjoyed the workload and the time spent avoiding sporting activities especially cross country. He left to go to the University of the West of England at Bristol where he gained a BA(Hons) in Modern Languages and Information Systems. He was offered a position with Symantec IT in Dublin where he worked for 2 years before being promoted to their HQ in Los Angeles.

He did well there for 4 years before moving to Phoenix, Arizona with his soon-to-be husband Paul.

After sometime they moved to Olympia, Washington State for a more temperate climate and liberal attitude. Sadly, he was diagnosed with Bowel Cancer in 2019 to which, despite

treatment, he succumbed in 2020. A sad ending to a life full of promise.

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## FROM THE ARCHIVES

*Now for something from way back, 112 years ago to be precise. It was found by Rachel Hassall from Sherborne Museum, relating to S H Taylor, educated at Foster's School.*

On 12 November 1910, Lord Milner presented Scoutmaster **Sidney Harold Taylor** (1889-1917) with the third-grade medal of merit (at the request of Sir Robert Baden-Powell) for bravery in stopping a runaway horse on West Hill in June 1910. The 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> Sherborne Troop of Boy Scouts had been formed in October 1909.

Sidney was assistant manager at Sherborne Gasworks. He was born in Sherborne in 1889, one of five children born to Sergeant-Major John Newman Taylor (Gymnastic instructor at Sherborne School 1886-1912) and Mary Ann Taylor of Ballinora, Sherborne. He was educated at Fosters Grammar School. During the First World War he served as a 2nd Lieutenant in the 1st Btn., Dorsetshire Regiment. He was killed in France on 4 April 1917, aged 27 years old, and was buried at Chapelle British Cemetery, Holnon, France. He is remembered on the Sherborne town war memorial and the Fosters School Roll of Honour.

### **BRAVERY BY SCOUTMASTER TAYLOR REWARDED.**

*Western Chronicle, 18 November 1910*

A unique and interesting ceremony took place on Saturday morning [12 November 1910] outside the Railway Station, when

Lord Milner, who the previous day had opened the new buildings at Sherborne School [Carrington Buildings], presented a medal to Scoutmaster S.H. Taylor, who has charge of the local troop of B.P. Boy Scouts in connection with the C.L.B., for bravery he recently displayed in stopping a runaway horse, and also presented colours to the C.L.B. troop. A little explanation as to Scoutmaster Taylor's act is needed. In the month of June last the C.L.B. Co. and the Troop of Scouts had been to Leweston Farm, where they were entertained by Captain C.B. Brett. On the homeward journey as they were descending West Hill the horse attached to a cart, in which rode a farm hand, his wife and infant, became excited by the Brigade band. The music was stopped



before the lads reached the spot, but, although the man in charge had got down the horse's head, the animal became unmanageable, and bolted with the man hanging to it. Scoutmaster Taylor, who was in front rushed forward, and as he did so, the frantic animal dashed into the hedge. This slight check enabled Mr Taylor to catch and seize its head, but it bolted with him. In spite of its furious pace he managed to stick to the runaway for 50 yards or so when he was knocked into the hedge and the wheel missed going over him by a few inches. Mr Taylor quickly got up and went for the runaway again. In the meanwhile, the woman, who was riding in the vehicle, had had the presence of mind to seize the reins, and

her doing so had the effect of somewhat checking the animal, and Scoutmaster Taylor running up got held of its head. Ex-Scoutmaster H.P. Dalzell-Walton promptly came to his assistance and the animal was finally stopped. As the result of what may truly be termed heroic conduct, Mr Taylor was badly scratched and severely shaken. Ex-Scoutmaster H.P. Dalzell-Walton is to be heartily thanked for his interest in bringing the matter to the attention of the Scouts' authorities, and as a result of his efforts Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the chief scout, awarded the third grade medal of merit.

There was a large number of the public present on Saturday morning to witness the ceremony, among them being: The Vicar of Sherborne, Archdeacon, F.B. Westcott, Mr J.B. Carrington, Mr J.A. Fooks, Mr A. Gates, the Rev. C.O. Rockett (chaplain), Captain the Rev. W.G. Hardie (who commands the Abbey Company of the Church Lads' Brigade), Dr McCarthy, Mr H. Durrant (Urban District Council chairman), Messrs. W.J. Ingram, P.H. Rawson, C.B. Brett, and many others. Lord Milner walked to the station in the company of the Headmaster of the School (Mr N.C. Smith) and Mrs Smith, Col. J.R.P. Gooden, &c.



Members of both the C.L.B. and the B.B. Troops of Scouts were present and they marched down, headed by the Bugle Band, under Scoutmaster Wm. Barnes and Scoutmaster Taylor. Lieut. Geo. Batchelor carried the colours which Lord

Milner afterwards presented. For the ceremony Ex-Scoutmaster H.P. Dalzell-Walton took command of the Scouts. Lord Milner was received by the lads with the general salute and the bugles also sounded the salute.

Ex-Scoutmaster Dalzell-Walton presented Scoutmaster Barnes and Scoutmaster Taylor to Lord Milner and his lordship then inspected the lads.

At the call of Ex-Scoutmaster Dalzell-Walton Scoutmaster Taylor then stepped forward. His lordship shook hands with him and said he had great pleasure in pinning the medal on his breast, and he congratulated him on getting the medal on behalf of his (the speaker's) old friend, General Baden-Powell.

Ex-Scoutmaster H.P. Dalzell-Walton then asked his lordship to present the colours given to the Scouts by Captain the Rev. W.G. Hardie and bearing the Scouts' Motto "Be Prepared" to Scoutmaster Taylor.

Lord Milner, in handing the flag to Scoutmaster Taylor, said: I have great pleasure in presenting this flag, and I hope that the Scouts will always do everything to defend it and do honour to it. It is a great thing to have a symbol like this which stands for duty and devotion to your King and country, to your companions as Scouts and for all manly attributes – discipline, uprightness and courageousness – and I hope all the Scouts will realise what it means, always value it, protect it, and do credit to it. (Applause)

Mr Dalzell-Walton heartily thanked Lord Milner, and said he was sure the Scouts of Sherborne very much appreciated his lordship's kindness. They would honour the flag the more for having received it at Lord Milner's hands. (Applause)

Lord Milner: Thank you. It has given me great pleasure to do it.

The Scouts again saluted and heartily cheered for Lord Milner, who then entered the station and left by the 11.30 train. He was seen off by Col. Goodden and Mr Nowell Smith.

### **Courtesy of Sherborne Museum**

*Following on from this, more archives came to light that show there was a thriving Scout Group based at Foster's School. Again, the information comes from Rachel Hassell, augmented by Fosterian Magazines.*

The information takes the form of Scout Group Registration Forms. The Group was known as the "3<sup>rd</sup> Sherborne (Foster's School)" having the Group Number of 9846. The earliest dates from 1922 showing the scoutmaster to be A.S. Harrison of Hill View, Coldharbour, Sherborne. There were 16 active scouts and one Officer (Mr Harrison). Mr Harrison led the Troop from 1921 to 1926. In 1928, the number of scouts had risen to 20, with the one officer, scoutmaster A J Bryce.

By 1931, the registration form held a little more information. It also showed the Group Number to be 13174. The scoutmaster is shown as L.N.W. Kitzerow, an Old Fosterian (1921-28). In addition to him, there are 12 scouts and 8 wolf cubs on the roll. The Group was a 'Controlled' Group, ie one that was organised by a Church, School or other Organisation. As such, the Registration Form required the Controller to sign and we see the signature of H Lush, Headmaster, Foster's School.

It is interesting to see that despite being a school Troop, there is very little mention of their activities in the Fosterian Magazines. A reference in the Summer 1932 OF reveals that of the 17 scouts, four were actually cubs, but their activities had been curtailed by the illness of their scoutmaster, whilst by the Christmas edition of that year, it seems that from September,



activities had been resurrected with assistance from Messrs Paton and Mitchell, both Old Fosterians, of the 1<sup>st</sup> Sherborne (Castle) Troop. It was noted also that the regular scoutmaster was on the mend – his name, Mr Kitzerow.

By Easter 1933, it was pleasing to see that the Troop had all become proficient at Semaphore flags, but their Leader was still not at the helm, but by the end of the year, he had returned. The scout numbers had, though, declined severely to 6.

And that was the last time the scout group had a mention in the magazine. No reason has been found for its disappearance, but I suspect the small numbers last reported in 1933 give the strongest clue that the Troop had likely folded.

(Incidentally, it is Mr Kitzerow that in 1934 was responsible for the origins of the Fosterian Magazine colours, gold, chocolate and green. During the second World War, the cover was dispensed with and it wasn't until 1949 the gold was resumed, the green and chocolate went, but the gold remained, complimented by the black spine.)

**Kevin Parsons**

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## **Dates for your Diary**

### **Reunion Dinner**

**Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> October 2023**

This will be held at The Grange Hotel, Osborne. We will again be welcoming partners and also members of Lord Digby's Old Girls Association.

The Reunion will be held in memory of and celebrating the life of Derek Stansfield who died in 2022. We will be pleased to be joined by his widow Marilyn as our guest.

**OLD FOSTERIANS' ASSOCIATION  
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**  
Saturday 14th October 2023  
**PRECEDING** the Reunion Dinner at approx. 11.30  
At The Grange at Osborne

KEEP THE DATE FREE!

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**Gryphon School Remembrance Service**

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

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**From the Editor:**

Next year, I hope that your magazine will finally get round to remembering the Commoners Concerts that so many of us embraced as an opportunity to let our hair down. So, if you have any Commoners stories (and I have had a few sent in already), please send them to the Editor, Kevin Parsons, at [rustykev@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:rustykev@hotmail.co.uk)



**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>