By the time the Shirburnian goes to press, thirty people will have left. Some will leave the School, the majority will leave a House. For Sherborne is, surely, a Federal Republic; the whole is made up of a variety of separate entities. These leavers will, in two years time, hardly know each other or have anything very much in common, unless they were at the same House. They might have been at different schools.

At School itself this leads to two things: excessive adulation of the House, to the detriment of the School. This is not simply the ‘beatle-mania’ that can be witnessed at rugger matches. Rather attitudes held at the top of the House permeate downwards and shape House policies that are alien to the rest of the School. Thus some Houses seize on certain activities, make them part of the House curriculum and neglect others. This can result in a situation, where the corps is being run by the senior boys of one House, while at the same time, the Shirburnian is kept alive by contributions from only three Houses.
Secondly this exclusiveness leads to judgements of people in other Houses, based on little or no knowledge of them. We earn reputations based on superficial appearances and the public image is all that counts. School prefects represent the only inter-House gathering, but even these worthy beings are limited to two or three meetings, when most of the business is confined to esoteric School rules. The time has come for some sort of centralising process—for the School to invest in a number of common-rooms for the Upper Sixth, School Prefects or House Prefects. A more abundant flow of ideas and easier communication between members of the School, can, it would seem, only be applauded.

However, while we remain members of separate communities, can we not do something, on a purely personal level, to achieve the process of centralisation? Sherborne teaches us the great gift of learning to live with other people for twenty-four hours out of twenty-four of the day. If we allow an element of tolerance and charity to enter into our judgements of people we vaguely know in other Houses, then we may become more of a corporate body and, when the moment comes, regret leaving the School.

Editors of The Shirburnian

C. H. Black-Hawkins
N. T. Parsons
P. G. D. Dawson

J. T. Tyler
P. R. Mildred
D. G. Shikreff

Head of School

C. H. Black-Hawkins
R. P. Clive-Powell
C. J. V. Darlington
A. D. M. Gray
A. S. Harley
P. R. Mildred
R. C. H. Twyford

C. V. Nicholas
I. A. du Pre
R. J. Roxburgh
R. J. G. Rycroft
J. C. Stewart
J. A. D. Sturges
It appears that the Editors of the Shirburnian have reached new depths of despair in their search for contributions. They have even asked an Ex-Master (as the terminal cards of Duffers so elegantly describe those who, for reasons undisclosed, no longer serve on the Sherborne staff) to write for the journal.

The writer, now unknown to about one-fifth of the present School, and probably no more than a fading figure of the past to the remainder, came to be the vicar of a Birmingham parish in the autumn of 1962. A fate so unremarkable hardly warrants so early a memoir, except for the possible justification that no other Ex-Master appears to have done the same thing in recent times, if at all. Birmingham people are strangely proud of their city, and they ask newcomers in anxious tones whether they like the place. If, like me, you say, honestly, no, they look not so much offended as dumbfounded. You hastily add (which is quite true) that you like the people, and have been very well received. They soften at once, and ask where you were before you came here. Ah, Dorset, they say, in reply to your own answer; yes, well, of course, that explains why you aren’t quite so enthusiastic about living in a large Midland city. And then, you are told about a holiday at Bournemouth, and all round there. People are very understanding.
In fact, there is a whole world between Sherborne, Dorset, and Birmingham, 13. Little more than a hundred years ago, Moseley was a hamlet so small that its ancient church was only a Chapel-of-ease for an outlying part of the older parish of King's Norton, now an outer suburb, some three miles south-west of us. In 1853, Moseley became a parish in its own right, and within thirty years, three other parishes were carved out of it, leaving an area of perhaps one and a half square miles with, now, eleven thousand of the most assorted people in England. Until the end of the last war, they were far less assorted, of course: large Victorian and Edwardian mansions housed merchant and professional families, whilst the terrace houses in poorer streets contained the working people in modest comfort and respectable obscurity. Very tidy, and a remarkably static society. There were even green fields and leafy lanes inside the parish until 1939, and there are still at one end, though they have been stylised in the stock residential manner. It is hard to imagine, as you stand in one of these roads, looking up at a bijou residence occupied by a successful accountant, grammar-school headmaster or company executive, that less than three-quarters of a mile away, and within the boundaries of the same parish, there are eighty-year-old terrace houses and cavernous ex-mansions let out in so-called flats (à la Baron’s Court, one room and shared "facilities") and wretched bed-sitters, fetching absurd and scandalous rents. These are the leasehold houses, very often, with only a year or two to run, in some cases, before the lease falls in; their future is uncertain, and there is always the chance that the city authority or the Whitehall ministries may redevelop the area, and who knows what compensation the leaseholders or the ground landlords will get? So the remainder of the lease, or the freehold, where there is one, is bought up, often by a foreign buyer (Pakistanis, Germans, Poles, and the more thrifty West Indians all appear in the market), and the houses are then sub-let to young immigrant couples or English couples or single people, at whatever prices they are prepared to pay. They call these roads the "twilight areas", and there is about them such a concentrated atmosphere of gloom, that even in the middle of the day, the casual visitor might wonder whether the sun ever shone with all its might down there.

Moseley is still thought of as a genteel suburb, with nice, homogeneous middle-class folk, and the usual sprinkling of villagers; the brand-image of forty years ago has never faded, and our main shopping street is still known officially as the Village. In some ways you might think that times had not changed so vastly, especially if you looked at our morning (11 o'clock) congregation, which is large by Birmingham standards (it was before the present vicar arrived, in case you thought that this was a coyly-phrased success-story). The cars are out in force, and there are two doctors, two prominent educationists, four chartered accountants, two solicitors, two company directors and a consultant engineer amongst the sidesmen. But several of them come from well outside the parish (one, even, from satellite Solihull), and almost all of them come from the "nicer" roads. A few West Indians come with some regularity, and a sprinkling of old retired working-class people. But the bed-sitter-land and the poorer roads, with their escalator and cosmopolitan population, are virtually unchurched. We (that is, the solitary vicar) visit, when there is to be a baby baptised or there is some other personal occasion when the Church is relevant, and so we make some contacts.

When you have conducted the funeral service of the baby of a family living in one room of a house holding five families, with only one (outside) lavatory and no working hot-water system in the place, (rent, £3 10s., lighting and heating, extra), or when you know of a mother with two children (father in prison) living in the same conditions, and at much the same rent, you find it very hard to think without indignation of the comparative indifference and almost total ineffectiveness of the Church you are trying to serve. The odd thing is that those people themselves don't see the Church in that way, but are pathetically grateful, sometimes, to have been visited. Perhaps no one else bothered. At any rate, after a year or so in a frontier parish like this one, it seems pretty clear that the Church is still well received and the door is still open provided that it has enough nerve to seize opportunities, and not to expect lightning results. What is also clear, is that the bureaucratic, stewardship-minded, conference-drunk organisation that some quarters favour nowadays, is about as far from the scenes of action as you could imagine.
THE SHIRBURNIAN

And all this, no doubt, is about as far from the concerns of the average reader of the Shirburnian, preoccupied as he must be with the domestic affairs of House and School during term-time, and with social questions of another kind during the holidays. But a steady trickle of recent O.S. and present S. (you might say) have come up to have a look. They, and others, are always welcome, and will be even more so when the Vicar of Moseley gets into his new vicarage later this winter, and leaves behind the Gothic horrors of his present mansion, built 1854, in the days of unlimited supplies of domestic labour and cheap coal.

This is not a fair picture, in many ways, of what goes on up here. There are many encouragements, and plenty of intelligent Christian people, and intelligent unbelievers of friendly inclination. But all the time, one has this feeling that modern society is deeply insecure and fragmented. The high incidence of nervous and mental disorders in large cities, the glaring inequalities of opportunity and environment, the sense of frustration in face of so much to be done with such inadequate resources, all these can be very daunting at times.

As far as the Church is concerned, and that is all the present writer is qualified to speak about, it is chiefly a matter of getting on with the job in hand, resisting all temptations to take short cuts, taking courage from visible successes, and trying to act as a bridge between otherwise isolated groups and persons. Frankly, of course, we are understaffed. I wonder why.

F.C.C.

SOME NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY POETRY

If I write “a quarter of a century” I think it sounds a great deal longer than “twenty-five years”; but it’s about that long since I first saw a poem of mine in print. I’ve always found the words “contemporary” and “modern” suspect when applied to poetry. “Contemporary” may only mean fashionable and “modern” has almost no meaning at all. However I go far enough back to remember what it was originally meant to mean. But elderly people still often say to me “I can’t understand this modern poetry”, and to them, still, “modern poetry” is a different thing from “poetry”. Well, that was fair enough in the ‘20’s and ’30’s when a revolution in poetic thought and style was still taking place. It was fair enough to find Pound or Eliot so different from Tennyson as to be baffled, and therefore angry. Though I read English at Cambridge (after a long period of classics) the systematisation of criticism and the turning of poetry into an examination subject—and a subject for more minute analysis under the anaesthetic breath of the embryo Ph.D.—this rich and strange transformation was only just taking place. To me, in the early ’30’s the influential poets were the “late” Yeats—I bought the “eagerly awaited” new collection The Winding Stair in my first year; the “early” T. S. Eliot—I had read Ash Wednesday in prep. at school the month it came out; the Blunden Edition of Wilfred Owen, I had also read at school. In my last year at Cambridge (1936) I got Twenty, five Poems, Dylan Thomas’s second book. Here was my exact contemporary. Yeats and Eliot of course, were elder statesmen, but one had the feeling of living with living poets, and these three, so very different, were certainly “modern”. However, the poet—the “new” poet—whom I most admired was, and is, W. H. Auden. These poets have nothing in common stylistically at all. But all of them in their separate tones and rhythms seem to me to catch the tempo of our speech and our thought. Vitality and originality of rhythm, rather than language, is the sign of a true poet, again, to my mind, though this is not at all an original observation. However it is what I look for in poetry; and certainly what I found in the poets I grew up with. I have never been able to get on with Stephen Spender’s poetry for this reason. I find his rhythms so gangling: his poetry has always read to me as if it were translated from German. I use him as an example, for his language is “contemporary” and “modern” (as was the language of early Day Lewis) but rhythmically the poems never come alive. I have to make some sort of preface like this for I cannot “escape” from my time. I write “escape” in quotes for escape implies being imprisoned or confined, and this is something I do not feel in the least. I think I was immensely lucky to grow up in the ’20’s and ’30’s. I am speaking only in the context of poetry:
but it was a time in which poetry was closely related to the world we lived in. And though I could never regard Spender’s poem which begins “Who live under the shadow of a war, what can I do that matters?” as a poem it was a very relevant statement.

It has often been asked why so little poetry came out of the second world war. There are two reasons: the people who ask are almost always those who confuse “war-poetry” with “patriotic” poetry, and no thinking man in 1939 could conceivably write “Now God be thanked who has matched us with this hour”. We entered the war in a different spirit. Such of us as were beginning to be poets also knew that Owen paramountly, and Sassoon to a less extent, had aid all there was to say about war—and “modern” war as we knew it in 1929. The only poet of real originality, who wrote of war and was killed in the desert, was Keith Douglas—a most unwarrantly forgotten figure.

I think those of us who were alive in 1946 had found there was little we could say. The thoughts and emotions aroused by Belsen and Hiroshima were, truly, unutterable.

Whatever the reasons, most poets who continued to write seemed to turn, inward, to more personal and private themes. As I see it, this was inevitable. Equally inevitable, with the return to organised life, teaching, etc., in a new world, was the backward glance over the years of “entre deux guerres”. As regards poetry in England this was a rather sarcastic look. No illusions were now left; there were no ideals; therefore those of us who had had them were suspect as hypocrites or sentimentalisists. The young poets took the mickey out of the previous two decades. Poetry was increasingly written about other people’s poetry, about literary criticism, and the general tone was of a discreet suburban domesticity. I don’t blame them!

But as regards this “modern” idea: post-1946 modern is no more like pre-1939 “modern” than John Betjeman (a poet of great rhythmic originality at his best). Modern “modern” is generally a poetry of flat statement written deliberately (I hope) in flat plodding rhythms, e.g. *The Victorians*.

For sixty years they worshipped weight and size,
Their homes and public buildings all reflect
That urge for ostentation we despise...

I choose this verse because it is fairly typical. In the first place the generalisation is a bit superficial isn’t it? Between 1837 and 1901 the Victorians changed not a little. Secondly you will find the pronoun “we” larded about the poetry of the last ten years, written by the under-fourties. They seem to me (not to us) to be constantly trying to bolster themselves up into spokesmen. Put “I” for “we” in that line. Is the conventional anti-Victorianism something the poet really feels, for himself, or is it an attitude? In order to enjoy a great deal of contemporary English poetry it’s necessary to make one’s own answer. In my case this pluralising is a new factor. There are masses, too, of psychological or quasi-philosophic pieces. These also are made objective by putting “he” and a big title, e.g. *Man and Woman*.

Sober he thinks of her; so he gets drunk.
Drunk he weeps for her. Drunker he sleeps...

Now suppose I rewrite this into:

Sober I think of you; so I get drunk.
Drunk I weep for you. Drunker I sleep...

This may be indeed true of “my” attitude: but turned into a general statement of man and woman, is it a universal experience? I’m not surprised young poets want to make personal experiences into axioms—it’s part of trying to keep one’s private courage up in such a dark public world. At least that’s what I think. Simply, this is the present tenor of “modern” poetry; or should I say the fashion? I’m not sure. But I do find it paradoxical that at the very moment critics (young) are daringly returning to the idea that a reader might just enjoy poetry rather than “evaluate” it, the poets are mostly so correct and staid and prim.

I hope this doesn’t sound, in itself, too middle-aged and sour-grapey. As a poet one ought to be well aware of what all ages and sorts of other poets are at. Poetry is very sectarian at
present. For myself I've always tried to write in my own way and go my own way. Looking back on my first book I can see I was very much under Yeats' thumb, but I think that's gone long ago. I have always been intensely conscious of the sounds of words and possibly from my Classical background my insistence upon rhythmical vitality is allied to sound. I'm never conscious of this when writing; but I am extremely conscious when making revisions from a first to a final draft. I write a poem out many times until I've got it "right"—once it's in being. From working in the theatre I've learnt the importance and pleasure of cutting. My poems as published are usually two thirds to a half less than they began. This piece has ten lines out of an original twenty-three. Dow Crag.

A human fallen from this height
Could lie there till his skeleton
Was cold and clear enough to write
Its world bewildering hieroglyph—
That's still deciphered to mean "life"
Though the mortal meaning's gone

And still the rock that holds no brief
For God, nor fossil in its gut,
Holds evidence of time enough
For a change of human heart.

I find in the complexity of the world I live in that more and more I go to objects like rocks or elements like waterfalls for imagery. The impulse behind this poem went something like this. Until men have a change of heart we are all in fear of nuclear death; but we're never far from death. Go to the fells (well called) and fall 20 feet, from ill-luck or folly, and you're dead. The rock holds no brief for God, i.e. for ideas of a god-made world prevalent even now, it is older even than "life"—the oldest rocks have no fossils—all this is in such a scale, there's hope. Something of all these thoughts and feelings cling to the words I trust. When I do use imagery from the present I always try to make it direct and simple—as when I describe myself as not being in "some category of Nothing, like a radio-active flower". I like too, to have recurrent lines or phrases running through a poem, trying to work in words the same sort of repetitions as composers use.

However this is more than enough of me.

Let me end like this. Do not imagine any poem worth reading is only to be read once, never struggle on glumly: if you don't like a poem after three or four readings chuck it and read another. This applies to all poets and all poetry. I find many of Yeats's and Wordsworth's poems boring and tedious, but this does not stop me from believing them two of the greatest of poets. The only poem of his own a living poet cares about is the next one. But as to that, Walter de la Mare once said to me "How do I know if I've written a poem?" One never does. That is for the reader to decide.

PATRIC DICKINSON

Patric Dickinson is himself one of the leading contemporary poets and is therefore particularly well-qualified to comment, in response to a request by the Editors, on contemporary poetry. Besides broadcasts on the Third Programme, he has written five books of poems, the last being The World I See, published in 1960. In addition he has written two plays, the second of which, A Durable Five, was the Canterbury Festival Play of 1962. At the moment he is engaged in a complete new translation of the eleven comedies of Aristophanes for World's Classics and is writing what he describes as "a sort of autobiographical book".
FILMS

Although I am sure that the Film Committee are doing their best, the whole standard of film production has deteriorated in the last two years. Originally we were given a choice of what we wanted; we were told beforehand on paper what films we were getting and there was a "trailer" with the preceding film. The production itself was usually worth the journey to the Big Schoolroom not only in presentation but in content. It cost a shilling. Today it seems that we are lucky if we know what the film is by the previous night; something always seems to prevent an organised screening—a lens, or reel, missing, or a deficiency in sound or screening. The standard of presentation is positively ante-diluvian; a screen with a lump of canvas nailed to one end to make it the right size, and sound that is so blurred that one has to strain all five senses to pick up a single word. Or more incredible: sometimes the sound does not tally with the action on the screen.

Too much emphasis is put on "getting up to date", while conditions are intolerable by the standards of the 1920's. Let us not have these vast screens and spectacles—let us improve on the films that we get rather than the equipment. Rather the most acclaimed for acting and script, than the magnificent "circuses" to pacify the blood-lust of the mob.

If the Film Committee does not reconcile itself to improving the immediate facilities and films it will soon find no-one who is prepared to give up his Saturday evenings and stick out the sickly comedies, in which most of the jokes are inaudible anyway; and then they will have to decide whether to give up films altogether or pay a sensible sum of money to bring them up to a reasonable standard. Then people will go and pay willingly and they will be able to afford the greater finesse of cinemascope.

Therefore I appeal for a more sensitive and enlightened approach from those who choose the films and those who spend what available money there is.

H.E.B.S. (written in his bath).

JAZZ

Jazz is a dirty word in Sherborne, let's face it. Take a look at Rule 1 in the Music School—all "jazzing" etc. is forbidden; mention jazz to certain people and you are presented with either a cold look of disapproval or a mien expressing extreme musical snobbery (it's what those illiterate w-gs in the "colonies" play). This is not surprising when one considers the topographical origins of jazz—the cotton-fields, the slave-trade, and the Red-Light district of New Orleans with its bawdy-houses; no-one would deny that the womb of jazz was hardly the elegant drawing-rooms of the aristocracy.

Yet from these all too unlikely surroundings has sprung a culture that has as much if not more to offer than what we like to term "classical" music. In the brief space of a little under a century jazz has followed a pattern of change remarkably similar to that through which classical music has taken four or five hundred to wander. There is a parallel between the folk and religious music of early classical times and the work and gospel songs of jazz; many have noted a kinship of spirit between Bach and "traditional" jazz (I use the word in its strictest sense); classical music moved to the Romantics with their huge sounds, and jazz moved into the Big Band era. By the early twentieth century jazz had arrived at the ball, and was there for the "serious" composers to dance with; where in the realms of aural future the two will lead us cannot be said, but an affinity is growing, and some would do well not to ignore this.

That jazz does not demand an exactness of performance nor a musical discipline as great as that imposed by classical music is irrelevant; one so often hears technically flawless performances in the Big Schoolroom played by competent artists, only to be left quite cold by the whole affair because of a total lack of real feeling. Music is after all an expression, and when it becomes a beautiful sound and nothing more it has lost its purpose. Jazz proper, and one must set apart the commercial regurgitations that are so commonly labelled jazz, is essentially an immediate expression—the emphasis is on extemporization; to lay down a tune as a basis for this extemporization is not to chain expression down, it is to give it some form for the listener.

The Art department does not censure modernistic attempts, contemporary writing qua contemporary writing is not outlawed by the English department, yet to play jazz is frowned upon; jazz is, is it not, after all a dirty music.

P.R.M.
EXTRACT FROM THE WILDMAN MINUTES . . .

On Wednesday, 23rd October a distinguished brains trust assembled in the Lower Library to discuss questions put to them from the floor. The History Department, well represented by J. D. Jarrett, Esq. and G. G. Stephenson, Esq., took its place on the right of the room, while the Modern Language and English Departments were represented by P. T. Currie, Esq., and R. A. Neale, Esq. R. S. Glen, Esq. took the chair.

The first question sought the panel's views on Lord Home; Mr. Currie suggested that we should postpone judgement on his policies until we know what they are, while Mr. Jarrett described him as "the result of Mr. Macmillan's manipulations". After the question had been re-read for the benefit of Mr. Neale, he commented on the frequently expressed description of Lord Home as a man of integrity. Judging from his T.V. appearances, Mr. Neale considered him a highly integrated person. Mr. Stephenson commented that he preferred "him" to "the last one" and that he presumably could not do much damage between now and the 4th of June. Mr. Currie described himself as a floating voter who floats with remarkable rapidity and now deferred judgement on the unfortunate Prime Minister until his memoirs come out—Sunday Express to the rescue? Mr. Jarrett fired his second barrel and scored a bulls-eye on Mr. Currie's definition of integrity, while Mr. Stephenson, acting as loader, screwed up his face as if in pain and much regretted that he found himself in complete agreement with Mr. Jarrett.

This first topic being exhausted, the chairman posed another question. "If the Public Schools were at their disposal, what would the panel do with them?" Kicking off on this one, Mr. Neale was, for the second time in the evening, talking of integration. Personally, he was in favour of Sixth Form Colleges so that he would not have little boys to teach commas and full-stops to; instead, he would have big boys to teach commas and full-stops to. At this point Mr. Currie came down with some verbal weight in favour of "guinea pigs". Mr. Stephenson felt provoked to defend the system as it is—however he felt he really could not do this, and therefore wholeheartedly supported integration. Mr. Jarrett talked of making education "A National Thing", and in expanding this interesting clinical phrase, called for the abolition of Latin and an increase in English, so that one avoids the prep-school boy who can pass Common Entrance, but is unable to cope with the difficult task of writing his own language with any degree of literacy. Mr. Currie responded to Mr. Jarrett's deprecatory remarks about the "Greyfriars ethos" and the speaking from the panel on this question ended with Mr. Stephenson, who understood that the general concept of prefectship was that the elder ones should serve the younger.

From the floor, Mr. Marshall was worried about the changes in the social system resulting from changes in Public Schools, and there was just time for Mr. Darlington to disagree with him, before the next question was raised. Mr. Gosling, who has established himself as the Society's pecuniary expert, wanted to know if money given to the "Africans, etc." should be spent on family planning rather than on "food, etc." To this Mr. Neale returned a qualified "no" and Mr. Jarrett an unqualified "yes".

The next question concerned present day sartorial fashions; Mr. Stephenson stated that this was in fact six questions of which he would answer the first: "Yes, fashions are motivated by sex", he affirmed, raising and lowering his eyebrows rhythmically; Mr. Jarrett followed this up by an intriguing story of beatnics of his acquaintance who dressed in black polythene bags in order to react against conformist backgrounds. Mr. Neale talked of cowboy-hats and cocks attracting hens, while Mr. Page from the floor, demonstrated a Beatie haircut. Mr. Jarrett objected to it on the grounds that he had long since lost the ability of getting his eyebrows to meet his hair.

Replying to the question "Did they consider this to be a post-religious age", the Panel, after a long and interesting discussion, answered almost unanimously in the negative. Mr. Neale put forward the non-conformist view while Mr. Jarrett tussled with him on the subject of personal religion. Many were inclined to agree with Mr. Neale that to a Christian, a post-religious age was a meaningless phrase. Mr. Roberts then enquired what the panel would do if confronted
by a caterpillar at a dinner to which they had been invited. Mr. Stephenson would put it
delicately at the side of his plate and said, "What a jolly idea". This dealt more or less effectively
with that question and Mr. Taylor then asked if rugger was a Victorian substitute for sex. Mr.
Currie quoted an Australian anthropologist who called it "Ritualising the instinct for battle";
finally the panel put forward their suggestions for disposing of five million pounds. The most
startling answer came from Mr. Stephenson who wished to purchase the centre of a town, to
decorate it, because we suffer from ugliness.

The Society adjourned after an amusing and instructive evening, and wishes to express
its thanks to all members of the panel and the question-master, Mr. Glen, for giving us all a
very entertaining time.

N. T. PARSONS, Debate Secretary.

VICTORIAN INFLUENCE

STAINED GLASS? INFLUENCE

If one has ever entered the chapel, when it is empty and studied the sheets of coloured glass
at intervals round the walls, it would, or should not have taken a very long time to deduce that
they were the works of a Victorian age. I am not, however, condemning everything gaudy and
stiff as Victorian, nor Victorian as stiff and gaudy. These stained glass saints are by no means the
worst (or best) examples of Victorian art. Consider the Albert memorial in London. No;
my point is that there still remains too much Victorian influence in this public school (itself an
institution of that period). Two examples immediately spring to mind: games and corps. For,
despite the obvious necessity of, and great enjoyment gained from organised games, there still
remains the notion that boys must be rigidly disciplined, and their free time organised with
outdoor activities. The corps, originated by Haldane in 1902 (?), was introduced to glamourise
war, increase numbers, provide an officer class, but above all to teach discipline.

Surely, now
that we no longer possess an empire, no longer possess small states to be ruled over by ex-public
school boys, disciplined by corps, strengthened into tin-pot gods by games and possessing little
practical intelligence, surely now the emphasis on these two can be relieved. For, a hundred
years later the expense and inadequacy of the corps in the light of modern warfare is just being
realised. The modern world, no longer requires stiff upper lipped ex-Eton army officers (though
a brief look at Macmillan's tottering government would appear to deny this!). To get anywhere,
one must have a university degree. And because of the ever-present gulf between the redbricks
and oxford the latter counts for most. (Boys realise now they must use their free time for
study,) Isn't it time we abandoned the spotlessly charactered final product, admirable in the
nineteenth century, for the academically equipped intelligent modern substitute.

However, one must consider the domestic side of public schools. One may deduce from the
present system of house feeding now operating such increased strain and difficulties, that it is a
Victorian scheme, and that they suffered none of the staff problems of today. The first observa-
tions is evidently not a sufficient factor to necessitate a change. The second undoubtedly is.
But communal feeding is considered and postponed until it is regarded as a slightly dubious topic
such as the Bishop of Woolwich or Mr. Profumo, or a complete myth, like contact with the
remainder of Sherborne town, a break in our aloofness.

N.D.V.D.
J.F.K.

We have said our prayers and flown our flag at half-mast, we have talked about the assassination, read about it in the papers, listened to it on the wireless or watched it on the television; yet still it seems hard to accept the death of John Kennedy. For us, as schoolboys, his death holds perhaps a more profound sadness, for Kennedy’s flexibility and freshness of mind sprang from that unsentimental love of youthfulness which he had retained and treasured, into an imperceptible middle-age.

It is easy to sentimentalize on the theme of flowering youth, and its destruction; but it is not a false sentiment to recognize that the peculiar tragedy of this particular murder, is that a man who embodied so much hope and optimism for the future in an age when it is not easy to be hopeful or optimistic, should so suddenly, and with such cruel futility, be blotted out of the History of the Twentieth Century. Kennedy epitomized the warmest of American characteristics; though a Catholic and a devout one, he was far above religious or moral prejudice of any kind; though a patriotic American, he was often the dominant figure of idealistic internationalism. In particular his sympathy and respect for this country, put him beyond the reach of petty accusations of anti-British manoeuvres, sometimes levelled at his father. He was indeed such an international figure, that his domestic struggles are sometimes forgotten; he fought there, as he did everywhere against the besetting sin of the twentieth century—prejudice; in particular colour prejudice, and the four black coffin bearers at his funeral were a symbol of the fact that he had done what he could for the American negro.

Lastly, no tribute to J.F.K. would be complete, without a reference to Cuba. The unyielding moral courage he displayed under the pressure not only of a foreign enemy, but of nervous public opinion, resulted in one of the biggest advances the free world has made in the cold war. For this, if for nothing else, we should all be grateful, and mourn the tragic loss of a man whose greatness was no less real for being brief.

N.T.P.
Games

REPORT ON THE 1963 SEASON

However frustrating the 1963 season may have been to experience from the inside, it is an easy season to analyse. The XV did not often just get away with it; nor did they, on the whole, flatter to deceive. They played as their talent—and lack of it—suggested that they might play. They played together and got on well together: one could see this in their second-half recovery against Blundells, and their last-match recovery against Clifton. The forwards worked systematically to procure the ball at the set pieces, but were not very mobile in the loose: both of these characteristics were apparent against Marlborough. Most obvious of all—and it stood out against all opponents—was the backs’ lack of speed, and lack of means of progress upfield, except by the kick.

H.R.M.

1st XV CHARACTERS, 1963

D. M. Moss - full back. He has good hands and kicks quite well. But a slowness of reaction and movement meant that some vital tackles were missed. He has a good sense of judgment in joining in movements.

W. R. Booc-Scott - right wing. He is not at present robust enough for a centre, but he performed usefully on the wing. If he can develop more dash and aggression in both attack and defence, he may do well next year.

R. D. C. Bevis - centre. His play was disappointing until the last few matches when some of his old dash appeared. The truth is that he is rather inflexible and, unless the man next to him gives him the ball just right, he moves slowly. A solid tackler.

R. M. Amoore - Centre. A solid, defensive player. His reactions are rather slow to the unexpected. He should do well in future if he can be quicker into his stride and tidier with his handling.

D. C. Watney - left wing. Neat and quick on his feet and so a very useful attacking player, though he is rather lacking in weight. His defence remained rather weak.

A. D. M. Gray - captain, fly half. He captained the side really well both on and off the field, and kept things going in the face of ill-luck and disappointments. He is a fine kicker and good with his hands. His present weakness is slowness off the mark; but he has an eye for an opening.

C. D. S. Bates - scrum half. He started the term as a useful passer and not much else. But he improved steadily both in attack and defence, and was a thoroughly competent scrum half by the end.

T. C. M. Leverett - prop. His scrummaging remained weak, but he is a most promising forward—fast and lively in the loose, and he handles well. He should do really well in the future.

P. E. F. Newbald - hooker. A good hooker and a useful forward in the loose. The general standard of his play steadily improved throughout the season.

R. C. H. Twyford - prop. A solid and good scrummer and a tireless worker in the mauls. He became a most useful member of the pack, though his handling was never good.

C. V. Nicholas - lock. He led the forwards really well. As a player, he is handicapped by slowness, but he is a useful lineout player, scrummages well and works tirelessly in the mauls.

I. D. Robertson - lock. The most improved player in the side. He became a good lineout forward and was a really good worker in both tight and loose. In the open with the ball in his hands, he is at present too much of a “basher”.

P. N. Bishop - open side wing forward. He became a useful wing forward without ever being as devastating in defence as had been hoped. But he mostly tackled well and moved quickly about the field.

S. L. Purcell - No. 8. He was never quick enough about the field to be an outstanding number eight. But he was good round the edges and quick with his hands.

I. A. Du Pre - blind side wing forward. An excellent tackler and faller round the edges but too slow a runner to be an outstanding wing forward. But he was always full of determination and played particularly well in muddy conditions.

M.M.W.

SCHOOL RUGGER RESULTS

School v. Cheltenham
Lost by a goal and a penalty try to a try and a penalty

After the promising performance against Taunton this was a disappointment. Cheltenham were not a great side, but the School seemed content to play second fiddle for large parts of the game and the whole rather lethargic display was in marked contrast to that of the previous week. The absence of Gray because of an injury in training made a decisive difference; Amoore played pluckily but his kicking and handling just were not good enough. On the play Cheltenham just about deserved their win as they had many more chances to score, though both their scores were fortunate—the first an extraordinary penalty try award and the second, five minutes before no-side, after a miraculously lucky bounce. The School three-quarters ran and passed very slowly and never looked like making breaks; and, although there was some good individual tackling, they were slow to tackle and allowed the Cheltenham three-quarters much too much room.

Within two or three minutes of the start, the School were up when Watney kicked a good penalty. Then
there was a period of Cheltenham attacks and, but for bad handling, they should have scored at least once; and one very long throw by their American forward from a lineout nearly produced a score. Eventually some scrappy play near the School line after a Cheltenham kick ahead ended in an award of a penalty try. The School came back to the attack and scored a push-over try half way out on the right. Play continued exciting but scrappy in the second half. Neither side really looked like scoring, though Cheltenham were slightly more dangerous, as they got most of the loose heels; again the School were failing to get the heel after a tackle. Only once did the School look like scoring—and that was after an attempted push-over; but Purcell was stopped just short of the line. With five minutes to go, it looked as if there would be no more score; but then a Cheltenham player kicked ahead. The School let it bounce—and it bounced straight into the hands of an attacking player; there was no covering, and a try was scored under the posts.

M.M.W.

SHERBORNEx BLUNDELLS

This was a magnificent game—hard, very exciting and full of good football. Either side could have won but perhaps a draw was a fair result.

It was a showery day but the ground at Sherborne was in excellent condition and the wet ball was not difficult to handle. It was soon clear that the Blundell's three-quarters were fast and strong; and their full-back an outstanding player. In fact, but for him, Blundell's might have been in trouble, as A. D. M. Gray, the Sherborne fly-half and captain, tested him with all sorts of kicks; but he never made a mistake. Sherborne forwards were on top from the start; and this gave Sherborne territorial advantage. But Blundell's scored first when a good loose heel and excellent passing gave I. Clarke, the right-wing, a chance to score; he ran well to score in the corner. Again Sherborne attacked but their centres were not fast enough; and, after a breakdown in a passing movement, P. Price, the Blundell's captain, intercepted and ran half the length of the field to score another try.

The second half produced a great struggle. A. D. M. Gray kicked a penalty for Sherborne and then some exciting play after a kick ahead resulted in Sherborne scoring under the posts; but the vital kick was missed. In the last ten minutes, the Sherborne forwards tired and Blundell's got on top. But good defence kept them out.

D.J.W.B.

DOWNSIDE X Sherborne

Nov. 9 Downside 17, Sherborne 3

This match was played on the Downside cricket ground in front of the pavilion instead of on the bog behind it: conditions were damp, but not impossible. In spite of the expected advantage to Sherborne of this exchange of pitch, they started badly. Scrum were lost against the head, and the Downside fly-half was allowed to run too far, fortunately across the field. Soon the pressure told, and Downside kicked a long straight penalty goal.

Now Sherborne came to life. This was their time: the forwards gave Bates and Gray plenty of the ball, and also started dangerous movements from the line-out on their own. From one of these, Leveritt made a powerful run, from another Bishop went through. The Downside defence was at full stretch to stop him, and when the attack was continued they could not stop Watney scoring wide out; 3-3, and Sherborne could have been leading had their centres not been quite outplayed. In fact, when Gray received, he had to run on his own or kick. Several of his kicks looked dangerous, but just before half-time, he drew the Downside defence towards his kick, and had to be helped off the field with a bruised thigh.

Sherborne started the second half a little shaken, it seemed, for from the loose scrum following the kick-off they heeled untidily, a Downside forward picked up and sent the left win in unopposed. It was a tame try, though well taken. It was converted, and immediately the Downside line seemed fields away. Without Gray, how were Sherborne to get there? They could hold their own in mauls, they could tackle heroically, but none of them had the pace or the power of kick to progress uphill.

The last phase of the match took place in the Sherborne “25”. It started with two more injuries: Watney had a tooth kicked in, and Amoore hurt an ankle. Both left the field. Three forwards now in the three-quarter line, and no back row, so, no cover, and this against a Downside three-quarter line which, though it didn’t take all its opportunities, could run a good deal faster than the original Sherborne line.

Downside scored three more exciting tries. But they were made to struggle so hard for them by the relics of the Sherborne XV, that the violent tilt which the game had taken seemed far from an anti-climax.

H.R.M.

SCHOOL X MARLBOROUGH

(Lost 0-33)

After the battering at Downside the week before, when likely victory was turned into heavy defeat, through the loss of Gray and two other three-quarters; just after half-time, the XV took the field with an understandable lack of confidence. It was unfortunate that they should come up against an outstanding Marlborough side at this particular juncture.

The first half of the game was reasonably even. The School forwards obtained a major share of the ball, particularly in the lineout and the tight, but the three-quarters were closely marked, and never looked like making headway. Gray and Bevis both made openings, but the passing broke down at critical moments. Gray was forced to revert to high kicks ahead or for his wings, but a good Marlborough full-back, with very safe hands was always in control, and nothing looked likely to come from these tactics. Meanwhile, Marlborough scored a good try through their right wing, and were allowed to score a simple try when Moss had his kick charged down almost on the line. Marlborough led 8.0 at half-time, though they had not then asserted any clear superiority.

After half-time the School forwards began to tire, and the Marlborough forwards were noticeably quicker in the loose. Their whole team was quick into the tackle, and they began to force errors amongst the School halves and three-quarters, as well as getting an increasing share of the ball.

Their fly-half, given too much room in which to move, revelled in his freedom, and showed us what a good player he was. The School three-quarters
failed to come up really quickly, largely because Gray's leg injury the week before was slowing him down and also because Bishop was unable to harry the fly-half. Tries began to come, and in the last ten minutes, the School team became demoralized. Marlborough scored two simple tries round the blind side of five-yard scrums without a tackle being made. The best try of the match was scored by the left wing, who cut inwards and scored under the posts, wrong-side, but it was none the less a sorry sight to see a Marlborough place kicker was off form, and so only three of the nine tries they scored were converted.

This was a resounding defeat by a better and faster side, but it was none the less a sorry sight to see a Marlborough XV so outplayed. It is easy enough to make excuses, and it would be unkind to be too critical. Even so, determined marking and tackling by the backs could have and should have reduced the margin. We can, however, applaud Marlborough for giving us an exhiliarating display of school rugger at its best.

H.F.W.H.

**RADLEY v. SHERBORNE**

Nov. 23rd Radley 16 pts, Sherborne 3 pts.

The two teams approached this match psychologically from quite opposite directions. Sherborne had had a week of storms and unplayable grounds to forget their nightmare experience against Marlborough, and Radley were still stilt from, and uplifted by, a narrow win over their local rivals, St. Edwards, two days before.

Sherborne were the first to strike. First-time tackling shook the Radley three-quarters, and Watney picked up and was nearly over. Then Gray made a long diagonal break and put Bevis over in the corner. The Sherborne backs seemed in promising form. But oddly, now some confidence was coming to them, they were, for the first time in the season, deprived of a good supply of the ball. Only in the lineouts did the forwards hold their own. In the tight scrums, the packing was loose and high, and Newbald had little chance; when he could reach the ball, the heeling was so slow that Bates was often submerged.

After twenty minutes the Radley advantage at forward began to tell. They launched a determined attack, and eventually scored a push-over try, which Wall well converted (5-3).

The Sherborne forwards struggled; with Nicholas leading them, they could never do less. But they lacked power and pace, and they were always on the retreat. Apart from this, the whole side, when faced by an unforeseen situation, seemed to be wondering what they had been told to do next.

At a point just before half-time, your correspondent became male nurse as well as critic. So, while attending to a leg injury sustained by Amoore, he missed what was said to be an excellent Radley try. He then led from the field du Pré, who had apparently been playing nearly all the first half with concussion. These injuries were important, for they disrupted the back row and increased the dominance of the Radley share in the scrum; but no Sherborne supporter could claim they affected the eventual result.

Radley deserved to win their four tries, two from close-up pressure and two through their strong running full-back. Sherborne made no reply, except to fight a dogged defensive action.

H.R.M.

**CLIFTON v. SHERBORNE**

Nov. 30th Clifton 3, Sherborne 6

Clifton, away, is no easy fixture for a side without a win for over a month. The Sherborne XV's faults had over that time become increasingly obvious: a lack of penetration and a rather wooden approach, these faults both contributing to and arising out of a shortage of confidence.

The match started at a great pace. Sherborne attacked with a new hope and a new determination—and immediately received a sharp setback. Clifton stopped the attack, won the ball from the loose, and sent their fast right-wing away to beat the Sherborne cover-defence and score in the corner.

The next quarter of an hour saw the rest of the scoring: two tries scored by Sherborne in most aggressive reply to Clifton's one. During this time the Sherborne XV played as well as they played all season: the forwards won the ball neatly and consistently from tight, loose and lineout, and Bates gave Gray an excellent service; the backs, though still clearly lacking speed, all played aggressively. Gray tested the Clifton full-back with high kicks, then experimented with dummy-scissors and grub-kicks; Bevis was always difficult to pull down and himself tackled most comprehensively; Watney was quick and clever in all he did; and Moss not only defended soundly but backed up well in attack.

The second-half was a desperate affair. It was mostly fought in Sherborne's half and gradually it became a question of whether Clifton could add to their score other than whether Sherborne would clinch the match. That they won the match was due to a well-organised and dogged defensive action. Clifton tried passing, and Bishop, Bevis or Amoore would delete the attack with a fine tackle; they tried kicking their way to the Sherborne line, they attempted push-over tries, but each time the defense held. Indeed in the last five minutes the Sherborne forwards were winning possession, and Gray was kicking them firmly up the field to safety.

H.R.M.

**2ND XV**

The pattern of play in the 2nd has been similar to that in the 1st. We have been strong in the forwards with two exceptionally robust prop-forwards, namely Constant and Dawson. Owing to injury on the 1st the halves took some time to settle down, but Jack finished the term looking very promising. In the pack I think Fegen and Rycroft, C. M., will be most useful forwards next year.

**Results**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>7 Won</th>
<th>5 Drawn</th>
<th>1 Lost</th>
<th>Lost Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clifton</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taunton 1st</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Hardyes 1st</td>
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<tr>
<td>Milton Abbey 1st</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clayesmore 1st</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. R. Lloyds XV</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Clifton</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

H.R.M.

**3RD XV**

Played 7 Won 5 Drawn 1 Lost 1 Points for 108 Points against 26

This has been a most satisfactory season with the team eventually blending together and playing some attractive and effective football. On the whole the forwards showed more consistency and were more forceful than the backs but the latter started to come...
more into their own towards the end of the season. Only one game was lost and that to a strong Crewkerne G.S. side. The most pleasing performance was undoubtedly the convincing victory over the hitherto undefeated Shaftesbury G.S.

**4TH XV**
Played 4, Won 4
Points for 120, Points against 18

The team continues to be unbeaten since its inauguration 3 years ago. This season there has been plenty of enthusiasm and on occasions plenty of skill as well. Four convincing victories were gained.

**COLTS XV**
The Colts XV this season was an attractive and well balanced side that went through its season of seven matches without defeat. In the early part of the term, when grounds were dry and handling possible, there was some impressive handling and passing by the three-quarters, where there was more thrust in the centre and speed on the wing than usual. After two good wins against Downside and Canford the side scored freely against Bryanstan, where Cunningham on the left wing had a fine game, and against Taunton, where the forwards matched the outsides try for try in the second half. Then came the rain and mud and the side fought hard for its record. No score against Blundell's in a gale; 8-8 at Downside—a fine comeback after being 8-0 down at half time. The final game at home against Marlborough was the most convincing win of all. The pack dominated the loose play from beginning to end of the game. The strength of the side lay not only the XV but in its reserves, and they did well to beat Clayesmore 6-0 and so reverse last year's defeat.

**SQUASH RACKETS**
Three matches have been played this term. The School beat the Ancient Mariners 3-0, but lost to Yeovil and to the Mercurians 1-2. The matches revealed that the standard this year should be much more even, there being six players at least who could expect to get on the team in any normal year. D. M. Moss, the Captain, is the best, followed by the two Old "Badges", D. S. Ridout and R. H. Pettit, and fighting for the last two places are N. J. King, J. B. Gillingham and R. W. J. Hardie. We look forward with some confidence to the School matches of next term.

The main events of the season to date have been the two coaching visits, first of C. S. S. Carwardine and A. C. B. Ford of Gloucestershire, and then of J. C. Gordon of England. The team learnt a lot from the invaluable experience of seeing these players in action with one another and then from playing with them.

The various competitions and tournaments are still unfinished as we go to press, and a report on them will appear in our next issue.

M.E.D.

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**CRITICISM**

**NOYE'S FLUDDE**

Engagements involving co-operation with the town are all too few, and any opportunity to remove the School from its unassailable position in an ivory tower and encourage combined enterprises with the town is to be welcomed. *Noye's Fludde* has perhaps shown how easily we can get together in Sherborne and produce a really memorable and fascinating spectacle to the delight of even those who have little degree of musical appreciation.

Mr. Glen was of course responsible and to him we should ascribe the praise for the arduous task of gathering all the different performers together for rehearsals and thus producing this opera, and all the other tasks that had to be done. Our thanks of course also go to Mr. Lee for conducting the orchestra and maintaining the music at the high standard to which we are always accustomed.

The performance, with new music—built around a mediaeval theme and set in the magnificent surroundings of the floodlit nave of the abbey was in the mystical frame of a morality play relying less on the actions of the players than on the resonance, quality and meaning of their singing. The echoing music, simple designs of the ark and and the colourful clothes of the singers succeeded in transporting the audience into a state whereby they could be unconsciously moved into a receptive manner and cut themselves off from the world around them; then the full impact of the production could be achieved. Above all, however it was based on the idea of everyone taking part—not only the scores of schoolchildren but also the audience who were asked to sing the hymns at the climax of the opera. This achievement of the action of being divorced from the story and at the same time sharing a close relationship with the performers was perhaps the great triumph of the production.

In fact, in the words of the programme:

"They hoped to mingle the ancient with the modern, the Biblical story with the wimples
and the jeans, the hymns from various stages with the music of the greatest living British composer. The simplicity was obvious, when waves were wanted stage hands carried them on, the ark was little more than a rowing boat, elaboration of character was absent, the music was direct and swift-moving, even the richness of the orchestration was achieved by simple means. By casting their net throughout the town it was felt to be a Sherborne event; the town offering in the middle of our ravaged century in its splendid Abbey something that suggested their confidence in the simplicity of the faith that built it.”

H.E.B.S.

**JAMES RHOADES SOCIETY: ONE MORE RIVER**

by

**Beverley Cross**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cast</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JOHNNY CONDELL, the bosun</td>
<td>Neil King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JACKO, a young seaman</td>
<td>David Ridout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DANNY, the deck-boy</td>
<td>Edward Somerset</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ross, an apprentice</td>
<td>Terrence Allport</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHINA, a seaman</td>
<td>John Tyler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SMITH, a seaman</td>
<td>Peter Davidson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POMPEY, seaman: ex-R.N.</td>
<td>Simon Stone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FINCH, a carpenter</td>
<td>Nigel Perfect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUFFY, the cook</td>
<td>Robert Morse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRIM, a greaser: a West Indian</td>
<td>Alexander Spencer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICK, a greaser</td>
<td>David Harris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SEWELL, the mate</td>
<td>Alan Gale</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Produced by Hugh Black-Hawkins.
Stage-manager: Nicholas Waterfall

This was the second production staged by the Society. Like the first, *The Long and the Short and the Tall* the play is written for an all-male cast and gains greatly in suitability for school production from that alone. It is of course true that boys can impersonate girls: but even when it is done well the play suffers because the audience is so enraptured by the tour de force that it forgets to pay attention to the drama. For this reason (if for no other) the Society is to be congratulated and encouraged to give us another similar play soon.

But of course there are other reasons. Foremost, that without adult aid, or without much of it, boys can put on such a professional show. Black-Hawkins, his stage manager and staff must be mainly responsible for this. The set was excellent although perhaps opportunities to increase the realistic effect were lost. One felt that the stage need not have been in full light all through the action and some would have had their imaginations stimulated by occasionals African river noises. The movements were excellent, especially those involving violent movement such as Somerset’s fall from the bridge and the felling of the bottle-clutching Pompey. The audience seemed to enjoy the second sailor song with clownish dance action. Those of us who thought it quite inappropriate were probably not intended to like it. The effect of the gin could have been more effectively emphasised: quite easily achieved by playing Pompey more quietly before the bottles appeared.

The play itself has a most interesting theme, the source or real authority. Officers, N.C.O.s and other ranks are represented, as they always are in British plays of this kind. One is concerned to know whether the bosun (very well played by King) will be able to summon up the confidence needed to take the ship up-river on a dark night. It is even possible that the scrofulous ranker (given with great vigour and realism by Stone) will have the necessary skill. When he started to mount the ladder toward the wheelhouse one thought for a moment that he was going to be another Bamforth—a lout because a repressed natural leader. But (alas!)
the play was not to give us such a heterodox theme. It turned out in the end that the officer was right after all. He had not murdered the deck-boy and his skill was needed before the ship could be moved. The part of the mate is therefore of great importance and it was excellently played by Gale. His first appearance gave just the right impression of ferocious authority and his accent was exactly suited to the character. Good support was given by the rest of the cast. Not all however were able to establish themselves as independent persons. In one case (Finch played by Perfect) this may have been the result of an extensive cut. Spencer made a good job of a coloured sailor treated brutally by most of the crew. Tyler did well as a comic feed to the altogether vindictive Pompey.*

Seen on the day after the assassination of President Kennedy, this play brought home to us the unreasoning violence which still moves our world. It is agreed that the great writers for the theatre have used the same theme: but a competent modern writer has a temporary advantage over Sophocles or Shakespeare for he can use the idiom of our own times. The tendency of the modern drama is towards instruction and controversy; the impact made by the works of Brecht and Hochhuth is evidence of that. This is a challenge which a school should meet and the James Rhoades Society has taken steps to do so. Let us hope that shortly we shall be able to watch something as “serious” as, say, The Representative. A school which gave birth to “Sixth Form Opinion” should be able to produce both the necessary talent and a sufficiently intelligent audience.

CONCERT CLUB

MAX ROSTAL AND COLIN HORSEY: VIOLIN AND PIANO

The second concert of the season, given by Max Rostal and Colin Horsley was a violin sonata recital.

The first half of the programme contained sonatas by Mozart, Lennox Berkeley and Debussy. The first in B flat, K.454, was charming, enjoyable, neatly played, but unmemorable. To one who had recently heard some less delightful music by Lennox Berkeley the second piece was a pleasant surprise. Debussy’s Violin Sonata struck me so little that I feel it was probably not given its due. Although very agreeable listening its hidden charm was not fully exploited.

Beethoven’s Kreutzer constituted the second part of the programme. This was a crisp performance but in places uncomfortable and almost ugly; the fine second movement unfortunately dragged. An old favourite, the Brahms Sonata Movement was played as an encore, probably the most impressive piece of the evening.

Rostal’s foot-tapping was a little distracting. But on the whole this was a most enjoyable concert.

OCTOBER 5TH. PETER PEARLS AND JULIAN BREAM

It would be an impertinence to praise or criticise the art of Mr. Pears or Mr. Bream; each is supremely at ease in such a programme as this, and when Mr. Pears’ very English tenor blends with the evocative, never insistent, liquid tone of the lute in one of Dowland’s richly elegiac songs, we are as near perfection as we are ever likely to come. The voice blends with the lute as it never can with the piano, and Mr. Bream reveals the power latent in the apparent gentleness of his instrument, so that Dowland’s “Sorrow, stay” becomes a noble transformation of all the sorrows that ever were.

Beside him the Morley pieces seemed rather lightweight, especially the arch pastoral horse-play of “Thyris and Milla”; but there must be variety, and we cannot always sit in a bath of warm tears. (Though this is what the underventilated gallery resembled towards the end of the concert.)
After the interval we had another real delight, Britten’s Songs from the Chinese; the word setting here, especially in the first song, “The Big Chariot”, had the felicity and dramatic power of Purcell, and there is no higher praise. The words are civilised, succinct, powerful and immediately communicate their emotion... cynicism, world-weariness, joviality and so on. This was multum in parvo.

Some guitar solos, a group of folk songs and a mixed bag of encores (including some Pergolesi to which Mr. Pears seemed especially to respond) ended an outstanding programme.

One small detracion: the really deplorable noise of hundreds of people banging their hands together after each piece (some very short) continually disturbed the atmosphere and added violent percussive effects quite out of scale with the songs. Gratitude can be excessive.

But we must not end with complaints; this was a most memorable evening. R.S.G.

**THE BOURNEMOUTH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

An unusual programme this. No soloist and therefore no concerto—and no symphony either; but well balanced and interesting for all that. *Il Seraglio* (1782) is about the best of Mozart’s minor overtures; a sound choice, safe to warm everybody up. Brandenburg No. 2 (1721). This was perhaps the least satisfying thing in an evening of very competent performance. The principals have to meet exacting demands (the trumpet part is notoriously difficult) and the rendering seemed to lack cohesion and fire. Two cellos in the Andante (as scored) would have made for better balance than one. *Don Juan* (1889), written when Strauss was only twenty-five. This is not a long work, but it comprises a considerable story, of the three women in whom the hero seeks perfection, of carnival scenes, a graveyard duel and finally Don Juan’s death—all depicted in leitmotiv. Wisely, the programme refrained from elaborate notes and just left the audience to enjoy the dramatic effect of a series of catchy tunes, brilliantly orchestrated. It is odd to reflect now that at the time this work was regarded as controversial, even incomprehensible.

After the interval German composers gave way to English. Serenade to Music. This purely orchestral version was first given in the Queen’s Hall in 1940 (one of the last pieces of music to be heard in that incomparable place for sound before its lamented destruction in the blitz). If the most modern, it was probably also the least familiar item on the programme. Vaughan Williams had in minds the words from The Merchant of Venice, “The moon shines bright; in such a night as this...” and builds up the piece on one lovely haunting theme, boldly stated at once, then skilfully developed and reiterated till at the end there is a well-known friend whom one looks forward to meeting again.

About the Enigma Variations (1899) it is hard to say anything fresh. There they are, Elgar and his thirteen friends—not to mention the dog—perpetuated in an enchanting setting that has probably been more played round the world than any other piece of English music. The orchestra must know it almost by heart, but there was no impression at all of staleness. Fitting climax, and sad that we must wait twelve months for more.

For the players the Sherborne outing must be a hard day. November is seldom clement, there are the best part of 100 miles to travel and usually more time spent on afternoon rehearsal than the evening performances. Does the audience perhaps recognise this in the invariable generosity of its applause? That this is appreciated on the platform is obvious, but this year it was fair enough for Mr. Groves to issue the nicest and wittiest of reminders that to demand encores of an orchestra is not really in the correct tradition.

Finally, a historical note. Pre-1939 and long before the Concert Club, at rare intervals (about every seven years) Sherborne had the chance of hearing a section of a London orchestra brought down for a Sunday afternoon concert; the trains just fitted (in the future there may be no trains). In 1950 the committee of the Concert Club, then in its fourth season, determined to take the plunge, and engaged the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra (as it then was). Few decisions can have paid off better. The B.S.O. has become the foundation stone of the Club’s success and a centrepiece for the programmes each season.
But it is no secret that the orchestra has to be heavily subsidised and has more than once been threatened with extinction. May this never happen and may we for our part always be able to afford the fee.

Meantime, we are fortunate, far more so than many similar clubs.

**CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE**

This must surely rank as one of the classic war films of all time; although Virginia Mackenna is perhaps too much of a blue-eyed wonder to begin with, the final scenes of the film are moving without being sentimental, and powerful without being forced. Paul Scofield, for once in un-Shakespearian garb, turns in a convincing and suitably underplayed performance of a somewhat slimy British agent. Jack Warner appeared to have bad corns even in 1954, but was a realistic representative of the British bourgeois—commendably loyal and rather irritating. It was undoubtedly one of the best films we've had, but all films will benefit from being not only visible, but audible as well

N.T.P.

**THE BEST OF ENEMIES**

Despite the fact that this film was shown in special wide-screen Cinemascope (admittedly only a couple of sheets tacked onto the old screen) it was, nevertheless, just one more typical product of the British comedy film industry—not even David Niven, who made the worst of a bad job, could change that. As a film it suffered mainly, I suppose, from a rather mediocre script, and although any film about the wartime Italians should provide immense scope for humour, this film, however, failed dismally to strike the right note at the beginning, the attempt at humour being, to say the least, a trifle unconvincing. And instead of contenting itself with what little humour it could manage, the script further added to its crimes by the introduction of that sickly brand of sentimental drool, which never fails to produce in us a feeling of rising nausea. Finally, that oh-so-sad ending to the film, an ending which virtually reduced the ultra-sensitive big schoolroom audience to tears, summed-up for me the whole film, ineffective, and a waste of ts. 3d. that we now have to pay for it.

N.T.P.

**THE GLENN MILLER STORY**

Coming so soon after *The Five Pennies*, one film was bound to be compared with the other, and unfortunately *The Glenn Miller Story* did not bear comparison. The music, when it was Miller's and not the usual Hollywood mush, was first class, but apart from this redeeming feature the film was mediocre. The acting was often stilted and a director who hopes to fool his audience by putting artificial scenery out of focus and expecting them to believe it to be reality is doomed to failure. However, right from the beginnings with Ben Pollack, through the visit to the night club where the inevitable Satchmo was playing, through a remarkable drum dialogue, through the Chatanooga Choo-Choo, Moonlight Serenade, Pennsylvania 65000, Tuxedo Junction, and the delightful anomaly of the St. Louis Blues at a military parade, the music was, as I have said, superb. If we expected a good film, we were disappointed; but if we were prepared to forget the rest of the film and enjoy the music, our evening was well spent.

P.R.M.

**H.M.S. DEFIANT**

The entertainment value of this film did not suffer from the audience's disinclination to take it seriously. Bloody brawls and atrocities of punishment alike were met with very audible approval.

Four words could give you the atmosphere of the film: British — and — utterly — masculine. Captain Crawford is the anti-hero; he loses his arm in honourable action and thus symbolize. Nelson (we forget Napoleon). Scott-Badgett is the handsome villain—recently reflected in the James Rhoades play. Young Crawford, the captain's son, represents new officer quality, blessed with integrity and prowess.

The plot is obvious and the end as reconciling as a fairy tale. This film would appeal primarily to ten-year-olds, and consequently to Saturday night mentality.
DUFFERS

Besides the three scheduled meetings for this term, the Society is, at the time of going to print, looking forward to a fourth, in which Christopher Fry and the Rev. W. M. Merchant will conduct a literary dialogue.

W. P. H. Merchant, Esq., was the speaker for the term's first meeting, when he gave us a most interesting insight into the two poets, George Herbert and R. S. Thomas. At the second meeting, C. H. Black-Hawkins presented an excellently contrived thesis in his paper entitled "Anger and the Theatre". Victorianas as expounded by J. T. Tyler, provided the subject in a brilliant and witty paper for the third meeting.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Boissier, and to Mr. and Miss Walford for their generous hospitality, to the three speakers who gave us another successful term, and to Col. Green whose unflagging support is the basis of the Society's success.

P. R. MILDRED, Hon. Secretary.

LE CENACLE

The Society held its first meeting of term on October 24th, when the Secretary read a paper on Francis Poulenc. It is hoped that this was at least an introduction to one of the most enjoyable and entertaining contributors to contemporary music. The second meeting was on November 14th, when J. R. Coulson, Esq., of Downside, read a paper on "The Trial of St. Joan", a most enjoyable evening, especially as the Society was able to discuss the problem of St. Joan with a knowledgeable Roman Catholic. At the last meeting on November 28th, J. D. Leach, Esq., gave a paper on "Early Provence", which he illustrated with slides: a most interesting subject which allowed members to glance not only into the earlier history of Southern France, but also into the architecture of Greece and Rome.

The Society's thanks to Mr. Coulson and Mr. Leach for their papers and, of course, to the Chairman and Mrs. Currie for their support and hospitality.

P. S. TILLEY, Hon. Secretary.

LES PHILOSOPHES

The Society met three times this term. Once at the house of R. S. Glen, Esq., to hear a paper by P. A. C. Nevill on "Nationalism and the African State", and twice at "The Beeches", where J. A. Shirreff discussed beatniks or as he termed them, "The Holy Barbarians", and the chairman, after his recent successful visit across the Atlantic, gave us some first-hand impressions of "U.S. '63".

Our thanks go to Mr. Glen and Dr. Cundy for their hospitality; to the Chairman, both for his paper and support; we are also very grateful to A. J. Yorke, Esq., for standing-in when our chairman was elsewhere engaged.

C. J. V. DARLINGTON, Hon. Secretary.
LES POLYGLOTTES

The first meeting of term took place on October 1st, when the Society and members of the girls' school were able to hear A. C. R. Scutt, Esq., O.S., who discussed Madagascar in French with the help of slides. This was a pleasant change from the usual routine of Les Polyglottes, as was the second meeting on October 22nd, when each member gave a short "explication de texte" on the poem of his choice the real purpose behind which was to promote short discussions in the foreign language. The third meeting was on November 19th when C. J. V. Darlington gave a paper entitled "Die romantische Bewegung in Deutschland", which was well read and incisive, and provoked a very worthwhile discussion.

The Society has one more meeting this term on December 3rd, when extracts from "Emilia Galotti", "Wallenstein's Tod" and "Ottokar's Glück und Ende" will be read and discussed with members of the girls' school.

The Society's thanks to Mr. Scutt and C. J. V. Darlington for their papers, and to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Baker for their support and hospitality.

P. S. Tilley, Hon. Secretary.

THE GREEN RIBBON CLUB

We have had three meetings this term; at the first C. H. Black-Hawkins gave a daring and provocative paper on "Haig" at Wingfield, while at the second Phyllida Franks talked on "Shakespeare's Concept of Kingship", at which meeting an invasion of the masses (perhaps thirsting for culture) was successfully repelled. The last paper was by the secretary on "John Knox".

Our thanks go to our chairman, Mr. Gibb, and our hostess Miss Crichton-Miller, for their respective patience and hospitality.

N. T. Parsons, Hon. Secretary.

THE ALCHEMISTS

The Society has heard three papers this term, all of them in the chairman's study. The first was by Dr. R. Duffett, O.S., on "Free Radicals"; the second by Dr. G. W. Suckling on "The Development of an Anaesthetic"; and the third by Dr. L. Couper on "Psychiatry". These were three very useful and interesting papers for all present. It is unfortunate that, although it is more intimate in the chairman's study, it limits the number of people who can attend our meeting.

I should like to thank, on behalf of the whole Society, our chairman, Mr. May, and the ladies of the Green for their kind hospitality.

R. J. Roxburgh, Hon. Secretary.

FIFTH FORM DEBATING SOCIETY

Contrary to more gloomy prophecies, the Society has, in Shirburnian phraseology, "flourished" this term. We have been able to include two discussions and a brain's trust, at all of which masters have been present. This is perhaps the reason for the Society's large membership—nearly fifty—not all of whom, however, attend regularly.

The society's grateful thanks to all the masters who have given us their time, and to our Chairman, for all his support.

J. A. D. Long, Hon. Secretary.

THE MUSIC CLUB

At the first meeting of the term the Club assembled to hear T. E. Lankester read a paper on "The Fugue", a very difficult subject which he presented very succinctly. For the second meeting the Club was most privileged to hear A. J. Yorke, Esq., speak on the "Ring of the Nibelung", which he illustrated liberally; the climax of the talk came when the speaker played the whole of the last scene of "Siegfried" on his stereophonic gramophone. Finally, we are to hear J. A. D. Sturges talk on "Purcell and the 17th century".

Next term we have an exciting programme, highlighted by our traditional concert with the sister school. As always our thanks must go to our Chairman, Mr. Ullman, for his organisation and advice, and to Mrs. Ullman for her most satisfying efforts.

—B. R. Dunstan, Hon. Secretary.

WHITEHEAD SOCIETY

The Whitehead Society is the Mathematical Society reformed and renamed at the beginning of this term under the presidency of Dr. H. M. Andy. This term we have had papers from M. J. Leach, Esq., in the New Mathe­matis; he .... on the mechanics of sailing; and Prof. H. Bondi, on relativity. We are very grateful to them for their interesting papers.

We have been pleased to welcome members of our sister school to our meetings, and hope they will continue to join us.

Our thanks are due to our President and Mrs. Gurdy for their kind hospitality.

P. W. Ackroyd, Hon. Secretary.
The object of the expedition, namely to photograph the almost extinct brown bear of Norway, is straightforward enough. However, why I should want to do so, is not so easy to explain, so I shall not. When the idea came to me, I realized that it would necessitate "living off the land". The rest was easy. Everybody said such a thing was impossible. The Oslo Zoological Museum told me I was a mad Englishman, the Norwegian travel bureau told me I was wasting my time, and the Y.H.A. just called me crazy—so of course I became all the more determined to go through with it! Call it perversity if you like.

Preparation, like all preparations, was boring and tedious. Since we needed a reserve of food, just in case, I started scrounging around several firms for dehydrated foods, but met with successive failures. There was however one exciting moment when a parcel arrived in the post, sent by courtesy of the Dae Health Laboratories. But it only contained six bars of special soap. These were probably more trouble than they were worth (I did however write thanking the Dae Health Laboratories for them. The fact that the letter went in the wrong envelope is immaterial. It is the thought that counts.) Moreover we (I say "we" because by this time Ralph Piell had volunteered to come with me) each took three bars, and came back with two and a half! We were helped, of course, by the grant of £20 from the New Venture committee, who, after some negotiation, agreed to finance our project. To them we are deeply grateful, and owe a good deal.

The boat journey to Oslo passed without any major incident. A minor event, that afterwards was the source of considerable amusement, but at the time was somewhat embarrassing, occurred when we were embarking onto our ship in Copenhagen (we went to Oslo via Eshjerg and Copenhagen). It began when Ralph's pack jammed in the narrow passageway which led to our cabin. I took off my pack and fiercely set about unjamming Ralph's while an impatient stewardess looked on: to obtain better purchase I leant heavily against the door of cabin 176. The occupant of the cabin, wondering what the commotion was all about, unfortunately opened his door, and tried to come out. Instead, though I only weight 11 stone 3 oz., we both ended up flattened against the far wall of cabin 176! However, we overcame this little difficulty, and arrived intact in a Norway which was enjoying a glorious spell of weather.
We set out for the mountains immediately, but our arrival was the signal for a change in the weather. The day we arrived depression set in, and wet weather up in the mountains can be most unpleasant, as we found out. Boots get sodden, clothes become damp rags, and moisture seeps in everywhere. We managed however to keep our spare clothes dry, and thus retained our esprit de corps.

After one night in a youth hostel, we set out for our final destination, a spot thirty miles distant, and tactically suited for "bear spotting". The journey there took us four days, since we were held up for two days by rain, having completed only one day's march. But we were in no hurry. The terrain was difficult, chiefly because of the slippery rocks and the morass of sodden peat under the pine forest. At first we tried to keep dry, but by the second day we were used to the wet, and just ploughed straight through the bogs rather than avoiding them. We also had to cross the occasional mountain torrent over fallen pine logs, an occupation by no means as difficult as it sounds, though I myself slipped twice, contriving both times to avoid a soaking—in this I was luckier than Ralph, who slipped three times, and got drenched once.

On our arrival at our chosen vantage point we were confronted by several deserted barns: these are made of logs, and most of them were on stilts. There were many such abandoned farm buildings around, the result of an Exodus to America in 1912 after a severe famine, and although we had a tent with us, we preferred to sleep in these, surrounded by dozens of rats rather than by canvas. Our back door—an unusually large hole where the logs of our barn had rotted away—looked up onto a huge peak that was to be our observation post from which to spot our bear with binoculars. It was covered with thick pine forest, and towards the summit the trees gave way to scree. The second day we were there we sweated all the way up to the top in a steady drizzle, only to find ourselves, when we got there, enveloped in a thick mist which restricted our vision to a few yards! More rain and mist day after day. The only thing that kept us occupied was food or rather, lack of it, for if we didn't go out and get our own, there was none.

Daily, one of us used to go out and gather fungus, while the other picked berries and took in the fish from the long lines we set each evening. We tried various sorts of fungus (we had a fungoidal guide written in Norwegian) but they were all more or less the same, rather flabby and tasteless. The first time we ate them was a very tense moment; we waited stoically to be seized with gastric agony; but none came. The berries, however, were extremely succulent, in particular the raspberries and blueberries; the trout from the river served to supply us with valuable protein. We also tried eating reindeer moss, but this we found rather inferior since no amount of dental exercise would reduce it, and it remained as resilient as wire wool! So, what with carving our names on the wooden walls of the barn, and examining the reactions of unconditioned rats to Pavlovian stimuli, we managed to occupy ourselves. But after six days of rain dripping inexorably and steadily, we decided we'd had enough: nor did we give the bears another thought. We found out later that they had probably migrated through a shortage of food, and I for one couldn't blame them!

J.A.D.S.

IRELAND 1963

In June the New Venture Fund was offering £40 to finance any fairly ambitious expedition, and we decided to try and canoe by canal from Dublin across Ireland to Limerick, and then make our way back across the southern ranges of mountains. Eventually it was decided that we should share the £40 with a Bear Hunting expedition to Norway. Immediately we set out to hire three canoes, but in true Irish style we heard three days before leaving that this was impossible.

At 5 a.m. on Wednesday, 7th August we found ourselves at Rosslaire Harbour, having had a calm but damp crossing. After a quick breakfast of porridge and bread—our staple diet—we set out for Dublin on what the map marked as a main road, but which by English standards is little more than a Devonshire lane. After a hard morning's hitch-hiking we eventually re-united (having had to split up) in the General Post Office in Dublin. From here we
made several trips, collecting information about possible canoes, which most unfortunately, proved fruitless. Here we also stocked up with food, which we packed into corners of our packs, with the exception of one unfortunate egg which remained on the Post Office floor. After much discussion and hunting around in Boating and River Agencies, we had to give up the idea of canoeing, and rely on our feet to carry us over what country we wished to see. However, we first had to reach the settings of these views, and boarded a somewhat dilapidated bus for Limerick. We spent a night by the roadside about twenty miles out, and travelled the remaining 120 the next morning. Having relied on Limerick for food and maps, we now discovered we had chosen Early Closing Day, and so we had to make do with a rather poor ¼" map.

By now we had decided that we would start our march from Newcastle West, about twenty miles further south west. Here we camped after the one and only difficulty we ever had in finding a berth. Otherwise, in the twelve nights' camping, we found the landowners more than willing to harbour us, and extremely concerned for our well-being.

The following morning we turned our backs on civilisation, set our bearings for Killarney, sixty miles away, and struck out across the mountains. The tops of these we found somewhat damp, but succeeded in covering fifteen boggy miles which, added to a gladly accepted—though unasked-for—lift on a millers waggon for a mile or two, found us in an extremely desirable valley, underneath the bogs of Mount Eagle. In the following two days, in which we covered the remaining distance to the Killarney Mountains, we found that our previous intentions to cut across country were sadly thwarted by the ever present peat bog, which made progress very slow, and so we made good use of what donkey and sheep tracks we could find, with the added help of what we could pick up from the friendly Irish mumblings.

About seven miles due West of Killarney, we eventually camped by a large river under the shadow of the great Macgillycuddy's Reeks, after a strenuous march over comparatively flat countryside. The following morning we left Peter Newberry to have a rest and tidy up, and attempted to hitch-hike into Killarney to stock up with maps to help us round and over the mountains. However we found ourselves walking the seven miles in, and then back again with the same amount of luck. This was a main road, but practically all the traffic consisted of either tourists or donkey carts. However, it reminded us of what we could do without packs, as we covered the ground in time for a good lunch, before continuing on our way. Before long, we found ourselves “buried” in the Dunloe Gap. This is a deep narrow gorge, up which the track zigzags over boulder-strewn spurs, beside the deep black lakes which cover the bottom of the gorge. On either side the sheer black cliffs rise for 200 feet, disappearing into swirling mists, which seem to haunt these mountains, as only once in three fine days did we see the top of the highest peak, Carrauntoohil. We eventually scrambled through the top of the gap and camped by a stream in the valley below. This was one of several frustrating camping sites, in which we were driven to a frenzy by the clouds of midges swarming round, making a simple job like pitching a tent a major operation.

Our plan now was, if the conditions favoured us, to spend a day climbing the peaks above us, which are the highest in the country. However, we woke up the following morning to be confronted by a thick mist a few feet above our heads, which made climbing quite pointless, so we set out sights eastwards, and moved on our way, crossing a largish river by the most hazardous of methods: relying on isolated boulders feet apart to keep us out of the ice-cold water. We then started to climb, and were first confronted by a wonderful view out over all the Killarney lakes, stretching for miles into the distance. On clambering over another peak we found laid out in front of us a most satisfying and beautiful panorama. On all sides were miles of totally untouched moorland, surrounded by mountains. Here and there was a small lake, and every now and then we caught a glimpse of a few deer springing across the rocks. I should explain that the characteristic feature of Killarney mountains compared with other Irish highlands is their ruggedness; every slope being dotted with rocky outcrops which form streaks of black against the emerald green of the bogs.

As we moved on eastwards, the country became less rugged, but we found other things to appreciate in this carefree land of villages consisting rarely of anything but two or three pubs and
a Post Office stores. We often stopped to watch the bringing in of the hay in haycocks, which are slid bodily onto a square squat donkey cart, and heaved away. Then we would be offered a lift on a donkey cart, but our consideration for the poor beast always got the better of us. We spent many well earned rests chatting to these simple folk, who always greeted us with a cheerful "Hullo, Lads", and went out of their way to do what they could for us, even as far as offering us a pint of milk from their own meagre rations. Not once did we have to pay for our milk. It is this simple hospitality of the Irish that sticks out most in my mind.

The further east we travelled, the worse the weather got. We had one appalling night, when the rain fell with tropical force and a roaring wind for eight hours without a stop. Due partly to change of wind direction, the tents failed to stand up to this onslaught of gale-driven rain which passed straight through, with the result that we got exceedingly wet.

The following morning, Peter Newbery decided that his feet would not stand up to another day's wear. His main blister, which measured about 2 inches in diameter on the side of his foot, was a marvel of chiropody, for he had been walking on it, and several others, for a good fifty miles. However, we had to say good bye to him, after well over 100 miles of magnificent hiking.

The two of us continued on our way, struck by the change in farming methods. Whereas in the west a tractor was practically unheard of, by the time we reached Fermoy, five days later, there was hardly a donkey to be seen, and we even met the odd milking machine. One evening we had a cup of tea in a small farm cottage, and as we were putting our feet in the oven to dry (a common practice, we discovered) a television suddenly lit up in the far corner of the room: things had certainly looked up over the last fifty miles.

After Fermoy, tragedy struck Peter Davidson, who pulled a tendon in his foot, which proved fatal to our expedition. Why, with 200 miles behind us, and only fifty to go, it should suddenly pull, I cannot think; especially as I also pulled one early on, and it seemed to recover fairly well. However, such was our luck, and we were forced to catch a train home.

That evening the train took us past the remainder of the mountains on our route, set against a crimson evening sky, and it is with that picture in mind that I choose to remember the beauty of the Emerald Isle.

W. J. Wilder

CONVERSATIONAL OPENINGS

During the next few months many Shirburnians will find themselves rhythmically jerking opposite a similarly-occupied young lady. How does one break the metaphorical ice? Here are a few suggestions:

1. No, it didn’t hurt a bit, really—my shoe’s quite thick.
2. I always slip a disc when I do this one.
3. I hate women.
4. May I fetch you a scarf? You look so cold like that.
5. How cold/sweaty/strong/squashy your hands are!
6. Please could you take your hair out of my mouth.
7. May I get you a meringue/doctor/tooth-pick/wig/another partner?
8. Well, I don’t think she was really hurt, we only grazed her.
9. Don’t you think the Hostess looks like a bubble-car/Mussolini/green-shield stamp/barrel-organ/insensate pachyderm?
10. Haven’t we met before somewhere? I seem to recognise that dress.

* This should be avoided unless you are certain that your partner is not a daughter of the House.
DIDN'T HE RAMBLE?

Two stout beams are driven into the ground and lashed to the steps outside the Big Schoolroom (where they shout “TINjah! . . . asyouwah!” at contingent parades). At their feet is the basket from Room 13, and aloft an erection put up by the Naval Section, as we shall see. The School flag flutters gently in the breeze of this fine May morning. The Abbey clock strikes half-past five, and the P.T. bugler pops up above Room 4 like a jack-in-the-beanstalk and plays a few bars of “Gettysburg March”.

At once there is a great roar from the waiting crowd, now let into the Main Gate. For most this is the first execution; indeed many have never seen a guillotine before. The School’s voice is louder than in Chapel or on the Upper; indeed it is louder than at a film. The garrison—Cdo. Coy. plus the umbrella-ed class of School House—form a barrier around the steps, and a fish-queue to the south-western corner of the Courts, along which the criminal will march to his doom. He is a fifth-former in Westcott House, charged with Treason and incessant bolsch. Many a time he has strutted in an undone jacket and Chelseas, but today it will be a collarless striped rugger jersey and “Westcot” jeans only. At present he is being beaten by the executioner, “Stripe” Smith, in Room 16. Four boys in naval kit will carry out the execution.

By an unwritten law, no member of the Staff ever attends an execution, nor can the Town do so. Most of the School have turned out for this one, despite the uncompromising hour. But other eyes are watching. For the Hunchback of the Abbey can see much of the scene from his perch on the hour-hand, although he still can’t effect a sensational rescue. For one thing, there are two burly prefects on the roof between the Chapel and the Big Schoolroom; but far more important, he’s too scruffy to appear in public. He’s still wearing an achromatic doublet he bought at the original Pack-Monday Fair, and since Manfree’s are such extortionists and the costumes for the Commem Play haven’t arrived, he can’t replace it. So he does ten upward circles on that bar.

By 5.40 the drums of the Prosecutor’s procession can be heard coming down Hospital Hill. It marches steadily through the gate, preceded by a Naval Guard of Honour and a compact band playing a rather hurried Abide with Me. The Head of School is, of course, Prosecutor. Behind is the Riot Squad, all with gym colours and armed with a fire extinguisher, a compass with a map of Combe Valley, the Gym Shield, a trombone and what looks like Pompey. There is also a Harry’s chariot for the corpse. The crowd divides.

A drum roll. The wretch is dragged along the fish-queue in chains by the executioner, through a jeering crowd. The execution is scheduled for 6 o’clock, and the Prosecutor starts at ten to. “Gentlemen,” he begins in a high monotone, “I don’t want to in fact labour this one, nor lecture on patrol-reforming. However this is a many million-pound question with which you have got to know . . .”

I stamp out of the gates, hands in pockets. I am revolting. I am disgusted by it all. I will NOT have bull-fighting at Commem, and I will NOT have the guillotine. Perhaps I’m old-fashioned, but to me the gallows is more natural, that’s all.

*  *  *  *  *

At 6.05 the Procession strides out of the Courts to the tune Didn’t he Ramble. The crowd chants,

“He rambled all around,
In and out the town—
He rambled till the butchers cut him down”.
THE SHIRBURNIAN

"... THOU DIDST PUT IT INTO THE HEART OF THY SERVANT, KING EDWARD VIETH, OF PIUS MEMORY, TO FOUND THIS SCHOOL ... BY HIS MEANS WE ARE HERE BROUGHT UP IN SOUND LEARNING AND TRUE RELIGION ... ETC."

So runs the traditional account of the foundation of our noble pile on May 15th, 1550, as it is recounted to us week by week, Sunday by Sunday, throughout the term. However just recently new methods of decipherment have made it possible to unravel the secrets of a document that has lain, unknown and unheeded, for years gathering dust in the Upper Library, and we felt it our duty that you, as Shirburnians, should be permitted a peep into the facts about the real motives of our Pious Founder, on that May day, four hundred and fourteen years ago. Here, then, is some idea of that document, deciphered and translated into modern English for the sake of the reader:

A.D. 1550, May 15th. The banqueting hall in the Tower of London, 8.13 a.m.

At one end of a vast table set in the middle of the open room was seated our Gracious Lord, Edward, the sixth of that name, whom God preserve, and at the other end his cousin, Lady Jane Grey. Breakfast was in progress.

"Hie, haec," recited his Majesty along the table at Lady Jane. "Hoc," he added, after taking a mouthful of toast.

"Hunc," prompted Lady Jane, after an uncomfortable pause.

"Er, hunc ... er" said his Majesty, "something, something, something, his." He took a swig of cider.

"Let's try Greek," suggested Lady Jane.

"Alpha," said his Majesty obediently, "beta, gamma. Er, gamma ... um."

"Delta," suggested Lady Jane, who was none too sure herself.

"Delta," echoed his Majesty, and stuck there.

There was a pause, during which his Majesty continued to eat toast, and Lady Jane tried desperately to think what came after delta. Then, just as his Majesty began to realize that there was an uncomfortable silence, for he had now finished his toast, the doors burst open.

The King looked up and gaped, for there was nobody to be seen. Then, to his immense relief, a tall, thin man stood up from his obeisance, which had been hidden from the royal gaze by the back of Lady Jane's chair.

"Oh, it's you," said his Majesty, and looked round to see what else there was to eat. The Protector, my Lord Somerset, advanced along the table, until he stood facing the King, and deposited bundle upon bundle of papers on the table.

"First, your Majesty, the morning's papers," he announced, as though it were something new. "Now, concerning the 'Somerset must go' campaign. As your Majesty is no doubt aware, this has now grown to quite outrageous proportions—some rascal actually had the effrontery to scrawl a very inferior portrait of me on the Traitor's Gate, with the usual sort of inscription, with which I need not trouble your Majesty's ears—not, of course, that I consider it unfit for your Majesty's ears, for who am I to dictate what your Majesty should or should not hear—".

"'Sblood," said his Majesty absent-mindedly, wondering whether to change his brand of marmalade or not.

"Anyway, your Majesty," continued his Lordship, "I really do think your Majesty should take a far more serious view of the situation than your Majesty does. It really is too bad, and I think the situation should be taken in hand before it gets quite out of control. Perhaps your Majesty could think it over? Now, secondly we come to a death warrant to be dealt with. I discovered it among the files of your late father, which I took over when your Majesty kindly allowed me to take a great deal of paper-work out of your Majesty's hands. They really were in a disgraceful state. Nothing in order, papers strewn here, there, and everywhere, and what is more—but to return to the matter in hand. This warrant was left unsigned by your late
father, and I thought it would be a great service to the poor man—put him out of his misery—if your Majesty would sign it here and now. It seems that the fellow happened to insult your Majesty's late stepmother—"

"Which?" asked the King, with a hint of menace in his voice.

"Er, Queen Katherine," said Somerset.

"Which?" repeated the King, even more darkly.

"Er, Katherine—er—that is—I—I forget," said Somerset hastily. "Anyway, this man happened to insult one of his late Majesty's late wives, and so was sentenced to death—he was to be dragged feet first to the place of execution, ducked three times to bring him round, should he have passed out, and then put through the usual procedure of being hanged, drawn and quartered, that is to say, that he be dropped six feet with the rope round his neck, be cut down alive, his bowels be removed, and burnt—"

"Ugh," said Lady Jane, and pushed away her porridge.

"Anyway," continued his Lordship, "the general idea is that he be put to death by the slowest method possible. Is your Majesty willing to sign?"

"Blast," said his Majesty, "my egg's hard."

"Your Majesty," suggested Somerset tentatively, "if I might make a humble conjecture, I might surmise that your Majesty has not been listening to a word I have been saying."

"Never mind," said Lady Jane, "mine's soft, and I like them hard, so we can swop."

"It's too late," said his Majesty, "I've ate it."

"YOUR MAJESTY!!" exclaimed the combined voices of Lady Jane and Somerset, "GRAMMAR!!"

"Blast, or rather, 'Sblood," said his Majesty.

"Oh, your Majesty," said Lady Jane, "I do not think that that can go unpunished. What do you suggest, my Lord?"

"Well, your Ladyship," said Somerset, "I have always said that it is impossible to do too much to further the education of the young. Now, as it turns out, the county of Somerst does happen to be very short on schools at the moment—"

"No," said his Majesty firmly, "I have always said that I will not be punished for my mistakes by feathering your nest. What's that county just below Somerst?"

"You mean Dorset," said the Protector glumly.

"Yes, Dorset', said his Majesty, "Where is there in Dorset?"

"Well," said Lady Jane, "I seem to remember a place your father closed down—surely it would be possible to re-start that without going to the cost of founding a complete new school."

"Yes," said his Majesty brightly, "that will do. Find out where it is . . ."

So now you know.

R.J.M.
SCHOOL HOUSE

P. R. MILDRED: came '58—VI (Group I); School Prefect; Upper VIth; Editor of The Shirburnian; Hon. Secretary Duffers, Jazz Club; Member of Interpreters, Philosophes, Music Club, Orchestra; Librarian; Sixth Form Classics Prize; Junior Harley Wind Prize; Alan Palmer Prize for Classics; Sgt. in C.C.F. (Band) (rtd.)—to Exeter College, Oxford, via Paris.

R. C. H. TWYFORD: came '59—VI (Group II H.E.); School Prefect; Upper VIth; 1st XV '63; Boxing Team '60 to '63; House Rugger Colours; P.T. Instructor with badge; Member of Duffers, Green Ribbon; Cpl. in C.C.F.—to University.

H. C. C. GosLING: came '59—VI (Group III); House Prefect; Trebles '61, '62, '63; P.T. Instructor; Hon. Secretary Motor Club; Member of Epistemones, Field Society, Sailing Club; Sgt. in R.A.F. Section (rtd.) with 'A' and 'B' gliding endorsements—to University.

J. J. Hope: came '59—VI (Group III); House Prefect; P.T. Instructor; Member of Whitehead Society, Motor Club, Field Society, Epistemones; R.S.M. assistant in C.C.F. (rtd.)—to further studies.

M. H. Thomas: came '58—VI (Group III); House Prefect; Upper VIth; 3rd XV Colours '62, '63; Trebles '61, '62, '63; School Sailing Team '62, '63; House Rugger Colours; P.T. Instructor; Member of Alchemists; Vth Form Biology Prize '62; Junior Longmuir Prize (Science) '62; Sgt. in C.C.F. (Band and Commandos)—to bed.

J. T. Witcher: came '58—VI (Group III); House Prefect; Upper VIth; Hon. Secretary Field Society; Member of Alchemists, Climbing Club, Photographic Society; ex-Member Epistemones; Cpl. in C.C.F. (rtd.)—to Christ's College, Cambridge and Medicine.

N. J. B. Page: came '59—VI (Group III); Upper VIth; Trebles '62, '63; Member of Alchemists and U.S. Society; Junior Technician in R.A.F. Section—Emmanuel College Cambridge.

R. J. Hooper: came '60—VI (Group II G.E.); Member of Geographical Society; Cpl. in C.C.F.—to Agricultural College.

H. Spencer: came '60—V (Group III); Member of Vth Form Debating Society, Photographic Society; Cdt. in C.C.F. (Band)—to Accountancy.

ABBEY HOUSE

I. A. du Pre: came '59—VI (Group II H.E.); Head of House; Upper VIth; 2nd XI Cricket '62, 1st XI '63; 1st XV '62; Boxing Team '60, '61, '62, Colour '63; P.T. Instructor with badge; Member of Green Ribbon Club; Sgt. in R.A. Section (rtd.)—to Accountancy.

G. J. Dinwiddy: came '58—VI (Group II G.E.); Member of Music Club, Geographical Society, Dramatic Society; Cpl. in C.C.F.—to Insurance.
THE GREEN

S. L. PURCELL: came '38—VI (Group II H.E.); Head of School; Upper VIth; 3rd XV '61, 1st XV '62, '63; 3rd XI Cricket '63; House Hockey Colours '62; P.T. Instructor with badge; Editor of The Shirburnian '62, '63; Member of Duffers, Dramatic Society; ex-Hon. Secretary Green Ribbon Club; ex-Member of Philosophes, Music Club, Le Cénacle, James Rhoades Society; Walter Prize for Head of the School; Cpl in C.C.F. (rtd.)—old members' scholarship to Lincoln College, Oxford.

R. J. ROXBURGH: came '58—VI (Group III); School Prefect; Upper VIth; P.T. Instructor; Hon. Secretary of Alchemists; Member of Whitehead Society, Philosophes; Salters Exhibition; Flt-Sgt. in R.A.F. Section—to Queens College, Cambridge.

M. W. ROBERTS: came '59; left '63.

C. P. W. MANNING: came '59—VI (Group III); School Prefect; 3rd XV '62, 2nd XV '63; House Cricket Colours '63; P.T. Instructor; Member of United Services Club; Flt-Sgt. in R.A.F. Section—R.A.F. Scholarship to Prep School.

P. J. E. KENDAL: came '59—VI (Group II G.E.); House Prefect; Athletics Team '61, '62, Colours '63; P.T. Instructor; Bombardier in R.A Section (rtd.)—to France and banking?

M. J. HOLDEN: came '59—VI (Group II G.E.); P.T. Instructor; Member of Geographical Society; A/B. in R.N. Section (rtd.)—to the ranks of the unemployed.

HARPER HOUSE

C. H. BLACK-HAWKINS: came '58—VI (Group II H.E.); School Prefect; Upper VIth; P.T. Instructor with badge; Editor of The Shirburnian '63, '64; Hon. Secretary Wildman; ex-Hon. Secretary James Rhoades Society; Member of Duffers, Le Cénacle, Philosophes, Green Ribbon, Dramatic Society, Music Club; Junior History Essay Prize '61; Sgt. in C.C.F. (rtd.)—to University.

T. W. MARSHALL: came '59—VI (Group II H.E.); Head of House; Upper VIth; 1st XI Cricket '61, '62, Captain '63; 3rd XV '62, and 2nd XV '63; P.T. Instructor with badge; Hon. Secretary United Services Club; Member of Duffers, Green Ribbon, Philosophes; C.S.M. in C.C.F.—to University.

C. J. V. DARLINGTON: came '58—VI (Group II M.L.); School Prefect; Upper VIth; 4th XV '62, '63; House Rugger Colours; P.T. Instructor with badge; Hon. Secretary Les Philosophes; Member of Duffers, Le Cénacle, Polyglottes, Music Club; Chapel Choir '58—'63; Lister Price for German '60; Aston Binns Prize '63; Cpl. in R.A.F. Section (rtd.)—to University.

ABBEYLANDS

R. P. CLIVE-POWELL: came '58—VI (Group III); Head of House; Member of Duffers—to Architecture.

R. A. SCANTLEBURY: came '59—VI (Group III); Member of Epistemones; Junior and Senior Longmuir Art Prizes—to Engineering.

LYON HOUSE

J. C. STEWART: came '58—VI (Group III); Head of House; Upper VIth; Colts Cricket '61; Colts Hockey '61; 2nd XI Cricket '62, '63; House Hockey Colours '62; House Cricket Colours '62; P.T. Instructor, with badge; Member of Duffers, Philosophes, Alchemists, Whitehead Society; Sgt. in C.C.F. (rtd.)—to St. Andrews University.

C. M. MELLILLAR-SMITH: came '58—VI (Group III); P.T. Instructor with badge; Member of various societies—to je ne sais pas.

E. C. THOMPSON: came '59—VI (Group II H.E.); Member of Orchestra, Music Club, Geographical Society—to further studies and University?

M. H. BRITTON: came '59—V (Group III); 4th XV '62; XXX badge '63; and VII Cross-country; Colts Athletics Team '60, '61; P.T. Instructor; Member of United Services Club. Sgt. in C.C.F.—to further studies and/or Royal Marines.

M. C. G. DAVIES: came '60—VI (Group III); Member of Epistemones; L/Cpl. in C.C.F. (Signals)—to Estate Agency.

WESCOTT HOUSE

A. S. HARLEY: came '59—VI (Group III); Head of House; Upper VIth; 1st XV '61; P.T. Instructor with badge; Member of Duffers, Alchemists, Le Cénacle—to University?

P. J. O. HILL: came '59—VI (Group II H.E.); House Prefect; 1st VI Tennis '63; Cpl. in C.C.F.—to destination unknown.

C. F. H. NEWBURY: came '59—VI (Group III); House Prefect; Upper VIth; Trebles '61, '62; Member of Whitehead Society, United Services Club; P.O. in R.N. Section—to R.N.

P. R. D. DAVIDSON: came '59—VI (Group III); Boxing '60, '61, Colours '62, '63; and VIII Cross-country '62; P.T. Instructor; Member of James Rhoades Society, Sgt. in C.C.F.—to R.M.A. Sandhurst.

M. P. L. BAKER: came '59—VI (Group II G.E.); Hallkeeper; 2nd VIII Tennis '63; Member of Geographical Society; Flt-Cpl. in R.A.F. Section (Flt-Sgt. self-promoted)—to Chartered Surveying.

A. W. EVART-JAMES: came '59—VI (Group III); Upper VIth; Member of Alchemists, Whitehead Society, Philosophes; Fifth Form Maths and Mals Essay Prizes (shared)—to Worcester College, Oxford.

J. R. SMITH: came '60—V (Group II G.E.); Colts badge; L/Cpl. in C.C.F.—to further studies and Chartered Surveying.
By one of Nowell Smith's happiest appointments Herbert Henry Brown joined the Staff in 1920. In the course of years he became one of those "characters" which public schools from time to time are fortunate enough to breed and appreciate. As colleague, historian, housemaster of The Green and helper at Abbey House, and in what may be called extra-mural activities, he really needs four pens to present separate pictures of the impression he made and of the memories he left behind. Someone of the many who sat under him in the Lower Library should be called on to pay his tribute. In that room, which itself should foster a love of learning, the enlarged photo of the authoritative figure passing on the fruits of his wisdom, ex cathedra, to an attentive audience, with reference books littering the tables, is eloquent of the dignity and power of his teaching. He remarked to me once that no historian need know any facts—or was it many?—a remark palpably untrue as anyone who travelled in France with him could, I believe, testify. He was a fascinating cicerone, producing from his well-stored memory those intimate details about historical personages which make them alive, and by which you can learn more in ten minutes (like the Snark-hunting Beaver) than from a library of books.
THE SHIRBURNIAN

He was indeed twice corrected in the Common Room by "Sambo" Moore, on the pronunciation of Hakluyt’s birthplace and the country where it is situated: but this was a singular triumph of a colleague.

His 7-year tenure of The Green taxed his nerves, and the anxieties which embraced every conceivable mishap to person or property diminished the genuine pleasure he had in the society of youth and in his responsibilities: he was in a way too sensitive for his own comfort of mind. Of the appeal of games he was well aware: of the cult of athleticism he was a bitter critic, and he could never be guilty of the "furor" of his predecessor, who from the touch-line could encourage his house with the war-cry "Kill that man—of course I don’t mean it!" Those who know how perishingly cold the playing fields can be will forgive him for watching a house-match, as far as decently possible, from the shelter of his car.

To his succession of cars he had passing attachments, Jowett and Riley, though indignant of any irregular noise in their mechanism: an amateur’s passion for knob-turning in wireless; even a short-lived devotion to hamsters; and, to me, a unique gift of summoning a weasel out of a hedge-row by a peculiar suction noise of lips on the back of his hand. But his really scientific hobby was photography in which he produced some remarkable and very beautiful results. This was a valuable aid to his aptitude for making friends with all sorts of people in the course of his travels: Yugoslav sailors, Austrian craftsmen, Arab urchins, even a Greek patriarch came under his camera, and to all and sundry he used to send prints. He was an admirable ambassador of good will, and from a communist sailor won the commendation of being a "good democrat". At home he was a proper Tory, though professing to prefer to vote Liberal—given a suitable candidate. Really he could cry a plague on all parties.

I never went abroad with him, and I leave that tale to others. But he did join in golfing holidays at Rock, with the enjoyment of those performers whose handicaps run well into double figures. On a Sunday, when golf was forbidden by the lady who owned the course, Nowell Smith drove us remorselessly across coast-line valley after valley, ever in search of the beauty beyond, until H.H.B. (and I) rebelled, sat down, and waited for the Master’s return. Here in Sherborne a quieter diversion was fishing. Clephan Palmer, who had a stretch of water on the Frome, would arrange to share a rod. At 9 a.m. H.H.B. would limp up to say he wasn’t feeling well enough, at 11 that he was better, and by the hour of liberation from school he would appear ready for the fray. C.P.’s lunch was of the bread and cheese order: H.H.B. brought a basket of nectar and ambrosia. So refreshed, they fished alternately as each trout was caught. H.H.B., impatient for his turn, watched almost breathing down C.P.’s neck: but when the rod fell to him, such was his nervous intentness, he could hardly endure the presence of another in the same field. Few would credit him with appearing on the stage in a Shakespeare play: but he did join in K. B. Tindall’s wonderful New Year productions at Winchester: and in Macbeth spoke in a deep sepulchral voice the lines assigned to the Bloody Child, a part which suited him as only his head appeared and he needed no paint to speak of and no costume.

His was a lovable character: and one readily smiled at his undisguised love of good food and good wine and at the pleasure of dining at an Oxford High Table (where he would have been an adornment at any time): at his care for creature comforts so easily afforded by his ample means (of which he was a generous dispenser): at his aristocratic addiction to snuff (only the best brand) when his conscience struck at his disgraceful excess of cigarettes: even at the tendency, in his eager accounts of his adventures, to reduce conversation to a monologue. Masters and boys of this place will remember H.H.B. (or "Bruin") with gratitude and affection, and deplore the accident which caused his death.

G. O’HANLON
The most fascinating example of free enterprise that has emerged from this country is Lloyd's of London. It is unique because every insurance risk placed at Lloyd's is covered by individuals who between them make up some 270 syndicates.

Each syndicate is made up of individual members of whom there are some 5,000, every one of which takes a proportion of risks underwritten. In fact, the liability of a member or "name," as he is known, is unlimited and he is responsible even to the extent of his private possessions.

It all started in 1688 when a certain Edward Lloyd owned a coffee house in Tower Street. Being close to the Port of London, seafarers, merchants and bankers frequented this house for their elevenses, and the question of damage and loss of cargoes through some marine hazard or other must have been the subject of many conversations, and before long some of these merchants, as a side line, were offering to guarantee any losses sustained, for an agreed fee. Mr. Lloyd made these transactions simple to negotiate, supplying his clients with pens, ink and paper, shipping information and even a news sheet known as Lloyd's News. He was very surprising but he could not have visualized the fantastic new industry he was creating, carrying his name into the dim and distant future.

It is now a vast organisation, handling premiums of £340,000,000 each year, over 50% of which comes from overseas. The new Lloyd's building is 340' by 120' surrounded by a gallery. It is occupied by up to 4,000 Underwriters brokers and their staff at any one time, but in spite of all this, there is still some similarity to its humble origin. Mr. Lloyd owned premises in which he gave facilities for Insurance Underwriting to be carried on, and provided services to assist without himself accepting Insurance. Today the Corporation of Lloyd's does the same.

Although originally the only Insurance underwritten was marine, in these days any risk, other than Financial guarantee of any kind, will be considered by Underwriters. There are marine, non-marine, motor and aviation syndicates and even Life Assurance is underwritten, but only on a short term basis. Each syndicate is run by a Lloyd's Underwriting Agency which employs an Underwriter who is more often than not a member of the syndicate himself. Each Underwriter has his own "box" in Lloyd's and he and his staff are seated on settles which are very similar to those which were to be found in the original coffee house. Established Lloyd's brokers have access to the "room", and they place what are called "slips" on which are written the general information of the Insurance required, before the Underwriters.

Where a high-valued risk is to be insured, the broker will first of all go to a leading Underwriter whom he thinks will be the right market for the particular type of business in hand, and once he has satisfied the Underwriter, and agreed on a premium, he approaches other Underwriters who no doubt will follow the lead already obtained. Some slips consist of several pages, ending up with perhaps a large number of extremely small lines from Underwriters representing smaller syndicates. Lloyd's Brokers are not however limited to the Lloyd's market in placing their business, and large schedules are frequently started with some leading Insurance Company and finished off at Lloyd's. One of the reasons for this is the ruling which Underwriters are obliged to keep to, as laid down by the Corporation of Lloyd's, limiting the amount of premium that may be taken on behalf of any one individual member of a syndicate, in any one year. Generally speaking, a reasonably valued risk can be absorbed at Lloyd's, and where it is a good risk, Lloyd's will probably underwrite it at a cheaper rate of premium than the Companies would be able to offer.

Many Lloyd's Brokers also have Life departments, but in this sphere, except for temporary Life risks not exceeding a term of 5 years, Lloyd's is not authorised to offer Life Assurance cover, and all such business is operated through the Life Companies.

In these days where there is a tendency in some quarters to nationalise all and sundry, you may wonder whether Lloyd's may one day be operated by bureaucrats from Whitehall, but some comfort may be gained from the fact that the Socialists, when they were in power, considered the possibility from all angles of nationalising Lloyd's, but eventually had to admit
defeat. The whole success of Lloyd's has depended and must always depend upon the integrity it has built up over the centuries, with individuals at the helm, and not connected in any way with any Government.

For a young man therefore Lloyd's opens up the possibility of an interesting and prosperous career. Whether he chooses to be on the Underwriting or the Broking side is a matter of temperament, but if the idea of Lloyd's appeals to him in principle he should find little difficulty in joining a firm of Lloyd's Brokers. He will be given the opportunity of obtaining experience in various departments, eventually going into the room to broke either on the Marine or non-Marine side, depending on his preference, or as a deputy in an Underwriting box.

H. L. Devitt
(b 1925–28)

H. S. MACKINTOSH

H. S. Mackintosh is an old Shirburnian of Alec Waugh vintage and has had both a political and literary career. After fighting at an early age in the Great War, he was Director of the London Mercury from 1928 until 1932. During the second war he was Director of Overseas Press Services, and afterwards a member of the Dollar Export Board under the Labour Government. His polished and amazing verse has found its way into over twenty six anthologies. The first ballad printed below is from his next book, as yet unpublished, and the second piece is from one of the collected editions of his work.

BALLAD OF STATUS

Prestige and title, hierarchy, position
Inspire the racing of the human rat,
The Higher-Stratum-Larger-Staff ambition
Corrodes the mind of every bureaucrat;
For bishop, business-man and diplomat
(Even the damsel who essayed to date us—
Was she the Lily Maid of Astolat?)
The only thing that really counts is status.

Flash-point of envy, jealousy’s ignition,
Steam-hammer crushing fly, whale catching sprat:
This curse of psychopathic competition,
Can turn a curate to a tiger-cat.
Observe the storied tiers of Angkor Wat—
The upper figures with divine afflatus
And, at the base, the proletariat—
The only thing that really counts is status.

Where is the Eminence Grise?—the nameless mission?
Has back-room satisfaction fallen flat?
Knighthood rewards the priest of nuclear fission
And baronetcy waits the Opening Bat.
Stand on your head and slowly eat your hat
To fox the electronic apparatus
Which now computes your grade, remembering that
The only thing that really counts is status.

Envoy

Prince, you are fatuous and very fat,
Except for rank you’re just one big hiatus,
But never mind, you won’t be sniggered at:
The only thing that really counts is status.

H. S. Mackintosh.
THE BUSY MAN'S ANCIENT MARINER
(with apologies to the shade of Coleridge)

"It is the Ancient Mariner, he stoppeth one of three" . . .
A devastating "Raconteur" and Travel-Bore was he;
His victim was a Wedding-Guest who listened while he told
A story that went on for hours, and never did unfold.
The A.M.'s tale described a trip around Cape Horn and back:
He worked aboard a sailing ship (I think he got the sack);
With nothing but a crossbow-shaft he killed an albatross,
His shipmates did not praise this feat, but were extremely cross;
They hung the bird around his neck (which must have been unpleasant,
For when albatross gets "high" it's not like grouse or pheasant).
The Ancient M. went off his head, had sunstroke or D.T.'s
A guilt-complex afflicted him which nothing could appease,
He saw the sun and moon behave most oddly in the sky,
He thought he saw the ship break up and all his shipmates die;
Thirst, heat and cold, dead men and ghosts beset the luckless ship
And every kind of contretemps combined to spoil the trip.
How he got home he can't recall (on foot? by boat? by carriage?)
The Wedding Guest who heard all this was stunned and missed the marriage.

Moral
Don't let yourself be buttonholed when you have got a date;
Don't travel in a sailing ship (they're nearly always late);
Avoid Old Salts, especially those who have a glittering eye;
Above all don't shoot albatross (or is it albatri?)

P.S.
(The "Ancient M." is far too good for usages so vile
And if you read the whole damn thing, you'll find it well worth while.)

H. S. MACKINTOSH.

[We are indebted to Rupert Hart-Davies Ltd. for permission to reprint the above—Ed.]

REFLECTIONS

In mid-January, five years ago, I came to Sherborne. This was not my first visit to the School, as I live not far away, and for the previous five years I had been at Prep School in the town. My first impression, as a new boy in Elmdene, was of a large Prep-school sixth-form, with omnipotent overlords. The Prefects were almost gods to us. Under such divine guidance, we quickly learnt the routine and it carried us on, with breaks for holidays, as we started fagging, then became head-fags, then Junior studies, then Senior studies, Hall-keepers and finally Prefects. My term were an average lot, and left after the traditional five years.

Now, in my last term, I think back and wonder what I will miss when I leave. What would I like to see changed in the School? Most of all, I believe I shall miss the great sense of security that I have always had. The School, with its paternal eye, has always been there, providing me with regular meals, a bed, a roof over my head, and leaving only worries about learning. I don't really know how well I have been prepared for the outside world; time will tell me. The future holds great uncertainties for me; doubtless, in due course, the monotony of a working-life will replace that of a school life. In addition to the great loss of security, which is what I fear most, I shall also miss the responsibility I have acquired to the House, and to the School.
Apart from the two main losses, there are many less important ones, some of which are perhaps gains as well. There will be no petty restrictions on smoking and drinking, no uniformity of clothing. I will be able to wear what I like, when I like, when I can afford it. There will be no more long, carefree, all-expenses-paid holidays; only short economical ones, out of my own pocket. If I want a game of Rugger or a swim, then these will be much more difficult to get. There will be very little chance of debates or serious discussions, as were afforded by the school life. No longer will there be the mental conflict caused by a monastic term-life. Finally, whereas at school the punishments for breaking the rules was comparatively light, in the world outside they are strict and much more serious.

Of the changes that I would like to see in the life here, the first is fraternisation. The authorities both here and at the Girls' School cannot in all truth be called even Victorian in their outlook, for the Victorians had fixed ideas about boy-girl relationships, but these authorities say one rule for the term-time and another for the Holidays. "You must keep you girl-friends for the holidays, and not go and see them, or write to them, in the term-time", seems to be the attitude. I can see no reason for this, for if we behave "properly" in the holidays, as the authorities admit, then why do they think that we would behave "improperly" in the term-time. It is illogical to me. Admittedly, it might seem difficult to know how to start now, but what could be simpler than a combined dramatic society for a start, and then common debating societies, leading to dances at regular intervals, either in the gym or in the Ballroom of the Digby? If co-education is a radical long-term policy, then surely this is the sensible short-term policy.

H.C.C.G.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL 20TH CENTURY FUND

In response to a recent letter from the Secretary some three hundred more old boys have responded to the Appeal and a further £6,000 has been added to the Fund. Letters are still coming in and the total is now £143,000.

The secretary would be delighted to receive a donation from any old boy who has not yet subscribed.

December, 1963.

M. E. K. Westlake.

VILLANELLE

Two children on a swing
Careless abandon to
The tide of youth.

Frenetically the morning crowds
Stir and twist and pour
From caves of darkness, caverns of sweet sleep.

Dreaming a gnarled and shrunken man
Coiled away in a knot of dreams
Ebb from the pebbled shores of nothingness

Then awakens, stirs, to the swell and pulse:
Drawn to the savage ambience of life in death—
Groans in the griddle of eternity.

Two children rocking, chattering
Rearing above the fresco of green hills
Careless abandon to the tides of dream.
REFLECTIONS ON A BOMB-SITE

And in that day the fields shall be reclaimed
and all the futile centuries swept back
to find their sepulture within these woods.

We shall not see how frond and gorse return
to cloak the shattered stump and broken stone
nor ivy’s squadrons raiding bruised towers.

No more shall the destructive legions thrive
hewing sweet flesh of earth with ravening hands,
rewarding plenty with destructive dust.

Night with its benison descending,
to seal all life in its protective gloom,
casts out the legend of the conqueror
who, Cadmus-like, called up the clashing spears.

HUNGARY 1956

In the houses damp flesh awakes
to the miasma of day; men in harness
stir and turn reluctant to be loosed
of the clutch of sleep.

Outside the crucifix
frowns down on the shuffling crowd;
an agony shuffled away
by the shambling crowds.

Only the perpetual numbness
seems real; there is no response
to calvary.

They do not pass by on the other side—they pass by . . .
but do not see.

Beyond the terrain of suffering
we have come to the sea;
to the glassy sea of unknowing—
turbulent horror, beneath,
but we do not know it;

we gaze at the sea and we know it not.

There, one can find,
(as the voice at the elbow says)
torture, suffering, fear,
hatred and the foul breath
of condemnation, of man
as Judas selling his brother . . .

we gaze at the sea but we know it not.
NIGHT-PIECE 1943

He is the child of stillness who can pluck
the wisdom of the darkening wove and note
the heaving, sunken figures in the bus
cloaked in their flowing, petrid symmetry.

Leaving the razzly-dazzle of the drums,
the obscene retching of the lewd and drunk
yet, against these, plucks out the ancient rhythm
out of the bosom of the mazing stars—
that tranquil dies upon its plaintive key.

E.T.(1919—).

THE SHERBORNE PILGRIMS

The Cricket season was not as successful as it ought to have been, there being only two wins to offset five losses and five draws. The highlight was undoubtedly the win against the might of Hampstead, which was apparently followed later that evening by an impressive version of The Carmen for the benefit of the members of the Hampstead Club. Otherwise, there was too much bad fielding, unreliable batting, and bowling that lacked penetration, and we look forward to better things in 1964. The tour, as always, was great fun and G. R. J. Eeglington, F. M. Anderton and R. M. Nichols (batting) and D. K. Geddes, C. W. Yeldham and F. M. Anderton (bowling) headed the averages. Some 34 members took part.

Twenty members played Lawn Tennis for the Club which won four of the six matches played. For the first time there were fixtures against the Law Society, the Old Carthusians and the R M.A. Sandhurst. In the D’Abernon Cup we beat the Old Etonians, but were then knocked out by the Old Whigftians.

During the year the O.S. Golfing Society held three well-attended meetings, played eight first-team matches, and six matches for Handicaps of ten or over, and entered teams for the Halford Hewitt Cup and other Competitions. The results were unspectacular, but the fixtures and meetings were again a source of great enjoyment to all who took part.

We go to press before any real news of the Rugger, Hockey and Squash has come through. On the 19th December the Squash team start their defence of the Londonderry Cup with a second round match against Tonbridge, whom we just beat in the semi-final last year; a tough proposition. In addition to the usual three XV’s to play the School, Rugger fixtures have been arranged with the Old Canfordians, Esher Public School, Radley Swallows and the Old Cranleighans. The usual two Hockey XI’s will take the field against the School in March.

ALL Old Shirburnians, regardless of their games prowess at School may apply to play in any of these meetings and matches and so qualify for membership. This is the normal method of entry to the Club, but a few boys with an outstanding games record at School are elected on leaving without being required to play “qualifiers”. T. W. Marshall has recently been so elected. Anybody who is interested should contact the Hon. Secretary, M. R. G. Earls-Davis, Esq., c/o The School.

M.E.-D.
The Engineering Division of the BBC offers training for careers for the expansion of existing services and for new developments.

To: SCIENCE SIXTH FORM BOYS

Sandwich courses for the Higher National Diploma in Electrical Engineering. Six months at a technical college and six months in various Engineering Departments in each of three years. Academic requirements: a good "O" level G.C.E., including English language and "A" level mathematics and physics.

Training courses for Technical Assistants to qualify internally for grade of BBC Engineer. A planned 3-year course, including training "on the job" at either studios or transmitting stations, three courses totalling 30 weeks at the fully residential Engineering Training School, near Evesham, Worcestershire, and a correspondence course during "on the job" training, leading to City and Guilds Telecommunication Technicians Certificates. Similar academic requirements, but one only of the "A" level subjects will be accepted.

To: OTHER SIXTH FORM BOYS

Training for Technical Operators at sound or television studios. "On the job" training is given in camera work, sound control, tape editing, recording, vision control and operation of control and switching equipment. In addition, Technical Operators attend a 14-week course at Evesham during the first year, and an advanced course later for promotion to more senior operational grades. Academic requirements: a good "O" level G.C.E., including English Language and two "A" level subjects.

Boys who have a keen interest in sound and television broadcasting and related subjects should apply immediately prior to or during the Easter holidays for consideration before taking their "A" level examinations.

Requests for further particulars and application forms should be sent to the Engineering Recruitment Officer, Broadcasting House, Portland Place, London, W.1.
The go-ahead
LIFE
that is ROYAL NAVY

you find it as a
NAVAL OFFICER

You can enter for a permanent commission in any one of the many branches of the Royal Navy. These include: Seaman, Fleet Air Arm, Engineering, Supply and Secretariat, and Royal Marines. Short service commissions are also available. For full particulars, write to: Captain G. C. Mitchell, R.N., Officer Entry Section, FSM/19, Admiralty, London, SW1
SCIENTIST? MATHEMATICIAN?

Henlow training leads to high appointments and high rewards

Henlow is the Royal Air Force Technical College. Here you train for a permanent commission in the Technical Branch which is concerned with many of the most important technological advances in British aviation. Your 4½-year course embraces all aspects of aeronautical engineering: electronics, radar, computers, guided weapons, aircraft engines; and you read for the Dip. Tech., which is equivalent to an honours degree. During your course you also spend periods in industry and with R.A.F. units to give you the widest possible experience in both theory and practice.

'A' Level G.C.E.
To enter Henlow you must be between 17½ and 19½ and have 'A' level G.C.E. in pure and applied mathematics and physics, and 'O' level in English language, chemistry and at least two other acceptable subjects. If you have obtained a place at University you may be eligible for an R.A.F. University Cadetship which carries with it the rank and pay of an acting Pilot Officer together with certain allowances, whilst you are an undergraduate.

Cranwell
Cranwell is the R.A.F. College which trains you for a flying and executive career. Cranwell-trained officers later fill many of the most senior executive posts in the Service. To enter Cranwell you must have G.C.E. in English language, mathematics, science or a language and two other subjects. Two subjects must be at 'A' level.

R.A.F. Scholarships
If you are over 15 years and 8 months you may apply for a scholarship worth up to £260 a year. This will enable you to stay at your own school to take the 'A' levels necessary for your entry to Henlow or Cranwell where a place will be reserved for you. If you would like to know more about the life the R.A.F. can offer you, write, giving your date of birth, details of education and mentioning which subject most interests you (Henlow cadetships, Cranwell, University cadetships, or R.A.F. scholarships) to:— Air Ministry M.10 (SCH), Adastral House, London, W.C.1, or ask your Careers Master to arrange an informal meeting with your Schools Liaison Officer.
WE ARE LOOKING FOR TOMORROW'S BANK MANAGERS

If your ambition is to become a Bank Manager, join the National Provincial Bank now. Substantial Merit Increases are available at an early age and before you are thirty you could hold an administrative position with a salary bracket of £1,095/1,500 per annum. These positions lead to Branch Management, where salaries range from £1,730 to £4,500 per annum and over. Beyond this are the top executive positions, which are occupied by those who joined the organisation at the same level as you will.

At the moment we have vacancies for entrants aged 16-25, both in London and in the Country. In London an additional allowance is paid. Candidates should have "O" level G.C.E. in at least four subjects, including English Language and Mathematics. Preference will be given to those with "A" level subjects. Successful applicants in this category or with a University Degree start at a higher position in the salary scale. There is a non-contributory Pension Scheme and there are also other valuable benefits.

For full details please apply to The Staff Controller, National Provincial Bank Ltd., P.O. Box 34, 15 Bishopsgate, London E.C.2.
If you aim to start out on a career (not just to take a job); if you like meeting people (all sorts of people); if you are interested in what goes on around you (and in the larger world outside) then there is much that will satisfy you in our service.

For we provide an amazing variety of banking facilities through an organization of over 2,400 branches—large and small—in the cities, towns and villages of England and Wales and the Channel Islands. We have, too, offices at the leading airports, at the Ocean Terminal, Southampton and in several of the Cunard liners. The Midland is everywhere—in everything. You will find no lack of variety if you join us.

**SALARIES ARE GOOD**
The basic salary scale compares favourably with any in similar fields. Examples are:

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<tr>
<th>Age</th>
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<th>Central London</th>
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But do remember that these are only the basic figures. Every young man of promise is given practical help and encouragement and those, for example, who move into a Special Grade will receive at least £160 above the figure quoted.

**PROSPECTS ARE EXCELLENT**
Promotion is based solely on merit (and, moreover, on merit regularly, impartially and widely assessed). Training is provided at every stage to prepare all who respond to it for early responsibility and the Bank’s special scheme for Study Leave will be available to assist you in your studies for the Institute of Bankers Examinations. Young men can confidently train to enter branch management (many will reach it while still in their thirties). Salaries in this field range from a minimum of £1,730 to £4,500 a year—and more—according to the level of responsibility attained. The highest positions in the bank are open to all and at the top are rewards that would satisfy even the most ambitious.

**PENSIONS ARE FREE**
A non-contributory Pension Scheme brings a pension equal to two-thirds of final salary after full service.

**YOU SHOULD HAVE**
a good school record (G.C.E. passes at ‘A’ level entitle you to one year’s seniority on the salary scale, and earn exemptions in certain subjects of the Institute of Bankers Examinations). Sound health, absolute integrity and the will to succeed are also essential.

**WE SHALL HAVE**
pleasure in arranging for you to have an interview with a District Staff Superintendent at one of a number of convenient centres in London and the Provinces, but please write first to:

**THE STAFF MANAGER**

**MIDLAND BANK LIMITED**

HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2.
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