

THE SHIRBURNIAN



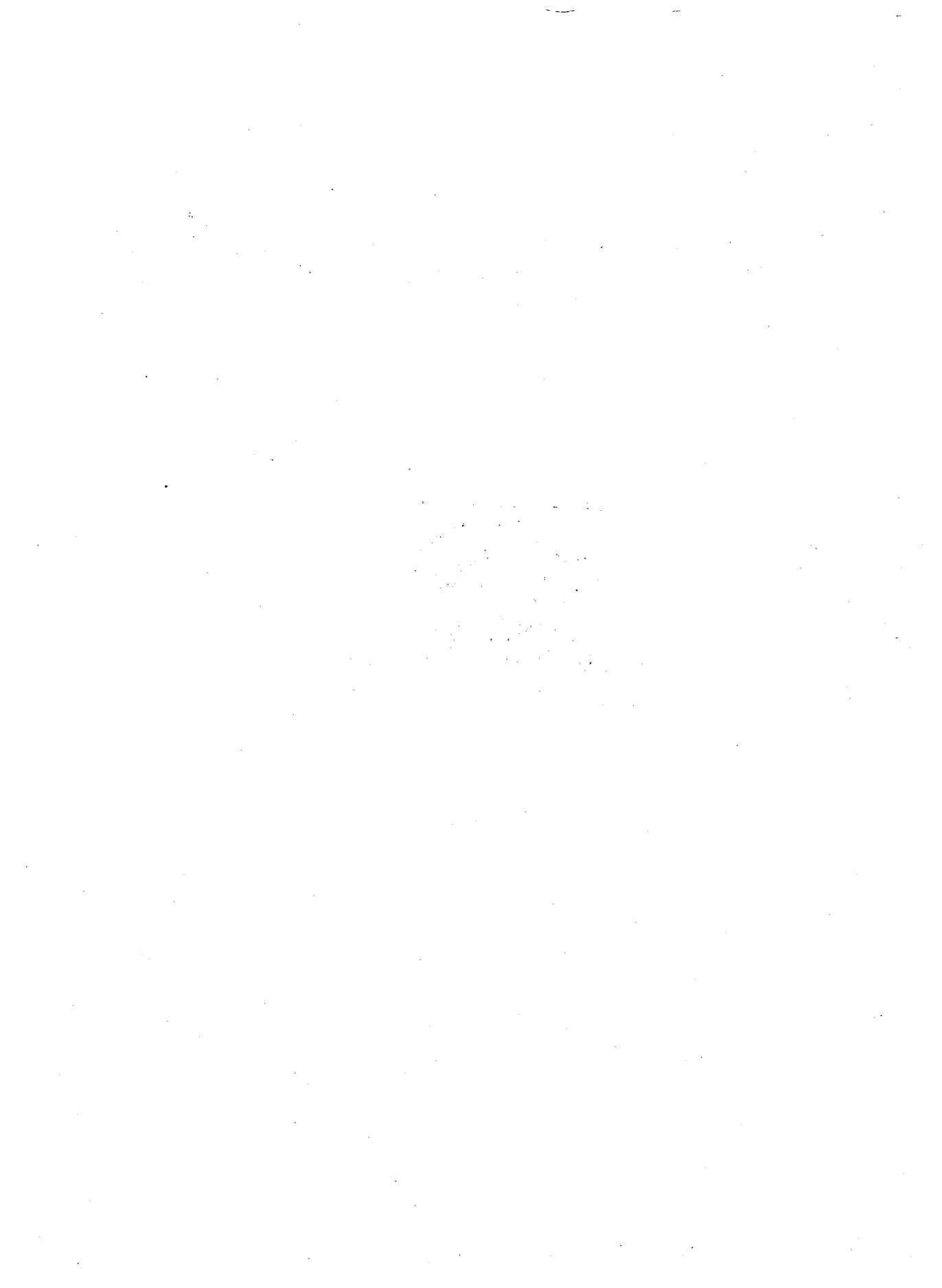
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No. 33

WINTER

1948



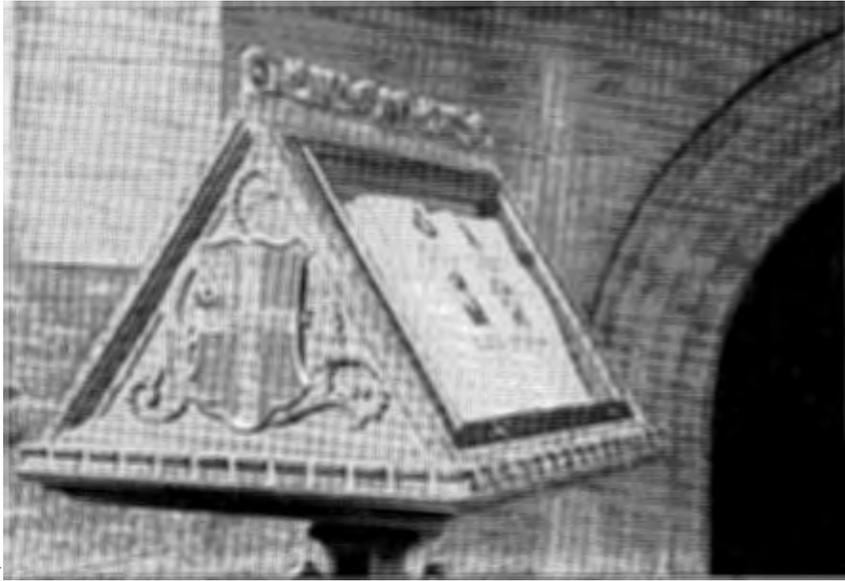
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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
The New Books of Remembrance	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The World Premiere of The Guinea Pig	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The School v. Blackheath, October, 1948	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Editorial	1489
School News	1490
Comment :	
Memorial Service	1491
The Frogs of Aristophanes	1491
The Overlanders	1491
The Guinea Pig	1492
Mountaineering in the Rockies	1492
House Singing Competition	1493
Film Production	1493
Societies :	
Duffers	1494
Les Polyglottes	1494
The James Rhoades Society	1494
The Alchemists	1495
Report of the Wildman Society	1495
The Interpretes	1495
Photographic Society	1496
Ornithological Society	1496
Sherborne School Golf Society	1496
O.S. News	1497
Reviews	1498
Sherborne Pilgrims, 1948	1499
Literary :	
The Man Above	1500
The Message	1501
Parable	1502
The Curlew	1502
Two Miniatures	1503
Pagan	1503
The Wrong Turning	1504
Lousy Limericks and Pointless Poems	1505
The White House	1505
The Poet who has lost his Inspiration	1506
In Support of Modern Art	1507
1949 ?	1507
Correspondence	1508
Games :	
Cricket	1510
Athletics	1512
Shooting	1513
Football	1513
Valete	1517
Stop Press	1519



THE NEW BOOKS OF REMEMBRANCE



THE WORLD PREMIERE OF THE GUINEA PIG



THE SCHOOL v. BLACKHEATH
October, 1948

THE SHIRBURNIAN

No. 33.

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VOL. XL.

EDITORIAL.

Be it far from the Editors' intention to continue the almost legendary bombardment of its contributors with exhortations to greater industry, but they feel the time has come to offer something more constructive. Apathy and idleness are ugly words which many will feel have appeared too often in this section in the past ; but are there not other reasons for this evident reluctance on the part of School to rouse themselves? It is surely during the middle part of the term that the human mind is at its lowest ebb. The half term "hangover" is upon the School and even the wittiest scribe is beginning to feel a little "stale". Those last minute general appeals, sent round in a forlorn attempt to jog the minds of all into some sort of motion, are all too reminiscent of goading some weary mule into a clumsy, unsteady trot. Do not all contributors feel that they write better and more willingly with the end of term in sight and with a term behind them from which to draw inspiration to brighten the correspondence columns? As will be seen elsewhere they apparently do not, or else the appearance of *The Shirburnian* at the end of term seems to outweigh all other advantages, if there are any in having the full term's news in one issue instead of virtually half of one term and half of the next.

We cannot, however, do more than expound our views, as we have not yet the means of judicial persuasion by which the most obdurate are made to conform.

The Shirburnian seems to be traditionally labelled as die-hard reactionary, as one all-knowing correspondent so invidiously remarked "our political views were well known". One glance at the writings of our predecessors reveals some stormy scathing comment which could be almost described as revolutionary in its vehemence. With this winter's number we venture forth onto calmer waters, with no new far-reaching innovations and without one page of photographs. Our publishers have tentatively withdrawn this first feeler in the darkness of austerity, in an endeavour to make good their losses sustained by a succession of "special" numbers. Somewhere in the future there are those mythical extra pages, which have so long been just round the corner; doubtless when this happy and not too far distant prospect is realised the brains of the whole School, not just those gallant few, will have shaken off the austerity touch.

SCHOOL NEWS

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head of the School	M. W. PAILTHORPE
School Prefects	(f) R. B. BRIDGES
			D. S. WRINCH
			(g) H. B. MILNE
			(h) M. W. PAILTHORPE
			W. S. BLACKSHAW
			
Editors of <i>The Shirburnian</i>	J. H. BROOKE
			H. B. MILNE
Captain of Football	D. S. WRINCH
Fives and Squash	F. W. BATSTONE (a)
Boxing	C. J. CHATAWAY
Shooting	A. A. MCDUGALL
Agriculture	A. A. MCDUGALL
Chapel Prefect	W. S. BLACKSHAW

HONOURS

ACADEMIC

Congratulations to :—

J. F. CRAWFORD and J. P. WIMBUSH on winning State Scholarships.

B. M. HAWKES on winning the Huish Exhibition.

ATHLETIC

Congratulations to :—

MR. WALFORD on playing for the Olympic Hockey Team and for Somerset Cricket XI against the Australians.

MR. KING on playing cricket for Dorset.

D. P. R. JOWETT on captaining Dorset Colts and playing in the Dorset 2nd XI.

M. W. PAILTHORPE on captaining Devon Colts.

NAVAL

Congratulations to :—

R. G. CHAVASSE on gaining 1st place in the Special Entry Examination.

MILITARY

M. H. BLAKENEY on being awarded the Sword of Honour.

M. V. WATTS on being awarded the Kings Telescope.

GENERAL

We welcome to Sherborne

MR. and MRS. ANDERSON
MR. and MRS. BUCHANAN

MR. and MRS. BOISSIER

MR. GIBB.

Heartiest congratulations to MR. WILES on his marriage and we wish him and his wife the best of luck and happiness for the future.

G. M. EDMOND did well to win the Hurst Castle Clubs Public Schools Challenge Cup for Sailing though J. H. BROOKE, M. R. SMITHWICK and A. R. WHYTE only managed to come 16th out of 22 competing Schools on the Gareloch.

With her relinquishment in July of the care of the School House Studies MRS. COX has completed a remarkable record of unbroken service extending back over a period of thirty one years. We wish her all happiness and good fortune in her well-earned retirement.

We congratulate the Orleans Ensemble (MR. F. G. MEE, DR. H. M. CUNDY and MISS CHILD) on retaining the cup for an instrumental combination at the Musical Festival of the Dorset Choral Association.

We are glad to report that the Pilgrims Trust have given the handsome sum of £1,000 towards the funds of the New Venture.

Three members of the School under the lead of DR. WRIGHT spent a week on board the *Outward Bound*, kindly lent to the School by MR. D. A. S. WILLIAMS (O.S.) during the first week of the summer holidays.

COMMENT

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Moving both in its simplicity and dignity, the service held in the Chapel on Sunday, October 3rd, was a fitting tribute to the old Shirburnians who laid down their lives in the war of 1939-45. As the congregation stood and the clergy entered the Chapel, the Chaplain read the familiar, comforting words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The Psalm "Lord, thou hast been our refuge; from one generation to another" was followed by a reading from the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon by the Head of the School: "But a righteous man, though he die before his time, shall be at rest . . . Being made perfect in a little while, he fulfilled long years." The choir sang the hymns "O God of truth, whose living word" and "O Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came," and the Headmaster read fitting prayers as we neared the heart of the service. In a short address Bishop Neville Lovett paid tribute to the fallen and emphasised that the names carved on the walls of the Ante-Chapel and inscribed in the Book of Remembrance would add lustre to the traditions of the School and recall to future generations of Shirburnians the supreme sacrifice made in two wars. Then the Bishop of Salisbury proceeded to the steps of the Altar and accepted the two Books of Remembrance from two boys (Street and Fox); here they were dedicated "in remembrance of the sons of this School, who laid down their lives for their country." The Hon. Secretary of the Old Shirburnian Society, Surgeon Rear-Admiral B. Pickering Pick, C.B.E., then went to the lectern and recited the names of the fallen, two hundred and forty-one in number. After this the Bishop dedicated the new lectern and names carved on the wall of the Ante-Chapel. The service ended with the hymn "For all the Saints who from their labours rest", and as the congregation stood in silence after the Blessing the clear notes of the Bugles in the courts sounded the Last Post and the Reveille.

THE FROGS OF ARISTOPHANES

The Balliol Players visited the School during their annual tour in July, 1948. They gave a performance of the Frogs in the open air setting used in the previous month for Julius Caesar; and as the tiers of seats erected for the earlier play had been left standing, it was possible to invite a number of other local Schools as well as to find room for ourselves.

The play done in 1947 (the Clouds) had proved so popular that expectation ran high, and it was not disappointed. Some were heard to say afterwards that the Frogs was even better, though in itself the play is less likely to appeal to an audience mainly ignorant of Greek life and literature. It lacks the variety of plot and incident, and the succession of imposters which enliven many of Aristophanes' earlier plays; probably because it was produced so near the time of Athens' final defeat by Sparta, and because the scene is laid in the Lower World. Moreover all the second half is devoted to a literary contest in which many of the points are too technical to be appreciated by the non-specialist, and this scene was played in fast gathering dusk.

However the Balliol Players, helped by an antique car, swept all before them. They spoke their lines fluently and with gusto, they acted with confidence and vigour. Dionysus and Xanthias in the main parts proved excellent foils to one another. Euripides seemed too robust and well favoured, Aeschylus too lean and hungry, but these were faults of Nature, not of Art.

Bouquets are due all round to the Balliol Players for worthily maintaining a fine tradition in these days of rationed austerity; to the School for showing themselves an intelligent and appreciative audience and to the weather for treating us better than we had any right to expect in the summer of 1948.

G. G. G.

THE OVERLANDERS

On Saturday, October 30th, we saw "The Overlanders," preceded by an antiquated "short" on Cambridge and an extremely ingenious and amusing Mickey Mouse.

The main film was the story of a herd of a thousand head of cattle which was driven by a party of Australians, under the lead of the gaunt Chips Rafferty, across 1,500 desert Australian miles to escape from threatened Japanese invasion. The film had all the ingredients of any Western; there were stampedes, cracking stock-whips, a river which, although infested by a crocodile, had to be swum by cattle and cow-punchers, a gallop by the heroine to save the hero, bronco-busting, philosophy and wide open spaces, a love element and a sweet little sister; there was even a cow-poke Falstaff. Fortunately these elements, exciting though they are, require little skill in acting; for close-ups of the actors showed a regrettable tendency to forced heroism of speech and gesture, although the cast was good, when, as was usual, action was involved; most of the acting came in the first reel, which consequently dragged somewhat, especially as it was almost inaudible. Luckily, however, the words were largely unimportant, and the deeds were convincing, as was the film, in the main, in spite of a traditionally sugary ending.

C. P. ANGWIN.

THE GUINEA PIG

Films, and in fact, nearly everything connected with the the film industry, have an unreasonable but quite irresistible attraction for nearly everyone. Consequently, the fortunes of the Guinea Pig will be keenly followed : the critiques on it read : and those who have seen it eagerly questioned. And whatever their replies, we will all go to a local cinema at the earliest possible moment, and enjoy ourselves.

The only trouble is, we will be in a minority. The cinema will not be filled to overflowing. The Guinea Pig is not the sort of film that appeals to the mass of the cinema going public. That of course does not necessarily mean that the Guinea Pig is not a good film. The taste of the average man is rarely able to pick and choose between the chaff and the grain. But, I think, and I speak with an entirely unbiassed mind, that no one possessing a sane judgement will be completely satisfied with the Guinea Pig. The defects are not obvious. The acting throughout is very fine indeed : and though it is almost invidious in so good an all-round performance to single out individuals, we cannot but mention Mr. Richard Attenborough's remarkably successful portrayal of an overweight fifteen-year-old, Mr. Robert Flemyng's sympathetic representation of the house tutor, Mr. Cecil Trouncer as the prejudiced house-master and Mr. Bernard Miles and Miss Joan Hickson as the boy Read's well-intentioned grocer parents. Miss Sheila Sim as the house-master's daughter, together with several exceptionally unpleasant boys, provide effective local colour. The direction is also quite excellent, and the entire film has been impeccably well-made.

The question is, though, does it make its point ? It is perhaps inevitable that one should make comparisons between the play of " The Guinea Pig " and the film. Both set out to vindicate the much-discussed Fleming Report. The play, to the satisfaction of a large number of audiences, achieved its task : the film, though the difference between the two are slight—the main one being that the play was of necessity confined to a bare two rooms, while the film is able to roam unchecked through the School buildings and the town—falters at this its main point. It merely shows that it is just possible for a Walthamstow schoolboy to endure but not enjoy, his four years at a public school. By the omission of most of the brighter side of school life, we are shown an untrue picture. What happened to Read is, I suppose, fairly true to life : but his troubles, as opposed to what would have happened to him in reality, have been exaggerated. The problem which the film presents and leaves unsolved is, I feel certain, nothing like so puzzling as the film makes out. One must remember that Guinea Pigs, even if they have not been called by that name, have been at every public school for many years.

Read represents, in truth, the experiment as being unsuccessful. For at the end, well-educated and conforming as he is, no one would call him a happy man ; to be which is, surely, the most important aim of all. The exaggeration of the part played by the fagging, the beating and ritual in school life to the exclusion of any other side there may be to the question, will not do much good for public schools in the minds of those who are unfamiliar with them. In spite of everything that I have said, however, public schoolboys past and present, and perhaps future, will enjoy " The Guinea Pig." But this school tale of Read, *Saintsbury* and 1948, will be found to be a far cry from *Talbot Baines Reed* and the Fifth Form at *St. Dominics*. That is inevitable : but it is also a pity.

H. S. THOMAS.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE ROCKIES

We were very fortunate to receive a visit from the O.S., *Rex Gibson*, before his return to Canada, and to hear an entertaining account of his experiences in the Rockies. Mr. Gibson is probably Canada's most distinguished mountaineer ; but it soon became obvious that he was also a first-class photographer and his collection of coloured slides were breathtaking in their brilliance and in conveying the immense exhilaration and the sense of freedom in traversing such hills. Nor did they leave one in any doubt of the difficulties—and dangers—involved.

In a discursive and amusing account of skiing and climbing expeditions in the central Rockies, possibly the most interesting was the ascent of one of the less accessible peaks led by an experienced climber aged fifteen. And yet these mountains which more than hold their own with the Alps have claimed practically no victims in recent years. The latter part of the lecture was devoted to the 1947 expedition to the *Lloyd Mountains*, an uncharted region at the north-west end of the Rockies, the party including the Everest climbers *Smythe* and *Odell*. In view of the dense afforestation and short summer season, the only practical means of approach was by seaplane to one of the nearby lakes and a month was spent in scientific survey and, what one felt was by far the greater attraction, in traversing the magnificent limestone cliffs and snow-covered ridges of the range.

Mr. Gibson's modest approach and quiet informality, especially in answering the flood of questions, added to the appreciation of an excellent lecture. The only regret was that his equipment necessitated the use of the Physics Laboratory and many had to be refused admission.

J.G.G.S.

HOUSE SINGING COMPETITION

The pieces set for the competition on Nov. 4th were the four part chorus "O who will o'er the downs so free" by R. L. de Pearsall, and the Unison Song "England," a paraphrase from John o' Gaunt's speech in Shakespeare's Richard II, by Sir Esme Howard, set to music by C. Hubert Parry. The adjudicator was Dr. H. G. Ley, sometime Director of Music at Eton.

House		GLEE					Total
		Accuracy	Tone and Pitch	Diction	Phrasing	Interpretation	
1.	School House B	10	6	7	7	8	38
2.	Abbeylands	5	8	8	8	8	37
3.	Lyon House	6	8	9	7	6	36
	The Green	4	8	9	7	8	36
	School House A	9	8	7	4	8	36
6.	Harper House	8	6	7	6	8	35
7.	Abbey House	8	5	5	7	8	33
	Westcott House	6	6	7	6	8	33

House		SHOUT					Total
		Accuracy	Tone and Pitch	Diction	Phrasing	Interpretation	
1.	Abbey House	9	9	7	10	8	43
2.	Harper House	9	9	8	8	8	42
3.	Westcott House	8	10	6	5	9	38
4.	The Green	8	5	8	7	8	36
	School House B	8	8	6	6	8	36
	Lyon House	7	6	9	5	7	34
6.	Abbeylands	8	6	7	5	8	34
	School House A	8	7	6	5	8	34

The Halliday Cup was won by Lyon House, A. Pigott gaining 66% in the Senior competition, and B. F. Sales who came top in the Junior competition with 83%. The Senior competition was won by J. St. C. Simmons with 84%.

FILM PRODUCTION

Perhaps the best part of the lecture was the poster that announced it, and even that was not up to the usual standard. The lecturer obviously had not experienced public school audiences before—prep. school juniors were more his line. After his opening few sentences it was obvious that we were to face a "Wilfred Pickles come to town" sort of an evening.

The slides that accompanied the lecture had seen the days of their youth—once no doubt clear, they were now like looking through a glass darkly. Also, we were perhaps a somewhat "spoilt" audience, having seen most of the cameras, microphones, arc lamps and other film equipment when the Guinea Pig paid us a visit last term. The lecturer hoped to gain our undivided attention by the judicious use of such magic words as "Margaret Lcokwood," "Pat Roc," or "when I was talking to Stewart Granger," but it was not so. After all, had we not seen in the flesh stars almost as famous? In fine, the lecture failed to come up to our expectations.

At the end of the lecture the courts were flooded with hurrying figures and the words "Righty ho . . . continuity gal . . ." floated into the still night air.

R. V. SHORT.

SOCIETIES

DUFFERS

On July 4th, the Society heard a paper on the "Retrospect and prospect" of the Duffers from Mr. G. O'Hanlon, the third of the trilogy, which marked the 50th Anniversary of the Society. Mr. O'Hanlon held the Society throughout with an eloquent background to the life of H. R. K., and through this background brought out yet more vividly the picture of the Society's founder. Mr. O'Hanlon's dramatic sudden changes from humour to a tragic note were a feature that could not escape our notice. Indeed his paper was the most moving of the trilogy, and was very successful in rounding off the papers for the term—three papers which will live in the memory of all who heard them.

On July 17th the Society met at Cumnor House to hear "Old Duffers" read "Twelfth Night" in the true tradition of the Society. A high standard of reading was maintained throughout and though it is perhaps invidious to select any individuals from such a caste, V. C. Clinton-Baddeley's performance of Malvolio was what was to be expected from one so versed in the theatre. But besides the humorous and lively reading that all enjoyed, the Society would like to thank Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Baker for the Gargantuan feast they provided. All that was lacking were the Dinner Jackets which, I believe, used to be the dress for these occasions! And so we came to the end of an historic term, the 50th Anniversary of our Society, and we can, or the other members can, look back on a very distinguished fifty years of society history, and remember with deep gratitude our Founder—Henry Robinson King.

The first meeting this term was held at Westcott House where the Hon. Secretary read a paper on Thomas Hardy. He spoke first about the man's life, then about his impressions of Hardy as a man, his philosophy and outlook, then about his novels, and touched briefly at the end on his poetry, no small matter. There was time for a discussion at the end.

On Oct. 24th the Society heard at School House Mr. Frank Howes, the *Times* Music Critic, read a paper on Ballads. Mr. Howes traced the History and Evolution of the Ballad, both musically and with regard to literature, and illustrated this evolution, and the various branches and traditions with singing and piano, and later with gramophone also. Though he used no notes in dealing with the intricate history of the ballad, yet I think he left a clear impression of the ballad tradition in the minds of the Duffers. The talk was enjoyed, and though time was short, a discussion followed.

W. S. BLACKSHAW,
Hon. Secretary.

We are hearing on November 14th a paper on "War and the Poet" by J. P. Oakley, and on "Humour" from C. B. Zealley on December 5th.

LES POLYGLOTTES

Last term we finished "Götz von Berlichingen" too late to start on a further play; the last two meetings were therefore pleasantly passed with a concert of the President's records, which cover a wide range from recitations to grand opera.

This term we have so far only completed Kleist's "Der Prinz von Homburg", a very remarkable play, but one of which the Society found it hard to grasp the significance—an attempt to reconcile two contrasting ideologies, a generous, humanitarian classicism and a self-centred, individual romanticism. The play was difficult and the reading, though not outstanding, satisfactory. We have now embarked with great ambition upon the formidable but thoroughly enjoyable "Cyrano de Bergerac" of E. Rostand, which we hope to finish in time to hear a paper from D. C. Knechtli on "Les Continuateurs de Molière". With the help of Mr. Melvin and Mr. Currie we feel confident of attaining a high standard of reading in a fast-moving and subtle play.

M. C. LLEWELIN,
Hon. Secretary.

THE JAMES RHOADES SOCIETY

This term the Society has read "Twelfth Night" and Galsworthy's "Justice", and will be reading T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" and Sheridan's "The Critic" before the end of term. "Twelfth Night", with the exception of one or two good readings, was disappointing, but "Justice" was an unqualified success with many excellent readings and a great deal of intelligent interpretation.

The Society's thanks are due to Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Thompson for lending their rooms for the Society's meetings.

D. K. BREWER,
Hon. Secretary.

THE ALCHEMISTS

Since the last report of our Society in *The Shirburnian* we have been fortunate in hearing three most interesting papers. Last term Dr. F. D. M. Hocking, one of the country's foremost medico-legal experts, gave an illustrated talk on "The Scientific Investigation of Crime." There were numerous interesting lantern slides showing various criminal subterfuges and the methods used by the police in countering them. The climax of the meeting was reached when a bullet-riddled skull was handed round for inspection.

There have been two meetings so far this term. On October 25th, the Rev. W. L. S. Fleming talked to us about "The British Graham Land Expedition, 1934-37" in which he was geologist and chaplain. The talk was illustrated with some magnificent lantern slides showing various aspects of the expedition. A fortnight later we had the pleasure of hearing about "The International Situation and Russia" from F. Ashton-Gwatkin Esq., an expert with much Foreign Office experience. He clearly demonstrated the nature of the menace of communist aggression but tempered his fears with some measure of optimism which I hope was noted by certain members of the staff. Mr. Gwatkin dealt with a large number of questions and was able to demonstrate his first-hand knowledge of some of the countries and leaders about whom he talked. At our final meeting this term we are going to see a film on "Atomic Physics." Our thanks must, as always, be expressed to Mr. May for his magnificent hospitality which is largely responsible for the success of the Society.

J. P. WIMBUSH,
Hon. Secretary.

REPORT ON THE WILDMAN SOCIETY

At a meeting held on July 10th in Mr. Field's garden, Mr. H. Howard Baker proposed the motion: "This house considers that athleticism still plays too great a part in Public School life." He spoke lucidly and forcibly and was ably supported by J. J. M. Bond who held that the average Public Schoolboy "plays at his work and works at his play." Mr. R. M. M. Barlow and his seconder, R. W. Dawnay, also spoke well, quoting the insistence of the ancient Greeks upon physical excellence. After a spirited debate, the motion was carried by 24 votes to 9. The standard of speaking was on the whole good. We were extremely grateful to Mr. Field for the loan of his garden, and for the refreshments he very kindly produced.

On Oct. 16th, "This House wholeheartedly supports the New Venture" was the subject of the Society's first debate of the Michaelmas Term. J. G. York seconded by J. H. Crook produced a strong and compelling defence. I. A. D. Thomson and J. D. Waite had several reasonable theories, but many of their arguments were either entirely fallacious or carried to excess. A prolonged and lively debate followed which finally resulted in the motion being carried.

The Society hopes to hold two more meetings this term, one comprised of Snap Debates and the other on the subject of Blood Sports.

C. J. CHATAWAY,
Hon. Secretary.

THE INTERPRETES

This term Mr. Box left the Society after many years as Logothetes and Mr. Anderson has joined the Society in his stead.

It was proposed that in addition to reading the works of Classical authors, we should on occasion have papers read by members which formerly had been a custom in the Society and which it was felt would relieve what (some) members called the monotony of reading (some) classical authors. Mr. Anderson started the ball rolling with an excellent paper entitled "History in the Making." His subject was a wide one, for he surveyed Greek historical writing from the earliest times down to the Alexandrian writers of the third century. But he succeeded both in covering the subject amply and in making it interesting all the time. His examination of Herodotus, whose works we have been reading this term, was of special value and interest to us. We are also expecting a paper on "Aspects of Greek and English Literature" from D. K. Brewer, and more, I hope, from other members next term.

Book VI of Herodotus, which tells of the events leading up to Marathon and of the battle itself, succeeded in keeping us interested for half the term, a task in which most other historians, at any rate Thucydides, I feel sure, would have failed. Reading Herodotus in fact is almost like reading a novel (he is always ready to tell a story) and he has a charm all to himself. We are now reading "The Knights" by Aristophanes, one of his best plays and one which I think will be mutually enjoyed.

M. T. HARRISON,
Interpres Maximus.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This Society has been in existence for a considerable time, though it appears that no account of it has ever been included in *The Shirburnian*. This term, however, a committee has been formed and Mr. Stephenson has become Vice-President. (Mr. Andrews is very kindly continuing to keep the Society supplied with the necessary chemical solutions). The members are now co-operating very well in keeping the darkrooms cleaner and more usable. It is hoped that a new enlarger for the use of the more enthusiastic members of the Society, will soon be bought with the money from a grant which has just been obtained. The improvement of washing facilities and a general "modernisation" of the darkrooms must, however, be the chief consideration.

As a result of these envisaged improvements, the Society hopes that it will be able to stage a good exhibition of its work during the year by next Commemoration.

R. W. HALL,
Hon. Secretary.

ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Three meetings have been arranged this term. The first, a film show, was of considerable interest. The films covered various aspects of bird life and the sound reproduction of bird song was particularly good. Later in the term Mr. L. A. Harvey is to lecture on "Lundy Island," and a further film show is also expected.

The results of last year's census of Wildfowl on Sherborne Lake are of considerable interest. Since the lake is easily the most natural sheet of water within a large area of Dorset and Somerset it is assumed that a large proportion of wildfowl present in, or passing through the district arrive, at some time or another, on Sherborne Lake. Had last winter been of a more severe nature it is more than probable that several other species might well have appeared. Species seen were Mallard, Teal, Wigeon, Shoveler, Garganey, Tufted Duck, Pochard and Pintail as well as a fairly stable number of Mute Swans. The results of the counts were plotted on graphs against daily maximum and minimum temperature readings. Thus any relationships between duck numbers and the weather throughout the winter are apparent. The Census showed quite clearly that Mallard and Teal tend to be influenced by weather changes more than the migratory Wigeon and Shoveler. Their numbers varied inversely as the temperature. The largest number of Mallard numbered just on three hundred, and sixty Teal were seen during the February cold spell. Wigeon and Shoveler were more constant at a fairly low figure throughout the winter, but a large increase in numbers due to northward migration was observed in March. At the same time several Garganey, summer visitors, were seen, proving that a northward movement was in progress. With the advent of the Easter Holidays the counts were discontinued. This Census is being repeated this year in conjunction with the International Wildfowl Inquiry.

J. H. CROOK,
Hon. Secretary.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL GOLF SOCIETY

Since the last term's *Shirburnian* went to print the O.S. prize for match play was won by J. N. Insall with J. P. Robertson runner-up for the second year in the final of 36 holes. This term there was a little difficulty about the subscription for members of the School, but this has been satisfactorily concluded, and the first competition of the term, a medal round of 18 holes was played on Saturday, 23rd October and was won by J. Bacon with a nett score of 55 off a 32 handicap, a very steady round. It is hoped to hold a Stapleford Bogey Competition in the near future.

R. B. BRIDGES,
Hon. Secretary.

We passed from the glaring lights
Into the velvet smoothness of the summer night :
The warm breeze tossed your hair,
And your brown eyes twinkled and smiled your
delight.

We smiled at each other then,
Glowing with what that night we had begun :
We throbbed with the mutual trance
Of those whom Fate ordained to live as one.

But that was long, long ago,
And now you do not care to think what we
Thought so beautiful that summer's night,
The idle dream of what, Ah Love ! might be.

O.S. NEWS

HONOURS

Admiral Sir HENRY RUTHVEN MOORE, G.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O. (*a* 1899-1901) has been appointed First and Principal A.D.C. to H.M. The King.

C.M.G.

WALLINGER, Geoffrey Arnold (*a* 1916-1922), The Foreign Office.

C.B.E.

CAMPBELL-ORDE, Alan Colin (*a* 1912-1915), British Overseas Airways.

O.B.E.

ABELL, Charles (*f* 1924-1929), British Overseas Airways.

PALMER, Norman Lestock Learmonth (*a* 1912-1915), Lt.-Col., Queen's Own Hussars.

M.B.E.

ROPER, John (1900-1904), Lieut., Home Guard.

CHEVALIER DE L'ORDRE DE LA COURONNE (BELGIUM)

JAMES, Philip Brutton (*c* 1915-1919), Ministry of Home Security.

LEGION OF MERIT (U.S.A.)

HOOD, Peter Neville (*a* 1927-1931), Lieut., R.N.V.R.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

LEWIS, Frank Ernest Code (*a* 1908-1912), Lieut.-Col., Devonshire Regt.

LIMEBEER, Gerald John Nicholson (*f* 1931-1935), Lieut. (E), R.N.

VAN HASSELT, Marc (*a* 1938-1942), Lieut., Essex Yeomanry.

OBITUARY

July 48. DRAKE, Havilland Anthony Mackworth (*b* 1926-1929).

July 48. FERRIS, George Henry Guy (*f* 1917-1919).

48. GREATHEAD, Arthur Merriman (*c* 1901-1904).

Sept. 48. HALL, Douglas Venner (*d* 1940-1944).

Oct. 48. PENNY, Cyril Cunningham (*f* 1905-1909).

Oct. 48. READY, Felix Milner (*a* 1932-1935), Captain, late The Welch Regt.

Aug. 48. SPIERS, John (*a* 1897-1899).

BIRTHS

OLIVIER. On January 5th, 1948, to Diana, wife of Major S. J. Olivier, a son (William Dacres).

WRIGHT. On December 26, 1947, to Gunhild, wife of Donald E. Wright, a son (Derek Antony).

MURRAY. On October 29th, 1947, to Diana, wife of Patrick G. Murray, a son.

OWEN-SMITH. On May 23rd, 1948, to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Owen-Smith, a daughter (Sandra).

MARRIAGE

SMITH-O'BRIEN. On June 19th, 1948, at St. Dunstan's Woking, Charles Desmond Smith to Marguerite, widow of S/Ldr. J. S. O'Brien, D.F.C.

REVIEWS

The Legend of the Master (Henry James).

Compiled by Simon Nowell-Smith (Constable, 12/6).

This fascinating book consist of a series of pen-portraits and anecdotes of the famous novelist, Henry James, culled from contemporaries, which the lover of James will find irresistibly attractive. The editor, Mr. Nowell-Smith, contributes a short but excellent and scholarly introduction.

The Rev. V. H. H. Green has published two books. The first, *From St. Augustine to William Temple* (Latimer House, 8/6), consists of eight essays on St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Thomas Aquinas, John Calvin, Ignatius Loyola, Richard Hooker, John Wesley and the late Archbishop in which he sets out to show the significance of the contribution of these outstanding men in the history of religion to the development of the Christian Church in their own times.

The second, *The Hanoverians* (Edward Arnold, 10/6) is a short history of eighteenth-century England from 1714 to 1815.

Essays in Science and Philosophy. By A. N. WHITEHEAD.

(Rider and Co., 15/-).

Professor A. N. Whitehead, who died recently, was unquestionably the most distinguished Shirburnian of recent times. Son of a Kentish clergyman, he was born in 1861, went to Sherborne in 1875 and in 1880 took up residence at Trinity College, Cambridge of which he was to remain a Fellow until his death. At the age of sixty-three he became Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, spending the remainder of his life in the United States. His philosophy, which he termed the philosophy of organism, is obscure but remarkable for his attempt to comprehend science and humanism within a logical synthesis.

This posthumous publication falls well below his other books, more especially *Process and Reality* and *Adventure of Ideas*, for it consists of a series of articles, some highly technical (e.g. on Einstein's Theory) and others in lighter vein, only bound together by the desire to complete the work of an original thinker. The third essay, entitled "The Education of an Englishman" will interest the Shirburnian as an analysis of the significance of education at Sherborne between 1875 and 1880. The tinge is perhaps roseate (Whitehead wrote it in his eightieth year) but it is nevertheless fundamentally impressive. He recognised the narrow nature of the existing curriculum: "We studied some mathematics, very well-taught; some science and some French, both very badly taught; also some plays of Shakespeare, which were the worst feature of all. To this day I cannot read *King Lear*, having had the advantage of studying it accurately at school." Sherborne education in those dim and distant days was focussed on the Classics, more particularly Greek, fitting Shirburnians "to serve God in Church and State." And this Greek, remarkably well-taught, seemed a relevant counterpart of nineteenth-century British imperialism with its high sense of duty and responsibility. "Athens", wrote Whitehead, "was the ideal city, which for two centuries had shown what life could be. I do not affirm that our image of Athens was true to the facts. It was something much better; it was alive. The Athenian navy and the British navy together ruled the seas of our imaginations." Again he wrote: "The Greek insistence on the golden mean and on the virtue of moderation entered into our philosophy of statemanship, sometimes reinforcing our natural stupidity, sometimes moderating our national arrogance."

There are, indeed, hints of less pleasant touches—four baths for ninety boys; Chapel at 7.0 a.m. every morning—but the essential Sherborne, presided over by the paternal despotism of evangelical squirearchy, inspired by idealism, debilitated by inertia, remains impressed on the mind. Of games, at which Whitehead excelled as in all else, he wrote: "We played cricket, and football, and fives, because we enjoyed these games and for no other reason. Efficiency, what crimes are committed in thy name! . . . Fifty years ago at Sherborne no master either played a game or interfered with advice, except by the express invitation of the boy who was captain of games. We were not efficient; we enjoyed ourselves." And he closed his short essay with the following comment: "Altogether we were a happy set of boys, receiving a deplorably narrow education to fit us for the modern world. But I will disclose one private conviction, based upon no confused research, that, as a training in political imagination, the Harvard School of Politics and of Government cannot hold a candle to the old-fashioned English classical education of half-a-century ago." This is high praise indeed.

V. H. H. G.

SHERBORNE PILGRIMS 1948

Results :—

v. THE SCHOOL, on the Upper, on June 19th. Match drawn.

Pilgrims 207 for 7 wkts. declared (W. M. Elderton 90).

School 121 for 5 (J. N. Arkell 4 for 18).

v. ESHER, at Esher on July 4th. Match abandoned ; rain.

Pilgrims 40 for 3.

v. DOWNSIDE WANDERERS, at Downside on July 31. Won by 8 wickets.

Downside Wanderers 125 (M. R. G. Earls-Davis 5 for 36).

Pilgrims 193 for 5 (H. J. C. Bashford 104 not out).

v. SOMERSET STRAGGLERS, on the Upper on August 2nd and 3rd. Won by an innings and 21 runs.

Somerset Stragglers 97 (R. F. S. Chignell 6 for 22).

141 (R. F. S. Chignell 5 for 29).

Pilgrims 259 (A. T. Whitehead 98, H. E. H. Newman 52).

v. DORSET RANGERS, at Dorchester on August 4th. Won by 50 runs.

Pilgrims 272 for 5 wickets declared (R. F. S. Chignell 95 not out, W. J. Eldridge 67, M. R. G. Earls-Davis 62).

Dorset Rangers 222 (Earls-Davis 5 for 56).

v. HAMPSHIRE HOGS, at St. Cross, Winchester, on August 5th. Match abandoned ; rain.

(Hampshire Hogs 23 for 0).

v. OLD WYKEHAMISTS, at Winchester on August 6th and 7th. Match drawn.

Old Wykehamists 137 (D. C. P. R. Jowett 4 for 36)

and 67 (M. R. G. Earls-Davis 4 for 20).

Pilgrims 131 for 8 wickets declared (R. N. Chignell 50).

and 46 for 6.

LITERARY

THE MAN ABOVE

I am, I am proud to be able to say, an average man. I live like everyone else : I eat and drink like everyone else : and I think like everyone else. If one of these Gallup Poll enthusiasts were to ask my opinion on anything—of course, being an average man, they have not yet done so—I would reply “ Don’t know.” I have a fairly stereotyped face, and I dress in a fairly unobtrusive way. I keep regular hours, and earn an averagely good salary at an averagely corrupt government office. I also talk the recognised amount of hot air, and possess, like everyone else, an unlimited capacity for grumbling. Possibly here my essential mediocrity falters. I am, I will admit, a supreme grumbler. There is practically nothing of this type of conversation that I cannot turn my tongue to. In justice to myself, however, I must say that there have been ample grounds for this. Until recently, I was the victim of a profound and apparently incurable irritation. The root of the trouble lay actually within my own camp, or as I prefer to call it, my “ digs.”

Now, I am not dissatisfied with these rooms of mine. They are tastefully decorated in a sort of off-white Moroccan style, and there is plenty of room to swing a normal-sized driver. The only drawback which I confess led to a certain amount of hesitation on my part when I was considering living there in the first place, is that the whole place consists of only two rooms : the one which I have rather ostentatiously christened the lounge hall, and the bedroom-bathroom-kitchenette. I cogitated for some time as to the relative disadvantages of having to clutter up the lounge hall with a bed and of improvising a bed in the already impossibly small bathroom. I decided on the latter course, and it has been completely vindicated. None of my friends ever seem to want to wash their hands when they come to see me, and to those of them who express a wish to see round what they rather contemptuously refer to as “ your little place here”, I emphasise the extraordinary luxury of possessing a fitted bath actually in my bedroom. In these two rooms I lived for about a year in peace and comparative quiet. In the flat above was a Dutchman who chose to consider himself a man with a mission, and who consequently spent the whole day in the reading room at the British Museum. Allard was an octogenarian rejoicing in the name of Humphrey Bradono. His sole ambition in life, he declared, was to outlive his wife, from whom he had separated fifty years before, and he spent the entire day in bed, with a view to the achievement of this aim.

One day, however, the Dutch social reformer went out and did not return. The commissionaire on duty at the door bet me five shillings, I recollect, that the body would be found near the Embankment. I myself favoured a spot further east, but the affair was never satisfactorily concluded. The man’s successor in the flat above became positively my bugbear. The first day he arrived, he kept me awake for hours by running his bathwater at three o’clock in the morning. This process was followed without much variation regarding the time of perpetration every following night. I launched several complaints to everyone I could find who might be able to do something, but never received any satisfaction. It was an intolerable state of affairs. The man himself was also intolerable. Occasionally I would meet him on the stairs, when I was returning hot and tired from the office, and when he was just going out. He would always be immaculately dressed in a white tie and tails, and usually gave me a lofty stare of non-recognition as we passed. Once or twice he would condescend to reply “ Good Evening ” to my “ Good Evening.” Most days, I would hear him returning from his nightly expeditions, in the small hours, when he would tramp up and down his dining room, immediately above my bedroom, like a caged lion. On the rare occasions he did not go out, a quite appalling mass of cosmopolitan humanity would come in to see him. More than once, I ran into mysterious foreigners, resembling the villains in Sefton Merriman’s Cloak and Dagger romances, in a dark corner of the staircase. Such a meeting would let me know that another uproarious drunken party was afoot : and for the rest of the evening, I would be forced to listen to glasses being thrown about, and songs of a dubious character being sung. No one knew who the fellow was or where he had come from. My sister’s husband, who is a prosperous £20-a-week barrow boy, occupying an unrivalled position outside Charing Cross Tube Station, told me that he usually saw my neighbour rolling somewhat unsteadily out of one of the station telephone booths at about twelve noon most days. I asked Herbert, the porter, who the dickens the fellow was.

“ Who does the fella’ think he is ? ” I asked.

“ Aha,” said Herbert, “ one of the boys he is.” He gave a huge wink. “ Not ’arf a lad”, he added as an afterthought. I may say I remained as unimpressed and as disapproving as before.

At last, I came face to face with the man in an obscure antique shop in, of all places, Maiden Lane. What either of us was doing there, I do not remember. Anyway, I was in a position for the first time, to do more than comment on the weather to him. On the spur of the moment, I shook him by the hand, and asked him out to dinner.

He was courteous, he was considerate in his reply. He was unable to accept my kind offer : but he had a dinner engagement at the Astoria, and I would understand. Perhaps on another date—? We parted amicably. That night the bath water did not keep me awake at its usual godless hour. I remember, though, I stayed awake all the same, waiting for the thunderous gurgle and splash I had become used to and indeed had grown to expect.

Two nights later, I myself had occasion to dine at the Astoria—a press dinner of some sort, I think. Oddly enough, my friend the man upstairs was there that night as well.

Come to think of it, it wasn't odd at all.

He was the second violin in the hotel orchestra.

H. S. THOMAS.

THE MESSAGE

Softly the evening approaches . . .
 In the darkening streets below, the traffic rumbles
 on, indifferent ;
 Only the sun blushes with wrath at night's
 triumphant coming . . .
 Some men—but only few—are silently watching
 the setting sun.
 Yet these few watch it breathlessly, moved,
 compassionate,
 Deeply stirred by this daily event . . .
 They see a purpose, a message, in the red, indignant
 rays,
 Lighting the cloudless, azure haze with a rosy
 tint . . .
 The majestic cupola of St. Peter's Dome,
 The crumbling ruins on the Palatine,
 The muddy streak of the shining Tiber,
 The monuments, the fountains in numberless
 profusion,
 The buildings old and new, and Hadrian's Tomb,
 The Appian Way, and the silent Forum,
 And last the steps of the "Trinita dei Monti",
 And all the beauty of the Borghesian hill behind—
 The "Pincio" in all its sunset glory—
 All, yes everything, bears the imprint of this
 message . . .
 Even the pale, excited faces of those poor humans
 Watching the magnificent display,
 Are lit by its rosy writing . . .
 It is this message of the setting sun,
 Sinking on some hot, languid summer's day,
 That men have come to seek.
 And, yet . . . They all utter in an awesome,
 panting whisper,
 The one word "Beautiful !"
 But the message—that they do not understand.
 They seek it, because men love mystery, all things
 occult,
 But this, Nature's greatest, leaves bewilderment,
 A blank, a query, and a longing to see it again.

G. S. P. PEACOCKE.

PARABLE

I should like to take the reader back in time, back some 2,000 years. The scene is set in the country of Wessex in an isolated little native village. Through the village flows a river, nicknamed by the locals Scire Burn, but later called Flumen Traditis by the Romans when they came over. Even to-day, where once its mighty torrents roared, there trickles a little stream, nay almost a ditch, a mere shadow of its former self.

In those far off days, the village, later to become K. Ings Chool, was completely cut off from the rest of the world outside by steep impenetrable mountains on all sides, and the river flowed through a deep gorge, with many dangerous rocks and rapids to impede the passage of any boats that might dare venture on it. Now the people of this little community were very go-ahead—at least their chieftain was, and he was always anxious to do something. Flumen Traditis annoyed him a little, regardless of the fact that it was the life blood of the village, and so he determined to get his own back by building boats—frail catamarans in our eyes—to float on its waters. The first of these that we know about was called Moon Day Five, which is, being interpreted, Sweat. This craft was launched into the furious torrent, and although it withstood the tremendous buffeting, it foundered in calm water, nobody knew why.

The chief, spurred on by this, collected all his underlings together and ordered the building of another boat on similar lines. She took many moons to build but on completion everybody could see what a fair boat she was. At the launching ceremony she was named the Ars, Craftyae Technique or Lesser Sweat. The launching took place in the summer months when the river was in a quieter mood than usual, and she had a very easy passage over the rapids. All the people rejoiced in her; at last, they thought, they would be able to reach the outside world and hold rallies and dances with neighbouring tribes. But no; no sooner had the boat passed the danger zone than she was beached for the winter on the orders of her chieftain. Nobody knew whether she would be relaunched the next summer, and there was no little despondency among the people.

Then came the great idea—that of a large boat built on two floats, and capable of carrying the whole of the village population. This was launched with some mixed feeling among the diehard locals, so it was decided that to start with, only a few people would go aboard, whilst the rest followed critically along the banks. The chief decided to give the boat two names, one for each float. The first was called Mons and the second Mare. Unfortunately, soon after launching, Mare struck some rocks, and in sinking began to threaten the whole structure. Just when everything seemed, to those on the bank, doomed to destruction, a man who had been looking on stretched out and handed the chief 1,000 palm leaves, with which he was able to block up the hole and repair the boat.

People on the banks now began to grumble, and a certain wild man was very critical of the whole business. But still the boat struggled on. It survived the rest of the rapids, and in calm water a full repair of the damaged float was made. The boat was now as good as new, and confidence was once more restored.

Unfortunately, our chronicler who left all these details to posterity vanished at this juncture, and we do not know whether the boat was a success after all or not. Doubtless its history will be revealed in time, and we will some day know whether the venture achieved its ultimate objective.

Who says history does not repeat itself?

R. V. SHORT.

THE CURLEW

Hectic vision of the Autumn flood,
Sweet harbinger of moorland spring,
What mean your notes that crystal ring
Across the 'Pipers shore, and Foxglove bud?
Aloft a Curlew shatters silence still
With voice half eerie, half forlorn,
To reawake the amber dawn,
And warm the seeking heart, yet leave it chill.
Your voice—epitome of song, of Hebridean shore
And memory of fleeting fancy, County Down;
The wind's epitome—for ever pining, "more"—
That drives away all thought of shackled town,
To leave a sensual, concrete image without flaw.
The music swells, and makes man wish it was his
own.

J. P. OAKLEY.

TWO MINIATURES

"THE NEW BOY"

A searching look haunts his curious eyes. He looks a little lost and nostalgia is written over his face. His hair is brushed flat and lacks style. He wears an immaculate suit and his trousers are sharply creased. A knotted black tie hangs loosely round his neck revealing the shiny top of a stud keeping a much-thumbed collar in place. He staggers about with a heap of books under his arm almost as large as himself and from time to time he adjusts them with his small inky hands. Anybody who passes him with his hands in his pockets, or who sports a coloured tie is an unfathomable demi-god—a somebody commanding respect in much the same way as a Brahmin must be kept at a distance by all Untouchables. Life has its many minor hells for him, ranging from that ghastly engine, the shower, which rains icicles on him every morning to the stentorian roar which means getting up and running down a stony passage to run some infernal errand. His mind is filled with the apparent injustice of some punishment, the meaningless words of the School song and wild dreams of the days in the dim and terribly distant future, when he too will be a member of the semi-deity.

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE SIXTH FORM."

His face reveals a sense of achievement and a very slight lack of complete self-confidence. His hands do not look at home in his pockets: they look as if they are there because of privilege and not comfort. His hair has some style and a detailed study of his dress will show some small breaches of convention. When it rains, he will nervously carry an umbrella: blushing inwardly and no doubt outwardly, too. His newly-created aura of dignity as yet befits him ill and reminds us of a young subaltern appearing with his pip for the first time. Life has its many little heavens for him, from the vain belief of suddenly entering on a much higher intellectual plane to the comfort of watching a first XV match from a hard and crowded bench. His thoughts dwell on speculations concerning the likelihood of an impending prefectship, the diabolical ingenuity that Mr. X has for setting essays that require thoughts and the fact that life is really rather boring.

J. G. YORK.

PAPAN

Montezuma mourns a beautiful sister who has died in her palace across the lagoon.

she was the song
of the salt sea-lake where the long
brown men scythe
the curving sea grass
bullrush, lush
nest-infested
home of the crested
quetzal bird.

She was kissed
by the moist morning mist,
and the spell
of her sea-shell
smile made the long
brown men
sing a soft sea song
on the listless summer swell.

She was the crest,
of the blue wave's breast
and the ebbing urge
of the surge,
and her sea-green eyes made the eyes
of the long
brown men burn strong
and the water echo their cries.

She was the flush
of dawn, and the hush
of twilight,
not-quite-night,
and the feel of her form
made the long men,
strong men
brave the sultry storm.

She is the cold night's chill,
as the still
birds cry
and the fishes die
and the lake is old.
She is the calm
of the gentle balm—
of earth—
Death.

C. H. GALLOP.

THE WRONG TURNING

The two Englishmen clambered out of the river dripping wet. Their winding-sheets once spotless, were now torn and dirty after the long journey through chaos. They felt that they must now be drawing near to Heaven : it was no longer dusky, but then how often had they been led towards light, only to find nothing when they got there. There was a difference this time, there was not only light—there was warmth. The fiery red orb of the sun burned above them and soon dried their clothes. It exhilarated them and they tackled the green slope before them with ease and on reaching the top, an unexpected sight met their eyes.

They saw two large gilded gates intricately wrought with many emblems, the meaning of which they could not understand, but they noticed that there were many devices reminiscent of hammers and sickles. On either wide of the gate sat not the ghastly shapes of Sin and Death, for the two pilgrims had not come to Hell, but two Angels with glorious red translucent wings and swathed in toga-like scarlet taffeta. The Englishmen approached fearlessly and as they drew near, the gates opened with a loud clang and the two Angels fired a “*feu de joie*” with their automatic rifles. The travellers were bewildered, for they had always heard that a trumpet would sound on their arrival in heaven and the firing of a lethal weapon—even out of joy—seemed incongruous.

They walked on along the broad white road that stretched before them. On either side of them were rows of uniform blocks of what appeared to be living quarters, but before them an enormous building could be seen in the distance, which in contrast to the gates through which they had just passed, smacked of austerity. They decided that they would ask the first person whom they met, where they were. The roads through Chaos had been well-signposted and they were sure that they had faithfully followed “*The Road to Heaven*”, but they found it hard to believe that this was the Heaven of which their Sunday School teacher had told them in their extreme youth. They soon passed a man dressed unlike themselves in a blue boiler-suit, with the word : “*equality*” embroidered on his chest.

They asked him : “*Is this Heaven ?*”

“*Yes comrades*”, he replied emphatically.

“*Comrade, where is God ?*” questioned the Englishmen, entering into the spirit of the incident.

“*God—do you mean our god ?*” the man in the boiler-suit said.

“*Yes, your God*” they returned.

“*He is in the Beatific Kremlin, over there*”, he asserted.

“*The what ?*” said the two Englishmen in unison, but their informer had passed on.

They walked on towards the great white building—plain and modernistic in its every line. They passed through its doors again between two crimson Angels and found themselves in a large white assembly hall filled with hundreds of men and women, dressed similarly to the man they had passed on the road. As they came in, all were silent, a few looked round on hearing them enter and some signalled to them to stand still. On a raised dais before them was a white rostrum with a golden hammer and sickle emblazoned upon it. When the two Englishmen entered, a man clad in scarlet like the Angels with a red halo about his head was about to speak from the rostrum. To either side of him on the dais, sat other men in less glorious attire—presumably members of the Heavenform. As the deity—for so he appeared—spoke from the platform, there was a terrible sense of presence and after some inaudible mumblings and signs of the sickle, he declared in a loud and resonant voice : “*Here beginneth the fourth chapter of the Most Communist Book of ‘Capital’ at the twenty-first line*”

The two Englishmen heard no more, for suddenly they saw a glittering ladder let down from the roof, descend at their feet. None of the men in boiler-suits saw it ; their attention was fixed on Marse, he was their god and they believed that they lived in conditions of complete equality ; even when the members of the Heavenform seated on the dais, were a living denial of the fact ! The two disillusioned travellers felt an irresistible impulse drawing them towards the ladder. As they ascended, their winding-sheets were transformed into a radiant angelic garb and one turned to the other and said nonchalantly : “*We must have taken the wrong turning.*”

J. G. YORK.

LOUSY LIMERICKS AND POINTLESS POEMS.

There was an old man of Newhaven
 Who kept in his bathroom a raven ;
 When he was asked why,
 He made the reply :—
 “ Its beak comes in useful for shavin’ ”.

★

LINES ON WIRELESS INTERFERENCE
 If 'eer I found the hound
 Who make my wireless sound
 Like jet-planes out on test . . .
 Perhaps you've guessed the rest.

LINES ON A PICTURE OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF
GREAT BRITAIN

Is this the face that launched a thousand boats ?
 And will this face regain a thousand votes ?

Thus ends my song :—
 “ Je crois que non ” !

★

There was a man of the Equator,
 Whose Mator sent him a type-wrator ;
 His first efforts at writing
 Were somewhat exciting :—
 “ deaR mAtor/, thiS wraTor'S a *blatOr !

LINES ON A POLAR EXPEDITION

Scott
 wuz
 not
 hot,
 bot
 got
 fruz,
 (uz
 one duz).

A. B. KING-SMITH.

THE WHITE HOUSE

The knowledge that he had been granted a month's leave caused him little excitement. He was never able to understand why most young officers were so keen on getting even a week-end away from the trenches. He knew this was because their attitude towards the war was different from his own. They regarded the war as a monstrous evil, but necessary for the continuance of liberty and democracy. He could now scarcely remember the time when he had been moved by such phrases. Now they meant nothing to him. The war appeared to him as nothing more nor less than an endless toil of blood, sweat, and sorrow. One day followed another in perfect similarity—he saw his friends dying but felt no sorrow ; he only vaguely hoped that his turn would not come next. His fear of death was not concrete, for within himself he could face it with courage ; it was only the instinct of self-preservation that he could not conquer.

When he saw a church shattered by shell-fire, torn out by its very foundations from the earth and flung far and wide in a mass of rubble and strange twisted figures, he felt no emotion ; only a hard dry satisfaction that this at least was one obstacle cleared from the line of their advance. Now he realised that this kind of life was over for a month. He would return to the world he had known before the war ; the world that he had forgotten. Perhaps he would have a pleasant holiday.

He stayed in rooms at a small inn in Southern Italy. There were two other officers on leave with him, both young Subalterns whose main interest was riding. He declined any offers to share in their sport and instead picked his way through the narrow cobbled street towards a large white house on a hill near by which had awakened his interest. He noticed with satisfaction the clean whiteness of the walls, the long sweep of the lawns, and the pleasant terraced groves stretching downwards towards the river. The house was built in eighteenth century style, long and rectangular with a pleasant porchway and carved frieze.

The walk had taken him some way from home and he was about to turn back, when he saw an old man advancing towards him. Old though he was, he carried himself with a certain rigid grace, and the alertness of his eyes and the tan on his face told of a healthy outdoor existence. The old man stopped and addressed him :

“ You must be one of the English officers living in the village ? ”

“ Yes ”, he answered, “ I am staying here on a month's leave.”

"I myself am English", said the man, and a certain note of wistfulness in his voice made the other look up. Then as though he had interpreted the latter's thoughts he added:

"Although I am English I am known here as Baron Rindemo, although that is not my real name."

"You must be the owner of the white house and the orange groves then?" asked the British officer.

"Yes", answered the baron, "I have lived there now for over thirty-five years and, as you may imagine, I have a considerable affection for it."

Out of this conversation grew a strange friendship between the two men. They had in common a love of the country and the Baron was delighted to have a companion to whom he could talk about his native country. Why he had left his country and exiled himself in Italy the officer never learnt. He was astonished at the prosperity of the farm and the order and cleanliness of the house. He also noticed that the Baron lived for his farm and his tenants and never ceased to labour for their welfare.

Meanwhile the war crept on and the Eighth Army was advancing on Naples. The situation was so critical that he was recalled before his leave was ended. Before he left he promised to visit the Baron when the war was over. He was not sorry to return to his regiment and never gave a thought to the white house on the hill which he had left behind.

Two months later he was standing knee deep in mud in a trench. Drops of sweat formed channels down his grimy face and occasionally he would scan the enemy lines with his field glasses. The enemy at the moment were stationed in a white house about three miles away to his left. He turned to the Corporal beside him.

"Shell that house", he said.

He heard the bang and thud of the field guns as they fired, and through his glasses could see little spurts of dust and rubble shoot up around the house. Suddenly the whole house seemed to heave itself up from the ground, disintegrate in mid air, and collapse in a ruin of smoking bricks and timber.

Then it dawned upon him slowly at first, then suddenly in a moment of complete understanding; he had seen the white house on the hill before, he had known the man who owned it, who had lived for it. He remembered his own words, "I will come and see you when the war is over."

Ten minutes later he stood among the ruins. He stooped and picked up a piece of broken pottery out of the rubble, stared at it and threw it down again. Picking his way carefully over the stones he came to what had once been the porch. He stood staring at a piece of bloodstained rag; the blood dripped onto a piece of white marble and splashed it with a deep red. He felt slightly sick, turned his head away and nearly fell. He realised now that his old conceptions had been badly wrong. War was not a mere personal discomfort, it was a deadly evil, a destroyer of good things, no respecter of persons, a weapon of Satan's. He saw beneath his feet, all around him, its consequences. He walked slowly through the orange groves back to his men. The air was cool and crystal clear, with that transparency which on wet evenings is so apparent. The leaves of the trees glistened a dull green and gave forth a faint heavy scent which perfumed the whole air. The branches waved gently in a slight breeze. He turned and looked once more to the ruin. He never went there again.

T. G. KIRKBRIDE.

THE POET WHO HAS LOST HIS INSPIRATION

To look upon the honours that were yours,
 And which you know you could not now regain;
 To hear the praise of what you used to be,
 From one who thinks that you are still the same;
 To remember the spirit's hunger you have felt
 And know that you are blind, and deaf, and dumb
 This would be the seventh and final hell.

But he from whom the dove of peace has flown
 Cannot feel his acid mocking shame
 For once again the earth has claimed him back.

J. H. G. TERRY,

IN SUPPORT OF MODERN ART

I was deeply grieved at the beginning of this term to see that a very excellent picture by Dufy had been hung in an inconspicuous place in the "Oil Section" of the Art School, for the simple reason that the outcry raised by form three on seeing this picture hanging on the wall would prove too much for the argumentative powers of the few, and I feel select, who support the modern movement in art.

It may seem unjust to expect the members of a public school to appreciate modern art, and indeed I feel it is asking too much of them. To begin with not everyone in the School takes an interest in art of any type, and there is no reason why they should. But I find that it is often these very people who are most ready to criticize unorthodox art. These people would have no hesitation in praising a work of Constable or Vermeer, and I suggest that in both cases they have no idea what they are talking about.

This roughly is the situation in the School and, I am afraid to say, it is much the same outside the School, but it is an undoubted proof of the readiness of the uneducated to criticize without knowledge. The common cry of the anti-modernists is that they do not understand. This is immediately followed by the cry "We do not appreciate." Anything more illogical is difficult to comprehend. If I was to ask any of these critics to give comprehensive balanced reasons for their dislike of modern art apart from the ridiculous reason that they cannot understand it, they probably would not be able to answer me. As I write this article a member of this School has just remarked that an excellent painting by Edward Burra, called "War in the Sun", is inhuman, by which I presume he means unrealistic. He at least places his finger upon some definite point which he considers inartistic. Let me correct him.

To begin with it is essential to understand the meaning and use of art in general. It is no simple problem, but it appears to me to be a means of clarifying man's conception of the world around him. He will see in the work of a genius some aspect of nature which hitherto he has not realised. In other words an artist is conveying a definite message to the world. It remains to see what message the modern movement is endeavouring to convey. From Giotto to El Greco the message was mainly religious, and as the depth of religious feeling was very great the art also was very great. The Pre-Raphaelites had a romantic message; they endeavoured to show the world not as a religious struggle but as a romantic creation. The incentive behind modern art is not religious, it is artistic. "Art for Art's sake" is the slogan behind the modern movement. The message it is trying to convey is architectural. The modern tendency is to convey to the world the architectural and ordered structure of the universe; in simpler words the exact relations of one object to another in form, colour, proportion, recession, and line. If in doing this they distort it is only to accentuate the intensity of their message. El Greco distorted in order to accentuate the passionate religious fervour in his pictures.

Thus, although the modern movement may seem to be wild and without point, it has in fact an ordered philosophy behind it. During the first Impressionist exhibition in England artists like Manet and Cezanne were seriously accused of being mad. Today Picasso is regarded as a "half-wit" by many people. All I can say is that people should reserve their judgement and, at least, make an attempt to understand the art of their own day. That all this art should be bogus as many people appear to believe is both illogical and untrue. If this article raises the wrath of the anti-modernists it will have succeeded, and I hope they have some intelligent answers to it.

T. G. KIRKBRIDE.

1949 ?

"Left, Right, Left, Right!" Can't you hear the tread?
'Tis the ghosts of many Englishmen, of those who fought and bled,
And Nelson, Wolfe, and Wellington are marching at their head

It was peace that all these heroes lived and fought and perished for,
To abolish all the horror and the misery of war,
To avert the possibility that we should suffer more,
As we may.

Far away.

And did all those British bull-dogs throw away their lives in vain?
Is this world to be transformed into living hell again?
And is *this* a lasting tribute to the many, many slain,
Far away?

B. L. BARDER.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of "The Shirburnian."

DEAR SIRs,

I should like to express my thanks to all masters who helped to coach and referee both School and House sides this term. My thanks also go to Mr. Freeman and his staff for keeping the grounds in such perfect order.

Yours, etc.,
D. S. WRINCH,
Captain of Rugger.

RELIGIOUS TRADITION

DEAR SIRs,

I am given to understand that there is a movement in the School which would like to see less emphasis on tradition in public schools. Might I suggest that a good starting place might be found in the Psalter which we use everyday of our school lives here. I am thinking in particular of the canticles; Are we to believe that Mary really said "For he hath regarded—the lowliness of his handmaiden", or that Simeon said " . . . now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . ." Equally, I am convinced that Zacharias never said "—And to remember His Holy Covenant", or "And to guide our feet into the way of peace."

As prime offender, may I quote one used more than any of the above:—

"Glory be to the Father and to the son
And to the Holy Ghost,
Azzwzzn the beginning, is now"

Yours, etc.,
A. B. KING-SMITH.

CONTRIBUTIONS

DEAR SIRs,

The permanent shortage of entries for *The Shirburnian* is a School joke. The reason, I think, is that there is no encouragement or assistance for those who want to do creative writing apart from the stock essay for Certificate or Scholarship; so that very few people ever try to write at all, and of those that do try, many, I am sure, are too self-conscious about their efforts to submit them.

This would be remedied if English masters devoted three or four periods a term to letting their form write either whatever they liked or a poem or short story on a set subject. This would not interfere with work for exams. Nobody is going to be interested in writing essays on "Spring" or "The Application of Scientific Method" once they have left school and university, while a great many could and would get a lot of enjoyment out of writing poems and short stories. Besides the art of writing is the art of expressing what one thinks, not what some "remote and ineffectual don" wants one to think.

If this suggestion was adopted throughout the School it would remedy literary self-consciousness, it would give people with talent for writing opportunity, encouragement and assistance, and it would give the Editors of *The Shirburnian* less headaches.

Yours, etc.,
D. K. BREWER.

THE ABBEY

DEAR SIRs,

Nobody will deny that the Abbey is an extremely beautiful building. From all over the south of England people come to view it and to admire a roof recognised as one of the finest examples of fan-tracery in Europe. At the moment the School does not attend a service there more than twice a year. Surely there can be nothing against making use of our opportunities of worship in this building? Might we suggest, in all sincerity, that the School should attend Evensong in the Abbey once a month?

Yours, etc.,
D. B. GOSHERON
C. H. GALLOP
P. D. JOHNSON
J. ST. C. SIMMONS.

EX-EDITOR

DEAR SIRs,

Last term we had the impetuosity to send an article to *The Shirburnian*, the merit of which is quite irrelevant. Together with many other articles it was not published: that, we considered, was the end of the matter. But to our dismay it was later read out in mocking tones, by an ex-editor, to an audience.

Sirs, is this not a grave abuse of editorial etiquette and quite unworthy of any Shirburnian?

"DISGRUNTLED."

HOCKEY COLOURS

DEAR SIRs,

I consider that the present 1st XI Hockey blazer is greatly inferior to its counterparts in Rugger and Cricket. I suggest that it should have white braid where the other two have gold.

Yours, etc.,
P. J. SELBY.

FIELD DAY

DEAR SIRs,

It used to be the practice to publish an account of the term's Field Day in *The Shirburnian*. This might well be revived, or an account put on the J.T.C. board since the present habit of keeping what happened—and even the answer to the question of victory or defeat—from those taking part, or at most only divulging it to the N.C.O.'s, leaves them unsatisfied, uninformed, and to some extent uninstructed by the exercise.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. GELSTHORPE.

RESPONSES

DEAR SIRs,

We would very much appreciate it if we could revert to the old responses music. At the moment the responses entirely lack any tune, life or vocal effort on the part of the School.

Yours, etc.,
P. R. POWIS
R. W. HALL.

[There has been a good deal of controversy about this. When the "old" responses you refer to were introduced they had precisely the same effect as the new ones have now. As for the vocal effort, we agree—it is abominable, but was just as bad before. Incidentally it is time the School looked to this.—ED.]

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

DEAR SIRs,

I have noticed the great popularity in the last year of the Ornithological and Aeromodelling Societies and think that an Agricultural Society would not be lacking in members.

I have spoken to some members of the middle school about it who were quite enthusiastic. If a master who is interested in farming or forestry would take on the job of Chairman I am sure that prefects or other senior boys could be found to take on other posts.

Yours, etc.,
C. V. BRAVERY.

[We are all in favour of this project but suggest that our correspondent takes the initiative himself and founds the society. If he does not the probability is that it will not be founded at all.—ED.]

TOEY ICES

DEAR SIRs,

Isn't it time that something was done about the price of ices in the School Tuck Shop? It is disgraceful to charge 6d. for the small portion which is served out to us.

I know from a friend at Clayesmore that at their Tuck Shop Wall's ice cream is delivered regularly every week. If we were to adopt this method we should get double the amount of ice-cream at the present price and trade would be better in consequence.

Yours faithfully,
D. J. WOOD.

VIVAT !

DEAR SIRs,

What is this peculiar word that has been recently thrust on our notice—"vivat." Though it is classical in context, there is no section in any Latin dictionary which caters for words beginning with V. And yet during the singing of the Carmen after the end of term concert last term, I distinctly heard from someone nearby a triple "vivat"—or was it "vivat." Eminent scholars have wrangled for years over the pronunciation of the Latin V; but with this additional mongrel version their confusion will be redoubled. May we not be conservative in this at least, and return to an honest "vivat"—or preferably "vivat Rex Edwardus Sextus"!

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

GAMES

CRICKET

SENIORS FINAL

Played on the Upper, July 5th, 6th, 8th and 10th, 1948.

For the second year in succession Holmes' beat Hey's on the first innings. The scores were :—

THE GREEN :—61, Skinner 5 for 31, Love 4 for 7, and 261, Vaughan 127, Jowett 33, Norris 30, Gillespie 7 for 57.

LYON HOUSE :—121, Petherick 4 for 24, Jowett 4 for 34 and 198 for 8, Day 65 not out, Hustwitt 36, Vaughan 4 for 47.

Holmes' on winning the toss, put Hey's in to bat on a wicket softened by heavy overnight rain. Annesley and Spurway opened the innings against the swing bowling of Skinner and Love, who were helped by a strong cross wind. Spurway was dismissed by the second ball of Skinner's first over and Annesley, mistiming a half volley, was out in the next over to a good catch at mid on. After this disaster followed disaster and 7 wickets were down for the very meagre total of 28. However Norris, helped by the later batsmen and some byes, which included a 6 took the score to 61 before the last wicket fell. Norris (13) was the only batsman to reach double figures. Skinner (5 for 31) and Love (4 for 7) bowled very well and made the most of favourable conditions. At the close of play Holmes' had scored 26 for the loss of Hustwitt's wicket.

The next day saw a partial recovery by Hey's. In the first over Petherick beat Pralle with an inswinger and this brought Skinner and Gillespie together. Neither however could master the very steady bowling and at 51 Jowett bowled Skinner for 16 after he had just previously been twice missed behind the wicket off the same bowler. Gillespie and Day took the score to 77 before the former was very well caught and bowled by Jowett for a stolid 29. Chivasse was soon out and the scoreboard read 83-5-8. At this stage Hey's chances of pressing home their advantage were rather spoilt by Norris' inability to settle his run up which resulted in him conceding 13 runs in his only over, including 4 no balls.

The brunt of the attack fell therefore on Jowett bowling unchanged at one end and Vaughan and Petherick at the other. Their very steady bowling was backed up by good fielding and Holmes' innings finally closed at 121 (Day 24). The most successful bowlers were Petherick (4 for 24) and Jowett (4 for 34 in 33 overs). The Green, batting again, scored 89 for 3 at the close with Vaughan being 38 not out and Norris 17 not out.

Vaughan and Norris, on the resumption, continued their partnership confidently until at 116 the latter was well caught in the slips by Love for 30. Busk was out to Skinner's slower ball and this brought Jowett and Vaughan together. With Vaughan driving superbly and completing his fifty with an off drive off Skinner and Jowett content to defend, the score mounted steadily. Holmes' fielding became rather uncertain, Vaughan offering two or three chances; the last of these was behind the wicket with his score at 99 but the very next ball he pushed wide of mid on and so completed a very fine hundred. Soon after this the partnership, which had realised 81, ended when Jowett (33) was leg before to Gillespie, who had maintained a good length the whole time and who also had Vaughan stumped when he had made 127. His final analysis was 7 for 57. Hey's were soon all out for 261, leaving Holmes' 204 to win in 3½ hours. With an hour and a half left for play they scored 97 for 3 with Gillespie and Day together.

At the beginning of the last day Holmes' required 107 runs to win in 2 hours and, rightly or wrongly, made no special attempt to obtain them. Gillespie was out stumped for 24 and with only forty minutes remaining Holmes' were offered two sharp but catchable chances in one over off Jowett, and if accepted, these might well have altered the issue.

With Jowett bowling the last over to Day 14 runs were required with two wickets to fall. However these were not and the match ended with Holmes' score at 198 for 8 with Day 65 not out.

Thus a match full of reverses and recoveries for both sides was a disappointment, if a well-fought draw can be said to be disappointing but it was undoubtedly one of the best Seniors Finals witnessed for some time on the Upper with Holmes' winning the cup by the merit of their lead on first innings.

The teams were :—

LYON HOUSE : R. M. Skinner, D. I. Gillespie, R. K. Day, R. G. Chavasse, Pralle, Hustwitt, Love, Attfield, Hutchings, Thompson, Love.

THE GREEN : D. C. P. R. Jowett, J. R. Norris, Vaughan, Annesley, Busk, Petherick, Spurway, Hallam P., Tong, Glead, Price.

JUNIORS FINAL

Played on June 28th and 29th, 1948, between Barlow's and Randolph's, the former winning by 22 runs.

Randolph's won the toss and decided to bat on a drying wicket, with a strong North wind blowing down the pitch. They were soon in difficulties, however, when Gael, Robson and Elliott fell to Clarkson, who was bowling well and pitching the ball up. A very good stand by Bacon saved the Abbeylands' side from disaster, and with a useful 15 from Turner, the score rose to 61 before Bacon was l.b.w. to Chadwick. Clarkson had bowled well with the wind and returned the excellent analysis of 9 wickets for 16 runs. The Barlow's fielding was keen, but some of the 14 extras might have been avoided by intelligent backing up. It now remained to see what use Abbeylands would make of the weather conditions, as it was still anyone's game. Before close of play on the first day, Barlow's put on 5 runs without loss of a wicket.

On the following day Barlow's started well and during a stand between Mitchell and Cracroft passed the Abbeylands' total with 7 wickets in hand, Baxter having contributed a most valuable 31. Elliott bowled well for Abbeylands, beating the bat frequently but with no luck. Gael kept quite a good length but the wicket was not suited to slow bowlers. The Barlow's tail did not show much resistance and the side was finally out for 83. Many of the batsmen had shown dangerous tendencies of chasing balls well outside the off stump.

Abbeylands then went in again, and scored 50 for 6 wickets before stumps were drawn.

ABBEYLANDS

1st innings.				2nd innings.			
Bacon, l.b.w., bowled Chadwick	24	bowled Clarkson	1
Gael, C., l.b.w., bowled Clarkson	4	bowled Clarkson	15
Robson, bowled Clarkson	0	bowled Baxter	1
Elliott, bowled Clarkson	0	stumped, bowled Mitchell	12
Peplow, bowled Clarkson	0	bowled Chadwick	3
Pinder, bowled Clarkson	2	caught and bowled Mitchell	6
Webbe, bowled Clarkson	1	not out	4
Hayes, bowled Clarkson	0	did not bat	
Turner, bowled Clarkson	15	not out	3
Barnes, bowled Clarkson	1	did not bat	
Wood, not out	0	did not bat	
Extras (12 byes, 2 no-balls)	14	Extras (5 byes)	5
Total	61	Total (for 6 wickets)	50

Bowling

	1st innings.				2nd innings.				
	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	
Clarkson	10	4	16	9	8	3	13	2	
Baxter	8	4	11	0	8	3	6	1	
Chadwick	3	0	13	1	3	1	14	1	
Shields	2	0	7	0	3	1	2	0	
					Mitchell	2	0	7	2
					Cracroft	1	0	3	0

HARPER HOUSE

1st innings.

Tucker, bowled Elliott	5
Pritchard, l.b.w., bowled Elliott	10
Baxter, l.b.w., bowled Elliott	31
Mitchell, bowled Elliott	11
Clarkson, bowled Gael	1
Cracroft, caught Bacon, bowled Robson	8
Shields, bowled Robson	4
Strong, l.b.w., bowled Elliott	4
Gordon-Hall, bowled Gael	0
Baldwin, caught Peplow, bowled Gael	0
Chadwick, not out	0
Extras (8 byes, 1 leg-bye)	9
Total	83

Bowling

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.
Elliott	17	4	39	5
Gael	15	2	26	3
Robson	3	0	8	2
Hayes	2	1	1	0

CRICKET RETROSPECT, 1948

Played 12. Won 6. Lost 2. Drawn 4.

This year the 1st XI proved itself a very hard side to beat and this became increasingly apparent as the term wore on. Only two clubs were able to force a win, the one right at the beginning of the term before the team had had time to settle down and the other through the spin bowling of someone of very considerable experience. There was no one this year to take the place of D. S. Sheppard as a prolific run-getter but the batting was far better balanced, not less than eight of the side achieving an average of twenty or more. This compares with two in 1947 and only one in 1946. These results were obtained during a season when wickets were not particularly favourable to the batsmen. With the exception of the two matches already mentioned there was no serious batting failure. It is true that there were moments during the Marlborough match when the position was anything but healthy and a stout innings by Pailthorpe was needed before the match was won. The bowling was perhaps a little disappointing owing to a temporary loss of form by our quick bowlers, who, if they had bowled with as much accuracy as vigour, would perhaps have been a good foil to Jowett's well constructed overs of off-spinners. But the fact remains that six matches were won and we were unbeaten by another school.

Of the individual performances one remembers, I think, Pailthorpe's good captaincy both on and off the field and the occasions when he was able to pull the side out of a difficult position, Skinner's eagerness for runs, Norris, Day and Gillespie watching the ball with great care, a lofty smite from Turner, Anderton and Blackshaw both finding the form of which we knew they were capable, Wrinch's fine innings in the Blundell's match and the steady improvement in Chavasse's play. Jowett bowled very well indeed and we think that he was unlucky not to be included in at least one of the matches at Lord's. He and Pailthorpe together share the honour of captaining their County's Colts' XI, Pailthorpe captained Devon and Jowett Dorset. Jowett also played twice for Gloucester II.

There was steady improvement in the fielding this year and there were glimpses of what the fielding of a school side should be like. I hope that a large number of the cricketers in the School were able to watch the Australians field. Their fielding had to be seen to be believed. No words could describe the sheer perfection of Harvey's throw-in from the boundary. Such a standard can only be achieved through continual practice and a conviction that fielding is of the first importance.

The 2nd XI won three, lost two and drew four and were really beginning to settle down into a team towards the end of term when Taunton and the Town were well beaten. The standard of cricket was perhaps not very high and there were not enough players knocking at the door of the 1st XI. We are striving to improve the standard of this eleven and its fixture list is full of school matches and we hope that this will be an encouragement to all those who play on the Upper game and find themselves chosen for the 2nd XI.

The 3rd XI won one, lost three and drew three. This is not an impressive record but there is no doubt that it was playing well at the end of the term. The members of this XI hold an important place in school cricket for much depends on their keenness. They represent the School, they play in their Seniors' side and often bear the brunt of the attack, and they play in leagues. They have a heavy season and their influence can be very considerable.

The Colts had a very successful season and won all their matches except the last. Fifteen caps were awarded this year. The Junior Colts did not have quite such a good record but much good work was done and it is clear that there are some promising players in this part of the School. Three matches were won and three lost.

ATHLETICS, 1948

R. M. Skinner was appointed Captain of Athletics. This is a new appointment and was thought necessary as, for the first time in the history of the School, a triangular school athletic match had been arranged.

As usual the last fortnight of the summer term was taken up with athletics and the finals of the Individual Events were held on Tuesday, July 20th. The most notable events being the breaking of two school records by C. J. Chataway; he did the half mile in 2 minutes 6 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds and the mile in 4 minutes 42 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds—he now holds four School records, the other two being the Intermediate 440 yards and half mile. New School records were also put up by D. S. Wrinch for the Javelin (104 ft. 10 in.) and by O. P. Woodroffe for the Discus (93 ft. 10 ins.).

The marks for the Senior and Junior events were :—

SENIOR				JUNIOR			
1.	Barlow's	...	45½	1.	Barlow's	...	62½
2.	Randolph's	...	34	2.	S. H. A	...	38
3.	Hey's	...	20	3.	Hey's	...	26½
4.	Westlake's	...	17	4.	Holmes'	...	25
5.	Holmes'	...	16½	5.	Westlake's	...	20
6.	{ S. H. A	...	16	6.	S. H. B	...	12
	{ S. H. B			7.	Thompson's	...	6
8.	Thompson's	...	15	8.	Randolph's	...	4

The finals of the House Relays were held on Thursday, July 22nd and resulted in an easy win for Barlow's. The points were as follows :—

1.	Barlow's	...	34
2.	S. H. B	...	18
3.	Holmes'	...	15
4.	S. H. A	...	14
5.	Westlake's	...	13
6.	Thompson's	...	7
7.	Randolph's	...	5
8.	Hey's	...	2

The school triangular match took place on the last Saturday of term against Canford and Bryanston. Bryanston were very clearly the most experienced in technique and won the match quite easily, we took second place and Canford third. Points as follows :—

1. BRYANSTON 52. 2. SHERBORNE 33. 3. CANFORD 23.

In conclusion I should like to express my very grateful thanks to the many members of the staff who helped with the judging and general running of the athletics. Next year Mr. Wright and Mr. Anderson have kindly offered to help in the training of athletics and I am hoping that some practice will be possible during the earlier part of the term. I hope to arrange another triangular match at the end of term, possibly between Blundell's and Canford.

M.E.K.W.

SHOOTING

I think it will be of general interest to set out the School's Shooting Record at Bisley since 1928 (when Mr. A. T. Brown took over the coaching).

Most of the details were obtained (not without a little research) from the pages of *The Shirburnian*. To make the record complete, I wrote to the N.R.A.

It will be seen that, thanks mainly to Mr. Brown, a creditable place has generally been won. We must hope some year to lower the School's present record (3rd place once, many years ago).

G. G. G.

Year	Ashburton Shield (VIII).			Place.	Cadet Pair.	
	200 yds. H.P.S. 280	Score. 500 yds.			Score. H.P.S. 140	Place
1928	234*	218	452	18	118	2
1929	207	204	411	67	111	4
1930	228	210	438	48	110	10
1931	223	224	447	47	117	4
1932	233	233	466	17	112	13
1933	226	245†	471	6	114	10
1934	245	234	479	8	115	10
1935	236	235	471	26	115	13
1936	214	219	433	44	116	9
1937	229	226	455	20	102	46
1938	229	242	471	8	124	won
1939	236	226	462	12	114	10
1946	214	213†	445	12	99	31
1947	250	251	501	11	122	9
1948	248	244	492	6	123	6

*Equal 1st at this range.

†2nd place at this range.

Notes 1—Average number of schools competing VIII 70
Cadet Pair 60

2—Winning (and other) scores have varied a great deal from year to year, mainly because of varying weather.

FOOTBALL

CLUB MATCHES

2nd October—*v.* Yeovil. Lost. 13 points (2 goals, 1 penalty)—8 points (1 goal, 1 penalty).

9th October—*v.* Blackheath A. Won. 12 points (2 tries, 2 penalties)—11 points (1 goal, 2 tries).

16th October—*v.* Harlequins A. Lost. 19 points (2 goals, 3 tries)—8 points (1 goal, 1 try).

23rd October—*v.* Richmond A. Lost. 12 points (4 tries)—8 points (1 goal, 1 try).

All the games against the London clubs produced good struggles. For the first time since before the war, the three sides were strong ones with a sprinkling of first class players and many promising young players. As a result the games were of the greatest value to the School, who learnt a lot, particularly about forward play. After all this lapse of years, the Quins produced a fine sample of their traditional attractive football, which would have been recognisable even if the side had been wearing white jerseys. In this game, the School forwards put up a grand performance against a very strong pack and the result of the game was in doubt until the last quarter of an hour when the strength and experience of the opposition told. The following week the Richmond side gave an equally typical display of close, robust forward play and again the School showed promising form, though it was clear that there was a great need for a really good runner outside the scrum.

There was unfavourable comment from some of the critics about our losing three of these games. But they failed to recognise the great difference between these really good club sides and the odd scratch lots some of these sides have been in the last two seasons. To lose a hard game against a really good side is of much more value to the fifteen than to take twenty points off a very weak one. And the School on the touch-line can learn much when our opponents play really good football as they did this year.

SCHOOL v. TAUNTON

Played at Sherborne on 30th October and won by 8 points (1 goal, 1 try) to 5 points (1 goal).

This was a grand game, full of good football and with first class tackling on both sides. The School deserved to win, as the forwards dominated the game and gave a really good display of efficient all-round play. The outsides were uninspiring but improved as the game went on and scored two really good tries in the second half.

The School attacked towards Yeovil and soon it was apparent that we were stronger than Taunton forward ; we shoved them in the tight, we were better in the lineout and quicker in the loose. But as ever the Taunton forwards showed great spirit and gave nothing away. Outside some promising movements developed and Amor broke through two or three times ; but the Taunton covering was excellent and we had not the speed to score. Also our finishing was at fault in that, at the end of many good rushes by the forwards, the ball did not come back ; and so the backs were always attacking from long range instead of from close up. There was only one score in this half—and it was a very odd one. From a scrum a yard from our line, the ball was healed so cleanly that Anderton had no time to get back before a Taunton wing forward had touched the ball down for a try near the posts. This was converted.

The second half followed the pattern of the first, with the School having the best of the game but unable to score at first. But gradually Taunton were worn down ; first a good movement to the left gave Colquhoun a chance and he, running with great determination, beat two or three men to score by the corner flag. Then, only a few minutes from the end, a quick heel from the loose gave Johnson an opening ; he ran well and scored by the posts, from which position Anderton converted. Finally, we nearly scored again in the last minute.

The pack, well led by Wrinch, played better than any pack since the war. Wrinch himself played excellently and all supported him well, particularly Woodroffe, Turner, and Pailthorpe. Outside, Anderton played well at scrum half and Mitchell did adequately as his partner, though he is still rather slow. The centres were not impressive in attack, but the tackling, particularly by Amor, was very good. Both wings did well. In all it was a satisfactory game but it showed that we lack scoring power, as none of the midfield trio are quite quick enough to make openings against a determined defence. The game was refereed outstandingly well by Mr. C. H. Gadney.

The School side was :—Day ; Colquhoun, Johnson, Amor, Wimbush ; Mitchell, Anderton ; Brooke, Chataway, Pailthorpe ; Turner, Woodroffe ; Pralle, D. S. Wrinch (capt.), Batstone.

SCHOOL v. BLUNDELL'S

Played at Tiverton on 6th November and resulted in a pointless draw. A light rain fell throughout the first half and added to the difficulties of contending with the familiar heavy growth of tufty grass.

The School started with great dash and the whole side looked quick and efficient. Within two minutes a lineout by the Blundell's corner flag promised a try, but a crooked throw in lost us the chance. Then a good bout of passing left Colquhoun a clear run, but he decided to turn in and was easily collected by the full back.

The pressure was maintained for twenty minutes and yet the School never actually managed to reach the Blundell's line and produce the vital loose heel. Even so it looked as if a try was bound to come. Play continued very much in the School's favour up to half time, though the Blundell's sorties were becoming more frequent and prolonged.

After half time the play was much more even and the lighter Blundell's pack began to get more of the ball. But the School tackling was very sound and only by kicking did Blundell's make any progress. The School was several times near the Blundell's line ; once the forwards took the ball up by inter-passing and Wrinch was very well tackled just short of the line ; and later Mitchell picked up a loose ball and went through the posts, well supported. But his pass was poorly timed and the chance was missed. Towards the end it was Blundell's who were doing the attacking but the School defence, though harassed, was never in serious trouble.

The School lost the initiative after half time because the forwards stopped using their weight in the loose scrums. A continuous service of the ball would certainly have led to tries against a lighter and perhaps a slightly slower side. As usual Blundell's played throughout with the greatest spirit and determination and it was a fine hard game of football. Of the School forwards, Wrinch put in some tremendous dashes and never ceased to play as hard as he could ; he led well, particularly in the first half. Pralle did any amount of tackling and never ceased trying, but he produced little or no constructive work. Turner, Woodroffe and Pailthorpe were the most noticeable of the others for solid hard work. The pack as a whole played excellently and was more held up by the ground than the opposition. Of the outsides, Anderton was very good indeed in all departments. Mitchell started better, but rather fell away under pressure. Amor made some fine saves and was the mainstay of the defence. Johnson was adequate and the wings were good in defence but lacking in initiative in attack. It is never easy to score tries against a determined school side and our wings expect at the moment too much to be given them. Simmons gave a creditable display at full back and always found touch ; he had no tackling to do.

On the whole the side showed promising form, though the weakness in finishing was still apparent and this made a draw of a match we should have won.

The School side was :—Simmons J. ; Colquhoun, Johnson, R. J. Amor, Wimbush ; Mitchell, F. M. Anderton ; Brooke, Chataway, Pailthorpe, Turner, Woodroffe, J. P. Pralle, D. S. Wrinch (capt.), Batstone.

SCHOOL v. DOWNSIDE

This game was played at Sherborne under perfect conditions on 13th November and resulted in a win for the School by three goals and a try (18) to a try (3).

The School attacked unceasingly for the first twenty minutes, but it was early apparent that the Downside tackling was sound and that both sets of backs were evenly matched for speed. There was some hard running by the School and some sensible kicking but no serious threat to the Downside line until, quite against the run of the play, Downside scored a try. They were just inside the School half for the first time and a blind side movement caught the School unawares and their left wing was left with an unopposed run to the line.

At once the School counter-attacked and from near the line Woodroffe dived over near the posts after some good loose play by the forwards. Anderton converted. There was no further score before half-time.

After half-time the School continued their assault and more and more their heavier forwards were wearing down the Downside pack. A good movement gave Colquhoun a chance to go for the corner flag and this he did in no uncertain manner and scored a fine try. Pailthorpe's kick was not quite good enough.

A loose scrum near the Downside line produced the next score. Wrinch picked up a slow heel and forced his way over near the posts. Anderton converted. Downside came back with plenty of spirit and several quite determined attacks by their three-quarters were well held. At this point Simmons was tested by kicks ahead and did well to give nothing away.

A fine forward rush down the touchline in which several forwards handled left Wrinch with the ball and fifteen yards to go and quite a number of defenders in his path. He hurled himself at the line tore through his would-be tacklers and scored as fine a try as one could wish for. Anderton again converted.

There was little time left now and it was really only a question of whether the School would score again. There was one agonising moment when Turner punted high in the air in front of his own posts after a Downside attempt at a penalty but good tackling prevented a Downside try. The game was admirably refereed by A. M. Rees the former Welsh International forward.

The School team again showed improved form and the forwards particularly gave a fine and rousing display. Wrinch was outstanding and led them with sound judgement. Turner played his best game so far and was also outstanding particularly from the line-out. All the others played well. Anderton passed beautifully all through the game—the occasional bad pass can always be forgiven. The threequarters were well held and never once managed to penetrate a keen defence. Amor worked noticeably hard but only Colquhoun looked likely to score. Mitchell at fly half was sound and kicked competently but he is still too negative. Neither he nor Anderton have yet learnt to back up as they should.

It was a very fine hard game of football and gave as much pleasure to the spectators as to the players themselves.

Team :—Simmons J.; Colquhoun, Johnson, R. J. Amor, Wimbush; Mitchell, F. M. Anderton; Brooke, Chataway, M. W. Pailthorpe; D. M. Turner, O. P. Woodroffe; J. P. Pralle, D. S. Wrinch, Batstone.

The following have been awarded their—		3RD XV COLOURS	1.11.48	Topliss
1ST XV COLOURS.	18.10.48	F. M. Anderton (regained).		Waring
	1.11.48	J. P. Pralle (regained) R. J. Amor (regained)		Gallop
	8.11.48	D. M. Turner M. W. Pailthorpe O. P. Woodroffe		Smith
	15.11.48	C. J. Chataway J. H. Brooke A. Colquhoun	15.11.48	Banks
				Barker
2ND XV COLOURS	11.10.48	Chataway (regained) Colquhoun		Meggeson
	18.10.48	Johnson (regained) Brooke Day Mitchell King (regained)	COLTS BADGES	Robertson
	12.10.48	Wimbush Simmons (regained) Batstone Hallsmith		Gervis
	15.11.48	Smith, P. T. I. Waring Gallop Meggeson Gervis		Gregson
				Green
				Grubb
				Lund (regained)
				Clarkson
				Denny
				Larkins
				Riddell
				Gillespie
				Baxter
				Eagle (regained)
				Simmons (regained)
				Horn
				Higgs
				Salisbury
				Cromie
				Davies
				Tarver
				Spurway
				Ingpen
				Baldwin
				Penny, C. R.

SCHOOL *v.* MARLBOROUGH

The match was played at Marlborough on 20th November, and resulted in a win for Marlborough by 8 points (1 goal, 1 penalty) to 6 points (2 tries). The weather was fine and sunny.

It was rather an unusual game as neither side really played hard in the first half. With the wind in their favour, which was well used by Amor and Mitchell, the School were in an attacking position most of the time. But the forwards were very sluggish and the ball, when it did come back, did so very slowly, and Anderton was often spoiled. One or two of the forwards had scoring chances and once Johnson, put through by Mitchell, missed an almost certain try by forgetting to hold on to the ball. There were few constructive movements by either side. On one of the few times that Marlborough crossed the half-way line, they were awarded a penalty for offside in the line out and a very fine goal was kicked. This was the only score in the first half.

The game woke up in the second half. First Marlborough attacked, and, after a loose heel, their fly-half ran straight through and scored a good try far out. Another beautiful kick made the score eight against the School. Then, at last, the forwards were goaded into life and for the rest of the game were well on top. Fine play by the Marlborough full back saved some nasty situations and unhappily the School forwards spoiled many promising rushes by getting offside. Ten to fifteen minutes from the end, Simmons started a movement from full back, dummied his way through the middle, and then put Johnson away. The latter reached the full back and passed to Colquhoun, who somehow managed to lose the ball; but one or two forwards were up and Turner got the try. Attacks went on in earnest and, a few minutes from the end, a fine handling rush by the forwards enabled Batstone to score about half-way out. Unhappily Pailthorpe did not convert. In the closing minutes, the School had two good chances. First, another forward break-away just broke down by somebody trying to pick the ball up; and then a loose heel sent Mitchell over, but he fumbled as he caught the ball and was rightly recalled. And so an exciting game ended with Marlborough just clinging on to their lead.

This was a disappointing game from the point of view of the School, as many of us realised the sad change in form from the previous week. Only Brooke, Chataway and Woodroffe of the forwards, played up to form; and the weakest feature was the complete failure to bind and shove in the loose. This meant that Anderton had a very difficult day, though he, too, was unusually slow. Mitchell was caught too often in possession in the first half and made some handling mistakes with a slightly greasy ball; but he played better in the second half. Amor improved as the game went on and Johnson played quite well. The wings had no chances. Simmons did well at full back. The place kicking was sadly inadequate. Marlborough must be given every credit for taking their chances. They had a fine full back, a good scrum half, and a pack which, without any outstanding players, were together well and quick on the ball.

SCHOOL *v.* WELLINGTON

This match was played at Wellington on 27th November in perfect conditions and resulted in a win for the School by one goal and two tries (11 points) to nothing.

We had heard that Wellington had a very weak side, but they certainly did not play like one. The tackling and covering of the whole team was good and their pack was robust and lively; only in combined attack did they seem weak.

The School played up the hill in the first half. At once they attacked and Amor almost scored in the first minute. But after that our old weakness of slow starting became apparent and for twenty minutes the ball hardly came out of the back of the scrum at all; individually, the forwards seemed to be playing well, but as a pack there was little bind and shove in tight or loose. Wild defensive kicking by the School gave Wellington some scoring chances and once their full back came in to make a man over. Some fine tackles, notably one by Brooke and another by Simmons saved scores. Then came our first score; a quick heel from a loose scrum in midfield found Wrinch making a man over in the centre. He passed to Colquhoun, who ran very well to score.

In the second half the game really woke up and the School played well. There were fine rushes by the forwards and the three-quarters played better than at any time during the term; only the most determined defence by Wellington kept the score down. As it was, two tries were scored; first, a movement to the right left Wimbush crowded against the touch line and he came in for an inside pass and charged his way over from ten yards out. Smith converted with a fine kick. Secondly, Wrinch broke very quickly from a tight scrum, took an inside pass from Amor, passed out again and at the end Colquhoun was given a clear run for the line. The last feature of the game to be remembered was a fine break by the Wellington left wing, who seemed certain to score; but, in the gathering gloom, Brooke raced across at a most unseemly pace for a front row forward and tackled him beautifully. The game ended with the School again on the attack.

The best thing about the game was the good individual form of all the forwards, of whom Brooke was outstanding with Wrinch. But the weakness in slow starting and combined shoving still needs to be put right. Outside all did well; Anderton recovered his best form and Smith played quite well. Of the three-quarters, Johnson and Colquhoun were the best. All were good in defence and the falling on the ball was good. Simmons was sound at full back and showed his attacking ability once or twice; it is a pity that he seems to get pleasure in terrifying the School's supporters at least twice in each game by doing the most alarming things!

Team:—Simmons, J.; R. A. Colquhoun, P. D. Johnson, R. J. Amor, Wimbush; Mitchell, F. M. Anderton; J. H. Brooke, C. J. Chataway, M. W. Pailthorpe; D. M. Turner, O. P. Woodroffe; J. P. Pralle, D. S. Wrinch, Batstone.

VALETE

SCHOOL HOUSE

C. L. BERRISFORD—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. Upper Sixth; School Prefect; Head of House; 1st XV '46, '47; 1st XI hockey '47; 1st class gym.; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; Editor of *Shirburnian*; member of Duffers and Alchemists.

A. S. B. DICKSON—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. House Prefect; 1st VIII '48; Cpl. in J.T.C. To Edinburgh University.

B. M. VYNER—V (Group II)—came 1944². House Prefect; 3rd XV '47; Sgt. in J.T.C.; P.T. instructor; boxing colours '48.

B. W. K. FAYLE—VI (Group III)—came 1944². House Prefect; Cpl. in J.T.C.

J. R. STEWART—VIb (Group III)—came 1944². House Prefect; L.S. in S.C.C.

R. W. BRAND—VI (Group III)—came 1944². House Prefect; L.S. in S.C.C. To Chartered Accountants.

A. J. EVERETT—VI (Group III)—came 1944². L/Cpl. in J.T.C.

T. H. BUTLIN—VI (Group I)—came 1944². L/Cpl. in J.T.C.

I. M. CHRISTIE—V (Group III)—came 1945². House Prefect; boxing colours '48.

J. M. MERRIMAN—VIb (Group III)—came 1945¹.

P. JAMESON—3d—came 1946².

ABBEY HOUSE

G. E. HUMPHRIES—VI (Group II)—came 1943³. Upper sixth; School Prefect; Head of House; 1st XV '47; 1st VIII '46, '47, '48 (Hon. Sec. Shooting '48); 2nd XI hockey '48; C.S.M. in J.T.C. (Carr-Ellison Cup); P.T. instructor; 1st class gym.; member of Duffers and Alchemists.

N. HAMILTON-FLETCHER—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. House Prefect; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; 1st class gym.; 1st VIII '48. To Army.

R. W. DAWNAY—VI (Group II)—came 1944². Upper sixth; House Prefect; 2nd XI cricket '48; 2nd XI hockey '48; 3rd XV '47; Sgt. in J.T.C.; P.T. instructor; squash and fives badges '48; member of Duffers. To Sandhurst

J. W. LAIDLAY—VI (Group II)—came 1944². House Prefect; Cpl. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers. To Army.

J. C. H. ROBERTS—V (Group III)—came 1944². Gym. Squad; 1st class gym.; A.B. in S.C.C. To Reading University.

J. L. THORNTON—V (Group III)—came 1944². L/Cpl. in J.T.C.

S. A. HAMILTON-FLETCHER—VI (Group II)—came 1945¹.

G. D. J. OLDHAM—V (Group III)—came 1946¹.

THE GREEN

J. G. MCGOWAN—VI (Group II)—came 1943³. Upper sixth; School Prefect; Head of House; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers. To Army.

J. R. SANDFORD—VI (Group III)—came 1944². Upper sixth; School Prefect; 1st VIII '46, '47, '48, Captain '48, Marksman's Cup '47; 2nd XI hockey; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Alchemists. To Army and Queens, Cambridge.

J. N. INSALL—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. House Prefect; gym. squad '47, '48; special gym. '48; P.T. instructor; Cpl. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers and Alchemists. To Army and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

I. P. WARDLAW—VI (Group II)—came 1943³. Upper sixth; House Prefect; Cpl. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers and Alchemists. To Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

B. M. HAWKES—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. Upper sixth; House Prefect; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers, Alchemists and Polyglottes; Plumtre prize (mathematics) '47. To St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

T. PETHERICK—VI (Group II)—came 1944². House Prefect; Cpl. in J.T.C.; member of Polyglottes. To Army.

R. T. CLARKE—VI (Group III)—came 1944². A.B. in S.C.C. To Navy.

J. R. NORRIS—VI (Group II)—came 1945¹. 1st XI cricket '48; 1st XI hockey '48; XXX blazer '47; L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To law.

M. G. CHATTOCK—V (Group III)—came 1945¹. A.B. in S.C.C. To Navy.

HARPER HOUSE

J. F. CRAWFORD—VI (Group I)—came 1943³. Upper sixth; Head of School; Head of House; C.S.M. in J.T.C.; P.T. instructor; Hon. Sec. Duffers; Interpreter Maximus; member of Alchemists; Longmuit English prize '47; State scholarship; Exhibition to New College, Oxford.

J. M. MAYBURY—VI (Group III)—came 1944². Upper sixth; School Prefect; 1st XV '46, '47; boxing team '46, '47, '48, colours '46, captain '48; gym. squad '47, '48; 1st class gym.; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers and Alchemists; Fletcher French prize '47. To Army.

M. D. TOVEY—VI (Group II)—came 1944². House Prefect; 3rd XV '47; gym. squad '47 (colours), captain '48; P.T. instructor; L.S. in S.C.C. To Guildford Art School.

P. W. THOMAS—VI (Group II)—came 1944². House Prefect; L/Cpl. in J.T.C.; member of Polyglottes. E.S.U. Exchange Scholarship.

H. S. DAVID—VI (Group III)—came 1944². House Prefect; L/Cpl. in J.T.C.

G. W. PRESTON-JONES—VI (Group III)—came 1944². House Prefect; 3rd XV '47; gym. squad (colours) '48; 1st class gym.; P.T. instructor; Cpl. in J.T.C.; member of Alchemists. To Sandhurst.

A. V. G. HILL—V (Group II)—came 1944². To Army.

J. G. ROBERTS—VI (Group III)—came 1944². L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To St. Mary's Hospital.

G. J. BIGGAM—V (Group III)—came 1944². To Edinburgh University.

ABBEYLANDS

- R. BACON—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. Upper sixth; School Prefect; Head of House; 2nd XV '47; 2nd XI hockey '48; 2nd XI cricket '48; P.T. instructor; C.S.M. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers. To Army.
- M. S. CLARKE-JERVOISE—VI (Group II)—came 1944¹. Upper sixth; School Prefect; Prefect i/c Swimming bath; athletic team '48; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers. To Army.
- D. L. GODFREE—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. House prefect; 1st XV '47; 2nd XI hockey '48; gym. squad '48; 1st class gym.; Cpl. in J.T.C. To de Havillands.
- J. A. DAVIS—VI (Group III)—came 1944³. House Prefect; 1st class gym.; L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To Army.
- D. G. SMITH—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. House Prefect; P.T. instructor; Cpl. in J.T.C. To business.
- J. P. HARDING—V (Group II)—came 1944³; Sgt. in J.T.C.
- R. A. KIMBALL—VI (Group II)—came 1947³. Upper sixth; House Prefect; P.T. instructor; member of Duffers. To Yale.

LYON HOUSE

- R. M. SKINNER—VI (Group II)—came 1944³. School Prefect. Head of House; 1st XI '48; 1st XI hockey '47, '48; 2nd XV '46, '47; P.T. Instructor; C.S.M. in J.T.C.
- R. W. RENTOUL—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. Upper sixth; School Prefect; 3rd XV '48; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; Hon. Sec. Alchemists. To Oxford.
- P. E. HUSTWITT—VI (Group III)—came 1943³. House Prefect; 3rd XI '47, '48; Cpl. in J.T.C.; member of Alchemists. To Oxford.
- R. G. CHAVASSE—VI (Group III)—came 1944³. Upper sixth; House Prefect; 1st XI '48; 3rd XV '48; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Alchemists.
- H. H. B. MURRAY-HUDSON—VI (Group II)—came 1944³. House Prefect; 3rd XV '48; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers. To Rhodesian Civil Service.
- M. R. SMITHWICK—V (Group III)—came 1944³. House Prefect; 1st XV '47; 1st class gym.; swimming treble; boxing team '48; 1st VIII '48; Sgt. in J.T.C.
- M. E. B. HAYES—VI (Group III)—came 1944³. 1st class gym.; L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To Army.

WESTCOTT HOUSE

- B. S. DUNN—VI (Group II)—came 1944¹. Upper sixth; School Prefect; Head of House; 2nd XI '47, '48; 2nd XI hockey '48; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers. To Army.
- P. D. R. CARLILL—VI (Group II)—came 1944¹. School Prefect; 3rd XI '47, '48; P.T. instructor; Sgt. in J.T.C.; member of Duffers. To Army.
- A. J. WALES-SMITH—VI (Group IIIb)—came 1944³. House Prefect; P.T. instructor; tennis VI '48; L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To South Africa.
- W. H. BLANDFORD-NEWSON—VI (Group IIIa)—came 1944³. House Prefect; boxing colours '48; L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To Sandhurst.
- C. B. JONZEN—VI (Group II)—came 1944³. L/Cpl. in J.T.C. To Army.
- J. G. ABERCROMBIE—V (Group II)—came 1944³. Boxing team '48. To Polytechnic.
- D. J. M. CORNWELL—V (Group II)—came 1945³. 2nd XI '48. To Berne University.
- P. D. GEDGE—IVd—came 1945³. L/Cpl. in J.T.C.

STOP PRESS

REVIEW

FURIN. COLLECTED VERSES BY GILES DIXEY (O.S.).

In the 18th century minor poets were fortunate in their inheritance of a fixed poetic tradition. Modest men with no pretensions to originality could make their small contribution to the fund of poetry in the accepted manner, saved from dispersing their scanty forces by the limitations of the heroic couplet or the Miltonic inversion. But to-day there are no such well-worn paths; all routes are open, although the sign-posts are down. Everything is now potential, but little is achieved, for the superabundance of choice has paralysed the will. This is displayed in both the style and content of most contemporary poetry; it is displayed in the verse—as the author modestly terms it—of Giles Dixey.

Furin, the dust-jacket rightly affirms, 'reflects a varied experience of work and feeling.' As subjects, the works include adventures and ideas, war and love; in date, they range from 1910 to the present day; in style, they suggest many of the differing schools of poetry that have appeared during that time. Nevertheless, on reading through these verses, one is aware of certain recognizable characteristics: a sense of hope although allied to self-mistrust, a diffidence stiffened by respect for duty. The hope is illustrated by the lines:

'Because of me may someone, tho' one only,
Live the less lonely.'

The diffidence, paradoxically, appears to lie in the length of the book. Giles Dixey gives us 380 pages of verse; he does not presume to select from them but tacitly suggests that it is up to us to sort the wheat from the tares. Consequently, I have here selected one sonnet which displays his typical characteristics embodied in his most convincing style:

'He never found things easy: could unknot
Latin with care, with difficulty Greek,
Read English yes (but what he read forgot),
Write without force and unpersuasive speak.
Some have seen coasts aplenty but no lands,
And this one passed by study to no skill;
Had neither shipman's eyes nor horseman's hands;
Few gifts except an instinct for uphill.
So served in sail and steam, with field-guns rode,
Fine summer days in wintry workroom sat,
And staunchly, as a scholar might, bestow'd
Years upon years in search of this or that.
Who knows? Though little came of his long trying,
Perhaps a flag of sorts had been kept flying.'

B.

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All Letters and Articles intended for publication should be sent to the Editor, Sherborne School, Dorset.

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