



SHIRBURNIAN

67<sup>3</sup>

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# EDITORIAL

The strength of the Sherborne School system is that it is fundamentally based on the house unit. It has been pointed out many times, and few would deny it, that the school does not exist as an independent factor, with an ethos of its own, but only as an academic and financial unit, with the possibility of the many activities that can be organised on the larger scale.

But there seems to be one meaningful activity which this precludes: a real dialogue of ideas.

This is on two levels: the first, that of dialogue between 'authorities' and 'school'; the second, dialogue between houses and departments on a more cultural level. The link between the two is gain in maturity.

Since there is no distinct school ethos, the reasons for official decisions cannot be judged, and thus the amount of magazine space and breath expended on asking: 'Why?'. The sooner boys can be brought to realise how the school really functions, the sooner they can learn to make the best use of it. The problem is that the 'authorities' must not appear to be answerable to the boys, nor are the school magazines or the *Wildman* fully adequate media. But *no* dialogue tends to retard.

The trouble at the second level is that the small number of available people with whom to exchange ideas leads to staleness after a time;

and in the house it produces too unreasoned an acceptance of its traditional attitudes, while in the department, too narrow a viewpoint. The gain in maturity from discussion in depth with people in other houses and, above all, other academic traditions is obvious.

Discussion in depth, though, requires basic groups of two or three, and to allow this cuts into the house divisions. For either free sixth-form access to other houses or an Upper Sixth clubroom would break down the housemaster's influence over his senior boys and his control over his house as a whole.

At present, the societies try to provide this cultural exchange, but although they are extremely valuable, they are supervised and mostly specialised, while the *Wildman* allows for no real dialogue because of its formal nature, frivolity, and the adoption of public poses.

The need is for some way in which unsupervised, or semi-supervised, discussion can take place between people of different houses and faculties, involving masters at times on all topics. But even 'Chatters'—an exclusive society formed to discuss all sorts of ideas—quickly collapsed.

Solution is difficult, but surely some hard thought ought to be given to it by both staff and boys.

# NOTEBOOK

## Congratulations

To C. W. D. Gibson, who managed to catch in his Coombe Valley moth trap a male Tunbridge Wells Gem (*Plusia Acuta*), only the fourth known to have been caught in Britain.

To R. A. D. Pugh, one of last term's successful fly-casting team, who won the Individual Rod in the West of Scotland fly-casting championships.

To B. G. C. Holding-Parsons and M. H. Gidney, who would have played for a South-Western Schoolboys' XV against R.A.W.S. and six other internationals backed by county players; but it was—perhaps luckily!—snowed off.

To P. L. Mattholie, who was originally picked for this but had to withdraw through injury.

## In a different vein, congratulations

To Chief, who, to the cheers of the school, succeeded in catching a kick into the Upper Pavilion at a 1st XV match.

To the Head of School, who was kissed on both cheeks by a French actress before the assembled representatives of all the local schools and many of the town.

To the boy who said that Shakespeare's mode was the 'four letter word'.

We welcome four new masters

Mr. Godbert, who has been an Education Officer in the R.A.F. and a schoolmaster in New Zealand. He is also the co-author of a book on biology.

Mr. Holder, who was five years in the Royal Marines, has worked in investment trusts and unit trusts, and taught both at prep. and public school level.

Mr. Smart, chess expert as well as mathematician, who makes his début at Sherborne.

Mr. Verey, who has taught both in Spain and London. He also worked for six months in Israel on a *kibbutz* or collective farm.

\* \* \* \* \*

Welcome too to four new Wilsons who with the five already in residence make nine here altogether—an all-time school record for any name.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were glad to see that T. V. Heald, O.S., though he left only five years ago, felt it necessary to come back in order to write an article for the *Daily Express* about the school, disregarding the old saying that 'Nothing ever changes in this dump!'

Another O.S., A. C. Charter (b. 1961<sup>3</sup>–1966<sup>2</sup>), has also been writing for a national newspaper. He had an article published in the *Evening Standard* of October 26th on his year of V.S.O. which compares usefully with that in this issue by N. H. E. Stamp.

\* \* \* \* \*

There have been brothers together in the XV before now—but not all that often. In 1870 there were *two* pairs, one surviving to play also in 1871. Other pairs occur in 1874 and 1902 (a grandson now in the school) and lastly in 1933. B. G. C. and A. H. G. Holding-Parsons have therefore in 1967 broken the longest 'blank' run—thirty-four years—which is on record.

\* \* \* \* \*

Classroom No. 18, given its valediction in our last number, has kept its best till the end, we are told. In due course an account will be given of the remarkable and unexpected discoveries made in stripping the room.

The school showed its first 'X' film on October 21st—*The Lord of the Flies*. This was not popular with those not qualified to attend.

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The school has been given three lasers, with power supply.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Corps now wears the Wyvern badge of the Wessex Brigade (very similar to the Sherborne Wyvern first suggested by the grandfather of a boy now here). But there will be a reminder of the old Marabout badge of the Dorsets in the stone crest to be re-erected by the Armoury.

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We are very glad to hear of the progress of the reformed Band under the guidance of P.J.S., a preview of which was provided by the Concert Band at the School Concert. We look forward to seeing it in the field.

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It is hoped that, after its temporary difficulties, the *Sherborne Journal* will reappear next term.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frat. In the last few days of term Sherborne has produced a joint concert, a joint play and more than one joint party. The obvious gap in the social gamut—a dance—was filled by an invitation from Wincanton. Quite a week, as one might say.

\* \* \* \* \*

A census was held this term amongst 4th and 5th formers as to whom they thought was the best-dressed master. The leading results are given below:

1.	J. L. Millar	27
2.	A. E. Rouse	23
3.	R. W. Powell	19
4.	C. A. J. Knott	17
5.	C. D. S. W. Verey	13

It is significant that only six members of the staff failed to get a single vote (they shall be nameless), although a very high proportion of the staff received less than five votes. It should be pointed out that J.P.R. secured three of his votes on the understanding that he was to be wearing battle-dress, with 'swagger-stick' and hip-flask.

The winner was perhaps predictable enough. One cannot help feeling that A.E.R.'s high placing was largely due to his massive collection of eye-catching, colour-of-the-rainbow ties. The prominence of the Headmaster in the poll suggests that there is still a fair mass of conservatives in the middle school, while in the case of C.A.J.K. it should be remembered that an O.S. is always well dressed whatever the occasion. C.D.S.W.V. was the only new master to make his mark.

However, should any master feel he has been passed by unnoticed, he now has a guide to improving his image!

#### OBITUARY

H. J. Stockley (g. 1935–40) has died, aged forty-six. He will be greatly missed at Sherborne House, Bermondsey, where for many years he had been a pillar of the administration.

## RETIREMENTS

### E. A. GIBBS (1920–67)

It was as a very young man that Mr. Gibbs came as secretary to Nowell Smith in 1920. There must presumably have been a period when E.A.G. was learning his way about the school, but by the time the writer arrived a decade later he was an institution—already on his second headmaster (by the end he was to have seen four reigns) and a prodigious repository of knowledge of tradition and procedure. Inevitably, it was constantly—‘Ask Gibbs, he’ll know’, a flattering position for the holder if a wearing one at times—not that he ever allowed any sign of this to appear. There must be dozens in the community who have referred their many queries and problems to him, always to receive a courteous and helpful answer, or a prompt note in that beautiful copperplate hand with never an erasure—or error of fact or figure.

Soon after his return from the army E.A.G. became Assistant Bursar, an important though less conspicuous job requiring meticulous care of the school’s many complicated files and accounts; these could range from pocket money to bills involving many thousands, and from lists of C.E. results to the careers of innumerable O.S.s (the preface to the 1965 Register pays graceful tribute to his help in the latter sphere). Whatever it was, it all came alike to his capable and versatile grasp.

The Bursar’s staff do not have long holidays and with his health latterly not so robust as it was, Mr. Gibbs will perhaps enjoy a rest from the countless hours he has devoted to the school’s welfare over more than forty-seven years. We wish him a long and happy retirement with his wife in their home in the King’s Road.

### H.R.M. 1958–1967

The Sevens 1953—the never-to-be-forgotten year when we won—Round Two, Sherborne v. Kingswood, a fantastic contest played in a blinding cloudburst. Such was H.R.M.’s introduction to Sherborne, perhaps not known to many now. Who, too, in recent years has spotted his distinctive poems that have appeared quite often in the literary weeklies?

The rest is familiar enough. English and the Duffers, the XV—not to mention the less alluring occupation of running the Pound. He has done much in many ways. And now, as he goes to be Head of the English Department at Cranbrook, we bid farewell to him and Mrs. Moore (the Duke of Edinburgh people will miss her too). The best of good fortune to them both in Kent.

# FAR . . . .

## V.S.O.

A form filled in, an interview, a five-day briefing course, and I found myself as one of eight 'V.S.O.s' on a group of South Pacific islands.

The Condominium of the New Hebrides is 'jointly' run by the British and the French. 'V.S.O.s' out here all work for the British Government, as opposed to the French or Condominium Governments, all three of which try to run the place. It is said to be the most inefficient form of Colonial Administration in the world. Certainly, the New Hebrides are the most backward group of islands in the South Pacific.

V.S.O. jobs here range from teaching to making furniture. I work for a British District Agent who, in conjunction with a French District Agent, is responsible for about 15,000 people and a dozen islands. The job covers a large range of activities, and among other things I have helped supervise building a house, audited several local council accounts, instructed Council Secretaries and Councillors, inspected schools, and given conducted tours of Vila (the capital) to Gilbertese and Aborigines.

My boss's enthusiasm for touring the district has waned over the last twenty years, so he usually prefers to send me out with his New Hebridean assistant to see that things are running smoothly—which they never are.

The New Hebrideans are naturally lazy and have an aversion to being civilised. They are usually friendly and hospitable, but the days of cannibalism and head-shrinking were not long ago (incidentally, I am told on very good authority that white flesh is not as tasty as black). They can be very unfriendly and even violent. Some of the hill tribes still wear the traditional dress—a 'nambas'—which must be the most indecent garment ever invented. They live their lives as they always have done almost completely undisturbed by missionaries, 'V.S.O.s' and adultery laws.

One soon learns that an excess of enthusiasm for a certain piece of civilisation can produce an icy glare from the natives (sorry! I am supposed to call them New Hebrideans). For nine years

local councils have been set up in the more advanced areas. Local interest in them is virtually non-existent. At the last council meeting I attended two of the councillors slept solidly. Nobody even attempted to wake them. Education is so poor that the concept of local government cannot be properly grasped by the majority of the population. The whole business is an amusing farce.

Anyway, I am enjoying the sun, the village feasts, the swimming, and the spear-fishing in the coral lagoons. The Government thinks I am usefully employed, and perhaps by the end of the year a little progress will have been made. At least, I should have some good New Hebridean friends.

N. H. E. STAMP (m. 62<sup>3</sup>-67<sup>2</sup>)

## TWO ABORTIVE VISITS TO ISRAEL

In March this year I travelled out to Israel with twenty-three other school leavers under the auspices of an Anglo-Israeli organisation called the Bridge. We were meant to spend six months in Israel working on a *kibbutz* and in social placements in Jerusalem.

The sea journey to Israel is really enjoyable and something of a miniature Mediterranean cruise, although the quality of the food improved after we landed and was really excellent; its quantity however would have deterred even the largest bellied gourmand.

The excitement of our arrival at Haifa was dampened somewhat by the length of the customs check. On our drive from Haifa to Kfar Hanassi in a vast *kibbutz* lorry the rocky biblical landscape spread out before us, and the first glimpses of Israel revealed small villages, tin shacks, and here and there impressive new towns which represent the fruits of Israel's pioneering spirit.

The *kibbutz* itself is dominated by the comparatively new main building, which houses offices, kitchens, dining-room and communal meeting-place. After a Mediterranean cruise, the spartan *kibbutz* huts set aside for working visitors were a shock, and for most of the first day we wandered about in green *kibbutz* hats, bemoaning

our plight. And, although Ktar Hanassi is mainly an Anglo-Saxon *kibbutz*, it was so completely alien to anything I had experienced before that it took time for me to appreciate it.

For most people on a *kibbutz* the life must have involved great sacrifices. That of personal independence is probably the greatest. The problems of housing, finance and clothes do not concern the individual except as a member of the community. Major decisions are taken at weekly meetings, when any member of the *kibbutz* is free to voice his opinions. As in other communities there are a great many tensions. These are aggravated by ideological problems such as those concerning hired labour, members having cars, and whether children should live away from their parents.

On a *kibbutz*, where the majority of the members are highly intelligent, suitable jobs cannot be found for everyone. Therefore, it is general policy that those in administrative positions give two or three weeks every year to menial or domestic work.

Once the indifference, and in some cases the hostility, towards us had been overcome, the members were extremely friendly and kind. Luckily, during the war, Ktar Hanassi was not too badly damaged, but in view of the fact that it was under Syrian gunsights since the *kibbutz* was founded, men, women and children kept remarkably calm.

Unfortunately, my stay on the *kibbutz* was cut short by a ten-day visit to one of Israel's worst hospitals. The staff and equipment were excellent, but the atmosphere somehow was one of near farce. By day workmen hammered, and patients and doctors shouted at each other, and at night the staff bellowed.

The food in the hospital was adequate, but I found I had little appetite. This caused my next-door neighbour (a rotund, bow-legged, balding Moroccan Jew) a great deal of concern, and he made it his duty to inform all and sundry that I didn't eat, which became slightly tedious. Before I left the hospital it was decided that I should have an X-ray. It sounds simple enough. I was placed in the hands of a gentleman in a blue pyjama jacket, pink trousers and cloth cap. We wandered about the town; he kept on assuring me that he knew the way. And, eventually, we arrived at a building, where an astonished official thought I had walked all the way from the *kibbutz* in my pyjamas.

I was forced by this illness to return early to England. But, even after such a short time in Israel, I came back full of praise for this new country. Having recovered, I returned to Israel just in time for the beginning of the war. I was in Jerusalem when the armies were being called up, and the emotional effect was terrifying. Buses ran less frequently, and the streets emptied of young men.

At the same time the confidence of some Israelis was staggering. For one shopkeeper it was not a question of who would win, but when the Israelis would win. The press talked about panic, but the only kind of panic I saw or heard was at Lydda Airport with tourists attempting to flee. The Israelis showed calmness and courage in the face of fanatical threats.

Leaving a country when the people are about to face a battle for survival seems like deserting a friend when he needs you most—but no doubt, if I had been in an Arab country at the same time I would have felt much the same way.

J. H. HEALD (g.62<sup>1</sup>-66<sup>2</sup>)

#### THE BRITISH SCHOOLS EXPLORING SOCIETY EXPEDITION TO ARCTIC NORWAY 1967

Last summer holidays I spent five weeks camping near Lake Balvatn in Arctic Norway with the British Schools Exploring Society. There were seventy-eight of us, but we split up into six 'fires' when we got there.

Unfortunately, the very first evening it was raining, and the mosquitoes were rampant, but we soon got used to these—it rained every day except one for the first fortnight!

We camped right away from civilisation in army three-man tents. We took turns to cook over wood fires, which we used unless the weather was really bad, when we resorted to gas. After four day reconnaissance marches, we spent two weeks doing scientific work. The biology fire which I was in studied the ecology of the area, and I made a collection of lichens. A film was made of the expedition, and the other fires did survey, geology and ice-work up on the ice-cap. During this time we saw many herds of reindeer, an Arctic fox, four golden eagles and also many lemmings. Those with rods went fishing in the lakes and were quite successful.

Occasionally, we would see Lapp huts, and after a search we found a few which were occupied. The Lapps are a remarkable people, mostly very poor, and depending upon reindeer for their livelihood. The ones we saw were living in wooden huts, but often, and especially during winter, they live in special earth ones. These have a birchwood frame, with a birchbark lining, and this is covered with baked earth. Turf is laid on top, so that from a distance the huts look like grassy mounds. Many of us brought reindeer skins which made lying on the ground far more comfortable! On the last night we barbecued a reindeer—delicious!

During the second half of the expedition we went out on long marches—mine was for ten days. We carried all our food with us—about fifty pounds—which was quite a slog, as although we only covered about fifteen map miles a day, the country we were walking over was really bad at times. There was one part which was just miles of boulders—the terminal moraine of a glacier. It was bitterly cold crossing rivers as they were often snowmelt from the ice-cap.

The scenery was superb—tremendous views of the wild mountains, gorgeous ruddy sunsets; and there was usually a strong wind, and the sound of a waterfall in the distance.

Although it was quite arduous at times, it was an experience I enjoyed immensely. The expedition next year is going to Spitzbergen, and I strongly advise anyone who is interested to try and get on it.

R. W. Fox

#### HOW TO PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

The car groaned to a halt just over the bridge. Five dishevelled persons emerged from beneath a pile of tins, bottles, string, newspapers and maps to survey the scene. A camp site was decided upon and two of us went off to find the farmer. We met him with his cows, and, although his reply was unintelligible, we took it to mean 'Yes'; thus while three put up the tent, the other two drove off to find the nearest village to fill up our 'water' bottles—with GUINNESS.

The first day's canoeing was disastrous. The morning canoers were all right, the river being so low that they walked most of the way down it! It was in the afternoon that the entertainment started. To begin with it rained—incidentally, the first rain for over a month. Then, needless to say,

the double canoe capsized as a result of evasive action taken against a live electric cable stretched across the river. I found it quite amusing watching them, but my mirth was unfortunately not shared by all. An hour later, now completely drenched, we were paddling peacefully down the quietest stretch of the river when suddenly there was a noise of rending canvas. I glanced round to see the other two scrambling out of their canoe which was rapidly sinking in eighteen inches of water. A rock had torn a nine-inch gash in the bottom.

The result of the first rain for over a month, mentioned before, was that for the next two days canoeing became undesirable, if not dangerous, and so we took some time off at Mallow races where a considerable amount of money was lost.

The great thing about Ireland is that time does not matter. We woke up usually at about 11 a.m., had breakfast and started canoeing at about 1 p.m. About 4 p.m. we would meet up with the other two who had dismantled the tents and, we hoped, bought lunch. Two of us would then drive off and put up the tents further downstream and wait for the canoes to arrive. We always tried to have supper more or less cooked by the time it was dark.

Every man and woman seems to have a certain indefinable Irish charm. They are very friendly and almost always will go out of their way to help you. One morning I saw, on the bank of the river, a solitary native fishing—obviously a poacher, for the river was full of trout and salmon. He said 'Good morning', and I drew into the bank. After being given a detailed description of Southampton as it was before the war—he will get a shock if he goes back now—we entered into a heated discussion on the Common Market. All the time he had been holding in his left hand a trout which I had eyed with obvious relish. As we parted, he gave it to me, saying: 'I wish I had half a dozen to give ye, but it's been a bad morning'.

M. H. GIDNEY

#### ONE AND A HALF WEEKS AT ST. GILES

I arrived in the middle of a crisis: a twenty-one-year-old hippie drug addict had changed from heroin to cocaine, collapsed, and looked as though he was 'on the way out'. I was already late for my first assignment.

'You'll really have to flog yourself, mate', I was told. My informant wasn't far wrong, for although leisure time was ample, the work fully lived up to his description. It settled into two patterns: in the day, it was flat out from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. with meals when you could get them (one day I had skipped breakfast to sleep, and had to wait till 3 p.m. for lunch) and then, at this time of the year, a lull to talk or write reports until closing time at 9.30; over the week the pattern was CRISIS, hard work, CRISIS and so on. In the eleven days I was there, we had to make nine 999 calls for police and ambulance. For instance, Ian collapsed on Wednesday, nearly dead, having been made drunk and pushed purple hearts by Jonathan, who had sworn to kill him. His stomach was pumped out and he was discharged. On Friday, although barred from the crypt (of the Church of St. Giles, Camberwell, where the St. Giles Centre is) for knocking out a staff member a week before, he came down again, drunk on perfume, and then collapsed. The police had been called to evict him as he was dangerous; now the ambulance was needed. He recovered and ran away from the hospital to return, still drunk. Eventually, the police picked him up and detained him. The next day he was free again.

For these two, Ian and Jonathan, there are three courses open: to kill someone (the most likely); to kill themselves first; or for the Centre to try and get them gaoled and given compulsory treatment. Ian is twenty-nine, an alcoholic drinking metal polish, probably schizophrenic, and definitely a dangerous psychopath. Jonathan is ten years older, a chronic alcoholic who has tried to get 'dry' six times, a very dangerous psychopath despaired of by the mental hospital, and probably a drug addict. In law, they would appear to have to kill before anything can be done. And, even with compulsory treatment, where do you start?

These two, and one other, apart, the Centre's work among its vagrant 'clients' appears to be pretty successful. Most of these are alcoholics or schizophrenics. Hugh is a typical 'easy' case: he was released four weeks before I met him from a mental hospital after treatment following a suicide attempt. He is incapable of holding down a job and thus follows the regular pattern of the other 250-odd vagrants who are 'casuals' at the Camberwell Reception Centre. He clocks in every night, has a bath and a meal, is given a bed and breakfast, and then turned loose. The three free cups of tea a day and the comfortable chairs

draw him to the Crypt more than the friendship and advice that is offered. Everybody is on Christian name terms there, and I easily got talking to him. He feels he was released from hospital too early, is totally lost and confused and would like to go into a mental home of some kind. The request is readily granted as far as it is in our power, by gaining a recommendation from his psychiatrist to be put through the normal medical channels (I found I knew more about the case than he did). Now, although the Reception Centre where he sleeps is a G.L.C. social work centre with three full-time workers, he would probably never have had anything done about him until another suicide attempt, for he would never have gone 'into residence' (permanent residence with better accommodation) at the Reception Centre of his own volition. And, unless he did that, there would be little hope of his being seen by the social workers, despite the visiting welfare officers and an efficient interviewing scheme. All he needed was a little non-professional help, and that is really what the St. Giles Centre provides (some people simply have to be told to go and contact the authorities at the Reception Centre, which, however badly they needed help, they just haven't done!). The St. Giles Centre's activities are technically referred to other organisations, but the real work is done in persuading the 'client' to take treatment. This can only be achieved by the friendship and support given by the Voluntary Helpers (who include three-month Community Service Volunteers, post-school and pre-university or training. These have no qualifications other than sanity and humanity.)

On the more domestic side, one case I dealt with was a young mother of two, paralysed by an infection caught during a minor skin graft operation, and an epileptic. She wanted to overcome her difficulties, but, owing to long hospitalisation, her younger son recognised the grandmother as mother, and she had no friends. She tried to commit suicide. Only one week of daily wheeling in a chair to meet other young crippled people and the chance to join a club where she could meet them regularly, made the most remarkable difference.

A new addition has recently been opened by the Queen Mother to cope more efficiently with the domestic and disablement problems that flow in all the time, but there is still an enormous gap on both sides of the Centre. Andrew 'Dr. Cameron' Cruickshank, one of the Trustees, was

hoping for twenty-hour service soon, but money and, above all, volunteers are needed.

The school has particular links with St. Giles, Camberwell, and it would be a pity if boys did not use this opportunity, to educate themselves, as much as to help. The value of such a short time both to me and the various people I looked after far outweighs what I might have done at home.

But don't get it wrong: it's not *all* work!

P. M. NAPIER

### CAMP

Camp this year took place at Rolleston, on Salisbury Plain, miles from anywhere. The contingent had been here two years before, and grim stories were circulating of primitive huts, no hot water, inedible food, etc. However, this was far from true, and everything was of a remarkably high standard.

Stowe C.C.F. shared the camp, and it was a pity we could not have had more exercises with them. We also had six Canadians attached to us who impressed us all by their enthusiasm.

There was an unusual number of visits to regiments this year; they included the 25th Heavy Field Artillery at Larkhill, an air defence regiment at Barton Stacy, and a mortar demonstration. Other activities included firing on the ranges, a day-long map-reading exercise, and the usual sections and platoons in attack.

The 'big battle' took place in continual rain, but everyone seemed remarkably cheerful throughout. Medical Officer Wordsworth was partly responsible for this by handing round his flask to the troops at various intervals.

The ceremonial parade was carried off with the usual efficiency under Major Earls-Davis. Brigadier Bethell, who inspected and took the salute, seemed impressed.

I think most people both enjoyed the week and found it profitable. In part, the high spirit of the camp was due to the admirable quality of the food—the Army cooks managed to give us about three choices for most meals.

Altogether a successful camp, and thanks must go to the officers who helped to make it so, especially Major Riley.

D. P. WALSH

## . . NOT SO FAR . .

### SUCCESS

Herewith the Official Report of the Operations on the night of the \*\* of \*\*\*, 19\*\*.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when we set out on our fearful mission. The men were tense, expecting disaster. The silence was pregnant as man after painted man moved stealthily to his pre-selected position behind scrub or mound of padded turf. The silence grew more intense. The specified few crept purposefully forward into the void, as the long-awaited signal to begin came at last. Those left behind huddled closer together in the dampness of the moonlit night. The men in front were gradually approaching their destination. From shadow to semi-shadow the fleeting bodies stole, fearful of the slightest sound. A questioning shout is heard ahead: as one man all freeze in terrified immobility. But the moment passes and we continue on our way, hardly believing the narrowness of our escape. Now we're almost there; nervousness sweeps over us all in a nauseous wave. At last we see it. A hundred yards away a solitary light shines ghost-like in the bluish dark. Be yet more careful, or all will be lost! Danger creeps like death in a plagued city, and all are fully aware of it. Only twenty yards to go. Look out! Someone marching by with heavy tread on the frosty ground! Ten minutes later it is safe to move from the dismal, icy ditch. A quick sprint and we're there; a brief chase and we're gone; but all is not over yet. The suspense continues as we return to safety. The coveted prize is ours—a bottle-top.

ANON.

## . . AND NEAR

### REPORTS

#### C.C.F. NOTES

A successful Annual Inspection, reported in your last issue, was followed at the end of the summer term by Camp at Rolleston on Salisbury Plain. A traditional programme of training was carried out, marred only by the weather which caused a premature abandonment of the Big Battle and the elimination of many of Major Beard's hard-won pyrotechnics. Despite this,

Camp was voted a success, not least on account of the food. Our thanks are due to Brigadier Bethell, O.S., for taking the salute at the end of the week and we are also grateful to the Headmaster and Mrs. Powell for visiting us earlier.

With the closing down of the Territorial Army, the contingent has now become affiliated to the Devonshire and Dorset Regiment of the Regular Army. The Dorset Regimental cap badge has been replaced by that of the Wessex Brigade which depicts a Wessex wyvern. It was first worn on a Contingent parade in November when Brigadier Bredin, Colonel of the Regiment, came and spoke about the affiliation.

Captain Wilkinson has left the Corps and our thanks are due to him for his valued service over many years. Sub-Lieutenant Shelley has joined the naval section but is mainly concerned at present with reconstituting the band. So far its musical performances have been impressive but there is much to be done on the parade ground.

The R.A. Troop was saved from dissolution at the eleventh hour by help from 25th Field Regiment. It is now hoped to continue it indefinitely. Classification tests have begun again and the 25-pounder has been thoroughly overhauled and now looks bright and new. Mr. Norton is helping to run the Signals and they are all to be congratulated on the excellent results of Classification this term, in which there were no failures, including Cert. T.

Congratulations also to C. G. Vacher on being selected to represent all the C.C.F. Naval Sections of the U.K. at India's Independence Day celebrations next February.

The R.A.F. Section has been able to increase its flying experience time by being granted permission to use the facilities of Yeovilton. Several boys have had extra flights on ordinary weekday afternoons.

J.P.R.

#### DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

An advantage of the Award Scheme is the initial impetus it can give to new school activities. Boys entering the Scheme choose a hobby for the pursuits section of the award, and recently two new hobbies, geology and drama, have been introduced. Some boys who have completed the building of a canoe have changed to climbing and so they, in their year in the Scheme, have

been introduced to two sports they might otherwise not have tried.

Expeditions have been very wet. After almost perfect weather for Houses a, b and c, the camping ground at the Cut Mill disappeared under four feet of water for the rest of the term. On Saturday evenings it rained so continuously that groups returned to Sherborne for the night, and cooked in the Sailing Club Hut. The 'Tour de Dorset' broke new ground by heading straight up West Hill, but most groups recovered enough to reach the lunch map reference in good time. The rain came in the afternoon to make an unpleasant ride back. Winners were two groups from Elmdene.

We shall miss Mrs. Moore who has lectured on first aid for several terms, and we are grateful to her for her help. Mrs. Stenson joins Mrs. Flory as a lecturer, and Mrs. Ketley remains our invaluable resident examiner. A quarter of the school must be qualified in basic first aid now.

Fitness tests are still proving difficult for some boys, but as they may be taken up to the seventeenth birthday, many boys take them after they have gone into the C.C.F. We occasionally have a fourteen-year-old who can reach the gold standard in some events.

Some older boys in the school have been taking part in the Silver and Gold sections of the Award. R. W. Fox and P. R. Best planned and took part in a three-day Silver Expedition on Exmoor as a post-'A' level project.

In the Lent term expeditions will camp at Batcombe Friary, which was so successful last year. Canoeing on the Wye will be at the beginning of the Easter holidays, and there will be another sailing and canoeing camp at Poole in the first week of the summer holidays.

In the past year Stebbings, Sargent, Andrews, Leggett, Fursdon, Manning W., Vine, Hatchard, Plumbe, Davidson, Petit, Todd, Webb-Ware, Young and Boisseau have gained the Bronze Awards.

A.J.Y.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE

The school's interest in social service has continued to increase this term. With nearly 100 volunteers the school is now visiting forty-four people a week. This term firewood has been much needed, for although some houses are centrally

heated, the majority still rely on this valuable work.

The school also undertakes certain specific tasks from time to time. During the summer the windows of the houses in Durrant Close were cleaned each week; in the winter terms firewood is provided for them. The Almshouse has been provided with flower tubs. At Half Acre there is less work to be done, but it is hoped to put on some form of entertainment there next term.

Some jobs are undertaken in conjunction with other schools, such as collecting for charities and delivering notices. Such schools are showing increased interest in social service, and in the future there is likely to be more co-operation, as many of our jobs are complementary to those undertaken by these other schools.

Thanks to the termly collection in Chapel for the school social service, we now have an adequate fund. Some of this has been used to buy axes to chop up firewood. From time to time a sum is given to the Guild of Social Service, which is the co-ordinating body for the town's voluntary welfare services, and is therefore best able to allocate money where it is most needed. As the Guild always spends immediately the money it receives, our donations have been very welcome indeed. Last term a blind woman needed a fence to prevent her guide-dog from straying. She appealed to the Guild, and we were able to supply £15 for this urgent and necessary job.

This term the size and scope of the school's social service has continued to grow. We look forward to a closer co-operation with other schools in the town. I am sure that the benefits which the school gains from its experience of community work will continue to increase in importance in the future.

Next term P. R. H. Harnett (d) will take over as organiser.

A. J. HARROP

#### THE SHERBORNE SCHOOL SMALLBORE RIFLE CLUB

When the cost of open-range shooting became so great that the school was forced to give it up, it became extremely difficult to organise any shooting for more than a very small number of the many keen shots in the school. So, during the Easter term, it was decided to start a School Rifle Club for all those interested in the sport. As well

as making shooting available to more people, this meant that the standard would be improved, since the club would be able to afford better rifles than the No. 8s provided by the Corps.

The club committee of eight representatives (one from each house) elected P.C.B. Club President and R. S. M. Alden Club Secretary, and decided to allocate the first year's subscriptions towards the purchasing of five target rifles.

The club's first major task was to clear the open range in Coombe Valley, and then, job completed, all remained idle until the arrival of the rifles.

The shooting started in the summer term with a match against a team raised by P.C.B., which the club won! The rest of the summer term was spent practising in an attempt to raise the standard of the club's shooting.

This term, in addition to the School VIII, two teams were entered in the Dorset League. The Dorset League consists of a large number of clubs, many of whom take shooting very seriously, and our two teams have met with remarkable success against clubs equipped with superior rifles and a large store of experience. The 'A' team is now second in its league division, and the 'B' team is halfway up the division below.

This term we have been restricted to evening shooting which does not allow time for very many people. The attendance has been good, and those from the teams have come back to try often. There will be places on both teams to be claimed at any time, and for those who would like to join the club we welcome skill and experience. At the moment membership of the club is restricted to people over sixteen, otherwise numbers would grow too quickly. It is hoped, however, that in future the age limit will be considerably lowered or completely dropped, and that shooting will be available to everybody.

The club's thanks must go to P.C.B. for all the work he has done, and to R. S. M. Alden for the many hours he has devoted to the club's shooting and to its vast amount of paperwork.

W. H. HANDLEY  
D. G. H. STEWART

#### MARCONI LECTURE

On Tuesday, October 17th, a team of three graduate-apprentices from the Marconi Co. Ltd. and their Education Officer gave a talk to a

packed Touring Lecture Theatre. The trainees each gave an account of their backgrounds and how they were recruited by the company. On joining in autumn 1966 they were plunged into an 'educational project': given thirteen weeks and £100, nine of them had to build to a given specification two telegraphic character and message generators (electronic instruments for determining the amount of distortion in teleprinters). Next, they explained how they went about designing and assembling them, setting up their own miniature company to do so. A

startling indication about life in industry was that between them they put in 1,600 hours of overtime, and only achieved their objective by completing the soldering on the pre-arranged day of presentation.

The talk had human as well as technical emphasis, and everyone left with a far clearer notion of what a career 'in industry' might mean. We are grateful to the P.S.A.B., the Marconi Co. Ltd., and to Mr. Higginbottom for making this most interesting lecture possible.

M. B. MOSSE

## CRITICISM

### 'SHAKESPEARE—THE ACTOR'

In *The Wooden O* some years ago, Professor Watkins delivered a series of dramatic readings in which he strove to bring out some of Shakespeare's meaning and richness with the very minimum of scenery. This second lecture, 'Shakespeare—the Actor', pursued more closely this idea—that Shakespeare's real art is in dramatic poetic diction rather than in all the paraphernalia associated with modern Shakespearean productions.

Professor Watkins described a 'Manual of Speech' which would take his actor-pupil through an extensive series of exercises to improve his handling of the language. First, every word must be understood, with the actor communicating a definite, committed interpretation of it. The next section would deal with the shape and pattern of the words, comprising practice in the manipulation of antitheses and climaxes. The third would deal with the actual sound, with all the intricacies of metre, assonance and onomatopoeia. Finally would come the skills for the virtuoso, the representation of character through the spoken word rather than by any individual visual characteristic: for example, Othello would be recognised through the skill of Shakespeare as realised by the actor more than by a blackened face.

However technical all this may sound in cold blood, Professor Watkins' vast range of examples, his masterly renderings of dialogue between two and even three people, and his frequent and stimulating comparisons with the musical world combined to make this an enormously informative

and entertaining evening—for which many thanks go to him and to Mr. Glen. To sum up, Professor Watkins holds a purist approach to Shakespeare, believing that only in an exactly-reconstructed Globe Theatre, and with a really detailed interpretation of the language can Shakespeare's poetic drama come alive. All else is not true Shakespeare.

W. A. M. CAREY

### THE CONCERT CLUB

The Concert Club season opened on October 14th with a recital given by the famous young Canadian pianist Stephen Bishop—his second appearance at Sherborne. Beethoven's D minor Sonata of 1802, with which the programme began, is a glorious work and it provided enjoyable listening, which was enhanced by Mr. Bishop's clear, well-balanced interpretation. The first movement was very lively, with its intriguing instrumental recitative, whereby the tempo alternates continually throughout the whole movement—largo, allegro, adagio, allegro and so on. Schumann's Fantasia in C major was the least successful work in the whole programme. Mr. Bishop seemed to lack the right variety of temperament for this; he used too much pedal and was often too emphatic. However, after his unusual approach and apparent insecurity in the first movement, Mr. Bishop's interpretation underwent a gradual revival, and in the last two movements he began to display the grandeur and sensitivity of this intellectually impressive Fantasia.

After the interval, Mr. Bishop worked through the pieces by Chopin, scarcely allowing the audience an opportunity for collecting their thoughts after one piece before he plunged into the next. The Chopin Mazurkas are very difficult to appreciate because they require a small room, the right atmosphere and a personal touch. At the hands of a keyboard giant they lose some of their lovely, haunting, seductive nature. However, in the less pretentious Polonaise and the Ballade showpieces Mr. Bishop played his heart out.

The concert ended with the suite 'Out of Doors' by Bartok. The pianist carefully exploited the wide scope of this exciting music. Throughout the whole work Mr. Bishop played with beautiful expression and unusual restraint. Both this and the subtle overtones evoked an impelling atmosphere of mystery. Bartok's suite was a splendid conclusion and must rival the Beethoven as the best work of the whole evening. In retrospect, this was an excellent recital, although impaired by the inclusion of the Schumann Fantasia and the Chopin Mazurkas.

H. B. DIXON

*Fra Diavolo*, rendered by the Opera Players on November 11th, was a lively and stagey performance. The opera itself seems to be ideally suited to the needs of a touring company, not only requiring little scenery, but also containing such gems as:

'I like going to the opera—

Whatever could be properer?'

and both actors and audience looked and sounded as if they were thoroughly enjoying it.

For sheer comedy I felt that Nico Mutt and Ronald Evans, as the two brigands of *Fra Diavolo*'s gang, carried the day: the ad-libbing when a light-filter fell off and the imitation of bell-pulling were both superb. Of the principals, the two ladies were most prominent, for both had powerful voices and both acted well. Julia Meadow, as the rich Lady Allcash was particularly arch and eye-fluttering in her performance. The men all seemed to be slightly wrongly cast, however, with John Ford, as Lorenzo, too stiff for a passionate Italian, even though a Sergeant of Carbineers. Peter Lehmann Bedford, Lord Allcash, did a very good imitation of the opera singer he so despised in *Fra Diavolo*, who, as portrayed by David Johnston, could hardly have been a more obvious English peer.

Nevertheless, the singing was extremely competent and very audible, with the trio between Zerlina and Lady and Lord Allcash at the beginning of Act II particularly noteworthy, while Phyllis Thorold, the pianist, dress-maker and seemingly invaluable support of the whole performance, kept it moving along at a refreshing speed.

The evening—all too soon it seemed—came to an end very suddenly; we must now await with anticipation the return of the Opera Players next year.

T. S. CORDY

The combination of two trumpets, horn, trombone and tuba is an unusual, and not an entirely successful one, for the range of tonal colour is limited by the similar nature of all four instruments. It is, presumably, because of this, that so little music has been written for brass quintet. The London Brass Ensemble overcame this difficulty by including in their recital on December 2nd both fairly lengthy introductions to the pieces, and solo pieces for all four instruments.

Although the idea behind the former was sound, the effect was spoilt by the members of the ensemble underestimating the mental age and critical faculties of the audience. The worst offender in this respect was Ifor James, who preceded his technically accomplished account of Gilbert Vinter's 'Hunter's Moon' with a long and rambling explanation, and followed it with a similar talk on the principles of brass instruments. Other solo items included a most impressive performance of Telemann's Concerto for Trumpet, played on a Bach D trumpet, and pieces from Bach's 'cello suite, played with remarkable virtuosity, by John Fletcher, on the tuba.

Of the items for ensemble, it is no coincidence that the most enjoyable were also the longest, for these gave one the chance to assimilate the style of the composer. The Prelude, Chaconna and Fugue by the pianist, Leslie Pearson, very much in a jazz idiom, was brought off successfully, while Malcolm Arnold's Quintet for Brass gave the ensemble an opportunity to display their considerable virtuosity. One's opinion of the recital as a whole depends largely on to what extent one was put off by the presentation:

P. P. MAYHEW

## CHRIST IS OUR KING

On October 19th Miss Phoebe Coleman gave a recital in the Abbey under the title of 'Christ is our King'. This took the form of two scenes in the life of Our Lord—His Birth and Passion—about which Miss Coleman sang with great feeling. Miss Coleman's songs were mostly French folk songs which dated from the eighth and ninth centuries which she rendered with excellent tone and pitch. Altogether, the recital proved to be a very enjoyable evening's entertainment, and it was a pity that so few boys made the effort to attend it.

C. N. H. JACKSON

## THE SCHOOL CONCERT

DECEMBER 9th

The concert commenced with four dances by Benjamin Britten. These would have been good if the orchestra had been warmed up; as it was, the ensemble was not very inspiring. This amateurish sound was soon dispelled by the Concerto for Bassoon with P. A. Fanning as soloist, who showed his considerable mastery of the instrument. The orchestra finished with the overture from 'The Pirates of Penzance, which they played in a light-hearted manner, much to the delight of the audience.

The concert continued with a showing of some of the school's soloists, highlighted by A. F. Barclay whose technical skill was unsurpassed, but who lacked personality in his playing of Mozart's Fantasia in D minor. A difficult song for the amateur was sung by R. H. H. Peto, whose handling of it was not convincing; however, like all pieces in the concert, it is always commendable that people can provide us with such varied entertainment. Varied indeed, as next we were provided with a Jamaican piano duet, played very successfully by J. A. Combes and C. A. G. Swainson, the latter showing a sensitive touch.

The band then made its first public performance under its new director, Mr. P. Shelley, who has successfully revived it, and it certainly proved its worth in the performance of the three final pieces of the concert. It is hoped that the band will continue to flourish.

All in all the concert was a very good evening's entertainment, and our congratulations must go to the Director of Music, Mr. R. B. Ferry.

P. C. H. PHILLIPS

## L'AVARE

On December 5th the school again welcomed the Troupe Française, who this year played *L'Avare* by Molière. With its complicated plot and its unfamiliar conventions this promised to be one of the most difficult French plays we have seen in recent years: in fact it proved to be one of the most popular and appealing, even with the younger members of the audience.

M. Gaston Richer played the miser Harpagon at Sherborne many years ago, and having seen him play so many different parts more recently we were looking forward to his interpretation of this role—one of the most highly prized of the French stage. A little too benevolent for some tastes, he brought out every bit of comedy in the part: this was essential to the clear and appealing presentation of the intrigue which is necessary for us. His monologue at the end of Act Four, when he discovers the loss of his money, was as perfectly accomplished as one could wish to see: his extravagant gestures and appeals to the audience were very well received. M. Richer was strongly supported by the rest of the cast, who kept the pace going even in the more static scenes.

At times it seems as if the actors speak too quickly in these productions: in fact they do speak more slowly than they would on the French stage. It is a very difficult task for them to slow down their natural speech and to go against their instinct to keep the play moving, so we must bear this in mind when we ask them to speak more slowly still. One of the benefits of seeing a French play is to hear the language in use, to be introduced to a different style of acting: in this the company give us an experience as well as entertainment.

Finally, a tribute to the audience: the actors were kind enough to compliment the school on being an attentive and receptive audience, a sentiment which was borne out by the warm reception received by the Head of School at the final curtain.

A.E.R.

## TWO GREEK PLAYS

The Greek bill presented by Mr. Glen in the Big Schoolroom was, even by his standards, on the large scale, for it occupied about one hundred actors, let alone stage staff and serried ranks of costume-makers, and lasted for a full three hours.

The evening opened with a tragedy, *Oedipus the King*, by Sophocles. The programme, for those of us interested enough to read it, describes the play as: 'a masterpiece, faultlessly plotted, intense and unrelenting in movement . . .' and it was this aspect that the production particularly brought out. The building up of tension was almost unbearable; Barton, as the blind prophet Teiresias, and Rogers, the bluff, honest messenger from Corinth who provides the final link in the chain, both being perfect in their parts. But it was through Dunleavy, Oedipus himself, that the tension was most evident, and his transformation from self-made man to self-blinded outcast was almost completely effective, save for some reserve in the last few moments. He was ably supported by the rest of the cast. Bates, as Creon, proved an effective foil to Oedipus's rantings, while Carey coped well with the difficult task of describing the bloody and passionate scenes off-stage. Wilkinson, as Jocasta, was a little disappointing, in that he was too wooden even for a Greek play based on stylised gestures. The chorus was particularly instrumental in the increase of tension through the chosen medium, and its stamina, considering it was on stage and almost unmoving for the whole play, was to be admired. It was a tribute to all the actors that only twice did the audience dare to snigger.

In a completely different vein was *The Frogs* which was received, at least initially, as comic relief. Aristophanes tried the dangerous trick of mixing two potentially incompatible types of humour—the pantomime slapstick and the intellectual/literary satire—and the production seemed to emphasise the former, with costumes ranging from house rigger shirts and leopard-skins through to the plus-fours favoured by Aeschylus, and with the excellent musical arrangements—though sometimes rendering the words inaudible—consisting of a perverted Carmen and 'To be a Pilgrim' among others.

The pantomime atmosphere was well maintained by the cast. Jackson, the professional buffoon, linked together the various episodes in his own inimitable way, and Vacher was another efficient foil, as well as being amusing in his own right. Comic incidents abounded—that wonderful pantomime horse (particular congratulations to the back legs on its strength), the muscular School House Heracles, the yowling Charon, and the Scottish Nationalist Aeacus with the bow legs.

The appearance of the two poets heralded a change of atmosphere, the fault of neither actors

nor producer nor even author, but of audience, who, after two hours in the hard seats of the Big Schoolroom, were not prepared to accept anything other than the pantomime comedy. This was a shame, for, with Dunleavy, Fanning (Aeschylus) and Geake (Euripides) provided the performances of the evening. Both had created real characters of their parts; Fanning's performance was particularly praiseworthy, and his 'lost his bottle of oil' scene with Euripides and Aeacus was almost the highlight of the show.

So ended the mammoth entertainment. Our thanks go to Mr. Glen for the production of such an impressive display, which, despite the cold (actors) and the hard seats (audience), was enjoyed by all and sundry.

T. S. CORDY

#### FILMS, AUTUMN 1967

A young wife (Sophia Loren) caught up in a web of intrigue, in which she had no part, was shot down in cold blood . . . by a British agent. The quiet, good-looking spy (Tom Courtenay), arrested and exposed by a mere twist of fate, was mown down by a snarling sten. The roof of the underground rocket factory slid open . . . pinpointing the target for the bombers which at that moment were right overhead. Corny? Melodramatic? I don't know, but I loved it. *Operation Crossbow* was one of the better war films that I have seen.

Sophia returned again two weeks later, only this time disguised as an ageing woman in *Lady L*. I liked the idea of this film, but somehow it doesn't come off; the lively old lady thinking back into her coloured past provided a lot of scope, but the intentionally farcical plot misfired somewhere, and I was left feeling vaguely dissatisfied.

The next film was an event in itself. A long-promised, real, live, 'X'-certificate film actually materialised. We presented our birth certificates and took our seats in some trepidation. *The Lord of the Flies* is not a nice film. In fact, it is thoroughly unpleasant. Yet it must be rated high amongst the films that have been shown at Sherborne. The dramatisation of the book has been brilliantly accomplished and the characters live on the screen as they did in the book. The horrifying spectacle of a steady reversion to an animal level of existence of a group of schoolboys without parental control was all too convincing.

The bewilderment of Piggy who was no longer protected by benign adults, the helpless comprehension and distress of Ralph—these emotions came over with painful force.

The term's entertainment ended on a brighter note with a highly-amusing film *Doctor in Clover*. Good, coarse humour with all the usual 'Doctor' cast: nothing brilliant but very adequate entertainment. All told, the school did itself proud this term. We still fall sadly behind other schools in quantity and quality, but if the choices remain of this standard, I'm not complaining.

P. L. MATTHOLIE

### THE MATCHMAKER

On Thursday, December 14th, T. S. Cordy treated a large, mixed audience to his 'dramatised reading' of *The Matchmaker* by Thornton Wilder. This play, from which derived *Hello, Dolly*, is about a wealthy, middle-aged American planning to re-marry, a scheming matchmaker fishing for him, and the exploits of his clerks and others in New York.

The production was distinguished primarily by an unprecedented degree of realism—the playing of most female parts by real girls from the Girls' School (a technique, I understand, to be repeated next Commem.). This innovation added much to the freshness of the performance. Of the cast, Helen Cooper, who was perhaps the most natural, well put over her command of the situation as the matchmaker, Dolly Levi. N. R. L. Barton as the affluent, miserly, choleric merchant handled his part well, even with his accent. P. A. Fanning, playing a flamboyant P. A. Fanning called Cornelius Hackl, brought the most laughs; R. H. H. Peto's genius was apparent mainly in his ad-libbing.

Put on at a fortnight's notice and in spite of Oxbridge, it was a very ambitious venture and a triumph of coordination by the producer. Its impromptu nature enhanced the amusement and appreciation of the audience.

M. B. MOSSE

## PERSPECTIVE ON SHERBORNE

### LETTER TO AN ANTIPODEAN UNCLE

My dear Uncle Alec,

Your letter asking why I am sending my son Henry to Sherborne shows that you have been living in the Antipodean out-back too long and have lost touch with the changes which have taken place here! I remember your saying that you were not very happy at your own school sixty years ago. But public schools have changed in the last sixty years in the same way that motor-cars have changed. The *principles* are the same, but the whole machine is infinitely more flexible, efficient and civilised. Would you make a decision on the selection of your new car by trying a 1907 model?

What are we asking of education?

Surely we are seeking to give our sons an opportunity to develop all their capacities as they grow to manhood, so that they shall be able to participate fully and joyfully in life, with zest for real pleasure, be it sport, art, music or literature; ready to accept the responsibility that comes their

way, and with judgment, tact and courage to discharge it properly. With open minds to seek and accept guidance and fresh knowledge. To learn to live with, respect, and help their fellows.

How can this be better done than by enabling them to spend their most formative years in a community dedicated to this purpose? Sherborne is such a community. Its firm foundation in the Christian faith, its long tradition of devotion to the principles of education in the widest sense of the word, are not a dead and dusty museum exhibit—they are a living, vital force—created by masters and boys who by their studies and discussions together, by their participation in games and in administration, are daily building and maintaining the community from which they all gain so much.

They have to be trained to earn a living, you say. Of course—but this is by the way. Success and happiness in their chosen way of life will depend on their character as men far more than on the assimilation of technical information. But in any case, that too will come more easily and

be based on firmer foundations with a wide and full education.

You may object that, whilst I have set out my views on what is important in education, this might be as well achieved in a day-school, assuming a good home background. I cannot agree—what Sherborne offers is a community dedicated to a complete education and a Christian way of life. To be in this atmosphere twenty-four hours a day is of great value. It is a two-way traffic. Not only do the boys benefit from this atmosphere but they create it. I am not suggesting that home background does not matter and that parents have nothing to contribute. Far from it; by showing that we care about the principles to which Sherborne is dedicated—not merely in what we say, but in what we do—we can give vital support to the work of the school. We cannot expect our sons to live to a higher standard than we have ourselves.

You suggest that it is morally wrong for me to be able to secure what I regard as a better education for my son than is available freely to every boy in the country. But quite apart from financial considerations many parents do not want their sons to be away at a boarding school. I regard the education of my son at Sherborne not as equipping him to make more money than, or take advantage of, other men who have not had this type of education; but as making him fit to hold a place of responsibility and serve his fellow men.

It often seems to be assumed that integrity is an old-fashioned word, and leadership something no longer required in this egalitarian post-Empire world. In my view, the qualities of understanding, integrity and leadership are going to be needed more than ever in the future. Sherborne has a vital part to play in equipping the boys who are fortunate enough to live under its roof to do their share in maintaining a sense of real human values in the world of today and tomorrow.

YOUR LOVING NEPHEW

‘Yes, I am married to a schoolmaster.

‘What do I think of it? I’m glad you asked me that.

‘The trouble with schoolmasters is that they always know they’re right and they think they’re too busy to do the household chores. It’s a clever

housewife who catches one at the right moment to do the washing up. They’re always rushing off to do something trivial like teach or take a game or cheer a society or to help a boy make something useless out of raffia or something.

‘And then you can’t argue with them. Not really. They take their pipes out of their mouths and waggle the disgusting stems in your face and say that you know absolutely nothing about it. They reduce every subject to a cold factual substance without taking any account of the really important things in life like a woman’s intuition and petticoat government. They can turn this stuff on like water from a tap, flooding the air about them. It’s no surprise that some of the boys look half-drowned and exhausted—all this nonsense flowing over their heads.

‘The boys are very nice. So polite and intelligent. I can’t think where they get it from. I suppose they must just be born that way.

‘Would I change my husband’s career if I could? No. I don’t think so.’

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS

My first impressions of the school were gained in various different ways. At prep. school I had rather a fluid idea of what it was like; this was modified from time to time by several events. One was when a certain boy, now in School House, wrote back from Elmdene, saying: ‘Gosh, this place is really tough. Our House Prefect looks like someone just come from the other side of the Iron Curtain. . . .’ I remember that a very long time ago the Housemaster came down to see my father; all they talked about was Cambridge or something, and I was most bored.

Before taking the scholarship I came over to ‘see the place’. This visit consisted of a rushed lunch, after which a fag was ordered to show me round the school. This was the first concrete knowledge I had of life at Sherborne. I was shown all over Lyon House and the school buildings. (At one stage I was shown the Lyon ‘sweathouse’ and told it was a place where you could play ping-pong, etc.; when I asked why it was called the ‘sweathouse’ various replies such as ‘Never mind’ or ‘I was hoping you weren’t going to ask that’ came out. However, I discovered the reason. On leaving, the Housemaster as usual told me not to believe anything I might have been told—but this turned out to be true in the end.)

When we took the scholarship we were treated as honoured guests; we slept in comfortable beds, watched the television each night, and, apart from the exams, the whole thing was complete relaxation.

This spell of luxury continued for the first day of term; although we slept in the dormitory, we were still treated as guests. However, this rapidly faded in the afternoon as the rest of the house came back. The weekend was mostly spent learning facts for the new boys' test. On Monday it was discovering which rooms we were in. Thus the days went by, and we gradually accelerated to the correct tempo of life at Sherborne.

M. R. B. WETHERALL

### ONE MAN AND HIS DOG(S)

'Sorry, sir, but when I pushed my hall through the letter-box, Cerberus must have eaten it.'

The moment one mentions a master's dog, the owner himself springs to mind. It is a fact that a dog cannot be dissociated from its master; but to what extent does he model his behaviour on him—and vice-versa?

Has Button really become an intellectual? Does she study the mediaeval pilgrims' routes in a dignified and learned way? Whether or not, Button is a most dignified, not to say sedate, Jack Russell. And what of Biscuit's military training? Certainly Biscuit and Scamp retain the *joie de vivre* of a military major, even if the self-restraint which surely pertains to such gentlemen is still a little lacking in both.

As for the other extrovert dogs, there is, of course, Pompey, large and occasionally a little dozy; but, there again, can you imagine his proprietor, the very soul of tact, being so thoughtless as to assail the kilt of a Scots piper in full wail on the Upper? This alleged Romeo of the West Country will surely be missed next term. Whereas the intellectuals will still have Hamlet. And what a civilised dog he is too—apart from his appallingly uncontrollable lear (forgive the spelling). Discipline does not come so easily to this intelligent canine as to those robust and bumptious German dogs; perhaps this is a result of all their hearty walks across the Brecon Beacons. Certainly, their vigour is reflected in their master, even though his behaviour in the Courts is a great deal more restrained.

What of others? Well, a boxer is obviously a good, lively, cultured 'yobbo' with a word or two of français to its credit. And headmasters' secretaries'? Like housemasters' wives or sisters, they themselves patiently act the part of general dogsbody; so it is not surprising that they own dogs on which they in turn can wipe their feet—I mean, of course, those mobile doormats that cross the Sixth Form Green from time to time.

As for the masters who do not have such pets, there is some speculation as to what species they would have. Perhaps a bulldog, or a very *English* spaniel or an Irish terrier, or a prehistoric Albanian cave-dog? Finally, in one case alone, master and dog are linked, where with supreme disregard for individual designation, the being in question is merely known to the school as 'Doggie'.

P. A. FANNING

### ARE WE AN APOLITICAL GENERATION?

It is an integral part of the teenage revolution to say that young people are now apolitical. Because 'Top of the Pops' evokes more enthusiasm than 'Panorama', British youth is said to be rotten and decadent. Could it not be that we are reacting against the failure and disorganisation, that everywhere seems our inheritance? Thus Panorama's 'Window on the World' presents a saga of inadequate politicians—as seen during devaluation—and an outdated Britain, typified by the A.S.L.E.F. rail dispute.

A useful comparison is with the 20s, when the 'bright young things' made social advances that rival our own; female skirts rose quite as much as they have in the 60s. This reaction against the conventions of the past was not due to youthful obstinacy, nor to such immorality as women baring their calves. It came partly from the horrors of the Great War, but mainly because, after a period of good wartime government, the politicians of the time had no other solution to the current problems than a revival of pre-war shibboleths.

The youth of today are faced with two conservative parties, which makes radical improvement of the country unlikely. Now that Britain is no longer governed by a public school elite, is it still right to give the best education to a minority based only on wealth? Are the people

of Britain prepared to undergo successive economic crises in order to preserve the pound as an international currency? In both cases the vested interests—the public schools and the City—assure us that what was good for the Empire is valid today. Where is the progressive party that can put the opposite case and allow a real choice to be made? To preserve the old after inspection is wise, to cleave to it as an act of faith is extreme folly.

The futures of the pound sterling and of the public schools are not immediate problems. But there are many issues on which the two parties accept the need for action, without any visible result. Both would like reform of Parliament; of the managerial/trade union relationship; of our outdated tax system which discourages initiative; of our Civil Service and of our top-heavy social securities. The list is endless and hardly encouraging. There are two solutions; we need either a radical party or, if political advantage forbids, a coalition government, acting on the programme above. In the latter context, it is interesting to note that the two best governments of the century—Churchill's and Lloyd George's—have both been coalitions. Teenagers offer a third alternative—emigration (in a recent *Daily Mail* survey half the teenagers interviewed favoured emigration). Who can blame them?

The demoralisation of political paralysis affects all ages and classes but especially young people, whose energy and urgency makes them impatient of failure. Despite their rebellion, or rather at the root of it, the teenagers of Britain want a constructive lead. Excluding the lunatic fringe, the majority—and by comparison with the 20s, young people are united and powerful—are objecting to the aimlessness and laziness that surrounds them. 1963 saw a separate teenage voice make its first impression in Britain; it was the year of the Beatles but also, significantly, the year of Profumo—an obvious symbol of political decadence.

Emigration is only attractive when conditions at home make it so. The teenage revolution does not seek to cripple Britain; instead it is a ginger group within the nation. Its message is simple: 'Let's go with whoever will lead us!'. If not, we'll go ourselves—to Australia.

B. G. C. HOLDING-PARSONS

## YOUTH TODAY

Plum-coloured trousers, dark hair, shirt of  
flowers,  
Hand in his pocket, conscious of his charming  
powers,  
He leant against the well-jammed exit-door  
Wondering if he'd see his girlfriend any more;  
He smelt so sweetly with his talcum powder  
On his body; he would never speak louder  
To persuade old men his fashions were the  
best—  
He would keep quiet and put them to the test;  
His hair was long, and face, with powder  
plastered,  
Was smooth and hairless like that of a girl's;  
He had a lightish lipstick on his lips;  
His coffee, tea, and wine he'd take in sips;  
His face was handsome and appealing:  
All the girls you would find kneeling  
To be his; he wore square gold-rimmed  
sunglasses  
Perched on his nose; but he would make no  
passes  
At any bint who'd walk along his way—  
There was only one who'd ever get a say;  
His finger-nails were long, pointed, and clean,  
Painted they were bright red, so it would seem;  
His figure was good, not tall and not too lean;  
He was no beatnik nor a layabout:  
He worked in an office like the other men,  
But not around those chimes of Big Ben;  
Why no dark suit, stiff collar, or a paper,  
Brief-case, highly polished shoes, and bowler  
hat?  
He was a manager like other men who sat  
Behind a desk, but it was he who set the  
trends,  
So young men's money to his office wends.  
Both girls and boys, he thrills them with his  
clothes,  
And what their dads and mums think, goodness  
knows;  
But his customers are not the dirty thugs,  
They're wealthy people who like to spend—the  
mugs;  
His education? A public school:  
With wild ideas his beak thought him a fool;  
What would he say if he could see him now  
With pockets full of money, and know-how?  
His Dad had paid for him to be well taught  
But 'O's and 'A's for this job he'd no need—  
He'd built his shop, and clothes he had to feed

The young with wild excitement and passion,  
And to the limit of these clothes there was no  
ration.

His father was chief treasurer for his son,  
A happier man in England there was none.

A. J. NAPIER-WILSON

Oddly plump and circumstantial.  
He looked at me, burying me with his eyes.

I flinched.  
I could not hold the pain in them . . .  
nor the sound of dumb laughter.

A. C. HARVEY

Under my stone I crawl, to think about things  
that I should:  
To puzzle out what is the bad, and possibly  
what is the good;  
'Who's right in the Vietnam war? How can we  
make ourselves "free"?'  
Should I be left or right? Shall I have sugar in  
my tea?  
Shall I drink and drive tonight? Is it really wet  
for May?  
State school for my son? What's my horoscope  
today?  
Do I do as Freud says I should in a given  
situation?  
Harold is sincere? What about this devaluation?  
I must now point out that my opinions are up  
to date:  
There is not a man on this earth, that can say  
I've been late  
To put forward the views that the present age  
all accept:  
To be right in tune, my boy, follow the path  
I've stepped.  
At the moment, of course, I'm clamouring for  
peace—  
Egypt . . . wherever it is I do not mind in the  
least:  
On all other subjects a fool-proof approach  
I've found out—  
Whatever it is, express nothing about it but  
doubt!

R. D. V. ASHTON

### ARE YOU A ROMANTIC ?

And in his smile lay pools of thought  
That seemed to mock:  
He was afraid to show the warmth, and shrank  
behind a face  
Cold—distant like the moon.  
I wanted to know: tried hard to pierce behind  
the ache  
And cynicism—shrug of shoulders.  
Loneliness.  
Saw only laughter and the flashing of teeth, and  
hands

### BRIDGE OVER THE TROUBLED WATERS OF SOCIETY

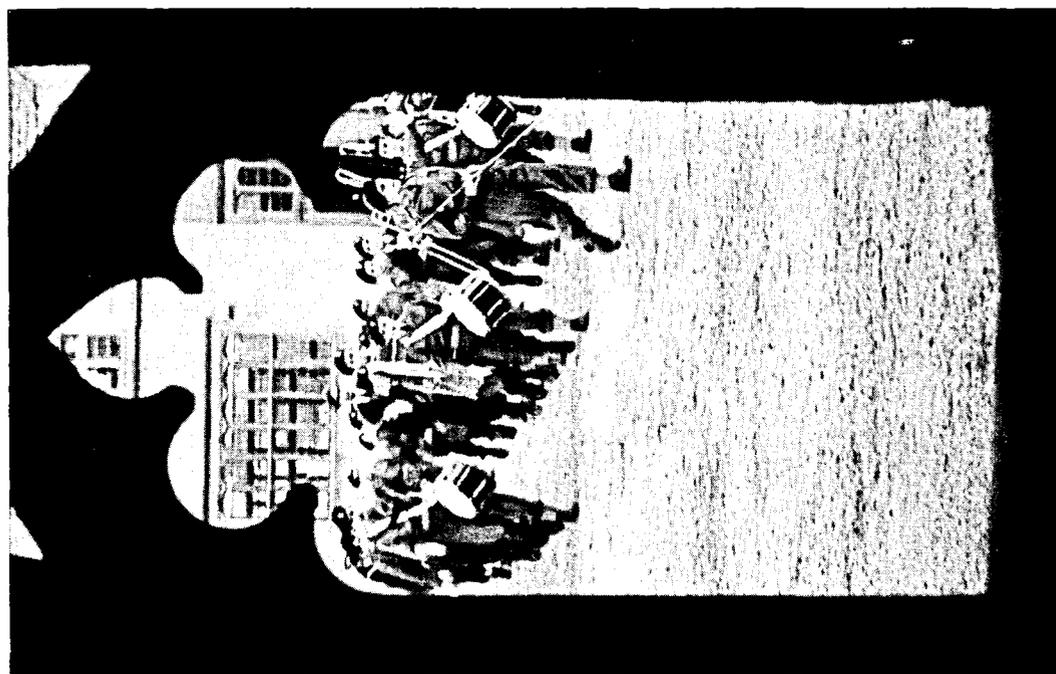
Everyone listened to or read the Reith Lectures, I rather doubtfully presume. The one that ought to concern you most is that which has the sense to suggest that a yawning gulf exists between the 'public-schoolboy' and the 'teenager'. The assumption is that someone caught up in a Sherborne-type system cannot be part of the general youth movement. If this is true, then the parent is very much to blame for supporting a harmful concept. But if not. . . .

Traditions attain a sort of sanctity if they are perpetuated over years, decades, centuries or what-have-you, a 'rightness' of which they are often totally unworthy. Should a parent exercise so much control and influence because it is custom? By sending his son to a public school a father is trying to retain the links of the family as an institution. At the same time he desires to arrest any affinity the son may want with the rebellious British youth. Moulding his son in his own image goes hand in hand with the much more important task of education. The guinea-pig, for such he is, is compelled, through a process verging on that of brainwashing, to accept old loyalties and to worship 'time-honoured' tradition. 'Time-honoured' . . . that's the trouble. The standards belong to those who chose to adopt them. Parents are for the most part unintellectual. They are also unconcerned about school except that it should produce a chip off the old block. If they were to examine their own attitude clinically, I'm sure they would be shocked at their unintended cynicism. 'Un' this, 'un' that; and simply because their approach is so negative. They force their offspring (what a terrible word!) to live in the past, with the past values of a past society. But teenage boys are too young to have to attach their minds to the past tense. The present is no one's and the future is their's. The problem is that the two generations both consider the present to be their particular domain. The result is friction. This we have come to expect and we are unable to see a possible



R. A. Bethell

Chapel Altar



M. Hackforth-Jones

The Band plays again!

solution near at hand. But why, oh why, should different elements of the same generation be at odds, especially as the fault resides elsewhere and is not of their own making. In fact, why should there be noticeably different elements at all?

Rather than watch the waters of the progress of society slip under the bridge with disinterest, says Dr. Edmund Leach, we should shake off the dead weight of our fright of things-to-come and enjoy the Brave New World, for tomorrow we die. This is the attitude the older generation should take to the younger. Rather than being appalled, befuddled, shocked, outraged, and all sorts of other adjectives, they should take E. M. Forster's stand of tolerance. 'It never happened when I was a boy' are words that should vanish from the 'respectable' man's book of maxims. He must have realised that there was no reason why they should.

But to return to the schism within the ranks of youth. I think Dr. Leach underestimated the ability of the public schoolboy to become a rebel. As he revolts against the 'laboratory' in which he is educated, so he comes to question the assumptions of a society not built by him. I believe that a large percentage of the hippie movement is composed of public school stock. This to me is refreshing. Why should we not opt out of society? What is wrong with rebellion? It has always occurred and will come again in due season. Let the adult world head towards destruction in war and holocaust, but why should we be part of it? Here is the objection to the Vietnam tragedy. [Soon the now-hippies will take over society and begin to create.

However, the Reith Lectures seriously omitted one vital point: that of continuity. We excite rebellion for refreshment, for the sake of life and against self-created boredom, yet government must go on; at least in the present context of society. Should all youth be part of the rebellion? Someone must bridge the gap so why not the public schoolboy? Were the educational mistakes of the post-war Labour government really mistakes at all? We might well have rid society of class war, but would not the gap between generations now be even greater?

It's a fresh thought that the public schoolboy might be a pillar holding up society after all. Or is it a terrible one? You won't think so, of course!

N. R. L. BARTON

## TWO POEMS

Blow in my face  
and cover my eyes  
with your wetted hair  
wet from rain  
pussy cat pattering  
on soggy earth  
and brush your lips  
against mine  
kitten-like in play  
soaked to the skin  
with rain and love  
ankle deep in clinging mud  
stockings laddered  
down which rivulets of  
water run up which  
naughty beetles scramble  
oh muddy soaking darling  
cling to me as your blouse  
does to your skin  
dishevelled distraught dearest  
tangerine overflowing  
with the joy of being eaten  
by me.

N. H. BATES

\* \* \* \* \*

Tall grass,  
Bending with the breeze,  
Whispering to itself,  
Yet never telling of the snake within.

Gray marshes glistening in the sun,  
Smiling with teeth of seeming ivory,  
That hide the endless, embracing throat.

Yellow sands, warm and sparkling in the  
Dying sun,  
Luring the eye from encroaching tides.

Leaf-mould encased ground,  
A carpet for steel-encased trap below.

Silver wings, broken by flashing circles,  
Beautiful as a bird, yet nursing man's  
Destruction. . . .

—such is death concealed.

A. R. N. NOEL-TOD

## SOCIETIES

**THE BIOLOGY SOCIETY** (Hon. Sec. H. C. R. Simpson) held three meetings this term. At the first, R. F. Irvine gave a very entertaining account of his activities at a large research laboratory where he had worked during the summer. At the second, Mr. Knights, a local surgeon, gave an interesting lecture on his work in a 'bush' hospital in Sierra Leone and also tried to give an idea of the problems confronting the medical world today. The third talk was given by Dr. G. H. Thompson who showed several of the films on insect life which he has recently made: a very interesting meeting. As always, the society thanks Mr. Lloyd for arranging these lectures.

**THE DUFFERS** (Hon. Sec. N. H. Bates) held four meetings this term. Dr. W. G. Moore, the chairman's father, spoke to us on 'Details' at the first of these, P. A. Fanning on 'The Faust Legend' at the second, J. L. M. Green on 'Fantasy' at the third, and Vernon Scannell, a poet living near Sherborne, spoke to us about his poetry at the last. Each, in its own way, was successful. Sadly, farewell must be said to the chairman, Mr. Moore, and his wife. The society will miss their interest and hospitality very much, and wishes them well in the future.

**THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY** (Hon. Sec. D. P. Walsh) met this term for two papers and two discussion groups. Professor Haggett of Bristol University gave us a stimulating paper on 'Computers in Geography', and J. L. Millar, Esq., then provided considerable insight into the race relations and tribal systems of South Africa. A. D. W. Shepherd and R. J. Temple provided food for thought with their useful ideas on urbanisation, while R. J. B. Hannay and D. R. K. du Pré rounded off the term with interesting papers on pioneer fronts. The society thanks the chairman and Mrs. Ketley and Mr. and Mrs. Sharp for their kind hospitality and unflinching help.

**THE GREEN RIBBON SOCIETY** (Hon. Sec. M. R. Neve) held a great number of meetings during the term, the first of which, the 150th meeting of the society, was addressed by R. J. E. Marsh, on the subject of 'Lenin and Woodrow Wilson', and the 157th, the final one, by the Hon. Sec. on the subject 'Witches—past and present'. Between the two a great range of subjects was discussed and argued on, including 'Comprehensive Schools' by G. Woodcock, Esq., 'An Apologia for Science' by Dr. E. Richards, and 'De Gaulle deserves laurels' by N. R. L. Barton. R. J. A. Hollis spoke on 'Earl Haig', and a visit was also paid to the Girls' School. Throughout the term the chairman fanned the flames of intellectual inquiry, and his wife provided the refreshments always necessary after such activity, and the society's thanks go to both for their hospitality and support.

**THE INTERPRETES** (Int. Max. Duoviri J. D. Howland Jackson and W. A. M. Carey) have met three times this term. At the first meeting R. S. Glen, Esq., W. A. M. Carey and P. A. Fanning threw some light on various aspects of Ovid's work and character. At the second meeting the society tried a new line by holding a Classical Brains Trust, to which questions ranging over literary and historical topics were submitted by the members. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Leach very kindly invited the society to Hyle House for the third meeting to hear C. A. J. Knott, Esq., give a fascinating paper on ancient medicine. An open meeting is planned for later this term, which will consist of a rehearsed reading of selected classical passages on the theme 'Pessimism—Optimism'. It only remains to thank R.S.G. for his continued support and hospitality.

**THE JAMES RHOADES SOCIETY** (Hon. Sec. A. G. Simmonds) met four times this term. At the first meeting J. R. Goddard entertained the society with a paper on Paul Cézanne. This was followed by J. P. Rogers and J. L. Dunleavy provoking heated discussion with a paper on modern poetry at the second meeting. Then the society read and discussed the writing of Eugene Ionesco, and the last meeting featured two papers: one by A. W. S. Phillips on Nasser, and one by J. P. E. Walsh and G. Wilson on the occult. The society's thanks to R.S.G. for his hospitality throughout the term.

**THE MUSIC CLUB** (Hon. Sec. P. A. Fanning) met three times this term, starting with a paper by T. S. Cordy on Debussy. This was followed by a very stimulating symposium by members, discussing various aspects of twentieth-century music. The society ended with its bi-termly concert together with the Girls' School. Mr. and Mrs. Ferry are to be thanked for their enthusiastic support throughout their first year, thanks no less felt because rendered each term.

**LES PHILOSOPHES** (Hon. Sec. P. J. Crowley) have met only once this term, when P. J. J. Foote and A. C. W. Peck gave a paper on 'Camus and Sartre', provoking an interesting discussion on existentialism. A second meeting is to be held at the end of term when J. D. Howland Jackson and N. H. Z. Watts will read papers on 'The Mind of the People'. The society would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottom for all the trouble they take to make the meetings a success.

**THE POLYGLOTS** (Hon. Sec. A. C. W. Peck) held only two meetings this term, it being impossible to find a suitable date for a third. For the first, the society went to Yeovil to see the film *L'école buissonnière*. At the second, the chairman spoke on aspects of shape in works of music and literature. The society's thanks again go to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson for their unflinching help and hospitality.

THE UNITED SERVICES SOCIETY (Hon. Sec. D. P. Walsh) only managed two meetings this term. At the first, H. F. W. Holmes, Esq., gave a very well received paper on the Battle of Monte Cassino, in which he fought. At the second meeting, Lt. T. Holmes (Queen's Dragoon Guards) gave a first-hand account of the situation in Aden, and this was a most fascinating and interesting talk. The society's thanks go to Major Clarke for his organisation and unfailing enthusiasm and to Mrs. Coombes for her welcome refreshments.

THE WHITEHEAD SOCIETY (Hon. Sec. A. C. D. Ransom) was only able to meet twice this term. But what was lacking in quantity was certainly made up for in quality. At the first meeting A. P. Rollett, the President of the Mathematical Association, talked about Napoleon's Theorem. At the second meeting, Professor Scott, who had come all the way from Sussex University, read a fascinating paper on topology. The society's thanks go once again to the chairman and to Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottom for allowing the meetings to be held at the Beeches.

THE WILDMAN SOCIETY (Hon. Sec. P. P. Mayhew) has met three times this term and debating has been of a high standard, though on the whole the speeches from the floor have been from a limited number of people. The first meeting produced a lively and exciting debate, in which Messrs. P. F. Gosling and P. L. Mattholic carried the motion: 'Human Life has no Ultimate Purpose' by thirty-six votes to thirty-two. Opposing the motion were Messrs. S. J. C. Scutt and D. P. Walsh. The next motion was, in response to requests, of a political nature, being that 'This House believes that Success and Sincerity are incompatible in British Politics today'. Proposed by Messrs. R. J. E. Marsh and D. H. S. Sandeman and opposed by Messrs. D. A. B. Lough and A. W. S. Phillips, the motion was carried by twenty-four votes to eighteen. Finally, R. S. Glen, Esq., and J. J. Barker, Esq., confronted G. G. Stephenson, Esq., and J. M. S. Whittell, Esq., over the dictum: 'Equality—the Undesirable Ideal', and the motion was carried by fifty-seven votes to forty-three. The society's thanks, as always, to the chairman.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

Having read with interest the article in last term's *Shirburnian* entitled 'Forty Years On', I thought it high time I read 'The Loom of Youth', published fifty years ago. Assuming that it is not the slander that the school first claimed, the picture seemed pretty grim.

Not only has the school since then changed its whole emphasis, away from games, but most notably school life has become much fuller. Alec Waugh in his book makes few references to any activities besides games, lessons (one can hardly say work) and ragging. The same criticism can be made of the school forty years ago, from E.C.'s article in the last *Shirburnian*. Golf, squash and tennis were condemned, boxing was compulsory because it hurt. Such an attitude can only bring criticism to a school, and that image is only just wearing off now. Everybody now has some outside interests, and for some these interests take preference over all else.

Digging deeper into the whole question of public schools, one arrives at such problems as authority, punishment, religion. But these are the basic problems in any society. Translated to the public school they might well read: compulsory games, beatings, compulsory chapel. There is a good case for the abolition of all three of these, but first a substitute must be found. There may well be a better form of exercise than rugger, but some sort of exercise must be compulsory. There may be a better punishment than beating, but I have not heard of it. And thirdly, religion. What the school should be aiming to do is to produce good healthy Christians on the one hand, and good healthy atheists on the other—presumably it hopes for more of the former than the latter. But it should not put up with a majority of apathetic agnostics. And if normal intellectual life is allowed to

advocate atheism—as it very largely does—compulsory chapel should be allowed to advocate Christianity.

All in all, we do pretty well here compared with fifty years ago. And however much we may look forward to leaving, we shall eventually look back through rosy spectacles, for any faults are superficial and relatively unimportant. Such as bashers—when *are* they to be abolished?

Yours,  
J. P. STEDEFORD

*Ed.*—Bashers at Sherborne go back more than a hundred years and there still seems little reason to question the wisdom and taste of those who first introduced them. A hatless school loses an indefinable something, comes a step nearer an amorphous mass of 'students'. And if there is to be a hat, what looks better than a straw on the heads of boys ranging from thirteen to eighteen, and from four foot ten inches to six foot three inches?

Dear Editor,

After watching the Greek plays with Mr. Glen's 'modern touch', it struck me that present-day political life has much of the classical. Take No. 10 Downing Street: it's remarkably like the Delphic Oracle. Information, often ambiguous, is churned out by the yard (or by the foot, if in hexameter verse), and no one knows what happens behind that famous door. One wonders perhaps just who runs this Oracle—Apollo or his priestess? Outside, the press reporters and photographers, skilled in omens, wait expectantly. Every move is interpreted. A careless wave from the P.M. over something like devaluation, and it's not surprising that we all lose our heads.

In such times as these, we must be philosophical. We must hope to inherit the stoicism of one Julius Caesar, who, in obedience to the Egg Marketing

Senate of the day, went to work on two eggs, and even as he died, gasped out with great presence of mind, 'Ate two, Brutus'.

Yours,  
J. A. McCrum

Dear Sir,

It may be of interest that by permission of both the school and Abbey authorities a tape recording was made of the school commemoration service last June. This was essentially an amateur recording in that only one microphone was employed, but, by and large, the result is quite pleasing.

This has now been converted to a 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  L.P. record, which takes in the whole service apart from the sermon. It is felt that there may be several members of the staff, boys, O.S.s and parents who might like to have a copy of this record. There is no profit from the sale of it, but the more copies that are ordered the cheaper each copy.

If any reader would like to order a copy would they please let me know.

I am yours, etc.,  
J. J. COMERFORD (a. 1962-67)  
Hunters Hollow,  
Woldingham,  
Surrey

#### TIES

Dear Editor,

I am mildly surprised that one of our conscientious artists has not before now commented in strongish terms on the monstrosity displayed each day by various members of the school.

I am referring, of course, to the school tie. Consider for a moment the design of the thing. I ask you, is it even vaguely sensible? Surely, the primary object of a colour is that it should be distinguishable from others. I defy anyone to distinguish the black from the blue at any distance exceeding thirty-eight and a half inches without the aid of a telescope. And why black anyway? We already have a black tie. We have black suits, black socks, and black shoes as it is. Surely, the school colour is blue. Let us have a sane design based on that.

Yours, etc.,  
R. D. TRAHAIR

*Ed.*—Despite considerable discontent with the school tie, this has been with us since 1938 and is still worn by thirty-six per cent of the school.

Dear Editor,

What a miserable tie the school one is!—tiny blue and yellow stripes on black and they look like brown; and how dull the plain black one is! Would it not be much better if each house had its own tie for everyday use, and the black were worn on Sundays? The everyday one should be the present House Prefects' ties, and they should have a new design. It would look so much better to have a bit of colour in the uniform,

and there would be more house distinction—a thing I believe is needed.

Yes, it is time for a change, and let us have it as soon as possible.

Yours hopefully,  
D. M. WALKER

*Ed.*—There are already twenty-six different ties in use. Where does one draw the line?

Dear Editor,

I feel it may be of use to future O.S.s to know that the O.S. tie is offered at 25/6 on the west side of Cheap Street and 21/- on the east. One would presume that those on the west are making an extra twenty-one per cent profit—in a time of devaluation.

Yours,  
C. M. B. COATS

*Ed.*—The last time the difference was pointed out was exactly two years ago, since when the price has risen by 4/6 to the west and 2/6 to the east. Competition would not appear to have any effect.

Dear Editor,

I feel obliged to protest at a disproportionate allotment of money by the school. Recently, we have spent about £400 on a set of new hymn books, although the old ones were still in quite good condition and perfectly usable; and the psalters are in far worse condition.

At the other end of the scale, the *Sherborne Journal* was generally agreed to be a good magazine. Like many magazines, it ran at a loss, but I don't think anyone would grudge the comparatively small sum of money which, I gather, would easily have kept it going. It also appeared to be improving, and there was some rumour that it had hopes of breaking even in the not-so-distant future. Was this not a far more worthwhile cause than unnecessary new hymn books?

Yours, etc.,  
C. A. C. BUTTERWORTH

*Ed.*—There have been some half-dozen hymn books in the 112 years of the Chapel's life; each time changing tastes have made this desirable. Several of the older books survive, with words and music which by modern standards quite patently cannot hold their own.

The above consideration in no way applies to psalters; indeed expert opinion knows of no edition better than the one we use.

In the new book many unwanted hymns have been pruned, and (less obviously) several dozen fresh ones added. For purely congregational work the single line melody is probably more practical than four part harmony.

To mention also that its Introduction is both scholarly and eminently readable may be indiscreet—but truth must out.

Finally, in many schools it is the practice for every boy on arrival to buy his own hymn book personally.

## GAMES

## FOOTBALL

## 1ST XV

## RESULTS:

	SERIES RESULTS:			
	P	W	D	L
Won v. Blundells 12-0	51	31	7	13
Won v. Taunton 22-3	25	15	2	8
Lost v. Cheltenham 0-9	13	7	0	6
Lost v. Downside 3-5	72	37	6	29
Won v. Marlborough 8-3	34	19	2	13
Lost v. Radley 8-11	21	16	1	4
Won v. Clifton 11-0	37	21	6	10

Plenty of experience, plenty of talent, plenty of speed—so three lost out of seven school matches played was a big disappointment. And quite a puzzle, too, to anyone who saw the spirited second half against Blundells (and the head-on wind and rain), the efficient destruction of Taunton a week later, or the solid 11 points win at Clifton. These were good victories, as was that against Marlborough in mid-season, though perhaps the missed chances in that match were indicative of the doubts that the XV had begun to feel about themselves, and the lost form that set everybody wondering.

Not enough of the ball? Poor finishing? Certainly there weren't many high scores and there was a good deal of fruitless attacking. But it should be remembered that the first two games were played in heavy rain, and, in these conditions, scores of 12 and 22 are high: in both games, Gidney, Fanning and Mattholie looked too quick for the opposition, and the forwards—particularly the Holding-Parsons brothers and Robertson, worked for dominance and achieved it. The school rubbed its hands in anticipation.

Cheltenham, away. And the unusual October rains had done their damage. Sherborne looked unhappy, far from home: they dropped passes, tried to run themselves into form, and spent the game in their own half. Cheltenham played a simple game, efficiently; but they were only a penalty goal up when Mayhew made one of the best breaks of the season from his own twenty-five. It would have won the game with proper handling, but a pass went astray—and Cheltenham scored six more points in Sherborne's desperation.

It would be the same at Downside, too, if Sherborne weren't careful. This time, at least, they were prepared: the pitch would favour kicker rather than runner, the atmosphere would be hostile, and the opposition would play simple, effective rugby. They did—and hustled Sherborne into giving away a try, crucially converted. Sherborne immediately showed their mettle, the forwards produced two fine loose heels, and Mattholie scored. Towards the end, he nearly scored again. It would have been a great winning try, but it would have been against the run of play.

Now the pressure was on: won two, lost two, and Sherborne swarmed in to prove themselves against Marlborough on the Upper. But chance after chance went down, and what had looked like a 20 points

win might have resulted in another loss. In the end, it took two goalkicks by Carey (who, at full-back, was proving to be one of the finds of the season) to see Sherborne through to yet another unbeaten season at home. The try too deserves a mention: the forwards peeled from a line-out with suddenly demanding momentum, so Marlborough were drawn in, and Mattholie ran powerfully in on the blind side after the ruck was won. This sort of stuff would beat any school side, but there was very little of it the following week at Radley. Here was the low point of the season: Sherborne played slackly and thoroughly deserved to lose. Robertson scored a good, arrogant try early on, but only a few played with any warmth. Westman, as usual, made something out of nothing, and Mayhew, also as usual, played a captain's game defensively, tackling for three or four. He needed to.

So the Clifton match was to be something of a test of reputation. Predictably, when really threatened, Sherborne responded wholeheartedly. The forwards—with Webster dominating the hooking, and Peto, Goodall and Gosling having their best games—won lots of the ball and piled into the rucks as never before, the halves kicked coolly (as though this was exactly what they had been doing all season), and Bates, at full-back to allow Carey to substitute at fly-half, was solidity itself. It was an efficient and determined last performance. One was left feeling, if only. . . .

H.R.M.

*Team:* W. A. M. Carey, T. N. C. Westman, P. A. Fanning, P. L. Mattholie, M. H. Gidney (Hon. Sec.), P. P. Mayhew (Captain), R. H. H. Peto, J. P. Webster, C. P. Goodall, B. G. C. Holding-Parsons (Scrum Leader), P. F. Gosling, A. D. W. Robertson, A. H. G. Holding-Parsons, C. J. Candler, N. H. Bates.

*Results (including club results):* Won 5, Lost 5.

## 2ND XV

This has been an unusual season in that the forwards fell into place almost immediately, while we seemed unable to find a really satisfactory combination among the outsides. This was enhanced by injury, there being four outsides either away as replacements or injured when we played Downside.

Among the forwards F. P. L. Terrey, E. Cooper and T. S. Cordy worked very hard for the ball throughout the season. Cordy also led the pack extremely well. In the line-out O'Keeffe managed to outjump most opposition, and the rest of the game improved enormously during the term. G. R. Wilson, who played for the 2nd XV almost throughout, and R. A. Bethell, who played in the last two matches as a replacement, are both forwards who will be unlucky not to reach the 1st XV next year.

N. H. Bates captained the side with dignity and good sense.

J.R.L.

*Team:* N. H. Bates (Captain), N. H. Z. Watts, P. D. Garforth-Bles, J. L. Dunleavy, J. E. Procter, T. E. Hall, R. K. C. Bailey, F. P. L. Terrey, P. W. Clarke, E. Cooper, J. H. O'Keefe, T. S. Cordy (Scrum Leader), G. R. Wilson, N. F. P. Jack, R. J. W. Proctor; also played Haines.

*Results:* Won 6, Drew 1, Lost 2, beating Taunton and Pilgrims 2nd XVs, Hardye's, Milton Abbey, Canford and Clayesmore 1st XVs.

### 3RD XV

Won 5, Drawn 2, Lost 1

This year the 3rd XV has had rather an unbalanced season. The first three matches were marred by the weather which offered torrential rain or gale force winds or both; the last three matches were not helped by a crop of late injuries—against Downside there were six backs and one forward off. One of the advantages of the Sherborne system is that replacements are easily found and are used to playing the same sort of game, but with so many late changes, it is hard to find the extra confidence which comes from playing together regularly. In fact, our best performance, from the point of view of rugby skill, was against Taunton, where a number of very good tries were scored; from the result point of view, I suppose a draw with Downside on their terms was no mean feat and a credit to the irregular as well as the regular members of the team.

Much credit for the enthusiasm and standard maintained should go to Peck who proved an impressive and effective captain and scrum leader. Todd, Bethell, and latterly Seaton, were towers of strength in the pack, and we were often grateful for accurate attacking kicking to O'Hanlon at scrum-half.

M.H.

*Team:* A. G. Simmonds, J. G. Malcolm, P. C. H. Phillips, A. G. Cooper, D. M. Hincks, R. J. R. Jones, R. W. O'Hanlon, A. C. W. Peck (Captain), N. J. Miller, A. D. W. Shepherd, N. R. Dunn, R. A. Bethell, J. K. Todd, J. B. Seaton, J. R. A. Young.

### 4TH XV

Won 5, Lost 1

The main features of the team this season were an aggressive and mobile pack and a rapidly changing set of backs. In attack, we were assured of an abundance of good balls from scrums and line-outs, and some exciting tries were scored by the wings. In defence, the back row of Hannay, Rogers and Gaudie were always close behind the centres to snap up the loose ball. Our defeat by Downside, at home, was the only black spot; twice a loose ball right out on a flank was booted through our line, and Parry, the full-back, was caught too far up and beaten to the touchdown. Apart from this, Hetherington led his team to convincing victories, setting a formidable

example both in line-outs and loose. Mitchell and Barton were among the points scorers outside, and Parry, though weak in defence, kicked and ran well in attack.

J.R.F.

*Team:* Parry, Harris, I. H. Mitchell, Mizen, N. R. L. Barton, R. R. B. Wilson, Ashton, Frampton, Pugh, N. R. Best, Coats, G. D. S. Sandeman, A. F. Hetherington (Captain), Hannay, J. P. Rogers, Gaudie.

### COLTS XV

Both in points scored and matches won, this was a side with a superior record to its immediate predecessor. Indeed, it could be argued that with a little more luck against Canford, when we twice crossed the line without managing to score and had to be content with a draw, and Downside, where we were defeated with the last movement of the game, the record would have been quite handsome. Of our opponents, only Taunton were obviously superior. The strength lay in the forwards who, in the tight, several times had a real advantage over their opponents. In the line-out we lacked height and experience, and, with the exception of Lyle, were perhaps not quick enough to the breakdown in loose play. Outside, we did not have enough speed and penetration. The number of times when we so nearly scored but did not must be attributed to this. Swift, however, improved greatly in the season and Roome and Mathieson foraged efficiently on the wings. Scott proved a determined and plucky full-back who twice saved the line when he was the only man to beat.

R.A.C.K.

*Team:* Scott, Mathieson, Swift, Power, Roome (Captain), Vacher, Schroeter, Cullen, Candler, Bown, Geake, Farrer, Wilson, Peters, Lyle.

*Results:* Won 3, Lost 2, Drawn 1, beating Blundells, Bryanston, Marlborough.

### JUNIOR COLTS AND UNDER-14 XVS

Won 3, Lost 0

From the evidence provided by the practice games, played throughout the term, and the matches, played towards the end, it is clear that there are many good players in these two age groups. Both teams, particularly the Junior Colts, acquitted themselves well against sides which have a regular series of fixtures throughout the term. There was a refreshing air of enthusiasm in the way the games were played (though this was severely tested during a snowstorm at Canford), and it would appear that the 1st XV in four years' time may be something rather special.

D.J.W.B.

## JUNIORS

A close affair this year, notable for low scores.

Much extra time and snow, which upset the planned schedule, made unusual demands on the players; the final was decided only on the last possible playing day of the term.

The Digby won this competition for the first time, just beating Abbeylands in a good game (5-3).

## SQUASH

This term there has been little in the way of inter-school matches, with the exception of the Dorset Schools Cup. Two teams were entered for this, and the 'B' Team, represented by S. P. Morant, Greenwood and J. S. Tilley, were defeated by Canford 'B' in the quarter-finals. The 'A' Team, represented by R. B. Cobden-Ramsay, J. B. Seaton and R. H. H. Peto, reached the final having defeated Bryanston in the semi-finals. In the final we met our match against Canford 'A', who have one of the strongest, if not the strongest, school sides in the country.

In the inter-house competition School House 'B' ran out as winners beating Abbey 3-2 in the final. This was the third time in four years that Abbey have been the losing finalists, and, as in the past, they were unable to match the all-round strength of their opponents. Finally, our thanks must go to Major and Mrs. Clarke for their kind hospitality this term.

R. B. COBDEN-RAMSAY (Captain)

## FIVES

The team played one school match this term, against Marlborough, which resulted in the most convincing win for three years. With a regular practice every Friday, the school is building up a stock of about eight experienced and competent fives players and there can be no doubt that the standard throughout the school has improved immensely and will continue to do so. Thanks must go to Mr. Harvey for all the help and encouragement which he has given and also for establishing a little *esprit de corps*, which the game has always lacked at this school.

Team: R. J. Marshall, Crouch, I. W. Scott, Hollis.

R. J. MARSHALL (Captain)

## FENCING

A sad beginning to the season. With last year's teams unchanged and striking development in some of the second-line fencers, hopes were high. But clashes with house rugby, injury and illness meant that full, fit teams could never be assembled, and only the Colts' results are representative of the potential. However, six matches were decided by only one hit. And several awards have been gained in the club. Next term, though, *should* be much better.

Our thanks to Mr. Timmins, Professor Sanders and Mr. Holder for all their help.

The following fenced for the school: P. M. Napier (Captain), J. P. Griffin (Hon. Sec.), J. D. Raven, R. P. E. Lumley-Ellis, Ballard, Middleditch, P. Howard, Marrin, R. Phillips, Matthews and Price. Results: 1st Foil: Won 3, Lost 4, beating Canford, Prior Park and Elmhurst Grammar School; 3rd in Kingswood/King's, Bruton triangular. 2nd Foil: Won 4, Lost 4; 3rd in Kingswood/King's, Bruton triangular. Sabre: Won 2, Lost 2. Colts: Won 4.

P. M. NAPIER

## SHOOTING

Although the team is now equipped with considerably better rifles than before, the VIII found themselves hampered by the lack of time in which to practise. In spite of this we started the term off well, and our scores increased steadily throughout it; and by the end we were scoring extremely well. The VIII having developed from a rather inexperienced side into a good team, all of whose members were shooting accurately, we went on to win an unexpectedly large number of matches.

Colours were awarded to G. F. Farquharson, M. E. Forrester, J. M. A. Sewell and J. C. P. Walsh. Sunderland and Montagu also shot for the team.

W. H. HANDLEY (Captain)

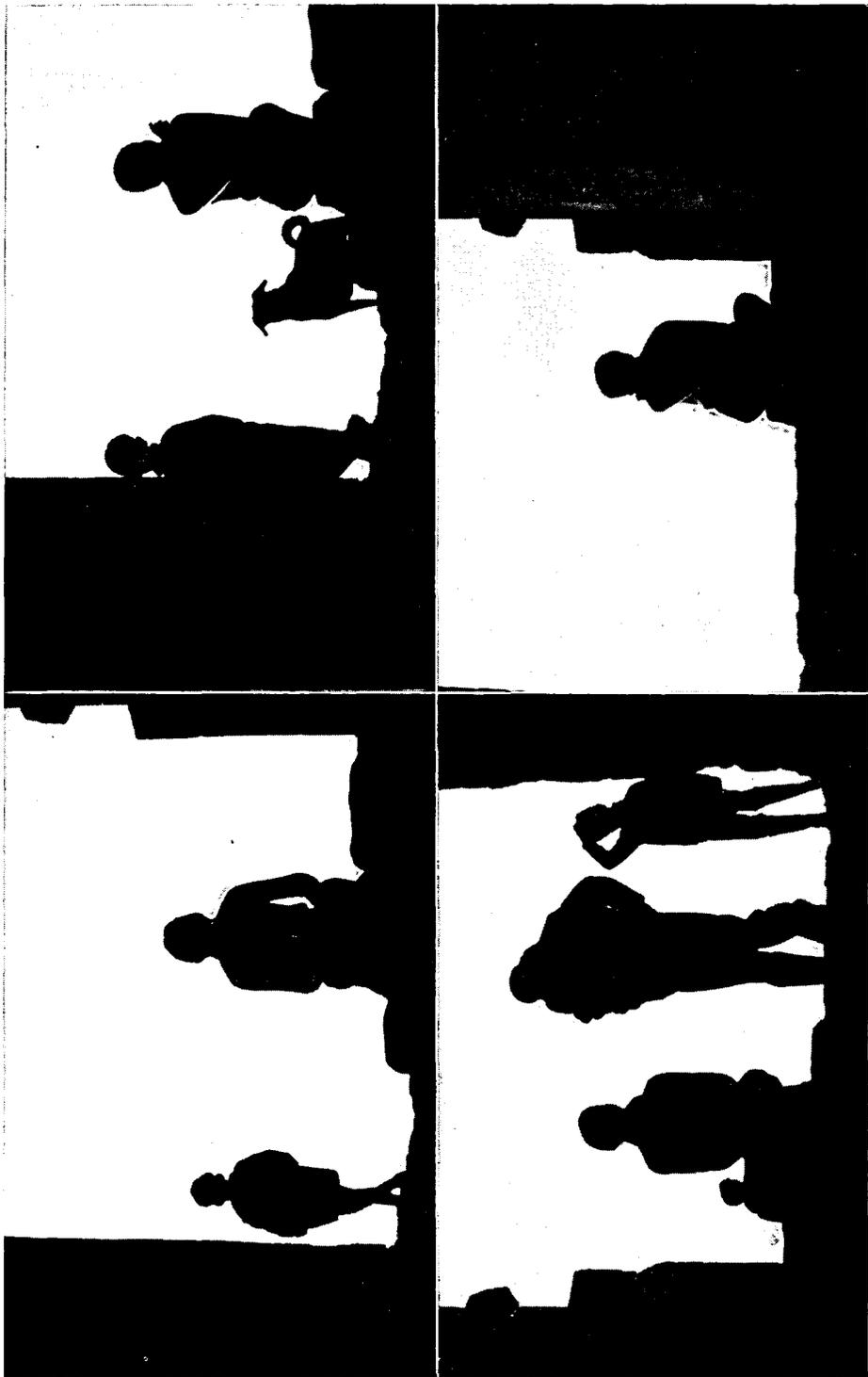
## GOLF

All forty places in the society were again taken this term, and seats on the buses were in widespread demand until the weather broke. In the early part of the term the House Foursomes were played off and resulted almost inevitably in a win for Lyon House over Harper in a surprisingly close final. The school team itself has had a disappointing term, losing to Downside at Burnham by 2-1, and to Canford at Sherborne by 4½-1½. In the coming year we must obviously organise more competitive golf at home, so that players do not come to the school team without ever having played the game seriously. On the other hand, when a medal competition was organised this term, there was not one entry. Another disturbing factor is that over thirty per cent of the members have not played once in the term—a waste of their money, and our time.

Our thanks go to C.M.G.H., particularly for giving up his Friday afternoons to take us up in the Land-Rover.

The following have played for the school: M. H. Gidney (Captain), T. E. Hall, M. Swift, D. Lough, R. A. Bethell, Lowe, Jack, Hobart.

D. A. B. LOUGH (Hon. Sec.)



## VALETE

## SCHOOL HOUSE

- N. R. L. BARTON, came 1963<sup>3</sup>, HE6A2, Upper VI, House Prefect, 2nd XI Cricket 1967 (Colours), Fencing 1964, 1965 (Colours), Editor of *Sherborne Journal*, Green Ribbon, Duffers, Dramatic Society, Wildman Committee—to acting?
- W. H. HANDLEY, came 1963<sup>1</sup>, MS6A2, Upper VI, Captain of Shooting VIII 1967,—to university and business.
- D. A. HEMANS, came 1963<sup>1</sup>, GE6A, Upper VI, House Prefect, Geographical Society—to New Zealand and university.
- A. F. HETHERINGTON, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, MS6A2, Upper VI, Head of House, 3rd XV 1967, Athletics 1965, 1966, 1967 (Colours)—to university and engineering.
- P. J. SNOAD, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, HE6A2, House Prefect, Christopher Warren, Green Ribbon, Les Philosophes—to journalism.
- F. P. L. TERREY, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, GE6A, House Prefect, 2nd XV 1967, Trebles 1965, Specials 1965, United Services, Geographical Society—to Sandhurst and the Royal Ulster Rifles.
- J. P. WEBSTER, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, GE6A, Upper VI, House Prefect, 3rd XV 1966, 1st XV 1967, Trebles 1966, Geographical Society—to university.

## ABBAY HOUSE

- W. A. M. CAREY, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, CL6A1, Upper VI, Head of House, 2nd XI Cricket 1966, 1st XI 1967, 2nd XI Hockey 1967, 3rd XV Rugger 1965, 2nd XV 1966, 1st XV 1967, Interpretes (Int. Max.), Music Club, Duffers—to university
- P. A. FANNING, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, CL6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, Barnes Elocution, Bereny, Junior Longmuir, Harley Wind 1966, 1967, 1st XV 1966, 1967, 3rd XI Cricket 1966, 2nd XI Hockey 1967, Athletics 1967 (Colours), Orchestra (Bassoon), James Rhoades, Duffers, Interpretes, Music Club (Hon. Sec.), Wildman Committee—to university and diplomatic service?
- P. P. MAYHEW, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, MS6A1, Upper VI, Head of House (Retd.), Plumtre Mathematics, Harley Music (Wind), 1st XV Rugger 1966, 1967 (Capt.), 2nd XI Hockey 1966, 1967 (Capt.), 2nd XI Cricket 1966, 1967 (Capt.), Orchestra (1st Horn), Hon. Sec. Music Club, Wildman, Gramophone Society, Member of Whitehead, Alchemists, Green Ribbon—to university and engineering.
- D. P. WALSH, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, GE6A, Upper VI, School Prefect, 3rd XI Cricket 1967, R.S.M., United Services (Hon. Sec.), Music Club, Geographical Society (Hon. Sec.)—to university and the army.
- T. N. C. WESTMAN, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, ML6B, School Prefect, 1st XV 1967, Shooting 1965, 1966, 1967, Gym, Athletics, C.S.M., James Rhoades—to army or architecture?
- R. J. ELDRIDGE, came 1964<sup>3</sup>, 4D—to further studies.

## THE GREEN

- C. L. BASHFORD, came 1963<sup>3</sup>, MS6A2, Upper VI, House Prefect, James Rhoades, Biology Society, Whitehead, Les Philosophes—to Oxford.
- N. H. BATES, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, CL6A1, Upper VI, Head of House, Junior Longmuir, 1st XI Cricket 1966, 1967 (Hon. Sec.), 2nd XV 1966, 1967 (Capt.), C.S.M., Hon. Sec. of James Rhoades, Duffers, Member of Interpretes, Green Ribbon—to university.
- G. F. FARQUHARSON, came 1963<sup>1</sup>, HE6A2, House Prefect, Cross-Country 1967, Athletics 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967 (Colours), Shooting 1967 (Colours), Trebles 1963—to university?
- C. W. J. SNUSHALL, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, Mod6B3, House Prefect, 1st XV 1966, 1st XI Hockey 1967, 1st XI Cricket 1966, 1967, Gym (Colours), Geographical Society—to architecture.

## HARPER HOUSE

- C. M. B. COATS, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, MS6A2, House Prefect, Scholarship to R.M.A. Sandhurst, Sailing 1967, C.S.M., United Services—to R.M.A. Sandhurst.
- P. J. CROWLEY, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, MS6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, 1st XI Hockey, 2nd XI Cricket, 3rd XV Rugger, Les Philosophes (Hon. Sec.), Whitehead—to university.
- R. W. FOX, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, MS6A2, Upper VI, House Prefect, Cross-Country 1966, 1967 (Colours)—to V.S.O. and medicine via Cambridge.
- J. D. HOWLAND JACKSON, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, CL6A1, Upper VI, Head of School, 3rd XI Cricket 1966, 1967 (Capt.), Fives 1966, Interpretes (Int. Max.), James Rhoades, Music Club, Les Philosophes—to Oxford (failing that, Bristol) and law.
- M. R. NEVE, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, HE6A1, Upper VI, House Prefect, Francis Iles English 1966, 1967, Duffers, Green Ribbon (Hon. Sec.)—to university.
- A. C. D'O. RANSOM, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, MS6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, Duffers, James Rhoades, Whitehead (Hon. Sec.)—to university.

## ABBAYLANDS

- E. COOPER, came 1963<sup>3</sup>, MS6A2, House Prefect, 1st XV 1966 (Colours), James Rhoades, Biology Society, Duffers—undecided.
- R. J. A. HOLLIS, came 1963<sup>3</sup>, HE6A2, Upper VI, House Prefect, Alison Blenkinsop History Prize, History Essay Prize, Senior Longmuir English (English Dept.), Fives 1967, Green Ribbon, Duffers,—to university and Civil Service.
- R. R. B. WILSON, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, MS6A2, Upper VI, Head of House, Gym Squad (Colours) 1966, 1967, Biology Society, Whitehead Society, James Rhoades—to university.

## LYON HOUSE

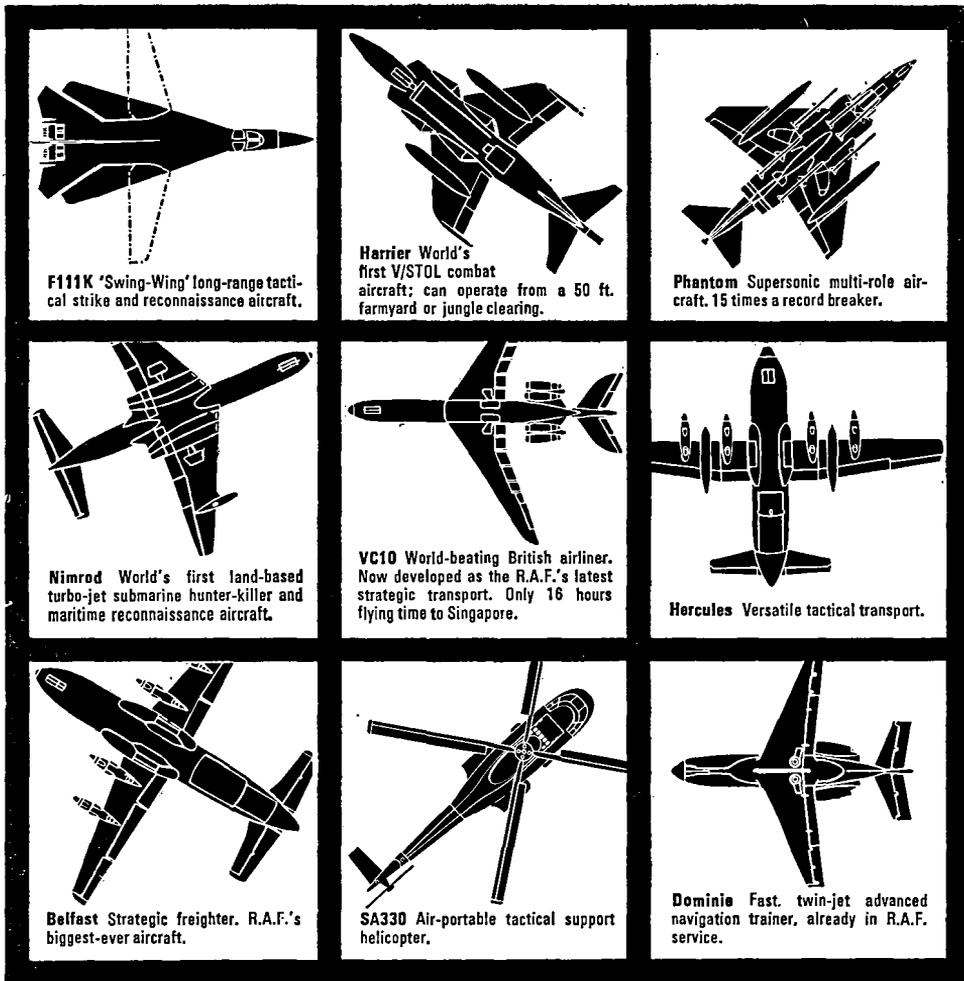
- T. S. CORDY, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, GE6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, Lyon Parsons Divinity, School Geography, Kitson Vocal, 3rd XV 1966, 2nd XV 1967, P.T. Instructor's Badge, Orchestra, Geographical Society (ex-Hon. Sec.), Music Club, Les Polyglottes—to travel and university.
- J. L. M. GREEN, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, HE6A2, Upper VI, School Prefect, Flt. Sgt., Duffers, Green Ribbon—to theatre and university.
- B. G. C. HOLDING-PARSONS, came 1961<sup>3</sup>, HE6A1, Upper VI, Head of House, 1st XV 1965, 1966, 1967, Tennis 1966 (Colours), 1967 (Hon. Sec.), P.T. Instructor's Badge, Duffers, Green Ribbon, Alchemists, Biology Society, United Services—to university.
- C. R. D. MOGER, came 1963<sup>1</sup>, HE6A2, Upper VI, 2nd Tennis VI 1967, Geographical Society—to university (Cambridge?) and law.
- P. M. NAPIER, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, ML6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, Lyon Parsons Divinity, Senior Longmuir English (English Dept.), Fencing 1965, 1966 (Capt., Colours), 1967 (Capt.), Coxswain, Editor of the *Shirburnian*, Organiser of School Social Service, Les Polyglottes, Duffers, Music Club—to university (Oxford?).
- A. C. W. PECK, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, ML6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, Huish Exhibition, 3rd XI Cricket 1966 (Capt.), 2nd XI 1967, 3rd XI Hockey 1967, 3rd XV 1967 (Capt.), P.T. Instructor's Badge, C.S.M., Les Philosophes, Music Club, Les Polyglottes (Hon. Sec.)—to university and law.
- J. E. PROCTER, came 1963<sup>2</sup>, HE6A2, 2nd XV 1966, 1967, 2nd XI Hockey 1967, Athletics 1965, 1967—undecided.

## WESTCOTT HOUSE

- R. G. COX, came 1965<sup>1</sup>, MOD5B—to further education.
- D. R. HEARD, came 1963<sup>3</sup>, MS6A2, Upper VI, Whitehead, United Services—to university?
- H. C. R. SIMPSON, came 1962<sup>3</sup>, MS6A1, Upper VI, Head of House, 1st VI Tennis 1967 (Colours), Whitehead, Duffers, Biology Society (Hon. Sec.)—to Medicine (Oxford or Bart's).

## THE DIGBY

- P. J. J. FOOTE (ex-School House), came 1963<sup>1</sup>, HE6A1 Upper VI, School Prefect, Les Philosophes, Green, Ribbon—to university and law.
- J. G. MALCOLM, came 1964<sup>1</sup>, MOD5A, 1st XI Cricket 1967, 3rd XV 1967—to further studies and land agency.
- R. J. MARSHALL, came 1963<sup>3</sup>, CL6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, Barnes Elocution, Senior Longmuir English, 2nd Prize and Classics Dept. Prize, 3rd XI Cricket 1967, Fives 1965, 1966, 1967 (Capt.), Editor of the *Shirburnian*, Orchestra (Bassoon), Interpretes, Duffers, Music Club—to university.
- G. D. S. SANDEMAN (ex-Abbeylands), came 1963<sup>1</sup>, HE6A1, Upper VI, School Prefect, R.N. Flying Scholarship, James Rhoades, Francis Iles 1st Year VI, Second Prize 2nd Year VI, Duffers, Green Ribbon (Hon. Sec.), Wildman (Hon. Sec.)—to university and agriculture.
- M. J. A. SHARP (ex-The Green), came 1963<sup>2</sup>, MOD6A, Upper VI, Les Philosophes, Archaeological Society (Hon. Sec.)—to university.
- N. H. Z. WATTS (ex-School House), came 1962<sup>3</sup>, CL6A1, Upper VI, Head of House, 2nd XV 1967 (Colours), Cross-Country 1967 (Capt.), Athletics 1967 (Capt.), P.T. Instructor's Badge, C.S.M., Interpretes, Les Philosophes, United Services—to university and army.



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