



shirburnian 72: 2





the shirburnian

edited by nigel douglas
and charles tomson

sherborne

The most notable feature of this term has been the contrasting periods of summer/winter weather, which seems to have incited parallel fluctuation in the general atmosphere of the school itself.

The usual tension developed in this, the main examination term, has been strangely heightened this year and the half-term interval proved its worth.

The final week, the Commem. preparation week, has once again crept to its "climax" with a whimper rather than the desired communal, spirited cheer of six hundred students. This is possibly a result of the obligatory, though as yet unrecognized, change of emphasis in the role of the school, thus provoking the question, "Is it realistic to stage Commemoration in an essentially academic (i.e. pressure of competition in public examinations from other schools etc.) institution?", the old controversy (dilemma?) of tradition: education versus the development of character.

However, the magazine: there was the usual late delivery of reports and reviews from all sections of the school, despite the unprecedented and tireless work of the editors

The literary section is sadly not the fruits of the majority, but the works of those few who had the energy to lift a pen in their spare time.

Stimulus is necessary to awaken and rekindle dying interest and the Shirburnian, because of its very nature, cannot be expected to do this, but there are various individuals with ideas "in the pipeline" for a new creative impulse.

This term has brought a long string of **Congratulations**: the *Shirburnian*, on behalf of the school, would like to extend their contratulations to the following: firstly, recent births:

to **Mr. and Mrs. Facer**, a son;

to **Mr. and Mrs. Harvey**, a son;

to **Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottom**, a son;

to **Mr. and Mrs. Hunter**, a son;

and to **Mr. and Mrs. Barker**, a daughter;

to **Mr. and Mrs. Smart** who were married in the Easter holidays;

to **A. L. James**, who won a prize in the British Mathematical Olympiad and has been chosen as one of eight representatives for the British team in the International Olympiad in Warsaw.

Regretfully we have to say goodbye to several departing mentors: **Mr. Starkey** leaves us after four years devoted service as Assistant Chaplain; he will be missed for his sympathetic and understanding pastoral work and for his willingness to enter any worthwhile enterprise, be it games against boys' teams or vacation journeys to remote corners of the earth. He goes to a curacy in Mill Hill. **Mr. Wilson**, too, leaves Sherborne but with a rather longer journey in mind: he is to take up a post in the U.S.S.R. His enthusiastic and energetic dedication to his main languages, German and Russian, will be remembered with affection, especially by his senior pupils, as will his other great love: birds.

Another who will be a severe loss to the life of the School is **Mr. Clark**, who again created a memorable Exhibition at this year's Commem. His positive approach to Art in the School and his urgent personality led to a mass of exciting imaginative work in the short time he was with us, a startling achievement to those who can recall the sluggish inactivity of the Art School before his arrival. A generation of Shirburnians have cause to be grateful to his drive and determination over the last two years.

Mr. Speed's robust energy will also be missed, both in the classroom and, especially, on the games field. His impact on the athletic life of the School has been immense both on the Upper and on the Athletics field. Curiously, like Mr. Leach, he too returns to his old school, Millfield.

Lastly, we say farewell to three masters who have spent shorter periods here: **Mr. Gardiner** who has taught Biology (and will continue to do so to some future Shirburnians at the Prep.); **Francois Busson** who returns to France after a year as Assistant; and **Mr. Stephen Cooper** who has been with us for the Summer term. To all these we express our gratitude.

In his Commem Speech the Headmaster gave generous tribute to **Mr. Holmes** who, after giving loyal and enthusiastic service to two Headmasters, comes to the end of a distinguished period as Second Master. Happily he is to carry on teaching French and is to inaugurate the new position in the School of Registrar. **Mr. Walford** will become Second Master.

In addition we must note the departure of **Mr. Currie** from the Digby where he has presided admirably since its inception in 1964; we wish him enjoyment of his new-found leisure time. He is succeeded by **Mr. Wilkinson**.

Commemoration

This year the emphasis was on the Great Appeal. With money coming in at the rate of £1000 a day from covenants and so on it was not so much the actual sponsorship that was important as the whole Sherborne Spirit. If there is such a thing it was surely demonstrated by Charles Hume and Robert Bensted-Smith, who broke a world record by playing non-stop squash for 49 hours. This brought a very interesting speech from Lord Boyd of Merton, who told us of the origins of the Guinness Book of Records, at Speeches on Saturday. Another great ordeal was the 50 hour non-stop fish by Tim Norman, Adrian Everett, and Ali Bone—not a record, but certainly a great publicity stunt There were of course the usual exhibitions—not as prolific as in previous years, but of just as high a quality. To reiterate what many hundreds of loving parents must have said, "God Bless Commem." Perhaps God loves social occasions—certainly the gathering on the Upper was as enjoyable—for those who enjoy such occasions—as it ever has been. Maybe the Sherborne spirit was reflected in a splendid tea-drinking concert on the Music School lawn; the spirit was reminiscent of a hundred years ago—a very comfortable and relaxing occasion, the music of which we hope to have a report on elsewhere. The tea was very good.

On the whole one could say this was a very successful occasion—but isn't it always? God bless Commem.

J.D.L.

J.D.L. is, alas, to leave us after ten years' most distinguished work in many spheres of the School. He will be sadly missed.

First, of course, in the Classics department. Exact, (and exacting), enthusiastic, (but with proper Hellenic restraint), incisive; his Classical interests are wide, but perhaps it is Roman history and archaeology that he values above all. His new book on Pompey is impatiently awaited, (the chapters we have already seen in manuscript have whetted our appetites for what is going to be, at the least, an extremely useful book): and his work with many boys on various villas and other holes in various parts of Dorset, Somerset and Scotland has been invaluable.

The School in general knows him as an active House Tutor of Abbeylands, a patient and clear headed president of the non-stop examination activities of the modern School, a knowledgeable contributor to *la vie sportive*, and the owner of a beard (one of the earliest in the present series), two children, an enthusiastic dog, and a wife. Mrs. Leach's contribution to the School has been varied; first her hospitality, which is lavish and unwearying, and laced with memorable conversation; she rarely mentions her children and never mentions the weather; a formidable but kindly controversialist. Then, she has taught music and taken a vigorous interest in the musical life of the School; her final contribution is to play the viola in "King Arthur."

They will be widely missed and long remembered, for they have enriched our lives in many ways. They go to St. Edward's, Oxford, where Mr. Leach is to direct the Classics department of his old School. May they all enjoy their new life as much as we have enjoyed their company here.

R.S.G.

A.N.C.

In Mr. Clark's brief stay of only two years there has been an outstanding change in the role that Art plays in the mechanism of the school. A complete revolution has taken place in the general attitude toward art and the Art department has firmly established itself as an indispensable and integral part of school life.

'one of the most remarkable features of this term has been recovery of the Art department'
Shib. 70 : 3

'Mr. Clark has shown the Art department to be rejuvenated beyond belief...'
Shib. 71 : 2

The staging of this third exhibition illustrated the results of two year's unflinching enthusiasm and energy shown by Mr. Clark. The very fact that the paintings could reach the extremes of Neo-Plasticism, Naturalism, abstract Expressionism and also, in three-dimensions, an American Assemblage is a demonstration of the new approach to art: one of a more experimental form in which the resulting piece is not only intended as a finished product, but as a trial and an attempt to understand the diverse styles in art.

This more empiric advance extends to the classes with the set periods that have formerly been unimaginatively used, where now there is encouragement for modelling, leaf-collages, spray-painting, monotone sketching etc. This approach is inevitably more lively and productive than the formal method that tends to produce the technical, sterile and glossy, "art".

Not only has fine art become more available to the school in general, but also art appreciation: both at 'O' and 'A' level standard Mr. Clark has shown equal zeal in lecturing four or five evenings a week. These lectures produced both results and a new interest, for once the basics of History of Art have been presented personal reading etc. will follow.

For all this, amongst other achievements: the Tuckshop gallery, the scenery and make-up provided for the drama group, successes in National School's exhibitions etc.: for all this Sherborne owes an irreparable debt to Mr. and Mrs. Clark.

N. P. Douglas.

A.N.C.



A. R. Marriot

music

Pianoforte and viola

There are accompanists who endeavour to divert all the audience's attention towards themselves, with impressive displays of emotion or flashy exhibitions of technical difficulties. Christopher Knott did not fall into this selfish category, but politely allowed Ian Davies to become the focus of attention for the larger part of the concert. There was, in fact, a delightful contrast between the emotional vitality of the viola-player and the cool collectiveness of the accompanist.

The concert opened with Handel's sonata in A, Op.I, no. 15, described by one fourth-former as "beautiful"—by another as "typical." The pair more or less captured the spirit of the piece, but the flavour of Handel can so easily be lost when a pianoforte is substituted for a harpsichord. After a loud response from the audience, Paul Hindemith's Sonata of 1939 followed, so rarely heard in the concert-hall at present. Towards the end of the piece, Christopher Knott temporarily abandoned his cool, calm, collected pose, and became deeply involved in the frantic, deeply emotive passages, while Ian Davies played the viola convincingly, in the way that Hindemith wanted and the audience could appreciate. The two returned after a well-earned rest and tumultuous applause to play Schumann's *Marchenbilder*, Op. 113, (fairy tale pictures) which is a fine example of Schumann's ability to write simple but beautiful melodies. That anyone could write that type of music in between bouts of nervous instability and appalling illness is a source of wonder to me: Schumann's profound lyric sensitivity was a fitting medium in which to conclude a much-enjoyed and appreciated concert.

M. H. Pryor

Music on the terrace

On **July 14th** Sherborne experienced its first day of Summer. This coincided with a novel enterprise that was set in the attractive, picturesque gardens of the magnificent new music school.

The stone veranda "stage" was conveniently raised with steps leading up from the lawn that accommodated the audience. At any one moment there were always over two hundred ears present, the majority switched on to the music—though some towards the tea and biscuits provided under the trees—free.

The concert attracted the "cream of the cream", many hidden behind monstrous sunglasses, to produce an atmosphere of culture and relaxation.

The music in general was of high quality, in particular the first piece on the programme—Mozart's *Serenade in E flat* and David Stone's *Octet in A minor*, both of which had been lengthily practised.

P.J.W.'s Suite from "The Winter's Tale" was performed again but divorced from the play I found it almost meaningless. To add to this it sounded very disconnected, some of the items lasting only ten seconds.

Of the other items on the agenda that included two lively piano solos from G. Tudor-Williams and D. Tyrell, Bach's *Quartet for Oboe, Violin, Viola and Cello* was of exceptional quality.

W. J. Pepper

Edith Vogel

There is a story that when Beethoven was nearing his end, he heard a pupil playing the 32 variations in C minor, composed by Beethoven when he was fairly young. "Who wrote that?" he asked the pupil, who was probably trying all out to make an impression on his master, and was rather taken aback. "Why, you did" he replied. After writing down the answer on paper so that the deaf Beethoven could read it, he produced the manuscript to prove the fact to the still unbelieving composer, who said, "My, what a fool you were then, weren't you?"

Nevertheless, Edith Vogel's rendering of the variations, following the sonata in E (one of the least known of the sonatas) was superb: she managed to sustain excellent finger control, especially in the variations.

Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia was the piece that struck me most strongly. Against terrific odds from the treacly-thick bass of the big Schoolroom piano she managed to produce brilliant semiquaver sections and sometimes, as in Liszt's B minor sonata, the other work in the programme, a beautiful "sotto voce" effect despite the piano.

This Liszt sonata was obviously supposed to be the highlight of the evening. I have only heard the sonata once before, and Emil Gilels was the soloist—so any comments I make will be influenced by my apathy towards the sonata and my comparison with one of the greatest pianists of the age.

Brahms was a young man of 20 when he is supposed to have fallen asleep while the garlic-chewing virtuoso gave him a private performance of the sonata at his own home. Liszt's extravert and superficial style of composition brilliant though it is in places, lacks feeling and depth. This sonata, despite some dramatic appasionatos, tends to provoke the kind of statement: "In the first movement alone I noted 4 pregnancies and 7 miscarriages."

However, Edith Vogel's performance of the sonata left me feeling very good, for though the piece has often suffered intellectual dissection, I still like it for its emotional content which, in truth, completely outweighs any lack of musical depth: what the musicologists would probably call integrity.

Throughout the programme Edith Vogel maintained an athleticism that was quite extraordinary and she coped quite comfortably with what was probably the most difficult recital, technically speaking, that we have had for several years.

R. G. Humphries

The informal concert—for those making their debut—was an interesting study of lower school music. To make a fair generalization, all the performers were far too inhibited and shy, which can perhaps be expected from this category of musicians. The standard of music varied considerably. The piano solos were encouraging—starting with a good but repetitive "Recit du Pecheur" from Paxman, followed by a rendering of a Brahms waltz from Murdoch which possibly lacked the confidence that future performances will bring. Probably the best piano piece was Bach's well-known Prelude in C from a confident Warton. The Clarinet solos were predictably coarse but good technically, the best being Gates' "Chanson Triste" by Tchaikowsky. Although the oboe pieces were disappointing, the brass solos were confident and well produced. The highlight was an unaccompanied Bach Courante from Heath. On the whole a good concert, giving many hopes for the future.

king arthur

The steadfast heart, high courage, trust in God—
 These are the armour of the Christian King,
 And here at Sherborne shall these arms be forged.

With these words from the Sherborne Pageant of 1905 a new parent, Queen Osburga, entrusted the education of her son, Arthur to the ninth-century Sherborne School. In this year's Commemoration play his successors entertained their parents with the semi-opera "King Arthur" by Purcell and Dryden, a celebration of later events in the life of the School's most distinguished old boy. Through a mixture of masque, heroic drama, comedy and opera the lessons that Arthur had digested in Sherborne were shown to have been well learnt.

"King Arthur" is not easy for modern audiences, nor modern actors. Purcell's superb music is readily appreciable, Dryden's plot and verses less so. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Ferry, played with attack, precision, sensitivity. The choir sang this most ingratiating music with entire success. The two principals, David Wilson and Quentin Braddock, sang their solos with imagination and understanding. Purcell convinced us, but this is the easier part.

On the stage there was some basic and unavoidable uncertainty. How do we, in 1972, stand in relation to this strange tale of mingled heroics, comedy, patriotism and fantasy? It is not entirely to our taste and not at all in our present tradition. Plays claiming a presentation of psychological veracity acted in a style called "natural", but perhaps reflecting merely our diffident, self-conscious insistence on the unremarkable, these we can understand. In "King Arthur", on the other hand, what most avoids the 'natural' most succeeds. The magnificence of the costumes, the richness of the set, the ceremonious gestures, deliberate stance and confident declamation of Oswald, played by Timothy Wardlaw, pointed to the style in which this semi-opera might possibly have achieved yet more coherence and conviction. By means of greater flamboyance and an emphatically mimetic style of acting the way might have been prepared for a more grandiose presentation of the allegorical ending.

This is not so much a criticism of this particular presentation as an appraisal of the peculiar difficulties facing any presentation of "King Arthur". As it was, in this case the achievement was particularly one of variety and sustained interest. The magicians, Paul Almy's Merlin and Derrill Allatt's Osmond, were well differentiated though linked not only by their recourse to supernatural aid but also by the discreetly comic way the parts were acted. Ian Rosser's King Arthur, more difficult than his rival Oswald, was to that extent more human. The victory was his, but so was the anguish. The least convincing part of Brian Todd's Emmeline was this most improbable name. She and her confidante Matilda, played by Christopher Homfray, were alike modest and maidenly, true examples of those feminine virtues and attractions which are now, alas, solely of historical interest. Quentin Braddock's Grimbald, reminiscent of his Caliban, with Nigel Williams' as his opponent, emphasised the basic conflict between right and wrong, the native and the foreign, the spiritual and the diabolic which underlies the action.

A torchlit epilogue followed "King Arthur" in which three hundred boys took part. This was a brilliant spectacle to offer as a *bonne bouche*. Processions, huge, grotesque carnival masks, dragons, spectacular fireworks, fencers, a display of eighteenth-century arms drill in the uniform of the 39th Foot, and the School Band, directed by Mr. Shelley, beating the retreat, brought an evening of movement, colour, music, drama and military display to an unsurpassed conclusion. Congratulations and thanks to the producer, Mr. Glen.

A Second View

Describing itself as a semi-opera, *King Arthur* fails to provide the serious drama and poetic emphasis of a good 16th/17th Century play and fails to provide a continual musical flow, as an opera might do; being a musical chain, linked together by various moods. Thus retarded, the production of *King Arthur* was optimistic in that an enthusiastic response for this type of work might not be expected. However, a great deal of effort was put into the production, both dramatically and musically and the whole thing gave the impression of such a form of slapstick informality that the majority of people managed to accept the work as it should be accepted in the 20th century; as a lighthearted romp into the British Heritage.

However, *King Arthur* is really a deeper work, or was meant, when it was written, to be a deeper work, than might be supposed. The symbolism of the contrast between the black-clad Saxons and the hearty, flawless British in a battle for which the valour, courage and justice are the stakes in the case of a British victory, and evil pagan-worship is the stake in the case of a Saxon victory, is coupled with the rival theme of the formation of the "new race". Just as Aeneas and Turnus fought it out in single combat the result being the mingling of two races to form the Roman race, did Arthur and Oswald fight it out in single combat, the result being one great race: the "modern British."

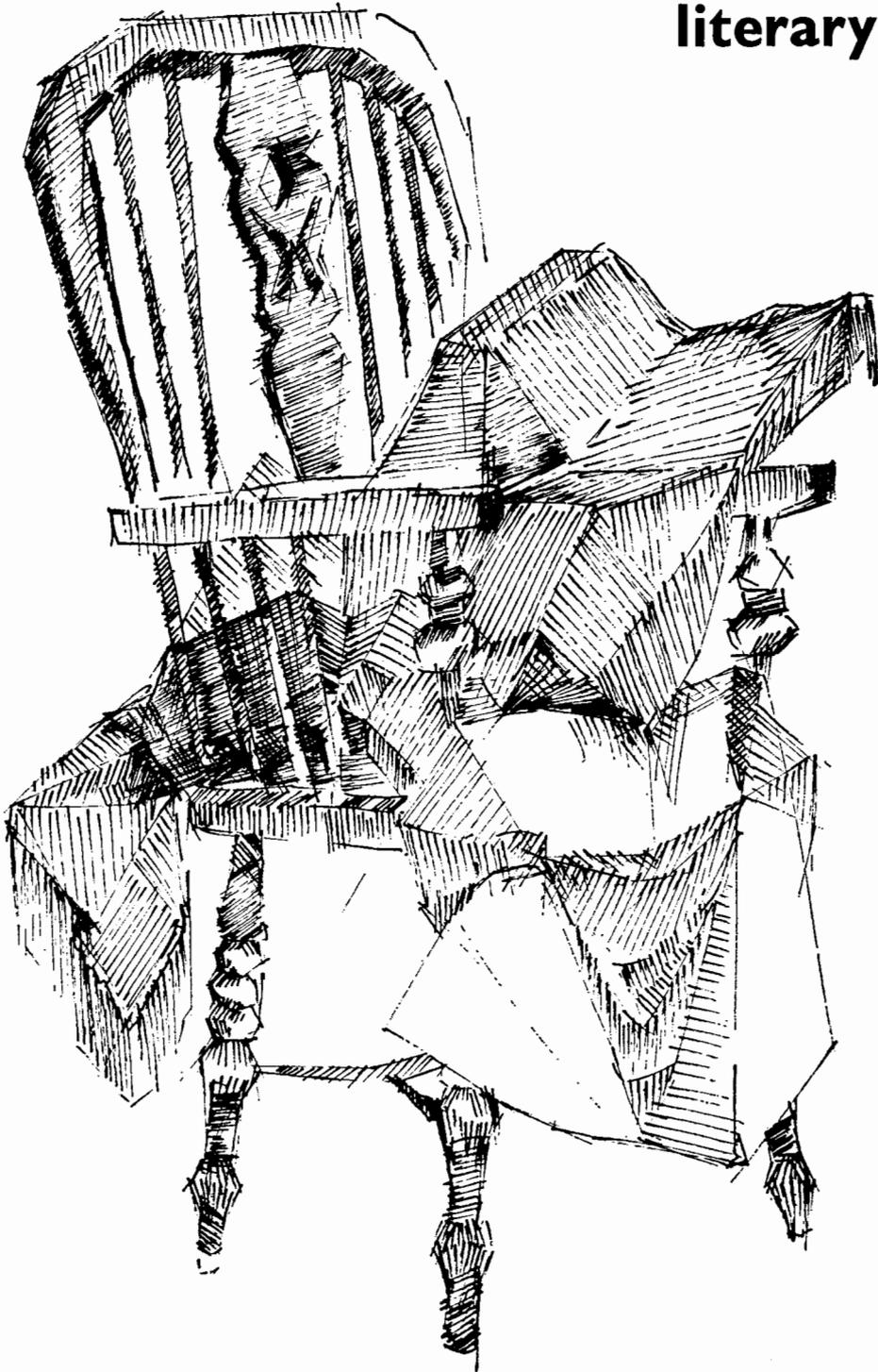
Arthur refers to his ancestor, Aeneas, and despite this seemingly futile and irrelevant remark, it is obvious that the symbolism, or rather the repetition of "history" is present. Britain was involved in the formation of an Empire at the time that "King Arthur" was written, and Virgil's *Aeneid* was commissioned by Augustus in a Rome at the height of its power. Thus *King Arthur* might be accepted as a parallel to the *Aeneid* in an attempt to show up a relationship with the past.

The fact that we can accept the *Aeneid* as a literary masterpiece and cannot accept *Arthur* without a little head-scratching (if *Arthur* is meant to be a parallel attempt) is a little sad because it reflects the British culture's heritage/literature.

Taken out of historical context, and as a semi-opera, I didn't find that my supposed *King Arthur* "complex" had much effect on my response to the play; I found the hero to be scripted (quite expectedly, of course) as sugary and just over-heroic; the Saxons, in their Pagan splendour attracted me much more. There is something rather intriguing in worshipping 'Wod.' etc . . . but this is neither the time nor the place . . .

The strongest force in the opera was the music, without which the play, in any context, could not have stood up on its own two feet.

literary



reminiscence :

you stood there your naked body
shimmering
in the early sunlight firm yet
tender
you as the pale rays strike your
moistened skin
that's how I remember you but you're
probably different now
so different smoothed and cherished
in time like a pebble in some forgotten
stream
how I wish I was that water pure
flowing
over your unblemished skin
sometimes
I wonder in my secret thoughts
if you still think of me
back at the source of your
stream.

S. MacIntyre

The Field

He was finished. Slowly his thoughts were extinguished, crushed beyond any hope of a slow revival. No talking; he lifted and dropped his weary feet and coughed as the horse blew monotonous deep clouds of blue smoke over his head, blurring his hazy vision as he felt ahead. The grass was almost colourless and very supple.

The plod of hooves made the grass rustle and the soft muted moonlight glistened and winked on the silvery harness. The trees of the field were not discernible, they formed misty shapes, sighing and twisted. It was very quiet, unearthly quiet, and, because of this silence he felt tired. A weight imposed on either shoulder made him slouch. And he wheezed, so his hot smoky breath intermingled with the horse's above him. He gripped the harness, the aged brown thong, black with the grease and mud that had been smeared into it by many unknown hands and, without looking down at the tough straps of leather, he realised that was all he owned. He felt it. His hard dark thumb, like a mature walnut, caressed it while his other hand, although not very clear in that grey twilight, was blistered and scratched with oddly shaped indentations which he had come to be at home with. His hand. That was like a claw, he thought. He tried to move the joint of his little finger, but the cold crisp air prevented it, his body rocked and nearly toppled over as he placed a foot dreamily in a puddle. He contorted his face to form an expression almost of pain, but did not dare look down at his boots, the leather had been worn thin, thin and black resembling the features of his hands, he thought automatically. The horse was tired. His body rocked slowly. Things had forgotten them.

The hedgerows they did not notice, did not care, and stretching for miles were dark, undiscernible shapes, not nodding, not remembering him and his horse. His thoughts were detached from his body, and he forgot about walking and thought about other things, light things widening in his memory until they scorched and burned his head, and sank down to his stomach, where they remained, smouldering like an extinguished fire, the extinguished dynasties of long, long ago.

I. G. Craig

TO SUCCOUR AND CORRECT

I The Miniature

To leap is hubris; who pulls me down?
The sweet small voice of literary sections,
And trances half-asleep—
The reckoning of the future, present, past:
“Reality” will catch me up at last,
And show who held me down: my present state.
Hilliard’s “Unknown Youth” needs the support
Of an old symbolic tree, and there he sighs,
Legs passionless, flour face, pose of the sort
Adopted by the young, who are not wise.

II The Cinders In our Garden

There won’t be much need for these stairs any more,
So I think I’ll take them out and burn them:

Animals glaring, children all undressed,
One clutches the other to his naked breast:
Last year’s leaf and this year’s flower,
Bits of twig, moss, gravel, soil,
Crouched or lying half an hour,
Reluctant and relieved uncoil.

Stand and stretch the cold cramped limbs,
Comment on the day's proceedings,
Run to chapel to sing hymns.

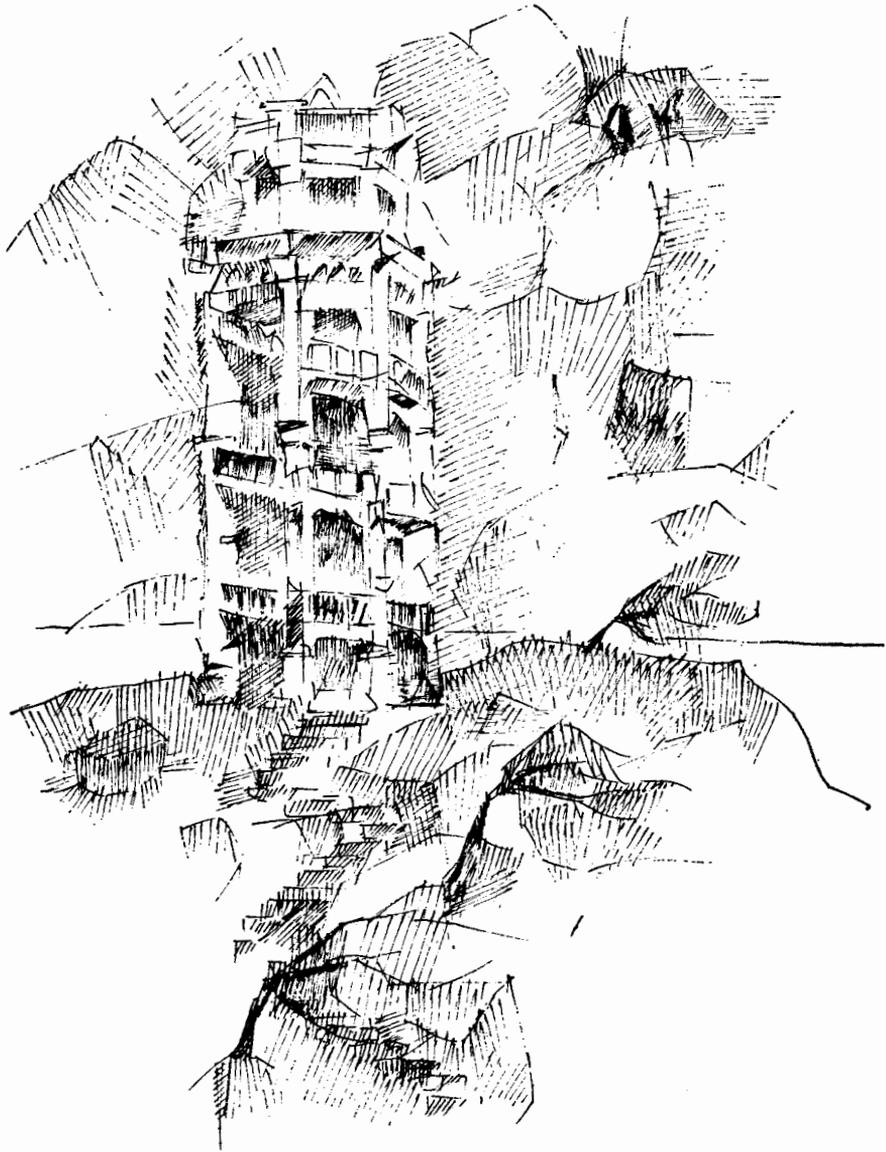
And tremble quietly in the readings.

He cried when they tied him to the stake
Leave me alone (he was alone)
Sticks in bundles, splendid torches
Not my fault I was led astray
I was forced forced did not choose I was wrong
The stake burns wickedly and the man—
The miniature face
Against the flame,
We must replace,
And keep the same:
From age to age,
There is no change in the change.
Acquaintance inspects what remains for the future:
Rising from the bed of ashes,
Wiping tears from dribbling eyes,
Grasping the texture of one person,
And bewailing the transformation.

III The Great

This great hooked foot has many uses,
For I enjoy the choice.
Resistance feels the weight of my ego,
And I equate it with despair,
And desecrate the heart of light,
And reproduce in many tongues
The pain felt by the fallen pure.
I must dispense the torment due
With the help of your good hands.

G. M. J. Taylor



Thanks For The Water

This stream,
Trickle of water,
The tear of mother earth.
Source-flow; the beginning
Of life. Sustenance.
The essence.
The water flows on,
A sheet of undulating glass,
Mirrored mornings; earth's tremblings.
Onward goes
This eternal cycle;
Mountain to sea
Sea to mountain.
A roundabout
Of nutrition.

D. A. B. Andrews

Aphrodite

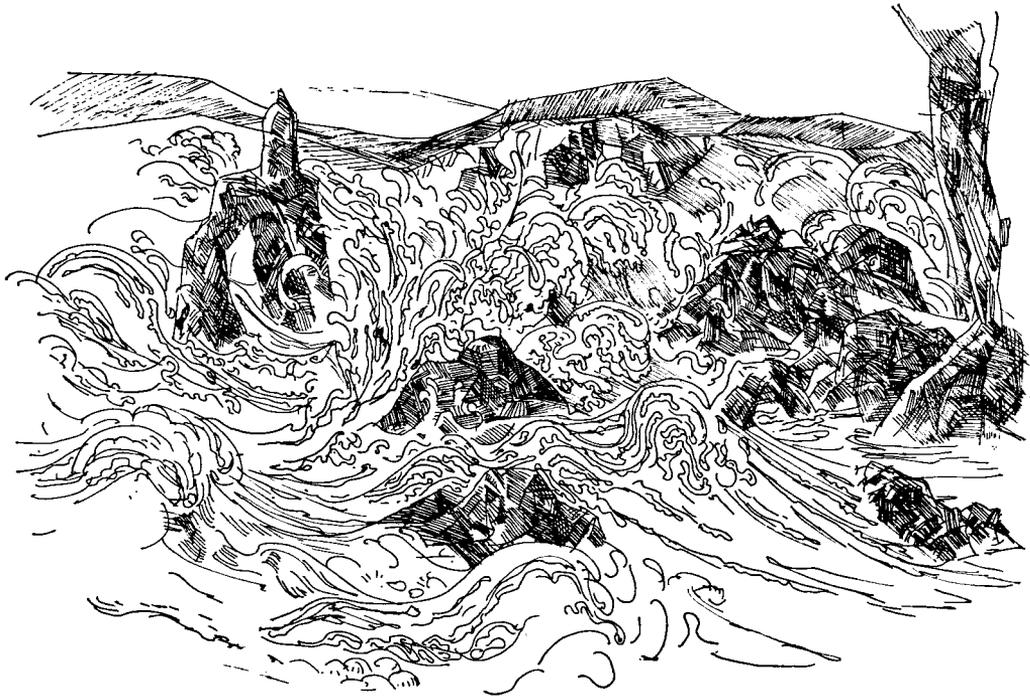
I was walking alone in the morning Sun
when I found this enchanted wood,
which envelopes me
but which will not let me sleep.
I sat down beneath a tree
but the tree has roots
which implore me, pull at me
and wrap themselves around my limbs.
There is a shadow and translucence
in the wood that is more than love.
I shall pick jasmine from
amongst the flowers of the wood
and I shall give them to her
this morning.

Richard Humphries

The Rubbish Dump of Time

The jagged rocks that overhung the bay
Clanged, as the grey waves came to a
Crashing crescendo. Caves in the
Wind-beaten cliff stared blankly
At the great heaving mass of sea,
Like huge black eyes.
Thin, weather-beaten rocks, reached
Like the wrinkled fingers of a groping hand
Out to sea.
A buoy bobbed, like the head of a solitary swimmer,
And straggly seaweed floated
Like strands of wet leather,
And embroidered the shore
At the ebb of tide.
The beach, at the foot of the cliffs,
Became the rubbish dump of time.

R. Vipian



A. G. Craig

Canned dream will travel:
 Plain day
 tomorrow promises better
 someone wearing a sweater on the coast,
 shades of faces and faces of shades,
 a hidden mind.
 Walking on concrete blocks
 (they never made it anyway)
 Looking for grey horizons on the wind.
 Mellow grey ducks don't focus
 as they leave the water for the sky;
 camera shutter catches
 cold summer snatches;
 feel the sea without touching,
 I too have a dream,
 a dream enough for two.
 Sticky chocolate block so what,
 wrappers scatter,
 the sky stretching endlessly away
 and the wind like her.
 White gull soaring
 boat loses mooring
 as I wait for the blue horizons on the wind,
 but I had known her too long
 and we always have to turn on to
 the questions that seem to matter.
 Why can't we be innocent anymore,
 why can't we play like children on the shore?

A. J. Waite

vole

A vole scurried across the reeds at the side of the canal. The man continued slowly; and with him the water lapped at the earth sides of the waterway. Two of the many sides of the field were being slowly worn back by the ripples from the canal folk as they passed in their barges and yet, it did not matter in this slow world of unknown life which only one who has experienced it can relate.

Through sun, rain, hail, and snow the barge people came, their bright cabins and wonderfully strong horses by which the boats edged their ways through the water. The old man had learnt a lot about the boats that usually passed the field, and about the people, a lot about them. The occasional chat: a barge pegging up for the night; the daily routine. Behind were Braunston locks—a long, stretched-out string of four or five locks; and ahead Wormleighton and on to Oxford and London.

Some firms only came from Northampton and Weedon Bec. Only a five-day journey through Blisworth tunnel. And yet, though five days may be long or short, no-one was ever in a hurry. Sometimes the men came around. When they did he would have to stop farmwork and cut down the reeds on his side of the canal. The toepath was on the other bank—that wasn't his. The steady, rhythmic, clip, clop, of the horses got closer as they rounded the corner. The sun was low in the sky. "We'll stop here for the night," he heard one of them say, "It's so peaceful".

Cove

I used to walk among the cliffs and listen to the grasshoppers. On a sunny day they were quite as incessant as the sea, busily cllickering in the long grass, and you used to bend down to try and catch one, but they always fell silent just when you thought you were getting warm.

It was glorious to feel the crunch of the pebbles, so rounded, on your first step onto the beach, and then to run to the edge of the sand, where you took off your shoes and socks. Then the tentative footstep on the cold, hard sand and the first ripple covering your toes; your back shivered with delight and anticipation, and, as you looked out to sea from the sheltered cove, which seemed so snug and hardy, the sea stretched on everywhere, grey and green. It was such a long way to where it stopped, and still you couldn't see France. But there were much more exciting things than France; a small, completely round grey pebble which fitted . . . just right . . . in your curled finger, and you put your arm back and threw, and it skipped, three, four times, through the oncoming waves. There was a boy who said that he could make it go nine times through the water, and he lived in London, so I always tried to see if I could do that much, but somehow I couldn't.

When your feet were covered with that cold water, something changed inside you and your back contracted, and you staggered forward with a splash, the icy droplets goose-pimpling you and dribbling down the white skin, so winter fresh. Suddenly I rushed forward and threw myself, chest first, on the white, foaming waves. It was an incarnate moment.

As the sea receded, I was always puzzled. There were those tiny inch high mountains of ringlet sand that were coiled up every few feet or so, just where a puddle sat, winking in the sun. So I used to jump on them quite frequently, until I realized they wouldn't give up appearing, and I was getting tired of the game. Next I turned the shells over, these pale miracles, and felt the grittiness of the sand in them. I filled my bucket with them and washed them, one by one, in a large puddle, and spelt my name by pressing my toe in the sand and fixing a shell securely in the imprint, not letting a single edge stick out. That was an achievement, especially with a full stop and a capital.

I remember taking the net and the jam-jar tied on a string, to the rock pools, where the real mysteries could be found. Shimmering pinks and greens mingled with the greys of stone and brown, sienna seaweed, swaying gracefully, so temptingly below the surface. But it was not the colours, it was the life. The baby crab, upside down on the surface, pathetic, claws curled around him, filled me with a tinge of sadness.

Feverish I gripped the handle of the shrimp net and gently slipped it down into the depths. The crab viewed it with distaste and scuttled into a forest of laughing, wavering seaweed. I groaned and prodded. With rising frustration I continued to explore that patch of seaweed. Suddenly a silver dart across the pool and that flick of the net and exultation. The first "thing" in the jar is always the most important, the one you have most affection for, and the last you part with. The tiny brown fish turns, desolate in its bare cage. So I add a few stones to keep it company, trickling them down the side until they covered the bottom. Then a piece of seaweed and it looked much happier. When one jam-jar was filled up I began on another. By the pool I was suddenly taken with a fresh enthusiasm. Excitement ran through my body and I had to close my mouth so that it would not escape and, under the careful gaze of the silent watchers amongst the reeds, I

felt as if I was playing truant. When all the jars were filled I sighed for sheer joy and just sat and watched their lazy movements. Then I put them all back, the last one first, which was almost as fun as catching them, until I came to the "first fish". I felt a tear as I saw its quick gliding through the pools away from me.

But then to look towards the sea and see him: I was astonished that anyone else was here apart from me. My mouth wide, I just stared.

With his back towards me a man stood quite at ease among the rocks. He flung back a rod and cast the silver line far out into the water. With carefully measured actions he began to reel in: steady clicks. The breeze rushed over me and I was pierced to the core by the air's salty tang. But I was mesmerized.

Then the line tautened and with a twang his rod curved and the reel slowed, but did not stop. With aching eyes I followed the thread to a white splashing, so far out. He could never reel in that far. But the clicking continued. I thought how much nearer the fish would be and felt very excited—what a disappointment it would be if the line broke.

Closer and closer it came, and I was edging towards the man, my eyes focussed on that little dot. The waves were becoming larger, I had noticed sub-consciously. The salt in the air was more bitter and my mouth was dry. The steady onrush of the gently increasing tide began the almost imperceptible erosion of our difference, the space between myself and the outer world, and the fish became all. My hands clenched the jam-jar until the whites of my knuckles showed. A fixed, yet indefinable and intangible urge for the fish to be caught, captured, to be . . . he reached for his net . . . and up it came, a silver wraith in the gathering dusk. Or was it a cloud.

A whisper and, suddenly very tired, I turned, picked up my jars and clambered back over the rocks. The wind whipped my body and I was cold.

With my parents I clambered up the path that had been so easy to run down this morning. In one hand I gripped my net and the other was firmly clasped to my mother's hand, so warm and comforting. As we reached the top I turned to look once more over the white-flecked sea, roaring and threatening at my diminutive cove, forlorn and receding under the inevitable tide. I thought how silly Canute must have been, and turned my back, and my eyes found the welcome cover of a hawthorn hedge.

N. P. Beaham-Powell

The City

Surfacing

From the circle line

I noticed how hot it was

And the day did seem cloudy.

Funny—the clouds didn't look real

—darker than usual.

I found myself walking

Tramping the concrete,

A thousand million feet in unison.

In unison we gasped the poison-air

Really they should have oxygen

People do find it difficult to breathe

And, as I thought, my thoughts were drowned

—120 db.

D. A. B. Andrews

reviews

Julius Caesar

Though this film was intended for those being examined on the play, a good number of others also watched. On the whole the play did not reach the expected standard. Apart from the fact that the motors on the Turing Lab. projectors are failing (which meant that no music was ever heard) the main complaints were about the actors: how can one have an American-accented Brutus? How can one have such an ugly Calphurnia? Mark Antony's last speech did not satisfy the drama-hungry fourth-formers: his speech, at Caesar's funeral however, silenced the somewhat restless audience, but whether this silence was due to the beauty and skill of Shakespeare's English or Antony's rendering of it remains unknown. The 'extras'—Calphurnia's dream and the dramatic filming—with shots of Caesar's statue in the lightning—were effective if overdone. Gielgud's Caesar was perhaps *too* impassive, not letting the audience see enough of the character Brutus loved, and Cassius hated. The conception was impressive, the production less so—perhaps it would have been better with an all-English cast!

Green Ribbon

Despite the looming shadow of examinations, the members of the society have felt sufficiently confident to attend four meetings this term. This imposing sequence opened with Christopher Ash delivering a detailed exposition on "Society and Growth", drawn from his recent experiences with economics.

Mr. Barker was then able to produce an acquaintance from his escapades in Oxford, Dr. Roger Porter, who gave a thorough and erudite account of why America went to war with Spain and Cuba in 1898. A very different view of America was presented by Herr Doctor Professor Edouard Conzé, "the great man himself," whose entertaining anecdotes of our protector ranged from the machinations of power politics, be it on the campus or over Vietnam, to his escapades with attractive "girlies?" with alsations in faculty lifts.

It was left to the secretary to attempt to bring a suitable finale to the term with a return to the intricacies of late-Victorian philanthropy, centred around that Beacon to the subsequent success of the Labour Party, Beatrice Webb, née Potter.

M. J. M. Brook

Interpretes

There were no meetings this term due to a lack of speakers—more confidence is needed from members. It is hoped that this state of affairs is the end of a cycle, and from now on the society is on the ascendant.

Geography Society

There were two meetings this term, though a third has been postponed until next term. At the first P. A. Taylor gave a very useful talk on the use of statistics and their processing to give meaningful results in fields where the practical geographer might need them. Secondly, Jefferies gave a paper entitled "the formation of lakes and valleys in Northern Sweden"—a very useful and interesting talk backed up by a vast amount of factual information.

Music Club

The society has flourished this term and it is hoped that this new life will extend into the future. The concert given by members was of a very high standard, the show piece being A. L. James' piano solo, Brahms' Concertwalder in Bb. The other highlight of the term was an open concert given by Edward Pillinger and Peter Witchell, at which Mr. Witchell once again showed his flair for composing in a sonata of his for Clarinet and Piano.

Duffers

There were two meetings this term. The first, a series of readings by members was much enjoyed by all, and the participation of everyone present was encouraging.

Mr. Stephenson gave a very interesting, if slightly historical, paper on Ezra Pound at the second meeting. He was clearly very well acquainted with his subject and produced many books from the London Library for reference.

Unfortunately a third meeting with S. F. Latimer speaking on James Joyce had to be postponed. Our thanks, as ever, go to Mr. Bruce for his splendid hospitality and encouragement.

C. W. E. Hume

Alchemists

Due to a lack of enthusiasm there were no meetings this term.

Polygots

There were two meetings this term. At the first Peter Nisbet gave us his impressions of his "sabbatical" term in France—a most enjoyable evening, and very instructive. At the second J. M. C. Evans gave a well-documented talk on the life and poetry of Baudelaire.

Whitehead

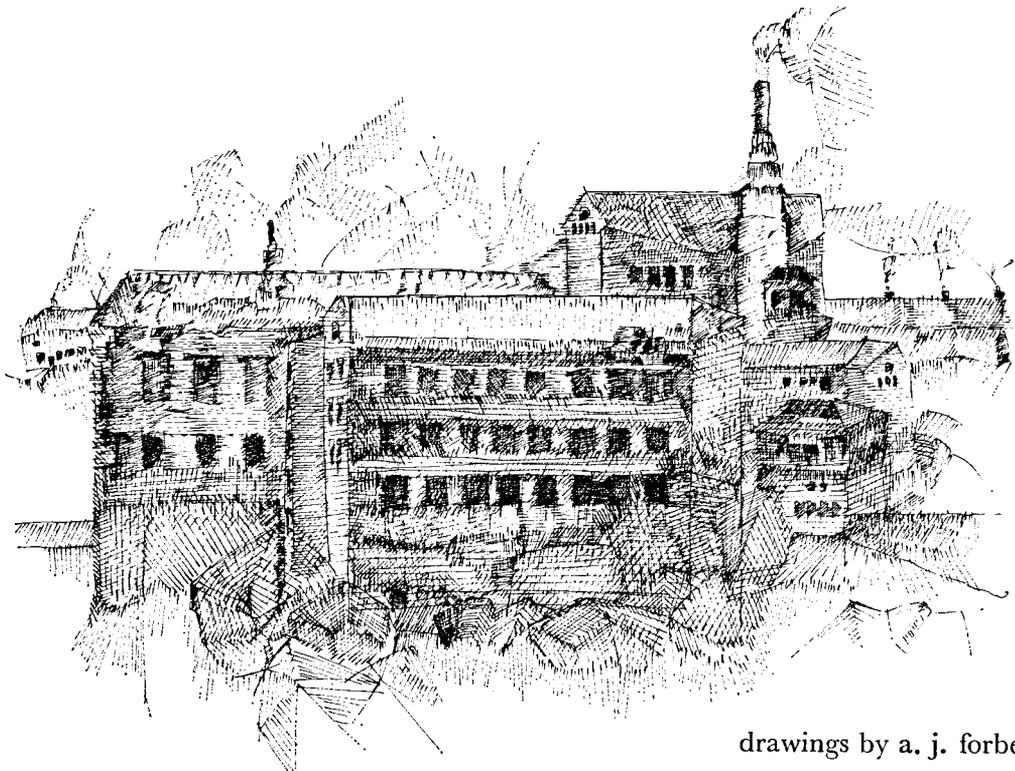
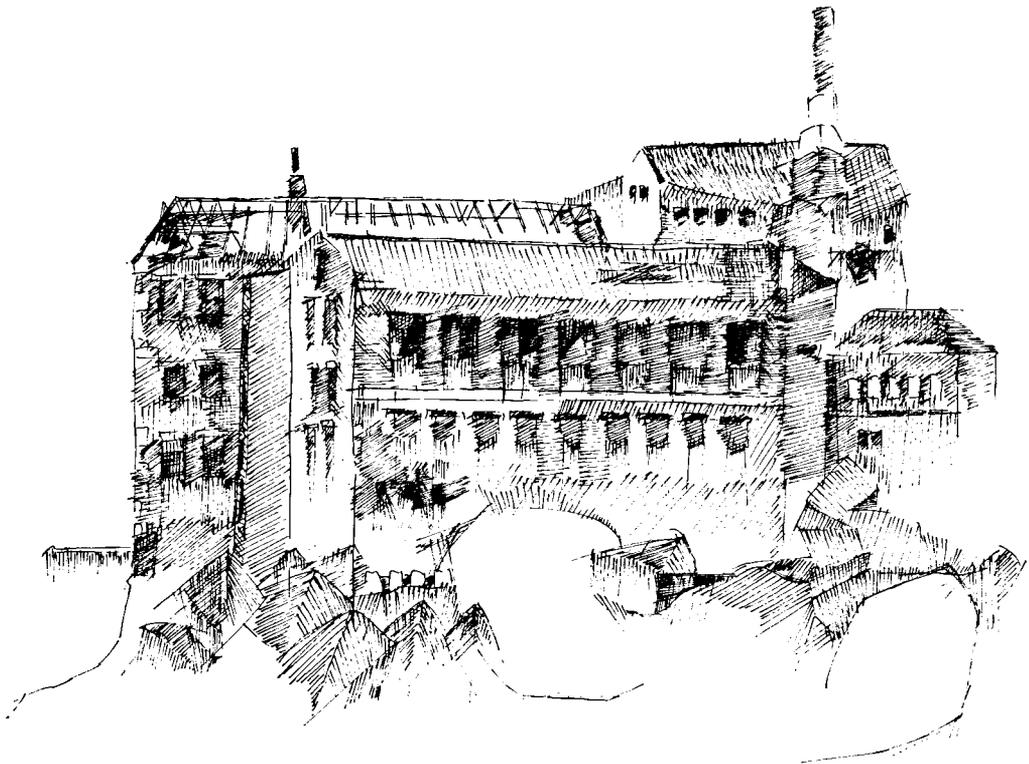
At the first meeting there was a very interesting demonstration of Wind Tunnels from C. Ash: the second was entitled "Structure" and was given by M. Marriott. Both meetings were attended by members of the Girls' School.

Biology Society

The society has flourished this term thanks to an interesting collection of subjects. At the first R. I. Lee, an O.S. now studying industrial biochemistry at Oxford, gave a very interesting talk on the principles of Germ Warfare. At the second meeting, Ashley Tottenham, an O.S. now at Agricultural College, gave a very instructive and amusing talk on modern principles of weed control. The third meeting was an open forum on evolution, at which nearly all the members contributed something—an encouraging sign for the future.

Philosophes

There was only one meeting this term—other meetings were postponed till the Winter term. At this meeting S. F. Latimer gave a paper entitled "Psychology and the Classics". We thank Mr. Glen for his kind hospitality at this meeting.



drawings by a. j. forbes

games

CRICKET 1ST XI

The cricket this season was played under conditions more usually associated with the winter terms, grey skies and chilling winds. Only towards the end did the sun emerge and the temperature rise sufficiently to make the game enjoyable. In spite of these conditions only one match (v. Blundell's) was cancelled and one other delayed for an hour to give the outfield a chance to dry.

The XI began well, holding the strong Sherborne team to a draw in the first match and the Rangers in the second. Bad batting led to a near defeat at the hands of Clifton, five of the "batsmen" were out aiming straight deliveries either to square or midwicket, but luckily the tailenders made amends and managed to play out the last half hour. With a little more sense of purpose from the middle order batsmen the Free Foresters would have been beaten, to fail by three runs to achieve victory with wickets still in hand was disappointing. Westminster were defeated fairly comfortably and but for regrettable lapses in the fielding Canford should have had to work much harder for their victory: At 60 for 5 chasing 150, Canford should have been made to fight a lot harder, but they achieved their victory without losing another wicket.

The other school games were most unsatisfactory from a cricket point of view. Radley battled most of the day for their 195 (in 85 overs) and from the overs they bowled Sherborne were expected to score at a rate of 4 an over, a task not impossible for experienced players but difficult for a school side. Wickets fell in the chase and a brave effort was made but there was never any real chance of victory. Marlborough's tactics seemed to be win if possible but on no account lose. This was to put a side in on a good wicket, receive a reasonably generous declaration and then to give up the chase early, which are tactics uncondusive to interesting cricket. Downside lost too many wickets too quickly and at 8 for 4 were never in the game: they did well to last the 2½ hours but when only 33 of their runs came from the bat it gives some indication of the quality of the game.

C. W. E. Hume led the side well but his batting never achieved the heights that it should have. Most successful of the batsmen was J. R. Garforth-Bles and he is to be congratulated on his century against Marlborough: with improved running between the wickets and a greater contribution in the field he could be a very good cricketer. Edwards and Symondson, two of last year's Colts more successful batsmen found runs harder to get on the XI and too often got themselves out through rash strokes too early in the innings, however both played useful innings on occasions and much is expected of them next year. D. J. Wilson, at last, after three dormant years, showed what a fine wicket-keeper he could be and on occasions was brilliant: his batting improved as he was given more responsibility going in at number 5. J. Jackson played many useful innings and saved the side on several occasions but his chief merit was his fielding which was always outstanding and eventually raised the standard of the whole side.

The bowling, with the exception of Corlett, lacked penetration: it was usually fairly steady but rarely looked like bowling a side out: this was clearly demonstrated against Downside who refused to play shots and the XI were unable to clinch a victory that should have been theirs.

It was hardly surprising that the fielding was initially below standard: cold hands and stiff backs are not conducive to lively exhibitions of fielding but the facts that on average one slip catch a match was dropped and to the last game not one slip catch was held are indicative of lack of concentration rather than ineptitude. However when the sun emerged the fielding improved and towards the last few games could be classed as good.

Sherborne Town 190 for 5 v.	
School 133 for 9	Drawn
Dorset Rangers 157 v. School 158 for 6	Won
Clifton College 180 for 9 v.	
School 144 for 9	Drawn
Free Foresters 174 v. School 172 for 6	Drawn
Westminster 111 v. School 115 for 5	Won
Radley College 195 for 6	
School 152 for 7	Drawn
School 150 v. Canford 151 for 5	Lost
School 174 for 5 v. Downside 57 for 9	Drawn
School 206 for 5 v. Marlborough 141 for 6	Drawn
School 149 v. M.C.C. 151 for 5	Lost
	C.M.G.H.

2ND XI

A good team this year although a little unbalanced in favour of bowlers—to the extent that Fovargue, Humphries and Wardlaw, all bowlers, hardly had a bowl. It was consequently gratifying to see a number of people scoring runs, innings by Leach, Humphries, Burridge, Bryer Ash, Wardlaw and Niker being particularly significant; Floyer played a number of good strokes without ever settling down to build an innings. The bowlers were always successful—apart from an impossible task against Canford, determined not to lose a perfect batting wicket. The brunt of the bowling was shared by Dudley, Wilson, Yates, Leman, Floyer and Archer. The only real lack was a good wicket keeper although Hove did quite well in his one game against Downside and batted sensibly in an exciting win by one wicket.

We had two exciting, low scoring games against Hardyes and Downside, easy wins against Taunton and Clayesmore, and were just worth a draw against Millfield. The team's success was due to the always aggressive fielding and in no small part to the captaincy, first of Leach and later of Humphries.

Team from: Humphries, Burridge, Wardlaw, Archer, Wilson, Jackson, Floyer, Bryer Ash, Niker, Fovargue, Leman, Leach, Yates, Dudley, Hare, Wallace, Rosser.

M.H.

3RD XI

After an uncertain start the team became a well-functioning unit, going on to win the last five matches—the defeat at Yeovil thus being amply recompensed. The most rewarding result of the season's cricket was that we suffered no draws out of six games. Apart from our initial defeat therefore, the season was conclusively successful, although we lost a brace of more talented cricketers—Niker and Bryer Ash to the 2nd XI.

The cricket did not suffer from temporary slackness in the field and, as no one was upset by slight errors; everyone, I hope, enjoyed himself.

It only remains for me to thank J.J.B. and M.G.W. for all their hard work this term in hammering a team together and for their invaluable coaching and umpiring. It is a great loss to the 3rd XI that M.G.W. is leaving the school, but I sincerely hope another enthusiast will be found.

RESULTS:

Played 6 Won 5 Drawn 0 Lost 1

TENNIS

1ST VI

Played 6 Won 4 Lost 2

After winning the first three matches comfortably, the team had a bad match, losing to Marlborough, who, however, had an above average team. This was amply compensated for by the satisfying 6-3 win over Downside, who have beaten us without exception for at least the last decade. This was followed by a very creditable performance against Clifton, who beat us 6-3, their hardest match of the season (they have been unbeaten in school matches for the last 4 years). Robert and John Bensted-Smith did particularly well to beat the Clifton 1st pair.

The "conversion" of David Noyes to Tennis from Cricket strengthened the team, and such changes of allegiance are to be encouraged for the future! The Bensted-Smith brothers played well as a pair, especially towards the latter part of the term. The third pair was hotly contested for by Richard Green, Richard Taylor and Martin Marriott.

The Colts were immensely helped by the creation of a squad of a dozen or so of full-time tennis players. This will reap huge benefits in the future. While Green was still on Colts, he and Hendin provided a strong first pair, with Millen and Brennan as a solid, if somewhat disappointing, second pair. The results did not fully live up to expectations, but the talent is there for the future, especially with some promising Junior Colts.

The Senior Inter-House Competition was won by The Digby, who are rapidly becoming notorious for their tennis players, having at one time no less than 13 players out of a total of 30 on school teams. The Junior Competition was won by Abbey, who beat Digby surprisingly easily in the final.

In general, there has been continued high popularity for the game, with an overall improvement in standard at all levels, at least in part due to the enthusiasm of H.F.W.H. in organising and coaching the Leagues players—our thanks to him. There is a possibility of obtaining a ball machine for next season, and this would make regular practice more effective not only for school teams.

The 2nd and 3rd VI's had above average seasons, under the supervision of Mr. Wellby and Mr. Davies respectively. Our thanks to them both. But above all, many thanks to C.J.H. for his unflagging zeal and help.

C.B.G. Ash

COLTS

Due to the weather playing up on us our playing became indifferent and the final scores we displayed were rather negative. It would be invidious to single out any one person so we will take three: Tomlinson, Millen, and Mike Wilson. Tomlinson tried and was going well but was overcome and lost hold. Millen did succeed for longer but alas he fell heavily towards the end of the season. However beside these misfortunes we did have continuous good work from Michael Wilson who played really fine tennis. Sadly, Richard Hendin jeopardized all's chances when he really did fall and dislocated himself. The chaps pulled together well in the face of adversity, however, and the season was really fabulous apart from the weather.

The results were as follows:

v. All Hallows	drew 3-3
v. Canford	lost 2-4
v. Taunton	lost 0-6
v. Blundell's	lost 1-5

ATHLETICS

The outset of the season was plagued by bad weather, which although it rarely led to cancellation of fixtures, (unlike cricket matches), nonetheless hampered good performances. This was particularly the case in the match at Blundell's where the weather bore more resemblance to November than May.

However, as the season progressed, matters improved and there were several notable achievements to record its close. Our record in the throwing events was particularly good, with Richards, the South West discus champion, winning almost all discus and javalin contests. The shot-putters, too, were scarcely less worthy of mention, each repeatedly improving the school record in an atmosphere of friendly rivalry. The most promising performance of the season however, came from Stephenson, who knocked 10 seconds off his own Colts record to lower it to 4 min 14.7—less than four seconds short of the open record. He is undoubtedly the athlete in the school with the most potential.

Several Colts put up notable performances and particularly worthy of mention were Sim and Samler, both exceptional all-round athletes.

All in all, the season was quite a success: my thanks to the coaches for making this possible.

E. C. Stenton

GOLF

Golf has flourished more in this year than at any time during the society's existence. This I feel is due to the tremendous enthusiasm injected into the society by Mr. Door, and then the continued encouragement from the Bursar and Mr. Currie.

New schemes are now afoot to have a greater number of matches per term, which will be invaluable in forming lasting pairs which may someday be strong enough to be chosen for the Hartford Hewitt! We have been full every term, and a young, very enthusiastic team seems to have come up with some very inspired players.

The team was;

C. G. Nevil	—8
R. A. R. Francis	—10
M. Prager	—12
M. Farley	—16
M. Whalley	—12
J. Whately-Smith	—20
M. V. Wilson	—22
S. Cross	—16
R. Taylor	—20
I. Rosser	—14

Results for this term were:

v. Blundell's	won 2-1
v. Downside	won 2-1
v. Milton Abbey	lost 1-3 (B team)

The "June" medal was awarded to:

M. Prager 78; C. Nevill 79.

The Kemp cup was awarded to C. Nevill; R. Francis was the runner-up.

C. G. Nevill

THE SHERBORNE PILGRIMS

At a recent Committee meeting, the following were elected members of the Club.

E. B. WILSON (b)—Rugger and Fives.
R. W. J. VINCENT (b)—Rugger and Athletics.
J. A. WILKINSON (g)—Cricket, Hockey, Rugger.
C. W. E. HUME (h)—Cricket, Hockey, Squash.
M. de C. RICHARDS (b)—Rugger and Athletics.

The Sherborne Pilgrim's Club exists to promote tours, to encourage all forms of games for Old Shirburnians and to keep members in touch with one another and with the School. Its members have all made a major contribution to Sherborne, or to Old Shirburnian games.

Membership is in the hands of the Committee. The normal method of election is through playing qualifying matches, but certain boys with an outstanding games record at School are absolved from qualifying and are elected as leavers.

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BY

— **MONICA HUTCHINGS** —

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