



A message from our Chairman

Dear Old Fullarian,

Welcome to another edition of Contact. I am honoured to start my term as the new Chairman of the OFA and look forward to continuing the good work of the committee. Thanks go to Mike England for his work over the last two years and look forward to his support as Deputy Chairman. From my year on the committee, I know the amount of effort that goes into running our program of events and the rewards that result from them. There is a large and vibrant alumni from Watford Grammar and I look forward to talking with many of you over the coming months, at least by email if not in person.

I would like to welcome Ian Cooksey, the new Headmaster of the school and now President of the Association. The committee and I have had the chance to dine with the new Head and discuss his vision for the school. From our conversations, it seems clear that the future is in steady hands. I would also like to thank to Mark Allchorn, who so ably served as Acting Headmaster for the previous year and was of great support to the OFA. As he is remaining at the school, we look forward to continuing to work with him in the coming months. We come off the back of a successful 2015 and start to 2016. The Annual Dinner in January was a well-attended event, with 170 alumni and guests dining in the school hall. The speeches were well received, and particular thanks must go to Air Vice-Marshal Edward Stringer, our esteemed guest speaker, for sharing his words of wisdom from his many years of service. Profits from the dinner went towards the chairs for the school that were purchased last year and the profits from the bar and raffle were split with the school, to support the school's Argentina Tour funds. We are starting to invite people as Year representatives to help arrange groups attending the dinner- if you would like to get involved, please email me.

2015 also saw the 50th anniversary of the Old Fullerians' Golf Society, with a series of events and celebrations throughout the year. It marked the highlight of a strong year of sports, with great participation from Rugby, Cricket and Football. If you would like to get involved in any society, please visit the website to find more details.

And 2016 will see us continue and enhance our successful program of events and activities. July 6th will see a repeat of the Careers' Day, organised and managed so ably by Russell Deane, the Vice Chairman, and the team at the school. Last year's event saw over 40 alumni and staff sharing their knowledge and expertise with the Sixth Formers and was a success all round. We are now looking to repeat the experience with new mentors, while also bringing on board second and third year undergraduates, to provide their perspective on UCAS and going to university. If you would like to attend and feel like you have expertise you would like to share, please contact Russ on

russelld@srdrecruit.com.

We will also be bringing back the Year 10 Dragons' Den at the end of the year, where teams of students present their ideas to a panel of judges from business and industry. The skill of the presentations in 2015 was impressively high and the day was won by a proposal to develop an app for the school. Plans are now underway to build on the concept over the coming months with the support of the judges, but thanks go to all the team and staff who helped stage this event. If you would like to get involved in this, please email me (address below). We are also looking to host two quiz nights, resurrect our successful London event and start generating better networking opportunities for our wider membership. We are also seeking to improve the experience of the website and start opening up new opportunities online. But the running of the membership relies on a small number of people dedicating a small or large amount of time over the year, either serving on the committee, appearing as a mentor or just supporting the events by attending. If you are able to offer any assistance or have any suggestions for how we can better serve our membership, please don't hesitate to get in touch, either via the website or by emailing me directly on obolland@gmail.com. The more we can do, the better we will be able to support our wider members and build a stable community for the years ahead.

I wish you well and look forward to meeting many of you over the coming year.

Oliver

From the Editor

To date no venues have been confirmed for the spring and autumn quiz evening. Unfortunately the White House hotel is no longer available for these functions but as soon as alternative arrangements have been made, members will be advised. It is also our intention to reintroduce a wine tasting evening and again members will be given details in due course.

One note for your diary, the 2017 annual dinner will take place on Saturday 14th January in the school hall.

All events where dates have been confirmed are featured in the association calendar.

Should you wish to suggest any other social or sporting events, the committee will be pleased to consider your suggestions.

My thanks go to Peter Holden for his continuing efforts regarding the layout and design of this and all previous editions of "Contact"

John Cook

Old Fulleriens' Football Club

At the time of writing, the club is at the top of division one of the Watford Sunday League and is likely to be promoted to the premier division for the season 2016/17.

We are pleased to welcome new members, and information about the club may be obtained from the chairman Chris Coleman Tel: 01923 267315

Chris Coleman



Do you not have an Association Tie or Cufflinks?

Ties

- Striped with crest (polyester).....£8.50
- Striped with crest (silk).....£16.50
- Black with crest (polyester).....£9.00

Cufflinks

Price is £15



For ties or cufflinks contact John Cook (Tel 01923 222829) or order via our website shop.

All prices include postage.

We welcomed the following new full members in 2015:

J Ackermen	08-15	S Gandecha	13-15	H Patel	13-15
R J Alexander	88-95	T Gibsen	08-15	N Patel	13-15
Z Arain	08-15	T Ginger	01-08	J R Pickford	08-15
H Arif	08-15	J Gokani	13-15	P Pickford	08-15
D Bail	08-15	A C Hall	84-91	K Radia	08-15
S Beeston	08-15	J Hartley	08-15	G Ramesh	08-15
D Benson	08-15	W Hasan	08-15	V Rastrogi	13-15
A Bitla	08-15	R Hiscocks	99-06	I Ramjon	08-15
D Blake	08-15	J Humberstone	08-15	L Reynolds	08-15
J Blake	08-15	J Huszuzu	08-15	S Rix	13-15
O W Bolland	96-03	J Hutson	08-15	H Samudrala	08-15
D T S Bugler	07-14	J Jackson	08-15	D Sayers	70-77
J Burke	08-15	R A Jenkyn Bedford	65-72	H Shah	08-15
N Chandarana	13-15	G Kannan	08-15	R Shah	08-15
M Chapman	13-15	J Kelly	13-15	K Steadman	13-15
A A Chaudrey	78-86	P Kennedy	13-15	A Sharkey	08-15
C Cheung	08-15	R Kennedy	08-15	D Tehrani	13-15
J Cohen	08-15	B Lazarus	08-15	E W R Thackery	94-01
R Crawford	08-15	A Lewis	08-15	A Thaimalingam	13-15
A Cull	08-15	H Mak	08-15	R Stokes	08-15
S Dave	08-15	J Manivannan	08-15	S Vora	13-15
J Dawkins	08-15	N Marathe	04-07	J Wagman	08-15
J Deacy	13-15	K Mokhashi	13-15	A Waygood	08-15
S Della-Valle	08-15	D Morris	08-15	B Wilson	08-15
M Devani	08-15	C Muraleedharan	13-15	F Woodcock	08-15
H Dinsdale	08-15	P S O'Brart	77-84	R Woods	08-15
P H Doherty	91-98	A Pandya	13-15		
T Durn	07-14	C Partridge	08-15		

In addition, 13 members provided email addresses only.

Since the start of 2016, a further nine members have joined, only two being new leavers.

We regret to announce the deaths of the following members since the last edition of Contact:

P M Beech	35-40	VP
K C G Berkley	37-48	LM
D Foxman	40-47	
G Holliman	51-58	
J W moss	51-56	LM
T Rayfield	50-59	
J S Tunwell	62-69	
J C G Wolf	37-44	LM

From the Registrar

Just a reminder that our subscription is £15 p.a. and our bank is:

NatWest Bank plc, Berkhamsted Branch,
Account name: The Old Fullerians' Association
Sort code: 60-02-21
Account number: 64087697

If you have paid your initial subscription via PayPal but have not set up a standing order (and there are some of you going back to 2011), I should be grateful if you would set one up using the information above (and don't forget the arrears).

Peter Holden

Memories (mainly cricket)

On one of our periodic lunches together in London my old friend and Fullarian eminence gris, John Cook asked me to write an article for him in some way connected to cricket. The food had been good, the wine even better and I, perhaps foolishly, agreed. On reflection later I thought of writing some learned article about the comparison between the type of cricket played in different times and the prevailing mores of "civilisation" or perhaps a scientific treatise full of complex looking physics formulae on swing and reverse swing or even a cultural and stylistic analysis and comparison between the forward defensive shots of Tom Graveney and Trevor Bailey. Then I thought that the article is likely to be read - if at all - by "Old Boys" of a certain age all interested in sport and all perhaps by definition rather nostalgic for times past. I thought then that I would recount my own experience - and perhaps display some of my ancient prejudices - in order to provoke fond memories among my readers.

I recently paid a visit to my birth place - a smallish town in Essex - real Essex that is not the shapeless metropolitan sprawl of Romford and Ilford where I spent the first ten years of my teaching career. These were years when for a young bachelor the working, playing sport and drinking were lit by a celestial light emanating from the East Ham area. The cultural beacon was Upton Park where at that time Moore, Hurst and Peters were working their magic under the tutelage of that high priest of pure football Ron Greenwood. I smile now when I read reports of the so called "pure" football being played by Wenger's Arsenal and recall when the Hammers were producing their magic (the main magician being not one of the trio who won the world cup for England but a short, rather tubby, slow centre forward called Johnnie Byrne who was blessed with genius as well as having the "common touch" of enjoying a pint or three regularly in my local pub).

But back to my birth place which I had, apart from visits home to parents and relatives, effectively left after University. On a lovely Summer afternoon - just like all those we remember from our youth - I wandered around past so many places that brought back memories. My old primary school, now converted into luxury flats with my old playground now full of expensive looking cars. Past the lovely old restored church where I had sung in the choir for a couple of years when it was a bombed out shell - I was not too tuneful but the three old pence for a practice and six pence for a service not to mention the one and six for singing at a wedding (riches indeed!), supplemented my meagre pocket money. Past the seat in the recreation ground where at the age of thirteen I stole my first kiss from Maureen. My God I wondered what does that pretty freckled face and pony tail look like now that she is over sixty five?! Then with these memories of my first girl friend coursing through me up the lane to the cricket ground where a match was in progress and I wandered in. I had played for the village club from when I started as a callow youth of



fourteen to when I came down to play during University vacations and my quickish pace gave me a stackful of wickets on some "sporting" village tracks. In fact the club had moved their ground twenty years after I had left and the pavilion looked very modern and spacious compared to the ancient structure I had been used to but inside was a complete wall of old team photographs. I soon located "R. Evans" looking rather full of himself in the "1st XI 1965" sitting in the front row with a University colours sweater on and (God forgive me!) wearing a cravat. As I looked further down I came across a very different me. The scrawny fourteen year old standing awkwardly with a rather bemused expression at the end of the back row with most of his team mates looking very old and not very distinguished in the "2nd XI 1958" photograph looked out at me and made me smile at the recollection and then laugh out loud as I remembered the game when the photograph had been taken - so loud was my mirth that I disturbed the ladies preparing their sandwiches and cakes for tea (some things never change!) and they offered me an early "cuppa" to calm myself down. As I sat in front of the wall of memories sipping my tea a wave of nostalgia overwhelmed me as I remembered the details of the events of that long off sunny Saturday.

It was the first weekend of the cricket season. In the previous week my father had been, as was his wont, enjoying a pint or two in the village pub when he got into a conversation with an old friend of his who was the local solicitor and the Chairman of the cricket club. The conversation had got round to how lazy and generally feckless the youth of the day were (There's another thing that never changes!) when my father, defending the honour of his son if not a whole generation had challenged his friend to offer more opportunities for youngsters to get involved with the cricket club then we would see what modern youth was made of! OK said his friend any youngster can come along to "nets" on Thursday and the club would give them opportunities to play. That was why the next evening, despite my protestations about Maths homework, I was pressed by Dad to attend. Actually "nets" that evening for me consisted purely of chasing after balls that were hit powerfully out of the net and I became particularly adept at climbing over a fence and retrieving balls from the dense undergrowth. It must have been this foraging ability rather than any cricketing skill I was allowed to display that provoked the 2nd XI Captain - a portly farm manager - to present me at the end of the evening with a hand written post card informing me that I had been "invited" to play for the 2nd XI in an away match on Saturday. Transport would leave the Village market square at 1:00 pm and "Wickets would be pitched" at 2:30pm. This was handed to me with more solemnity and hand shakes of congratulations than that shown when an international cap is presented to a professional sportsman. I remember being overcome by a mixture of emotions - apprehension, fear, pride at somehow now being recognised as "grown up" as well as regret that I couldn't see Maureen on Saturday afternoon. I was so excited that the lessons at school on Friday seemed endless - I had no interest in Chemistry formulae or Latin

verbs now that I had been selected to play in a proper game of cricket.

Saturday arrived and I turned up at the rendezvous forty five minutes early with my plimsoles and my new white/cream trousers (not new really but hand me downs from my older cousin) in a shopping bag lent to me by my mother. I waited and waited getting more and more worried but it was at least 1:15 before my team mates started to arrive. Transport seemed a little short so I was detailed to sit in the open back of the farm manager's pick up truck which then sped, at what seemed to be breakneck speeds, along country lanes pursued by the other cars until the whole convoy ground to a halt in the adjoining village outside the "Queen's Head". We were breezily greeted by the home captain who was a man of enormous girth - the local baker - who told us that the start could well be delayed because a couple of his men were late and he informed us that we were changing in a back room of the pub and the match was being played in the adjoining field in which, from a distance, I could not see any part with anything other than long grass where as my card said "wickets could be pitched". Our skipper having bought everyone a drink now gathered us round in what today would be called a "huddle" and whispered urgently that we should have one drink only as this was a well known ploy of the home side to get the visitors plastered before the match to inhibit their performance. He used "industrial" language of the fiercest kind - or probably in his case "military" language picked up during his service with the eighth army in the desert during the war as much of his speech was punctuated with references of what in a sexual sense, could be visited on camels. They were certainly oaths that I had never heard before and were stored in the memory bank of the eager teenager and used to good effect in later life. After the leader's peroration I sipped my lager and lime and listened to the chat with the locals about the week's weather before we all moved into the tiny room which we had been allocated.

There awaited me there some more shocks as I nervously put on my trousers and plimsoles. I changed on what seemed to be a few inches of space allowed to me between the captain and a quietly spoken village electrician of around forty. The skipper of our motley crew then stripped naked and in this state of undress marched around the room giving words of encouragement to everyone, now not bothering to whisper his soldierly profanities and trying to borrow sundry items of dress and equipment from anyone. I said earlier that he was a big man and he was certainly big in every aspect of his nakedness and my young mind was then filled with the worrying question "Would I look like that when I was grown up?" On averting my startled gaze from his nakedness I then saw that my other neighbour had removed his trousers and was now removing his left leg - yes his leg which was a metal arrangement attached to the rest of his body with a harness around his waist. Seeing my frightened look he said "Sorry but I always need to massage the stump before I bowl" Yes bowl he did when the match finally got under way.

The next hour or so went like a sudden blur. I was stationed at fine leg at both ends, managed to stop the occasional ball that came my way at stinging speed to great encouraging noises from many of my colleagues who seemed delighted that at least one member of the team could now bend and run! I also evoked great praise with the skill I had acquired at "nets" of sniffing out

any balls lost in the nettles in the adjoining field. My one legged companion proved to be a match winner - he approached the wicket off a very short run with the rolling gait of a drunken sailor and accompanied by loud squeaking noises but he did bowl straight at slow medium pace and managed to take seven wickets as we bowled them out for a touch over fifty. I shared in his pleasure as we clapped him off and envied him for all the praise he received. One day, I told myself, I would be applauded by my team mates like this!

Tea was a great occasion with vast thick cheese and ham sandwiches and enormous wedges of cake all washed down with flagons of hot sweet tea. Their skipper was up to his tricks again trying to persuade our batsmen that the bar was open but our skipper, like Horatio on the bridge, sat consuming his tea right in front of the bar door threatening all sorts of unspeakable things on any of our side that dared approach more alcohol before the match was won. I was delighted to see that I was at number ten in the batting order as I had a heavy stomach from the tea and also with a pride that although I was new and young I had avoided number 11! I only later discovered that the last slot in the order had been given to the skipper's dad who must have been over 70 and who had been press ganged in to the team at the last minute when someone dropped out. He had crouched myopically at slip all their innings and only narrowly avoided serious injury on a couple of occasions as edges flew inches from his head and he did not move an inch.



I wish I could say that I heroically thumped the winning run but I was not needed as our top batsmen competently - I thought at the time elegantly - knocked off the runs with no real problems. But - we had won - I had played my

first game of cricket with grown ups and survived - I wasn't to know it but it was the start of a love story and a fascination that has lasted till this day. I still recall that great feeling of pride and satisfaction at a job well done as I sipped my second lager and lime in the bar afterwards.

I suddenly stirred from my reverie in the pavilion as with a bit of a clatter a young man of about fifteen walked by with shiny new, white kit, wielding what looked a very expensive bat and his young features obscured because he was wearing a helmet. I watched as he played a little cameo of an innings before being bowled and as he came back to the pavilion his proud dad sitting next to me announced that this was his son's very first game. As the youngster came into the pavilion he removed his helmet and all could see the sheer delight and pride on his face. I applauded but am ashamed to say I envied him as he was starting out on that long road that I had trod before him. I hope that he has as much pleasure from that way of life called cricket as I have had!

Robert Evans

Headmaster W.B.G.S 1991-1992
Vice President OFA

Old Fullerians' Cricket Club

2015 saw the Old Fullerians' Cricket playing a truncated season, in response to ongoing difficulties in recruiting players for the earlier and later games in the year. A rain-affected season resulted in our only managing to get in 8 games, plus the season opener T20 game against the school staff (which went to the last ball, the OFCC losing thanks to a highly dubious LBW decision!).

Highlights of the season included an imperious 120 from George Shearring at Ley Hill CC,, a buccaneering 91 from Oli Gould against Old Minchendenians and a resounding double over the Uxbridge Casuals. Sadly the game versus the School had to be abandoned to a downpour with the School, it has to be said, looking comfortably placed!

It was a pleasure to play home games at the revamped New Field, and as always the games were played in great spirit - competitive but friendly.

This season we're excited to be joining the Chess Valley league, playing a number of 40-overs fixtures on Sunday afternoons from July to August at a variety of lovely grounds in the area, as well, of course, as at home. If you're interested in playing - or just watching a bit of cricket - details will be on our Facebook page (Old Fullerians' Cricket Club) throughout the season. Alternatively please contact Team Secretary Matt Wheeler (fmattviks@gmail.com) if you would like to turn out - we're always keen to have new members playing!

We must Get Together Again Before We Pop Our Clogs

Earlier in the year I had a call from John Shenkman, ex school rugby 1st team captain in the mid 1950's. He wanted to get a group of chaps together who were at WBS in the late 40's and to the mid 50's. I asked if there was any particular reason and he replied "well we really must have this reunion before we 'pop our clogs'". What an excellent idea and good thinking from that retired G.P. doctor.

Thus at around midday on Tuesday 30th June 2015 a group of eight of us with most of our better halves descended on the Shenkman's fine old listed Elizabethan house in Long Itchington, near Southam in Warwickshire. Most of us got to Southam OK but then spent time finding this wonderful village in the middle of the lovely countryside. I realised why it was called Long Itchington as most of us spent ages 'scratching our heads' and asking people how to get there.

However, once there we found this splendid residence set back in nice gardens and guess what? the village pub right opposite.

We spent time sitting in John and Estelle's garden sipping cool barley water drinks as the temperature rose to nearly 30°C. We talked about many aspects of school life, the goings on in the classes that some of the less strict masters had to tolerate, with much laughter at the things we got up to. Having said that we all agreed that as from mainly working class families, having passed our 11 plus, we were so fortunate to be able to attend such a great school which taught both academic and sporting excellence. Some of us brought memorabilia, photos and reports etc which held lots of fond memories for us.

We all felt that having sports coaches, like Tommy Thompson and Fanny Lister for rugby, Salty Sellars for athletics and cross country running, Mr Juba for swimming and diving (in our open-air school pool), Mr Tarbox and Hoppy Openshaw for cricket, helped students to attain their full potential at their particular sport. Also, we discussed nicknames for the masters, i.e. Rocket Stevenson, Dreamy Merritt, Tiddly Hume, Daddy McCrossan, Wack Corbridge, Dusty Miller, Willy Wiles, Toothy Thomas, Snoz Quantrell and Inky Knight.



Back Row L - R

Bill Taylor - International Vet. Graham Bolton - Chartered Gas Engineer

Geoff Osborne - Research Chemist Alan Flint - Oil/Shipping

John Yates - Helicopter Pilot Roy Woollard - Deputy Headmaster

Front Row L - R

John Shenkman - General Practitioner Barry Sadgrove - Chartered Civil Engineer

The photo shows us lads which included 4 who lived on the St Meryl estate at Carpenders Park and caught the school bus during WW2 every day to take us to Watford Fields Primary school from whence we passed our 11 plus exams to attend the august establishment of the Watford Grammar School for Boys. These boys were Barry Sadgrove, John Yates, Geoff Osborne and our host John Shenkman. The other four 'boys' were Graham Bolton, Roy Woollard, Bill Taylor and Alan Flint.

Our hosts. Estelle and John Shenkman, had made arrangements with the pub opposite for us all to repair to and enjoy their kind treat of a splendid chilli con carne and rice with salad, and quiche followed by desserts. Alcoholic and other beverages were available too. Here we all chatted together with our ladies talking about their interests, before heading back to the house for a shooting competition set up by JJS. Most of our group had been 'shooters' in their time, so insuring safety first with 0.177 mm pellet guns JJS proved he was still the best shot. However, ex-marine pilot John Yates formerly in the Navy's Helicopter Flying Corps, showed his skills too. Then, we suddenly realised that Alan Flint had also been firing at John Yates's target and not at his own, which accounted for some strange scoring.

It is really interesting to note that all the men folk present, we had an ex-Head Boy Bill Taylor, ex-Captains of sports teams and house teams, three members of the Old Fullerian's golfing society, had enjoyed illustrious careers and the prime factor which links us all together was the benefit of having attended the WBGS and some were long-standing members of OFA.

So our hopes are that the School and its Old Boys Association continue to prosper and that present and future students can look back like we have and say thank you to WBGS.

Geoff Osborne OBE

Old Fullerians' Golf Society

The 2015 season proved to be a most enjoyable way in which to celebrate 50 years of golf.

The spring meeting at the Hartsbourne Golf Club was followed by a celebration dinner at the club where awards were made in recognition of playing prowess and services to our golf society. These included society cufflinks and illustrated menus listing captains of the society, past and present.

A complete list of winners at the various events may be found in the Golf Society section of our website:- www.oldfullerians.org.uk.

An attractive programme of fixtures has been arranged for the coming season when Guy Mapley will take up the captaincy of the society.

Details of the fixtures may be found in the Association Calendar and on the website.

Details of the society may be obtained from:-

Russell Deane - Russelld@srdrecruit.com.



Jim Munro, Dave Price & Lawrie Cox

Spring meeting 2015

Captain Dave Price

Date May 27, 2015

Venue Hartsbourne

Spivey Cup

Winner Russ Deane 34 points

Runner up Rob Harper 34 c/b

Nearest Pin Paul Bevans "Ace"

Longest Drive Anjum Chaudry

Front - 9 Rob Harper 18

Back - 9 Tony Price 21

John Ausden Trophy

Deane, Deane, Deane, Deane

Guest Winner Ashley Deane

35 points



Paul Bevans



The Deanes



Tony Price



Ashley Deane



Prizes & Trophies

Autumn Meeting 2015

Captain Dave Price

Date Sep 24, 2015

Venue West Herts



Lister Cup

Winner Adrian Thewliss 41 points

Runner up Tony Price 41 c/b

Nearest Pin Ashley Deane

Longest Drive David Dalton

Veterans Cup (65+)

Winner John DeBraum 35 points

Runner up Graham Bolton

Dave Price Trophy

Mapley, DeBraum, Williams, Hansen 83 points

Presidents Cup

Winner Tony Price 72 points

Runner up Adrian Thewliss 66

Guest Winner David Dalton 35 points



Dave Price John DeBraum
Guy Mapley John Williams

Redbourn Golf Club 25th June

Old Columbans' Golf Society vs Old Fullerians' Golf Society

Guy Mapley / Paul Shearring Won 4&3 against Matt Luckhurst / Paul Nash

Steve Bird / Steve Toms Won 5&3 against Paul Turner / Stuart Masson

Bob Wade / Peter Nunn Halved against Kevin Luckhurst / Bob Watson

David Timberlake / Graham Bolton Won against Rob Booth / Don Savage

Report - very dry course difficult to pitch the ball and hold it on the green. OCGS a great bunch of guys and matches played in very good humour, especially Bird/Toms win over Turner / Masson. Something about handicap cuts next time.

David Timberlake and Graham Bolton were 1½ hours late and arrived in time to catch up with Rob and Don who had waited and set off as a two ball, on the 4th tee. Both had been caught in the traffic incident on the M1. It took Bob 1½ hours to get there from junction 6. Fair play to Rob/ Don they agreed not to take the match as I'd offered but to start the match on the 4th tee 3 up. Bob and David then proceeded to reel them in and won on the 18th hole with a chip in from David. His cries of delight were heard in Hemel.

Great fixture. Jim wants to know, along with our magnificent winning team, where the trophy is!!