

X

# THE SHIRBURNIAN



SHERBORNE : AT THE ABBEY PRESS

VOL. XL.

No. 28

LENT

1947



THE  
SHIRBURNIAN



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1ST XV, 1946.



N. McD. Campbell, C. L. Berrisford, R. Pavey, J. A. McEwan, J. G. S. Norman, M. Rodley, J. A. Cameron,  
J. M. Maybury,  
R. P. Wilson, R. J. Higgs, D. M. E. Anson (Captain), D. R. A. Spankie, P. N. Wilson, M. J. Fisher, J. A. R. Blacking  
(inset) D. S. Wrinch.



WINTER SCENES : FEBRUARY, 1947.

# THE SHIRBURNIAN

No. 28

LENT, 1947

Vol. XL.

## EDITORIAL



Much has happened this term which calls for comment. The weather has enabled us to have a fair share of winter sports ; for in the second week of term, snow fell, and we were allowed to use a field on West Hill, which proved admirable for the four days of tobogganing, skiing and snowballing which followed. There was a thaw, lasting for less than a week, during which the first round of Seniors and Thirds was played, followed by frost and more snow. The main feature of the second spell of cold weather was the skating on the Castle lake, which lasted for a week. The scene on the lake was always beautiful and stimulating—a fascinating pot-pourri of radiant and contented faces, graceful and aesthetically pleasant movement by those who could skate well, contrasting with the amusing tumbles of those who could not, but were determined to improve, and the thrill of amateur games of ice hockey, all accompanied by that monotonous, musical hum which is such a pleasant feature of the skating rink.

After this came a slow thaw, too late, however, for the playing of the House matches. The Cup for Seniors Football was presented by Mr. Kennedy in 1873, and this season marks the first time that this competition has been cancelled. It is a tragedy that a notably successful season of Sherborne's most important game should have such an ignominious end, and that the chief House competition of the year should be cancelled. But it must be remembered that though Hockey is only the second winter game, School Hockey matches are more important than house Rugger matches.

We are particularly interested in the proposals for a new Time Table. This is the most important move in School affairs that has happened for many years ; and though its final form has not yet been determined, there are certain fundamental issues at stake, on which comment is well worth while.

Instead of our spare time being scattered in odd intervals of about ten minutes, in which it is quite impossible to settle down to anything, it is being amalgamated into longer and more useful periods. The after-tea rush to Extra Tuition will no longer be necessary ; at last, Musical Society is being regarded as a vital part of our education, instead of a mere extra, to eat into our spare time ; our hours of sleep, which have hitherto been absurdly long, have been diminished ; there will be more time for house cricket matches and for swimming. Naturally there are a few minor disadvantages, but they are so trivial as not to be worthy of mention. The new Time Table is an admirable scheme, and we wish it the very best of luck,

We approved of the arrangement of the Sunday services, in which certain clauses of the creed were used as themes : such treatment gives the services much more unity and meaning. The first two Lenten services have been excellent, and we are confident that the other speakers will not fall below the high standard already set. There is a certain atmosphere about these admirable services which pervades no other Chapel service. One cannot help feeling that there is a lack of life in our Chapel services. Let us make it clear at the outset that this is not due to the form of service or to those who take them ; if something new was expected in each service, the limit of such novelty would soon be reached. Though it is unfortunately impossible to indulge in a certain amount of healthy iconoclasm in our chapel ; to destroy all the stained-glass windows, and particularly the Harper memorial window ; to remove the abominable monstrosity which serves as a reredos ; it is possible for the whole school to sing lustily and vigorously, and to take an active part in the services. Those who are bored by Chapel services—and they are no small minority—would enjoy them if only they put more energy into their singing and worship. Religion is dormant amongst a large number of the School, because they lack energy and enthusiasm. They have none of that zeal for life which makes it so supremely enjoyable ; they have no opinions of their own ; they are prepared to grumble and criticise, but never to show any initiative or to take a really active part in school life ; they sing the most exciting and inspiring choruses of the *Messiah* with poker faces, and live a life of dismal apathy. It is to this section of our community that we make a sincere and fervent appeal. Wake up, and take an interest in religion, in life, in your school and those around you, before it is too late, or you are doomed to become another lifeless cog in the machine of an already tired England !

## SCHOOL NEWS

### SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head of the School	...	...	...	...	...	J. S. W. LUSH (c).
School Prefects	...	...	...	...	...	J. R. AYLWIN (h).
						D. M. E. ANSON (b).
						J. A. R. BLACKING (c).
						R. J. HIGGS (c).
						C. K. CURWEN (c).
						J. J. C. COCKMAN (d).
Editors of <i>The Shirburnian</i>	...	...	...	...	...	J. A. R. BLACKING (c).
						D. R. A. SPANKIE (a).
						B. I. BLAKE (f).
Captains of Football	...	...	...	...	...	D. M. E. ANSON (b).
Hockey	...	...	...	...	...	R. J. HIGGS (c).
Shooting	...	...	...	...	...	A. B. SHEARER (f).
Boxing	...	...	...	...	...	W. L. HANCOCK (d).
Fives and Squash	...	...	...	...	...	D. S. SHEPPARD (g).
Gymn.	...	...	...	...	...	J. A. R. BLACKING (c).
Agriculture	...	...	...	...	...	B. I. BLAKE (f).
Chapel Prefect	...	...	...	...	...	D. R. A. SPANKIE (a).

### HONOURS

Congratulations to the following :—

J. A. McEWAN, on winning a £60 Scholarship in Natural Sciences to Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

D. R. A. SPANKIE, on winning a £60 Scholarship in Classics to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

D. S. SHEPPARD, on winning a £40 Exhibition in Classics to Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

R. I. T. CROMARTIE, on winning a £40 Exhibition in Natural Sciences to Clare College, Cambridge.

J. G. S. NORMAN, on passing first in the Special Entry (Engineering) for the Royal Navy.

D. M. E. ANSON, on captaining the English Public Schools XV at Richmond on December 28th, and leading them to a glorious victory against the Scottish Public Schools 16-0, one try of which he scored himself.

J. S. W. LUSH, on being awarded the Cecil Medal and Prize of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society, for an essay on "Education in Dorset—past, present and future."

M. D. TOVEY, on gaining 1st place in the Local Road Safety Poster Competition (age group 14-17).

A. J. WALES-SMITH and E. W. PAGET-TOMLINSON, for being reserve, and very highly commended respectively, in the same competition.

MR. WRIGHT, on being elected a Doctor of Philosophy of Cambridge University.

MR. WALFORD, on playing hockey for the West of England and on being selected to play for the Probables in the final International trial match.

### GENERAL

We welcome Mr. Stephenson, who has come to teach Mathematics, in place of Mr. Jarrett; Mr. Scarlett-Smith, who has come to teach History; and Mr. Knight, who has come to teach Modern Languages for one term, on a Teachers' Training Course.

### CENSUS OF THE OPINION OF THE SCHOOL

Although a number of the School were absent when this census was taken, the opinions of the absentees would no doubt make little difference to the general percentage. It is not the policy of a school to involve itself in political controversy; so that we are not publishing the results of one of the motions. A certain amount of people regarded this census as futile, mainly because of the nature of the last motion: on that account, it shows that some have a poor sense of humour; but if there is objection to some of the other motions, it only goes to show how very apathetic several members of the School are.

Here are the results:—

1. *The School would approve of advertisements in "The Shirburnian."* (These would help the magazine financially, and make it possible to produce a more exciting and enjoyable magazine, with more photos, etc.).  
Yes: 63½%. No: 32½%. No opinion: 4%.
2. *The School deploras the "popular" concerts which are often held at the end of term.*  
Yes: 14%. No: 67%. No opinion: 19%.
3. *The School prefers Cambridge to Oxford.*  
Yes: 46%. No: 34½%. No opinion: 19½%.
4. *The School prefers the English Hymnal to the Public School Hymn Book.*  
Yes: 38½%. No: 27½%. No opinion: 34%.
5. *The School would welcome the removal of the Busts and Pageant Shields from the Upper Library.*  
Yes: 26%. No: 34%. No opinion: 40%.
6. *The School would subscribe to regular subscription concerts given by first-rate artists.*  
Yes: 62½%. No: 25%. No opinion: 12½%.
7. *The School would like Choral Communion.*
  - (a) *Once a week.* 1½%.
  - (b) *Once a fortnight.* 3½%.
  - (c) *Once a month.* 29%.
  - (d) *Not at all.* 46%.

No opinion: 20%.

8. *The School would approve of the omission of the Team photograph from the magazine.* (The photographs could be kept in a book in the Upper Library: their omission would make it possible to print more photos of school activities, etc.).

Yes :  $42\frac{1}{2}\%$ . No :  $47\frac{1}{2}\%$ . No opinion : 10%.

9. *The School dislikes Edward VI.* (By disliking Edward VI, one doesn't dislike his foundation of the School).

Yes :  $27\frac{1}{2}\%$ . No : 15%. No opinion :  $57\frac{1}{2}\%$ .

J.A.R.B., D.R.A.S., B.I.B.

## VALETE

### SCHOOL HOUSE

A. J. GREENSTREET—VI (Group II M.L.)—Upper Sixth—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, School Prefect, Head of School House, 2nd XV '46, P.T. Instructor with Badge, C.S.M. in J.T.C., Member of Duffers, Alchemists, and Hon. Secretary of Polyglottes. To Army.

D. J. M. HOWORTH—VI (Group II M.L.)—Upper Sixth—came 1942<sup>1</sup>, House Prefect, 2nd XV '46, P.T. Instructor with Badge, Petty Officer in S.C.C., Member of Duffers, Polyglottes and Alchemists.

R. P. WILSON—VI (Group II M.L.)—Upper Sixth—came 1943<sup>2</sup>, House Prefect, 1st XV '46, Boxing Colours '45, Captain of Boxing '46, Tennis Colours '46, P.T. Instructor with Badge, Sergeant in J.T.C., Member of Duffers and Polyglottes. To Army.

P. H. KING-SMITH—VI (Group I)—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, House Prefect, P.T. Instructor, Corporal in J.T.C., Member of Duffers. To Army.

D. L. WATTS—IVa—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, House Prefect, 2nd XV '46, 2nd XI '46, 2nd XI Hockey '46, P.T. Instructor.

J. G. LINDSAY—V (Group III B)—came 1943<sup>1</sup>, House Prefect, P.T. Instructor, Sergeant in J.T.C.

G. K. LUCAS—VI (Group III B)—came 1942<sup>3</sup>. To R.A.F.

M. J. POPLER—VI (Group III B)—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, Shooting VIII '45, '46, Leading Seaman in S.C.C. To Army.

A. F. THOMPSON—VI (Group I)—came 1943<sup>3</sup>.

### ABBEY HOUSE

P. C. COLLIER—VI (Group II H. & E.)—Upper Sixth—came 1941<sup>3</sup>, House Prefect, Fletcher French Prize '44 P.T. Instructor, Flight-Sergeant in A.T.C., Member of Duffers and Polyglottes. To Army.

J. D. KILL—IVa—came 1943<sup>1</sup>, Boxing Team '44, '45, '46, Colours '45, L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To Naval Engineering,

### THE GREEN

J. G. S. NORMAN—VI (Group III A)—Upper Sixth—came 1943<sup>3</sup>, 1st XV '46, 3rd XI '46, P.T. Instructor, Corporal in J.T.C., Member of Alchemists. 1st. Place Special Entry (Engineering) to Royal Navy.

A. R. J. SIMON—IVa—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, XXX Blazer '46, Tennis Colours '46, P.T. Instructor, Corporal in J.T.C.

I. F. HAIGHTON—IVa—came 1943<sup>2</sup>.

### HARPER HOUSE

R. L. BARTLETT—IVE—came 1944<sup>1</sup>.

### ABBEYLANDS

J. K. P. COGHILL—VI (Group III B)—came 1943<sup>2</sup>. To South Wales Borderers.

### LYON HOUSE

H. T. K. PHILLIPS—VI (Group II H.E.)—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, House Prefect, 2nd XV '45, '46, Captain '46, P.T. Instructor with Badge, C.S.M. in J.T.C. To Army.

C. G. H. GRELLIER—V (Group III B)—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, House Prefect, P.T. Instructor, Corporal in J.T.C. To Army.

M. J. C. GREENFIELD—VI (Group III B)—came 1943<sup>2</sup>, House Prefect, P.T. Instructor, L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To Army.

A. V. MILLER—IVa—came 1943<sup>2</sup>.

### WESTCOTT HOUSE

R. H. STUBINGTON—VI (Group III A)—Upper Sixth—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, School Prefect, Head of Westcott House, P.T. Instructor with Badge, Sergeant in J.T.C., Member of Duffers and Alchemists. To Army.

D. J. CHILLINGWORTH—VI (Group II M.L.)—Upper Sixth—came 1942<sup>3</sup>, School Prefect, Head of Westcott House, 1st Class Gym., P.T. Instructor with Badge, Sergeant in J.T.C., Member of Duffers and Polyglottes. To Army.

## MY CARPET

My carpet is a loathsome thing. So what ?  
 Ink blot,  
 Singed wool,  
 Burned spot—  
     The veriest pool  
     Of grease ; and yet the fool  
 Contends that soup is not—  
 Not soup ! My carpet ! When you move the stool ?  
 Nay, but observe the shine.  
 'Tis very sure there's soup on mine.

R. BENSTED-SMITH.  
 (*With apologies to T. E. BROWN*).

## SCHOOL EVENTS

## THE ASSAULT ON MASHERBRUM

Major Waller came down to give us the first lecture of the Lent Term. He told us the story of a group of men, attempting to climb Masherbrum. After many difficulties and hardships, however, they failed owing to severe frostbite, from which two of the party suffered. The fact that they failed in their aim rather spoilt the lecture, for it left one with a curious feeling of frustration. Nevertheless, Major Waller made the best of what was only rather average material. He told his story well and effectively, his voice being especially pleasing. His tale was illustrated by some very fine films which were greatly appreciated. Quite an enjoyable evening.

## " KING LEAR "

Following the lead of the two smaller play-going excursions to Salisbury and Bristol last term, on Feb. 6th the whole " English " element of the Sixth were taken in two buses to the Theatre Royal, Bristol, to see a matinée performance of the Bristol Old Vic Company's " King Lear," their most successful production to date. Our thanks are due to Mr. Thompson for arranging this expedition which was highly successful in spite of some difficulty in negotiating the icy Marston Magna hill on the return journey.

Satisfying in itself, by comparison with the recent London Old Vic production of " King Lear," that of the daughter company appears quite outstanding. Hugh Hunt, the producer, achieved far greater success with this difficult and easily mis-handled play, than could Laurence Olivier in his actor-producer capacity : the cleanness and conciseness of Mr. Hunt's production assured that the length of the play did not become tedious nor its emotional intensity unbearable. Whereas Olivier's mighty Lear shattered one's feelings and obscured one's vision, the Bristol production allowed the variety of character and unity of action in the play to assume their just proportions, without denying to William Devlin full scope in his great and sustained portrayal of Lear.

Though the performance of the whole cast was adequate enough, with the exception of an amateurish Edgar, a colourless Kent and a mis-cast Fool, Robert Eddison deserves special praise for his superbly self-confident and arrogantly smiling Edmund, and Rosalie Crutchley for her fascinating, snake-like Goneril. The intimacy of the ancient Theatre Royal (in spite of the semi-circle of drain-pipes which serve to support the gallery and obstruct the view) added much to the performance, as did the excellent settings and extremely effective music, provided by an ensemble of five instruments.

However utilitarian the motives which inspired the authorities to allow this expedition may have been, few of those that went will not have gained much more from the performance than a sound knowledge of a Higher Certificate set book : in the name of that despised word " Culture," let there be many more such expeditions into the realms of true education.

C. K. CURWEN.

## THE GROWTH OF SHERBORNE

The second lecture of the term was given by Mr. Gourlay. For most of us, I think this lecture was the best we had ever heard. The lecturer had much to say, of which we were quite ignorant. Throughout, he had many amusing stories to tell. We all realised how interesting the history of Sherborne could be, when dealt with by one who has studied it a great deal, and, more important, one who could put his material across to the audience. His talk was illustrated by slides. Mr Gourlay, at the beginning of his lecture stated that whatever sort of lecture he gave, he was bound to be a failure, for, he assured us, he knew the School's opinions on lecturers. Let me assure him, on behalf of the whole School, that he was a singular exception. The ovation that the School gave him at the end of the lecture speaks for itself. Could not more lectures like this be given by masters of the School?

B. I. BLAKE.

## O.S. NEWS

## ROLL OF HONOUR

## KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Dec. '46. WORMWELL, John Macleod (*t* and *f* '40-'43).. Lieutenant, The Black Watch, Att. Garwhal Rifles.

## DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Dec. '46. WORTH, Robert Geoffrey Basil (*a* '35-'37). Flight-Lieutenant, R.A.F.V.R.

## HONOURS

## K.C.B.

COLLIER, Alfred Conrad, C.B.E. (*b* '09-'14). Air Vice-Marshall.

## D.S.O.

PEDDIE, Graham, M.B.E. (*b* '19-'24). Lieut.-Col. R.A.

## M.C.

BARNETT, Peter Edwin (*f* '31-'35). Captain, R.A.  
 GODDARD, John Desmond (*b* '32-'37). Major, R.A.  
 HOLDSWORTH, Michael (*a* '32-'36). Major, Devon Regt.  
 KIDNER, Peter William Elworthy (*b* '34-'38). Major, R.E.  
 NORMAN-WALKER, Ronald Alexander (*b* '34-'38). Captain, R.A.  
 SHAW, William Glen (*a* '36-'40). Lieutenant R.A.C., Hussars.

## BAR TO M.C.

MARTIN, Clifford Frederick Victor (*a* '33-'37). Captain, Ox. and Bucks L.I., att. Baluchi Regt.

## O.B.E.

BURT-SMITH, Basil, M.C. (*a* '10-'12) Major, Ox. and Bucks. L.I.  
 NORMAN-WALKER, Woodford John Norman, M.B.E. (*b* '20-'24). Lieutenant-Colonel, R.A.  
 TODD, Cedric Lindley (*f* '11-'14). Colonial Audit Service.

## M.B.E.

BENNETT, Ian Walter (*a* '16-'19). Major, Assam Regt.  
 GARRETT, William Scott (*f* '21-'24). Captain, S.A. Engineer Corps.  
 KENNEDY, Ian Wyse (*b* '21-'23). Captain, Leicester Regt.  
 NEAVE, Julius Arthur Sheffield (*d* '33-'37). Major, Queen Mary's Own Hussars,  
 NEWBERY, Gerald Edwin (*f* '25-'28). Major, R.A.  
 PENNO, Robert Lanyon (*c* '27-'31). Lieutenant-Colonel, West Yorks Regt.

## BAR TO D.F.C.

MEAKIN, Henry John Walter (*d* '30-'33). Wing-Commander, R.A.F.

## ORDER OF LEOPOLD II WITH PALMS

BRETHERTON, Derrick Howard (*f* '36-'40). Captain, City of London Yeomanry.  
 LOBB, Peter Errington Guy, M.C. (*d* '24-'28). Major, Royal Tank Corps.

## CROIX DE GUERRE WITH PALMS

BRETHERTON, Derrick Howard (*f* '36-'40). Captain, City of London Yeomanry.  
 LOBB, Peter Errington Guy, M.C. (*d* '24-'28). Major, Royal Tank Corps.

## ORDER OF THE NILE

BURT-SMITH, Basil, O.B.E., M.C. (*a* '10-'12). Major, Ox. and Bucks. L.I.

## MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

BEER, John Astley (*g* '24-'28). Captain, R.A.  
 BENNETT, Ian Walter, M.B.E. (*a* '16-'19). Major, Assam Regt.  
 DIXEY, Harold Giles (*f* '07-'10). Flight-Lieutenant, R.A.F.V.R.  
 GODDARD, John Desmond, M.C. (*b* '32-'37). Major, R.A.  
 HOMFRAY, John Leonard (*a* '29-'34). Captain, R.A.  
 KENNEDY, Ian Wyse, M.B.E. (*b* '21-'26). Captain, Leicester Regt.  
 KENYON-FULLER, Lloyd Marker (*a* '23-'26). Major, R.A.  
 LEWIS, John Whitney (*c* '15-'20). Lieutenant-Colonel, R.E. (twice).  
 MEAKIN, Henry John Walter, D.F.C. (*d* '30-'33). Wing-Commander, R.A.F.  
 MUIRHEAD, James Alan (*b* '38-'40). Captain, R.E.  
 MURRAY, Patrick Granville (*f* '23-'27). Major, R.A.  
 NEAVE, Julius Arthur Sheffield, M.B.E. (*d* '33-'37). Major, Queen Mary's Own Hussars.  
 PENNO, Robert Lanyon, M.B.E. (*c* '27-'31). Lieutenant-Colonel, West Yorks Regt.  
 PRYDE, Norman Buchanan Rutherford (*d* '21-'25). Captain, South African Engineer Corps.  
 SHELDON, Basil Henry (*a* '21-'26). Major, R.A.  
 THORNTON, Harry Lestock (*b* '23-'25). Major, R.A.M.C.  
 WOOD, John Metcalfe (*f* '26-'30). Major, R.A.

## CORRECTION

## LEGION OF MERIT (AMERICA)

## CHIEF COMMANDER

MOORE, Sir Henry Ruthven, G.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O. (*a* '99-'01). Admiral.

## MARRIAGES

GODFREE-GARRETT. On December 4th, 1946, at Christ Church, Epsom, by the Reverend P. W. Low (*Wild* '96-'01), Vicar of Crowhurst, Lingfield, Surrey, Richard A. S. (*f* '32-'36) son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Godfree, of 9, Holland Villas Road, W.14 to Zaidée Jean, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Garrett of 18, Cleveland Road, Manningham, Bradford.

CASSAVETTI-RUSSELL. On January 29th, 1947, at the Greek Church, Moscow Road, Bayswater, by the Archimandrite, the Reverend James Virvos, Captain Francis M. Cassavetti, K.R.R.C. (*d* '38-'43) and Christine Mary Russell (from *The Times*).

## BIRTHS

YOUNG. On November 25th, 1946, at Bridge Cottage, Knowle Lane, Cranleigh, to Leonora (née Clement), wife of A. W. Young (*a* '29-'35) a son, Stephen Clement.

## OXFORD OLD SHIRBURNIAN DINNER

This was the first event of its kind to be held since the war, and took place at the Angel Café on February 22nd. Twenty-seven of the forty undergraduates invited were able to be there, and also present were Mr. A. G. Sanctuary, Administrator of the Radcliffe Infirmary, and Mr. H. G. Dixey: the latter made a speech, as being the senior Old Shirburnian present, after which we drank the health of the School. The dinner was a more or less informal affair, but everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and many ex-servicemen discovered contemporaries whom they did not know were "up." We hope to make the dinner an annual event, to be held in the Trinity term, and probably at the Randolph Hotel. This will start next term, and for the purpose Mr. R. A. S. Godfree (Jesus) has been elected President, and Mr. D. E. Hill-Smith (Trinity) Secretary. We hope that the Headmaster will be able to be present.

It may also be possible to recontinue the University letter which appeared annually in the *Shirburnian* before the war telling of the distinguished activities of O.S. undergraduates. Perhaps Cambridge will be willing to follow suit in this, once the Senior University, as is only right, has taken the lead.

J.A.C.A.

## O.S. GOLFING SOCIETY

OLD SHIRBURNIAN G.S. *v.* OLD CHOLMELEIAN G.S.

at Worplesdon: November 16th, 1946.

Old Cholmeleian G.S.				Old Shirburnian G.S.					
				Morning.					
F. G. Jewell	}	2/1	...	1	J. A. Beer	}	...	...	0
J. D. Stacey				0	P. A. Turner				
C. C. Griffith	}	...	...	0	G. Wightman	}	3/2	...	1
F. W. Barnes				0	T. R. Parry				
F. N. Emmett	}	...	...	0	M. Davenport	}	3/1	...	1
T. B. A. Brown				0	R. V. B. Webb				
R. C. Bluhm	}	...	...	0	Major J. W. R. Sheldon	}	7/5	...	1
H. F. Edwards				0	F. H. B. Shaw				
				—					—
				1					3
				—					—
				Afternoon.					
Jewell and Stacey	...	...	...	0	Beer and Turner	2/1	...	...	1
Griffith and Barnes	...	...	...	0	Wightman and Parry	4/3	...	...	1
Emmett and Brown	...	...	...	0	Davenport and Webb	2/1	...	...	1
Bluhm and D. L. Cox	...	...	...	0	Sheldon and Shaw,	2 holes	...	...	1
				—					—
				0					4
				—					—

The Old Shirburnians G.S. won by 7 matches to 1.

T. R. PARRY,  
Hon. Sec.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Congratulations to the following:—

L. A. B. PILKINGTON (*g*'33-'38), for being chosen to represent Cambridge University at Rugby Fives.

P. J. CASSWELL (*a*'36-'40), for being chosen to represent Cambridge University at boxing as heavy-weight.

R. A. BETHELL (*d*'36-'41) for playing football for Kent.

P. A. HEARNE (*a*'41-'43) for gaining a diploma of Loughborough College in Aeronautical Engineering.

COLONEL R. D. SHERBROOKE-WALKER, T.D. (*f*'11-'14) for being appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Middlesex.

## SLEEP

In numberless array the spirits turn  
 Conspiring for our thoughts and for eight hours  
 They'll guide me with my dreams among the flowers  
 By Lethe's stream where mem'ries cannot burn.  
 Blest sleep confounds the dark that looms so stern  
 And we can gain more knowledge of the powers  
 That bide above us : and the strength that towers  
 In utter secrecy. Oh how I yearn  
 To feel the touch of angels on my face  
 And drift into a blithe and rapturous sleep.  
 Let love and beauty come before my eyes  
 That I may wake refreshed to run the race  
 Along the narrow way ; for slumber deep  
 And pure, absolveth laziness and lies.

H. N. ARDAGH.

## OBITUARY

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### Dr. JOHN FLASBY LAWRANCE WHITTINGDALE, O.B.E.

Dr. Wittingdale, known to so many Shirburnians of past generations, died on Dec. 11, 1946, at the age of 88. At school in Yorkshire he had been a keen cricketer and won the High Jump and he rowed in the first Caius boat at Cambridge where he laid the foundations of his medical career before going to Edinburgh. He came to Sherborne in 1889 and for fifty years was actively engaged in one of the biggest private practices in Dorset besides holding the post of Medical Officer to this and other schools.

His work for the School was in the very forefront of his many interests and of the activities which absorbed him, medical, municipal, cultural and sporting. A hunting accident lamed him in 1896 but he shot and fished till his eightieth year and was profoundly interested in birds and fish and bees without neglecting other satisfying accomplishments—he was, for instance, a discriminating judge of sound wine and old prints. His outstanding quality, perhaps, was an impregnable sanity and a strong, quiet judgement. No man was less likely to form hasty or unsound opinions and none was less capable of panic. This, combined with an exceptional memory and deep reading and a rare capacity for diagnosis, made him a most valuable school doctor.

I was privileged to see much of him. As a boy I came under his care four times, three of them for more or less severe injuries, and I thought no more and no less of him than the average boy, but I never found in him any lack of sympathy. Far from it. Malingerers got short shrift, quackery and fetishes he stamped on, but those who have ever seen the greeting he got from the children's ward in the hospital, or watched him playing with his own grandchildren, know that kindness was among the greatest of his qualities.

I was fortunate as a Housemaster in that he ended up his evening round for many years at my house and sat and talked of men and things, but, most of all, of boys. From him I was bound to learn much that was of great help to me. Only once did I see him put out, when the XV flatly refused to come off the field at half-time in some match, to be treated with oxygen as an experiment, in spite of the consent of the other side and the interest of the spectators. The School owed him much and many an individual boy will remember with gratitude the wisdom and unceasing care which pulled him through. "Old Doctor Whittingdale" was typical of a great generation of Englishmen, who besides being amazingly capable, were great gentlemen as well.

A.H.T.R.

### J. M. WORMWELL f (Day Boy) 1940-43

as a result of a car accident in India, Dec., 1946.

John Wormwell was distinguished at Sherborne for his capacity for making close friendships and for his keen interest in sport and outdoor things in general. He left comparatively young because he was anxious to get into the Army at the earliest opportunity. He gained his commission in the Black Watch and served with that regiment in India.

He will be sadly missed by those who knew him well at Sherborne.

JOHN McLEOD WORMWELL  
AN APPRECIATION

The death of John Wormwell will be felt with great sorrow by his friends. He was acting as traffic control officer on a divisional exercise in India, when a three-tonner, despite warning shouts, reversed into him, and knocked him unconscious. He was rushed to hospital in General Lovatt's car, but died half an hour later, happily without suffering. To his friends, and they were many, he will be remembered for his cheerfulness at all times and his loyalty which was such that, on one occasion, unknown to most, he played a splendid game of rugger for his house with a temperature of 102. He was always full of life, and even an early morning run in the park was no guarantee to his study companions of a peaceful hall! But there was, too, a quieter side to him; his knowledge and love of the country were the sources of his greatest pleasures, and he was happiest on these occasions he described so vividly in *The Shirburnian*.

It would be wrong, I think, to claim that he would have achieved great prominence in any sphere of life, nor indeed would we have wished it; his ambitions were humbler. He would have wished, rather, to live for the sheer joy of living, and to continue to give that happiness to others which he had already so generously given. An American poet's belief in immortality is, he writes,

Because my desire  
To keep you for ever  
Seems so utterly true.

And for those who knew John his absence, though temporary, is hard to understand.

T.J.G.R.

WILLIAM TRUMPERANT POTTS (a '99-'04)

William Trumperant Potts died on January 8th, 1947, after a short illness, at Glenlivet, Fort Victoria, S. Rhodesia. He was the son of W. T. Potts, J.P., of Corren Castle, Ballinasloe, Ireland, and was born in 1884. At Sherborne he was in the Shooting VIII in 1904. He became Deputy-Lieutenant of County Roscommon, Ireland, in 1921 and later moved to Africa where he was owner of the Hotel Glenlivet, Fort Victoria.

ROBERT WILLIAM MICHAEL DE WINTON (a '22-'27)

Brigadier R. W. M. de Winton was shot and killed by a woman, an Italian school teacher, at Pola, Venezia Giulia on February 10th. He was 39, and at the time was commanding the 13th British Infantry Brigade. He leaves a wife and three-months-old son.

The son of W. E. de Winton, he came to Sherborne in 1922 and, on leaving went, to the R.M.C., Sandhurst. He was commissioned lieutenant in the Gordon Highlanders in 1932 and in the late war was awarded the D.S.O. in 1944 and bar in 1945.

## SOCIETIES

### THE DUFFERS

On November 24th of last term, at Abbeylands, J. M. Wigglesworth read a very good paper on "T. S. Eliot and Modern Poetry." He defended Eliot's obscurity, and explained how he had had a passionate message to impart, how he had striven to break away from the escapism of the romantics, and had always expressed in his poetry contemporary thoughts, attitudes, hopes and despairs. After considering Eliot in particular, and reading several apt quotations from his work, Wigglesworth discussed the other modern poets, and especially those involved in the classical renaissance: it was clear that he is a genuine lover and intelligent reader of modern poetry.

On December 8th, at Harper House, the Duffers heard an exceptionally fine talk on "Ludwig van Beethoven" by A. E. Brent Smith, Esq.

For three-quarters of an hour, the Society was carried away by the ceaseless energy, wit and charm of Mr. Brent Smith, who taught us more about Beethoven in that time than could be culled from a book in a matter of hours. With apt illustrations at the piano, he explained the revolutionary nature of Beethoven's

music, the new departures in form and grandeur ; he commented on the simplicity of Beethoven's melodies, and the popular myth that Beethoven was for ever morose and bad-tempered. It is hard to give this excellent talk its due praise, and I hope that it will be possible for the Society to hear him again.

The first meeting of the Easter Term was held at Westcott House on February 9th, where J. A. McEwan read a paper on "The Screen as a medium of art." Before the reading of the paper, the Society spent a most enjoyable social half-hour, made possible by the kindness of Mrs. Thompson, who provided an excellent tea.

J. A. McEwan discussed at length the technique of the screen, and showed how great were the possibilities of raising it to the ranks of the great arts, such as painting and literature. He mentioned the use of camera angle, and of varying the speed of films, quoting an extract from a book by Pudovkin. After a debate upon the potentialities of the screen, he described the remarkable film of the massacre on the Odessa Steps from the Russian film "The Battleship Potemkin."

On February 23rd, at School House, D. R. A. Spankie read an interesting paper on "The Ballad." This is a form of poetry with which few of us are well acquainted, and Spankie's paper formed an excellent introduction to a further study of the ballad. He discussed the first collection of ballads in the 18th century and then put forward the two views of the origin of the ballad—whether it had begun communally or individually—with special reference to the School House Football Song. (Mr. Holt led an amusing discussion about this song after the paper !) Amongst other things, he discussed the form which the ballad usually took, and its short life of about three hundred years, and read some ballads. This was a good and enjoyable paper.

J. A. R. BLACKING,  
Hon. Secretary.

#### INTERPRETES

This term the meetings have been somewhat few and far between owing to illness—which, even if strikes only one or two of our number, makes a very large hole in our resources—and the difficulties, which we experience yearly, of finding a new time and a new home for our activities owing to the Lenten Addresses. We have been reading some of Pindar's Odes.

D.S.S.

#### LES POLYGLOTTES

The departure of five of its most prominent members at the end of last term has naturally affected the standard of reading of the Society, though it has on the other hand revealed much latent talent among those who were formerly only junior members, and the future seems promising.

This term "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard" by Marivaux was read, though not very fully appreciated by the society, and latterly we have completed "Emelia Galotti" by Lessing, which aroused greater interest and was read well and with imagination. We hope to hear papers from J. A. H. Whelan and J. A. R. Blacking, before the term is out.

W. L. HANCOCK,  
Hon. Secretary.

#### WILDMAN SOCIETY

Since the last "closing date" the Society has held five debates, on very different subjects and of very varied standard. On November 16th there was a lively and topical debate on the "Penny Press," which, it was decided by 19 votes to 16, was not a "Menace to Society." The last debate of the Christmas term, "This House Deplores Gambling," held on December 6th, was less successful. The motion was lost by 11 votes to 22, the large majority of avowed gamblers being due to the fact that the word "gambling" had assumed a very wide meaning in the course of the evening, being taken by an unscrupulous Opposition to include any sort of initiative. The debate suffered from this lack of restraint.

At the first meeting of this term, on February 8th, the Society were fortunate in securing Mr. Knight and Mr. Stephenson respectively to propose and oppose the motion that "This House would like to Emigrate." Mr. Knight's appeal to the love of liberty and the dislike of Socialism triumphed over Mr.

Stephenson's appeal to patriotism and his well-chosen biblical quotations ("beware of false prophets") the motion being won by 26 votes to 10. On March 1st two debates were held, one on Tradition and the other on Universal Suffrage, the Society agreeing that there was much to be said for both. Little could be said, however, for the attendance at this meeting or for the speeches, both of which were insignificant. But in spite of this, it is to be hoped that the "Mock Parliament" to be held at the end of the term will be fully up to the standard of last year's "Mock Trial."

The season well shows that the success of the Society rests neither on attractively printed membership cards and programmes, nor even on the number of members, but on the actual attendance at meetings (which is inevitably limited by other School activities) and on the standard of speaking, which in turn depends on the enterprise and effort of each individual member.

C. K. CURWEN,  
Hon. Secretary.

### JAMES RHOADES SOCIETY

The Society held its first meeting of the term at Abbeylands on Saturday, January 26th, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Randolph, to whom we are very grateful. Shakespeare's "Henry IV. Pt. 1" was read, Mr. Randolph's rendering of the part of Sir John Falstaff being the outstanding feature of the proceedings. The reading was completed on the following afternoon.

Mr. Gourlay kindly gave the Society the loan of his study at the School House on Sunday, February 16th when "The Admirable Crichton" by J. M. Barrie was read. This is the first time that the Society has read this play, and it proved to be very entertaining. The reading throughout was of a high standard.

Later in the term Mr. Thompson has invited us to Westcott House to read "The Zeal of Thy House" by Dorothy L. Sayers.

C. L. BERRISFROD.  
A. E. CARDEN.

### THE ALCHEMISTS

On November the 11th, Dr. Oscar Buneman, Ph.D., lectured to the Society on "The Development of Nuclear Power." Dr. Buneman spoke of the elementary principles of atomic fission and went on to give the latest news of research at Didcot, particularly of the working principles of atomic engines. On November the 25th, the Society was shown a series of slides on "Science and the Wool Industry" by a representative of the Almagamated Woollen Industries who commented on the slides and gave an outline of the Physics and Chemistry involved in the properties of wool.

Chance dictated that the meetings this term would fall in consecutive weeks. Fortunately, however, the meetings occurred at a time when very few of the members were ill. On February the 24th, Dr. W. H. Steavenson, the well-known amateur astronomer, talked to the Society on "William Herschel—the Father of Amateur Astronomy." The talk was illustrated with some excellent slides and a most interesting account was given of the life and work of this famous scientist. The following week, on March the 3rd, Miss Noel Streatfield kindly consented to speak to the Society about "Novel-writing." One of the most hilarious half-hours in the history of the Society ensued, and, thanks to Miss Streatfield's brilliant wit, brought the term's activities to a most successful close.

J. A. MCEWAN,  
Hon. Secretary.

### THE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The phenomenal growth through recent years of interest taken by the School in the study of birds was sufficiently obvious to the discerning long before Mr. Eric Hosking's lecture to the School in the Christmas Term was greeted with such warm enthusiasm, though the latter event may be regarded as the turning point. It has often been felt, however, that this growth has been stunted because something was missing, an effective body of co-operation. No nucleus seemed forthcoming to amalgamate into one school organization all the various House Societies for Ornithology or general Natural History then in existence. Resources were always too limited to enable them to rise much above a social club. Accordingly it was with great expectations that the new and ornithological Society was founded in the Christmas Term under the instigation of Dr. Wright, who has since been elected chairman.

Is it not a record in the School's history for a new master in his first term with us to found a society, the strength of which has already passed into three figures even in the face of a necessarily heavy subscription? Our thanks to the chairman for his great initiative and unfailing inspiration can only be measured by the response which the School has made to his lead.

Gratitude is also due to the Headmaster who has consented to be the Society's President, to Mr. Barlow and Mr. Holt as Vice-Presidents and to all housemasters who, in recognition of their great help, have been elected Honorary Vice-Presidents *ex officio*. The committee also contains representatives of the Society, each house electing one member.

The object of the Society is the promotion of the field study and preservation of birds. With this end in view, lectures are sponsored, records of observations kept and, in the Summer Term, nest observation, ringing and other scientific work, visits to outstanding bird haunts and possibly bird photography are envisaged.

The inaugural meeting of this, our first operative term could hardly have been more encouraging. J. Fursdon Esq., of the Skokholm field research station gave a lecture on "Bird Life of Skokholm," illustrated by excellent films, some in colour, taken by the lecturer himself. "Lecture" is rather too cold a word, as the enthusiasm of the Society and the fact that several members have arranged visits to the island in the holidays have indicated. On February 22nd a members' meeting was held when Mr. Holt talked on "Bird Song in February" and A. P. Hammick on "Three Birds of Prey." On March 15th L. A. Harvey, Esq., from Exeter University College will lecture on "Bird Song and Territory." The Society has also been fortunate in obtaining films of bird life which will be shown some time during the term.

The Society is looking forward to an eventful nesting season.

C. H. J. HEYWOOD.

### THE MUSIC CLUB

This Club has been formed to meet the growing demand for music by members of the School. The centre of its activity is to be the Upper Room of the Music School, whose members may go, in order to play records, borrow music, play in small ensembles, listen to talks and informal concerts, discuss music with each other, and generally increase their knowledge and enjoyment of the art. There was a large application for membership, and it had been limited to one hundred members of the School, from whom a termly subscription of two shillings and sixpence is expected. This is not a large sum, considering the expense of gramophone records and music. Several miniature scores have already been purchased—including the symphonies and concertos of Beethoven and Brahms—and by the end of term, there will be several additions to the sparse gramophone library in the Music School. The club has already heard a very good lecture by Dr. Woodham on "Modern Music," in which he explained and supported this phenomenon, upon which many of the School look with disapproval. It is hoped that there will be two informal concerts before the end of term. The club has a firm foundation, and already shows signs of being a really active and successful organisation. Long may it flourish!

### THE SCHOOL DRAMATIC SOCIETY

In a way, there is no School Dramatic Society. We have no President, no Secretary and no Treasurer. But we have managed to gather together a company of well-meaning actors and we are about to produce "Journey's End." What else could we want? The cast was first organised by boys, and a rather elaborate tour was arranged. This has since been modified. Above all, however, we owe a very great deal to certain members of the staff, and we should all like to thank publicly Mr. Melvin and Mr. Watkins for giving up a very great deal of their time in order to help us, Mrs. Atthill for assisting in the production, the Headmaster for giving us all his support and encouragement, and the various Housemasters for not yet having offered any opposition whatsoever. The Society is to give four performances in the term-time—two to the School, one to Sherborne Town, and one to the outside schools. During the first two days of the holidays we are to give two more performances, one at Yeovil and one at Stoke-under-Ham under the name of "The North Dorset Players." It only remains for us to hope that the School will enjoy the play, and that the highly efficient stage staff will not be too harsh on the poor actors, who to them appear to be merely spokes in the wheel of efficiency.

B. I. BLAKE.

# CORRESPONDENCE

(The editors accept no responsibility for any of the opinions expressed in this section).

## THE NEW TIME TABLE

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

One would imagine that, with the introduction of the new time-table next term, some provision might be made to remove from Sunday its present atmosphere of being a general junk-heap where functions at present impossible to include in the routine of the week-days are thrown, and to make it become in the future a real "Day of Rest"; particularly as less rest is in store for us on week-days. It seems to me more in place to make an effort to leave Sunday night clear, and free for our own use, than to leave Saturday night clear at the former's expense.

I suggest that Divinity Hall be transferred to a "fifth period," and that the full Musical Society practice be transferred to Saturday evening from 6.35 to 7.15 p.m.

Yours, etc.,

R. W. RENTOUL.

## LECTURES OR SOCIETY MEETINGS ?

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

Mr. Gourlay, at the beginning of his very excellent lecture on the "Growth of Sherborne School," was quite right when he referred to the general unpopularity of School Lectures. Unpopularity does not necessarily condemn, but in the case of majority of School Lectures it is justified by the poor standard of speaking and the choice of subject, which is more often than not of a very limited interest. In fact, entertainment value is practically nil and, partly as a result of this, educational value is little higher. By these remarks I would imply no criticism of those who have the difficult and thankless task of choosing lecturers. But as their choices are often inevitably "shots in the dark" surely it would be better to limit the number of lectures to one a term (which is about the proportion of good ones that we get at the present) making sure that that one really is a satisfactory one.

This problem would not be so urgent if it were not for the fact that Saturday evenings in the winter are the only time that many Societies have for their meetings. This, coupled with the founding of two new and very active Societies this term and the continued popularity of older ones, makes it impossible for meetings not to overlap, which is bad because it restricts people's membership of them and, therefore, their interests. Indeed, many are deterred from joining any society at all, because they regard Saturday evening as the only appreciable bit of free time left to them during the week. The value of making the best use of time is underlined by the recent admirable proposals for the re-arranging of the School time-table. and the authorities would do well to consider the relative value of School Lectures and School Societies as claimants to Saturday evenings in the winter, for the two are becoming more and more incompatible.

Lectures as a form of comparatively inexpensive, one-man entertainment for supposedly "long winter evenings," are a survival of the days when boys had neither the opportunity nor the will to amuse themselves; they are out of place in a school which contains so many flourishing societies, and out of date in a world of cinema and radio. One evening's listening on the Third Programme has more cultural possibilities than all the lectures which a boy may attend in his whole career at Sherborne put together.

Yours, etc.,

C. K. CURWEN.

## THE SCHOOL TUCK SHOP

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

Words fail me !

P.S.—Um . . . Er-r . . . No, it's no good.

Yours, etc.,

J. N. M. BROWNJOHN.

## "THEIR'S NOT TO REASON WHY" ?

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

In nearly every Government Department there is an official called the Public Relations Officer. It is his job to justify the actions of the department to the people. If accusations are made it is likewise his job to answer those accusations, which more often than not take the form of letters to the Press, by taking part in the controversy. Rarely are accusations or complaints left unanswered.

The Administration of this School is a matter which necessarily affects every member of the School. The decisions are made by people in High Authority, but too often are the reasons governing such decisions left unpublished. To designate to some member of the Staff the job of Public Relations Officer, with the obligation of representing Authority in any controversy which may arise either in these pages or as mere "whispers in the Cloisters," would be to give the School that essential interest in itself which is so obviously lacking at the moment.

Nothing is more disquieting in a community than lack of the knowledge of "raison d'être", both in the general and particular sense.

Yours, etc.,

M. W. GRAHAM.

## A READER'S WANTS.

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

The true purpose of this letter is yet to come, but may I suggest, in parenthesis, that the heading on the Corps Board should be changed from obsolescence to modernity, from O.T.C. to J.T.C. ? This is a small matter but one of irritation to myself and others.

Now to the point. It is constantly under discussion as to the merits and demerits of an advertisement section in "The Shirburnian," both for entertainment and cash value. But the crux of the matter is in whether the advertisers themselves are to benefit and, therefore, the advertisements to continue. A simple test of the awaiting response is in the number of people who answer this letter (in whatever vein).

Firstly, I undertake to give advice and pamphlets on hitch-hiking or any similar enterprise in England or Wales (other Schools please copy). Secondly, more important, has anyone for loan or sale, in August, a canoe, suitable for three large people to take abroad and sit in ?

Yours, etc.,  
R. H. K. CARLESS.

## KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

Last summer a considerable amount of time, labour and money was spent in laying out a grass border in the road by the side of the Big Schoolroom. This lawn seems to induce many of those who pass by to walk on it; as a result the grass, if it can be called such, has become exceedingly worn. Could not something be put up to prevent people from wearing this grass down any more, tempting though it may be ?

Yours, etc.,  
D. C. P. CAREY.  
C. P. ANGWIN.

## CARTOONS.

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

Could there not be a Cartoon page in "The Shirburnian" ? Far from lowering the standard of the School Magazine, this addition might give it a certain liveliness, which hitherto may have been lacking. Surely the School has a sufficient store of humorous artists to make this possible. It is true that some articles in the Literary Section have a witty sting in the tail, but there is nothing really amusing. Perhaps the idea has been thought of before, and has been rejected ; but it might be given a trial.

Yours, etc.,  
M. S. MACDONALD.

*We entirely agree with this suggestion, and have considered it before. It is not a lack of initiative which prevents trial, but the question of finance. If we can publish advertisements, it should provide us with sufficient credit to print a cartoon page.*—THE EDITORS.

## THE FIVES COURTS.

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

I think it is high time that the roof of the Five Courts was repaired, since it is impossible to have a good game when there is a quantity of water on the floor of the court.

Yours, etc.,  
J. J. E. MOON.

## TOWARDS THE HEATING OF SHERBORNE.

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

May I suggest that the School adapts a method of heating which is used by several factories ? In the winter months, heat should be withdrawn from the swimming bath and used to warm the houses. This would both ensure better living conditions and provide the School with a skating rink. The cost of the installation of plant would be repaid by the ultimate benefits of the system.

Yours, etc.,  
P. P. HUGGINS.

## WEDNESDAY WORKSHOP.

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

The School is most grateful, I am sure, for the free Wednesday afternoon it now enjoys. I am not suggesting that we have any difficulty in finding some occupation during these free afternoons, but surely this is an excellent opportunity for these concerned to do workshop. Of course, this suggestion does not apply to summer terms, but if, during the winter and Easter terms, the workshops could be open for an hour or so on Wednesday afternoons, I feel sure it would be much appreciated by those who frequent them.

Yours, etc.,  
J. M. MERRIMAN.

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRS,

Last summer term, a letter from the Captain of Cricket, thanking E. J. Freeman and his staff for the excellent way in which the grounds had been kept, for some reason best known to the Editors, was not published. We feel very strongly that these thanks should be publicly expressed, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking E. J. Freeman and his colleagues, who have so admirably overcome the many difficulties in providing good grounds for the use of the School. We should also like to thank all masters, who have so kindly helped to run and referee games.

Yours, etc.,

J. S. W. LUSH (*Captain of Cricket*).

D. M. E. ANSON (*Captain of Football*).

## LITERARY

"BERLIN, CHRISTMAS 1946."

To one who is accustomed to see the damage inflicted by enemy action in England, even though it be of the order of that which has devastated the environment of St. Pauls and London's East End, his first glimpse of Berlin, silhouetted by the snow and projected, black and stark, against a glowering sky, will come as something of a shock. It is impossible to describe to one who has not seen it the picture of unbroken desolation which some aspects of the city offer—impossible to set down with any accuracy the impression which such a sight forces upon the senses. Deeper, too, is this impression, when one realises that in most cases the Berliners have had to be content with a mere clearance of the roads, and that hundreds of their dead lie where they first fell, entombed in the mountains of rubble that were their homes. The occupying powers have demolished the ruins that were a danger to the traffic, but the roads are still, as it were, causeways, through a city of the dead. That which strikes one most is the entire absence of that orderly clearance of debris, that type of "tidy" ruin which can be seen, for instance, round St. Pauls, seeming mellowed by time and calling up in the mind visions of Pompeii—even possessing a strange aesthetic satisfaction. But it is not as the impersonal observer in a picture-gallery that one looks on the nightmare chaos of wreckage that is Berlin. Everywhere are signs, there a mantelpiece in the side of a towering ruin, there a picture hanging askew on the wall of a room open to the sky, there a kitchen stove, that make one realise that there were people living there once, living in houses that exist only as shattered girder frameworks or heaps of splintered brick by the roadside. Many will say, of course, that it is easy enough to wax sentimental over any war-damage, and that we ought to keep our sentiment for bombed Britain. This may be a just cause of complaint, but one is apt to forget that Berlin suffered what no city in England ever suffered—not only a series of devastating aerial bombardments, but also the systematic pounding of nearly every quarter by Russian artillery. It is enough to say that no town or city in England can show either such intense, or such widespread areas of utter devastation.

Berlin, they say, was not, even in the days before the war, a "beautiful" city, but it is still possible to see in it the last faint vestiges of a certain pompous and ultra-German grandeur. Certainly there were some fine, massive, buildings of state, very few of which remain, and, as always in a continental city, wide thoroughfares and spacious squares. Now the Chancellery is a gutted ruin, and the once delightful Unter den Linden nothing but a wide road, bordered by tree stumps, and running through a desolate plain on whose horizon loom the secret police headquarters where some of the finer forms of torture were employed in the time of the regime. And there at one end, to remind us of a Germany that was, stands the Franco-Prussian War Memorial, a massive horror surmounted by a battered gilt angel, very plump, and intensely Teutonic.

What, then, of the people who seemingly inhabit this surrealist nightmare? How and where do they live, and what is their outlook on life? The answers to all these questions are difficult for an unqualified observer to give. Perhaps one should not paint too extreme a picture of desolation. There are German shops, there are trams and a tube-system—there are a few German cinemas. There are, on the other hand, insufficient rations of food, soap and coal, the last two of which being ridiculously small. The Germans, one gathers, manage to make both ends meet by one of two methods. Either they can find the means for using the Black Market, or they have a relative working for the allies in some capacity. What happens when they are denied both these advantages must be left to the imagination. They live anywhere and everywhere.

In rooms which they have patched together in the midst of a ruined street block, in surroundings where one would think it not only impossible, but dangerous to stay a moment longer than necessary. They live, too, like vermin, in cellars and abandoned air-raid shelters, in garages, corrugated iron huts, attics—any place which will let in the minimum of cold and wet. The luckiest, perhaps, are those who have managed to find (rare combination) a comparatively undamaged house unrequisitioned in one of the residential quarters, like the Grunewald, where they pack in, forty or fifty at a time, in an avenue where next door a C.C.G. official lives alone with his wife and two children in a house of the same size or larger. These bewildering extremes of hardship and luxury are to be found everywhere in Germany.

The attitude of the Germans is difficult to define on the whole, and one finds in them a certain unwillingness to reveal their true feelings. Their demeanour ranges from the sullen and cowed to the subservient and over eager to please. The young people I have met, as, for instance, students, seem very disillusioned, while their elders say continually, and, one hopes, sincerely, "We have no-one but Hitler to thank for this state of affairs." But it is never to be ascertained how exactly sincere they are in their protestations of goodwill. Above all, every German seems to live in a state of perplexed apathy, primarily caused, no doubt, by prolonged malnutrition. Everywhere their eyes follow one, dully, incuriously, like the eyes of dumb beasts; they cannot make decisions, but hesitate, and are so tardy in avoiding traffic on the roads, that car-horns have continually to be sounded in order to avoid accident and loss of life. This time the Germans have drained the bitter cup of defeat to the dregs. Through the broad streets which once echoed to the tramp of marching German feet and the frenzied cheering of crowds in the heyday of Nazism, roars the armoured transport of their conquerors. No civilian cars are to be seen on the roads. The "verboten" signs which seemed once to embody the spirit of armed Germany have not, as one might have expected, disappeared. On the contrary, they have sprung up everywhere under the auspices of the allied governments, and it will be enough if I say that there hangs on our kitchen door at home in Grunewald, a large, commanding notice: "Eintritt für Zivil Personen Verboten." And one realises that the Germans are literally doing a penance for their sins, for though servants are allowed to eat as much food as they like in the government-owned houses where they are employed, strict orders are given that none leaves in their pockets to regale their less fortunate families outside. All their great buildings that survive, as, for instance, the Olympic Stadium, scene of so many Nazi rallies, and all its magnificent annexes are forbidden to German civilians. All the famous clubs and best cinemas that still stand are closed to them. And the result is that, even when they have the energy to go out, they are left with practically no means of recreation or entertainment.

One takes a week or two to get accustomed to the monetary systems of Berlin. For use in British establishments, there are the British Armed Forces Special Vouchers (inevitably shortened to "Bafs") a system of colourful paper money of values ranging from one pound to threepence. A pint of beer at the last named sum, a large whisky at a shilling, German gin at two or three shillings a bottle, French perfumes and bicycles at incredibly low prices—all these things can be bought from British establishments. Then there are the German mark currency notes, which will not, frankly, buy much, as is easily realised when German waiters or porters practically spit on them if they are offered them as tips. And finally there is the all-powerful cigarette, of which a packet of twenty, costing our troops ninepence, is worth to the German civilian £2 10s. 0d. in real value, or as real as he can ever get, with the unofficial rate of exchange standing at five marks a cigarette. Coffee, cocoa, and bars of chocolate are all worth a large sum in marks, and in spite of the stern attitude on the part of the government toward Black Market activities, there are, obviously, too many facilities for playing the exchanges available to our occupation forces.

Let no-one at home think that the Germans will be able, with any justification, to repeat their claim that their armies were not really beaten in the field, and that the war was not in actuality lost, as they have been doing ever since the Great War of 1914-18. This time they are well and truly beaten, and a long occupation will convince them of that unwholesome truth. Everywhere they can see evidence of their defeat, never are they allowed to forget it, and the spirit of the majority is, as I believe, broken. They see defeat everywhere, in their homes, their daily lives, and their streets. It is no uncommon sight at night to see a group of civilians held in the glare of an armoured-car spotlight for a routine check of identity cards—and a man breaking from the group at a run, Military Police close in pursuit, for besides black-marketeer and Russian agitators, many thousands of allied deserters are abroad in Berlin, eking out a miserable existence from Black Market sources, without papers, ration-cards, or any hope of ultimate escape.

There are many other aspects of Berlin, on which one could write a large book, but that which clings to the mind after one has left Germany is a series of poignant little pictures—An old woman picking up a

few pieces of coal on the tramlines early one icy morning—Miserable-looking civilians, clad in the inevitable threadbare German Army great-coat and wearing those little black ear-comforters one comes to know so well, digging up roots for fuel in the Grunewald, in a road bordered by the overheated houses of Government officials—The crowd of tired men standing at the doors of large buildings and cars, jumping to open them in the hope of a cigarette.—The pathetic and degrading spectacle of men and boys scrabbling on the pavements outside Allied cinemas and theatres, fighting amongst themselves for cigarette-ends almost before they have left the hands of those in the queue.—The little stores of hoarded fag-ends that are to be found even at home, in odd places where the German servants have put them.—A circle of children's faces gaping in wonder at a thirty-foot Christmas-tree in a street in the American sector, blazing with a myriad electric candles, while their parents at home die slowly from lack of fuel.—The huge indoor Olympic baths, seventy-five yards of marble and azure water, warmed for an average of fifty British bathers a day, and requiring literally tons of fuel for its maintenance, while half a mile away from this wholly unnecessary luxury, some German is dying of cold and malnutrition. These pictures stay, indelibly impressed on the mind.

Defeat really means defeat for the Germans this time, and all save the most hard-hearted cannot but feel some secret pang of pity for this conquered people. One can only comfort one's self with the thought of what would have been our lot if things had turned out otherwise than they actually did.

But the fact remains that at the thought of what is happening outside, at one of the sumptuous parties that are always being held in Berlin on the least excuse, champagne somehow goes sour in the mouth. It is best not to think too deeply of these things if one wishes to remain mentally balanced.

J. N. M. BROWNJOHN.

### THE LIBRARY

During the last six months work has been confined to weeding out unwanted books, and to cataloguing the old editions, those published before 1700, owned by the School.

The Library contains about ten thousand books, and of these many were duplicates, and many more, especially editions of classical texts and books on scientific subjects, have been superseded and are no longer of any intrinsic value; they have been removed from the shelves and are gradually being sold. The shelf-space thus made available was urgently needed and will be of great value when the process has been completed.

The policy followed in making purchases is to buy such new publications as appear from the reviews to be worth having, and gradually to fill up existing gaps in the works of standard authors. There are still some surprising deficiencies in respect of the latter, and the money realised from the sale of books is being put to the purpose of making them good. Purchasing is a problem, for editions to-day are very limited and often over-subscribed before they actually appear, while second editions sometimes do not appear for years. It is no longer possible to postpone buying a book until it has been read, and funds do not permit the purchase of those, in particular novels, that may prove to be of purely transitory value. This difficulty accounts for the fact that so few of the suggestions in the Suggestions Book appear to have been accepted.

The School owns a large number of ancient books, as might be expected, and is particularly fortunate in possessing a collection of early Bibles that an antiquarian bookseller has described as "remarkable," besides many early first editions and a number of books with very beautiful bindings; the Governors have consented to a more detailed valuation of them. It is hoped that it will soon be possible to preserve all the old books under glass, and to have a large number of them exhibited in show-cases. Facilities for displaying antiques are at present wholly inadequate, and the present exhibition, which could only aim at displaying a very few representative specimens, must be regarded as of a temporary nature. In the more extensive permanent display that is planned the School Charter, which is not now on view, will have a place of honour; this beautifully illuminated document is beginning to show signs of too much handling and of exposure to the rays of the sun, and it has been put away until it can be housed with the respect that it deserves. The supply situation is unfavourable to expansion, but it is hoped that it will be possible to have many more antiques on view in the near future.

G. J. B. W.

## SNOW FEVER

I must go up to the slopes again,  
 To the wide expanse of snow.  
 And all I ask is a pair of skis  
 And the sticks to make them go.  
 With a long run and a straight run,  
 Without a bump or a groove ;  
 With no-one there to watch me fall,  
 And plenty of room to move.

I must go up to the slopes again,  
 And take my chance on a sledge ;  
 Lacking the means to stop myself  
 When making straight for the hedge.  
 With a dozen others piled on top,  
 And all of us yelling, "fore !"  
 With the painful process of "baling out,"  
 —I'd still come back for more !

M. J. FISHER.

Many people have considered the possibility of an Advertisement Column in the Shirburnian. I tender the following in the hope that it will help to set the ball rolling.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## PERSONAL COLUMN.

ADCO the eternal compost.

Boiler boy required for School House. 17 gns. weekly and all found, except coal. Apply Housemaster.

Coming soon, "Three Cock." See this column for further announcements.

E.T. Reliable service, at a small charge, for all who need cramming. Apply any master.

Fools Rush In. Try a bun at the Tuck Shop (soon moving to Hospital Lane).

Grand piano wanted for old lady with ivory lacquered legs. Apply Box 410.

J.T.C. band. Volunteers needed to play the Jews' harp. Apply Armoury.

Large size, blue raincoat, lost on the Upper, March 24th, 1920. If found, please return to M.T. Elderton's.

Little used squash racket, 2 strings, 40/-. Apply Box 4503.

Players Please replace balls in the baskets.

Under The Counter. In order to be sure of getting Tuck Shop biscuits, buy one of our special prefects' ties. Apply Box 23.

Zacharias Zeissman will aid any boy in financial difficulties, at a small charge.

B. G. COWARD.

## DISCORD

I came out into the street. Behind me, towering away into the night, was the Albert Hall, like some great temple, whose encircling wall, embellished with dim pagan sculptures, and massive porch, foreboding and gaunt, yet held promise of an inner shrine, where lights would blaze and where homage would be paid by the host of the Cult's worshippers. I looked about me at my fellow-pilgrims pouring forth into the blackness of the night. On some faces I saw an expression of rapture, many were solemn, all were sincere. These were the faithful, I reflected, who had ventured out at night on a solemn pilgrimage to pay homage at the Shrine of Music. I thought how few professed Christians would make such a pilgrimage to any church at night and then willingly pay to be admitted to their worship. Surely the devotees of Music had something which other religions lacked, enthusiasm. They clamoured to attend their festivals, to be allowed to absorb the beauty of great music, and come away refreshed.

I crossed the street. The night was cool and a soft breeze carried the fine, fresh smells of Hyde Park to my nostrils, smells more pungent by night, and by contrast to the oppressive heat and stuffiness of the Albert Hall. I felt as if a burden had fallen from me ; I had shaken off the drug of music, the sensuous pleasure that can stupefy the mind, as well as inspire it. But this was blasphemy ! Around me still, though gradually dispersing and growing fewer, were the true worshippers ; I was profane. They would go to their homes, uplifted by their spiritual experience, and spread, wherever they went, the light of truth, of inspiration. A bus roared past me and shuddered to a halt at the bus-stop just down the road, where a mass of people burst the ranks of a neat queue which had formed and rushed towards the entrance of the bus.

I saw a disorderly and fighting mob, their upturned faces illuminated by the light from within the bus, angry, impatient. So these were the worshippers, uplifted and inspired? I saw my error. These people had not come this far through any compelling sense of duty, but rather to satisfy a desire, a lust for the fine sensuous pleasure of hearing stirring music. I turned into the park.

C. K. CURWEN.

### THE TEA PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Jambelin had arrived from London in the country. They were newly married and had recently established themselves in a large house in a village in Surrey. They missed the city and had so far made no friends nearby; but the maid had told them the names of their neighbours, and they were deciding over an evening drink what to do about calling. The maid had hinted that this was essential.

"I refuse to stick to convention," Mr. Jambelin was saying. "We're not going to stay here long, and I don't see why we should waste a lot of time paying individual calls."

"Oh, I see, dear," Mrs. Jambelin had a silky, if sometimes penetrating, voice. "So you want the mountain . . ."

"Yes," he interrupted. "Let's have them all here to tea to-morrow. The Vicar'll be embarrassed that he hasn't made the first move, but you can't go through life as if it were a game of chess, waiting for some idiot to ring the door-bell." Her husband's favourite topics of peroration and his habit of mixing metaphors were even in this short time well known to Mrs. Jambelin. She raised her eyebrows and another issue. "And what are we going to do with them?" she asked. "We can't just give them tea and say goodbye."

"Don't you worry," he said, smiling. "I'll fix something—unconventional." And he swung away to make the necessary telephone calls. He had already devised a course of action, and knew that his wife wouldn't mind very much if they had to leave England a month early because of it. After all, she despised the old-world English tea party as much as he did. But he would have to work quickly.

The Vicar and his wife were, in fact, the first to arrive, and they preceded themselves with two fixed smiles into the drawing room. Mrs. Jambelin rose to her feet as they came in, but did not appear to notice their "How do you do?" Mr. Jambelin explained that his wife was completely deaf. He left all three sitting motionless and embarrassed, while he showed in the remainder of the guests who had collected on the doorstep outside. As he flung open the front door he made a deep bow, and gravely ushered them in. Gravely, too, he introduced his wife and explained her deafness. Then, without another word, he left the room, and at the same time, from a phonograph in the far corner of the room, came the sound of his voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen." His voice cut into the room. "My wife, whom you see before you, is deaf and cannot hear what I am saying. But I have discovered, without her knowledge, that she is a common criminal. She is, in fact, a murderess." The intense hiss on the last syllable, searing an already strained atmosphere, made all the guests visibly wince. The voice went on ". . . and since I have discovered this, I have gathered you all here as witnesses of justice. Do not any of you try to hinder the passage of justice, which will be administered by me. I am going to shoot her in fifteen seconds from now." The phonograph ended with a click whose finality could be felt all through the room. The faces round the room had hardened and paled, but there was no movement; they seemed hypnotised. Then a single shot rang out from behind a portrait on the wall; Mrs. Jambelin slumped forward in her chair; there was a scream from the Vicar's wife; and the chair with the corpse in it went down through a hole in the floor. The Vicar's wife had fainted. The guests formed an excited group around her, asking each other what to do.

A few minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Jambelin walked cheerfully into the room, bearing a large tea tray. Mrs. Jambelin appeared surprised at the excitement of her guests, and then, with a smile, explained. "It's just a custom in France," she said. "We start the theatricals before, not after, tea."

R. H. K. CARLESS.

### A FROSTY INTERLUDE

Reverently he lifted the goldfish bowl from its stand, and gazed at its occupant, motionless and dull of hue in the wintry sunlight; slowly he turned the bowl upside down, to convince himself once again that his pet was really frozen in a solid block of ice; and wearily he made his way into the garden, where the freshly dug earth stood out warm against the frozen snow . . . . .

He laid the bowl gently in the grave, murmuring over it as much as seemed appropriate of the burial service. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can take nothing out . . ."

Periodically he shook the icicle from his nose, and when he had filled in the grave, he flung his paper at a passing worm, and stalked angrily indoors. Icily the worm shook the periodical from its back, and settled down to await the predestined thaw, and the eventual dissolution of the goldfish.

M. J. FISHER.

### UTOPIA

Throughout the woods there sighs a gentle breeze,  
Which stirs the branches of the mighty trees,  
And sends a wistful message, full of woe,  
Which tells that Man is Nature's greatest foe.

It also tells of lands not far away,  
Where Mother Nature doth hold earthly sway,  
And through the glades of forests gently tread  
The deer, on carpets green and golden red.

And here peace reigns, and gentle creatures play,  
And fear not Man through every live-long day,  
But romp and scamper, and, when night draws in,  
Sleep their nests and little homes within.

S. A. WHITCOMB.

### THINGS THAT AMUSED ME DURING A HOLIDAY IN THE EXTREME SOUTH OF FRANCE

These actually amused me at the time—

Seeing Stewart Grainger in Paris and thinking how lucky it is for him that most of his fans haven't. Being amazed at the primitive state of the Spanish soldiers I met on the frontier, who wore travesties of uniforms, and many of them straw hats and sandals.

Watching the crowds dancing in the square after dark to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." On the "boom" the men all swung their partners as high into the air as they safely could.

Being able to tell a fiery Spanish republican exile that I did not feel great concern over the fact that the English upper classes had betrayed Spain by not expelling Franco—a theory that he was putting across rather forcibly at me.

These only amused me afterwards—

Trying to think of something new to say in French every morning to the maid who brought in our breakfast besides "Bonjour" and "Merci Beaucoup."

Coming on to a hilltop on the frontier prepared to eat my lunch there, only to find it already occupied by a Spanish guard lying sound asleep in the sun. Feeling that he might not appreciate my presence on awakening I crept stealthily away, postponing my lunch until I had placed a good mile between myself and the frontier.

Being promised a two-hour trip in a fishing smack at 2.45, we arrived at the appointed time, only to find that the mechanic had not turned up yet, and he was the only man who could start the engine. We had been sun-bathing on the decks for an hour and three-quarters when he appeared and vanished below with a vast bag of tools. We thought that we would be off any moment now, but it was not to be. We waited for another hour and a half while the sun slowly sank and occasional puffs of smoke came out of the funnel. Everything comes to an end sometime however and at six o'clock we emerged triumphantly from the harbour; but not, as we expected, for a two-hour voyage at sea. No, there was only time for a 20-minute circle of the bay!

Careering round a series of sharp bends above a deep valley at a hair-raising speed in a bus so full of people that no one could have survived the appalling accident that threatened at each corner—least of all myself who was engaged in supporting the overwhelming weight of a vast woman in black, and feeling in fact rather like an overworked Atlas.

Unexpectedly coming face to face with a Spanish patrol on the frontier and having to undergo a minute scrutinisation of all I had—a drawing in my sketch book of Platform four in Norwich Station that I

had done there to pass some time being especially suspect. After this inspection I was taken into Spain to see "el Capitan," who was with great difficulty persuaded that I was not a well-disguised and highly dangerous smuggler (common in those parts), my Spanish being of the scantiest. Having heard tales of Englishmen languishing in Spanish prisons for months, lost to the world, I was very relieved on being turned loose again in France.

Being quite taken aback at the discovery that men must wear full bathing-dresses on San Sebastian beach ; to wear bathing trunks only being considered highly indecent. I have been told of one English woman who was sent indoors by a policeman for wearing shorts in public !

On the night train up to Paris finding it difficult to get any sleep with a man suffering from tuberculosis groaning in the next compartment and just opposite, a woman with a baby that cried all night and who could find no better way of trying to silence it than by kissing it repeatedly and crooning " Oh ! Fais doh, doh, doh, doh . . . .

R. N. A. GALLOP

### " R.I.P. "

It is very easy to malign the wicked when they are living and even easier when they are dead and unable to defend themselves, but in that brief interval, halfway between life and death, the wagging tongues are stilled and an atmosphere of uneasy suspense creeps over the place where " that other angel with his darker draught " is waiting.

Such an atmosphere enveloped the big, solid Victorian house at the end of the quiet Dublin road, and crept into the high, gloomy rooms with their heavy, ornate furniture, their thick curtains and dark cabinets of glass and porcelain, until it permeated everything with the peculiar miasma of death. Upstairs in the crepuscular gloom of the big bedroom, where the light filtered in only through drawn blinds, lay a man, propped up on pillows in the great brass-railed bed, and as he lay there in a drugged stupor, his body, once gross and corpulent, could be seen thin and wasted under the sheets, and his face, once rotund and bucolic, could be seen sallow and haggard, seeming almost jaundiced against the white of the sheets. The doctors and the nurse hovered around talking in low voices and shaking their heads, occasionally administering morphia or feeling the pulse, which now flickered feebly with the last sad ember of life in that body where cancer was now completing the work that hard living had begun.

Downstairs the relatives sat and whispered ; as vultures in the desert congregate round a dying beast, so they had come from far and near, even those who had refused for years to speak to the man who lay above, drawn by that queer fascination which deaths and funerals seem to exert over all of us. His daughter and his son were there and a whole host of cousins, nephews and nieces filled the rooms and sat, waiting. They scarcely appeared to be griefstricken and there were no tears except an occasional hysterical outburst from the daughter, caused by suspense not sorrow, and hushed with comforting platitudes. The assembly was filled with an air of unholy piety ; they talked in whispers, but they talked of inheritance and codicils, they crossed themselves and told their beads, but when their lips moved it was not in prayer, they were dressed in black, but they were not in mourning and the black of their clothes was matched only by the blackness of their souls. They frequently questioned the doctors, but it was only in order to be the first to bear the tidings to the others waiting eagerly below.

It is never pleasant to die, but to die unloved, unhonoured and unmourned is terrible, and there was no one in that house who would have been sorry to see him dead. I say there was no one in the house, and I am right, but behind the house, in their kennels, the four dogs whined and howled mournfully, for like so many vicious men he was marvellous with animals and his spaniel, his terrier and his two retrievers loved him as no one else ever had or could, and now, with that queer sixth sense of animals they felt the impending doom. So alone and hated he lay dying and the only human being who could have comforted his last hours was gone; he had driven his wife to distraction twelve years before and she had thrown herself out of a window.

Then as the shadows lengthened about the house, news was passed to the relatives that he was failing fast. The priest, who in happier moments he had lightly referred to as " the district devil-dodger " gave him the extreme unction, which he seemed hardly to hear or notice, and his brother, daughter and son were ushered into the bedroom, and stood silently at the foot of the bed. He was conscious now and his eyes, already half glazed with death, stared at them ; he did not speak, he cursed not, neither did he bless, he just looked at them, and under that steady gaze they wilted. For some minutes he lay thus, and in the

silence of the room the clock could be plainly heard, ticking away remorselessly the last seconds of his life. Then suddenly he winced and shut his eyes, the motionless figures round the bed started, when faintly through the closed window came the long heartbreaking howl of a dog. The figure in the bed seemed to hear it, for he too started and opened his eyes, then a convulsive shudder, followed by a gasp shook the wasted frame, and all was still. My grandfather had passed over into Hell.

T. R. HEARN.

## CONVENTION

To gaze with love-smoked glasses on mankind,  
 Uncritical, uncriticized, would be  
 A madman's sentiment, the apogee  
 Of fools. Blest fool, who thus could be so blind !  
 For he could loose an anchor from his mind,  
 Forget convention's stupor, and quite flee  
 The back-behind, backward-looking scree  
 Of vile intolerance. What after would he find ?  
 The silver in a cloud ? A crystal glass ?  
 Ah, yes : the glass whose ruby-scented wine  
 Is Beauty, loveliness ensolemnized  
 And indiscriminate : a hallowed shrine,  
 Whose portals only those more prized,  
 In other, brighter worlds than this, can pass.

R. H. K. CARLESS.

## A STRAYING PEN

Two youthful bits of a Large America  
 Caught up together in a Little,  
 Dancing the night through  
 To a melody of nostalgia  
 And a rhythm of plans.  
 Two facets of two large sections  
 Swirled together for a moment  
 Telling an age-old tale of silly Americanisms  
 Weaved to a Danish pattern  
 And with a Damask touch.

It is nice to be young and write about it all with a style  
 stolen from  
 Benet. But something's stirring, slowing stirring . . .

They say growing up is hard on mothers  
 Yet it's hard on those who grow.  
 Feeling something sifting away and  
 Another something coming.  
 An attitude taking its first steps—and faltering  
 To the ramble of inexperience and lack of a reason.  
 I wonder if those who have come back from war  
 With their eyes a bit deeper set and clearer  
 Discovered anything ? If in some moment when  
 The pounding of the shells was dimmed by  
 The rumbling of one's thoughts  
 Youth changed ?

Or is it ever to be  
 A slow accumulative thing—the dream  
 Of youth slipping away unhailed, not  
 Knowing whether it should have gone or no,  
 Putting our best foot forward and smiling  
 When the road rose and jarred the marrow  
 In our bones. Not all at once, but in the way  
 Roads have—annoying bit by bit  
 Until we, “ Lord, something must be done.”  
 But it's too late ; we detour the remains.

Yes, it had been wonderful  
 The dance, the laughing eyes,  
 And pseudo-serious toasts drunk  
 To a dubious future.  
 But now another piece of me is gone  
 And I become still more a pot pourri of all  
 Those I have met, whose company enjoyed,  
 Whose manner liked, whose gaze returned,  
 Whose laughter heard, and questions fathomed.

What shall become of this and all the other pot pourris ?

Yet, pot pourri, there is a substance in your glance  
 That tells of a patience to outwear the fired strife,  
 A substance too often lacking in the  
 Flashy eyes of youth  
 Which dart from mote to mote.  
 Longing tale of why's and wherefore's, unsaid,  
 But felt even in the quiet hours  
 When emotions plead before noted judgment.  
 Your pleading bewitches that in me which queries  
 For a harmony in this universal noise.  
 You ask your question well. Wait—and maybe  
 A portion of the depths shall be fathomed . . .

PROSSER GIFFORD.

## THE FANTASY OF A CLOUD

Clouds in general are dull, uninteresting and oppressive. This was no such cloud. It was, he supposed, just like other clouds to the right and to the left, but . . . . That was it, but. It possessed an atmosphere, it was uncanny, intangible but definitely positive and his senses warned him against it. Perhaps this curious cloud was shining, a to a sun that was not there, perhaps it was imagination. He could not be sure. He felt ashamed of himself, a scientist, feeling sensations only felt by mystics.

On and on it came, bearing down on him, threatening to envelop him ; the wind dropped from its gusty fury to an unnoticeable breeze, yet this cloud continued on its unerring path unchecked. More and more strongly he felt its purpose, as it grew larger and seemed to be drawn closer to the bosom of the earth.

The lonely moor became as death, silent and immovable, as if it were about to witness some epoch-making scene. The soul of one insignificant mortal cried out, while his scientific mind assured it that all was well. A battle, the like of which has never been known to man, was fought on that lonely place. It was the combat between instinct and knowledge. The result was a foregone conclusion, the primitive triumphed and as this cloud swept down towards the place where a human stood, the scientific mind was defeated and he fell into a trance.

His senses told him that he was soaring upwards through the ether into boundless space. At first he could not understand the sensations he felt. He seemed to possess no body, no eyes, no ears, and no brain, yet he could see, hear, and understand everything that was passing him by. Then to his slowly clearing mind came realisation. He had been drawn into the cloud of time. But this, the science in him asserted, cannot be so. Time cannot run backwards. It is forbidden to do so by entropy and the second law of thermodynamics. If indeed he was correct in believing that he was moving backwards in time, then the universe must be winding itself up. No, he must be wrong ; that could not be true.

Even as this thought entered his mind, the panorama of years swept across before him. He saw the first world war ending and then beginning, the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand—he chuckled at this : it always amused him in its absurdity. More was coming ; Gladstone's resignation, the death of Disraeli, Palmerston making his famous speech "Civis Romanus Sum," Canning and Castlereagh duelling, the death of Nelson, and bloody scenes from the French Revolution. He tore his mind away from the contemplation of these sights. An explanation in scientific terms eluded him, yet here it was happening before his eyes. Could he be travelling faster than light ? That would account for the apparent lack of body, but his mass would then be infinite. Perhaps it was infinite, he could hardly conceive what it would be like to possess infinite mass. Yes, he thought, that is the only explanation that is at all reasonable. Thus satisfied, he became determined to enjoy himself. History flashed across his vision but now it was becoming hard to pick out individual events as light from other worlds and other suns was intermingled with it, and everything was happening in reverse order. The last clear picture he received was something that reminded him of Alfred burning his bread ration, and then the shadow of Betelgeure obscured him. Soon he was free again, for ever soaring onwards. The sensation was pleasurable and he felt no weariness. Unknown planets floated past him as he wove his way in and out of the stars of a very distant nebula. These planets were not nearly so common as he had expected, however, and he had seen no sign of life, as we know it, on any of them.

In front of him appeared another star very like those which he had grown accustomed to seeing, but with an exceptional number of planets in attendance. It was towards one of these that he was moving. Then he was lost in a dense swirling cloud, and after what seemed an eternity, he felt a slight bump, which caused him to open his eyes, and blink for the light was painful. Looking around he was surprised to find himself again on that lonely moor. The only difference that he noticed was his bicycle, which had fallen on its side, spilling the tools all over the ground. One particularly heavy spanner still rested half on his leg and probably accounted for the bump he had felt. Remembrance struck him like a physical blow. He looked around for his bottle of Black and White. It had fallen from his hand to the ground, and by some freak of fate had retained most of its contents. He did not usually drink much, but failure always affected him in such a way, and he had intended to drink himself back to normal spirits. But the whisky bottle was still practically full ! He wondered, and so did the world.

J. N. INSALL.

## VISITOR'S ROW

Why sit you there with pseudo-smirk, displeased,  
 While mother's glance felicitous is turned  
 To you? Don't parents merit more than these  
 Half moods—the scorn of son convention-learned?  
 The gauntlet of your fellow's tastes holds sway.  
 Are we too paltry-minded to be proud  
 Of faith and guidance inculcated, day  
 By month, upon us? . . . whispers in the crowd . . .  
 Too often have we, insincere, allowed  
 The governing of whispers in the crowd.

PROSSER GIFFORD.

## GAMES

## FOOTBALL.

*Games Editor* :—J. S. W. LUSH.SCHOOL *v.* WELLINGTON.

This match was played at Wellington on Saturday, November 23rd, and won by the School by 2 goals and 2 tries (16 points) to *nil*.

This was a new fixture, the School never having played Wellington before at any game, and was, therefore, eagerly awaited by ourselves and we hope by Wellington. It was, therefore, a little disappointing for both sides that Wellington after having a very good season last year, were conscious of their weakness this year; they were also most unfortunate in having three absentees from their side, two of whom had been in their side last year. As it was, Wellington put up an exceedingly stout performance and we were unable to get through a firm defence until after half-time, when the hill and our heavier pack and faster outsiders were too much for them.

The School lost the toss and had to play up the hill,—and the slope on the Wellington ground is considerably greater than the slope across Carey's,—against a fair breeze. From our kick-off Wellington kicked the ball far down into our half and pressed at once, so that a spectator arriving late for the match saw the School stemming an attack right on our line. Not long after, however, Anson broke away up the field and a try seemed certain, as it did on at least one other occasion in the first half, until the slope and a tendency to hold onto the ball proved too much for him and he was pulled down. There were occasional breaks such as this by our outsiders, but frankly none that got near enough to put the Wellington line in immediate danger, and for the most part our opponents drove the ball back into our half and looked as dangerous as we did. In this half we were several times penalised for scrum infringements, and all these penalties looked nasty; penalties awarded to us, and there were several, did not look any more pleasant to us for we had to kick up-hill and against the wind; to have taken a scrum would have been better.

So we started the second half down hill with no score in the bag on either side. This half went almost entirely in our favour, though Wellington went very near to scoring under the posts on one occasion because of a muddle by our backs. The first score came five minutes after half-time from a loose rush by the forwards from which Spankie scored near the centre; Wilson kicked the goal. From then on we gained gradually increasing superiority. Anson scored a good try far out on the right soon after Spankie's try; this was not converted. The next try came from a dive over the line by Campbell; the pack tried a straight shove, as they had done almost with success in the first half, were held up, and heeled the ball to Campbell. Wilson kicked the goal. Our last try came from a good break by Wilson on the left, from which Anson scored again. This time the kick failed.

The second half was made five minutes short, because the referee's watch had stopped in the first half, and this had continued for 47 minutes—fairly gruelling up-hill and against the wind.

In the second half of this match the School came right back into their form of earlier in the season. The forwards began to get the ball regularly and at once they started getting about the country. The line-out was better, but is not yet good, and there was much greater cohesion in the play of the side as a whole. Even so, the backing-up could still be better; two breaks of Anson in the first half were almost entirely unsupported.

The team was the same as against Marlborough, except that Blacking and Fisher came into the pack instead of Teale and Greenstreet. R.M.M.B.

SCHOOL *v.* TAUNTON.

Played on Saturday, November 30th, and resulting in a win for the School by 1 goal, 1 dropped goal and a try (12 points) to 1 goal, two tries (11 points).

After heavy rain the ground had recovered remarkably quickly and was fairly dry when play started. The School won the toss and attacked Sherborne. They maintained heavy pressure on the Taunton line for the first ten minutes without, however, being able to clinch the issue with a try. This was followed by a bout of mid-field play when the Taunton forwards were seen to good effect and play was eventually forced into our twenty-five. From a set scrum in the centre of the field, the Taunton three-quarters opened up a good line of passing out to their wing who outpaced both our wing and our full back to score in the corner. The try was not converted.

From this point the Taunton team was continually under pressure until half-time, apart from some minor break-aways, and during these repeated attacks Anson by his speed forced his way over only to be tackled in touch in goal. Taunton were unable to relieve the continued pressure successfully and at last Anson again showing his superior speed, passed two men to score about half-way in from the touch line, but Wilson was unable to add any further points, and so half time was reached with the score at three points all.

In the second half we continued to attack, but both defences stood firm; and although the forwards were very evenly matched, we had the slight but important advantage of being able to heel the ball very consistently from the tight scrums, and as a result our three-quarters got far more of the ball than our opponents did; but the latter were unerring in their brilliant marking and tackling. The School were unable to take the lead until, after the second half had been in progress twenty minutes. Pavey dropped a magnificent goal from a set scrum just outside the Taunton twenty-five yard line. This gave us those vital points which we needed to put us in the lead. Spurred on by their success the School continued to attack. It was not long, however, before our three-quarters had broken away. On our opponents' twenty-five, Berrisford, to whom the ball had been passed, executed a perfectly judged cross kick, and McEwan, who was backing up very well, took the ball as it bounced and dived over between the posts to give the School a lead of seven points. Wilson converted and so made the score 12-3.

There were but five minutes of play remaining, and everyone thought Taunton were a well and truly beaten side, but this was not to be the case. The Taunton left centre, following a good passing movement, raced over for a try, which was easily converted, making the score 12-8. Here the School team can be strongly criticised for easing off when their last effort was needed to prevent their opponents scoring. Instead of using attack as the best means of defence, the School allowed the Taunton forwards in particular to take the offensive, and consequently to dominate the proceedings.

With only a minute left the Taunton left wing sprinted down the touch line to score yet another try for our opponents. This was due mainly to the faulty tackling of the School, who ought to have played as they did, when struggling to take the lead. The kick was almost in an impossible position, but the ball only just failed to pass between the uprights, so giving the School victory by one point (12-11). The School deserved their win, their backs being more skilful in attack, and their forwards that small bit better in the tight but they were at fault in their relapse when in a winning position. The School side was the same as for the Wellington match.

#### THE SCHOOL v. CLIFTON COLLEGE.

Played on the Upper on Saturday, December 7th, and resulting in a win for the School by 1 goal, 2 tries (11 points) to nil.

This game was spoilt by torrential rain, which, starting after the game had been in progress for under ten minutes, continued until mid-way through the second half. Prior to the rain the School started well and with the forwards showing good form in both the set and loose scrums, it came as no surprise when Wilson, P. N., cut through as the result of a neat heel by the School on the Clifton twenty-five yard line, and passed out to Anson, who scored under the posts at the Yeovil end. This try was converted by Wilson.

Then came the rain and the ground, which was already soft, soon became extremely muddy and there was little chance for the School three-quarters to show their superior speed and thrust. The game developed into a battle between the two packs, and so consequently became rather scrappy. The School forwards were slightly the better, but on the whole the packs were so evenly matched that to score by forward rushes alone was almost impracticable. From a three-quarters' point of view, the ball was virtually impossible to hold. Thus throughout the remainder of the first half a fair proportion of the game was in mid-field and neither side seemed likely to score, until with heavy forward pressure the School attacked the Clifton line. A set scrum was ordered, and Campbell had the ball smartly out to Anson, who went over to score an unconverted try.

There was little change in the opening phases of the second half, until the rain abated a little and the sun came out. Although the School forwards attacked vigorously and were helped by the accurate kicking of the three-quarters, the only scoring came when, after a forward rush, Norman scored out by the corner flag. With a wet, heavy ball, Wilson, P., was unable to convert this try.

Because of the weather there can be no other conclusion than that it was a disappointing game with neither side able to show its best form owing to the miserable conditions, which were just as wretched for the spectators as for the players. In fact, nobody was sorry when the final whistle blew and the only happy conclusion being that the School had maintained their unbeaten record and concluded a most successful series of school matches. The School team was the same as against Taunton.

#### THE SCHOOL v. OLD SHIRBURNIANS.

Played on Saturday, December 14th, and resulting in a win for the School by 2 tries, 1 penalty goal, 1 dropped goal (13 points) to 1 try (3 points).

This was not a good game, the School were not able to put their best XV into the field because of scholarship examinations, and the Old Shirburnians naturally did not function smoothly as a team and many of their individualist movements were easily broken up by the sound tackling of the School.

The School kicked off attacking the Sherborne end of the Upper, and for the first fifteen minutes neither side held any distinct advantage, play swinging from end to end. The speed of Cockman on the wing always had possibilities and on several occasions he looked dangerous in the early stage, but throughout the game there was a tendency to starve him of passes; Davis, in particular, holding on too long whereby several scoring opportunities were wasted. Eventually, after approximately twenty minutes' play, Wilson, P., broke through with Anson in support, to take the

pass and score wide out. The School forwards continued to hold the upper hand in both the loose and tight scrums, and it was not long before Anson broke away and completing a fine run scored near the corner flag. Both the attempts by Wilson, P., to convert these tries failed.

In the second half the School kept up a steady attack for long periods on end, but on both sides the play became a little ragged and possible scoring opportunities were missed and easily broken up. After twelve minutes the School went further ahead when Wilson, P. N., receiving a pass in front of the post and just outside the twenty-five yard line, dropped a goal. This was soon followed by the most spectacular try of the game, scored by Reinold, the O.S. Captain. A loose scrum formed on the O.S. twenty-five from which Reinold broke away with the ball at his feet. With amazing control he weaved his way through the School defence, kicked ahead, and raced passed the School full back to score a brilliant solo try. Davis failed with the conversion. Ten minutes from the end the School were awarded a penalty just outside the twenty-five and Wilson, P. N., made no mistake with the kick, thus making the score 13-3 in favour of the School.

*Teams—The School:* D. S. Winch; C. L. Berrisford, D. M. E. Anson (Captain), R. Pavey, J. M. Maybury; P. N. Wilson, N. M. Campbell; Teale, J. A. McEwan, Brownjohn, M. Ridley, M. J. Fisher, J. A. Cameron, J. G. S. Norman, Phillips.

*O.S.:* B. R. Aitken; T. J. C. Cockman, R. M. Gibbon, H. T. Davis, R. C. Curry; M. R. G. Earls-Davis, R. H. Reynolds; K. M. Reinold (Captain), J. E. Moore, L. Peel-Yates, B. J. Sproule, M. H. McCrum, P. L. Maybury, H. G. Scott, J. A. Muirhead.

OTHER SCHOOL RESULTS.

2ND XV.

23-11-46	v.	H.M.S. "Dolphin"	...	...	Lost (3-6).
30-11-46	v.	Taunton School 2nd XV	...	...	Lost (8-13).
5-12-46	v.	Clayesmore 1st XV	...	...	

3RD XV.

23-11-46	v.	Allhallows School 1st XV	...	...	Won (22-0).
28-11-46	v.	Crewkerne School 1st XV	...	...	Postponed.
12-12-46	v.	Crewkerne School 1st XV	...	...	Scratched.

COLTS.

16-11-46	v.	Downside School Colts	...	...	Lost (6-16).
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SCHOOL COLOURS.

Congratulations to the following:—

1ST XV.

16-11-46	J. G. S. Norman, M. Ridley, J. M. Maybury, J. A. Cameron, C. L. Berrisford.
23-11-46	N. M. Campbell, D. S. Wrinch.
30-11-46	J. A. R. Blacking (regained).
7-12-46	M. J. Fisher.

2ND XV.

24-11-46	Fisher, Graham, Carlos, Sharman, Skinner, Ruffell.
5-12-46	Howorth, Fitzgerald, McDougall, Wrigley, Fish, Giles.

3RD XV.

14-11-46	Simon, McDougall, Giles, Taylor.
23-11-46	Carless, Watts, A. C. D., Shaw, Sears, R. M., Hunter, A. A.
29-11-46	Green.

COLTS.

16-11-46	Pralle, Simmons, Haydon, Brooke, Amor, Pailthorpe, Colquhoun.
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SENIORS AND THIRDS HOUSE MATCHES.

Owing to the worst and most prolonged period of frost and snow that Sherborne has seen since almost the last century, it was decided to cancel all Seniors and Thirds matches, since in five weeks only two games had been played. This momentous decision was made so that the School should be able to play uninterrupted hockey for the last four weeks of the term.

Round 1 of Seniors and Thirds were played, with the following results :—

<i>Seniors.</i>	" C " beat " D "	6-3.
	" F " beat " G "	12-6.
	" B " and " H " had byes.	
<i>Thirds.</i>	" H " beat " D "	8-6.
	" C " beat " B "	14-3.
	" F " and " G " had byes.	

D. M. E. ANSON,  
Captain of Football.

### GUINEA PIGS RUGGER TEAM.

When the idea of a holiday rugger team was first considered during last summer term, we reckoned without the unkindness of an English January. However, to counter this, we were exceptionally lucky in that only two of the original team were unable to play. The first match against Esher was cancelled on account of the snow and it was only with great difficulty that we managed to get a match against the Wasps Public School XV at Richmond on January 10th, which we won easily, 43-0. Our other match against Blackheath Casuals, was played as scheduled and was won 15-3, after an excellent game. The tour was appropriately concluded with a visit to the theatre followed by general feasting, and although all the matches could not be played on account of the weather, everyone enjoyed himself. It is hoped that a "Guinea Pig" team will continue in some form or other in future years.

P. C. TEALE.  
C. P. SHARMAN.

### BOXING.

The Novices' Boxing Competition was held as usual in the Michaelmas Term ; there were 72 entries, divided into six weights. There were some very promising performers who should eventually be useful for School Boxing.

The finals were held on December 5th ; the results were as follows :—

<i>Under 6 stone</i>	...	Gwyther (c) beat Wilson (b).
<i>Under 6 stone 7 lbs.</i>		Griffin (b) beat McGougan (d).
<i>Under 7 stone</i>	...	Meggeson, D. (a) beat Spurway (c).
<i>Under 7 stone 7 lbs.</i>		Waddington (b) beat Preston-Jones (d).
<i>Under 8 stone</i>	...	Eagle (h) beat Lane (c).
<i>Under 9 stone</i>	...	Burden (a) beat Riddle (g).

### SHERBORNE v. R.N. COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH.

THURSDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY.

The match was won by the School with six fights as against five.

1. WILLIS-FLEMING v. ANDERSON ... .. Won.  
Willis-Fleming was the better boxer. His opponent was rather wild and gave Fleming many opportunities which he was quick enough to take and thereby won the fight on points.
2. BLANDFORD-NEWSON v. CLOWES ... .. Won.  
A close fight won by Blandford-Newson by virtue of his more aggressive boxing.
3. EAGLE v. RICHARDS ... .. Won.  
No doubt about this fight. Eagle took a deal of punishment but he gave more than he took. His style, however, is poor, and over-confidence makes him erratic. He must learn to become a boxer as well as a fighter.
4. BANKS v. COOKSON ... .. Lost.  
Cookson effectively proved himself the stronger fighter, and Banks, who did not come up to his usual form, took rather a heavy beating.
5. CALLAHAN v. STREATFIELD-JAMES ... .. Lost.  
Streatfield-James easily outclassed his opponent, and the first round very nearly proved the last for Callahan, and though in the second round he was slightly more successful, he never looked like winning the fight, but he stuck to his man well and was attacking at the end.
6. MAYBURY v. O'SULLIVAN ... .. Lost.  
Though O'Sullivan was given the decision, Maybury boxed well throughout. He was faster and neater than his opponent and repeatedly beat him to the attack.
7. BURDEN v. MERISON ... .. Won.  
Though very slightly lighter than his opponent, Burden had the advantages of height and reach. He boxed well and there was no doubt as to the decision.

8. VYNER *v.* McMULLEN ... .. Won.  
 Vyner attacked throughout with determination and persistence and won without much difficulty. His style, however, is dangerous, and his left lead especially is faulty and needs to be improved.
9. CHATAWAY *v.* DOULTON ... .. Lost.  
 A good fight. Doulton had the advantage in weight, height and reach. Chataway met these odds very well and victory was clearly won by his opponent.
10. HANCOCK *v.* ROBERTSON ... .. Won.  
 This was a well-contested fight. Hancock had the advantage of reach and wisely made use of it. By keeping his opponent at long range and refusing to be drawn in to close-range fighting, he added up points steadily and had the fight well in hand by the third round.
11. BELFRAGE *v.* REID ... .. Lost.  
 Reid had the advantage in weight but had Belfrage used more decision and determination in pressing home his attacks, he might well have won the fight.

W. L. HANCOCK,  
*Captain of Boxing.*

SHOOTING.

In the Christmas Term Senior Shooting was won by Abbeylands.

	<i>Average.</i>	<i>Number competing.</i>
Abbeylands ... ..	95.90	40
Abbeyhouse ... ..	94.34	29
Harper House ... ..	94.16	37
School House "A" ... ..	92.32	38
The Green ... ..	91.64	44
Westcott House ... ..	91.02	40
Lyon House ... ..	90.84	38
School House "B" ... ..	88.00	45

This is a great improvement on last year when the averages were, on the whole, 1.5 less.

There was a draw for the Marksman's Cup between A. B. Shearer and J. Byron, each scoring 109 out of 110, J. Byron finally winning after a re-shoot.

The VIII had only one competition which was the S.M.R.C., in which we came 24th out of 65 schools. This is not so bad considering that we were firing with V-sights and S.M.L.E., while most of the other schools were using peep-sights and light rifles. But this term we are also using these new rifles and have started well by scoring 644 and 656 out of 680 in our first two matches.

The VIII this term is represented by:—A. B. Shearer (Captain), T. G. Trueman (Hon. Sec.), J. Byron, R. B. Bensted-Smith, W. S. L. Ellis, Humphries and Sandford. The following also shot on the VIII:—Wakely, Dickson and Stewart.

A. B. SHEARER (*Captain*).

FIVES AND SQUASH.

This term the School Fives Competitions are due as well as the House Pairs Competition. The entry for the Senior Competition (16) must be one of the smallest ever, but the 39 entries for the Junior gives hope that this fine game is not dying out. The difficulties presented by the shortage of balls still seem almost unsurpassable. A match was played by a sort of "A" team against Canford at home on February 25th. Canford normally play Winchester Fives and we gained rather a crushing victory by 270 points to 87.

*Team*:—Pavey, Campbell, Turner, Batstone, Sheppard, Hunter.

A team goes to Clifton on March 6th to play Clifton Masters.

A School Squash "ladder" has been inaugurated on which the players have changed places so rapidly that there is no doubt about the increasing keenness of the School on this game. A match was played on February 27th against Claysmore in which the School just failed to avenge a heavy defeat sustained in the Winter term. Scores:—

	H. de B. Priestley.	J. S. Seaton.	Wagstaff.
D. S. Sheppard ... ..	Lost 10-8, 2-9, 7-9	Won 9-0, 9-5	Won 9-0, 9-0
Tozer ... ..	Lost 5-9, 4-9	Lost 10-8, 9-10, 4-9	Won 9-2, 5-9, 9-7
Batstone ... ..	Lost 5-9, 9-2	Won 9-5, 9-2	Lost 6-9, 0-9

On March 1st the School beat Downside by 9 matches to none. *Team*:—D. S. Sheppard, Tozer, Sharman.

D. S. SHEPPARD,  
*Captain of Fives and Squash.*

## IST XI FIXTURES 1947.

Saturday	May 10th	Town	Home	Start 2.30
Saturday	May 17th	Somerset Stragglers	Home	Start 12.15.
Saturday	May 24th	Cryptics	Home	Start 12.15.
Saturday	May 31st	Downside	Away	Start 11.30.
Monday	June 9th	M.C.C.	Home	Start 11.30.
Friday	June 13th			
Saturday	June 14th	Radley	Home	Start 11.30.
Saturday	June 21st	O.S.S.	Home	Start 11.30.
Tuesday	June 24th	Clifton	Away	Start 11.30.
Saturday	June 28th	Free Foresters	Home	Start 11.30.
Thursday	July 3rd	Dorset Rangers	Home	Start 12.15.
Saturday	July 5th	Marlborough	Away	Start 11.30.
*Saturday	July 12th	Blundell's	Home	Start 11.30.
Saturday	July 26th	Pilgrims	Home	Start 12.15.

\* The Blundell's match may have to be played on Tuesday, July 8th. Saturday, July 12th falls within the Certificate fortnight and a number of players may, therefore, not be able to play on that day. Tuesday, July 8th, has been set aside for the match should this happen.

## STOP PRESS

### BOOK REVIEW.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT CHRISTIANITY. By Alexander Ross Wallace. *Gifford Limited* (1946). 5s. 0d.

The *Octavius* of Minucius Felix is one of the most luminous and attractive of all early Christian apologetic literature, mainly because the author has stepped outside the conventional approach to the subject by resolving his argument in the form of a dialogue between Octavius and Caecilius as they walk up and down the seashore near Ostia. Canon Wallace has adopted the same refreshing method. He takes four main characters, a genial parson, a regular soldier, a successful business man, and a doctor taking a cruise for his health, all of whom are drawn with distinction, and from a chance remark about "luck" made at the bridge table, "in the card room of the S.S. *Princess*" he elicits a conversation, which is an enlightening commentary on the Christian faith. For different reasons all these men, except the Padre, are sceptics or agnostics. This gives Padre Shepherd an opportunity to take their difficulties and objections as they put them forward, and to deal with them tolerantly and objectively. The argument covers a wide field of matters, but it always returns to the great objective truths of God the Creator, of the Incarnation and the life of the Church, on which the Christian view of life is founded. That the Padre's listeners are not completely convinced by his points adds a further touch of realism. Yet at the very least, as one of them says, "You certainly have made a spirited defence. I never knew that there was all that in Christianity." Perhaps no better final comment can be made on this book than that made by the Bishop of London in his foreward :

"One must commend the general argument wholeheartedly. I hope it will be widely read."

V.H.H.G.

### KASHMIR.

On Saturday, March 8th, Mr. E. D. Tyndale-Biscoe came down to speak to the School about Kashmir. He confined himself largely to the work, begun by his father and carried on by himself, in founding the mission schools for native boys, and told us of all the many difficulties they had had to overcome at first—the Kashmir's natural prejudice against manual labour, the dishonesty and the graft. Also he described the more novel features of life in the prep. school he had started for English boys stranded in India by the war, and, indeed, the greater part of the lecture was films he had taken of his boys. These were of no particular photographic merit but, nevertheless, the school were undoubtedly interested—no doubt carried away by nostalgic memories of their own care-free youth—and the sight of ten-year-old boys setting out, quite unmoved, to swim three miles must have completed at least the admiration of all. The lecturer did not set out to do more than interest us in the mission schools, and show us how his prep. school spent its holidays, so he must not be criticised for not giving any opinions on the problems of India, important though they are. The scope and purpose of the lecture were limited but, within those limits, the speaker did his task admirably.

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