

THE SHIRBURNIAN

DECEMBER 1979

Cur non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?
Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos. – Martial

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Here beginneth the Book of the Tales of Sherborne

Whan that July with his shoures and mudde
The Toey stream hath swollen to a floode
And bathed the Sports Hall in swich licour
That al oure gymnasts slippen on the floore;
Whan ech maister eek with his sweete voice
Inspired hath in al the flanneled boys
The crickit urge, and the yonge manne
Hath in the sprinte ful twelve seconds yranne,
And smale students maken melodie
That slepen al the day with drowsie ye
(So priketh hem exammes in the Greene);
Thanne thinken I to write this magazine.
For articels I send straunge notes oute,
To ferne classrooms, where grete men hang oute;
And specially for every sporte knowne
They write these things, and send hem to my home.
The hooly blisful typewriter I use
To typen the reportes and the news.

Bifil that in this seson on a day
In Sherborne in my studie as I lay
Redy to senden on their pilgrimage
To Abbeye Press these neetly-typed page,
At once was come into my memorie
Wel many photos that I did not see,
Of sondry plays, by aventure ysnappe;
I hadde hem not, and so was in a flappe.
An articel which was Commem. aboute,
And eek another on "The Magic Flute",
Were for some straunge reson not arounde.
And shortly, with the culprits al yfounde,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon
That I had al the articels anon,
And straightway hem to Abbeye Press I sente,
And now to yow the ful result presente.

The Editor

Sherborne Diary

What a finale to a term; I leave just five lines blank, but Commem. deserves so much more.

But after a brief moral battle I decide I must perform the role of a recorder. My only memories of this happy event in the life of a school are of many distinguished looking gents convincing each other that everything at Sherborne is excellent. Possibly the fact that the microphones didn't work, therefore depriving the waiting masses of their gems of wit (Q.E.D.), was some form of divine intervention, or even part of the Watergate investigative committee. The only words I myself heard in this silent and lengthy tirade were;

"I have gone on too long": coincidence is too fortunate a thing. This occurrence compares very favourably with the first Abbey service of term, which was extremely avant garde in taste: the Black and Decker two-bit drill mixing interestingly with Bach, and after that with the inevitable Wesley. I'm sure that A. Warhol could have appreciated it, even if another famous board of two persons might not; those of you who visited the art exhibition may not realise that it had orders to tone itself down this year, (it appears that people were beginning to enjoy it), the official reason being that this board of persons deemed art not to be what the Art School deemed it to be. Watch out Rev. Anderson: coming soon —

"THE MEANING OF LIFE"

and "THE EXISTENCE OF THE SUPERNATURAL" from this same fountain of knowledge.

The election showed the school's true udder (remember the joke about asphyxiating cows and Dorset M.P.'s) with our own party branch gaily handing out propaganda (apologies: education) to the younger pupils. He also managed to restrain the more unruly and vociferous Shirburnians at the local "Spike" Spicer election meeting; his skill as a chairman is not to be doubted, or was it that he ignored certain obvious agitating questioners. One member of the radical History department was forced to record a great surprise when he discovered two members of his Fourth Form to have left-wing tendencies, or at least they didn't blush when he mentioned certain words. But this surprise was nothing compared to the amazement of one historian/housemaster, who found less than half of his Lower Sixth set to be in favour of hanging. The school is obviously losing its connections with its other branches.

After the election came the floods (no one else noticed this connection), and certain members of the school thought it a good thing to go swimming down by the railway. Other highspots of the term include the scholarship candidates, who appeared in some very exciting creations: long flowing jackets with a delicious flambe orange hem, managing to counterpoint next term will come as a sour shock to them. Newsboard decided to reflect the mood of the school by putting up one mirror, pinning next to it a comb and a small card labelled 'FRUSTRATION'. The editors had to take it down, however, as they became confused on hearing reports of one person stopping, looking at himself in the mirror and then bursting into hysterics.

The real difficulties in becoming a conscientious objector were fully realised by one member of School House, when he refused to watch the Red Arrows fly over the courts, and was in the throes of preparing a memorandum complaining about the disturbance. Meanwhile a seething crowd of a few hundred stood in the courts and saw a few aeroplanes nip past the Abbey on the other side from the Courts. After another five minutes it was realised that the event had happened, and so the great gathering broke up.

The new Sherborne rock group arrived in the form of Jetlag and Apocalypse, who gave a very nice concert, which earned them the nice new names of Turbodrags and Revelation. One event which most will forget, but for some reason Martin Carey reminded me to note, was the use of the African Sanctus in place of the traditional C of E Communion format, one Friday evening. No further comment is necessary, except that it worked. Let us hope that the Sherborne anaesthetic is beginning to wear off.

The Diarist

To Quote

. . . . Macaulay on no less a personage than Socrates:

"The more I read him, the less I wonder that they poisoned him."

The recipient of this gem dismisses it, of course, with a confident:

"Nothing can harm a good man, either in life or after death."

Be that as it may, Shaw had his doubts about the good men of our island race:

"I know why the sun never sets on the British Empire:
God wouldn't trust an Englishman in the dark."

Strong stuff, almost on a par with Clemenceau's observation that:

"America is the only nation in history which miraculously has
gone directly from barbarism to degeneration without the normal
interval of civilization."

A view enforced by the perceptive Wilde:

"When good Americans die they go to Paris."

The bard himself, when questioned on the matter, merely rejoins with a tacit:

"That is the true beginning of our end."

Referring naturally, to our finale, our piece de resistance; a delightful quotation from the magazine "Field and Stream" in its review of Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover":

"This pictorial account of the day-to-day life of an English gamekeeper is full of considerable interest to outdoor minded readers, as it contains many passages on pheasant-raising, the apprehending of poachers, ways to control vermin, and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately, one is obliged to wade through many pages of extraneous material in order to discover and savour those sidelights on the management of a midland shooting estate, and in this reviewer's opinion the book cannot take the place of J. R. Miller's 'Practical Gamekeeping'."

Correspondence and Articles

Dear Sir,

I am taking this opportunity to comment on A. Parent's view upon various Sherborne institutions. He notes Mr. Keable-Elliott's pride in the rugby team, but is aghast that there should be any doubting the methods used to achieve it. It will be remembered that one very unfortunate accident occurred last year, and that in that year there appeared to be a much larger number of injuries than normal. Injuries not to muscles but to limbs. That claim is subjective conjecture. However, it is an objective fact that the number of schoolboy injuries in this "sport" are increasing rapidly. The reason . . . could it be that boys are playing in a far harder style than they are physically equipped to? I can remember last year being recommended by a coach to "kick" the hands of a member of opposition, so that he may not hold the ball very well. Does A. Parent condone this attitude and the resulting physical wastage? I have a feeling that the school's attitude is in need of a degree of re-consideration, and the tone of this parent's disapproval at that of Mr. Keable-Elliott shows that the latter has a distinctly sounder and better-informed viewpoint.

The one major element of the school in which commitment and effort are not duly recognised is the failure of the school to appreciate the academic, the artist and those of other creative inclinations. Sensitivity is scorned, and I wonder how many feel that anything is amiss? How many think in terms of "those damned fairy artists (or whatever)"? Practicality and a bank balance decide all, aestheticism is being squeezed out of popular attitudes and will only return when the barrenness and monotony of the present disappears. A newspaper will serve as a good insulator, but is it the same as a blanket?

What A. Parent probably means when he says "manners" is a code of universal principles, but these do not exist. Manners are often used simply as a pat answer to enforce conformity, and in the long term, by enforcing often outmoded values (such as the present attitude to homosexuals and the continuing Sherborne sexism), the effect is to delay the creation of the new code of social behaviour, that is to use this "other's" definition, or rather nomenclature: manners.

This same person also shows his attitude to be that appearances are what count. ("you'll find that most of my generation. . ." etc.). I have just completed a project which involved the interviewing of tourists in Torquay. This meant questioning all types of humanity, and I note that one Company Director and one Longbridge toolsetter looked similar, sounded and behaved in a similar manner, and to all appearances were identical. Thus, any judgement based on appearances is a dubious one, and if his generation really believes this then who is to blame for any social malaise?

To speak from ignorance is a dangerous thing, as the strongest irony will show, and as A. Parent's comment on religious life demonstrated. The only spiritual service that occurs is a voluntary service every Friday evening; its congregation come from all ages and attitudes in the school, and these people are very definitely not "in the limelight", as Mr. X so deftly put it. The only effect of compulsory chapel is to stop people considering religion on anything but a petty "school" level; the Headmaster has replaced Christ with Socrates.

I do not doubt the validity of such shrewd comments as that of a man being instinctively idle, as stated by Mr. Currie, but I do still feel that young Aristotle had a certain perceptiveness with his "man is still a political animal". The last sentence is a useful build-up to the presentation of a point made by our own Headmaster:

"If the little things are going right, then the big ones tend to follow." The only reason that these little things go at all is because the big ones exist: it is a crass muddle of causes and effects. It seems rather like the old Russia changing the Tsar to improve the lot of the peasantry. Like the peasantry, the Headmaster's "big" affairs are at the base of our pyramid. The reaction if something "goes wrong" is to produce a mass of authoritarian trivia, which eventually obscure the actual roots of the problem. All I can hope for is that the Headmaster's maxim is simply an admission that the "root and branch" reform required must come from the outside, and that the school is powerless to act.

Another amazing comment made by A. Parent is the claim that the school should discard its corporate identity in the classroom, a superbly egoistical and negative attitude. The classroom is where corporate feeling should be greatest, because the form is quite literally the place where ideas are exchanged and fostered with the help and guidance of others. For this is where "person to person development" occurs at the more intellectual level, and since the body of the school is merely a group extension of the single person, this development is necessarily beneficial to the school as a whole.

I am glad that A. Parent had the strength of conviction to put forward his ideas. They show up the external shortcomings of school life really quite well: the mis-placed support of the corporate body; the mis-placed school pride, or rather pride without consideration of the cost (viz. 1914-18); the lack of non-religious spirituality and sensitivity, that is the refusal to apply feeling to anything except that which is supplied; diluted pragmatism is destroying Sherborne, but concentrated pragmatism is the evil of the society from which Sherborne draws breath.

J. D. Higgins
School House 1975

Sir,

A single line in last term's "The Shirburnian" compels me to write. In one of the music reviews, Purcell is described as "one of this country's few composers of true genius."

Inaccuracy of this kind could only come from from a native pen, since the English alone are ignorant of the greatness of English music. Indeed, these last two words bring to the minds of most Englishmen names such as Elgar, Britten, Vaughan Williams and Walton, none of whom have anything but a negligible part of the genius of a dozen English composers whose names are quite unknown to them. I scorn to make a list here of those who have contributed to our great musical heritage, in acknowledgement of which all Europe was united in admiration; instead I shall try to suggest why we ourselves neglect it.

The muse of all the arts is really patronage. Where wealth is found in private hands, unsoiled by labour, and steady with the confidence that man was not originally made to work for his living and should pursue nobler activities, there art may flourish. Even if I take a cynical view of civilisation, I conclude that art will profit by the rich and powerful, however stupid and vicious they be. For music and painting are like gorgeous garments by which those extravagantly favoured by fortune may display their fortune and try to convince themselves and others that they are above common humanity. It is no wonder, then, that art, being the nearest thing on this earth to immortality, should find favour with those who, whether prompted by reason or folly, consider themselves in some way immortal.

Two events in English history have, I believe, contributed to the decline of artistic patronage in this country. The Reformation not only cut Englishmen off from the traditions of the Classical world, refined through successive renaissances into Christianity; but it also cut Englishmen off from a Church that tried to give its members an actual picture of the glories of God. The beauties of art which result from the reformed church are the beauties of individual souls and not the communion of saints. In consequence of such privacy they are literary in the main.

The second event was the Civil War. Whatever dubious benefits may have resulted from cutting off the head of our king in 1649, and effectively cutting the monarchy down to size thereafter, the cultivation of art was not among them. Excepting the brief period of the Restoration, our latter times have been characterized by increasing decency, tolerance, hatred of cant or superstition; all qualities conducive to a healthy suspicion of art and artists.

The English are prepared to accept art, but that is because they are prepared to tolerate eccentricity so long as it doesn't interfere with the business of living; but they are incapable of judging it critically. In England we will sit through performance after performance of "The Gondoliers" and neglect entirely Thomas Arne's forty operas; we love the mediocrity of Constable but have never glanced at the genius of Reynolds; we will praise almost any kind of trash rather than notice any truly good modern English artist, such as Sargent. In a word, we have national bad taste.

Our indifference to art, I fear, will remain. I cannot see many Englishmen, however sensitive to beauty they are, prepared to return to an absolute monarchy and the Catholic Church for the sake of art.

M.A.S.W.

DE LIBELLORUM NATURA

It would require little imagination to apply the quotation at the front of this issue to the whole matter of school magazines; unfortunately, many of those who constitute our readership (30 million copies – 39 editions – 15 languages? I fear not) have not, alas, the sufficient measure of the aforesaid imagination inside their heads (until recently adorned with an awesome layer of fluorescent locks, but that's out now); and even if they were blessed with such an elusive quality, they couldn't be bothered to apply it, especially since our quotation of the day (I trust you all realise that there is no such noun as "quote") is in some unintelligible tongue that to most of our learned colleagues went into decline at the same time as blue woad, and has as much practical use (in an ongoing situation, viable within executive terms in this day and age, of course, my boy) as, say, the upper during the monsoons – though I suppose in the latter case we can all line up and offer sacrifices (disembowelled intellectuals and incense of mud) to our great abstract (what's that mean?) deity who hovers over our green and pleasant pitches, who thrills the blood – as yet unspilt – of every true Shirburnian, and yes, that includes you. There are two (and, if you can believe it, another two to come) strange sixth-formers, to be avoided at all costs, who actually work inside the classics block of their own accord, so rumour has it; but you know how these things get around, it's probably just another practical joke.

However, I have neither the time nor the space to digress thereupon (not true actually, all the holidays stand at my command, and I must fill out this magazine, since the remainder of our renowned establishment has gracefully declined to bestrew it with sparkling articles); be that as it may, let's get back to the sheep. First person to send in an explanation of the latter phrase (and if you've actually managed to read this far, you're someone special) wins a trip to Eire for one, provided that upon his return he writes one of those delightfully patronising projects for the school, liberally sprinkled with faded postcards and endowed with the wittiest of texts, copied fastidiously from the most extensive Eire travel brochure to be had from our local travel agent, who despite all our sincere urges that this is indeed the town of Sherborne, still insists on calling himself Bath Travel Agency.

Anyway, I have rambled on long enough, as the Sherborne orienteer said as he tripped joyfully towards what he presumed to be West Hill, and was in fact the hill (known by one of our academic departments, which shall go nameless, as a ground-to-air protuberance factor) above Dorchester. All that remains for me to say (categorically, which I take to be the adverb from caterpillar; catastrophic? caterwaul?) is that I hope that in the thrice-yearly exchange of magazines, other schools will gain some impression (I leave it to you to qualify this) of this our beloved school, blots and all; and can these recipients of our humble literary offering (no it isn't, it's a record of last term for the archives, I hear more than one raucous voice cry out) complain? "The Shirburnian" must surely lead the field, when one considers that another of the similar genre, something to do with Bishops, boasted as its principal feature an engrossing and lengthy article – profusely illustrated, moreover – on bookbinding, no less. It is with an understandable scepticism that I ask my fellow schoolpeople; do you feel that a glamorous nine-page exposé, printed on vile yellow tissue paper à la Michael Kitcott Mark 2, concerning the fine art of, say, hedge-trimming or aeromodelling, would accurately reflect the school, blots and all? A dubious point; and so, whilst not going so far as to share the enthusiasm shown for this publication by my predecessor, he of the yellow tissue paper;

"So long lives this ("The Shirburnian", I take it),

and this gives life to thee"; whilst, I stress, not wrapped in such throes of ecstasy over this masterpiece, I would nevertheless maintain a certain defence against the angry mob who storm our metaphorical gates, yearning between yawns for something not written purely by a small clique. To which I reply; gentlemen, and the rest of you, all are cordially invited to swell the numbers of this "clique" by their own contributions. Oh, they say, well, what with . . .

Therefore, for those amongst us who still remain blind to our primary quotation, written by an O.S. called Martial (Mr. Kitcott dug one up called Shakespeare, you know, the tax exile who had difficulty with his thigh pad in the Pilgrims' match), I proudly present another, this time a comment from a certain English master concerning last term's Lower Sixth exam:

"Candidates are advised not to rely on their own ideas of love".

The mind boggles, as, I imagine, does the exhausted reader, as he now draws breath before the final plunge into the uncharted depths provided by this daunting issue; for which I, and, I presume, my editorial colleagues – who will no doubt want to escape recognition as such – wish him the best of luck.

The Editor

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, SIR?

War? Well, it's a period of intense boredom, interrupted by short spasms of perhaps excitement, or adventure or fearful danger. The longer the war the fewer these periods are; the lower in rank you are, the more boring the boredom. I was lucky, for my seven years included, indeed, long periods of boredom, but also a vast variety of adventure and experience and occasional danger.

Nearly a year, first of all, spent in training young officers, when I myself had no active experience and little knowledge to pass on; then two years spent in intensive training for the Second Front, which I suppose, in retrospect, was the main purpose of all that had gone before. These two years included Commando training at Lochailort in West Scotland, — a real tonic — making a war film with the Army Film Unit for distribution throughout the forces (my platoon was relieved of all military duties for two months to the fury of my senior officers) — an Intelligence Course that included interrogating German prisoners at the "London Cage" (when I was at first more scared than the prisoners themselves) — an Engineering course at Chatham, when I excelled in the art of erecting barbed wire fences in complete dark along any length of trench, a skill that proved utterly useless throughout the war, — and finally the Staff Course at Camberley which proved of incalculable value and interest and was ultimately to influence the rest of my military career.

D-Day came on June 6th, 1944, and one day later I too sailed across the channel and landed not without some difficulties on the coast of Normandy, an experience I will never forget and would never have wanted to miss; at the time there was never a question of its being an adventure or even an excitement, it was a grim determined onslaught . . . Thereafter the war took on a new dimension, in contact with an enemy, usually resolute, covering at times great distances, one never had time to get bored. Although for the most part I was a Staff Officer, mainly at the Brigade level, I can recall some very close contacts with the enemy or the unfortunate refugees of North West Europe, as when dealing with the delegation from Caen, who begged that their city should be spared the bombardments, or crossing the Seine under intense sniper fire, or attacking the Reichswald when Brigade HQ seemed to be in the front line for far too long, or crossing the Rhine, as peaceful a boating outing as I can remember, and then the final assault on Bremen, where some of the youngest and most fanatical opposition was encountered. I was lucky to come across so many of the senior commanders, the infectious confidence of F. M. Montgomery, the jaunty leadership of General Horrocks, the dourness of General Ritchie, the raging temper of General Thomas, and many others lesser known today.

But it was during the last 18 months of army life as a senior executive officer in the Army of the Occupation that I perhaps achieved most. A knowledge of German stood me in good stead, but it was quite something to have to issue, in German, orders personally to surrendered S.S. troops. Likewise it was enormously stimulating to be concerned closely in the taking over of German barracks, and German army installations to be demilitarised, or in arranging for British troops to receive all the amenities to which they were entitled after the German surrender.

What remains my most vivid memory? D plus one, — landing on that beach near Arranches, the litter and destruction all around, the truck stuck in the sand, the urge to get on with the orders to be followed but impossible to execute, and above all the fear, not so much of the enemy, as of one's own failure to complete what was expected of you.

And then the devil's final fling. Returning through Germany to Ostende to be "demobbed", with a fellow officer, we backed the jeep into a side road for a pack-lunch, and found to our utter horror, that the back wheels were just a foot in front of a Teller "land" mine. We decided we had indeed had enough of war!

J.T.M.

LITERARY TRENDS IN SHERBORNE

I must say that, were brevity my aim, this article could with little trouble be compressed to a matter of, say, five lines. However, with unlimited pages at my disposal, I may dwell without restraint or scruple on our community's budding talents before, to quote an old phrase, they are, nipped therein — most probably to the degree of eternal obscurity.

On reflection, this might be the least painful outcome for all concerned. The eminent critic, on perusal of that peculiar blank board in the cloisters, or that somewhat scruffy publication sold in the main gate at Commem., next to all the C.C.F. displays and harassed French masters, would find little cause for speechless elation; for here in Sherborne we have at the moment precious few prodigies. Admittedly, examples of such a species are few and far between; but when we are at pains even to muster a gaggle of Newsboard correspondents, the situation must hold some cause for concern.

I am not advocating that all lower school English students should immediately take recourse to "La Vie Bohème", that most nebulous of existences where sharks' teeth and flowers adorn our study walls, buskers sing in the dining-hall queue and absinthe is served in the J.C.R., indeed, I fail to see the absolute solution. What is certain is that Big Brother must employ that most guileful of devices, the incentive, to entice our unclothed temptees to taste of that tree of creativity whereof they have not been eating. Whether the said incentive is financial — a campaign patented by the ingenious Mr. Lies and his ilk — or, dare I say, psychological, he must nevertheless somehow extract the spanner from the works, probably by melting it all down.

We can only hope that our new-found literary spring will depart from the tendency of natural founts to emit a product without clarity, acidity or taste. Once, however, we have attained these ethereal heights, where to display the produce? Watchdog is frankly embarrassing, and would perhaps do best to follow the way of all flesh, or at least be put out to grass; Newsboard hurls competitions at us, but all in vain; and as for this publication, the gods above calmly shred any work that would not pass at a children's matinée, together with its author. However, can we complain when we have such a wealth of material as the Shirburnian's February literary section belched forth? A poem, one poem, exquisite and lyrical, from the fluid pen of Martin Carey, which sits rather meekly in the centre of a vast white sheet of paper, like a solitary rugby boot left lying in the middle of the pitches after the game is o'er, the battle won. But Mr. Carey is unflinching: his hills still skyward rise, his men go on singing strong and clear, and although his observation lets him down on the matter of yellow grass, his clear blue brooks are certainly up to scratch.

But hush, brothers, hush: you may not realise that we are on the threshold of the photolith age; this magazine is now printed by a new startling process, which on reflection can only be an improvement on the last, a distinctly sadistic process seemingly bent on the destruction of all self-respecting photographs. My only regret is that the change in technique is not accompanied by a change in Editor's Tie; a quick burst of the old photolith would, I am sure, do a power of good to this forlorn clothing ornament, resembling a somewhat sickly eel which once, a very long time ago, was left to soak in blood overnight.

Symbolism apart, I can only repeat my urgent plea for the establishment of a few Pleiades within our bounds: a movement for which this particular world-shattering manifesto can only be a signpost, if not a herald.

The Editor

COMMEMORATION 1979

Into the genteel world of the Upper, with its gleaming flannels, flowered hats and polite applause floated Symon Robinson, hitched to a parachute and out of orbit from the parascending demonstration down Lenthay way. Only a week before, Tim Edwards had glided to a century for the Bishop's XI to the background squelch and screams of tomatoes ricocheting off masters locked in the stocks on the boundary. The eccentric dignity of the English, vividly crystallised in Mr. Glen's 'Personae', enjoyed its finest hour, however, when a thousand guests sat in reverential silence in the courts practising their long-distance lip-reading on the Master of Magdalene.

Amidst the splendour of the Abbey service came the news of Sir John Slessor's death. It was a setting worthy of such a leader of the country and the school. Soon, though, solemnity made way for lighter things, and families ambled round the exhibitions. Entering the courts was no mean feat in itself, for, fortified with pre-, pendant, and post-brandial beverage, they had to avoid not only the Landmark salesman but also cadets hurtling down ropes from the tower in the approved Japanese manner. Picking their way between the welcoming tanks, guns and radio operators still practising their lip-reading, they had a colourful choice.

Photographs of Sherborne drama ranged from the pageant to 'Turandot'. Apollo XI celebrated its tenth birthday. The Becket Room housed a fascinating display about Sherborne at War — here the highlight was a child's letter describing the bombers from St. Nazaire, which quickly gave way to the important things in life, food, an alphabetical list of girl friends and his view of the classics department. Round the corner governors peeped stealthily out of the Library at the open air French play, 'Le médecin malgré lui', whilst up above the workmen took a well-earned break in the bungalows on the Abbey Tower. Reeling from lunch to garden party, everyone could indulge his interest, be it model aircraft, radio, chemistry, strident expressionist art, scuba diving, the West Mill or Fats Waller. In a crowded day the garden concert, and especially the 'flutes en vacances', afforded a soothing interlude. A scintillating 'Princess Ida' brought the day and the school year to a singularly happy close.

C.H.R.N.

Goodbyes

After a distinguished career at the school, Mr. May left last term. We asked both Mr. Powell, a former headmaster, and Mr. Holmes to pay him tribute.

L.S.M.

It has often been the good fortune of Sherborne that men of quality, having been appointed as masters soon after the end of their university careers, have come to the school, have stayed, have made their lives in and enriched the traditions of the community. H. H. Brown was one; others were J. H. Randolph, Sam Hey, and Abe Gourlay, Laurence May, too, must be added to the list.

When I came to school in 1950, Laurence was already firmly established as a very competent scientist and a popular member of the staff: men of exacting discrimination like H. H. Brown and Vivian Green sought his friendship and took continental holidays with him. At that time the Common Room was no more than one room in Bow House, little used by masters except to put notes and reports in one another's pigeon-holes. The rest of it was Laurence's private dwelling, where, looked after by a house-keeper, he housed his fine antique furniture, and dispensed, amid the gleam of mahogany and silver, choice hospitality. Indeed, throughout his career he was a superb host. At the Green he entertained both his colleagues and senior boys of all houses, and later, at Ryme Intrinseca, the excellence of the fare at his dinner-parties was not lowered, and the warmth of the hospitality seemed accentuated by the fact that he was, on such occasions, his own cook.

At the end of 1950, when Sam Hey retired from the Green, Laurence seemed his obvious successor, (though one retired housemaster held that scientists could not make good housemasters). It was soon clear that Laurence was both a scientist and a born housemaster. His organisation, which included the appointment of a first class housekeeper and a first class cook, was never intrusive, but ensured that the wheels ran smoothly. Similarly his interest and sympathy helped boys find their own way through school life, never dictated the direction. Under his efficient, wise control, the Green was a happy, purposeful house in which many boys enjoyed a rewarding school career.

It was revealing of Laurence's commitment that whereas previously, not being himself a games-player, he had shown little interest in the muscular activities of the school, once he became housemaster no team in the Green played any kind of contest without his presence and support, perhaps the more welcome in that it was not vociferously critical or hortatory.

Housemastering, as Laurence practised it, would have absorbed all his attention and time, had not his pronounced talent for organisation found him time to do other things: to be, for instance, head of the science department for a spell when it was expanding rapidly: above all time to enjoy pastime and good company with that wholehearted merriment which sometimes verged on incoherence, but which nevertheless endeared him and cheered others.

Sadness at the loss to the community of the active participation of so effective and so convivial a man, is tempered by the thought that he remains within touch, close enough to be visited by grateful O.S.'s, close enough for his company to be sought by the host of his old friends.

R.W.P.

Laurence May came to Sherborne in September, 1937 via Haileybury and Queen's College, Cambridge, appointed primarily to teach Chemistry, in the early years of the Headmastership of A. Ross Wallace.

The School then numbered about 450 boys and the staff was correspondingly smaller than it is today, and the community was more closely knit. It was soon clear that in the modest but friendly young scientist the school had acquired someone with exceptional organising ability who was prepared to serve in any way that he could. In 1940 he moved to Bow House (then an annex of School House), and became the Junior Tutor of that House, and throughout the war also served as Assistant Bursar.

In those early years he was making his reputation as an outstanding teacher of chemistry who never spared himself to help boys who wanted his help; his interests being furthered through being a Fellow of the Chemical Society. In particular he established a happy and profitable working relationship with senior boys who had genuine scientific ambitions, both through the Science Society which he founded and through the dinner parties he gave for members of his VIth form. In fact his dinner parties became a feature of the place. No other bachelor master possessed such culinary skill, nor had a more impeccable taste in wine!

In 1950 he took over the school timetable, but shed that particular task on his appointment as Housemaster of the Green in 1951. His responsibilities were further increased when he was appointed Head of Science in 1954. In the course of the next fifteen years the boys in his House came to know that in him they had "a character", someone respected and liked in the school, who cared very greatly about them collectively and individually. He was not a player of games but could understand the enthusiasms of those who were; he could rejoice over success in House Competitions, accept disappointments with good grace, and retain a balanced outlook not always to be found among his kind.

Particularly he supported the Chapel, in which he occasionally preached, and the religious life of the school. He was also an active committee member of the Concert Club from its inception.

In spite of his housemastering responsibilities he never relented in furthering his knowledge of his particular subject, neither did his enthusiasm for the teaching of it abate. Particularly exact in the use of chemical formulae, it was understandable that he should develop certain idiosyncracies in the use of his mother tongue, gleefully recorded by members of his House, and as much part of the man as his private generosity, sincerity and ready and infectious laughter.

In 1966 he completed his tenure of the Green, but continued as Head of Science until 1971. Apart from his happy and successful years as a housemaster, his main contribution to the school was the development of the Science side. It was very small when he first came. In great measure due to his persistence and inspiration it has become the large and successful department that it now is. The annual "Oxbridge" awards bear testimony to his sound organisation and the high standard of his personal teaching. On the building side he has seen the conversion of the old Armoury and Art School Block and the erection of the Turing Biology building, the latter standing where formerly a tenacious weed from the ancient monk's pond mingled all too freely with the vegetables of the School House garden!

When Laurence left the Green he moved into a beautiful little house in Ryme Intrinsic, creating a colourful and attractive garden and continuing to amaze his friends, of all ages, by the elegance of his dinner table and the expertise of his cooking.

In private life he was, and indeed is, on the Livery of various famous London Companies, and has taken much pleasure over the years in motoring holidays in France and Switzerland.

This warm-hearted, self-effacing man will continue to live at Ryme, and assuredly he will be at hand to assist where he can the school he has served with such distinction. Present and future generations may come to ponder one of his statements: "As I am unable to contribute on the games fields I naturally expect to teach a full time-table". It is to people like Laurence May that Public Schools owe their continued existence. We wish him a happy retirement.

H.F.W.H.

BARNABY LENON

After a year on the staff, Barnaby Lenon leaves us to join "a large comprehensive school near Slough". Despite his short time in Sherborne, his abilities and energy will be missed next year. Any school department counts itself strengthened by the top degree-holder of Oxford University. Our Geographers are no exception. His pupils have valued his scholarship and hard work, even if some may have wished themselves under a softer taskmaster!

His authentic performance (type-cast?) as Hopcroft Mi in the staff play will be remembered by all, especially no doubt the aspiring Hopcrofts in our midst. From the R.A.F. section in the C.C.F. to the many athletes he helped to exhaust, there will be gratitude for his high standards, initiative and readiness to contribute to school life. Our good wishes go with him him next year.

Eton's gain.

C. B. G. Ash

On the Retirement of Jo and Peter Boissier from School House

It might be thought that to write an end of term report on a man who is still here, a longstanding friend, and a past and present boss was an act worthy of Evil Knievel. The task is made even more hazardous because it also involves a lady.

To understand the Boissier attitude to housemastering it is necessary to appreciate that many of their generation, who served in the war, having carefully chosen their task, stick to it so closely that it becomes their life. They do not seek a job description, setting out the hours and responsibilities. Such calculating thoughts, familiar (even in the professions) to the modern world of high mobility, do not occur to them. The great strength that comes from such an approach is that all boys and staff involved in the house know their unswerving loyalty. The house also is served by a seven day a week round the clock slave. The weakness lies in the sense of predictability and security which creates a happy house but one with less individuality. Unselfish togetherness is not always a recipe for abundant originality.

I must now declare an interest. 'Mrs. B' is a rare bird and has a long lasting effect on all who encounter her. So much of the warm hospitable flavour of their house that often flowed out over the courts came from her. She made the 'private side' totally open house to all comers at all times. Most of us could probably manage a week of that degree of exposure, but 30 terms of it after 24 terms at Lyon, must be worthy of an entry in the Guinness Book. To keep such a light touch, and such a sense of fun into the bargain is exceptional.

Let me not forget too that for most of her years Mrs. B was running house feeding and managing a large staff of domestics. Her success in that role can be measured by her almost non-existent turn over, and the beefy house rugger sides who grew strong on her meals.

P.C.B.'s achievements are easy to see. He took over a very large house at the end of the turbulent sixties and had first to overcome the resentment of many boys who were very close to the previous housemaster, and felt that they had lost him before time. This he undoubtedly did through strength and honesty, always calling a spade a spade, and facing problems openly with all concerned.

During the subsequent ten years he devoted himself to the house, endlessly encouraging them on the gamefields, and at the same time keeping the respect of a wide variety of boys, including those with whom he deeply disagreed. The house was run by his prefects who knew that he trusted them to do their job.

He also engaged a very diverse team of 'minitutors' including myself. I have worked, over the years..... for four other housemasters, and am now sampling my sixth, and they have all had their specially good qualities. Peter's greatest strength lay in his ability to praise and chide his assistants. The timing and method of carrying out these two essential duties is crucial to man management. There are few people that I would rather disagree with – not because I thought that I would win, but because I know that I shall hear the other side of the argument expressed clearly and openly and that if he wins he will win without any sense of rancour between us! A boss who keeps silent and glowers is not only weak, but is likely to create more resentment than one who comes out with it easily. I think we all sense that open criticism is a mark of respect – a respect for our own ability to accept it as being not of our whole personality, but of some single event or idea. Send him now to British Leyland! or anywhere?!

The Boissier achievement can be most easily observed by any member of staff who cares to walk the rabbit warren called 'The House'. All the boys – including the 'naughtiest' members will cheerfully welcome them and some will even offer coffee! Thank you, Jo and Pete, for a job well done. Belloc said that if a job is worth doing, it is worth doing badly, but how much better to do it with excellence and panache.

J.R.L.

Poetry and Prose

At the Old Castle

Absent friend you still are.
I know you well, but better would I knew you better;
Here, comfortable in the sigh and natter of the rain.

You will paint my picture,
And the light will brighten warmly our unworn canvas,
And what to us then to care who now they are,
Sat beneath umbrellas on the shrouded lake?

But old, old stone cold stone,
Your age would not have been
Time enough,
To tell how many sowers you have seen.

Here on the cliffs there was always wind: cold and frenzied, whipping up loose strands of mist from the sea. Today you could scarcely see the yachts, and the iron-grey clouds were shut tightly against the sun. Between the rocks, children gathered shells from still pools, their cries torn away by the dark wind. Further out, where the sea began, a girl pushed a wheelchair across the ribs of sand: now and then the last of the waves would touch the wheels, run flickering round them; and for a moment the white edges of the sea would seem like lace, spun neatly and perfectly to enclose the great valleys of water behind, the colour of stone.

Her face smiled
As a dry leaf
Breaking in the hand.

Reports

THE HELLFIRE CLUB

This year's Hellfire Club for lower sixth historians held nine meetings, two in the Michaelmas term, three in the Lent and four in the Trinity. The first paper of the year was given by Martin Carey on the "Dreyfus Affair", showing some of the reasons for the First World War. "1066 – continuity or change in English society" was the second paper of the year, given by Simon Bound. In the first meeting of the Lent Term, Simon Lough talked on "Lenin's rise to power". Two weeks later, Guy Hudson gave a paper on "King John: king or tyrant", showing the conflict between Church and Crown. The term's last paper was "Munich: Appeasement", in which John Higgins broadly defended the role of Neville Chamberlain. In the first meeting of the Trinity term, Michael Kitcatt gave a paper on "The growth of political party in Britain", concentrating on the period 1660-1832. This was followed by Charles Watson's talk on Napoleon, showing that the latter had not built up his army and had achieved what he had with luck, without thought of patriotism in the countries he conquered. Charles Cameron then gave a very moving talk on "The Abdication crisis of 1936", showing among other things the role of the press in British politics. The last meeting of the year took the form of a balloon debate between Patrick Macintosh, Anthony Fraser, Jeremy Harris and Robert Jackson representing Lord Sidmouth, Henry "Orator" Hunt, Lord Liverpool and William Cobbett respectively. After a lively debate and discussion, the vote was taken and Henry Hunt remained in the balloon.

I would like to thank P.S.F. for being an energetic chairman, and G.G.S., J.J.B. and A.D.C. for coming so often to give the society the benefit of their expertise.

Robert Jackson (Hon. Sec.)

NEWSBOARD

"Newsboard is pointless – it's about time it went". A remark one often hears as an editor. Newsboard this term has certainly been no easier to cover with fresh, lively articles than in the past few terms, but to dispense with it altogether is not a positive but a negative step.

One can easily criticise it for not being able to provide constantly new material; but at school, it is always much easier to criticise than to praise. If Newsboard were to disappear, the chances – for those who do contribute – to write articles for any sort of public scrutiny would be few and far between. The precariously balanced "Watchdog" appears about once a term, and the "Shirburnian" itself can not be expected to deal with many current issues due to its infrequent publication. Therefore it is necessary to have a Newsboard where such issues can be discussed, and where the people who do wish to write have a chance to do so. The fact that new articles arrive in the Newsboard pigeonhole in a hesitant trickle is, as had been said before, more a reflection on the school's apathetic approach towards journalism and discussion of any sort than anything else. But some *do* contribute and these people should not be deprived of their opportunity. It may be a minority, but with such a specialised occupation this is bound to be the case in a school of Sherborne's size. So to crush this minority would be to limit Sherborne's scope even more and continue to ensure that the school produces people who have little immediate ambition or sense of direction. The reason for this is that the range of different careers at this school is extraordinarily narrow – a fact graphically shown by the ridiculously restricted range of professions covered at the Lower Sixth Careers Convention earlier this year.

Newsboard, then, provides people who are interested in writing with a chance to debate and to put forward their own ideas. To dispose of Newsboard would be to ensure a grave decrease in the already barely moderate powers of speech of the Shirburnian.

Paul Simper

FOREIGN LANGUAGE FILMS

Two foreign-language films were shown at Sherborne last term, both independently of the Senior or School film societies. Both were literary adaptations, their sources being A level texts in French and German: *Moderato Cantabile* by Marguerite Duras, and *The Lost Honour of Katherina Blum*, from the novel by Heinrich Boll.

The first, exhumed from the nether depths of 1960-dom, was directed by Peter Brook, seen more often directing for the stage. Brook's films have all been adaptations of accepted masterpieces, among them versions of Gay's "Beggar's Opera", "King Lear", "The Marat/Sade" and "Lord of the Flies". None of them was memorably successful, either critically or at the box office; a measure of the difficulties encountered in trying to transfer standard classics out of their own medium and onto film.

Moderato Cantabile, only Brook's second film, describes the almost ritualistic relationship between Anne, the bored wife of an austere-minded factory owner, and one of her husband's employees; an affair brought about by their mutual obsession with the circumstances and repercussions of a "crime passionel". The film successfully conveys Anne's frustration at being trapped in a non-productive marriage and her distaste for stepping out of her own tax bracket for a satisfactory relationship. Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo give excellent performances in the principal roles. Both, thanks largely to their recent successes—Belmondo in Godard's "A Bout de Souffle" and Moreau in Truffaut's "Jules et Jim"—were in 1960 emerging as major performers in a new generation of French stars, which included Jean-Louis Trintignant, Alain Delon, Catherine Deneuve and Nathalie Delon.

The second film was altogether less well-known, nevertheless it was a film I preferred to "Moderato Cantabile". Made in 1974, it was a version of Heinrich Boll's "The Lost Honour of Katherina Blum". Boll's main concern, and one which is evident in all his work, is for the individual in the role of victim or as prey to anonymous, impersonal and remorselessly destructive forces or organisations against which he or she has neither power nor choice. Boll's theme of attack is predominantly that of war and the dislocations it forces on those in its midst; in "Katherina Blum" his theme is the press in its almost limitless freedom. The story tells of how the life of an eponymous housemaid (played by Angela Winkler) is ruined by the selfishness of one journalist and his paper after Katherina's "one night stand" with a man who, unknown to her, is a terrorist wanted by the police.

In a formal, not unsympathetic manner, the book questions the right of the press to print lies, unscrupulously fashioned from truths, and capable of communicating hatred to millions of readers for one innocent victim of circumstance. The overall topic is the abuse of power. The greatest success of the original novel lay in its ability to provoke emotion from such a formal, detached and objective narrative style. The film's only failure lies in its over-involvement with the central figure; the director allows his sympathies for Katherina and his hatred of the gutter press to run away with his sobriety. While the film has an interesting message to deliver, the seriousness begins to dissolve when the many caricatures and multiple ironies join forces to give the film the symptoms of hysteria.

Though these faults are not unobtrusive they are certainly not sufficient to have an enormously detrimental effect on the film as a whole. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, is one of West Germany's most talented film directors, comparable to Fassbinder in style, talent and influence. "Katherina Blum" is one of his best films, second only to his version of Gunter Grass' 1959 novel "The Tin Drum", which won this year's Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival and which, unhappily, is banned in Britain.

To finish, it is important to say that, in my opinion, it is more than a little unfair, however interesting, to compare adaptations onto film with their originals, as the former is almost always destined to suffer uncritical juxtaposition, whether or not it can be called successful in its own right. I felt that both of these films were above average as adaptations but excellent as films.

I felt that these films, being as attractive and interesting as they were, deserved audiences considerably larger than they were given. The root of the problem would seem to lie in the infrequency with which foreign films are shown at Sherborne. If more of them were shown, with decent and wholly visible advertisements displayed for them, I feel confident that the size of audiences would swell.

John Patterson

Reviews

PRINCESS IDA

When I was asked to write this, I was dreading that I would have to write a report filled with apologetic phrases like "it was very ambitious" or "it was very good for a school". But no. Instead I can pour out my honest congratulations onto a production which was certainly professional, highly enjoyable, and utterly successful.

The Commem. play is performed at a very unsympathetic time – the actors and stage staff are tired, and the audience exhausted after trailing to exhibitions – however, on this occasion the enthusiasm of the actors, the competence of the orchestra and the liveliness of the set gave rise to an evening which was fun to watch.

The enormous credit is shared by all who participated – the orchestra, who practised so hard and played so well, especially when only a gentle accompaniment was required; the actors, who sang and danced with such radiant energy; the choruses – both on-stage and off; the diligent stage crew, electricians (and may I say designers?) who worked so hard to produce the visually intriguing "mediaeval" set; the wardrobe ladies who managed to monitor the precise location of each priceless article; Mr. Judge, whose hard work in controlling the orchestra and choruses resulted in many beautiful renderings, and whose lively silhouette added considerably to the action around the stage; and finally to Mr. Peter Wellby, who conceived the whole thing, and by his tireless efforts co-ordinated and produced the memorable show.

The principal actors were well cast, and the inclusion of several beautiful girls from Leweston helped to distract from some of the rather less beautiful Shirburnians – nevertheless, Guy Hudson, Nick Fox and Andrew Wilson (Gama's sons) were extremely funny, I could go on to say just why Katey Goldsack, Henrietta Couchman, Lucy Macdonald, Caroline Courtney, Hugh Williams, Anthony Powe, Andrew Bett, Anthony Fraser, the choruses and even Anthony Lane were so brilliant, but if I did, I fear that I would turn "The Shirburnian" into an exclusive "Ida Souvenir Programme". Instead, I will leave some space for cricket and such sundries, and just repeat my deepest congratulations to everyone involved, and join everyone who saw it by thanking them all, especially P.M.H.W., for the best production witnessed at Sherborne for a long time.

Steve Morris

THE FRENCH PLAY

"Le Médecin Malgre Lui"

Once again Mr. Niven has produced a play of great quality. Not only was the choice of Molière comedy a good one, but the standard of acting was high. The story of Sganarelle, a greedy wood-cutter, becoming a "doctor" and then helping the poor Léandre to marry Lucinde was understood by all, though the dialogue was often very difficult.

The fluency of all concerned was remarkable, as was the acting itself. The most notable performances came from Nicholas Powe and Elizabeth Pisani (as Sganarelle and his vengeful wife respectively) and Sinda Lopez. Overall, the joint effort with Lord Digby's and the Girls' School, under the direction of Mr. Niven, produced a very worthwhile and enjoyable play.

Richard Moore

**"PERSONAE:
A STUDY OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER"**

A not wildly glorified Jackanory is the simplest and most accurate description of this rather vague event. It was a simple round of story telling, recounted in the close familiarity of the newly named Old School Room. Each tale presented a new character, or a new facet of the English enigma, although the definition of a character from Mervyn Peake's "Gormenghast" as English may be classed as dubious.

The readings varied from "Winnie the Pooh", (where an interesting biological and sociological problem was very neatly shown, for Roo came across in a strident Australian accent, while Kanga appeared as an extremely refined Victorian matron), to "Hard Times" and the ever pragmatic Simon Bound, later on to damn the audience to an eternity of hellfire. The simple minded and clearly expressed Henry James directed the proceedings for a brief interlude, while one of the Mitford children talked about diseases.

At the louder moments of the proceedings one felt a slight pang of pity for those sitting at the front, for they received the full impact of the ranting side of the Anglo outlook. In order to keep the performers happy, and because I like writing my name, the other performers barring Simon Bound were Simon Lough (who appeared to take the female lead quite unbegrudgingly), Jim Floyer (the well-dressed one with the contact lenses) and John Higgins (who guided Pooh and Eeyore through all the earlier cuts, and produced such an interesting result). There was also a producer, one Mr. Glen, who laughed at all the punch lines through both performances.

The evening ended with the audience still wanting its favourite piece. But as soon as one extra piece is added, you then think of another ending, and enough material for another hour. The anthology was varied and effective in achieving its title, but its greatest pleasure lay in the actuality of being "read a story" which left you wanting more.

J. D. Higgins

DORSET OPERA'S PRODUCTION OF MOZART'S "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

This year's Dorset Opera Production given at Sherborne School Hall on Friday, August 31st and Saturday, September 1st was Mozart's "The Magic Flute". Promptly and predictably towards the end of August each year the Sherborne miracle takes place. I call it a "miracle" because, to most people, it would not sound feasible for a full scale grand opera to be produced in a matter of ten days.

The main characters are professionals and so are the members of the orchestra. To compound the complexity of staging the opera, the chorus is mainly composed of students from local schools. Give this formula to anyone involved in professional opera production and the verdict would certainly be an unhesitating "Impossible".

As if all this was not in itself enough of a trial, we add Mozart's "The Magic Flute" with its libretto which is nothing short of a jumble of nonsense churned out by one Emanuel Johann Schikaneder assisted by a chorister, Gieseke, both friends of Mozart and all three of them members of the same Masonic Lodge. The libretto incorporates strong elements of Orientalia — a feature which would eventually dominate the works of all Romantics in every country of Europe.

Yet, against all these odds, Mozart's genius triumphs and renders this erstwhile bundle of literary trash into a masterpiece of music — his Swan Song in opera composition. Not that the work is completely original. Even the most haphazard acquaintance with the compositions of Muzio Clementi will suffice to enable one to recognize the main melody of this composer's B-flat Sonata deftly incorporated in the brilliancy of the fugal *allegro* of the overture. There are other borrowings both from earlier Italian compositions and from old German hymnody. However, if Mozart looks back for inspiration, he certainly sets the pace and style for future composers. In a particular passage towards the beginning of the Second Act, I could not fail to admire pre-echoes of Brahms; not to mention Paganini's aria of the First Act: so eloquently indicative of the works of Sullivan.

Patrick Shelley elicited good response from the orchestra throughout the performance. Under his baton the orchestra played sensitively and accurately. The *crescendi*, especially in the woodwind, were *crescendi*, neat and crisp, and not, as is often the case, transformed into blatant *sforzati*. His interpretation added vigour and lustre to certain passages which need to be picked out to invest them with interest. Mozart's operas are generally submitted to dragging *tempi* or to over-rushed ones. Here we had perfectly timed *tempi*, while the balance was maintained throughout up to the Beethoven-inspired magnificent final chorus.

The "Flute" is certainly a Masonic opera. Critics have, in the past, associated Astrafiammante - "The Queen of the Night" - with the Empress Maria Theresa, who proscribed Freemasonry in her Empire; and Tamino with her more enlightened Emperor. Christine Isley, specially commissioned from Innsbruck where she is currently singing, gave a creditable performance. Her delivery was of a very high standard with excellent phrasing, considering the difficulty and width of range which her two *arias* (especially the Act I *aria*) involve. Bonaventura Bottone (Tamino), is not a new-comer to Dorset Opera. He sang Pang in last year's production of Puccini's "Turandot". He sang his part carefully and delicately but firmly. My prediction is that this young man will go places very soon. I would love to see him tackle some Donizetti and Bellini. Peter Savidge (Papageno) stole the show. Both his singing and acting were very refreshing indeed. His Act I *aria*, in particular, was splendid while his duet with Pamina was exquisite. Janet Jacques, Helen Attfield and Patricia Taylor - the three attendant ladies of the Queen of the Night - all sang their parts with agility. It is noble of Janet Jacques - last year's formidable Princess Turandot - and indeed of Patricia Taylor and Helen Attfield, to sing these intricate parts which, due to the shortcomings of the libretto, render them of secondary importance. Mozart, however, rewards them with some excellent *floritura*, to which the three good ladies did ample justice. Fiona Dobie's Pamina was sung impeccably and with great sensitivity. The limpidity of her voice added brilliance to her scholarly technique. Roderick Kennedy - last year's Timur in Turandot and an earlier Ramphis in Aida - sang Sarastro, the High Priest of Isis and Osiris. This is a rather short part but a highly demanding one. I prefer the solemnity of Sarastro's vocal line and the rich but restrained orchestral writing of, for example, the invocation: "O Isis and Osiris", to the florid compositions for the Queen of the Night. Roderick Kennedy stood up to the occasion fully, rendering the invocation with distinction and majesty. Robert Thomas's Monostatos was adequately and firmly sung. The Guardian Spirits - John Hudson, Alexander England, Alexander Ruggier, James Blandy, Andrew Hudson and Luke Harris - not only sang their interpolations dexterously but acted magnificently, much to the delight of the audience.

My unconditional admiration goes to the Chorus. Here we had some sonorous, rousing music expertly sung. It is very difficult for one to comprehend how young people like these can produce such a mighty quality of sound. Both the Designer - Eirion Neuhauer - and the Lighting Engineer - Ben Cooper - deserve congratulations for their splendid work. The whole company, on stage, in the pit, and behind the scenes gave us a dynamic production under the expert guidance of Robert Glen.

Now that the Dorset Opera have half a dozen excellent productions to their name, I would like to see them going on tour. There are audiences awaiting the treat all over the country. In the meantime, I await next year's bonus in the shape of Puccini's second Opera, "Edgar".

G.M.A.E.M.

Sport

CRICKET

SHERBORNE SCHOOL CRICKET TOUR TO HOLLAND JULY 1979

Cricket was first played at Sherborne School in 1859, but it was not for another 120 years that the School team left its traditional fixtures and grounds in the West of England and went on tour. Holland and Denmark are the only two countries outside the former members of the British Empire where cricket is played by the native inhabitants. We chose the former because it was conveniently close to Britain, because we had contacts there and because it promised to provide some good and hospitable cricket and the opportunity to see something of one of the more dynamic members of the Common Market. We were not to be disappointed.

In cricketing terms the tour brought the best out of the Sherborne team. We won all five matches in bright sunshine on finely located grounds with superb club houses. Our opponents were variable in standard, all included a few very good players, but often a long tail. In addition, the matting wickets giving greater bounce and pace enabled us to bowl out obstinate batsmen more readily than on the true grass wickets of the West Country; and always the Sherborne cricket was aggressive and determined. Blackburn, Fisher and Garrett bowled consistently accurately at medium pace and above, whilst Quinlan, Sanderson and Edwards provided off and leg spin. They were well supported in the field, where Mason amongst several others was outstanding; this aspect of the game was one of the highlights of the tour. Peplow as usual was a highly effective if slightly unorthodox wicket-keeper, one of his catches against Hermes CC looked outstanding from the boundary until one realised that he had first moved to his left before flinging himself to the right to take a straightforward chance!

The depth of the batting was shown by the fact that we never lost more than six wickets. Turner re-captured his fluent form of May and played well indeed apart from one sluggish patch against the Royal Commonwealth Club. Mason was a determined and effective opening partner in the absence of Webb (the professional at Wassenaar even considered him to be a promising young player, he was soon put right on that score!); whilst Eckersley-Maslin played with style and composure. Henshaw and Blackburn both made useful contributions in their contrasting styles, not least in putting on 60 for the 5th wicket at a crucial stage whilst facing the genuine leg-spin bowling of the former New Zealand Test cricketer, Shrimpton. The others never really had a chance to shine, although Rydon guesting for the opposition (if not Blackburn) will be pleased to spend half-an-hour telling anyone willing to hear what happened to the last two balls of the Ajax innings!

We crossed the North Sea by the Harwich - Hook of Holland ferry and were soon installed in the Hotel Bianca at Wassenaar, a suburb of the Hague. This proved to be an ideal base, comfortable, with good food and about an hour's drive to both Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Staying in a two-star hotel for a week or so is not a cheap occupation, but the splendid sponsorship arranged by the Bursar helped make this possible and certainly it made a good deal of difference to be able to do the tour properly.

The Dutch are immensely keen on their cricket and the game is obviously flourishing in the clubs with their splendid facilities. It was the fine club houses which gave us an inkling of the prosperity of Holland in recent years. Wherever we went it was the lack of poverty, indeed the obvious wealth, which struck us. Expensive cars, modern and smart housing, booming shopping centres and construction sites with the building of new flats, offices, factories, none of these to be seen universally in Britain in the middle and late 1970's. Two of our fixtures were in Rotterdam and aided by a morning's sight-seeing we could not but marvel at the largest port in the world. An ascent of the Euro-mast (equivalent of London's Post Office Tower) revealed enormous activity and endeavour in all directions in stark contrast to a view from the top of Liverpool Cathedral, which today indicates the "British disease", dereliction and a marked lack of ships in the docks.

On one of our rest days a number of the party explored the canals and art galleries of Amsterdam. Whilst Rotterdam had been flattened in 1940 and practically entirely rebuilt in the past 30 years, Amsterdam is a city full of tradition, charm and tourists. A boat trip round the canals was essential to get a "feel" of the place and a visit to either the Rijksmuseum or the Van Gogh Museum revealed

some of the works of the Dutch masters of the 17th century. Others less impressed by such high brow activities spent the day exploring the beaches of the North Sea and the resort of Schevining, a cross between Brighton and Blackpool, if that be possible.

The spirit of the team was excellent throughout. Naturally this is more likely with a successful than a losing side, but much credit must go to Roger Eckersley-Maslin, the captain — as player, as speech-maker, as co-ordinator, gentle prodder and whip-cracker he hardly put a foot wrong — and together with his chief lieutenants managed to cover up the many deficiencies of the Manager. Bob Clarke, our cricket professional and umpire was also indefatigable. He contributed much to a happy tour, not least by his leading of singing in canal-side cafes — and we all now know a lot more about the history and affairs of Northamptonshire CCC and West Bromwich Albion than ever we did before! Finally it was a great help to have in James Perry, Bill Frindall's natural successor and against Hermes CC he even did a passable imitation of Dickie Bird!

Always the Dutch people were unfailingly hospitable and courteous and inevitably they spoke good English. They helped to make the tour a most enjoyable and worthwhile exercise. To Frank Curtis (our organiser in Holland), to the Bursar and our sponsors in Sherborne, to our hosts of the Hotel Bianca we are most grateful for helping to make the tour possible. And if Britain's relationships with her EEC partners improve markedly this year historians in future years may well put great emphasis on the part played by the Sherborne cricket team, aided by their Headmaster (who made a pioneering visit to Brussels in the spring!).

Matches

- (i) Exeelsior CC, Rotterdam 113 (Garrett 3 for 17)
Sherborne 115 for 5 (Henshaw 29, Eckersley-Maslin 27 n.o.)
- (ii) Hermes CC, Rotterdam 130 M. J. F. Shrimpton 50; Fisher 5 for 25)
Sherborne 131 for 6 (Henshaw 32, Blackburn 30; Shrimpton 4 for 37)
- (iii) Ajax CC, Leiden 94 for 5 dec. (Rydon 30, Quinlan 2 for 22 off 17 overs)
Sherborne 96 for 2 (Turner 40 n.o., Mason 36)
- (iv) Sherborne 186 for 2 Dec. (Turner 84, Eckersley-Maslin 76 n.o.)
Royal Commonwealth Club 117 (Garrett 4 for 20, Quinlan 3 for 21)
- (v) The Hague CC U 19's 53 (Fisher 3 for 3 off 10 overs)
Sherborne 54 for 1 (Rydon 27 n.o., Turner 23 n.o.)

Batting Averages

	Inns.	N.O.	Runs	HS	Av.
R. M. Eckersley-Maslin	4	3	121	76 n.o.	121.00
J. M. P. C. Turner	4	2	162	84	81.00
R. C. M. Henshaw	2	0	61	32	30.50
J. F. Blackburn	2	0	44	30	22.00
J. D. Peplow	2	1	22	13 n.o.	22.00
W. J. Rydon	3	1	40	27 n.o.	20.00
J. C. Mason	5	0	76	36	15.20

Bowling Averages

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Av.
R. M. W. Edwards	18	4	32	6	5.33
J. J. Fisher	44.2	19	65	8	8.12
R. C. S Garrett	43.3	13	98	11	8.90
A. C. Quinlan	42	16	88	9	9.77
J. F. Blackburn	41.1	11	86	5	17.20
P. E. J. Sanderson	19	4	69	0	—

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1st XI

As the Summer Term entered its last week the 1st XI had neither lost a school match nor won one, whilst two club matches had been lost and one won; not a record of great distinction. Thereafter, however, the team's fortunes improved considerably. In the next 19 days which included the Marlborough Festival and Holland tour nine out of 11 fixtures were won, the other two remaining drawn. The turning point came with the trouncing of a weak M.C.C. side and on the next day a splendid four-wicket victory over a powerful Clifton team on their own ground. The Pilgrims should have been beaten at Commemoration and then came two convincing victories over Marlborough and Cheltenham before the team embarked on a most successful tour of Holland (reported elsewhere in this magazine) in which all five matches were won. The full record was therefore:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
Term	15	4	9	2
School Matches	10	3	7	0
Tour	5	5	0	0

The most important factor in any successes the team may have achieved was the spirit and determination in which they played their cricket. There were no really outstanding players but there were eleven good cricketers who all played a crucial role at some stage or other and invariably produced some very good fielding.

Much credit must go to Eckersley-Maslin, the captain. Tactics was not always his strong point but his consistent and stylish batting held the innings together on a number of occasions, his fielding was

outstanding and he did much to create a happy and purposeful team. The depth of the batting is indicated by the fact that the first seven batsmen all made 50's. Turner was an opening batsman of class as his century against Bradfield suggested but thereafter he worried himself into a poor patch of form; it was not until the Dutch tour that he was playing his shots again and back to his best. He was admirably supported by Webb, surely the smallest player ever to have represented Sherborne but also a very promising one. Rydon struck the ball well but too often got out early through over-ambition; he appeared to have forgotten that he was playing for the 1st XI and not in junior cricket. Blackburn, Henshaw and Ford all played with great concentration and produced innings of character in critical situations. We will not readily forget Henshaw's splendid 58 not out against Marlborough which effectively won a match that on several occasions had seemed lost; whilst Ford saved the team's unbeaten record against Schools when in the last fixture at the Festival against Haileybury he came to the wicket with the Sherborne score reading 45 for 5 in reply to a total of 230 and nearly two hours to play; he made an accomplished 50 and the match was drawn.

The large number of drawn matches against Schools was caused by a variety of factors. A true wicket which enabled moderate batsmen to survive; defensive tactics by some of our opponents; the lack of a really fast or leg-spin bowler; unimaginative tactics. All must be considered but it is a cause of concern.

Fisher started the season with little success but after half-term began to bowl with accuracy and no little movement off the seam; his was a most satisfactory season for in addition, with limited opportunities, he became a more than useful batsman. His opening partner Blackburn bowled tirelessly, generally well and with enormous enthusiasm. Add to this his outstanding fielding and determined batting and he emerges a player one would always like to have in one's side. After a few matches Quinlan was promoted from the Colts and was obviously a very promising off-spinner whose highlight was to take five for 36 off 22 overs against the M.C.C. He now needs experience of bowling against high-class batsmen on good wickets; he will not easily forget being deposited over the pavilion and onto the stand roof by the Excelsior No. 4 in Rotterdam. After his 30 wickets with slow left-arm in 1978 and seven in the first match against the Dorset Rangers, Sanderson lost his touch and eventually his place to Edwards, the first member of his family to win a place in the school team through bowling, and deservedly so.

Finally and by no means least Peplow kept the wicket. He was not a great stylist but missed very few chances during the season, encouraged the fielders and brought a good deal of sanity to the proceedings.

In such a wet season it was remarkable that only an hour's match play was lost; the Clifton fixture which had been washed out in May was happily re-arranged for the last week in term. Without the Festival and Tour, however, one shudders to think of the little amount of cricket played by the XI. In developing the arts of playing cricket experience is crucial. In the days of a summer term which finished at the end of July/beginning of August this was no great problem; nowadays changing circumstances restrict opportunities, for example this year the school No. 5 went to the crease twice in matches before half-term. It is vital, therefore, that young players at all levels play as much as possible in the summer vacation, not only in the County U 19 teams but also for the large number of wandering and club youth sides.

D.F.G.

Batting

	Innings	N.O.	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Eckersley-Maslin	15	3	540	72	45.00
Blackburn	11	3	225	57	28.12
Rydon	14	2	331	69*	25.09
Ford	6	0	141	50	23.50
Henshaw	12	3	209	58*	23.22
Webb	15	0	347	74	23.13
Turner	15	1	304	104*	21.71
Fisher	11	4	133	38	19.00
Peplow	10	4	81	32*	13.50

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Fisher	218.3	71	506	31	16.32
Sanderson	83	22	295	14	21.07
Blackburn	190.2	47	528	25	21.12
Turner	79	21	233	10	23.30
Quinlan	159.2	41	457	15	30.46

Matches

- a) Sherborne 161/9 dec. (Blackburn 57, Henshaw 32)
Dorset Rangers 113 (Sanderson 7 for 58)
Won.
- b) Sherborne 196/2 dec. (Eckersley-Maslin 64*, Turner 54, Rydon 40*)
Radley 141/7 (Sanderson 3 for 48, Blackburn 3 for 22)
Drawn.
- c) Sherborne 213/2 dec. (Turner 104*, Rydon 69*)
Bradfield 132/7
Drawn.
- d) Sherborne 155 (Eckersley-Maslin 54, Henshaw 31)
Free Foresters 157/3
Lost.
- e) 194/7 dec. (Eckersley-Maslin 72)
King's, Taunton 132/4
Drawn.
- f) Canford 185 (Fisher 5 for 34)
Sherborne 150/8 (Rydon 51, Eckersley-Maslin 51*)
Drawn.
- g) Downside 228/7 dec. (Fisher 4 for 57)
Sherborne 182/8 (Webb 74)
Drawn.
- h) Sherborne 196 (Eckersley-Maslin 58, Fisher 38, Ford 36)
D. F. Gibbs XI 198/9 (Fisher 3 for 63)
Lost.
- i) Blundell's 215/4
Sherborne 167/8 (Blackburn 46, Peplow 32*)
Drawn.
- j) M.C.C. 110 (Quinlan 5 for 36, Fisher 4 for 30)
Sherborne 114/3 (Webb 71)
Won.
- k) Clifton 164 (Blackburn 4 for 43)
Sherborne 165/6 (Eckersley-Maslin 58, Turner 33, Blackburn 31*)
Won.
- l) Pilgrims 167 (Turner 5 for 27, Rydon 3 for 5)
Sherborne 142/7 (Blackburn 34)
Drawn.
- m) Sherborne 182 (Henshaw 58*, Webb 34)
Marlborough 120 (Fisher 4 for 23, Blackburn 4 for 29)
Won.
- n) Cheltenham 164 (Blackburn 3 for 53)
Sherborne 168/4 (Eckersley-Maslin 47, Henshaw 46*, Rydon 36)
Won.
- o) Haileybury 239/6 dec. (Fisher 4 for 90)
Sherborne 145/8 (Ford 50)
Drawn.

2nd XI

Cricket, unlike rugby football, is a game in which the team performance necessarily relies on the ability of the individual. Sherborne is lucky in that year after year the third eleven contains players whose talent would place them in many school second elevens; and our second eleven, as a result, has sufficient depth to be difficult to beat.

The outcricket of a side is the best indication of how well it has used its talents, and this second eleven were not found wanting. It helps when the captain, in this case Mason, is also the best fielder. His ground fielding was superb, and at Canford he took a catch described by the Canford umpire as one of the best he had seen. The other ground fielding was competent rather than brilliant, but Smith at short-leg proved an effective deterrent, and even Gray at slip made his mark by two or three telling catches snatched from somewhere. Behind the stumps Lloyd continued to improve, and was quick to reprove himself when chances were missed.

We tended to find ourselves put in when we lost the toss (as we put others in when we won it). Four hours playing time is not quite enough for the 2nd XI, and this is a sensible decision; but when the toss is lost it does put a premium on penetrative bowling. We were a competent bowling side, and particularly well balanced. We had seam bowlers who moved the ball either way (Mason, Wilson, Stevenson and Garrett), left-arm leg-break (Edwards), right-arm wrist-spin (Smith) and off-breaks from Tustain. Of these Tustain tended to be regarded initially as a last resort, but in fact he developed a most effective leg-cutter, and took a large number of cheap wickets.

Opposition batsmen will get themselves out, and ultimately it is runs that matter. The batting lacked the depth of some years (we were not a team of frustrated all-rounders), but not the quality. Rice was always a potential matchwinner, and a fine batsman to watch. When he develops that elusive quality temperament, he will do well. Ford had the happy knack of doing well when others did not, but unfortunately this was discovered by the first XI. These two, with Gray and Tustain, made the bulk of the runs, of which we always had enough except against Millfield, when we lost by 8 runs, and against Canford, where our final score of 92 for 7 was somewhat flattering.

Finally a brief mention should be made of the captains. Mason was the senior professional, and did a good job until his fielding caused calls from above. In his temporary absence Tustain stood in excellently, and is to be complimented on the way in which he took over the Friday practices.

P.M.W.

Results

- a) Sherborne 161/7 dec. (Rice 67, Tustain 54*)
Wells Cathedral 1st XI 73/8
Drawn
- b) Taunton School 90 (Edwards 5 for 29)
Sherborne 91/3 (Gray 39)
Won by 7 wickets.
- c) Millfield 94 (Tustain 3 for 14)
Sherborne 86 (Ford 37)
Lost by 8 runs.
- d) King's Taunton 83 (Tustain 4 for 6)
Sherborne 86/2 (Rice 50*, Ford 29*)
Won by 8 wickets.
- e) Canford 148/4 dec.
Sherborne 92/7 (Ford 63*)
Drawn.
- f) Sherborne 187/5 dec. (Gray 70, Lund 43)
Downside 154/7
Drawn.
- g) Bournemouth 1st XI 149/7 (Tustain 4 for 14)
Sherborne 150/8 (Rice 51)
Won by 2 wickets.

- h) Sherborne 180/7 dec. (Gray 35, Tustain 59)
Blundell's 126
Won by 54 runs.

The Clifton match was cancelled owing to rain.

Summary: Played 8 Won 4 Drawn 3 Lost 1

Team: J. C. Mason (Capt.), G. J. Tustain, R. C. A. Garrett, C. A. H. Gray, J. I. H. Stevenson, R. M. W. Edwards, J. D. Lloyd, N. P. Smith, R. A. H. Rice, A. I. C. Wilson (all with colours); plus J. W. S. Lund.

Also Played: N. J. Ford, J. D. Higgins, H. F. Gill, J. N. T. Perkins, A. G. Warburton.

Scorer: M. J. Parsons.

3rd XI

Was this the best Sherborne 3rd XI? Certainly no side during the last 10 years has produced such good results nor, I suspect, played better cricket. Although there were outstanding individual performances the success was a team effort; the regular Friday afternoon fielding practices testified to the enthusiasm of the whole side. This year there was considerable talent on the Lower and if the coaches of the junior teams are going to continue to produce good players then a re-examination of the fixture list will be needed. A glance at the results shows that only Blundell's threatened our superiority, although the new fixture against Canford was very enjoyable. The Sherborne 3rd XI is not a scratch side like so many of our opponents.

Highlights of the season abound but Jack Lund's unbeaten centuries against Millfield and King's, Taunton must make him Man of the Season, but after these successes he disappeared to the 2nds. Johnny Perkins came back to the 3rds and quickly got 50 against Millfield but this waving bat outside the off stump was his downfall on subsequent occasions. John Dally was unlucky not to play on the Upper but as wicket-keeper and consistent scorer he was the backbone of the team. With few opportunities to shine last year, Andrew Spink played well. He was a little inclined to play across the line and on several occasions got himself out when set for a big score. Howard Gill spent half the term on the 2nds but a more profitable time on the 3rds, scoring two 50's against Downside and Clifton. Gordon Low had varying luck with scores of 0,5,45,0 and 61! At Clifton Gordon hooked the ball viciously, it hit the square leg umpire on the top of the head and ricocheted for six. Not the only incident during the term when the umpire suffered at the hands of the batsmen!

Only when John Higgins was playing did the side have a genuine quick bowler who kept the ball well up and attacked the stumps. Adrian Warburton lacked practise and found difficulty getting a line or length although all the luck seemed to run against him. Simon Peck could not capture last seasons fire but he bowled steadily until 'A' levels whisked him away. His replacement, Mark Evans, only bowled a few overs but on two occasions he got vital wickets and his 42 runs against Canford were invaluable. When Ian Jenkins was at the wicket the cricket was never dull. Hardhitting knocks of 58 and 45 saved the day at Sexey's and Blundell's and the 5 and 7 wickets against King's and Bournemouth were match winners. The vice-captain Simon Gell bowled his off-spinners with guile and either contained or tempted the batsmen as the situation demanded. The captain, Mark Rodick, had little luck with the bat but his energetic leadership helped to get the best out of a talented team.

M.J.H.

Results

Sherborne	130	Sexey's, Bruton	78/8	Drawn
Sherborne	140/6 dec.	Clayesmore	103	Won by 31 runs
Sherborne	183/2 dec.	Millfield	45	Won by 138 runs
Sherborne	193/3 dec.	King's, Taunton	26	Won by 167 runs
Sherborne	140/8 dec.	Canford	116/9	Drawn
Sherborne	140/7 dec.	Downside	101	Won by 39 runs
Bournemouth	53	Sherborne	54/2	Won by 8 wickets
Sherborne	156	Blundell's	139	Won by 17 runs
Sherborne	171/2 dec.	Clifton	77	Won by 94 runs

4th XI

The sole defeat suffered by the 4th XI was against Gillingham 1st XI. With the opposition poised at around 40 for 4, our captain shrewdly accepted a wager offered by the master-in-charge that the batting side would not reach 60. They didn't. Pressed to accept a further wager that his own side would not better the total, he shrewdly declined. Perhaps he had some inkling of the crowd that would gather outside the New Pavilion as we painfully inched our way towards the modest total, and decided to satisfy its taste for excitement by failing to reach the target by the narrowest of margins.

Thus to our captain, Carey, from whom the team as a whole learned many of the arts of the sporting gentleman with the possible exception of cricket. He, of the stationary feet and bat extended sometimes to strike the ball but usually to prop up his otherwise unsupported frame, failed to score heavily himself; but he thereby skilfully gave this responsibility to others, and he led the team with singular command and decision. In the final match against Foster's, for instance, he had the courage to persevere with his own enticing lobs when the opposition had only about 25 to make and three wickets left, all of which he took himself on the way to an excellent victory.

The abundance of good spin-bowlers in the side was both an asset and a pleasure. Thomas O. bowled consistently well and won one match almost single-handed. Openshaw, bowling a slightly faster pace and with a flatter trajectory, gave the batsmen few scoring chances and took some good wickets. The side was never without two regular spinners, and could generally supply one or two more who bowled occasionally.

The usual 4th XI performance went like this: Carey wins the toss; Openshaw and Flower open, the latter looking solid and correct without seeming to have the strength to force the ball beyond mid-off. (It must be said that he scored more freely whenever he played for the 3rds.) For two seasons he has been a stalwart member of the lower teams, and he leaves us with our thanks and best wishes. Openshaw, meanwhile, bats with style and efficiency. He drives, he cuts, he dabs, and then he misses. Richards lasts about half a dozen balls, during which he doubles the score, using methods probably suggested by heaving hay-bales. At this point in the innings Macadam may prove the exception to the rule that the middle of the batting shall slump like an unfortunate soufflé, by scoring 80 or so. This is not the way to play if he wishes to remain a 4th XI cricketer. The tail then proceeds to build a respectable total. Farquharson, who bats like a No. 3, scores like a No. 9; Hudson, with little technique to rely on, can be counted on for 20 or so; and Lough, with less, weighs in satisfactorily.

From a large pool of seam-bowlers—Evans, Peck, Trist, Yarde-Leavett, Bravery, Simper and Hudson—one can be found each week who will bowl straight and on a length. Hudson, indeed, achieves this notable performance on several occasions and wrecks a rather strong Aillhallows XI evidently bemused by this extraordinary consistency. Finally the spinners mop up the bread-and-butter batsmen of our opponents, who fail to distinguish themselves whenever they are given time to make any decision on the shot they should play.

Two points stand out in my memory of the past season. I saw only one slip catch in all the matches; and on many occasions I saw the stumps thrown down from the covers or midwicket. But, like a true amateur of 4th XI cricket, I know better than to attempt any explanation.

M.A.S.W.

COLTS

The Colts cricket team of 1979 was not as talented as some of its predecessors, but still managed a successful season. Only one match was lost and that, very decisively, against Millfield was the first defeat for the Colts since 1973.

The three victories owed a lot to the captaincy of Clive Martin who was never afraid to declare early and on one occasion did so long before half time, much to the umpire's surprise! The captain was also the most accomplished batsman: he played many important innings during the season, but he will have to learn to judge the length of a ball, rather than employing the lunge to every ball regardless of where it is pitched. Other members of the team to make significant contributions with the bat included Henderson, Roberts, Drew and Ambrose. The last of these employed a very effective method which I have, so far, totally failed to locate in any coaching manual: the off drive played to a half-volley outside the leg stump which sent the ball swiftly to the boundary behind square on the off side from the middle of the bat had to be seen to be believed.

Our bowling was often less convincing than the batting and the inability of anyone to bowl a consistent line and length often made the task of bowling the opposition out difficult. Powe, Ambrose and Drew all had their days, but none of them achieved anything like the penetration that will be needed in senior cricket next year.

Our sincere thanks to Bob Clarke for reconverting Pitch 1 into a really true cricket wicket: let's just hope that the weather will allow us to use it a bit more often next year.

L.R.I.

Results

Played 6 Won 3 Drawn 2 Lost 1

- a) Sherborne 178/9 dec. (Roberts 46, Ambrose 34*, Henderson 30, Drew 29)
Taunton 129/7 (Quinlan 3 for 28, Powe 2 for 23)
Drawn.
- b) Millfield 122/8 dec. (Powe 4 for 15, Ambrose 2 for 24)
Sherborne 29
Lost.
- c) Sherborne 175/2 dec. (Martin 59*, Drew 44, Roberts 31, Henderson 30)
King's, Taunton 98/8 (Powe 2 for 38, Drew 3 for 29)
Drawn.
- d) Sherborne 154/6 dec. (Drew 43*, Henderson 35)
Canford 85 (Drew 2 for 11, Ambrose 2 for 7, Henderson 2 for 16, Powe 2 for 26)
Won.
- e) Sherborne 161/8 dec. (Ambrose 36)
Downside 114 (Powe 4 for 31, Drew 3 for 10)
Won.
- f) Sherborne 160/3 dec. (Roberts 70*, Martin 57)
Blundell's 80 (Ambrose 7 for 20)
Won.
- g) Sherborne 160/9 dec. (Martin 46)
Clifton 113/7 (Powe 5 for 27, Ambrose 2 for 18)
Drawn.

JUNIOR COLTS

The season has been an enjoyable one and successful one. Of the 8 matches played, 4 were won, 3 drawn and 1 lost. The victories were over King's Bruton Senior Colts, Bryanston, Blundell's and Millfield. The most pleasing result was the defeat of Millfield. This was achieved by fine fast bowling by P. Garlick, who bowled in an extremely hostile manner, claiming 5 wickets. He will be a very fine bowler, provided that he makes the batsmen play at every ball. The batting of M. Jones, Duffett and M. Bennett then steered the side to victory. The victories over King's Bruton and a weak Bryanston team were clear-cut, but a single-wicket victory over Blundell's provided the climax for the season.

The batting relied heavily on the ability of M. Jones to blunt the opposition's opening attack. In this he was most successful, and as the wickets got faster in late June and July he scored more quickly, ending up with a fine 51 at Blundell's. He will make many more runs in the future. Duffett and M. Bennett had their moments, but lacked the real concentration needed. C. Knechtli and D. Kelleway never found any form at all; but they must not be downcast as they do show a great deal of promise.

The bowling was always a little suspect, and this is shown in the drawn games where we could not bowl the opposition out to force a victory. P. Grellier always bowled consistently and will take many more wickets in the future. He was an admirable toil to the extra pace of P. Garlick. R. Taylor always seemed to pick up wickets with his gentle medium pace. The two spinners, Billington and M. Bennett showed great potential, but lacked the accuracy needed to destroy batsmen.

The fielding was usually very good, lead by the example of Duffett, who performed wonders in the covers as typified by two run-outs and a catch at Blundell's. Bennett held one or two fine gully catches, and J. Kitson kept wicket tidily throughout the season.

I must end by thanking Bob Clarke for making Pitch 9 a much faster wicket than before and always providing excellent outfields. This is much appreciated by the boys.

The importance of the game at this level is to try to make the boys enjoy the game, play the game to win, and to outplay the opposition. They have tried very hard to achieve these three aims and this is why Sherborne is feared at all levels.

M. J. Cleaver

YEARLINGS 'A'

A term that started with snow stopping play at Milton Abbey and that ended with a hectic programme of 5 matches in 11 days must be a memorable one. The fact that it also contained some excellent cricket and that we learned many important cricketing lessons merely adds to the memories. A total of 9 victories in 11 matches must rank as a record and we were agreed that both defeats were avoidable; we should have survived against Millfield and we should have defeated Blundell's. However we deserved to do neither on the day. Our best cricket was reserved for our final game against Bournemouth when we reached the final of the Lord Taverners competition for the second successive year. This was a good tight performance.

What were the main lessons that were learnt? The importance of aggressive fielding and calm, competent clinical throwing was proved by the record of running out 14 opponents in the 11 games. In four consecutive games we broke the opening partnership with a run-out; a good psychological blow. The limited over knock-out games showed us the value of making every run count, either with keen running between the wickets or with exuberant dives to save runs. Our traditional fixtures showed the value of batting first, declaring early and bowling the spinners where possible. As the match against Canford showed, we had to be prepared to lose, in order to have a chance of winning.

Robert Rydon was the main run-maker, averaging over 40 in his 11 innings, and he was ably supported by the defiant Hugo Alexander, the straight playing Christian Ruge-Price and the hard-hitting Richard Spink. Robert Nitsch was our Randall, fielding with great zest and batting with much movement and gusto. Jeremy Quinlan was the main wicket-taker with an impressive haul of 32 wickets at an average of less than 6. He displays these essential virtues of bowling straight and to a good full length. Nick Caporn and Tim Milner provided very able support. Simon Bryant and Richard Hughes provided some useful innings in support and added weight to the proceedings in their own cheerful manner.

Thanks are very much due to Messrs. Clark and Walford for their invaluable assistance with the coaching of the team. Thanks also to Robert Rydon, who captained the side extremely well, showing a sound cricketing brain and a smile that proved to be as broad as his bat. Mars Ltd. of Slough deserve special thanks for the added inspiration they gave to many of the performances.

R.A.H.

Results

Played 11	Won 9	Drawn 0	Lost 2
Sherborne 173 for 5 decl.	Taunton 16 all out		Won by 157 runs
Sherborne 79 all out	Millfield 159 for 7 decl.		Lost by 80 runs
Sherborne 67 for 8 (20 overs)	Henry Harbin 28 all out		Won by 39 runs
Sherborne 86 for 1	Downside 82 all out		Won by 9 wickets
Sherborne 142 for 8 decl.	King's, Taunton 46 all out		Won by 96 runs
Sherborne 127 for 6 decl.	Canford 123 all out		Won by 4 runs
Sherborne 66 for 0	Bryanston 62 all out		Won by 10 wickets
Sherborne 180 for 7 (40 overs)	Foster's 76 all out		Won by 104 runs
Sherborne 115 for 6 (30 overs)	Hardye's 55 all out		Won by 60 runs
Sherborne 103 all out	Blundell's 104 for 9		Lost by 1 wicket
Sherborne 123 for 8 (40 overs)	Bournemouth 77 all out		Won by 46 runs

TENNIS

1st VI

Last year's VI relied on an unusually able 1st pair to make up for a weaker 3rd pair. This year the team inevitably had less strength at the top, but compensated with a sounder 3rd pair. Scott (Capt.) and Milliken played good attacking tennis, and were ably supported by Arnheim and Allardyce as second pair. These latter played steadily and intelligently to achieve some useful wins. The choice of 3rd pair settled eventually on Leach and Tustain, who gradually adapted to each other's style.

A mixture of wet weather and weak opposition made the first half of term disappointing. It was not until a good junior Hampshire VI sharpened us up after half-term that the team began to gel. The best match of term was undoubtedly against a solid Clifton side, whom we beat soundly with all pairs playing accurate and attacking doubles. This kept the VI unbeaten in school matches until the last weekend of term. The two defeats came then, against Marlborough and a touring Sevenoaks side. Neither defeat was unexpected, but both were lost by the failure to clinch a few key points in close sets.

The pairs went on to an invitation tournament at Eton early in the term. The high standard of many London area schools was in marked contrast to much of the South-West. This is partly because their players often get better competition and more tournament play. But with our good facilities and the freedom to train up the better players from the time they enter the school there seems no reason why we should not raise our standards to theirs.

The condition of the match grass courts has been excellent, and the cause of much good comment from visitors. Our thanks for this go to Bob Clarke and his staff.

C.B.G.A.

The team: Scott (Capt.), Milliken, Arnheim, Allardyce, Leach, Tustain.

Results

Blundell's	Won 8 - ½
Wellington	Won 7½ - 1½
Downside	Won 8½ - ½
Hampshire U18	Lost 3 - 6
Canford	Won 5½ - 3½
Finnish Schools	Won 5½ - ½
Clifton	Won 7½ - 1½
Poole Grammar	Won 6½ - 2½
Marlborough	Lost 3½ - 5½
Sevenoaks	Lost 3 - 6

2nd VI

This was a disappointing season with a team that should have won all its matches comfortably, but too often played listlessly once they were down. There were only two real fighters on the team with the courage and determination to recover from a losing position.

The team contains many good stroke players, but consistency is essential if they are to win matches. Most of the team will be here next year and one can only hope that they realise their true potential then.

P.M.H.W.

The team: Paxman, Brooking, Wade, Harris (Capt.), Keen, Hammersley, Robeson.

Results

Milton Abbey 1st VI	Won 6½ - 2	Canford	Won 6 - 3
Clayesmore	Won 6 - 3	Finnish Schools	Won 2 - 1
Downside	Lost 3 - 6	Clifton	Drew 4½ - 4½
King's Taunton 1st VI	Lost 4 - 5	Marlborough	Won 6½ - 2½

COLTS

The Colts had a successful season if not entirely a satisfactory one. The weather cost us two of our fixtures, those against Bryanston and Taunton, and of the remaining nine matches seven were won, one drawn through incompleteness, and only one lost. As our only defeat was against Hampshire Juniors, we were undefeated in matches against schools. It must be said that many of our victories were against weakish opposition and most of the interesting play came in our matches against Clifton and Hampshire Juniors, the former being extremely consistent and the latter aggressive. What is usually our best fixture, that against Marlborough, was ruined this year because Marlborough provided only two pairs, and those not of their usual standard.

Most of the team have improved throughout the term. Batcup and Bradshaw were an excellent first pair, losing only two sets in matches and practice all term. Their occasional appearances for the 1st VI indicated that they should succeed at a higher level of school tennis, but they will need to develop more speed and aggression to add to their present finesse. Sometimes they play only at the level of which their opponents are capable. Drewett and Pilling never quite succeeded as a second pair. They were much too erratic and need to develop a sounder foundation for their game in reliable ground strokes and volleying. Barrow and Lovell, and latterly Barrow and Barker were a third pair who could trouble many better players but who were rather too slow ever to dominate anyone. Manson, who played in several matches, could be a useful member of the 2nd VI next year.

R.G.P.

The team: A. G. Batcup, P. T. Bradshaw, M. W. J. Drewett, J. S. Pilling, R. G. Barrow (Captain) S. F. M. Barker, M. R. Lovell, D. C. Manson.

Results

Blundell's	Won 7½ - 1½	Finnish Schools	Won
Foster's	Won 6 - 2	Canford	Won 6 - 3
Wellington	Won 6 - 3	Clifton	Drew 4½ - 4½
Downside	Won 6 - 1	Marlborough	Won 4 - 0
Hampshire U16	Lost 3½ - 5½		

JUNIOR COLTS

The Junior Colts squad looked a most promising group at the beginning of the season but did not do themselves justice during the term.

The 1st pair, Brand and Burgett, are both very promising players whose game was lifted when playing a stronger opposition such as Hampshire Juniors. It was a pity that this standard was not maintained when playing Clifton and Marlborough. Macdonald and Sebag-Montefiore, the 2nd pair, played a solid game although the latter seemed to lose interest during the last weeks. Moore maintained a keen interest and adapted well to his change of partners. Eggleston has the ability to be a good player if only he would learn how to move about the court. Nolan and Groom both played with interest and had the occasional game for the team. R. Caines also played

Mrs. S. Whelan

The team: Brand (Captain), Burgett, Macdonald, Sebag-Montefiore, Moore, Eggleston, Nolan, Groom, Caines R.

Results

Wellington	Won 9 - 0
Downside	Won 5½ - ½
Foster's	Won 42 - 35 games
Hampshire Juniors	Lost 1 - 8
Finnish Schools	Won 4 - 0
Clifton	Lost 2 - 7
Marlborough	Lost 2½ - 6½

Valete

We say Farewell and Good Luck to the following:

SCHOOL HOUSE

- R. Garrett (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect; 1st XV; 1st XI Cricket; 1st VII.
- J. E. C. Grange (75¹ - 79²)
School Prefect; Epicurean Club and S.C.R.
Treasurer.
To University to read Engineering.
- J. W. F. Gubbins (75¹ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
- J. A. Gun Cuninghame
House Prefect.
To University to read Politics.
- T. M. D. Jeffreys (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect.
To University to read Biology.
- S. R. McCoy (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect; Senior Music Prize.
- P. J. I. Martin (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect; Captain of Golf.
- G. Malet de Carteret (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; 1st VII; 1st XI Soccer; Editor of "Watchdog".
- W. B. C. Patterson (75¹ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; Fencing team.
- N. P. Perry (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect; 1st XI Soccer; J.C.R. Treasurer;
Editor of "Watchdog".
To University to read Geography.
- T. P. Pope (75³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To Italian and then British Universities to read Modern Languages.
- N. P. Smith (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect;
To University to read Engineering.
- O. F. Starkey (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect; J.C.R. Treasurer.
To University to read Engineering.
- H. G. O. Thomas (75¹ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; 1st XI Soccer.

ABBAY HOUSE

- W. R. E. Crane (75¹ - 79²)
Head of House.
To University to read Agriculture.
- T. J. Garforth-Bles (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect; Captain of Cross-Country;
3rd XV.
To R.M.A.
- M. C. G. Martin (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect; 1st XI Soccer.
To University to read Veterinary Medicine.
- N. J. Morgan (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; 1st XI Soccer; Swimming team.
- A. D. Napper (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; Entrance Exhibitioner; Randolph Memorial Prize; Secretary of Wildman Society.
Open Exhibition to Lincoln College, Oxford.

THE GREEN

- S. J. Allport (74³ - 79²)
Head of House.
To Imperial College, London, then to Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.
- D. J. Blunt (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey.
To Cirencester Agricultural College.
- J. T. Colquhoun (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To University College, London to read Architecture.
- R. C. Cowl (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; 2nd XI Hockey; 1st Fives team, Swimming team.
- C. H. Fielder (75¹ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
- W. E. Lauste (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To Liverpool University.
- S. M. W. Peck (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect.
To read Medicine.
- M. Pisani (76³ - 79²)
To Richmond College to complete A levels.

P. M. Upton (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey
To read Medicine.

D. M. C. Wintle (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect.
To Southampton University to read
Engineering.

HARPER HOUSE

N. J. Chapman (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect.

M. W. Hinton (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect; Secretary of the West Mill
Preservation Society.

D. S. Hogg (74³ - 79²)
Head of House; 3rd XV.

J. C. R. Kittow (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect; 1st XV.

P. W. Newsam (75¹ - 79²)

W. A. Nicholl (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.

P. A. Roberts (74³ - 79²)

C. E. W. Thomas (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.

ABBEYLANDS

J. H. Bulford (75¹ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To University to read Chemical Engineering.

M. E. Bungey (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect.
To University and Banking.

A. C. Denning (76³ - 79²)
To Sixth Form College, Yeovil.

J. St G. Downe (75¹ - 79²)
To University.

R. Edwards (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; 2nd XI Cricket.

M. R. Graziani (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To University.

S. M. Lavender-Jones (74³ - 79²)
Head of House; School Sailing and Swimming
teams; School Orchestra.
To University to read Engineering.

G. Low (77³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; 3rd XI Cricket

D. R. Loxton (75¹ - 79²)
Entrance Scholar.
To University to read Agriculture.

A. Macdonald (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To School of Slavonic and Eastern European
Studies, University of London.

P. Mark (75³ - 79²)
To Tutors.

D. R. Munden (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper, 3rd XV; Golf team.
To work in Oriental Studies and Languages at
Durham.

S. C. G. Sartin (74³ - 79²)
To University.

L. K. Saw (78¹ - 79²)

A. F. Seale (75¹ - 79²)
To University and Banking.

I. R. Tresidder (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect; Harley Prize for Woodwind;
2nd XV; Sailing team; School Orchestra.
To University to read Medicine.

C. R. West (75¹ - 79²)
House Prefect.

A. Woolley (76³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To Polytechnic to study International
Marketing.

R. J. Yandle (75¹ - 79²)
To University and Architecture.

LYON HOUSE:

J. Attfield (74³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To Broking.

J. Fielder (74³ - 79²)
House Prefect.
To University.

A. Horwood (75¹ - 79²)
Hallkeeper; School Orchestra.
To Birmingham University to read Chemical
Engineering.

R. Jackson (75³ - 79²)
Hallkeeper.
To Electrical Engineering.

J. Pilling (76³ - 79²)
To Brockenhurst Sixth Form College.

M. Rodick (74³-79²)
House Prefect; 2nd XI Hockey; 3rd XI Cricket
Captain.

T. D. T. Waring (74³-79²)
Head of House; Captain of Athletics.

M. A. J. Williams (75¹-79²)
House Prefect; 2nd XV; 3rd XI Cricket.
To Portsmouth Polytechnic.

WESTCOTT HOUSE

Q. D. Baker (77³-79²)
Hallkeeper.

R. Henshaw (74³-79²)
House Prefect; 1st XI Cricket.

J. T. Keen (78³-79²)
Hallkeeper.
To University of Virginia and Harvard Law
School.

C. W. Leach (74³-79²)
House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey Captain; 1st VI
Tennis; 3rd XV.
To Agriculture.

T. C. N. Scott (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper; 1st VI Tennis Captain; 1st V
Squash; Secretary of The Interpretes;
Treasurer of S.Y.C.O.S.S.
To University.

R. J. Severn (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper.
To Agriculture.

M. H. D. Soltau (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper; Sailing team; School Orchestra.
To Engineering.

C. M. C. Tomson (74³-79²)
Head of House; 1st XV; 1st VII.
To Medicine.

G. J. Tustain (75¹-79²)
Hallkeeper; Golf Team; 2nd XI Cricket.
To University.

W. G. Woodhead (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper.
To Medicine.

THE DIGBY

M. D. F. Alexander (74³-79²)
House Prefect.

C. A. H. Barker (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper; Cross-Country team; Swimming
team.

S. P. K. Blackshaw (74³-79²)
House Prefect.

J. G. Earls-Davis (75¹-79²)
Hallkeeper.

J. E. H. Farquharson (75¹-79²)
House Prefect.

J. N. Franklin (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper.

R. C. Gilmour (75¹-79²)
Hallkeeper.

J. P. W. Goodman (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper; 3rd XI.

S. P. Janion (74³-79²)
Hallkeeper.

J. N. T. Perkins (74³-79²)
House Prefect; 3rd XI Cricket.

S. C. M. Rooney (74³-79²)
1st XV; Swimming team.

C. C. A. Thomas (75¹-79²)
Hallkeeper.

S. Anstice-Brown (77³-79²)
Longmuir Drawing Prize.

D. J. Paxman (76³-79²)
2nd VI Tennis.