





## EDITORIAL

This issue of "The Shirburnian" is not composed around any set theme. I would rather consider something that can best be described as an attitude or state of mind. This is humour. It has been generally felt amongst the Editorial Staff that humour is a very necessary part of the magazine, and is at present somewhat lacking. However, I have come to view the problem as a wider one: what seems to be very rare is any humour in our approach to life in the school.

Ingenuity has been stretched to new and disconcerting lengths to devise strange and inaccurate labels to describe anything remotely smacking of intellectualism. This is obviously wrong where genuine excellence is being considered. Some of the correspondence on Newsboard last term demonstrated this misuse at its most flagrant. However, it is not inappropriate when used to describe some of the masterpieces of cotton-wool invective that have appeared in the last couple of years, which serve as a grave warning of the dangers of becoming imbued with the exuberance of one's own verbosity. All correspondence now seems to be labelled "serious" or "funny". We must remember that school life is in many ways an artificially structured environment, designed to develop aspects of our character in a controlled situation, and to treat every problem as of earth-shattering importance is to hinder that process. Too many correspondents, signing themselves "outraged" or "disillusioned", see what they are writing about as a "basic principle" or "fundamental right". Step back from the problem for a moment, be prepared to laugh a little at one's self, and it may come rather more into perspective. Disagreement over an issue between two people does not imply their fundamental incompatibility. That is an extreme illustration, but it serves to demonstrate the gravity with which such issues can sometimes be ordained.

I do not wish to suggest that topical subjects should not be discussed enthusiastically and thoughtfully, but it is equally dangerous to go to either extreme. A lack of serious thought is no worse than a doomsday pomposity that inflates itself like a balloon, but is too thick-skinned ever to burst.

"Stinkfoot" seems to me to demonstrate many of these values of moderation. It is prepared not only to mock, in a very good-natured way, "The Establishment" (a rather absurd phrase in this context, yet one much favoured by serious social theoreticians), but also to acknowledge that its own views are by no means didactic. The ideal of give and take, so treasured by most schoolmasters, is vital for any community or relationship. The very terms used to describe the supposedly conflicting groups are hindrances in themselves. Too often the "Authorities" are blamed by the boys for being too unwilling to change. Such stern differences are in themselves illusory. They will only exist for as long as we claim they exist, and complain about them.

I was struck when reading through old copies of "The Shirburnian" from the turn of the century by the light-hearted and good-natured tone of nearly all the letters of complaint. Yet the "system" then was presumably far less liberal than it is now. Could this, in fact, be the cause of this attitude? With the increasing right to question decisions comes a greater self-importance and sense of a need for that Victorian ideal of "seriousness".

Humour is defined in the Oxford English Dictionary as "less intellectual and more *sympathetic* than wit". Such an attitude cannot be achieved in one issue, or indeed in a measurable length of time, but must gradually become apparent. Edward Albee declared, "I have a fine sense of the ridiculous, but no sense of humour." If we are not careful, we will have ample scope to develop our sense of the ridiculous, but intolerably few examples of humour in action in any sphere of life.

Simon Tuke

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### Waterloo and Sherborne The Lament of London O.S.'s

When we were only little kids  
 "Black Wednesday" used to come,  
 From home to Sherborne School we went  
 With feelings rather glum;  
 And saw with madly envious eyes  
 The happy laughing crew  
 Of Old Shirburnians left behind  
 As we steamed from Waterloo.

But after say four years had passed,  
 We saw the same old scene,  
 The Old Shirburnians we espied  
 No more with envy green.  
 For after school we knew that life  
 Has joys and troubles too,  
 So looking forward to the term,  
 We steamed from Waterloo.

And now as Old Shirburnians we  
 At ten to six or so  
 Come from our daily grind to see  
 The present Sherborne go.  
 But 'though we make the best of life,  
 We'd give full many a sou  
 If we might be inside that train  
 Steaming from Waterloo!

R.W. June, 1902

## OBITUARIES

### *S. Hey*

Sam Hey was a firm prop of Sherborne School, solid as a piece of granite among the soft allurements of the Ham Hill stone, long before, and during, the twenty years of my headmastership. He joined the staff from Cambridge and predictably gave his life's commitment to the place. Not for him a "career" – advancement by moving from school to school – but loyalty and durable service, both to the school and to a wide neighbourhood where calls for his help were never unanswered, and where additional responsibilities, invited by his selfless thoroughness, were willingly shouldered. The presence at his memorial service of representatives of M.C.C., Dorset C.C.C., the Conservative Association, the O.S. Society, and other bodies, though it testified to some of the gratitude felt for him, left unrepresented a host of other services, generously and unobtrusively performed.

Uncompromisingly upright, and on occasion uncompromisingly forthright, Sam could be a stiff colleague, for he spoke the truth as he saw it, and spoke it perhaps with the greater emphasis if it was disagreeable. To his contemporaries this was the Sam they had come to respect, to relish, to cherish. To younger masters he could be awesome, and his notions of duty demanding, but they, too, could not withhold respect, and in time gave him the affection which his fundamental good nature was bound to attract.

With boys he was strict, just, devoid of any inclination to make a play for popularity, and popular. One tale will tell the whole story, – the tale of 4.e's weekly Latin Test, held every Saturday in the period after break. At the beginning of break Sam would put ten sentences in English on the black-board, lock the door, and depart for his

break. At the end of break he would return and admit the form to translate the English into Latin. But on one occasion he forgot to lock the door and came back to find 4e already seated, their expressions wry with a mixture of apprehension and glee. On the board was an eleventh test of their Latinity: "Tell Caesar that Sam wants him." You don't do that to a master you don't enjoy, a master on whose ultimately tolerant sense of humour you can't rely.

As with his form, so with his house, where from 1935 to 1950, with his mother who kept house for him, he won the lasting affection of all members of the Green.

Masters who ran the various games will remember his stint as master i/c playing fields, and that dedication to the greenness and quality of his turf which led to so many earnest colloquys on wet mornings. Their smiling recollection of his reddening face as he stood, embattled and unyielding against their pleas to use that turf, irrespective of any damage it might suffer, will sharpen their sadness at his loss, – sadness that so staunch and so lovable a character has gone.

When he was Second Master, I described him to a well-known O.S. as the best full-back I had ever known, because he relished a hard tackle and he never missed anything. It was not only shortcomings and relaxations of discipline that were surely fielded and despatched. He was also quick to know when any member of the community was in trouble, quick to suggest means of helping, quick to help, and, of course, quick to efface himself. There was no emotional parade. He did what he did out of innate decency and an unwavering commitment to his Christian duty.

Fame, in these days when the distinction between it and notoriety is blurred; fame which seems so often to come from self-advertisement and strident disloyalty; fame in this sense he neither sought nor got. What he has got, as was shown by the full attendance at his memorial service, is the gratitude of a wide variety of people for his services to his neighbours, and for the example and inspiration of his integrity.

Take him for all in all we shall not often look upon his like again, and when we do we shall feel reassured about the prospects for humanity.

R.W.P.

*Dr. Moore*

Many people in the School were saddened to learn of the death in January of Dr. W. G. Moore of Oxford. A Molière Scholar of world-wide reputation, he had frequently visited the school to talk about French Literature – although, with his complete lack of pretension, he always seemed more anxious to listen to what others had to say. We are grateful that his wisdom lives on in his books, and extend our sympathy to his son Hubert, who used to teach at Sherborne, and to the rest of his family.

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It is with deep regret we record the deaths of Jack Bishop, known and loved by many throughout the school, and of Colonel Hodges, a one-time Governor of the school.

## Avete Atque Valet

We welcome back Mr. Gibson, happily now recovered from his illness and restored to his customary good health.

We would like to take this opportunity simultaneously to record the demise of Elmdene and the birth of Wallace House, the first with regret, the second with all best wishes for a long and successful life.

This issue marks the end of C.H.R.N.'s spell as Chairman of *The Shirburnian* Editorial Board. We thank him on behalf of all those he has helped over the years, and wish his successor, M.A.S-W., the best of luck.



## IAN DAVIES



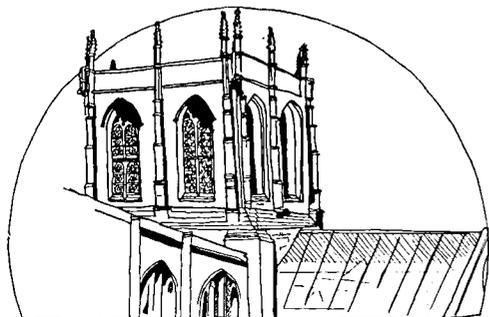
I do not believe that Ian Davies would wish, let alone expect, his departure to be recorded in your pages by any notice at all. Indeed such is his modesty and dislike of fuss that he would probably be most content if the Psalmist's words were used to describe his stay at Sherborne: "As soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Nevertheless, apart from the mere observation of proprieties, his many friends, both young and older, would feel that there had been an unpardonable omission if some gesture of appreciation, however inadequate, did not appear.

A dozen years ago, a naive, blunt Yorkshireman who was, on his own admission, deeply suspicious of the soft ways of the South, left the Royal College of Music where he had studied viola with Frederick Riddle, and was offered a post at Sherborne. Wise appointments such as this brought together a triumvirate of talented musicians whose initiative and vitality have contributed to a period of remarkable growth in the department. Its corridors have been as vibrant with humour as with harmony and in the early days Ian not infrequently found himself the butt of these hilarities. A born raconteur who could develop and embroider the most

trivial incident into an absorbing saga, he quickly adopted the pose of a Chaplinesque anti-hero. There were no disasters that did not befall this persona. (Did not the diminutive Citroen reluctantly decline the challenge of the steeper gradients? Was there not a genteel tea-party at which the cucumber sandwiches, of almost transparent thinness, could nowhere be found until he stood up to take his leave at half past five?) A keen sense of humour allied to an unpatronising interest in boys, led him to be known and accepted by a far wider circle than is usual for a teacher of violin. As time went by, his versatility prompted invitations to coach some senior tennis, a game that made him irascible when he played it himself, and to undertake the duties of a House-tutor. On autumn afternoons, he even forsook the warmth of Carey's Cottage and made discreet inquiries about the significance of the ritual cries from the touch-line. He seldom imitated them. The Agora, a brain-child of his own, gave hours of interest and discussion to another circle and created an opportunity for putting Berlioz on trial. His favourite hobby must have been travel; he was as happy to drive ninety miles for a walk on a particular beach (and if necessary to arrange music-stands on it for the benefit of youthful photographers) as to fly to Florence for the weekend and spend ten hours in the Uffizi.

The greatest debt is owed by the smallest number. His pupils know the artistry and conviction of the musician, the patience and perceptiveness of the teacher. Audiences appreciated that the string sections were ever more assured and populous; they also remarked that the Second Orchestra made music. High-fliers were forced to clear their hurdles; elderly back-desk seconds, so far from being driven up and down their arpeggios under the lash, were cajoled into an appreciation of music itself that would endure a lifetime. In the last term came the culmination – the Chamber Orchestra's successful tour and a pupil's able performance of the Max Bruch, both mile-stones in Sherborne music. By then, Ian had come to the decision to leave teaching, devote himself to the task of burnishing his technique through private study and then to resume his career as a performer. Our gratitude and good wishes go with him.

C.A. J.K.



## SHERBORNE DIARY

The term started with the delivery of an unusually interesting batch of new teachers. M.A.S-W., joined the English department, and quickly earned a reputation for subversiveness by shouting "up the true faith" at the Sherborne-Downside match. J.S-S. went to the science department, specializing in trees and tiddly-winks. Miss P.H.H. joined the Biology Department. A penny for your thoughts ?

The first "event" of term was a letter on newsboard exposing the newly formed "committee of three". Hysteria and paranoia broke out; what was the sinister link between the ban on the Humphrey Lyttelton concert and P.T.C.'s typewriter? All was later revealed, however.

The term saw the first and possibly last Sherborne jazz concert. The Rather Small Dance Band double billed with the Seven Deadly Sins sextet. People started clapping, then standing and clapping, then standing, singing, and clapping, and slowly the six hundred chairs were forcibly evicted from the B.S.R. The only really enjoyable sight of the evening was the look of helplessness on the school prefects' faces.

The term was packed with a record number of official dances, including the now famous Hall School Dance. A "fifteen inch" rule was imposed, that being the closest a boy was to go to a girl. Most people spent the evening speculating on the significance of the fifteen inches.

The Chataway debate on corporal punishment was a much naughtier affair. It is good to see R.G.P.'s warm Irish raffishness is bringing back the crowds. The floor produced some very lively speeches, punctuated with squeals of delight when M.A.S-W. (stirring up trouble again) digressed onto the merits of spanking children.

Still on hilarity, it was another great rugger season. The 1st XV were once again unbeaten except for the matches they lost, but more (and more and more) of that anon.

One or more societies were inaugurated this term, including R.A.H.'s "Hagerstrand". P.C.B. is founding a Society for the School House Lower Sixth, but cannot think of a name for it. Somebody not in the School House Lower Sixth suggested "Paradise Lost".

The fate of School House was officially announced this term; basically, Stephen Hogg becomes head of an expanded and renamed Elmdene, while in two years M.H. takes over a contracted version of School House. The details are a bit confused, but the governors are in full control, which is awfully reassuring.

On Thursday, October 6th, at seven-thirty p.m. there was a meeting of the Yeovil branch B.I.M.

The term was slow to recover, but when it did P.C.B. disclosed that the average School Houser's hi-fi equipment was worth over £100. Within twenty-four hours of the announcement three reactionary amplifiers had blown up.

At the stage when the term is just becoming a bit sticky, the Birkbeck Tests always offer a little light relief. For just £17 you can answer searching questions, like "are you romantic?", or "which would you rather be, a tractor-driver or a male model?"

Looking ahead to next term, I see scheduled a sponsored smoke in aid of cancer research, and a seven-mile sponsored walk backwards to help retarded children. Cynics.

*Sherborne Diarist.*

# MUSIC

## Introduction

One could not be blamed for feeling that the Michaelmas term was going to last forever, but the musicians made use of this to present us with an amazing number of entertaining items.

The highlight of the term must surely have been Brian Schiele's rendering of Max Bruch's Violin Concerto Opus 26 at an unforgettable Orchestral concert. However, every single other musical event seems to jostle for a close second place – so it is useless to award one!

Always enjoyable are the occasions when a small number of people band together to produce an evening with a difference – we can generally hope for at least one a term, but this term we were given three: "Parson's Pleasure" (a promising title to start off with!), a "Wagner Evening" and a "Trio Recital".

The Abbey thrilled to the strains of the Music Society once again, as Brian Judge presented Verdi's Requiem. Three of the four soloists had been down here in the summer to take part in "Aida" – Sherborne must be beginning to feel like a second home for some of them!

The 31st season of the Concert Club got under way with the Lindsay String Quartet and the Philip Jones Brass ensemble, who provided two excellent evenings and showed (if proof be needed) that the Club is, as ever, thriving. The B.S.R. also echoed to the rather different, but no less popular, sound of jazz in a concert performed by our own R.S.D.B. and Cyril White's Seven Deadly Sins – an evening designed to raise money for Dorset Opera.

This term's prize for daring goes to Ian Davies, who took his Chamber Orchestra on tour one weekend. The weekend was by all accounts a great success and the Orchestra returned triumphant. Ian Davies' going is certainly a loss for the music department – but who knows, perhaps he will one day turn up as a performer for the Concert Club?

Roderick Young

## The Lindsay String Quartet

The Quartet's reappearance at Sherborne began with Beethoven's String Quartet Number 4, Opus 18. Although one might be tempted to say this is an immature work since the influence of Mozart was evident, there was certainly Beethoven's originality present.

The second work was Janacek's Quartet Number One. It is programmatic in nature; the emotion put into the music confirmed this and was reflected in the audience's appreciation. The interpretation of the music was as superb as their technique was faultless; although it was felt that the second violin tended to be drowned by the rather overbearing leader, this piece was undoubtedly the evening's chef d'oeuvre.

After the interval the Quartet returned to the platform to play the Opus 29 in A minor by Schubert. The choice of this work to round off the evening cannot be unfavourably criticised. There had been a classical quartet and a modern, frantically involving quartet with rapidly changing moods; the programme was now completed with a Romantic piece to satisfy all musical tastes. Its faintly superficial first movements were complemented by the final, complex "Allegro moderato", in which the Quartet integrated the music and audience into an almost perfect unity. The absence of coughing and programme-rustling was notable, indicating a much-needed maturing of the attitude of Sherborne concert-goers to music.

To conclude, the evening was a striking success, and congratulations must go to the Lindsay String Quartet not only for the balance in their selection of pieces, but also for their masterly skill in performance.

J.D.T.

## JAZZ

At last, after three terms, an article about the school's jazz band has reached the pages of "The Shirburnian". The R.S.D.B. (Rather Small Dance Band), as it is known, was started by Andrew Bruce one and a half years ago, and after a short time began to introduce the art of Dixieland jazz to Sherborne. After many charity concerts, and other performances within the school, including performing with M. J. T. last summer, the band highlighted its existence with an electrifying concert, with the assistance of the Town Dixieland band, the "7 Deadly Sins".

The rhythm section (Hugh Pope, tuba; Stuart "Heavy Horace" Turnbull, drums; and Danny Lloyd, piano) provided a secure basis for the three front liners (Richard Hosford, clarinet/saxophone; Andrew Bruce, trumpet and John Pocock, trombone) to make whole a genuine Dixieland sound, appreciated with considerable enthusiasm by the audience. Guest vocalist Tessa Robertson gave an excellent rendering of one of Duke Ellington's famous numbers, "Mood Indigo", and it is worth noting that this was done after no rehearsals for a whole year.

Sadly this will probably have been the last concert that the R.S.D.B. will give, as three members have now departed from the realms of Sherborne.

William Byrd



### Wagner Evening

Monday, 12th December, 1977, in the Old School Room.

This was a brave and enjoyable concert, prepared and directed by Roderick Leece, combining the talents of some of the more able musicians at Sherborne with those of the New Philharmonia Orchestra on record. Although the Old School Room is an admirable place to stage a concert, and should be used more often, I feel for this performance it was an unfortunate choice. There was a clash in styles of the excessive exaggeration of Wagner's nineteenth century music with the more modest woodwork of the room which is more suited to the music of the Baroque era. Further, the clock which stands in the corner opposite the piano interfered with the music with its perpetual ticking. The evening consisted of a description of Wagner's life, punctuated by six musical items and read by Roderick and Mr. Schützer-Weissmann.

The literature was read sometimes hesitantly but nevertheless clearly, and it was obvious that a great deal of effort had been put into its construction. The musical events of the evening began with the record of the "Ride of the Valkuries" (the Prelude to Act III of *Die Walküre*). This was followed by Adagio for Clarinet, performed excellently by Richard Hosford, accompanied by Roderick Leece; this was played with great sensitivity and precision and was true to Wagner's explosive style. After this came the Prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin" played by Tom Blach and Roderick Leece. The standard of this performance was very much lower with many errors in the top part. Then came the Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" on record.

Mrs. Judge, accompanied by her husband, then gave us a pleasant performance of three songs from *Wesendonck Lieder*, "Der Engel", "Schmerzen" and "Träumer". Finally, "The Siegfried Idyll" was performed by an ensemble conducted by Roderick with great enthusiasm and not modest ability to round off the evening. Though there were some small details which, if attended to, would have improved the effect of the concert, the evening was nevertheless enjoyable, and that it was so is of considerable credit to Roderick Leece.

Performers: Richard Hosford, Tom Blach, Enid and Brian Judge and Roderick Leece; and in "The Siegfried Idyll": Janet Fortnum, Brian Schiele, Ian Davies, Richard Kershaw, Carol Cleal, Richard Hosford, Andrew Leather, David Tomson, Richard Paddy, Julian Dams, Hugh Laidlay and Robert Ferry.

Turntable operator: B. K. Cuthbert.

Presented by: R. N. S. Leece and M. A. Schützer-Weissmann.

A. J. Pryor

### The School Concert

One of the big school events of the year is the School Concert which, under the considerable care of the Music School staff was, as always, a large success. This year the Girls' School had been invited into the orchestra and to sing some madrigals. Perhaps it was their presence that helped to attract the large audience!

At 7.30 the stick of Mr. Dams was raised and the School band began to play. Their performance of Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" was both accurate and entertaining and it was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Next came the Joint Madrigal Society who sang confidently two short madrigals before the Girls' School Madrigal Group under Miss Miller sang us their contribution to the evening. These were all extremely good with touches of amusement at times.

The classical atmosphere was then interrupted by a rather disappointing sixth form percussion group who played some variations by George Self. The percussion group is quite a recent creation and they do their practise in subsidiary lessons.

Fittingly, the best part of the evening was given at the end by the School Orchestra under the Head of Music, Mr. Judge. Brian Schiele was the soloist who bravely undertook to play the violin in Max Bruch's Violin Concerto Op. 26. With a very competent orchestra behind him he played this quite beautifully and clearly he enjoyed every minute of it, as did the audience. The evening was completed with Ravel's "Bolero" played again by the orchestra, which apart from being somewhat monotonous is a very extraordinary piece! Richard Paddy and Vicky Wilson were outstanding on the flute.

James Belfrage

### Philip Jones Brass Ensemble

The second concert of the season was given by the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble. This ensemble was formed in 1951 by Philip Jones and pioneers many present-day performances of brass and chamber music in this country. The group has effected a quiet revolution in the attitude of the listening public towards brass music due to the combination of their musical and artistic excellence with a flair for splendid entertainment.

The concert began with "A Renaissance Suite" which consisted of several pieces of music each by a different composer and served as a suitably mild introduction to the more impressive "Four Outings for Brass Quintet" by Andre Previn. The first half of the concert displayed the Ensemble's skill as a body of people working together to produce an overall polished effect, but it was the second half that showed up the excellence of the individual players.

The zenith of the concert was undoubtedly the "P.J.B.E. Lollipops". A cello concerto by J. S. Bach was given an immaculate performance by John Fletcher on his tuba and Ifor Jones played a concerto written for violin on his horn which displayed his ability of controlling fast triple-tonguing on hair-raisingly high notes. The concert went down extremely well and came to a close after one encore.

Hugh Laidlay

### Trio Recital, O.M.S.

On 14th December, Richard Hosford (clarinet), Brian Schiele (violin and viola), and Daniel Lloyd (piano) gave a recital of trios by Milhaud, Khachaturian, Witchell and Mozart.

After initial nervousness, the performers executed Milhaud's Trio, written in 1892, clearly and rhythmically, bringing out the composer's typical jazz syncopations and lyric writing. Two of the four movements were duets between clarinet and violin. The trio by Khachaturian was completed in 1932, and abounds with Russian folk melodies. Although it was played with great determination and vigour, it never seemed to have the fresh vitality of the Milhaud.

After a well-earned interval (for the performers, that is!), we heard the première of Mr. Witchell's Trio. This work was the most demanding, particularly in synchronisation, and all three players had their share of technical difficulties, successfully overcome. The sharp wit, so typical of the composer, was particularly prominent in the "Skittish Scherzo". Throughout the work, traces of Shostakovitch were apparent, especially in the almost excessive use of the D.S.C.H. motif. The recital ended with a Trio by Mozart written in 1786. This work demanded a lightness of touch and clarity of phrasing, and was performed with appropriate sensitivity. By the loud applause at the end, an enthusiastic audience showed how greatly it appreciated the hard work put in by the players to reach such a high standard of performance. (Thanks must also be made to Will Le Gallais for covering the publicity so well with his posters and programme covers.)

Stephen Matthews



*The  
Trio  
Recital*

### Trial by Jury

Any critics of the joint general studies system must surely have been silenced after seeing one of its products – the “Opera Workshop’s” production of “Trial by Jury”, Gilbert and Sullivan’s first and shortest comic operetta.

The danger with amateur productions of Gilbert and Sullivan is that they are often funny for the wrong reasons, but this was funny for all the right reasons! The operetta was produced by Georgina Foss and conducted by Augusta Miller, Miss Miller once again proving how successful she is at turning Shirburnians into accomplished vocalists!

Tessa Robertson handled the tragic Angela superbly, while looking resplendent in her white wedding dress and brown curls! Indeed Andrew Leather, playing Edwin, must have found it hard to jilt her! However, somehow he managed, and gave an excellent performance – looking every inch the arch cad. Fraser Thompson made a marvellous learned judge, keeping up all the actions of the geriatric magistrate and singing well at the same time – not an easy task. Nicola Sugden was an admirable counsel for the plaintiff, while Thomas Pope kept us all in order as an aged but formidable usher. The Chorus not only sounded, but looked magnificent – the ladies either as demure bridesmaids or gossiping townswomen and the gentlemen, presided over by Jeremy Notley as the foreman of the jury, absolutely spiffing with their slicked back hair!

Let us hope that after a triumphant start, “Opera Workshop” will continue to flourish.

Roderick Young

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### Parson’s Pleasure

It is a very encouraging sign when people, prominent in at least two different disciplines in school life, can rehearse and perform a concert together, in a remarkably short space of time, with apparent ease and produce a worthwhile evening’s entertainment. Parson’s Pleasure was a roughly chronological journey through the ages examining the many-sided character of the English country parson, the two main themes being the music a person might have heard or played, and literature either by him or about him. The script, composed and read by Richard Kershaw, was enjoyable through its diversity, depth and the extensive literary extracts by such authors as Kilvert, Chaucer, Herbert, Goldsmith, Jane Austen and Dylan Thomas, which were beautifully read by Giles Tillotson, Simon Tuke and Peter Wellby. Dr Kershaw must be congratulated for the enormous amount of time and energy that he spent preparing for the two concerts, one in Sherborne and one in a delightful little church in Ashington, near Yeovil, where the performers were admirably feasted after the performance.



The literary extracts were offset by a number of pieces of music ranging from thirteenth-century plainsong to the trio for three wind instruments by Malcolm Arnold. The majority of pieces were arranged, and conducted admirably, by Brian Judge. From this concert alone one can see how high a standard of music is achieved in the school, and I can only hope the increasing emphasis on exams which sadly is so prevalent in this school and the country as a whole will not swamp such enjoyable and worthwhile endeavours as Parson’s Pleasure.

Dave Tomson

### Aida

I am sure that all audiences of "Aida" will have felt admiration and something like awe at the scale of the undertaking, which called for a high degree of enterprise, imagination, talent and co-operation from the very large number of people who took part in it in whatever way. It turned out to be a brilliant success. I am allowed limited space and will ask you to remember your programmes from which you learnt who were the various groups and individuals involved both on the stage and, in the widest sense, behind the scenes. Highly skilled professionals took the very exacting principal rôles; the Chorus of amateurs (it included four professional singers from the Royal College of Music) consisted mainly of boys and girls from the Sherborne Schools with some help from schools and groups further afield as well as many of the "not so young" from the town and schools of Sherborne. The professional Dorset Opera Orchestra, under its conductor Patrick Shelley, was reinforced in the same way. I shall have something to say later about the many aspects of the production, but from the beginning the omens were good; strong on the credit side was Verdi himself, who could not write a dull or unmusical line. In scale and numbers alone "Aida" is an enormously exacting production in which organisation is as vital as talent; so are décor, costume, and total impression. This last was exactly right; in spite of the Italianate music the opera breathed Ancient Egypt.

"Aida" is a story of love and loyalties set against this mysterious daunting background of Imperial Egypt. Aida is the daughter of the King of Ethiopia, but a captive and a slave to Pharaoh's daughter Amneris. She loves Radames, captain of the Egyptian guard and he loves her; she therefore owes loyalty to him but equally to her father (later also made captive to the Egyptians). These conflicting loyalties in Aida and later the deadly jealousy of Amneris, who herself loves Radames, form the main thread of the tragedy.

All the principal singers, men and women, showed great talent and feeling, so that distinctions are invidious; but in what can be seen as mainly a woman's story, interest is mainly focused on the women and on Radames whom they both loved. Aida (Janet Jacques) was that rare creature, a true high soprano, whose voice rose effortlessly above any volume of sound. Her duets with Radames (Henry Howell) were outstanding. She was a good character actress, showing herself gentle and loving, and passionate too. Amneris (Gillian Knight) was a forcible person, vindictive to Aida because of their rivalry, suffering in turn pangs of jealous rage and of remorse. She acted and sang superbly; in particular she bore almost the whole weight of Act IV Scene 1 when, through her fault, Radames was entombed for treachery and she watched the procession escort him down to the tomb and heard the stone roll into place.

So "Aida" could be totally confident of its soloists; and its Chorus was equally to be relied on. It sang throughout in tune and in clean harmony; full-throatedly (the basses were splendid) or sorrowfully, subtly, and with great control. It moved about the stage in enormous numbers smoothly and without a hitch. It was a real part of the action; it *listened* as well as sang, and so did the smaller groups on the stage – captives and retainers of the great. Hordes of little boys, some with fetish monkey masks, ran and tumbled, neatly and quietly; and the solo dancer (Tosin Animashawun), on a thronged stage yet seeming totally separate, wound her tranquil way. Scene-setting, décor, and costume reinforced and enhanced all this activity and ceremonial splendour. The costumes were wonderfully vivid and authentic. The décor was brilliant and every scene seemed set to create an architectural climax. Banners made splashes of colour, especially the dipped and draped red banners of the Kneller trumpeters. To my mind the last scene is the best example of the way in which setting and action complemented each other; we see the inside of the tomb where Aida and Radames are serene and almost happy because they are at last openly and uncomplicatedly together. From outside comes the sound of the haunting, unresting chant; on the roof lies the motionless figure of Amneris whose tragedy is the most complete because she is learning the bitter emptiness of revenge.

All who were involved in the production of "Aida" will surely agree that almost the most rewarding aspect of it was their involvement with so many people of different ages and attainments, and the feeling of collaboration among very large numbers working on stage, off stage, and behind the scenes in the sense that they organised or provided accommodation, looked after the girls and boys, catered, were responsible for the "front of the house" and did so many more jobs. On the production side three people are especially to be thanked. To Patrick Shelley

can be attributed the main musical sponsorship and organisation of the opera as a whole; in addition to this, the orchestra rose to every occasion under his baton, playing with skill and sympathy and never once "drowning" the singers. Augusta Miller, following up her triumph in "Carmen" last year, trained her Chorus to an amazing pitch of proficiency; and Robert Glen was the overall producer of the whole work, performing a highly complex feat which speaks for itself.

It is almost impossible to pick out individuals from the large number of those responsible for different aspects of staging, but one should perhaps mention Pat Harris, Noel Hosford and Una Rendell who made the costumes; David Watts and Hugo Barton who dealt with the lighting, very important in this opera; Eric Baker and Peter Cole, designers of the stage décor; Myles Ripley the stage director; and, in a rather different function, the Repetiteurs under Jennifer Coultas who played such a vital part in rehearsals. On the more organisational side, Mrs. Mangnall is to be thanked for arranging accommodation, Mrs. Stewart for looking after Mulliner and dealing with other matters of overall administration, David Hosford for a kind of general tendance which included fish and chips!; and finally John Melvin for his untiring help and meticulous organisation.

It is fitting that Mr. Melvin's name should end this list as he is the Chairman of the Committee of the Dorset Opera Group, who sponsor this yearly production of an opera. We, the audience, thank you all.

G. M. Beese



### Requiem Mass by Verdi

This work poses major challenges to all involved. The soloists and choir have to cope with a huge dynamic range and some tricky rhythms, while the orchestra have a large number of rather fast notes to find, to say nothing of getting used to all that extra brass and that drum!

One cannot expect an amateur choral society to produce the sheer body of sound required by the 'ideal' performance, particularly when many of the voices are youthful; and indeed, some vocal horse-power was lacking in their competition with the exuberant orchestra in 'Dies irae'. However, this didn't matter, as they managed to communicate much of the essence of this great and repeated chorus without the extra decibels. Their quieter singing, particularly in 'Lacrimosa dies illa' and 'Agnus Dei' was beautiful, providing a crisp and musical setting for the soloists.



My position (behind a large pillar) was hardly ideal acoustically. However, I did feel that the soloists had slightly misjudged the vocal projection necessary in the packed Abbey. After the interval the balance was much better and Gillian Knight provided some exultant musical moments. Teresa Cahill's first entry in the 'Liberate me' was, for me, the centre of the whole work, producing one of those moments of entire personal involvement which makes an occasion like this unforgettable.

To provide a performance of this quality was a considerable achievement by all Brian Judge's musicians. I hope to hear many more from in front of the pillar.

J. S-S.

**A.E.I.**

"If we eliminate from our hearts and minds the dead concepts, we shall arrive at the 'House-Machine', the mass-production house, healthy and beautiful, both physically and morally".

Corbusier's house reflects the spirit of the new epoch, the violent aesthetics of a new Zeitgeist. The breach birth of "Art Environment I" encapsulated that aggression, for it was against time, money and authority, more by accident than deliberation; "Art Environment II" is a planned intrusion.

Group co-operation for monumental art, the aim of De Stijl, forms the underlying principle; steel, concrete, plastics, the matter; light, sound, transparency, energy, the elements; line, surface, space, the dimensions. The futuristic House, the subject of this plasticity, and the vortex of machine energy its driving force.

The group is a unification of the practical with the theoretical, trying to transcend the "reality" of the past age for the abstract of the new, attempting to produce dynamism in thought and action - the living workshop, idealised in the Bauhaus.

"Art Environment I" posed questions about artistic values, to both the group and its audience. Its crude aggression destructively attacked emotions, breaking barriers and building new ones. Its hectic creation gave it that random countenance; an abstract environment without an underlying reality. Many came to see, and most enjoyed and endured the experience, but few could truly answer "that is my conception of art".

The group still ponders and meantime designs, prepares, delves elsewhere - stage design, photography, music - hoping to return with added vigour and constructive support. "Art Environment II" is a considered statement about future society, its art, the increasing determinately abstract appearance, and its spirit of universal essence. For us it is an even larger neoplastic conglomeration of colour, energy and space.

So many people helped to create "A.E. I", in that hectic last four days, but I think all would agree that their reward was being involved. However, special thanks are due to P.D.C. for creating the group and guiding us along our path.

Andrew Neubauer

**B.B.B.**

On a peaceful Sunday afternoon many walking past the B.S.R. will have wondered what the strange sounds coming from that bastion of culture were; the Bakscratch Blues Band had finally sorted out personnel problems and started playing.

The band, started by Rob Bazil and Ricky Thomson, has appealed to many, even the hyper-critical listeners that occur in large numbers here in Sherborne. Despite having trouble finding time to work and a place to practice (the school authorities not being exactly over-helpful in encouraging their talent) the band has managed to create a wide range of songs; the majority written by Rob Bazil but including others such as "Watch your step", "Cell block no. 9", "House of the Rising Sun" and so on.

Until this, the winter term, things had been moving slowly, the only concerts being Gram Soc., Westcott and the Green. However this term, with a new line-up featuring Rob Bazil on lead guitar and vocals, Ricky Thomson on rhythm and tranquillizers, Dave Drew on bass, Fraser Thompson on sax and vocals and Sam Anstice-Brown on drums, Charlie Cooke on amps and de-luxe advertising campaign the band began to play in earnest.

The first appearance was at the "Ugly Bug Ball" disco at the Green; the band was received with enthusiasm despite the fact that the mike decided not to work, and it was generally agreed the band "made" the evening. The next booking was at Leweston. The group played well and despite Ricky's "little hitches" went down well, although it was generally agreed the hall was too big for the amplification they had; the tranquillizers in the orange juice didn't help rip the place apart either.

The band, playing its own mixture of Blues, soul and rock and roll, hopes to do more this lent term if work will allow; the idea of several people is to play in local pubs in Sherborne in aid of charities, but no doubt the authorities with their rather stiff attitude wouldn't see eye to eye with this.

All of us would like to wish the boys much success in the near future and thanks for all your effort, particularly this term.

Dave Lines

Dear Sir,

It does not take a prophet to foretell how the generally unfavourable image of the Jazz Concert (given by the RSDB and Seven Deadly Sins) will be used by the authorities in future: "If this is how a concert ends up we can't possibly allow a proper dance - the audience would go absolutely wild". The banning of future dances must not be allowed to happen; if anything dances must be encouraged - the authorities must recognise that it is only by experiencing at first hand such evils as dances that innocent, naive young Shirburnians will be able to form a mature adult approach to them.

The governing body may find dances and discos unpleasant, but that alone is no justification for trying to pretend that they do not exist. Outside the confines of Sherborne School, dances and discos are commonplace - it is the duty of the school to give boys experience of such dances and discos whilst they are still under a reasonably protected environment. If such social education is neglected Shirburnians may not learn how to conduct themselves at dances and discos until after they have left school. Learning social manners is difficult and it must be realised that the law of the land is (or should be) a sterner marker than the school.

There are petty objections of course. Firstly - where would a regular dance happen? The JCR is too small to accommodate the sixth forms and girl friends. A housemaster has told me that the authorities don't like the JCR where it is - therefore build a new one, on the unused car park next to the Sports Hall. Secondly it could be argued that a dance would disrupt academic work. I would argue that a regular dance would probably improve work efficiency - the knowledge that there was a dance in a few days would allow people to exert themselves at work without the constant nag of how to enjoy their next weekend.

The authorities should view the behaviour at the Jazz Concert as a warning. This behaviour may have been shocking, or shaming, or pathetic, but whatever, it is precisely the sort of social behaviour that Sherborne School (and incidentally Sherborne School for Girls) is letting loose on society today. The school at the moment is neglecting a large part of our education - our social education. May I suggest that a regular dance or disco (say once a fortnight) would go a long way to setting this situation right. It is a state of neglect that the authorities must not be allowed to ignore any longer.

Yours faithfully,

Daniel Lloyd.

### *We take off our hats to :*

The Student Prefect who declared: "This is the best eighteenth birthday I've ever had!"

The learned member of the English department who informed us: "You can date an ancient manuscript to within about five miles"!

The, now apparently reformed, housemaster who revealed, sensationally: "When I was at school, I was captain of dancing".

All those who have looked right, left and right again on crossing Cheap Street this term.

Finally, we rely on the Science department to bring us down to earth; their spokesman imparted the invaluable secret that: "When you go into a dance hall it heats up because people are dancing, not because you're messing about with a test tube in the corner".



# Societies

## Science Society

At last, the society has had its first meeting since the dissolving of the Alchemists several years ago. On the 24th of November Mr. G. Comley from the Atomic Energy Establishment at Winfrith lectured on the Chemical aspects of extraction of energy from Uranium-235. Although his lecture was aimed rather lower than we would have hoped, his answers to members' questions over coffee were of extreme value and interest. The inaugural meeting was not without mishap, however: there was a certain amount of hilarity as the President of the society contrived to produce two films where before there had been only one; we also had to fight with the Whitehead over the hot-water urn for coffee.

Incidentally, we do try to avoid clashes; however with restrictions on the number of nights upon which a society may meet this is not always possible, as visiting lecturers are invariably heavily committed.

Only five days after the inaugural meeting Dr Waddington visited Sherborne from Hull to give a short lecture on University Life, followed by a dramatically entitled talk to the society in the evening: 'Splat! The Superfast Quenching of Liquid Metals.' The somewhat more comfortable surroundings of the Dining-Hall Annexe proved a suitable stimulant to an excellent lecture and superb questions session.

It was felt that this term's lectures had been a very good debut for the society. We hope to invite a small number from the Girls' School and Lower Sixth form next term; in the summer we hand over the running of the society to the Lower Sixth. It is a trying job, but worth the experience and fruitful results. We hope that the society will enjoy many more years of life!

Dermot Turing, Roger Robotham, Andrew Neubauer and David Tomson

### Green Ribbon Club

The first paper of the summer term was delivered by Jonathan Marsden on 'The life and work of Baron Haussmann', the man responsible for the 19th Century redevelopment of Paris, who only got the job of Prefect of the city by changing his law degree to a doctorate and writing his own letters of recommendation. Does this give people ideas of writing their own housemaster's report on UCCA forms?

This was followed by Merlin Lewis on 'The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood', and then by a paper on the American robber-baron, John Pierpont Morgan, from our friend from across the waters, Gregory C. Jackson. Morgan's descendant, Tom Pierpont, was very worried that the name of the great man was going to be besmirched, and spent the week beforehand assuring everybody of 'the truth', saying 'you know, he was just *so* good'. As it turned out, Tom need not have worried. J. P. Morgan got a fair assessment in what was one of the best papers for a long time, and Gregg resisted the temptation to retaliate for being the butt of Tom's humour throughout their year here.

The last paper of the term was from Laurence Keen, the Dorset County Archaeologist and the man in charge of the excavations around the Abbey in 1975. He spoke on 'Medieval Town Planning' and is, incidentally, a friend of J. J.B. and has a similar sense of humour. Enough said!

The Michaelmas term began with Dr. David Fairer of Leeds University talking on 'James Thomson' and his 18th Century bestseller 'The Seasons'. The next meeting was a symposium on Irish Nationalism prepared by the Secretary, Jonathan Marsden, and Nick Thorpe, which contained a delightful anecdote about the Gaelic League which, in its campaign to revert to traditional dress, considered adopting the slogan 'down with trousers'. Nick Colfer addressed us on the extremely complex subject of 'The French Left, 1870-1905' in which there featured, confusingly, a Revolutionary Socialist Workers' Party and a Socialist Revolutionary Workers' Party. The last speaker of the term was Robin Golsbrough, a master from Milton Abbey, who spoke on Manet, and though what he had to say was very good, he did not really link Manet with the historical background of the period.

The final meeting of term was the annual fancy dress extravaganza, this time entitled 'Une Soirée Révolutionnaire', in which the best dressed were Jonathan Marsden as Lenin, and Roddy Young as a quite revolting 'tricoteuse'. In passing I would like to protest at the small-mindedness of whoever it was in the ever-lengthening corridors of school bureaucracy who decreed at the eleventh hour that the Girls' School would not be allowed to come after all. As J. J.B. said, if we had had a conservative evening instead of a revolutionary one it would doubtless have been all right! Many thanks to him for organising the meetings, to Mrs. Barker for preparing the food, and to everyone else who has been involved.

Julian Thomas



*The Navy makes a characteristically spectacular entrance to a well-known local monument.*

# Lectures

The first lecture of term was given by David Hurford on The Impressionists. The slides, as we have come to expect, were excellent in variety, number and quality as we were taken through the years before, during and after the Impressionist period.

This was followed by a talk on Conservative Politics by William Waldergrave, prospective Conservative candidate for one of the Bristol constituencies, who proved to be an amusing and eloquent speaker. Described on the lecture preview as the Headmaster's first Head of House, we were not sure whether this applied to Mr. Macnaghten as boy or housemaster, but he turned out to be a very active and ebullient man of about thirty! He was trying to persuade more school leavers to be leaders in Industry, which is the basis of the country's economy and problems. Although he tended to go off the point when answering questions at the end, most people were impressed by the lecture, and we were indeed privileged to hear the man who has been tipped as the next-Prime Minister-but-five.

Tony Smythe's lecture on his 'Descent of the Yukon River' was well presented and illustrated by numerous and magnificent slides. Clearly, the journey by dinghy was extremely hazardous – not so much because of Alaskan cold, but mosquito bites, sores and other minor plagues added to the danger of the fast flowing and rocky river. An opinion expressed by many, however, was that commentary didn't compare to any extent with the slides, which was a pity.

'Psychology of Management' was the somewhat daunting title of Dr D. H. Lloyd's lecture, but in the end it was to be a unique insight into the study of what people do what jobs best. Dr Lloyd, from Reading University, is specifically engaged in agricultural job suitability – especially to do with dairy farming. Although much of what he said was basically obvious, (for instance: 'predictability was better than unpredictability'), his definition of the perfect cowman and the dramatic rise in milk production that such a man could cause was very impressive. His farmyard anecdotes concerning such terrors as amorous cowgirls were also extremely impressive!

The next lecture was given by Miss T. F. Robinson and was called 'Discovering Islam'. It was very interesting although not so informative, and the many slides were not of high quality. She was quickly hustled off by R.A.H. before any questions were asked, but whether it was by her own choice or not remains a mystery.

D. Stansfield's lecture on his 'Journey to Katmandu' was unfortunately postponed until next term for technical reasons.

The last lecture of the term, 'The Navy in a Changing World', which was given by an R.N. team to the Lower VIth, was as well-presented as ever. The team arrived, in various ways, from a 'Wessex 5' helicopter, and a display of the machine's versatility in rescue (one could only admire the Wren in the dinghy sequence!), transporting and reconnaissance roles was given. Then followed the lecture itself which was slick and well-organised with the assistance of films and slides. The Navy's importance in the modern world was accentuated – as was the Russian threat, and emphasis put on the avoidance of nuclear war. A fitting conclusion to this term's lectures, for which our thanks must go to R.A.H.

Graham Flower

### The Library – a progress report

A recent visitor to the School told me how impressed he was by the changes which had taken place in the Library since he left two years ago. I have heard a number of comments of this kind and I think they have been sincerely meant. This is encouraging; but the impressions of visitors to the Library can hardly be taken as solid evidence of a genuine improvement in the service provided. What then has been achieved since 1974, when, with the appointment of a full-time librarian, the Governors took the first step in what was intended to be a programme of library development?

The most obvious change in the Library has, of course, been the construction of the staircase to connect the Upper and Lower Library. It is now difficult to remember what it was like when the two libraries were completely separate – and this is perhaps a measure of how well the new arrangement works. The carpet has been another undoubted success in reducing the amount of noise in the libraries. Those of us who daily benefit from the increased comfort and convenience which the staircase and carpet provide have much cause for gratitude to Mr. Geoffrey Pring (and, I believe, to another benefactor) for making this improvement possible. But important as they are, I do not think that the staircase and carpet constitute the most important change in the Library. For the essential ingredients of a library are books and readers and it is in the use which the one makes of the other that we must look for a measure of a library's success. By this yardstick, the fact that the number of books borrowed in 1976–7 was three times the number borrowed in 1973–4 suggests that some progress has been made. How has this been achieved? Basically, by an improvement in the stock of books. This has been brought about in two ways: by an increase in the book allowance, which has made it possible to do rather better than merely keep pace with inflation; and by the absorption into the stock of the Central Library of the former Modern Languages, Mathematics and Science libraries. The suggestions of masters and boys have been vital in the selection of new books; and the Library Committee has played an important part in deciding on the purchase of expensive, specialised or controversial items. Thus the growth of the Library has been controlled and not merely haphazard.

I have heard it said that the besetting sin of Sherborne School is complacency; and this article might up to this point be said to confirm this view. But when I think of what still remains to be done I feel far from complacent. For the increased use which is being made of the Library has, I believe, revealed its inadequacy, both in accommodation and resources. Inadequacy of accommodation is highlighted on those occasions when a master wishes to make use of the library facilities with a large group of junior boys, but cannot do so without disturbing sixth formers engaged in private study. And there have been times, particularly in the period before examinations, when boys have been unable to find a place to work in the library. This is hardly surprising when at most the Upper and Lower Library together will house less than one-tenth of the school population – far less, if one includes the teaching staff. As for inadequacy of resources, this is not so much a shortage of books – although there are still important gaps to be filled (gaps in the stock, that is, not on the shelves, which are nearly at saturation point) – but of the material other than books – offprints and xerox copies, tapes and filmstrips – which at present is scattered all over the School and is often difficult of access to anybody outside the Department which acquires it – if indeed other potential users are even aware of its existence. A central resources bank would bring all the relevant material on a given subject together, for the use of the whole school. Another area which we are only now beginning to explore is the indexing of the contents of periodicals. J.R.L.'s pioneer effort with "Nature" remains a solitary example.

Two questions spring to mind. First, is it possible to make good these shortcomings and second, if we can, will it make any worthwhile improvement in the quality of our education? As to the first, the physical expansion of the library is not merely a possibility but has already been agreed in principle by the Governors, with the enclosing of the Undercroft area, immediately outside the main Library door. The setting up of a full-scale resources centre is more uncertain since it would almost certainly entail the appointment of additional staff. Justification for this may hinge on the answer to the second question – would it make a worthwhile improvement in the School? Before we can answer that question I think it may be necessary to make a closer appraisal of the proper role of the Library in the academic life of the School than has yet been attempted.

A.D.C.

## AKAKI

- I. First of all this heat, this bright whiteness burns the mud;  
 Dry mud of bricks, gaping through the gored plaster.  
 Cycling through Akaki my Centaur's shirt poisons me to the bone.  
 Then, from the vine-shaded cafés where tilted chairlegs  
 Blister, emanates Suspicion – what is this British intruder?  
 This immediate alienation burns as the ubiquitous sun.

My feigned ease melts – there is some confusion as to the position  
 Of my nation, and so this passive hostility. Could I explain?  
 I could explain. But to my voice they are as deaf as the mud walls.  
 I turn down the hill (wheels glistening amongst dust).  
 To the olive groves; broken sunlight soothes my aching back.  
 And so escape suspicion – it is cool here. I have a failure to expiate.

Now analyse my attitude: I find this village holds a charm.  
 That wound in the yard wall again, such textural subtlety!  
 But there's no pride in imperfection – and pride removes this pain.  
 They know me to be capable of idealising their mean poverty.

No language problem hinders me – we don't converse with language –  
 My entire root growth binds me like weeds, divorced.  
 Pity? Rather embarrassment of my comfort in the face of their acceptance.  
 In a temporary fit of well considered Romanticism I'll mumble  
 'Sun, scorch my tutored, managed flesh'  
 Knowing full well at five-twenty I'll cycle back to Nicosia.

- II. This dichotomy then:  
     my idealising civilisation  
     or a candid pragmatism.  
 They hate me for either.

- III. And yet, and yet  
 The light through that line  
 Of dark dense cypresses  
 Mottles the dust.  
     The track meanders  
     Out to the jackdaws, strutting  
     Amongst cut corn spikes,  
     Out to the shimmering plain,  
     Out to the cream hills  
     And back to rising Akaki –  
     Houses cut like steps  
     From the sweltering red earth.  
 I hear a cry from there.  
     They must understand this beauty,  
     They must feel this sun as I do.  
     At last then a unifying equality.  
     But do they trust me with it? believe it?

Giles Tillotson

## Fishing Village

Sun kissed,  
 Wave washed,  
 Drowsily dozing in the innocent dawn;  
 Lying in a bed of silence, teased by wisps of shredded mist, the  
 Village awaits the day, while cat-padded roofs  
 Bright-shining grey slate in the morning's welcome. The  
 Seagull-splattered sky looks down on crowded groups of  
 Chimney stacks, and pots spout indignant smoke.  
 Coughing with blackened, scowling cowls.  
 Gulls wheel in the sky, a  
 Fisherman his barrow load of night lured fish,  
 Gaped – now gaping in the waterless air.  
 Men set off, rough-shaved, to the quay and  
 Lock their thoughts on fish, weather, boats and beer.  
 The tide wets the whispering beach and the  
 Surf chatters, its  
 Gritty teeth deposited at the highest ebb.  
 Green, glorified trees look over from hilltops, no longer dim  
 Ghosts, but re clothed in thick foliage. At their feet sit  
 Kissing couples, or  
 Strangling creepers, winding their way up  
 Life's trunk and slender branches.  
 Gulls scream, d  
                   i  
                   v  
                   e, and alight to pick at  
 Skippered herring bones on stony harbour wall.  
 The village smiles contentedly out towards its  
 Life,  
 Danger and  
 Wellbeing.

Graham Flower

**Star Death**

Sober in the morning light,  
 Things look so much different,  
 To how they looked last night,  
 A pale face pressed to an unmade bed.  
 Like flags of many nations flying above her head.

The cellophane still on the flowers.  
 The telegram still in her hand.  
 As whispers circulate all day  
 Their back-stage baby princess passed away

And you can cage the songbird  
 But you can't make her sing  
 And you can trap the free bird  
 But you'll have to clip her wings  
 Cos she'll soar like a hawk when she flies  
 But she'll dive like an eagle when she dies

Promises of no more lies  
 Fell flat upon an empty stage  
 Before the audience arrives  
 A return in time to the cheaper seats  
 She never knew what lay beneath  
 Just a dated handbill they found between the sheets

Let down before the final curtain  
 A shallow heart that left her cold.  
 She left in rouge upon the mirror  
 A circled kiss to the faithful fans who'd miss her

E. J. B. T.

**The Thin God's Neck !**

All our innocence gave way to lust  
 And they taught us how to crack the whip  
 And the flunkeys all got paid,  
 Like soldiers on the road to battle  
 Just to be sure that you can land it on the other side.  
 Uncage us where restless, snarled the dogs in the kitchen.  
 Tear off the white meat, leave the fat back at home  
 While the vultures belch in their swivel chairs  
 Or a swan song sung by some finger snapping kid  
 And the martyrs all got stoned.

B.P.M.

**Artist**

Artist strains on canvas sheet  
for lines of beauty not yet born  
ideas alleys race to meet  
passing of his thirsting dawn.

Slowly shapes of indiscretion  
run merge to form the craven scene  
mists of time can never lessen  
tranquil that has never been.

But distance flies the leaping mind  
though fairer forms he could not fill  
unfinished works of text sublime  
will ever haunt him still.

Martin Carey.

Walking, I found a stream,  
That foamed and darted soft as cream.  
And as I crossed it, as I heard,  
Upwards climbing, disappeared.  
In vain I strove to touch the siren's call  
And then I heard it, chatter and run and fall.  
I stopped, and turned, and found the sound,  
Bent my ear towards the ground;  
A hole I spied, with grass all covered,  
That seemed to guard the child it mothered.  
Pushing aside, the brook I found,  
With the same merriment,  
Yet cold as ice.

Fritzjof

**Is there a God ?**

Torn from their families  
Mothers go hungry  
To feed their children  
But children go hungry  
There's so many big men  
Out making millions  
When poverty's profits  
Just blame the children.

If there's a god in heaven  
What's he waiting for  
If he can't hear the children  
Then he must see the war  
But it seems to me  
That he leads his lambs  
to the slaughter house  
Not the promised land.

Dying for causes  
They don't understand  
We've been taking their futures  
Right out of their hands  
They need the handouts  
To hold back the tears  
There's so many crying  
But so few that hear.

E. B. J. T.

# DRAMA

## The Bacchae

'The Bacchae' is an ambitious choice for a school play. It calls for sustained animation of characters which do not conform to easily-digested modern conventions of 'realism' ('the room with three walls'). Not the least difficult of these characters is The Chorus, a reduction of many human beings to one near-animal personality. The conflict between human values and animal drives is made more difficult to interpret by the playwright's ambiguous attitude towards the former, as manifest chiefly in Tiresias. Skilful production is needed to convey the profound questions raised by the text, couched as they are in terms which are particularly far from the school's habitual ways of approaching the problem of men in society.

This was such a production, made so largely by Mr. Glen's excellent poetic rendering of the Greek and by Mr. Cole's imaginative staging. Poetry is essential to a play whose constantly implied background is the rhythmic intoxication of Dionysaic ritual; it helps also, for example, to convey Pentheus' initial near-admirable critical temperament: 'some novel Eastern Zeus, who breeds new gods?' The stage allowed Dionysus to speak from a solitary and precarious pinnacle of divinity at the opening and closing of the play; it gave a convincing impression of the ascent of Cithaeron, exalted along with Dionysus; it meant that the change in Pentheus could be emphasised by entrances from different sides of the stage. Perhaps the silver paper was a reflection of Dionysus' artificial glory?

The standard of acting was consistently high. Chris Kendall's Dionysus was clearly well thought out, modulating between ferocity and self-satisfied docility. His art became slightly obtrusive towards the end, and as with many of the actors his diction was often too good; but these things are appropriate as Dionysus' humanity is gradually seen to be a terribly thin mask. The parallel mask of Pentheus' dogmatism, and beneath it the hidden attraction to the revels, were well-illustrated by Hugh Pope despite moments of unintelligibility. The interchange between Dionysus and Pentheus proved real interactions of personalities rather than mere juxtaposition of characters. Stephen Hogg's Tiresias was less satisfying, often portraying sophistry as mere foolishness. John Zealley and Christopher Bulford were able in their secondary roles; along with Hugh Williams they shared some of Jeremy Notley's very admirable ability entirely to immerse himself in his role, the incredulous vessel of sane moral values in the midst of mad extremes: 'the noblest thing a man can have is a humble heart that revered the gods'. Hugh Williams only began to seem self-conscious during the dramatically near-impossible scene where Agave recovers her reason and is forced into realisation of her guilt. His task was eased by The Chorus who conveyed a merely aesthetic disgust for her and thus, with the firm unison they displayed throughout, accentuated the ambiguity of the sacrilege of Cadmus' family by placing it against the religiously insane ideal of 'victory over enemies'.

A worthy presentation of a play which remains important even though obviously this generation could never succumb to a Stalin or a Timothy Leary.

Abhorson



*The  
Bacchae*

### **La Troupe Française**

On December 1 La Troupe Française, returning to the school for their annual production, presented two short plays, 'La Voix Humaine' by Jean Cocteau and Eugène Ionesco's 'La Leçon'.

The first is a one-act monologue in which the sole player is a young girl speaking over the telephone to her lover. As the piece proceeds she sees through his façade of deceit and realises that he is to be married the next day to somebody else, who is at the moment at his house with him. Their conversation is punctuated by irritating crossed lines, wrong numbers and cuttings-off on the telephone, which add to her despair. Cocteau uses this dramatic situation of grief to create two real and moving characters (one of whom we never hear or see), each trying to deceive the other by his or her shallow and petty talk. Unfortunately, the advanced nature of the French may have impeded full appreciation of this remarkable play which gave such unique insight into human nature; although all would agree upon the high standard of the acting.

"La Leçon", on the other hand, was probably more widely enjoyed and understood. It is a comedy about a professor who is giving a lesson to an 18-year-old schoolgirl who wants to take her doctorate in science and philosophy within three weeks. Her maths is somewhat suspect but she has learnt by heart the answers to all the possible multiplication sums. Her geography is excellent – she knows that Paris is the capital of France. The professor begins a philology lesson. Spanish, neo-Spanish, Esperanto, French, Andorran are all basically the same. He lectures her on pronunciation; she has toothache. 'Les roses de ma grand-mère sont aussi jaunes que mon grand-père qui est Asiatique' is the same in all languages except for subtle, indefinable differences. By now she can think of nothing but her toothache. The professor gets annoyed. He tries to make her pronounce 'couteau' in all the languages, and then stabs her with the knife he was using as an illustration. The maid calms him and agrees to help him bury her with the forty other bodies – no-one will ask questions. Then the next pupil arrives. . . The amusing side of this play perhaps hides the more serious social comment and satire.

Our thanks again to La Troupe Française for providing such an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Anthony Lane and Michael Kitcatt

**Look Back in Anger by John Osborne**

'Oh! It's awfully good!' pronounced the lady in the seat immediately behind me at the end of the second act, in a voice that was what I have always imagined a female equivalent of Charles Dichel's to have been like. I absolutely agreed with her comment as a judgement of the play, (though it then transpired that she had, after all, been talking about Christmas cards with a vicar in the next seat). Still, it provided humour, not that any more was needed in an evening that had a rich mixture of comedy and deep emotion.

The play is set in a dreary, dilapidated attic in the Midlands in the Nineteen-Fifties, and it seemed peculiarly apt that it should be performed in the shabby surrounds of the old Digby Hall. This attic is the only fixed abode of Jimmy Porter (Jonathan Devitt) and Cliff Lewis (David Sparks), two graduates who are now running a sweet stall in a market. With them is the remarkably long-suffering waif-like figure of Alison, Jimmy's wife, played by Vicky Lewis.

Jimmy is a very complicated character of many moods and a violent temper, sometimes appearing totally insensitive and brutal, at other times showing a desperate need to be loved and understood. Jonathan Devitt had the audience totally under his control. We could laugh at him being bloody-minded over who read which of the Sunday papers he had paid for, or laugh with him when he tells Alison her mother is a bitch, calls Alison's actress friend Helena Charles (Susan Ryan) with whom he is to have an affair an old cow, and calls Alison herself 'sycophantic, predictably phlegmatic and pusillanimous'. Everyone finds it amusing when he addresses his wife as 'The Lady Pusillanimous', a Roman matron, and declares 'Hi Pusey! What say we get the hell down to the arena, and maybe feed ourselves to a couple of lions, huh?' Yet the sarcasm is very cruel. Alison reacts by saying she'll go out of her mind if he doesn't stop, only to be told: 'Why don't you? That would be something anyway'. Having one moment sided with Jimmy, the next we totally agree with Helena when she says he makes her sick with contempt and loathing.

It was remarkable how quickly our sympathies could change from one character to another, and all credit must be given to the actors and actresses for the way they presented with such forceful impact what is essentially a very powerful play anyway. Despite being brutal as he is, Jimmy aroused in us deep feelings *for* him when, apparently abandoned by both Alison and Helena, he expressed what is perhaps the social comment of the play: 'The injustice of it is almost perfect! The wrong people going hungry, the wrong people being loved, the wrong people dying!'

Jonathan Devitt dominated the play, but it wouldn't have been the success that it undoubtedly was without the inspired performances of the others. Vicky Lewis was perfect at being beautiful but somewhat pathetic, able to win our sympathy at times, but never our hearts until the very end when she, the poor squirrel, is reconciled with Jimmy, the poor bear. Susan Ryan was completely successful at effecting the transformation from being a not very likeable individual who couldn't mind her own business, but who none the less voiced our own opinions of Jimmy, to being his attractive and vivacious lover, altering our own attitudes to him through such a convincing change. David Sparks seemed perhaps just a little self-conscious on stage, but distinguished himself in the 'Flanagan and Allen' number he did with Jimmy, and will be remembered for his superb timing when, having commented that the landlady had been complaining about their untidiness, said that he couldn't think why as he nonchalantly kicked over a beer bottle. It was a piece of inspired casting to give Charles Bishop the role of Col. Redfern, Alison's father, a surprisingly open-minded Col. Blimp-type character from the Indian army who was not quite reconciled with the fact that the sun had set on the Empire. Finally many congratulations to James Taylor, the producer, for having the courage to choose a difficult play and then ensuring that full justice was done to it.

Julian Thomas



*Look  
Back  
in  
Anger*

### Films

There can be no denying that the films this term were of a lower standard than those of previous terms. This was not simply due to the poorness of some of the films themselves, but also to the B.S.R.'s abominable acoustics, and the sometimes varied quality of the projection. Below, we have attempted to summarise the films in the audiences' eye.

At the top, "Cabaret". The views on this film were mixed, it was either found excessively boring, or immensely enjoyable; we ourselves took the latter view. Incidentally, some people went to the film, just because it was an X; we imagine that they were expecting some titillating shots of Liza Minnelli!

"All The President's Men" seemed to be fairly popular, despite the fact that the story was difficult to follow, and that it was made in "documentary" form.

Next, we have "Where Eagles Dare". Obviously this went down well (it always does), only because it is virtually all continuous action; from a critical point of view though, it was not particularly brilliant.

Raquel Welch (after managing to lose all her clothing in the first ten minutes) provided the focal point in "Hannie Caulder". On the whole, this film provided relaxing entertainment.

"Monty Python and The Holy Grail" was absurd, and consequently enjoyed by all. The Monty Python team once again performed their own brand of comedy, which unfortunately, not every-one shares.

"Skyjacked" and "The Organisation" come last, and these were really pretty poor. Practically everybody was totally bored by "Skyjacked", which was very slow in building up tension, and during the first half of "The Organisation", a good quarter of the audience left.

So there you have it, a term of varied films. Next term's films, however, we can safely predict, will all be of a much higher standard, and will be enjoyed by all.

Guy Hudson and Nicholas Badham

# CORRESPONDENCE

Are this community's values equivalent to its aims, and if so is the community in concord as to what those values are? A community values unity, flexibility, principles, and above all its members, but does this school reflect these values in its aims, or practise them in its actions?

Accomplishment of one's values requires effort and inspiration, and the community exists for the fusion of individuals' efforts in the promotion of both personal and group inspiration. As such it must act as one, but yet exist so as to retain individuality. Rewards should be personal and not material, for possessions only serve to destroy unity. Better, perhaps, to trust, than entice, for without trust there is no unity, no spirit.

Too often, dissension about the material, an underlying fear of stepping out of line, leavers afraid of leaving, staff lonely and pretending; and maybe because we have forgotten those values and replaced them by rules.

The Headmaster wishes to create "Christian gentlemen", and by all means instil the good sense of a gentleman, but leave his ethics to that very good sense one has inbred. To fail to acknowledge the free-will of every man to choose and to attempt to give him a conscience is to turn Christian ethics into an unassailable premise.

Education is a reciprocal process and as such requires feedback from all concerned. Boys and Parents are given too few opportunities to express their feelings and this reflects the community's lack of appreciation of its members. On a closing note, that Christian trust so often mentioned might well be more liberally sprinkled upon this question of communal flexibility.

Andrew Neubauer

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Dear Sir,

Having now attended four School Carol Services, and left each one with varying doses of dissatisfaction, I crave the hospitality of these columns to raise a few points concerning our annual service.

My main grievances are firstly that the choir dominate too much of the service; and secondly that the service itself is slightly too long to allow a relaxed atmosphere to be retained throughout the entire service.

That the choir are excellent I do not dispute; their expertise is widely respected. However, many parents I know frequently complain about how much of the service is taken up by the choir, and how little is taken up by the congregation singing.

It must be remembered that because so many people have to be fitted into the Abbey for the service, the majority of the parents find themselves in parts of the Abbey where it is impossible to see the choir. Under these circumstances it does not make sense for the choir to dominate so much of the service.

The Abbey itself is indeed a beautiful place; its beauty is perhaps appreciated more by infrequent visitors than by Shirburnians. But despite its beauty, it must be remembered that the Abbey also becomes an extremely uncomfortable place when as many people are fitted in as there are each carol service. Therefore, not only should the congregation be involved more in the singing, but it also makes sense to shorten the service slightly. Both measures would ensure a more relaxed and contented congregation, and in my opinion would further improve our already excellent service.

Finally, I should like to make it clear that I mean no disrespect to Mr. Judge or the choir. I feel certain, however, that my views are representative of a great many parents as well as many of my colleagues:

Tom Waring, Lyon House

Dear Editors,

We have recently heard from the 'disillusioned ex-Christian and/or Harper House boy' of the multifarious and heinous vices and defects of religion, and the havoc it has wrought in the past, and which it still continues to do under the apocalyptic arches of Sherborne School Chapel. However, since science and its various tentacles are generally regarded as the antidote to this psychological plague called 'religion', let me point out some of its own little nuances.

By reducing religion to the level of a primeval superstition, we are led to assume that life must be based on the sterile logic and reasoning of science. Religion, rather man's political interpretations of religion, certainly has been the cause of a great deal of destruction in the past. However, in this great century of scientific enlightenment and progress, we have managed to wipe off the surface of the Earth as many people in about a tenth of the time, by the use of such great scientific achievements as the machine-gun, the gas-chamber and the atom bomb. Science has now put into the often unpredictable hands of men the means by which to totally decimate himself, and to leave this planet an uninhabitable wasteland; something that religion for all its faults could not claim, or ever have claimed to do.

Perhaps an even more sinister and threatening result of our 'Scientific Age' is its deadening effect on people's lives and spirits. If the disillusioned Harper House ex-Christian claims that religion enslaved the masses in the past with fear, then I will claim that Science enslaves them with boredom. People today, at least in the Western world, are the most healthy, well-fed, secure and looked after who have ever existed on this earth, but are they the most content? If you walk down the main street of any big city or town and look at the expression on most people's faces, you will get the answer. In the past their lot may have been much harder, disease and famine much greater threats to life than they are now, but at least they had something to celebrate about when times were good. Perhaps their perpetual confrontation with death gave them a greater propensity for life than we can ever imagine. We are so well cared for that our spirit, our individuality is smothered by this 'cold-comfort' existence that science can provide us with.

This argument may be a well-worn and rusty one, but it has been one of the main themes of 20th century literature, as exemplified by T. S. Eliot's 'Waste Land'. Science has of course achieved a great deal of good, particularly in medicine and communications. Religion, also, in the past may have been a weapon of fear used by the ruling classes to control the ignorant and superstitious masses, but today, so long as it is not rammed down our throats, it does offer us a chance to stay fully alive as Human Beings, when so much around us, dressed up in its benevolent façade, threatens to alienate us and deaden the full experience of life.

Patrick Gun Cuninghame

Dear Editors and Readers,

Please forgive a rather lengthy reply to Mr. Gun Cuninghame's recent letter, but I welcome the opportunity to air a few thoughts.

You may have heard of the eminent British physicist Sir Arthur Eddington. In his book on the nature of the universe he tells the following story. A man was fishing by a lake with a net whose holes were exactly 2" across; as he fished, he measured the length of each fish, and at the end of the day surveyed his results and found that all of the fish he had caught were longer than 2". He then concluded that there were no fish in the lake that were less than 2" long.

This apparently trivial story which has an absurd conclusion hides a rather important point. Our five senses are not particularly sensitive or strong, and so from ancient times we have developed tools to help us; these may be mechanical aids ranging from a primitive stone chip to a computer-controlled milling machine, or observational aids ranging from a ruler to a mass spectrometer. But each of the observational tools is designed to do a particular job, to answer a particular question about the natural world. Thus Science is *one way of looking at the world*; not *the way*; it is not an antidote to anything though some may believe it so. The questions which Science can answer are very simple and are always of one special type. They are questions which can be answered by *doing an experiment*, and it is only this sort of question that can be answered scientifically. Therefore it is pointless to suggest that Science shows, for example, that there is or is not a God. Science has nothing to say on this point. There is no experiment that can be devised, no measuring instrument that can be employed to tell us of the existence or otherwise of God. Science tells us a lot about the observable universe, its probable past and possible future, its structure, the laws which govern it, and so forth. But if we think it tells us everything, we are in the same position as our fisherman who didn't realise the limitations of his observational tool. The reconciliation of scientific observations of the universe with the experience of faith (or the experience of the lack of faith) is not the job of science.

It is commonly thought that in Science there is a right answer and a wrong answer; many who do science do so initially because they like clear-cut answers. This view is due largely to Physics and Chemistry being old sciences; the work done at school and indeed much of that at University is remote from current research and is so well-established that indeed we can assert without much fear of contradiction that magnesium reacts with hydrochloric acid and if you say it doesn't you are wrong. At the turn of the century everybody thought that Newton had dynamics all wrapped up; then a patent-office clerk named Einstein changed it all and shook the foundations of physics with impressive thoroughness. Science is a succession of (hopefully) better approximations.

If we design an experiment, some measuring device will be incorporated somewhere. Within limits there is no argument as to what this device shows, say 10 amperes or  $35.3\text{cm}^3$  or whatever. Where science becomes subjective (much to the chagrin of those who see it as the last refuge of objectivity) is in the *interpretation* of the numbers we get, and this interpretation becomes less sure the nearer we get to the frontiers of research. Astronomer Sir Hermann Bondi has said that we honour scientists for being inventive, not necessarily for being right.

Two more brief points. Firstly it is not the fault of science that the Bomb exists. As soon as you ask *anything* about the nature of the world (and something as elementary as "what is water" will suffice) your bomb is as good as made. It is an *inevitable* consequence of the nature of matter, an inescapable adjunct of the nature of atoms, and indeed is the reaction which keeps us alive since it is the way the Sun generates its power. If the Bomb is the fault of anything it is the fault of man's curiosity.

Secondly, it is easy in our well-fed comfortable world to feel that the old days were better. I have no wish at all to return to earlier times and have dentistry and surgery without anaesthetic, to have poor food and to be riddled with disease and parasites. Historical remoteness lends an unwarranted romance to the peasant life; poverty and disease brought nothing but crushing humiliation to the majority of the population and few of them can have had anything but a weary resignation. Mr. Gun Cuninghame recognises advances in medicine and communications (you might like to debate this latter sometime); but if you want the advantages, you must have the warts as well, and instead of yearning for the past try to work in the present and reduce the number of warts.

No single view of the world, neither science, nor religion, nor philosophy, or whatever, has *all* the answers. Remember that fisherman.

Yours,

J. R. G. Beavon

To the Editor of the Shirburnian

**'Sherborne and Education: Are we in a rut?'**

With the advent of 1978 and more Oxbridge results, one is tempted to wonder what the functions of Sherborne School really are, and whether we are fulfilling them. This is a popular topic for debate, and there is much discontent about several of the issues built in and around this topic. In the paragraphs below, I hope to bring one or two of these to the surface and throw in a few remarks of my own, a lot of which I realise to be impractical but at least thought-provoking if extreme. I append a summary: 'Possible improvements for Sherborne in 1978' for the apathetically inclined who may not care to wade through the verbiage below.

Sherborne, it is realised, exists only in a minor capacity to instruct and achieve academic results. Quite apart from these, there are many other functions Sherborne has as a school which are essential to the development of an adult human being. A headmaster of Sherborne once remarked that a school should encourage self-discipline and give controlled responsibility, and develop not only the scholarly and extroverted, but also the self-conscious, the unscholarly and the physically less gifted. To this I would add a short list of qualities a school should try to develop: the ability to mix and live with all sorts of people; finding, by experience, how to tackle situations and problems; cultivating a moral sense; and emotional and mental awareness of one's environment and culture. All these can be loosely grouped together with many others under the blanket term of 'growth of maturity'.

The present situation as regards these points is very good overall. However it is my opinion that in a world of accelerating change, one should have, as far as possible, more of an eye to the future than to the past. A school should act as a Janus between childhood and adulthood: the transition between the past and the future. As Sherborne has as one of its major concerns the preparation of its boys for independent survival, it is held by several people that a greater degree of adaptability should be cultivated not only in the school but in the boys too.

At Sherborne, there is only a very narrow spectrum of new people to meet during one's life as a pupil. These people tend to remain the same from the day one arrives to the day one leaves: the same staff, the same contemporaries, the same friends. As it is obviously impractical to expand the number of people met beyond a certain limit, but perhaps if the relationships between masters and boys were improved, and the school mixed more with the Town, this problem would be solved to a certain degree. Pack Monday is a good example of this. Another way of increasing Town/Gown relations would be the opening of more school functions to the Town, and possibly improved relationships between the boys and staff in general.

Tackling problems such as these should, I believe, be left to the boys themselves to solve. If boys were given a greater part to play in school administration, they would have a more sympathetic understanding of the thought behind school policy. I am not advocating anarchy or boy-rule, but postulating that boys could play a useful and educational role.

As regards problem-solving in general, academic work comes into the firing-line rather as well. Too classical an attitude to work cannot be condoned: we live in a world of rapid change. I believe that Sherborne is reluctant to employ new methods of teaching, or even 'educating'; within the past half-century there have been some fascinating ideas, for example vertical grouping (mixing age groups) or team teaching (several classes thrown together in the same room to circulate between a number of teachers). Lecturing and note-taking, however, seems to be the order of the day. Could this, I wonder, be the cause of the recent decline in standards of academic results? Are the pupils just not stimulated any more? Is apathy totally the fault of the apathetic? It has been suggested that boys could be interested in school life more and relationships between masters and boys would improve, were boys given a greater opportunity to be involved in the running of the school. The prefectorial system is only a very limited form of administrative experience, bringing only a few minor problems with it, which are invariably referred to a housemaster for decision.

There is another side to this idea. Shirburnians tend to be unwontedly egocentric, with little idea about what happens or why anything does happen in school government, or as a consequence of it. Although this is an extreme view, people have been known to say that most Shirburnians are blind to their environment and the goings-on outside the confines of Sherborne School too. Pupils are becoming increasingly sheltered as changes outside are effected more

rapidly, and this state of affairs will continue unless there is a certain amount of experimentation of all sorts in the school. This particular issue concerns trips abroad, field days, social studies, political studies and even careers. If a boy is unaware of what is happening outside the regimentation of Sherborne, he will be bemused by the literature in the careers room, maybe even to the extent at which he feels unable to write to anyone for guidance. Would it not be feasible to appoint a full-time careers master whose sole function is to instruct and advise on such matters? At present there are three masters who try to keep up to date with all the changes in this field as well as numerous other duties, quite apart from teaching: is it not asking too much of them to demand such a service for the benefit of a sixth form of over two hundred? The preparation given to the average Shirburnian for life after school may well be inadequate. How is he expected to know what being an engineer is really like? The 'What every young person should know about finance' General Studies course is usually oversubscribed by a large number: is this not indicative of something? How many Shirburnians are aware of more than the *Mirror's* 'Shock Horror Scandal' headlines?

Finally I would like to say that although I have voiced all these ideas, they may not all be my own. I am, however, quite willing to discuss them. Below is my summary which is not more than a list of ideas and for the disjointed character of which I apologise.

#### **Possible improvements for Sherborne in 1978**

Could I suggest an improvement of master/boy and staff/boy relationships in general? This would improve the attitude of boys when they learn that masters may well be human after all. This is a double-sided affair in which both parties must partake, and would be greatly aided by a decrease in formality. Could masters use Christian names more extensively in the sixth form, supplemented perhaps by boys giving masters their full titles (e.g. Doctor/Mister So-and-so)?

Gown/Town relationships are at present decidedly nineteenth-century. Too many boys regard the local populace as inferior in one way or another. I am ignorant of the true cause of this, but aware that it is not right, and would be improved by more mixing.

May I also advocate more group and 'leadership' exercises for boys, for example in the classroom, or even more decision-making in matters of school policy by the boys. A 'veto' could be integrated into any such idea as a practical pressure-valve to keep things under control. This would be a super-substitute for an increase in communications between school government and the boys, which is badly needed at the moment.

Could we also try to be broad-minded and eradicate hypocrisy, snobbery, and class-distinction as far as possible, and avoid extreme conservatism. Unfortunately such traits are common to 'male Chauvinist' family groups.

Tutorial periods can be of value if used to increase awareness of environment in the ways suggested earlier. Projects should see an increase in number, and if possible, be exhibited at Commem. I would like to have recreational activities increased in variety and frequency, but that neo-deity 'The Syllabus' imposes too much of a restriction on timetabling. Perhaps, however, the emphasis on 'The Syllabus' and 'The Curriculum' could be decreased with educational advantages.

May I also take this opportunity to quote a passage from an obsolete prospectus, which I think is relevant?

'At a time of great social change and unrest, whether at University or in the mainstream of life, this "education for maturity" has never been more important; for without balance and emotional stability a boy cannot hope to develop effectively and happily in the turbulent post-school life.

'Essentially Sherborne is a community in which people can fulfill themselves, and bring out their own particular talents. . . It is a community where there are a small number of accepted essential conventions which are readily observed by every member in exchange for the growing advantages which he draws from this membership; it is a community in which a conscious effort is made to develop and sustain communications between boys, the teaching staff and their families, parents, the Town, the Sherborne School for Girls, and other schools in the neighbourhood.'

Dermot Turing

### JOHN MARTIN: RECOGNITION DUE?

It is just over a hundred years ago that the painter John Martin died. But how many people outside the art élite know of this obscure painter from Northumberland? Very few I should think, and it is because of this that I hope to establish him better.

John Martin was born on the 19th of July 1789, fifth son of Isabella Ridley and Fenwick Martin, at East Landends just outside the village of Haydon Bridge in the Tyne Valley. When he left Haydon Bridge Grammar school in 1803, at the age of fourteen, with 'an acquaintance with the classics, notably Herodotus and Virgil', it was obvious that he would try to apprentice to become an artist. His parents, who wanted to help their son as much as possible, moved to Newcastle in the same year, where John's apprenticeship began. But Martin did not leave Haydon Bridge without it imprinting a big impression on him. Even at his young age he had been influenced by the surrounding countryside, for on him it had shaped his ideal of an historical landscape. To the north of Haydon Bridge runs Hadrian's Wall, for centuries the formal northern frontier of the Roman Empire, the border dividing order from chaos. By Martin's time it had become decayed forming a grassy dyke, but the ruins previously of a Grand Empire gave Martin the feeling of Babylon, Pompeii or Carthage.

Even though he was eighteen miles away in Newcastle Martin had grown up and was influenced under the shadows of the wonders of the ancient world. South of the Tyne the Allendale Gorge makes a dramatic crack in the landscape with huge shelving rocks in the river-bed hunched together like platforms onto which Martin was later to plant his focal figures, Moses, Joshua and Satan, for throughout his life Martin was to base most of his paintings on the Bible, the works of Milton and Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs'.

Having arrived in Newcastle he was due to be apprenticed for seven years by a certain Leonard Wilson, but Martin left after twelve months claiming Wilson had withheld promised opportunities and rise in wages, and instead had confined him to 'menial jobs'. From there he met up with a Piedmontese immigrant, Boniface Musso, who had also established himself in Newcastle. Martin had lessons twice a week to learn enamel-painting and skipped church on Sundays to learn oil-painting. However after three months Fenwick Martin ran out of money but the benevolent Musso offered to teach John free. Martin accepted and from him learnt the essentials of portraiture, enamel-painting and topography.

In September of 1806 Martin moved to London and in 1807, at the age of eighteen, he produced his painting done in oils of 'A Landscape'. Two years later he met and soon afterwards married Susan Garrett from Hampshire who was twenty-eight. Two years after their marriage they had their first child, Fenwick, and then a year later Isabella and then another seven up to 1825. Tragically three of their sons, Fenwick, John and William, died, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Martin to cope with six children.

From the age of twenty-two onwards Martin was self-employed. A year after his turn to independence, in 1812, Martin painted his first major picture called 'Sadak' based on James Ridley's 'Tales of the Genti' written in 1762, the painting that was to pave his way to fame. But despite this initial success Martin suffered a grievous blow in the following year when his parents died before he had "reached the point in his career where their good intentions and efforts on his behalf could receive their reward." In 1816 Martin's tenth painting, 'Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still' achieved the success of 'Sadak'. As his life continued Martin saw the Ancient World in terms of the industrial age and this is why many of the topics in his paintings are bathed in dense smoke. As well as this he developed a type of enormous canvas crowded with tiny figures set with fantastic architecture and beneath lowering skies, a style which today seems merely Hollywood, but then influenced many painters such as Turner, John Walker and J. G. S. Lucas. But Martin's paintings, which were exhibited temporarily, soon faded in public taste. But he was not lost forever, for his 'Coronation of Queen Victoria' in 1839 soon revived the public's liking for him. At the end of his life he painted what are said to be his masterpieces; they are three massive paintings collectively known as 'The Judgement', paintings done from 1852 to 1853. Even the opinion of John Ruskin who thought that 'workmen such as John Martin . . . I do not regard as painters at all. Martin's works are merely a common manufacture, as much makeable to order a tea-tray or a coal skuttle', was shared by very few.

By December 1853 Martin had lost his voice and the use of his right hand which had become paralysed, and on the night of the 17th of February 1854 he died peacefully. He was buried in the Spital Vault in Kirk Braddon Churchyard on the Isle of Man where he had moved to several years earlier.

John Martin's paintings, drawings and engravings number 163, as well as his illustrations for *Paradise Lost* by the time of his death, but until 1972 no major painting of his had been put on permanent display in a national collection in Britain; inadequate recognition for such a great painter?

Jeremy James

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## Newsboard

After a rather slow start, Newsboard got off the ground with the first of several "great debates". This was concerned with the Committee for extra-curricular activities, or, if you prefer, "the committee of three", and was sparked off by a vigorous, if slightly misinformed, letter from J. D. Turing and certain other members of Westcott. The letter was answered in considerable detail, and with equal forcefulness, by P.T.C., all subsequent epistles being middle-of-the-road comments on these two articles. This debate brought up the important point that it is not enough for information concerning the School to be accessible but unadvertised: it must be exposed to the full light of day so that everyone knows, and so that no dangerous rumours are created.

The second of these "great debates" was started by a bitter and vitriolic article on the subject of religion. This article, together with an accompanying one on the subject of compulsory chapel, provoked a fountain of replies, most of which defended the topic involved. The fact that this letter was written under a pseudonym (though many people had vague, and sometimes far from vague, notions about its source) created quite a considerable furor which contributed to the banning of pseudonyms later on in the term. This debate was changed into a debate on the value of science by an article on both subjects by P. Gun Cuninghame. This was answered, as shown on p.34, by an extremely good letter from J.R.G.B., which was itself answered by a letter by one of the editors supporting J.R.G.B. in most respects, but looking with immense pessimism at the possibility (or, as he would have it, probability) of devastating nuclear or bacteriological war.

Running at the same time as the Science debate was an extremely heated one on "The Shirburnian". It was started by an incredibly vicious, but anonymous, letter which violently criticised the policies of the editor of the October 1977 edition who was accused of being far too inward-looking, "pseudy", and of marking the magazine far too heavily with his own personality. A flood of letters, many of considerable spleen, appeared in answer, including one by the editor himself. Most of these replies defended, with reservations, the then editor and his policies. The general opinion seemed to be that, while the editor had allowed himself to influence the magazine slightly too much, it was definitely not "pseudy" and, if it was rather more intellectual than usual, that that was inevitable if only the more intellectual members of the School were to write articles. However, there was one article which most definitely did not support the editor, standing firmly by the original writer.

This debate brought up two more issues, that of pseudonymed and anonymous letters and that of pseudo-intellectuals or "pseuds". The considerable concern shown over the first of these, particularly that of certain masters (G.G.S., for example – urged in a letter the banning of pseudonyms, particularly for controversial letters) caused us to make compulsory the signing of the author's name at the bottom of all articles which we regarded as controversial. Though, obviously, we felt that it was absurd to do this for such things as society or music reports, and so these continued to roll in under both pseudonyms and the authors' names. The question of "pseuds" seemed to apply just as much to Newsboard as to "The Shirburnian" for, outside Newsboard, one heard continuous complaints that, particularly in respect to the "Shirburnian" debate, the old board was "pseudy". I can only reply in the way that the "Shirburnian" editor and his supporters replied, i.e. that if it is only so-called "pseuds" who contribute to Newsboard then it is hardly surprising that it will be dominated by them.

We had a brief, but useful and enlightening, debate between P. Abel and the librarian on the expansion of the Library into the Undercroft, in which it appeared that it and the J.C.R. may, one day, be in fierce competition for space and priority; another small but significant "debate" (one can hardly call it that when it was so one-sided) was over the Easter question. There were two letters, at different ends of the term, on this subject and, as the first writer said in another letter, this seemed to suggest a certain quantity of apathy, or at least indifference in the School; for one would have expected more, together with many complaints to the Headmaster, which there were not. Anyway, as we all know, the decision concerning Easter was eventually reversed.

In addition to all these debates, of course, we had our regular flow of reports on society meetings, concerts, etc., though, unfortunately, our competition was rather undersubscribed. So we would like to thank all those who have contributed to Newsboard this term, "pseuds" or non-"pseuds".

R. R. M. Thomas



*The Abbey modestly  
disguised for a  
face-lift.*



*Another try for  
the 1st XV..*

## SPORT

### RUGBY FOOTBALL 1977

#### 1st XV

Played 9, Won 9, For 250, Against 34.

At the risk of immodesty one can say that there was an air of inevitability about the third unbeaten season right from the start of term. The pack picked itself and the Harper House trio of Waterfield, Kenny and Sharpe established itself as the force we had all expected it to be and proved itself to be the best front row that the School has had in recent years. The second row of Lillingston-Price and Toomer not only scrummaged well but dominated the line-outs in every match. The back row maintained the recent tradition of excellent Sherborne play and this year there was a fine combination of players: Herring, diminutive and diving on all the loose balls; Prentice, direct and bustling; and Taylor at No. 8 who displayed more ubiquitous skills and seemed to be everywhere at once. While singly meritorious it was as a unit in both set pieces and loose play that the pack excelled and much credit is due to the leadership of Waterfield and the coaching of A.M.D.

In the three-quarters, selection was not quite as automatic, though Hockley (a better player than his brother at this age?) and Dally renewed their Colts partnership. The centres became obvious once Bruce had been wooed from the pack to join Short, now playing his fourth season in the XV. Both players proved penetrative runners and abrasive defenders and no better pair has played in recent years. Positions rather than personnel made the choice of full-back and wings more difficult. Eventually Abel proved very reliable on one wing while Rice, faster and more fragile, played on the other. At full back Small got better and better as he learnt to make full use of his speed.

And what of the matches? The strongest Pilgrims team for some years outplayed the School at their own game and a wet day was made brighter by the beautifully balanced running of Symondson. With less preparation than usual for the Canford match the pack nevertheless won most of the ball and though the backs didn't quite click the winning margin was comfortable. Re-

positioned backs proved a great improvement against Blundell's when a pattern of play began to emerge. The pattern became a bold relief against Taunton as a series of attacks kept the scoreboard busy. King's Taunton were not the force of recent years and another victory was recorded.

There followed three excellent matches. Firstly, Blackrock College on tour as Leinster Cup winners, provided real opposition for the pack who played superbly in a game made memorable by one of the finest tries seen on the Upper which was scored in a muddy downpour. Secondly, Christ College Brecon (a small school of 230 boys from eleven years) produced magical Celtic three-quarters play to lead 17-11 until a late rally enabled the School to draw ahead 24-17 in one of the most exciting games ever seen at the School. Thirdly, after surviving the customary early Downside pressure the team played superbly, ultimately demoralising the old rivals in all aspects of play.

#### Results

v. Canford	(A)	20-0
v. Blundell's	(H)	23-4
v. Taunton	(A)	42-0
v. King's Taunton	(H)	27-3
v. Blackrock College	(H)	17-6
v. Christ's, Brecon	(H)	24-17
v. Downside	(H)	20-0
v. Radley	(A)	18-4
v. Clifton	(A)	39-0

D.P.J.

The following match saw an International XV prove too strong for the School in the last ten minutes, and though wet and freezing conditions inhibited the anticipated spectacle over £120 was raised for the Canadian tour.

Two School matches remained. Radley provided the usual strong forward opposition on a bitterly cold day, and with both teams suffering injuries during the match the scoreline was not as high as it might have been. The last match at Clifton provided a grand finale: the pack rampaged, the backs ran with vision to produce a superb exhibition of team play, a fitting climax to the season.

Final thoughts are that no side in recent years has improved as much as this one and great credit is due to the captains A. Short and M. Taylor, the latter especially, for whom perfection was barely enough. No side can have had such marvellous and enthusiastic support at its home and away matches and as "the man from Brecon" said, "I would never have believed such an atmosphere could exist at an English school." Clearly there is hope for 1978.

Team: S. A. Small, T. R. F. Rice, A. K. Short, R. M. Bruce, G. A. Abel, D. M. Dally, G. D. Hockley, S. F. Waterfield, B. H. Kenny, G. M. Sharpe, M. M. Lillingston-Price, P. J. Toomer, A. I. H. Prentice, M. J. Taylor, J. J. A. Herring.

Also played: A. N. Stock, S. C. M. Rooney, N. C. R. Isaac, D. R. Bryant.

#### 2nd XV

1977 was another successful season for the 2nd XV despite the loss of two school fixtures, and some of the rugby played towards the end of the season brought applause from opposition and Sherborne supporters alike. Particularly impressive was the running out of defence when the side was playing against the wind on what seemed to be perpetually breezy Saturday afternoons.

Any successful rugby team has to be built on a strong set of forwards and the 2nd XV pack were no exception; they were rarely beaten in the tight and sometimes slaughtered the opposition. The front five were particularly impressive although it's to be hoped that the two members of the

second row never play against each other in a serious rugby match judging by the one upper when they found themselves in opposition.

Outside the scrum, Andrew Stock produced some marvellous spin passing to get the three-quarter line going although an analysis of his kicking could only possibly have used the word "random" to describe the direction in which the ball was propelled. Nick Osborne settled down very well as a fly-half link although his play tended to suffer from a surfeit of criticism from Nick Osborne. Stuart Rooney ran well, usually using his nose as a trail blazer, but undoubtedly the most effective three-quarter was Michel Bak, whose incursions into the

line from fullback set up many times for Phillip Milne. It was perhaps significant that in the only game in which Michel did not play against Clifton, the forwards decided that the three-quarters were a totally unnecessary luxury.

My sincere thanks to Bill Cuthbert and Crispin Wilson for leading the team with enthusiasm and a certain 7th form dignity

Team: M. Bak, S. Rooney, R. Eckersley-Maslin, N. Egerton-King, P. Milne, N. Osborne, A. Stock, N. Isaac, B. Cuthbert, M. Kemp, G. Baldwin, M. Tomson, B. Ross, M. Teare, C. Wilson, T. Day. (S. Archer, S. Ellis).

#### Results:

v. Pilgrims	Lost	3-22
v. Canford	Won	19-10
v. Milton Abbey	Lost	3-13
v. Blundells	Won	13-3
v. Taunton	Won	25-0
v. King's Taunton	Won	13-0
v. Christ's Brecon	Won	18-0
v. Downside	Won	35-3
v. Clayesmore	Won	31-6
v. Allhallows	Lost	3-6
v. Clifton	Won	25-6

I.R.E.

#### 3rd XV

Played 10, Won 8, Lost 2.

It was raining, it was blowing and we lost 10-7 to Fosters School 1st XV. Such was the rather depressing start to the term, but after only three days practise when over sixty boys came for a trial on the Lower, the defeat had to be put into context, and when a much changed side played Canford the following week the result was in our favour. In fact except for an off day against Downside, what a pity it had to be them, when the team lost 3-0 the side remained undefeated, winning the remaining matches in style and not conceding a try. The three-quarters were very grateful for the constant supply of good ball from the forwards at set scrum, ruck, maul and line-out and if there was a lack of penetration in midfield the handling was invariably good and most of the points came from the power and pace of the wings and the timely intervention into the line of Miles Ritchie from fullback.

There were several highlights during the term but I suspect that most of the players will remember especially the home victory against Foster's, putting the record straight as someone remarked, and the victory over Bournemouth School 1st XV, the only side to beat us in 1976.

My thanks to R.D.R.M. for so ably coaching the forwards, to Miles Ritchie for captaining the side and for making such an important personal contribution and to all those who played, or touch judged, for the Thirds and entertained me on the side lines with good attacking rucker.

Team: M. Ritchie, J. Lee, J. Mason, W. Langlands, M. Knight, C. Leach, D. Munden, C. Bishop, A. James, J. East, C. Lewington, R. Garrett, N. Bell, J. Fisher, D. Blunt.

M.J.H.

#### 4th XV

Played 8, Won 6, Lost 2, Drawn 0,  
For 169, Against 48.

Since the term began a week later than usual the Fourth Fifteen were not fully prepared for their first match and were out-prepared and soundly defeated by Shaftesbury G.S. 1st XV, losing by twenty-six points on a storm-blasted hill at Shaftesbury. This mediocre start to the season was redeemed in the second match with an easy victory over Milton Abbey 2nd XV, in which Mike Wilson excelled himself by scoring twenty-six of the team's fifty points.

Though the Fourths suffered as usual from injuries on the Upper, there was sufficient stability to ensure reasonably coherent teamwork. A measure of this is perhaps that only four tries were conceded in the remainder of the season. Three of these were scored by Poole G.S. 1st XV on the Lower. It was our only other defeat this year. The return match at Poole was won after a dogged and, it seemed, interminable struggle in the mud of a waterlogged pitch, vacated by seagulls for the occasion.

We had an uninspired victory over Blundell's (10-0) and defeated Taunton heavily (50-0). Then we travelled as guinea-pigs or pioneers to Brecon (leaving behind a

much relieved M.J.H. and Third Fifteen) where, on a rain-swept pitch, we held out for the first half, recovering from the journey, before producing some fine play in the second to win 16-0. By this stage the team was playing more as a unit. The forwards were powerful and could be relied upon generally to win a major share of possession. They tended to overwhelm their opposition in the loose and Lacey, Hogg, and Notley with his fearsome rushes, all scored breaking from the maul. The backs ran and handled well for the most part. Their defence was quite sound as the small number of scores against them indicates. Sparks was a crushing tackler in mid-field and Waring managed some remarkable cover tackles which saved what looked like certain tries. Williams developed into a fine attacking scrum-half and Kendall handled and kicked with considerable flair. On the wing one of the grand old men of the fourths, Devitt, served us well and played some of his best rugby to date. These qualities were especially in evidence in the last match of the season at Clifton when the team produced one of the best Fourth Fifteen performances I have seen against an opposition which continued fighting to the end but which was finally out-played in every department of the game. It was a fitting close to a good season.

Team: Love, Tresidder, Haly, Gun Cuninghame, Notley, McCarthy, Hogg, Neubauer, Lacey, Willis, Williams, Kendall, Bryant, Sparks, Devitt, Waring, Harlow, Palmes, Belbin, Wilson (Capt.).

R.D.R.M.

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*Lower 2 1977.*

Another distinguished rugby term draws to a close, and the time comes to reflect on games gone by. Within shouting distance of the Upper there is a little haven - Pitch 2. There, each Tuesday afternoon, thirty out-cast diehards joined battle for a bruising forty mintues. Braving varying degrees of clemency, both from the weather and the referee, the two teams would join together in a desperate trial of strength. What first made its mark upon the games was the skilful joke telling of the front rows. They would pack down with some witticism on the tips of

their tongues, and, just at the same moment as the scrum-half put the ball in, they would make public their thoughts, thus rendering useless the concerted efforts of the straining back-rows. Only in this respect were they able to keep regular places in the game.

In fair weather or foul, the handling of the three-quarters always left something to be desired, while the scrum play was enjoyed by those who appreciate good comedy. But despite this, good rugby was produced and many fine or indifferent tries were scored. So popular was the TUESDAY AFTERNOON SPOT becoming, that towards the end of term, a seventh former joined our ranks and ensured that the last game of term was full of more fire than most members of the illustrious Lower 2 even dreamed they had in them!

The game had its dangerous moments, especially when 'beer-gut' or Cannonball Nick got the ball, but happily these times happened irregularly and so we were all able to enjoy a gentleman's game. That is not to say that nobody else tried. For everyone worked hard during each game, and I think that I can speak for all when I say that the game was probably played in the right spirit?

Finally may I thank D. S. S. on all our behalves for the time he spent both working out teams and refereeing and for keeping the TUESDAY AFTERNOON SPOT going.

Roddy Porter

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*Colts Report 1977*

We wrote last year, speaking in general terms: "Rugby results are determined not so much by a team's reserves of natural talent, but more by its determination to improve and exploit those abilities which it does possess." RAH wrote of this team last year: "They will need however a little more bite, even more concentration and much more reaction before they fully do themselves justice." It is sad how prophetic these comments were. The Colts A XV had the worst playing record of any Colts side for at least a decade, and yet this was not because of lack of talent or size.

The season proper opened with a big defeat at Canford, whose backs proved too fast for our midfield defence. The defeat by Alamein was in part the consequence of our

playing only half the first team, and was followed by four good victories, three of which were in home matches. The King's Taunton game was decided by a penalty which was the last kick of the game. The Millfield match was played in a high wind and resulted in a try apiece, but they converted theirs and kicked a penalty goal in addition. At Bryanston we were pushed about by a heavier pack, and never looked like winning. The Allhallows result was closer than the score of 0-3 suggests, in spite of the absence of our hooker and line-out thrower, which caused us to lose nearly all the set-piece ball.

In spite of the results the team did not become downhearted, but merely disappointed. Wilson led by example, and was supported most ably by Blackburn at fly-half. The only other back to shine was Miller, whose speed in attack more than once took the opposition by surprise. Mention must be made too of the mauling of Foster and Leman, and the latter's line-out work.

The BXV, with no reputation to lose, had a most enjoyable and relatively more successful season. Well-led by Carey they had some good victories, notably those against Milton Abbey, Bournemouth and Bryanston. The forwards and backs were well matched, and should provide useful material for the 3rd and 4th XV's of the future.

## PMW &amp; MJC

## Results:

## AXV

v. Westfield H	W 37-0
v. Canford A	L 4-28
v. Alamein H	L 6-16
v. Blundell's H	W 27-6
v. Taunton A	W 22-0
v. King's, Taunton H	W 14-11
v. Christ's, Brecon H	W 11-4
v. Millfield A	L 4-9
v. Bryanston A	L 0-14
v. Allhallows A	L 0-3
v. Clifton A	L 10-20

## BXV

v. Shaftesbury G.S. A	W 12-0
v. Canford A	W 12-4
v. Milton Abbey H	W 28-8
v. Colfox A	D 4-4
v. Bournemouth A	W 39-10
v. Claysmore A	L 0-17
v. Bryanston H	W 26-0
v. Clifton A	L 7-12

*Teams*

AXV: J. I. S. Stevenson; R. Miller, R. O'N. Allardyce, H. Francis, C. Morrish; J. Blackburn, J. Turner; A. R. Wilson (Capt.), T. Love, N. Foster; J. Leman, C. Lillington-Price; P. Bak, P. Martin, G. Bravery.

All were awarded colours.

Also played: S. Bound, C. Cameron, J. Maas, R. Rice, C. West.

BXV: T. Upton; N. Humphreys, R. Rice, M. Carey (Capt.), R. Milne; T. Arnheim, Richards; C. West, J. Zealley, D. Patterson; J. Maas, A. Soutar; C. Cameron, N. Hewett, N. Ross.

Also played: S. Bound, J. Ensor, A. Gash, J. Harris, A. Spink.

*Junior Colts Rugby*

The lasting impression of this term for me will be the overall strength of the squad and the difficulties that had to be faced in picking not just one but two sides. The squad of 34 or so players was the strongest for several years. Both the A and B sides had very successful seasons, the A side only losing away at Millfield and the B side remaining undefeated. A grand total of 607 points were scored in the 19 games and only 77 were conceded.

A considerable number of victories is of course satisfying but should not be the sole determinant of whether a season has been successful or not. The improvement over the term and the kind of rugby that was played are even more important. The squad worked hard and came of age over the season. They set themselves high standards and aimed to give their best. The sole defeat at Millfield was an interesting example of how attitudes improved over the term. The inevitable disappointment of defeat was somewhat tempered by the fact that all fifteen had given everything in the struggle and they had continued to play exciting rugby in a disciplined way. By the end of the season they had confidence in themselves personally and as a group to 'try things' when appropriate, and not just when they had been told to do so. It was often in the last quarter of a game that they let themselves go, for example in the rampaging finishes against Bryanston, Taunton and Clifton.

The 'A' side were blessed with a talented set of three-quarters and a hardworking and hard running set of forwards. Rydon, at full-

back, gave a calm serenity to proceedings; Peplow showed a passionate commitment in the tackle and on the burst; Young and Williams showed a clinical finishing touch on the wings; Gill linked and jinked as only he can; the 'youngsters' of Williams and Dicken linked together well and showed considerable promise for the future. Of the forwards, they comprised eight sound individuals and what is more important formed a great pack. They scored a few tries and set up many more. The sight of them creaming over the ball was a pleasure to behold if not to experience.

The 'B' side, a considerable misnomer in itself, emerged through a full season of 9 games undefeated and with the best record in the school. In a normal year, half a dozen of them would have been in the 'A' side. Lloyd, at scrum-half, captained with an inimitable blend of the growl and the booming pass; Sharples ran in 15 tries with consummate ease and considerable style; Dally and Evans were very unlucky not to play more games in the 'A' side, and with reserves such as these, our selection problems are perhaps understandable.

Overall we have had a season of considerable success and considerable enjoyment. Bill Rydon and Jonathan Lloyd should be congratulated on captaining the sides with such good sense and good humour. AMD and MMW deserve our thanks for their considerable help and wisdom. Most of all, it is the members of the squad who have done the hard work, endured our insults and played some magical rugby.

RAH & TJLC

*A team*

P. 10, W. 9, L. 1, F. 316, A. 53,

*B team*

P. 9, W. 9, L. 0, F. 291, A. 24,

*A team record*

Sherborne 61 Westfield 3  
 Canford 0 Sherborne 14  
 Sherborne 38 Blundells 0  
 Sherborne 32 Montgomery 10  
 Sherborne 46 Taunton 0  
 Sherborne 26 Kings, Taunton 7  
 Sherborne 19 Christs, Brecon 9  
 Millfield 11 Sherborne 8  
 Bryanston 6 Sherborne 36  
 Sherborne 36 Clifton 7  
 Tries 62, Conversions 31, Penalties 2.

*B team record*

Shaftesbury 7 Sherborne 29  
 Canford 0 Sherborne 44  
 Sherborne 28 Milton Abbey 0  
 Bournemouth 6 Sherborne 32  
 Kings Taunton 3 Sherborne 37  
 Sherborne 16 Fosters 0  
 Poole G.S. 8 Sherborne 10  
 Sherborne 42 Bryanston 0  
 Sherborne 53 Clifton 0  
 Tries 59, Conversions 23, Penalties 3.

I trust that the above records are correct and apologies in advance for any mistakes or omissions. Congratulations to all concerned for a very successful and enjoyable season.

RAH

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*U14 XV*

A homogenous thirty boys welded into a couple of competent units, defying the limitations of their size against usually bigger opposition through intelligence and verve. Winning six of nine matches, the senior fifteen, led variously and well by Barker, Manson and Lucas, time and again outmauled and shoved a heavier pack. Though Christ's Brecon, King's and Millfield all won convincingly, there were many fine moments: none more than the last minute drive of a seven-man pack that stole the game from Blundell's. Bryanston and Clifton also fell in exciting matches that saw the best of Sherborne. The backs ran and tackled vigorously, with Daunt looking a useful prospect on the wing; and the thoughtful control of Lucas at scrum-half ensured a secure combination with Barker. The centres, Lucas and Fielder, showed determination too, but the effectiveness of a good side lay essentially in its forwards; Tice at hooker, Manson a lock with a massive drop goal, and Craddock at wing-forward excelled, but all credit to the whole pack and to the coaching of Messrs. Facer, Higginbottom and Davis, to whom my thanks. The B team were a courageous side who merited more than just one draw, in a splendid match with Bryanston. The ebullience of Peplow, the general competence of Dudgeon, and the effort of Nolan, Jenne and Fugard in the pack, stood out. A most pleasant, encouraging season then, but pride of place must ultimately go to Backus, who as touch-judge in the Milton

Abbey match, at half-time handed their captain an orange and a pen-knife; the Yeatman stitched him up very neatly.

Team: M. R. Lovell, A. J. Daut, C. G. Lucas, J. S. deG. Fielder, G. H. Prentice, S. F. M. Barker, J. D. Lucas, C. P. O. Davies, A. J. Pringle, G. A. Tice, P. D. G. Chavasse, H. R. B. Williams, H. G. Stewart, D. C. Manson, D. I. V. Craddock.

C. H. R. N.

The following played in inter-school matches: (those with initials have their Golf colours).

C. H. A. Wilson (capt.); G. A. Abel; A. J. Pryor; P. J. L. Martin; A. P. Jarman; J. C. Gates; C. Martin, Copley, Tustain, Chambers, Clarke, Gordon, Winterton, Barclay-Brown.

P.T.C.

Golf.....

For the School team, the Michaelmas Term is likely to be one of transition; established players have left, or are uncomfortably involved with Oxbridge exams. Meanwhile, their replacements have not gained much experience of competitive match play. Thus, matches at this time of year can best be used to give such experience to those who may qualify for team places in the main part of the season, starting in the spring.

With this in mind, matches were arranged against Canford and Allhallows. Both were won ( $4\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ , and 4-2, respectively); and new players were in action on both occasions. We also played an enjoyable match against Sherborne Golf Club, which, suitably, was halved. The main fixtures of the term were, first, the annual two-day match against the O.S.G.S. in September, with fourballs at Sherborne on Saturday, and singles at High Post on Sunday. The former were halved; but, although most of the games ended on the last green, the School only won two of the eight singles. Second was the annual home match against Millfield; in this, the School, despite having a full team, lost 2-4.

For the average member, conditions were often rather discouraging, and the golf played was, perhaps, a little more desultory than usual. None the less, about ten of the middle-ranking players did well enough to get their handicaps reduced.

*Cricket—Mini-Colts*

“With all due apologies, the long awaited U14 XI Cricket.”

The season was completed without the side incurring a defeat and yet without the side fully realising all of its potential. It was a season of crushing victories and lost chances. There was a considerable depth to the batting which meant that not only was the side never bowled out but also that the middle-order were without valuable match experience. A highlight of the season must be Clive Martin's mature century at Downside, although Messrs. Webb, Lloyd and Mumford all produced innings of quality.

The bowling did lack a little edge at times and when Boris was not in full flight, it looked a little thin. Rory Powe did in fact destroy King's Taunton almost single-handed, finishing with 7 wickets for three runs, including a hat-trick. In the field we tend to drop the vital catch and this meant that several sides were let off the hook. However we did improve our ground fielding considerably, with Mark Peplow providing a fine example of aggressive fielding.

Overall a satisfying season was achieved, without perhaps reaching the heights that were promised. There is a great deal of talent in this year, and hopefully this will develop if the right amount of hard work is put in. Many thanks to the whole squad for their enthusiastic cooperation and to Simon Buchanan for captaining the side.

R.A.H.