

• SIBFORD •  
OLD • SCHOLARS' •  
• ASSOCIATION •



1938

"YE MENNE OF SHEEP-FORD WENDATH  
WHITHERSOEVER THEY WILEN."



FREDERICK E. GOUDGE

President 1937—8

# The Sosa Magazine

— Incorporating the SOSA Annual Report —

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Scholars' Association : Secretary, James  
C. Baily : Editorial, 39, Willow Crescent  
East, Willowbank, Uxbridge, Middlesex

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## LOYALTY

**W**E learned at Whitsuntide that among similar publications this one is held in high esteem. And we learned we would have to make it smaller than it used to be.

Last year we stressed its importance to the Association : if you have forgotten, please read again the arguments we put before you.

Next year COD will begin its effort for a live, fully paid up membership. To those who have made this necessary, we ask your fuller co-operation. We do not need to say what we hope will be your answer when the postman brings you the 1939 SOSA Magazine.

## Girls Of Eleven

Eleven, as we tell you on page 41, was the age of the girl who initiated in a modern school the rule about doubtful words. It is also the age of the Sibford girl who said, looking out at a tempting Sibford day, " Isn't it a waste of being young, having all these lessons . . . "

In our day, could we have expressed ourselves so well, or coined so perfect, so lovely, a phrase ?

## What's In A Name?

Ever since Leslie Baily started on the SOSA Annual Report it's been much more than just that.

We've given it a more appropriate name. We hope you'll approve . . . and help us to live up to it.

— TWO PAGES OF —  
**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

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## Information

NOTICES FOR THIS DEPARTMENT—Send to Wilfred Pollard.

AREA COLLECTORS.—Wilfred Pollard (London), Eric Hipsley (Birmingham), A. W. Wells (Western—Royal Oak Lodge, Rudgeway, near Bristol), Bernard Lamb (Sibford), Lionel Geering (the rest).

SOSA COLOURS.—Lionel Geering is storekeeper : pocket badges, 10s. 6d. ; ties, 2s. 6d. ; blazers, 45s. 0d. ; postage added.

PAST PRESIDENTS.—1904, Joseph Spence Hodgson ; 1904-05, Dr. Richard L. Routh ; 1905-06, Michael T. Graveson, JP ; 1906-07, Robert B. Oddie ; 1907-08, Joseph S. K. Parsey ; 1908-09, Elizabeth M. Oddie ; 1909-10, Edward P. Kaye, MSc ; 1910-11, Charles E. Brady ; 1911-12, Ethel M. Harrison ; 1912-13, Arthur B. Oddie ; 1913-14, Lucy S. Lamb ; 1914-16, James T. Harrod, BA ; 1916-19, Elizabeth F. Brown ; 1919-20, Thomas Jackson ; 1920-22, Mabel T. Harrod, BA ; 1922-23, Frank W. Snow ; 1923-24, Ethel M. Sharp ; 1924-25, Frank Lascelles ; 1925-26, Dr. Margaret Brady, BA, MB ; 1926-27, Christopher Martin, FRCS ; 1927-28, Miriam J. Carter ; 1928-29, Arnold J. Kaye ; 1929-30, Henry John Randall ; 1930-31, James T. Harrod, BA ; 1931-32, Theodora Hodgkiss, BSc ; 1932-33, Lionel Geering ; 1933-34, Jane Sabin ; 1934-35, Percy O. Whitlock, MA ; 1935-36, Margaret C. Gillett ; 1936-37, Henry Lawrance ; 1937-38, Frederick E. Goudge.

## Successes

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—Muriel Stone (Teachers' Certificate, Dist. in Art). Q. A. Geering (Matriculation). J. A. Brewer (General School Certificate).

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—Alan P. C. Smith (Open Exhibition in History at Trinity Hall).

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Alan Ladd (Senior Examination).

SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS.—Fred C. Stoneham (Final Examination).

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES JOINT BOARD.—E. E. Tingey (Higher Schools Certificate).

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.**—Fifteen out of sixteen (a record) Sibford scholars were successful. They were: Maurice Gardner, David Laity, Chris Little, Peter Morton, John Parsons, Roy Parsons, Noel Powell, John Simpson, Kenneth Tyler, Rosemary Dearden, Dorcas Harris, Betty Laughton, Pamela Robins, Margaret Rundle and Pat Warren.

**LONDON CITY AND GUILD HANDICRAFTS EXAMINATION.**  
—Howard Quinton (Parts 1 and 2).

## Weddings

**HART-RUTTER.**—On November 29th, at Friends' Meeting House, Shaftsbury, William C. Hart, to Phyllis Bray Rutter, of Shaftsbury.

**TINDALL-LANSDOWNE.**—On December 7th, at Zion United Church, Vancouver, J. R. Tindall, of Refuge Cove, B.C., to M. Rose Lansdowne, of Vancouver.

**KIDNEY-BUTLER.**—On January 14th, at Friends' Meeting House, Kingston-on-Thames, Allan James Kidney, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, to Myfanwy Mary Butler, of Kingston-on-Thames.

**GRIMES-HARROD.**—On August 6th, at Friends' Meeting House, Hall Green, Birmingham, Eric Christopher Grimes, of Hall Green, to Mary Gulielma Harrod, of Olton, Birmingham.

**WETHERALL-ROE.**—On August 27th, at Friends' Meeting House, Sibford Gower, Frank Wetherall, of Birmingham, to Doris Roe, of Birmingham.

## Births

**FEUGARD.**—On November 7th, to Dorothy L. and Harold E. Feugard, of South Norwood, a son.

**BARBER.**—On November 12th, to Vera and Reginald W. Barber, of Swalecliffe, Kent, a son, who was named Duncan Graham.

**MAYO-SMITH.**—On December 11th, to Violet and Kenneth Mayo-Smith, of Combe Dingle, Bristol, a daughter.

**RUTTER.**—On April 3rd, to Beatrice Annie and Herbert Clarence Rutter, of Shaftsbury, a son, who was named Norman Thomas.

**FAY.**—On April 14th, to Ethel and John J. Fay, of Reading, a daughter.

**POLLARD.**—On July 22nd, to Mabel and Wilfred Pollard, of Woodford Green, a son, who was named Anthony Wilfred.

# THE OFFICERS

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PRESIDENT

WILFRED POLLARD

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SECRETARY ... .. James C. Baily, Justhome, Welford Road, Shirley,  
Birmingham.

TREASURER ... .. Lionel Geering, College Lane, Hurstpierpoint,  
Sussex.

DEPARTMENTAL SECRETARIES :—

ASSISTANT ... .. Elin Baily (address as James C. Baily).

LOCAL ... .. Margaret Green, Grove End Farm, Brailes, Banbury.  
Roland Herbert, Holly House, Sibford Ferris.

BIRMINGHAM ... .. Eric Hipsley, 17, Abbot's Road, King's Heath,  
Birmingham 14.

LONDON ... .. Wilfred Pollard, Wyngates, Denehurst Gardens,  
Woodford Green, Essex.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ... .. Doris Wetherall, 2, Windsor Terrace, Hagley  
Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

ADDRESSES ... .. Norman Coxon, Wolstonbury, Brandhall Road,  
Oldbury, Worcestershire.

AUDITOR ... .. Frederick Goudge.

ON SCHOOL COMMITTEE : Henry Lawrance.

MAGAZINE EDITOR ... .. Leslie J. Cross, 39, Willow Crescent East, Willow-  
bank, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

ORGANISERS, 1939 ... .. Howard Quinton (Entertainments).  
Howard Campion (Games).  
Fred Goudge (Enquiries).  
Godfrey Baseley (King Elm).

COMMITTEE ... .. Gulie Grimes, Joy Reynolds, Frank Parkin, Leslie  
Baily, J. Dearden, K. Rice, J. Coxon, and the  
*ex-officio* members 1938-9.

# Whitrevelry

The annual reunion was more than an enjoyable programme: it was indefinably "Sibford"

by **HAROLD ROSE**

■ WEEK-END WRITE-UP ■

**I**N the Spring a young (Sosa)man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Whitsun.

When the postman has brought the official programme the annual gathering has definitely begun, and he starts right away to think up bright ideas for decorating car or person on Whit-Monday; dreaming of carrying off one of the coveted trophies; wondering what the entertainments will be, whether so-and-so will be there, and how the weather will behave.

He (of course, *she* as well is implied) knows perfectly well that everyone's spontaneous gaiety will be quite impervious to a whole bunch of depressions of unfathomable depth settled right over Sibford; but, all the same, the weather is important.

How fortunate then that Saturday, contrary to the radio predictions of the previous day, turned out beautifully sunny.

Rising at a disgustingly early hour I snatched a hasty breakfast, wound up an old road-burner, dumped two passengers and an incredible amount of rubbish inside, climbed into the cockpit and, all eight horses pulling nobly, turned her nose northwards, blithe as a lark. The countryside looked delightfully fresh in the sunshine and everything combined to make the journey pass very pleasantly and quickly.

Of course, many Old Scholars had already arrived and were making the most of every minute. (The "week-end" for some seems to extend from Thursday to the following Wednesday.) We were warmly welcomed by a tall and handsome young man who combined the arduous duties of President, Auditor, Financial Adviser and General Information Bureau with amazing efficiency, though he had apparently discarded as unnecessary last year's somewhat obtrusive label. Collecting our respective identification discs we threw ourselves into the spirit of things, hailing, or being hailed by, old friends with spontaneous joy and wandering from group to group torn between the desire to stay and chat with those already well installed and the urge to pass on to see who else had arrived. What a joy to see Mr. and Mrs. Harrod again for the whole week-end, and Frederick Weston, who, recently appointed to the School Committee, had joined the Association and was with us for the first and, we hope, not the last time.

Again a record number of plutocrats came by car (this does

not include owners of the "baby" class, who are always on the verge of poverty) and the road in front of the School reminded me of a pre-view of the motor show, with a touch here and there of the car-breaker's yard.

There was, however, a surprisingly large number of absentees from the ranks of those who had hitherto been regarded as permanent devotees of the Whitsun cult. Both Kings announced in the programme had abdicated, and we were quite lost without King Elm's still small voice urging us along the way we should go. The Committee viewed with grave concern the case of Wilfred Pollard, absent I believe for the first time since the War, and so in its own way has compelled his attendance next year (see AGM report).

Lunch over, our President (now a naturalised Lancastrian) officially opened the gathering with the order "Let t' battle commence!" A few cryptic notices and unnecessary warnings to be on our best behaviour, and we wandered leisurely towards The Hill to watch the cricket, to the Paddock for the early rounds of the tennis tournament, or elsewhere, according to our tastes.

Cricket was the order of the day for both sexes. To avoid the boys' match resulting in a draw, it was agreed to play 24 overs "each way." The present scholars, who batted first, and were no doubt accustomed to more serious play, seemed to find difficulty in adapting themselves to the new tactics, and 24 overs found them with only 23 runs. The Old Boys, one of whom I suspect had suggested the innovation, hit out like noblemen and walked off with the Ashes, no doubt considering last year's defeat well and truly avenged.

The girls' match, played to a finish, proved beyond all possible doubt the supremacy of age and experience. Phyllis Carn was a real thorn in the side of the bowlers. The scores were:

## GIRLS

## The School

D. Russell, run out ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9
I. Herbert, caught, bowled I. Wagstaffe	...	...	...	...	...	...	2
P. Yoeman, caught, bowled P. Carn	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
P. Warren, lbw, bowled P. Carn	...	...	...	...	...	...	9
B. Laughton, bowled P. Carn	...	...	...	...	...	...	0
M. Herbert, bowled P. Carn	...	...	...	...	...	...	3
I. Whitaker, caught, bowled M. Harrod	...	...	...	...	...	...	2
J. Ladell, bowled M. Harrod	...	...	...	...	...	...	3
F. Brookhouse, stumped	...	...	...	...	...	...	14
M. Rindle, run out	...	...	...	...	...	...	4
J. Cave, caught, bowled M. Baily	...	...	...	...	...	...	6
Extras	...	...	...	...	...	...	20
							—
							73
							—

WHITREVELRY

Old Scholars

P. Carn, caught P. Yoeman	...	...	...	...	...	55
M. Foss, bowled M. Herbert	...	...	...	...	...	0
M. Harrod, run out	...	...	...	...	...	11
I. Wagstaffe, caught I. Whitaker	...	...	...	...	...	7
M. Baily, played on	...	...	...	...	...	13
J. Reynolds, bowled B. Laughton	...	...	...	...	...	10
B. Geering, bowled B. Laughton	...	...	...	...	...	1
J. Phillips, caught, bowled B. Laughton	...	...	...	...	...	0
G. Beckerlegge, caught, bowled B. Laughton	...	...	...	...	...	1
P. Langford, bowled B. Laughton	...	...	...	...	...	1
I. Hoskins, not out	...	...	...	...	...	2
Extras	...	...	...	...	...	14
						<hr/> 115

BOYS

The School

M. Burt, bowled D. Butler	...	...	...	...	...	15
D. Laity, bowled J. Taylor	...	...	...	...	...	0
F. Parkin, caught D. Butler, bowled L. Cole...	...	...	...	...	...	0
J. Bolam, bowled J. Taylor	...	...	...	...	...	1
P. Morton, bowled E. Grimes	...	...	...	...	...	4
J. Parsons, not out	...	...	...	...	...	0
T. Cragg, stumped, bowled Grimes	...	...	...	...	...	0
L. Tebbs, not out	...	...	...	...	...	0
Extras	...	...	...	...	...	3

(for 6 wickets) 23

T. Pye, K. Tyler and J. Simpson did not bat.

Old Scholars

D. Hill, bowled Burt	...	...	...	...	...	0
J. Taylor, run out	...	...	...	...	...	8
O. Reynolds, caught and bowled Parkin	...	...	...	...	...	4
J. Coxon, bowled Burt	...	...	...	...	...	0
D. Butler, bowled Parkin	...	...	...	...	...	4
D. Edwards, caught Pye, bowled Parkin	...	...	...	...	...	0
W. Norgrove, caught Butler, bowled Burt	...	...	...	...	...	1
L. Cole, bowled Burt	...	...	...	...	...	6
S. Geering, stumped, bowled Simpson	...	...	...	...	...	9
G. Blackburn, not out	...	...	...	...	...	8
E. Grimes, not out	...	...	...	...	...	0
Extras	...	...	...	...	...	6

(for 9 wickets) 46

During the interval Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone held their customary reception at The Hill, giving a warm welcome to all, and again the members of the School teams joined us at tea.

By 6.30 we were assembled expectantly in the lecture hall to see the "special 2½ hours show" to be given by the present scholars, who again surpassed themselves. We never cease to be amazed by the acting ability and versatility of Sibford scholars, and this time they treated us to A. A. Milne's "Toad of Toad Hall." Each performer entered into his or her part so well that I am not going to try to be selectively critical. They all delighted us, and from the time the curtain went up there was not a dull moment. The whole of the scenery, props and costumes were made on the premises, and Miss Burgess is again to be congratulated on the complete success of an ambitious production.

The cast was : Nurse, Dorcas Harris ; Marigold, Priscilla Flinn ; The Mole, Edith Worrall ; The Water-Rat, Sheila Watkins ; Mr. Badger, John Parsons ; Toad, Elisabeth Holden ; Alfred, Doris Russell ; Back legs of Alfred, Jean Sinclair ; Usher, Kenneth Tyler ; Policeman, Alec Fieber ; Judge, Jim Hilling ; Phoebe, Peggy Yeoman ; Washerwoman, Pamela Dairy ; Chief Weasel, Ian Parsons ; Other Wild-Wooders, Stephen Brewer, Brian Dancer, Jean Dearden, Elsie Taylor, and Valmai Thomas.

After supper we strolled to The Hill to be initiated into the mysteries of "Beetle Driving," which had puzzled us ever since we received our programmes. Play was in two rooms under the guidance of Jim and Leslie Baily respectively (Leslie being still known affectionately to some of his contemporaries as Bill, after an infamous malefactor). Playing with partners, and throwing dice and drawing parts of a beetle according to the number scored, each pair tried to be the first to complete the insect (or is it reptile?).

We moved from table to table as at whist, and the game rapidly developed into a riotous affray during which we worked ourselves into a shameless gambling frenzy, losing all sense of time and reason. The dice was, of course, singularly capricious, giving us legs and tails when we had no body, eyes and feelers when we had no head, and a surfeit of those limbs when we had at last thrown the desired number.

Just as my dull intellect was beginning to grasp which number corresponded to which part of the beetle's anatomy, the drive finished, and we all relaxed completely exhausted.

I came round in time to hear that Marjorie and Norman Coxon had won. Cries of "How?" were effectively silenced by their generosity in distributing their prizes, a well-known brand of chocolates "with the marvellous centres."

I know not what time it was when we took that well-loved walk to the Elms, where the count showed something under 50% of the week-end visitors. Perhaps the remainder were still frantically chasing beetles.

# SOSA PHOTOCOMP



Swing Time

Betty Swann

## WINNERS & PICTURES

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“Not a very exciting lot of pictures,” was judge Moreland Braithwaite’s comment on the Whitsun photo. competition. Marks out of 10—left (“happy and sunny picture”), 7 in action section ; below, 5 in the comic section ; over the page, 6 in scenic section

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“Sundew”

Leslie Bailly

# “And In This Land Is Sibford Set”

This picture of Old Scholars wending their way to Hill Bottom on Whit-Sunday is one of the most typically “Sibford” this magazine has ever reproduced. It won the scenic section prize in the Whitsun competition



“Ye menne of Sheep-ford wendath”

Alister K. Ro

We sang many of our old favourites, and (shades of our ancestors!) something about a little old lady, which I'm told is a modernised version of "Passing By." After the usual resounding trio of fake pyrotechnics we took our devious (very) routes to bed, completely happy.

Sunday was cooler, but still sunny. After breakfast, and the group photograph by Arthur Wells, who continues to work marvels with an unruly crowd, we wended our several ways. Many took the lovely field walk to Meeting, some whose legs will one day inevitably drop off went by car.

The Meeting House was full, and there we spent an hour which was for many the most complete of the whole week-end.

Sunday's lunch was distinguished by the happy news broadcast by our President that Phyllis Carn and Derrick Hill had become engaged during the week-end, and we signified our pleasure in the usual manner.

On the prom. afterwards I overheard someone say, "Of course, everyone goes completely mad at Whitsun!" (No implication implied!)

The afternoon was occupied by most of us in finding our way leisurely to "Spring Vale" for the annual picnic. It was announced, as usual, as being "absolutely impossible to reach by car," but there was no information as to its whereabouts. In spite of this, by foreknowledge or instinct or simply following the crowd, everybody met at Hill Bottom as though it had never been known by any other name than "Spring Vale."

The picnic itself was another of those intimate and jolly affairs, with plenty of hilarity and snapshotting. The colossal task of satisfying our appetites and even more particularly our thirsts was ably supervised by Ruth Taylor. The picnic ended rather hurriedly, as the sky became ominously overcast, but by the time we reached the School the sun was shining again.

At 6.30 some went to the School Meeting in the lecture hall to enjoy the singing and hear the address by Mr. Johnstone. Our President read the lesson, the experience gained in the Upper Fourth years ago standing him in good stead. Others repaired to the visitors' room to hear Mrs. Harrod remind us in her vigorous manner that the League of Nations is still a power for peace in a sorely troubled world.

There was a lively discussion, mainly on the doctrines of absolute pacifism and collective security, and long before there was any sign of interest waning our time had gone.

We then went on to the lawn, where Birmingham OS's performed "Brother Wolf," one of Laurence Housman's "Little Plays of St. Francis."

As a moving illustration of the power of passive resistance over force it was singularly apt in view of our previous discussion and was extremely well done.

Doris Roe, producer, introduced the play. Raymond Baseley as Lupo (Brother Wolf), Stanley Mapp (Cecco), Eric Storey (Guiseppe), and Clifford Deeley (Bartol), were a terrifying band of robbers, and Vera Roe (wearing a most distinguished-looking beard) portrayed the character of Father Francis with delicate feeling and sincerity. George Hather as Juniper made an admirable disciple, despaired of his master's sanity yet happy to follow and share his fate.

Later we had the Presidential address and the annual general meeting (reported elsewhere).

The "old-fashioned reunion" was distinguished by new and varied talent. Jonathan Edwards entertained with the humorous poems of G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc; Irene Wagstaff and Kathleen Rice with songs, and William Norgrove with harmonica solos. The programme finished with the long-deferred revelation that A. J. Alan is none other than our own Bernard Aylward!

During the reunion the results of an "intelligence" test were announced. Throughout the day we had been poring over test papers, working out such abstruse calculations as the time taken to dig half a hole, or the relative stature of a number of film stars, and we had to sit back and watch the prizes being carried off by Kingsley Lawrance and Mrs. Johnstone, neither of whom was educated at Sibford!

On Monday, breakfast was mingled with a good deal of anxiety regarding the weather. Would the most spectacular event of the week-end have to be abandoned? In spite of a slight drizzle we hurried off and dressed our cars and persons in a wide variety of disguises and paraded on the Games Field promptly at ten to avoid being "disqualified, disgraced and dismantled."

We were honoured by an official visit from Herr Hitler (John Coxon) and Signor Mussolini (Eric Hipsley), driven by a dashing Storm Trooper (Norman Coxon). In spite of the inclement weather they drove past cheering crowds with heads (and arms!) well through the sun roof. Members of their respective bodyguards mingling with the crowd were completely unrecognised.

Margaret Baily was driving the last word in modern fire-fighting appliances with June and John Baily complete with helmets perched precariously on the luggage grid. We weren't quite sure whether the next couple were supposed to be itinerant pedlars or just a couple of cheery down-and-outs. Somebody with a motor-bike, a board and a bit of string was charging extortionate fees for "turf rides." The underworld was represented by Bernard Aylward and a carload of fearsome lady gangsters armed to the teeth, while, at the other end of the social scale, Sergeant Herbert of the "Zibbard Polise COD, Mobile Section," assisted by a Scotland Yard Flying Squad, represented law and order. Many others in costumes too numerous to describe disported themselves in their own and other people's cars.

After a grand drive past, we lined up for an obstacle race of the kind we have come to expect on these occasions. There were tests of skill, dexterity, intelligence, wind and brute strength. With craft and cunning we got through most of them when the judges weren't looking. But what was the use? In these days of international tension we had to let the dictators lead the way as well as take the prize for the best-dressed passengers.

Suddenly, when we thought all was over, there was a commotion in the crowd. The "gangsters," thinking themselves unobserved, attempted an armed hold-up. Fortunately they had grossly underestimated the powers of the two police forces, who gave chase and gently pointed out that such conduct was frowned upon in Sibford. Bernard, suffering the fate of many of his predecessors, was "bumped off," apparently by one of his own followers.

In the afternoon everyone crowded into cars and set off for Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of George Washington. Requests for directions at lunch time brought the response from our secretary to "go to Banbury and use your intelligence." We spent an enjoyable and instructive afternoon, and after tea at the Vicarage Hall returned in ample time for the Old Scholars' entertainment.

As one taking part, I spent most of the time behind the scenes and am therefore unable to report upon it, but I have invited one who was in the audience—a present scholar—to write an account. Here it is, written by Elizabeth Holden:

"The usual Monday evening entertainment, which was, I think, the best I have seen, began with a recitation by Gulie Harrod, who brought 'Alphonse,' a flea, to entertain us. He caused much amusement. Irene Wagstaff sang several songs which were much enjoyed, and then Geoffrey Long recited an amusing poem. This was followed by a song by Kathleen Rice.

"The first of three plays was 'The Queen—God Bless Her,' performed by the Birmingham Branch and produced by Doris Roe. The part of the Queen was played by Olive Wagstaff, John Brown by Frank Rollet and Lord Beaconsfield by Eric Grimes. There was also the dog, who acted his part very well to the amusement of the younger ones. Some of the older ones had recently read the play and were particularly interested.

"During the interval there were 'tootles on the flute,' in other words a selection of recorder pieces played by Geoffrey Phillips, Jonathan Edwards and Irene Holmes. The London Branch was responsible for the second play, 'Portrait of a Gentleman in Slippers,' by A. A. Milne. It was very amusing, as many of Milne's plays are. It was produced by Jonathan Edwards and the cast included Geoffrey, Brian and Joy Phillips, and Irene Holmes.

"We were entertained again by several more recorder pieces and two recitations by Jonathan Edwards, 'The Meaning of

Empire Day' and 'The Logical Vegetarian,' both by G. K. Chesterton. Last came the play 'Postal Orders,' a clever skit on the Post Office. This was undertaken by more members of the London Branch. Bernard Aylward, Derrick Edwards and Harold Rose, the three 'lady' assistants, kept us in fits of laughter. The parts of the hero and heroine were very well played by Dennis Butler and Betty Swann. We were all sorry when the entertainment was over, but look forward to an equally enjoyable evening next year."

I should like to pay tribute here to Mrs. Johnstone for the time and materials she so generously gives in making up the performers. The deft touches and speed with which she produces the desired effects must be experienced to be really appreciated.

In the dining-room after supper the President made the customary presentations to those who had so ably ministered to our comfort and bodily sustenance during the week-end. He also presented the prizes for the Motor Carnival, or what he termed the "Margaret Baily Benefit," which were thus :

The Burdrop Bowl (presented by Bishop Blaze) for best-dressed motor vehicle, Margaret, June and John Baily (Fire Engine).

Beautifully inlaid old Zibberd-wood Toothpick Case for best-dressed passengers, John Coxon and Eric Hipsley (Hitler and Mussolini).

Special prize for non-motor cars, the Brady Belt (presented by A. Rhode Hogg, Esq.), Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt.

The Goudge Goblet (by kind permission of Watney's Brewery) for fastest time, Norman Coxon.

Best performance in the tests of skill and intelligence, Margaret Baily.

Tennis tournament, Margaret Baily and Owen Reynolds.

Old Scholars are nothing if not original, and I leave those who were not there to picture for themselves the details of this imposing list of awards.

Charles Brady announced that it had been decided to confer honorary life membership of the Association on Howard and Doris Quinton for their services as secretary and assistant secretary, offices which they were now relinquishing. Even C.E.B. did not consider it necessary to put the matter to the vote!

The flannel dance which was to have taken place during the final reunion had to be cancelled owing to the unavoidable absence of several members of the Quinton Band. Instead, we enjoyed games organised by John Dearden and Eric Hipsley, recitations by Mr. Harrod and Jonathan Edwards, and submitted ourselves to yet another intelligence test. After some community singing we joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne" with a vigour which has not diminished with the passing years. Over 100 met later at the Elms for the final rockets.

So passed yet another Whitsuntide. I have tried my best to describe the week-end for the benefit of those who could not come. It is a mere chronicle of events, whereas for those who were there it was very much more than enjoying events so capably arranged for us.

Each gathering is so essentially individual that it would be quite pointless to compare this one with its predecessors. We each of us carry away very many happy memories of new personal contacts and kindnesses and cemented friendships which are vivid in our minds for many months.

I suspect there are many who do not come and yet could with a little more effort. To those I would say beware of apathy.

Come next year and rediscover that joyous carefree spirit which is Sibford, and you will be the richer for it.

**OVER THE PAGE  
THERE IS AN ANNOUNCEMENT**

**WHICH IN YOUR OWN INTEREST  
YOU MUST READ**

# Coming, COD

The AGM decided something had to be done about that two-thirds default, and so . . .

*by* **SOSA REPORTER**

■ BUSINESS ■

**A** WAVING sea of arms introduced for the first time in the history of the Association the principle of "pay first . . ." Sunday's annual meeting, after only a few rather vaguely defined objections, unanimously adopted the committee's suggestion that to meet declining revenue and rising costs something very revolutionary ought to be tried. That was : next year send out this magazine via COD.

Freddie Goudge, Howard Quinton, and Lionel Geering explained that it was proposed to lower the 3s. 6d. subscription and raise the 2s. one to a general level of 2s. 6d., which would be paid to the postman when he brought the Report. This they thought would allow about 2s. for the Association and the rest for the Post Office. Half a crown was a psychological choice ; and in addition the system would save the treasurer a lot of work, would cost OS's less, would save them trouble, and would assure a really live membership.

**There is no need to stress here the tremendous amount of work the officers, particularly the treasurer, have been doing to bring in subscriptions. When it is realised that last year only about a third of our members paid up it can be easily understood that something out of the ordinary had to be tried if we were to continue as the active body we have been so far.**

There is also no need to point out that this magazine is smaller than it used to be. It is so because the Annual Meeting agreed also to the committee's other suggestion that it would have to be.

Figures printed later in this item show clearly that the year's revenue from subscriptions was £35 16s. They show just as clearly that the cost of the magazine alone was £60 14s. To pay the printers we had to raid our Road Fund—that is, the capital of the Life Membership Account.

Out of all this comes the result : the Association in future will be composed of live members ; people who want to be members so much that they will be willing to pay first.

But, as in the past, the discretion of the treasurer will be allowed in deserving cases. Old Scholars who really cannot afford

the subscription will not be taken from the list simply on that account.

And—just in case one or two life members are worrying—magazines will be sent to them in the ordinary way. Old Scholars living abroad will also be, of necessity, outside the COD scheme.

It is desired very much that OS's living abroad should acknowledge receipt of this magazine. It is the only way to keep their addresses up to date.

## Reluctantly Departing

The meeting accepted with many regrets the departure from the secretaryship of Howard Quinton, and from the assistant secretaryship his wife, Doris Quinton.

Howard is identified with the "Brighter Sibford" movement of 1931. Since he was appointed secretary in 1934 our annual gatherings in particular have responded to his magic touch.

**Thanking them both, the meeting did not fail to record its real appreciation of their services. Later, members heard of and approved with acclamation a recommendation that the best mark of appreciation would be to offer them honorary life memberships.**

So now they're in for good—and no OS will regret that decision.

Howard, who said he had to give up because of the pressure of other work, thanked the meeting on his own and his wife's behalf. He was sure, he added, that Jim and Elin Baily, who were proposed as the new officers, would take over in excellent manner, and the meeting applauded that sentiment.

## They Remembered

Greetings from absent OS's were read. They were from:

Phyllis and Gordon Wells; Herbert and Beatrice Rutter; Lucy J. Graaff; Alan Stanton; Howard Campion; J. Handy; L. Postle; Louie E. Gitsham; Lilian Russell; Ian Hedger; Stephen Burt; Ethel M. Harrison; J. Crosland; Theodora Sheppard; Sara Lamb; W. J. Hunt; Wilfred and Mabel Pollard; Bill Wells; "Stebbo"; the Chennells; Reg Barber; Lucy Harrod; Robert Rose; Harry Goudge; and Harold Trew.

## New Officers

Retiring officers were thanked for their services, and many were re-elected. New appointments were:

President: Wilfred Pollard.

ANNUAL MEETING

Secretary : James C. Baily, in place of Howard Quinton.  
 Assistant Secretary : Elin Baily, in place of Doris Quinton.  
 Local Secretary : Margaret Green, in place of Ruth Taylor.  
 (Roland Herbert agreed to continue his services.)  
 Birmingham Secretary : Eric Hipsley, in place of Gulie Grimes.  
 Organiser (Entertainments) : Howard Quinton, in place of Doris Wetherall.  
 Committee : James C. Baily, Lily East, and Derryck Hill retired and their places were taken by J. Dearden, K. Rice, and J. Coxon.  
 Full list elsewhere.

### What the Figures Said

Lionel Geering introduced the statements of accounts from Whitsuntide, 1937 to Whitsuntide, 1938. They were :

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Subscriptions ... ..	35	16	0	Balance brought forward	4	12	7
Bank Interest ... ..	4	17	11	Cost of Printing and dis-			
Surplus, Whitsun, 1937	7	6	9	tributing 1937 Annual			
Sale of Badges ... ..	2	2	0	Report ... ..	60	14	0
Balance carried forward	15	3	11				
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£65	6	7		£65	6	7
	<hr/>				<hr/>		

Figures for the Life Membership Account were :

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance brought forward	160	10	0	Balance carried forward	176	5	0
Subscriptions during the							
year ... ..	15	15	0				
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£176	5	0		£176	5	0
	<hr/>				<hr/>		

The cash statement was :

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
At Bank ... ..	168	7	2	Life Membership Account	176	5	0
Less amount due to				Less General Account ...	15	3	11
Treasurer ... ..	7	6	1				
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£161	1	1		£161	1	1
	<hr/>				<hr/>		

The Elm Account had received donations amounting to £14 0s. 3d., which cleared it completely. The cost of the work done at the new elm was £34 12s.

Oh . . . we almost forgot ! The meeting was presided over by . . . you'll never guess . . . Charles Brady !



H. J. Randall

## TYSO MILL

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,  
In early fall, when the wind walks, too.

— *Carman.*



Frank and Doris Wetherall  
*OS's just married*



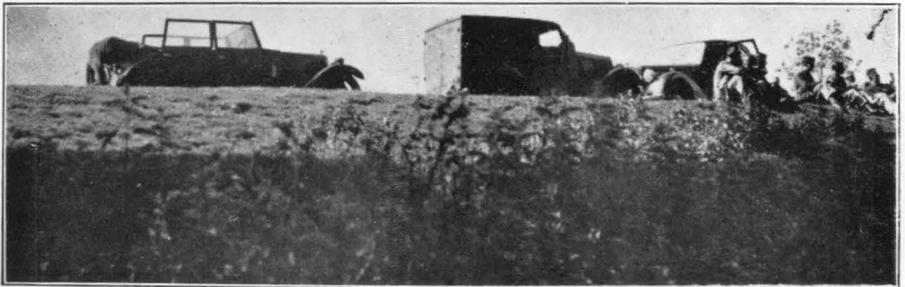
William Grimes  
*OS married 50 years*



Elin and James Baily  
*. . . secretarial work ahead*



Leslies Baily and Thomas  
*Geneva sunlight bathes them*



Whitsun Paradox  
*"It is impossible to get there by car. . ."*

# “He’s Dead, But . . .”

The Lancashire man is to be  
admired : he just won’t lie down

by **FREDERICK GOUDGE**

■ PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS ■

FOR nearly twelve months the selection of a topic for an address has caused endless sleepless nights and constant worry, but a few days ago my wife solved the problem by suggesting I should talk to you about Lancashire in general and Manchester in particular, and the customs of the natives—all this in about five minutes.

Primarily, of course, Manchester is known as the place where C. B. Cochran tries out his new shows. It is also noted for its abundant rainfall, its dirt, and its numerous fish-and-chip shops. One does not live long in Lancashire without being introduced to hot-pot, cowheel, and tripe, but I think one has to be born to these things really to enjoy them. I have not yet learned to appreciate the mixture of apple pie with cheese (which my wife’s relations assure me is delicate fare), and for Sunday afternoon tea steak pudding makes me wilt!

But I am told all these things go to make the hard-headed Lancashire man, and this hard-headedness is allied with a native cautiousness. The southerner is looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion by the men and regarded as a philanderer by the women. In ten years I have been able to live that down, and am now looked upon as a model of respectability.

Geographically, Manchester is in a peculiar position, a busy port miles from the sea with which it is connected by the Ship Canal, one of the wonders of this country, and almost a white elephant. In spite of the canal the Manchester shippers prefer to send their goods overland to Liverpool, as it is cheaper—but they are very proud of it all the same.

The River Irwell, of course, is one of the jokes of the north, and for a long time I was under the impression that it was just a main sewer!

There are other attractions. There are many beautiful buildings, but the casual observer does not see them, partly because some are tucked away in side streets and partly because, I suspect, the grime on most of them has been allowed to accumulate since the time of Queen Victoria’s diamond jubilee.

But the Lancashire man’s principal interest is cotton. You will remember being taught at school that the most important export of this country was cotton; that it accounted for as much

as 40 per cent. of our export trade ; that the industry was centred in Lancashire owing to the peculiar nature of the atmosphere ; and that Lancashire had until a few years ago almost a monopoly, and supplied every country in the world with cotton goods. Even twenty years ago, when there was still free trade, Lancashire's products were sold easily and freely ; more important, there was a constant demand for the goods. Unemployment was almost unheard of, and whole families worked in the only industry they had ever understood and to which they automatically turned as soon as they were of an age for working. They even invested their entire savings in the one thing that brought them their living, and the industry prospered. Then the first big slump came and with it either complete unemployment for many or part time working. Savings and capital were lost almost overnight ; mills closed down, many of them for good ; and many thousands worked for reduced wages. Later, trade improved, only to be followed by another slump, and then another.

I quite expect to be told that world-wide rearmament has considerably reduced the purchasing power of many nations, and up to a point I agree that does account for a partial loss of export trade, but the present state of almost perpetual slump existed for a long time before the big-scale armament programmes were entered upon.

In the last returns published, for the first time for very many years cotton goods no longer headed the list of our exports, but instead had been replaced by machinery, including large quantities of textile machinery which we had sold abroad, thus enabling other countries to manufacture the very goods we used to sell to them.

This, I believe, is the root cause of the trouble. Many countries now produce their own cloth, notably the South American and the Balkan States, and in every instance the new industry is heavily subsidised by the respective Governments and prohibitive tariffs are placed on our goods.

The Republic of Colombia used to take cotton goods from us to the value of £1,500,000 each year, in return for which we took their banana crop. Following the Ottawa Agreement we now take our bananas from the West Indies, and as a result our trade with Colombia is falling off. And we are not compensated, because the West Indies buy their cottons from the USA.

In effect, the Ottawa Agreement took from Lancashire far more than it gave to the rest of the country.

There are many more similar examples, and in addition Lancashire has to meet the fierce competition of eastern countries, such as Japan, China, and India, who are able to produce excellent cloths at abnormally low prices on account of the cheap labour they are able to employ.

The opinion of many well-informed men in Lancashire is that

# Doris Roe's Sibford Wedding

THE wedding of Doris Roe and Frank Wetherall, a Saffron Walden Old Scholar, who has joined the SOSA, took place at Sibford Gower Meeting House on August 27th.

Doris arrived with her father, Charles Roe. Many Old Scholars took part in the ceremony.

The reception was at Holly House, under Eva Herbert's supervision. The happy couple, both in navy blue, and Doris in white coat and wearing a spray of white gardenias, received the guests for the alfresco feast in the delightful setting of the lawn.

Between munches many reminiscences were exchanged, interspersed with domestic advice from evergreen Charles Brady.

Doris disintegrated the cake with a trusty saw, and meanwhile the guests completed the signing of the marriage certificate. This was an illuminated blue leather-bound book, the gift of best man Humphrey Lloyd.

Frank and Doris had been clever enough to pack off their luggage days before to London—they were not going to have suitcases filled with confetti! But next Whitsun OS's should enquire (tactfully) what onlookers aboard a certain cross-Channel steamer said when a certain camera, brought out for action, bespattered the deck with unusual contents!

Similarly, much else had been treated. (Someone's sister had done the packing.)

But on August 27th, the last that was seen at Sibford of the newly married couple were a few Roland Herbert's tin cans, old shoes, and bits of ribbon, as they took the train for London, Paris, and the sunny Riviera. The best wishes from every Old Scholar for their happiness went with them.

Present at the wedding were: James T. and Mabel Harrod and family; Amy Sturge; Frank and Mrs. Parkin; Roland and Eva Herbert; Mrs. Reason; Charles Brady; John Dearden; Lionel Geering; Joshua and Edith Lamb; Bernard Aylward; Norman and Marjorie Coxon; Norman and Winifred Eames; Humphrey Lloyd; Henry Grace; Paul Todd; Robert and Mary Siegle; Hilda Jenks; Olive Wagstaff; Joy Reynolds; Marjorie Hawkings; Grace Bunker; Ethel Dann; Marjorie Simons; Marie Baillie; and many others.

from 18]

## “SMILIN’ THROUGH”

the cotton industry is slowly dying and that in time the only export trade left will be in certain high class specialities.

In spite of this distressing state, the mill worker remains cheerful and blames no one in particular for the position in which he finds himself. For many years he has lived a hand-to-mouth existence on the border-line of poverty, and it is tragic to think that what was once a robust industry is fast becoming a skeleton.

The Lancashire man is to be admired: he has taken blow after blow quite calmly, and in the words of a famous Lancastrian, “He's dead—but he won't lie down.”

# African Walk

A couple of pears and a lightly clad torso went  
on a jungle walk to Khale . . . sixteen years too late

by **LIONEL GEERING**

■ TRAVEL ■

CAPE TOWN, January 2nd . . . \*  
Roy Bizzel was the first Old Scholar I saw, and we talked for hours. He showed me round the country in his car, and we looked up Malcolm Reynolds (brother of Owen), who was at Sibford with the Wellses, and then went on to Sidcot. Now he is inspector for the government in the export fruit factory.

I did not go up to Wellington to see Louise Warner, as I expected to come back that way from Johannesburg.

From Cape Town I went to East London and Arthur W. Judge, a prominent tailor and clothier. He was really pleased to see me; he showed me the town and took me home to his wife and three children and gave me a fine supper. He visited Sibford about six years ago, and Arthur Johnstone showed him round the Old and the New Schools.

At Port Elizabeth I met Reginald Blunsom, who used to go to the village school at Sibford. From there I went to Durban, where most South African Old Scholars live. Eric Quinton (manager of Dunlop's factory) and his wife took me about quite a lot. Thomas Lambert, superintendent of the Fire Brigade, was 72 years old, and looked well. He lives with his wife and daughter, who is a school teacher. He asked after Frank Snow, the only Old Scholar left on the list (except for George Watkins, of Durban) with whom he was at school.

Thomas Lambeth remembered getting into trouble at Sibford for pillow fighting and being out of bed. Richard Routh gave him a talking to and said to him, "Thou, Lambeth, art the worst lad in the school and thou art the ringleader. Thou must write ten pages of best copy-book writing."

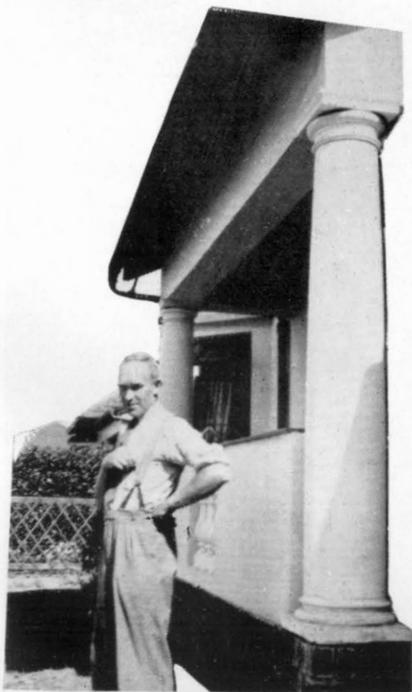
Another day he asked for a second helping of rice and treacle at dinner, and he could not finish it. Maria Clarke said to him, "Thou hast wickedness in thine eye," and to prove it he slipped the rice and treacle in his pocket! Outside the boys helped themselves, and poor Thomas was caught again. He was always in trouble, but he says they were happy days.

\* Last year Lionel Geering told of hunting Old Scholars in Australia, China and that part of the world. This year he went to Africa, and, as his story reveals, did useful as well as pleasureable work.

# STRIP TEASE

HOW MANY of these do you recognize? They are OS's visited by Lionel Geering on his African tour. Top to bottom on the right are:— Roy H. Bizzel; Arthur W. Judge; Louisa Gitsham; and L. G. with G. E. Watkins.

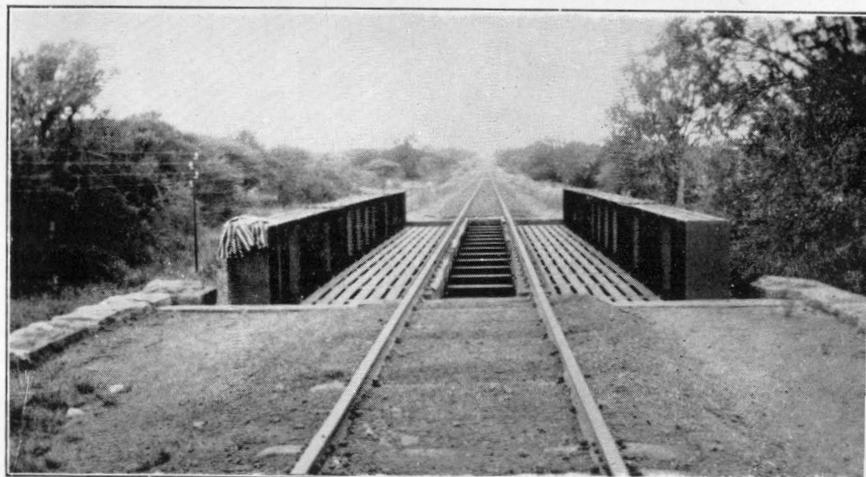
Below is  
Malcolm Reynolds.



# Three OS's and an OS Blazer—

MORE AFRICAN scenes.

Right: Thos. Lambeth ;  
below, Eric and Fay Quinton ;  
foot of page, L. G.'s blazer,  
on his long walk to Khale.



Next I looked up George E. Watkins, 73 years old and not a grey hair! His hobby is walking, and his outlook modern. He spent most of his time in Rhodesia, first as a farmer, then timber cutting, and lastly in the mining business, from which he was pensioned two years ago.

He tells of horseback rides of 300 to 400 miles, living by his gun, and he looks robust enough to do it again.

I left Durban by car one Sunday morning to find Louisa Gitsham at her mission school near Natal, but she was in England on holiday and due back in a few days. I took a picture of her cottage and went back to Durban. A few days later I called at a sports shop owned by a friend, Gilbert Reynolds, and there, leaning on the counter and talking to Gilbert Reynolds, was Louisa Gitsham! We had a talk, and outside, at a street flower stall, I took her photograph.

At Johannesburg I tried to find T. P. Waites, but extensive investigation failed. When I got back to England James T. Harrod told me he had heard from him after my departure, and that his address had changed some time ago. It is a great pity these addresses cannot be kept up to date, but if Old Scholars living abroad would co-operate, by writing to the secretary, something might be done.

After two days' search for T. P. Waites, I moved on to Gaborone to find Lucy Graaff. I arrived by train at 1.30 in the morning, to find the station was little more than a shed in the wilds. There was one hotel used by traders, and it was a good job I had wired for accommodation. With the help of a big black boy I was soon fixed up for the night.

The next morning (6 o'clock, 98 in the shade) I had my breakfast and went to see the station master. He told me there were three trains a week, and he also said he had never heard of Lucy Graaff. He advised me to walk down the line to Khale, a halt where there was a storekeeper who had been in the district for 40 years. I took my camera, two pears, some sweets and a few cigarettes, and in as few clothes as possible marched off down the line. I was well over 4,000 feet up, and beside me the hills reared their heads for at least another 2,000 feet. The line skirted swamps, crossed dangerous looking bridges, and so on. I saw many beautiful butterflies, flowers, snakes, and thousands of ants.

**I had a fright at one time. I was watching some doves, and when I looked back at the track there was a twelve feet long snake waiting for me! My heart leaped, and I stopped short, but when I had collected my wits I found it was a piece of coiled rope—and it was tea I had had for breakfast, too!**

At long last I got to Khale, and found the keeper of the solitary store. He told me, "Yes, I knew Lucy Graaff, and a good sort she was, too. But she left here with her husband and two fine

# “Us, Till Now”

The new president and the equally new secretary reveal some of their awful past

by WP, JB, and ED

■ BIOGRAPHIES ■

PRESIDENT WILFRED POLLARD begins with the disarming confession: “As to my past, I’ve forgotten all that . . .”

Then he goes on: “I was born on September 29th, 1898 —so that’s a surprise to begin with! I played the usual childish games and had all the usual childish complaints, including going to Sibford. This happened in 1910.

“I did not distinguish myself, and I was greatly surprised to find myself head boy in 1913. In spite of this I acquired a great love for the school and its peaceful atmosphere.

“For five years I was apprenticed to an engineering firm. I went abroad in 1918 and did some dispatch riding, returning to the peaceful pursuits of engineering. During the slump years I joined my father’s firm, in which I have just been made a partner.

“Last October I took Mabel Mechem for my life’s partner, since when I can be found at any spare moment in my garden.”

We, too, know something about a garden, having had a large one foisted upon us not so very long ago. In his garden, Wilfred dreams of his presidential address, losing himself so much in its composition that he finds he’s being scolded for letting the slugs discover the existence of the best vegetable marrows. . . .

He told us nothing of his work for the Association. But OS’s will not need to be reminded of that, and London, in particular, knows well how much interest and enthusiasm he has given this part of his life. He has been London secretary since 1935, during which the branch has responded considerably to his genial touch. A London meeting without Wilfred is — well, no meeting at all!

About being President, he says: “The honour is one of the happiest events of my life, and I hope I shall be able to live up to it.”

Secretary Jim Baily is even more reticent. He says: “I was at Sibford from 1912 to 1915 and Saffron Walden from 1915 to 1917. From there I went to the Isle of Man, where my father was working for the Friends’ Emergency Committee in the Prisoner of War Camps. I eventually joined him as office boy, typist and general bottle washer.

# !!!, As We Used to Say

**D**O you remember climbing the tall tree at Hill Bottom and singing, "Dry bread and socking great lumps of fat," to the tune of the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust? Or reciting "No more spiders in my tea . . .," and so on?

**It has been suggested we ought to have a book of Sibford slang, parodies and doggerel. If Old Scholars will send us their memories, we will report the result next year.**

Contributions ought to be from every generation, covering as great a space of time as possible. To give the general idea, Leslie Baily sends us these:

Budders, Tedders—villagers; Squashed Flies—pudding of greasy consistency, with currants; Blanket Pudding—pudding made of dough and served with "truck oil" (black treacle); Squish—a mess concocted by mixing, in a teacup at teatime, bread, milk, jam, and other available niceties; Old Daddy Hornet—Mr. Barnett (who was honoured by a song, sung to a hymn tune, that began, "Old Daddy Hornet, Where was he bornit? In Sibford School, 1916"); Hookey—Hook Norton; Hookey-run-and-shove-behind—the Hook Norton railway; Kick-Form Sunday—last Sunday of the school year; Para—Paradise House (where older boys used to sleep out).

We only wish to add—don't send your contributions COD.

*from 22.]*

## HE'S SETTLING DOWN

"After the war I had a job as assistant traveller with Rown-tree's, who sent me to Ireland, as it used to be called. As the fighting was on, believe me I had a very hectic time, covering territory from coast to coast. After eight years, I came to Birmingham."

His hobby is radio, but unlike his brother, Leslie, he finds the technical aspect the most interesting. He makes sets and repairs them. (The inference is unintentional and is to be disregarded!)

He and his wife, Elin (who is the new assistant secretary), are confirmed cruisers. This year they cruised to Athens and Tunis, and are now busy working out a scheme whereby Whitsun shall be spent by OS's aboard a luxury liner at specially reduced rates.

"This is the longest letter I have written for years," he concludes. He writes on pretty blue notepaper, with a printed Association heading, which he has had specially prepared for his new job.

So, you see, he's settling down nicely, and we all hope he'll stick it for a long time. We know he'll do it well, and that under his secretarial rule the Association will be as active and as enthusiastic as it has been under his worthy predecessors.

## Obituary

### JOHN HORNE, ADVENTURER, OF SIMPLE FAITH, HAS DIED.

[Many, many years ago, John Horne left Sibford to live a life of adventure, which ended last year, in his Hollywood home, at the age of 84. His interest in the Association never failed: every year he sent Arthur Johnstone a dollar bill as a subscription, and with it there always came a long and friendly letter. One of his many friends, H. S. Muckleston, M.D., of Los Angeles, has been kind enough to send us the following obituary notice of this venerable Old Scholar, who kept until the end the spirit and the simple faith he learned in his Sibford days.]

OUR friend died on the first of February of last year. We had known him for fourteen years, and are proud to have had his friendship. He had lived a life full of happenings and was at all times ready to recount what he had seen and known.

In the early 'seventies, soon after William Booth had founded the Christian Mission in Whitechapel, John Horne joined its fellowship. He continued to serve in its ranks when a few years later the organisation became the Salvation Army. Throughout his life he kept up this membership, bearing the Army's message from England to the North-West Territories of Canada, to Alaska and to the United States. After his death a letter written to him by General Booth from London to remote Alaska, with words of encouragement and blessing, was found.

With his brave wife he went to the bleakness of the north at the time of the famous Gold Rush of '98. For a time he acted as a baggage or freight-porter at the Chilcoot Pass. Later he engaged in business and trading on the Yukon River, where he had many friendly encounters with Indians and Esquimaux. His tales of Alaskan enterprises were vivid and of unflagging interest.

He was for a period a ship steward on the North Pacific, and was twice shipwrecked. He had a surprising knowledge of marine matters.

Coming to the United States he lived for a time in the State of Washington, and in his last years in Southern California.

He was always a studious reader of the Bible, and devoted untiring thought to the Song of Solomon. He wrote quite a little by way of interpretation of this poem, and published his writings on this and other subjects in the form of small pamphlets. He was an earnest advocate of the rights of women preachers when such an advocacy was widely frowned upon.

He retained to the end his simple faith. On one occasion, in the midst of an agonizing heart attack, he said to the writer: "When I get to the Pearly Gates, if they don't want to let me in, I'll just ask for Jesus of Nazareth, and He'll make it all right."

In the accompanying sonnet, an attempt has been made to put into words the feelings of John Horne's friends about his lovable traits of character, in tribute to a humble soldier in the ranks.

## JOHN HORNE

*Thy patriarchal mien, thy treasure-trove  
Of memories of fourscore years of life,  
Thy peace of mind, firm grounded in the love  
Of Him who gentle lived mid hate and strife,  
Thy cheerfulness unfailing, in the round  
Of all that fell to thine old hands to do,  
Thy quick response and gratitude profound  
For friendly act which blessed the doer too—  
These attributes of thine, true galaxy,  
Well shall we long remember and hold dear.  
We saw thee patient as age crept on thee,  
With mind untrammelled, with no thought of fear  
As neared the final summons all must face,  
With childlike hope for thine appointed place.*

*from 21]*

## TWO DAYS FOR A TRAIN

boys about sixteen years ago."

So I stayed for a time and chatted with him. He was a Scot, and said he would like to go back home, only he was too old now and it would cost too much. He gave me a cup of coffee and would take nothing for it.

We shook hands, and he wished me luck. Then I plodded back to Gaberones, arriving very hot and tired and having two days to wait for a train.

Later I found that Lucy Graaff had moved to Bulawayo.

When I got back to Durban I found I did not have time to go to the Cape, as I had planned. I called at several ports in East Africa, and while at Zanzibar wired to Emilie Wood at Nairobi. But at Mombasa, when I was booking my fare to Nairobi, I had a wire to say she was away on leave.

So I retraced my steps, and left for England.

## Correspondents Write—

# SIBFORD GOES AHEAD

[Arthur Johnstone sends this report of Sibford's continuing march. Old Scholars will read it with interest, and, of whatever vintage, will be glad that the school moves with the times. We like to remember our own Sibford ; but we like, too, to know that the school does not stand still.]

The happiness of work in a school comes from many causes, but not the least important is that something new is bound to happen before long.

No school worthy of the name ever gets into a rut. There are inevitably the good old traditions to maintain and the good new traditions to make. But even the first can take on a new interest. For example, what Old Scholar ever took part in a blackberrying expedition in which, in two hours, a quarter of a ton of blackberries was picked? (If we must be precise it was 563 pounds.) Then there's the library. Were a thousand volumes borrowed each term when you were at school? And by the way, talking of libraries reminds me that we have received a large number of excellent books as gifts this year. It is a happy way of showing affection for the old school, isn't it?

The biology classes have been having exciting adventures. At one time or another in the summer term they had under observation dragon flies and swallow tail butterflies being born ; young trout growing from pin-point size to several inches ; wasps' nests in construction ; young cuckoos in the nests of hedge sparrows ; the ejected dictaries of sundry owls ; an albino frog ; and various snakes, lizards, newts and beetles. Not satisfied with all this, they sallied forth to the fields and ringed five hundred young birds of all kinds. Many of these investigations were recorded in a capital little magazine (their own idea) called "The Owl."

It was a splendid notion that some of our schools should make music together at Friends House. Saffron Walden, Leighton Park, The Mount and Sibford joined forces one Saturday in May, and many have said how much they enjoyed the concert. Probably the singers themselves enjoyed it more than anybody.

Keen cricketers will be delighted to know that we have now a capital turf nursery for the repair of the cricket square. We have a beautiful field, too, and the summer was a very successful season for the boys' first XI (see the sports report elsewhere). The field was again lent to the village for a fete one Saturday in August to help raise money for a new village hall.

At the end of the summer term Mr. Westcott, who had been with us for nearly six years, left to take a post in Godalming, and Miss Jones went to Westtown School, Pennsylvania, to take charge of the domestic subjects there in exchange with Miss Clark. This is the first time, I believe, Sibford has exchanged teachers with America. Miss Jones will be returning to tell her adventures next September.

Inevitably this must be a very meagre account of the year's events, but I hope it gives a picture to all Old Scholars of a place they loved and which continues to be a scene of liveliness and happiness.

## Along The Sportways

[From DR and PW comes this report of the girls' activities in sports. Following it, from LT and MB, is a similar report from the boys' side.]

The hockey season started with a victory and this proved a good omen. We lost only four matches during the whole season. We played Chipping Campden Grammar School for the first time, but they were too good for us.

Our cricket team was poor, but young and keen, and so we hope to have better results next year. The Old Scholars match was good fun, even though we were beaten.

We had a fine but windy day for sports at the end of the Easter term. The girls did not beat any records.

The tennis team has only won two matches this season; one was against the "Mothers," and the other our new opponents, Chipping Campden Grammar School.

The swimming bath is still being used a great deal, and now there are only a very few who cannot swim.

The swimming sports were held a week before the end of term, Penn being the winning house. At General Meeting the parents were entertained for a short time by fifteen girls, who gave a swimming display.

Owing to the examiner having an accident on the way to the school, there were no Life Saving exams. This was disappointing, for there were several entries.

The interest in netball has been much greater this year, and we have a very promising team. When our team played the Gower School they beat them well, the score being 14 nil.

The boys' football results were: 1st XI, won 8, lost 4, drawn 1; 2nd XI, won 3, lost 2, drawn 1. New fixtures were obtained with Chipping Campden Grammar School and Banbury Bible Class. Throughout the season there was plenty of enthusiasm, and a good well-balanced team was built up. The forwards were clever and combined well, while Tyler was a tower of strength at centre-half. The defence was sound, though kicking was too often without good direction. On the whole it was a good season, the matches being well fought, and a good team spirit prevailed.

Cricket results were: played 12, won 6, lost 3, drawn 3. Banbury County School beat us both home and away by a comfortable margin. The other match lost was against the Old Scholars. In this match, for which time was limited, each side batted for 24 overs. The same conditions applied also to House matches this year.

Good wins were scored against Chipping Norton County School and Bloxham School 2nd XI. The principal run-getters were Laity, Tyler, Bolam, and Burtt, while the wickets were taken chiefly by Burtt (36), J. Parsons (23), and J. Simpson (21).

The bowlers, all medium pace, kept a good length, and Simpson bowled a good in-swing. The batting was fairly sound but not sufficiently aggressive, many loose balls going unpunished.

We are losing nearly all our 1st XI players this year, but some promising juniors are coming along and we look forward to good games in the future.

## News from the Branches

[Gulie Grimes writes the Birmingham report, after which is Wilfred Pollard's story of London's activities.]

Nothing remarkable or curious has been done by Birmingham Old Scholars this year, but we have had a great deal of enjoyment from two re-unions.

In January we had a riotous New Year's party, the room looking rather like a zoo after a game with monkey nuts.

We are lucky to be within easy reach of Sibford, and Roland Herbert acted as M.C.

At Easter, he and Frank Parkin organised games at a joint effort of ours and the local members of the Parents' Association. Present scholars were invited, and we had a good time, getting to know some future Old Scholars.

Twice, at the invitation of Amy Sturge, we visited Farm Street

Meeting, lunching afterwards with James and Mabel Harrod. In July, this was the opportunity for a farewell, before losing them to Surrey.

We in London are proud that 20 per cent. of those who attended the annual Ackworth-Sibford dance were Sibford OS's. We had among our party several overseas members and some from Birmingham. Can we make it 50 per cent. SOS this year?

James Harrod was our guest of honour at the New Year's party, which helped to make it the most enjoyable for years. We were able to give him "birthday greetings," in reply to which he gave us news and a brief report of the many letters received by him from OS's in many parts of the world.

We played all the best party games with great abandon—and no accidents. The charades were clever and caused amusement. We ended with Auld Lang Syne and Rockets.

The idea of a Spring ramble appealed to about 25 OS's, who met at Chingford in April. We were rewarded with a sunny day in which to see Epping Forest in its new coat.

The route was by Connaught Waters and High Beech, to Epping. We returned part of the way by bus, and played rounders under the trees until nearly dusk.

On August 7th a very small party, led by our pet river girl—(Betty Swann, if you can't guess)—met at Staines and boarded a couple of punts.

At the start there were only two males, and as Betty (when she's on the river, anyway) is considered the equal of two men, they did their best to manage one punt and one passenger while Betty swept majestically away in the other.

After about a mile, the male punt was boarded from the bank by another male and his wife. This was considered quite unfair by Betty's passengers, who had no male at all and absolutely nothing to do.

But soon it began to rain, and male and female punts moored side by side beneath the trees. The male punt had a cover, which was rigged up to serve both craft—rather after the manner of a Heath Robinson invention.

There we stayed for a long time, telling stories and generally amusing ourselves. We had lunch, and later some of us changed into bathing costumes, perched ourselves in strategic positions and paddled the punts back to Staines. We kept them tied side by side, with the cover keeping out some of the rain.

Back at Staines, we bathed and then tried to get dry. We had tea, and later went to the pictures.

It wasn't quite what we had planned, but it turned out to be good fun after all.

# THE EYES OF 20TH CENTURY ZIB

THIS DEPARTMENT RECORDS A HEADACHE. OLD SCHOLARS LOVE HEARING ABOUT OTHER OLD SCHOLARS, BUT NOT MANY LOVE WRITING



**H**ERE, under the two elms, are we—the eyes of 20th century Zib. We're looking out across the

Cotswolds, peering into everything that, 'twould seem, might interest the 700 members of the SOSA.

And we're rather tired now, 'cos we've been doing a lot of work and getting not much for it all.

How we wish Old Scholars wouldn't be so shy! How we wish they'd help us more: come out from those shells that hide such a lot from our weary sight.

Sometimes, too, we just wish they'd acknowledge us. It's such a tiring business—writing lots and lots of letters (with nature and the sun whispering there's lots of fun out here—come away from that stuffy old typewriter and play with us . . .).

But we sit tight beneath the Elms and tap, tap, tap . . . until the taps make us so tired we fall asleep and dream of shoals and shoals of answers to our plaintive appeals.

But the answers sometimes mean so little we have to write again. And the answers sometimes just don't come at all. . . .

But when they come quickly and when they are helpful we are pleased and don't mind about not heeding the call of the Great Outdoors . . . We only wish, rather wistfully now, there were lots more Old Scholars who'd help make us not mind. . . .

We're grateful to those who did help (and we know everyone's got lots of other things to do), and we plead once more to the others: this magazine is your magazine. We want you to be part of it, but we can't do that—unless you help.

We've got something for you. Items of news and interest we hope you'll read, even if some of them aren't so good. . . .

But remember, when you read a par that's that way—the fault's yours as much as ours. We've got to fill these columns—somehow . . .

\* \* \*

Let's begin with a real Sibford institution—dear old Japhet! He's probably little short of fifty now, but is he the frisky male!

The great reason is—he's in love. He has the companionship of another donkey who's called Selina.

Selina's only five, but she knows a thing or two! Japhet's finding life much more intriguing nowadays!

\* \* \*

A little history—where did Temple Mill get its name?

We don't know, but in the twelfth century the manor of Sibford Ferris was owned by the Templars, and the water mill is mentioned in an inventory dated 1346.

\* \* \*

"We have become exclusive," said our late secretary on one occasion.

We add: even to the extent of having our own noun of assembly.

After this warning, anyone found referring to a bunch, crowd or shoal of Sibfordians will be considered definitely inferior and improperly educated.

**The word, boys and girls, is "rocket."**

\* \* \*

Hilda Lissaman has forsaken the needs of the body for the needs of the mind.

This triumph of mind over matter was achieved by Hilda dropping her needle and thread (she used to do dressmaking) and taking up work in an Enquiry Office in London.

Freddie Goudge is feverishly saving up for a course of lessons. Hilda'll be easy to listen to, anyway. . . .

\* \* \*

Sometimes the mind travels faster than the typewriter. At Whitsun, Sunday afternoon was spent picnicking, and Sunday evening either at Meeting in the gym or listening to Mrs. Harrod talking about the League of Nations. One report of these two occasions reached us thus (we quote verbatim):

" . . . many OS's discovered that Sibford air still proved a stimulant to the appetite. We were fortunate in having Mrs. Harrod with us, and this provided us with an alternative. . . ."

\* \* \*

If you're one of the many who have been summoned this dry summer for hosing the lawn, you might like to know that one of the boys who left Sibford at Christmas, Harold Sutton, was an exceedingly good water diviner.

Some Sibford howlers: Disraeli passed the Reform Bill. He called it "a leap in the dark," and because of this he was called "Dizzy."

Cotton is very dangerous. You can cut your fingers on it. It is also used for pulling out teeth.

Pitt was the youngest prime minister ever born in the House of Commons.

\* \* \*

A delightful little girl in form 2 left a mistress dazed with: "Isn't it a waste of being young, having all these lessons!"

\* \* \*

A comparison between a bird census made at Sibford this year by the boys and girls with one made by H. G. Alexander in 1914 shows that the kind of birds located there has greatly changed. Seed eaters have almost disappeared.

\* \* \*

Irene Broadhurst has become a welfare worker for the YWCA at Hull.

\* \* \*

John Handy, of Newtown, Montgomery, was among those who were specially disappointed at missing a Sibford Whitsun. He writes:

"I am sorry not to be able to be with you this Whitsun, but an accident about a month ago and weather conditions have kept me indoors ever since.

"If at any time any Old Scholar should be passing through Newtown we shall be pleased to see them.

"Just mention my name on entering the town and I shall soon be found."

O.K., John—we'll all remember. It's a handy way of finding you, anyway. . . .

\* \* \*

**James Harrod wants a "somewhat forceful reminder" (we're blacking the type to oblige) to all OS's of Richard Routh's time that they should write a full account of their recollections of life at Sibford, with especial mention of the teachers; further, that they should send it to him at once, as the time for the compilation of the School history is not far away.**

We add our own somewhat forceful reminder: the history must be worthy of the school, and requires the help especially of the older Old Scholars. The early days of Robert B. Oddie also demand attention.

We have been running for some time now a series ("Sibford of Yester Year") that has brought in many useful contributions. One this year deals with Robert Oddie's time.

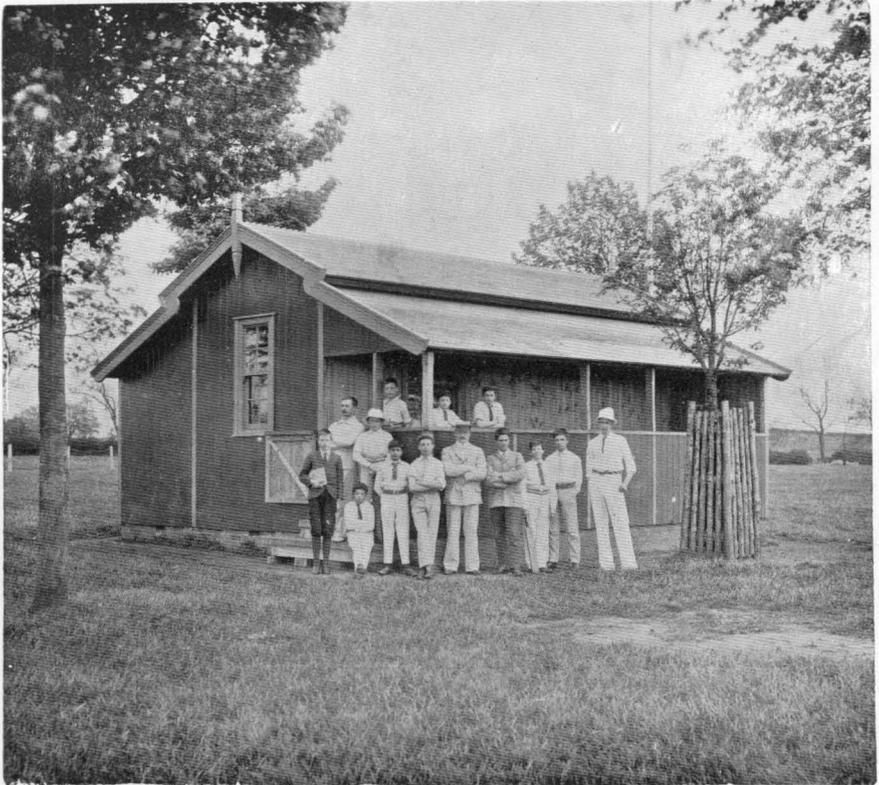


H. J. Randall

## ROLLRIGHT STONES

Time is not here, nor days, nor months, nor years,  
An everlasting now of solitude. —*Southey.*

# Bats Are Out, Pots Are In



NOW IS CRICKET'S glory departed ! This is the pavilion in 1904 (?), from which went forth the Huttons of yesterday. But now (and as we write, how the gods of this English religion must writhe ! ) it has a very different use. Go down the garden at the old School and you'll find it's a — potting shed ! And when Fred Green and his merry men fix those geraniums, what do they see behind the seedboxes and the flower pots ? Shades of Hammond and Phyllis Carn ! Staring them in the face are the inscriptions, " Senior Bats," and " Junior Bats" . . .

Many more contributions—and pictures—are needed. You may send them to us if you like (we'll probably print them if you do!), or to James T. Harrod, at Green Maze, Upper Manor Road, Godalming. James Harrod is the official "Keeper of the Archives."

\* \* \*

In case that last address brought on a puzzled frown, we hereby inform you that James Harrod and his family have forsaken Olton. They now live amid beautiful country. (Brickbats from Birmingham will be skilfully evaded!)

\* \* \*

The photo of the cricket pavilion (opposite this page) was used in the Report for 1905—the second issue.

Then—Editor E. P. Kaye writes: "If that pavilion was opened in 1904 it replaced or enlarged a similar one we used in 1895.

"Of the personnel in the picture I can only recognise D. S. Darkin (second from left); Arthur Oddie (centre, straw hat); and Edgar M. Oddie (extreme right in ?? hat).

"I see the team to play the Old Scholars that year also included T. Glaisyer, E. Whitlock (midway below the Oddie's?), M. Clark, E. Fisher, E. Russell, H. Vandervord, H. Davis, and L. Boyce."

\* \* \*

Harry Randall's majestic figure loomed in the windscreen of an overloaded car at Whitsun, near the old School. The lady driver had made perilous going from the games field, via the Hook Norton-road, and the half-dozen tightly packed passengers had been cheerfully subjected to all sorts of death-defying manoeuvres.

But when she saw Harry her nerve failed. "Ooh—what do I do now?" she squealed.

Harry, we are glad to report, escaped with only minor astonishment.

\* \* \*

Eastbourne means "the Carns" to Old Scholars, and Sibford is certainly well represented by that family in the delectable resort. We visited Leslie and Elizabeth in the summer, and found them busily engaged—at least, Elizabeth was—in bringing up two delightfully chirpy youngsters named Ronald and Frances. They're too young yet to tell you they'll probably be at Sibford later on, but no doubt in years to come they will make still more "Carns" for the OS list.

Not far away lives brother Hugh, who is secretary of the local Peace Pledge Union—in fact, he's been very much the life of the group.

\* \* \*

Since he took over the secretaryship about a year ago signatures for the Peace Pledge have reached well up into the hundreds, and active work is going on all the time. Hugh and his helpers think nothing of special journeys to places like Tidworth, where, at the tattoo, they distributed peace literature.

At the Eastbourne carnival they entered a striking tableau, and good publicity from the local newspapers followed. One printed a picture of the tableau side by side with one of a soldier manning a machine gun. "Also for peace," read the caption to the second picture.

The pictures were so printed that the machine gun pointed dramatically and directly at the Peace tableau.

\* \* \*

Geneva is a grand centre for a holiday, as we well remember (sighs, and visions of past enjoyments . . .), and so we envied the OS's who found their way there this summer.

Leslie and Margaret Baily were among them. They went by car through France and Switzerland, 1,800 miles, and camped a good deal. They stayed in Geneva for a few days, at the Quaker Hostel where Leslie Thomas lives. He was glad to see some Sibford faces, and took Leslie and Margaret around the sights and the League building.

He is quite internationalised; speaks French fluently, and German a little. Occasionally feels homesick for Sussex downs and Sibford.

\* \* \*

Theodora Sheppard, sending regrets at being absent for Whitsun, says she has become engaged to George Benton.

\* \* \*

Our vision of Whitsun on a luxury liner ("Us, Till Now") is on the way to being realised—at least, in a small way, and at some other time. Thus:

**James Baily is organising an OS party for a cruise next June or July. If you're interested, write to him immediately, at 112, Welford-road, Shirley, Birmingham.**

Free cocoa and chocolates may or may not be provided during the voyage.

\* \* \*

An Old Scholar wants to know one or two things about Whitsun and the Association in general. His questions, inter alia, are:

Should we not give all new OS's a tie at Whitsun, or sell at a reduced rate? Would OS's not like more time at Whitsun for walks, talks and rambles? Can we not have a water gymkhana in the swimming bath on Whit-Monday? (\*How about the overcrowding laws?) Cannot the OS entertainment be improved? Should an MC not be appointed to take charge at the Elm each night?

\*That one's from us, thinking about things once said about a certain proposed hall.

\* \* \*

Lucy J. Graaff, of Bulawayo, was so pleased at getting a SOSA Report after sixteen years that she wrote specially to tell us about it. She says:

" I cannot express my gratefulness towards the kind person who has been prompted to send me a copy of the SOSA magazine. This was forwarded on to me from an address in the Bechuanaland Protectorate that I left sixteen years ago!

" I feel highly interested in looking through the book ; some of the names cause my memory to stir.

" I was last in Sibford in 1908 and since then have often imagined myself there again for another Whitsun, and, who knows, I may even yet do so.

" The claims of my family have largely hindered my return, but since they are rapidly growing up and teaching me how to be a good mother, I hope the above-mentioned spell will soon be broken. In that event I have promised myself the pleasure of calling upon a couple of my old pals, whose names I see in the magazine, including that of Jane Sabin. I think I must write and ask her if she remembers the little pickle known by the name of Lucy Robbins."

Pickle or no, Lucy, we know she'll be glad to see you. So'll everyone else.

\* \* \*

Laurie Bird has a job at Leeds University as lecturer in the Department of Dye Chemistry.

\* \* \*

E. P. Farr, who does some big jobs in the way of building bridges and things like that, writes that he's been very busy and rather out of touch with OS's.

Come back to the fold, Edward. You'll be welcome.

\* \* \*

From Phebe Read, at an hotel in Southern India, comes a lament :

" I liked receiving my data about the Whitsun gathering, but it also made me feel very homesick.

" When we arrived at Port Said, we received a letter saying we were posted to our worst station climatically. Had we known earlier, I should have stayed at home until the end of this hot weather and been able to be at Sibford again.

" Muriel Kelson-Ford (*nee* Thompson) was staying in this hotel when I first arrived and naturally we talked ' Sibford.' "

\* \* \*

James and Mabel Harrod have been twice to see Emily Edridge, of Wolverhampton, who was at Sibford from 1862 to 1864. She is very alert, full of interesting recollections, and a keen observer of modern ways. She often has verses printed in the " Buntingford Gazette."

\* \* \*

Eileen Pim, after a year as cook at Warneford General Hospital, Leamington, has been similarly appointed at Ackworth School.

Constantia F. Wells, who was 90 in December, was a notability of Sibford Meeting towards the end of last century.

She lives at Malden, where she is a familiar figure in her hand-propelled chair—in which, between 1923 and 1934, she covered 18,000 miles. Ten years ago 100 miles in a week was a not unusual run in the summer, and once she went alone from Chelmsford to Colchester to attend Quarterly Meeting.

In 1879 she married Edwin Fardon, who died in May, 1885. She married John Wells, of Sibford, in 1891, and toured Scotland and the north with him on a tandem tricycle, visiting many Meetings on the way.

Her step-daughter is Annie R. Wells, who was SOSA local secretary in the days when E. P. Kaye was general secretary. Her picture was in the 1907 photograph we printed last year.

Constantia Wells is now reading the Bible for the sixth time in Braille. Her sight began to cause anxiety after her 80th year.

\* \* \*

Gertrude M. Ostler has been appointed headmistress of the new Springwell Infants' School, in the Borough of Heston and Isleworth.

The school is known locally as the kindergarten, because of the youth of the staff. Gertrude is the eldest, and she is unusually young for a headship. She left Training College in 1925, having obtained a degree of B.Sc. (Econ.).

Springwell School, judging from the prospectus, is like Sibford in its belief that fresh air and plenty of room to breathe are essential to the proper growth of the child.

\* \* \*

It is an interesting school, combining the best of proved methods with a freshness of outlook, and Gertrude is to be congratulated on being in charge. Although she modestly says luck played a part—well, we just don't believe it! There were four head teachers from other parts of England among the candidates.

\* \* \*

Gertrude has had an interesting career. She taught at Poplar for nearly ten years, mostly in a school not far from George Lansbury's house. Every day she passed the house where "Gert and Daisy" lived when they were young.

She felt she needed a change from East End squalor, and so in March, 1935, began teaching in Heston and Isleworth, a steadily growing borough. In August of the same year she was appointed first mistress of the infants' section of a new school, and had the responsibility of advising the headmaster on that section.

In February this year she obtained her present post.

\* \* \*

Frederick Goudge read from a modern version of the Bible at the end of Whit-Sunday's breakfast, and the theme of the reading

was followed, without special intent, in the Meeting for Worship in the Gower.

What made it more interesting was that the passage happened to be the one Frederick read at his first Evening Meeting in 1915.

On both occasions the words were appropriate to the international situation.

You will find them in the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, chapter 5, verses 15 to 23.

\* \* \*

You have probably wondered why there are no "HQ" sketches in this magazine.

**The reason is, Howard Quinton has been overwhelmed with work. We have some idea of what he has to do, and though we are sorry we cannot offer you his enlivening illustrations, we know he deserves a rest from our demands.**

He has just finished three years' work on a thesis, with illustrations, on Art and Music, which it is hoped will obtain for him the Fellowship of the National Society of Art Masters. He is also preparing for the final exam in March of the London City and Guilds Handicraft Examination, having passed Parts 1 and 2. In February he sits for his MCollH degree. All this is additional to his normal work, which includes four nights a week at the School of Art.

There have been other worries, and in the middle of it all he has been in the throes of moving—to Dale House, Listerdale, near Rotherham.

Does he deserve a rest from us—or does he? We wish him the very best in his exams, and we know OS's do the same.

\* \* \*

OS stationery (3s., and 6d. postage, each wallet of 25 post-cards, envelopes and sheets) may be had from Roland Herbert, Holly House, Sibford Ferris.

\* \* \*

Here's another chance for Birmingham to direct missiles this way!

We have before us a report that after Roland Herbert had finished MC-ing Birmingham's social in January he was ill for months.

We could say: Birmingham's enough to . . . but we won't!

\* \* \*

After Arnold Darlington had given a fine lecture display of films of birds at Ailsa Craig, at Birmingham Meeting House in February, James Harrod gave his half-plate camera to Sibford School for use in nature study.

This was *pour encourager les autres*—and it is hoped it may.

\* \* \*

Ralph Wright is with the Metropolitan Police, stationed at Bexleyheath.

There are two changes in the Sibford staff and officers, Audrey Johnstone taking Eleanor Allen's place as assistant housekeeper, and Colin Prior, BA Hons (London), French and German (Diploma in Education), R. S. Westcott's as French and Maths master. Margaret Jones (housecraft mistress) has gone to Westtown School, Pennsylvania, for the year, being replaced until next September by H. Murl Clark.

\* \* \*

**This department learns with pleasure that Harry Goudge has left the Godalming Sanatorium, being regarded by the authorities as one of the more remarkable recoveries. He is now the proprietor of the "Chance Meeting" Café at Cobham. Every OS wishes him the best of luck.**

\* \* \*

"I haven't yet realised my ambition to attend one of the annual gatherings, but have not given up hope," writes Roy H Bizzel from Cape Town.

Nor we, of seeing Roy—who is one of the most enthusiastic overseas Old Scholars.

\* \* \*

L. Postle hopes last Whitsun was the last one he'll miss. He's just finished his time at school.

\* \* \*

Wilfred E. Littleboy reported to General Meeting on the position of the proposed School extensions. This was much on the lines of the news given to Old Scholars in our last report.

The amount asked for in the appeal was £8,000 (with a £2,000 rise when building costs went up). Of this, just over £3,000 was received and promised.

We quote here fairly fully from Wilfred Littleboy's report. Old Scholars, remembering the keen debate at the annual meeting in 1937, will be interested in the officially stated position.

"Last summer and autumn," says this report, "we appealed for money to enable us to build a new hall, a class-room, a dormitory, and accommodation for staff, and to pay for the consequential changes in the old buildings. We explained how the growth of the School was forcing us to face these extensions. In response we received generous help, in large and in small donations, and we should like to thank these supporters very sincerely for their help and sacrifices.

\* \* \*

"Unfortunately, however, the amount, given or promised, fell a long way short of the total asked for in the appeal. At the same time, building costs have risen steeply. In view of this, we have decided to defer the main scheme, and to proceed with only minor alterations at the old School. These alterations will improve the accommodation of the staff, both domestic and teaching, where the

need for better quarters is long overdue. The cost will be met without trenching on the appeal fund.

"There is naturally great disappointment over the postponement of the larger scheme. We believe, however, that donors will agree that the only practicable course is being taken, and will approve of the fund being kept open and the money intact till circumstances warrant the issue of a wider appeal.

"The approach to the School's Centenary in 1942 might provide the occasion for such an appeal; and, in the meantime, building costs may become more favourable."

\* \* \*

Roland Herbert was again at the microphone in August for the repeat performance of Leslie Baily's "Scrapbook for 1914," breaking his Cumberland holiday to attend at Broadcasting House.

A terrific thunderstorm interfered with those dulcet, well-remembered tones when we tried to listen. Other OS's had better luck.

We were, however, able to follow the Scrapbook with Leslie's book, "The BBC Scrapbooks."

\* \* \*

You may buy the book, if you haven't already, for the perfectly atrocious price of 8s. 6d. It is published by Hutchinson, and Leslie has as his co-author his producer, Charles Brewer.

We were lucky enough to receive a copy for review. Methods open to other OS's are begging, borrowing, stealing, or raising a mortgage on the life assurance.

Whichever way, be sure you get hold of a copy, and stick to it.

\* \* \*

We could, of course, content ourselves with repeating the praises of the Press; but, being naturally awkward, we prefer to offer you our very own review. So here it is:

\* \* \*

Sir Philip Gibbs writes a preface, and the first words he says are: "This may be truly called an extraordinary book. Nothing quite like it has ever been written before, because it is the record of an adventure in a new form of drama which its authors were the first to create, with wonderful success."

That, in a nutshell, is the fascination of the book. It is the record of an adventure—and to Old Scholars an intimate adventure—that gripped the imagination of the radio audience from the very first.

The Scrapbooks are not a repetition of history—they *are* history, living, vital, happening all over again.

\* \* \*

The book reflects their glory, and gives an entertaining picture of how they find their way to the freedom of the air.

It quotes at length from many Scrapbooks, and has several picture pages. It gives some idea of the work and the genius behind the most popular programmes radio has to offer us.

It is, in addition, a valuable picture of the early 20th century scene . . . but we could go on like this for ever. We think we've said enough, and we think, so great is the power of the SOSA magazine, that the presses will stagger under edition after edition of "The BBC Scrapbooks" and the publishers reap rich harvests because OS's will be rushing out to buy up all the copies they can lay their hands upon . . . .

That is, if there *are* any OS's who haven't already laid their hands upon . . . .

\* \* \*

To some Old Scholars there seemed to be something lacking at Whitsun—and mature thought reveals the answer: the Quinton Band.

The Monday night reunion was ably managed, but we have come to look forward to the "ending-up dance" and the fun of the fancy dress parade. Recently, too, the torchlight processions to the Elm have given a brilliant splash of colour—and somehow this year we seemed to miss just that, too.

Of course, it made us realise how much we owe to the Quinton Band, when we missed it so dreadfully the first year for a long time that it wasn't there.

\* \* \*

Another thing was the absence of many of the "regulars"—the OS's who haven't missed Whitsun for years.

While we're in this critical mood (do not fear, it won't last!) we wonder why the custom of promenade lounging was allowed to die away. During hot weather it was pleasant to sink lazily into one of the easy chairs that used to be a Whitsun feature of the shrubbery end of the prom.

Would the new committee like to consider reviving a pleasant old custom? If Whitsun's wet, the lounge can be transferred to the gym—that's where it used to go in unkind weather. Then there were impromptu concerts, or one or two members of the Quinton Band played for dancing, while OS's lounged in the pretty chairs.

We have the new lounge (the old "stinks" room), but that doesn't seem to be suitable for wet weather, quickly contrived entertainment.

Next year Howard Quinton will have nothing to do (more expert dodging by this department), and as he's to be in charge of the entertainments, maybe he'll think up something. Of course, we're not *hoping* it's going to rain!

\* \* \*

The Rev. A. Ernest Brett, who was a mission parson in the Baptist Church in Natal, died three years ago.

Wander-thirst unsatisfied, Lionel Geering was another who went to Geneva this summer. He brought back a letter from Leslie Thomas to our honourable self, some of which we print herewith.

Leslie wrote: "Just been running round Geneva with Lionel saying 'How's so-and-so, and so-and-so' all the time and feeling an urge to get back to Sibford and have a good game of cricket.

"As to my work here—well, it's like that of any foreign correspondent. I'm working with the United Press of America, the biggest (of course, being American) in the world, with a service in 45 different countries. Life isn't too bad, rather expensive, and one gets a bit fed up with meeting no one but diplomats and officials and such folk usually called 'interesting.' I'm hoping to change my job soon to representing a London daily. Spending my August holiday in Hungary, I hope, riding through the country on a horse."

We hope it wasn't too sore at the end. . . .

\* \* \*

We like hearing from our international contemporary, with whom we have much in common. We disgrace the same Christian name; we went to Sibford together, got in the same form, in the same grade, and stayed that way until Sibford had finished with us. Years later we discovered we were engaged in the same disreputable profession. And not long ago Leslie made a good job of producing this magazine.

\* \* \*

Since the foundation of Sibford in 1842 there have been 1,388 boys and 1,131 girls educated there.

\* \* \*

ARP—the first step in the regimentation of the country (the Civil Air Guard was the second)—is keeping Harold Rose busy.

He is deputy chief at Bromley Fire Station, and is in charge of training auxiliary firemen—two hours' extra work a day with no extra pay or time off.

He says he needed his annual holiday pretty badly this year!

\* \* \*

The Society of Friends has an active interest in the so-called "crank" schools, where children grow up naturally, without repressive discipline. In one of them, where rules are made co-operatively by the children and the head master, an eleven years old girl initiated a rule about doubtful words.

"We may swear on school premises," says this rule, "but not in the town, because the townspeople have not yet been educated to understand that swearing doesn't matter."

We remember a similar argument by a Sibford master many years ago. We do not advocate the general use of unnecessary words, but (we'll risk it!) it seems to us a pretty sensible way of looking at a pretty provocative subject!

Anyway, maybe Doris Roe (as she was then) might have been excused saying something very like a swear-word when she came to the barn around midnight at Whitsun.

She was sleeping there, with others. So as not to wake them she took off her shoes outside, tiptoed carefully past the silent beds, up the stairs to the gallery, hurt her toe, suppressed her feelings, and undressed—all without a sound.

When she was in bed the silence of the great barn seemed uncanny. But it wasn't—there just wasn't a single person there!

\* \* \*

"I'm doing what I can, but there's a lot I can't do," wrote Wilfred Pollard to us when we asked him for his list of weddings, births and so on.

**"Cannot a note be put in the magazine," he went on, "asking that those who have news of themselves or others by way of Births, Marriages, Deaths, Successes and so on might be bold enough to make it known. Only one notice was sent to me this year."**

There it is. We hope Polly gets more luck out of it than we usually do.

\* \* \*

Paul Caudwell is interested in the Sibford Rockets. It seems they were begun about 1923. Who started them—why—and so on? A similar rite is mentioned in an old book of folk lore. Anyone with information, Paul will be glad to have it.

\* \* \*

Freddie Goudge, applying his ice-cold brain to a proof of the COD explanation (elsewhere), sends his report: "COD proof returned herewith. One or two small points—we don't exactly *raid* our Road Fund, we merely *borrow* from it. At this moment it is quite intact.

"Before it came into existence the treasurer had to find the money himself for the magazine and repay himself from subs. as he received them.

"Although members abroad are not called upon to pay subs., I don't see any reason why they should not be asked to send a donation. Many do so, but I am sure others would if asked."

Well, here's asking. . . .

\* \* \*

Freddie also wrote: "Incidentally, the introduction of the COD system will not release Old Scholars in arrears from their liability to the Association, though I think the treasurer would be prepared to negotiate if necessary!"

The treasurer is ready: how about YOU? (OS's not concerned should pretend they didn't read that.)

## \* Sibford of Yester Year

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# VILLAGE ON THE AIR

[Early this year "Scrapbook for 1900" brought Sibford before the radio audience. Leslie Baily, as we told you last year, took the BBC recording van to Sibford, and here is the result. So tune in, settle down—and listen . . .]

**LESLIE BAILY:** I found my way to a village in Oxfordshire called Sibford Ferris. It stands high and solitary, looking out along the line of the Cotswolds, across miles of rolling country, with a stolid and seemingly changeless gaze. It hasn't even a petrol pump—so, I thought, here's a place which must be pretty much as it was. I called at the post office and Mr. Fred Green there took me down the village to meet Mr. Joshua Lamb, who has kept a diary most of his life—he's—er—eighty now,—and he was able to tell me otherwise, as we sat together in his cottage.

**JOSHUA LAMB:** A note in my diary records that the first telegraph wires connecting Sibford with the outside world were fixed in 1896, and even then I only heard of the relief of Ladysmith in 1900 by the ringing of the Banbury bells as I rode in to market early that morning. When the first motor-cycle appeared in our village, I was on reaping machine and my horses took fright and nearly bolted.

**LESLIE BAILY:** Just think of that! So the twentieth century came to this village, shattering its quiet with the clatter of a motor-cycle! And now, as you look back to the 19th century, what are the greatest changes?

**JOSHUA LAMB:** The greatest changes are due to the introduction of machinery. Up to the year 1872 there was neither reaping or mowing machine on our farm of over 600 acres, and I remember how during hay time I loved to watch the string of mowers with their scythes, following each other across a field of grass or clover,

\*Articles and pictures under this heading are welcomed. They are carefully preserved, and will help towards the proposed history of the School when Sibford reaches its centenary in 1942.

LESLIE BAILY: Yes?

JOSHUA LAMB: Often six together, and their song I can still recall.

LESLIE BAILY: Oh, what was that?

JOSHUA LAMB: "Eat before you're hungry, drink before you're dry, wet your scythe before it wants, and you'll mow as well as I."

LESLIE BAILY: And all that vanished with the introduction of the reaping machine?

JOSHUA LAMB: Yes, the coming of machinery has indeed swept away village life as I knew it.

LESLIE BAILY: For instance?

JOSHUA LAMB: The thud of the flail on the barn floor—the blind horse pacing round and round attached by a pole to an old threshing machine—the patient oxen plodding before the wooden plough—the harsh cry of the cornrake and the call of the quail—these, together with many other sights and sounds of my childhood, have passed away.

LESLIE BAILY: So the cornrake and the quail have disappeared. That's interesting.

JOSHUA LAMB: Yes, in this district almost entirely, and I believe we must lay the blame on the mowing machine. Another sad change is the disappearance of our village industries. At one time we had our baker, tinker, barber, tailor, shoemaker, cooper, and so on. To-day only the carpenter and blacksmith remain, and we still miss the carrier whose cart used to journey to Banbury and back three times a week, taking nearly three hours each way.

LESLIE BAILY: And to-day it takes—what?—half-an-hour by motor bus! I wanted to ask you, Mr. Lamb, about the old harvest home celebrations. Are they still kept up?

JOSHUA LAMB: Oh, no! In the early days extra beer was taken to the field before the last load was picked up. From the top of the wagon the words "Up, up, up, up, harvest home" were shouted again and again, between liberal potations from the bottle. Afterwards, all the farm hands would sit down to supper, with plum pudding, and rounds of beef, accompanied with songs and stories.

LESLIE BAILY: The farm hands in those days were hired for a year at a time, were they not?—and I believe the Michaelmas Fair at Banbury was actually called the Hiring Fair?

SIBFORD OF YESTER YEAR

JOSHUA LAMB: Parsons Street in Banbury used to be crowded with young men and maidens seeking situations, and with masters and mistresses in quest of shepherds, carters, and dairy-maids. Intending shepherds wore a piece of wool in their hats.

LESLIE BAILY: A piece of wool? Whatever for?

JOSHUA LAMB: So that they could be recognised, and similarly the carters wore a twist of whipcord.

LESLIE BAILY: And the dairymaids, Mr. Lamb?

JOSHUA LAMB: Now, do you really think we could not tell an Oxfordshire dairymaid?

LESLIE BAILY: And Mr. Fred Green here was telling me just now of a local festivity called the Sibford Wake.

JOSHUA LAMB: Ah, but wakes are not in my line—you'd better ask him about such doings as those—

LESLIE BAILY: Right, your turn, Mr. Green. Tell us about the Sibford Wake!

FRED GREEN: Well, at the end of the hiring year the farm workers had a few days' holiday before Banbury Fair—

LESLIE BAILY: Yes?

FRED GREEN: The inn by the village green was open all night, and the whole village turned out to join in the dancing.

LESLIE BAILY: Ah, you mean the old English country dances?

FRED GREEN: Oh, yes, and polkas and barn dances. You'd see old grandfathers and young servant girls prancing around, and old Mark Barnes, the village comedian, he acted as clown for the morris dancers, he run around the crowd, swishing them with a cow's tail and bladder.

LESLIE BAILY: And what tunes had you for the dancing?

FRED GREEN: Oh, the old English dance tunes, tunes like Shepherd's Hey.

LESLIE BAILY: Ah! now that's a grand old tune. And who provided the music?

FRED GREEN: My father at one time—he played the fiddle, and my grandfather before him, he played the fife and the fiddle.

LESLIE BAILY: My word!

FRED GREEN: But in 1900 we'd a village brass band of fifteen players, and at Sibford Wake they played fit to burst!

# HENRY DEARDEN WONDERS

[From Henry Dearden, of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, come these wonderings, born of a Sibford sojourn in the days of Robert B. Oddie.]

I WONDER if the stars of Bethlehem still bloom every spring under the pear tree in the "Long field" near the orchard wall; and does the yellow fumitory brighten the garden walls of many Sibford cottages? Are there as many meadow saxifrage and pyramidal orchis in the spinney along the valley between Sibford Ferris and Sibford Gower? Can you still find oxslips in the woods at Compton Wynyates, and are the primroses on the banks there as large as they used to be? I wonder!

I went to Sibford in August, 1894, and left in December, 1900, but those flowers are still fresh in my memory. A love of Nature and an appreciation of beauty are among the greatest debts I owe to Sibford.

During those years Robert B. Oddie was the head master. Looking back I can appreciate his work more than ever. I know he had many difficulties to contend with, for Sibford was not so much in the public—or shall I say Quaker—eye as it is now.

In spite of financial difficulties he was always trying to get the Committee to improve the premises and equipment, and among other things he was able to arrange for a new girls' dormitory, studies for the girls' teachers, removing the old farmyard in front of the Gymnasium, building a carpenter's shop, improving the boys' playground, adding a covered playground under the Upper School Room, enlarging the dining-room, adding a cookery class-room, and many other improvements.

One of my vivid recollections of Robert Oddie is of seeing him light a big fire in the gymnasium on the days we were to have a lantern exhibition or a play or entertainment.

He would assemble pots and pans and retorts and prepare oxygen from potassium chlorate and manganese dioxide. This was collected in a big bag which was afterwards placed between hinged boards. Then, by means of weights, sufficient pressure was obtained to use it with limelight. We thus had very good lights for the magic lantern or footlights for the show. He would not let us near while he was doing this chemical experiment, in case it should blow up!

He was always trying to keep up to date. I remember a lecture on "Aluminium," which was in its commercial infancy, and how we were shown a piece of soldered aluminium, then a difficult job. A phonograph of the old-fashioned cylinder type driven by a cumbersome electric motor and batteries was brought to us and a show given in the Lower School Room. There is only

one record of which I have any recollection and it was a speech by Gladstone, then an old man. The only words that could easily be distinguished were "William Ewart Gladstone," at the end of the speech. For the rest of the term phonograph exhibitions were given by concealing one boy under a table who imitated the records in a squeaky voice, and another performer operating the box above.

But the crowning achievement was the cinematograph exhibition in the gymnasium. In order to finance this Robert Oddie sold tickets to visitors at one shilling each and accommodated the school in a temporary gallery. This gallery was made with stepped-up seats used for oral examinations at General Meeting, and Mr. Poulton, the village carpenter, propped them up on stilts. The entertainment was a great success, for the flickering pictures were the first movies we had seen. The feature film was "A phantom ride in front of an express train," taken, of course, from the rear and reversed. Naturally, we were more thrilled by this than anything that has since come out of Hollywood.

How we used to enjoy the excursions to nearby beauty spots—sometimes in coaches, sometimes on foot—and the picnic meals that went with them. What a treat we considered a pork-pie on these occasions! Thus we visited Compton Wynyates, Rollright, Edgehill, and Broadway. Cricket and football matches gave the team an opportunity to visit Banbury, Brackley, Buckingham, and so on.

While on the subject of matches, the one that impressed itself most on my mind was a football match against Swarthmore—a group of Young Friends from the Birmingham district. In order to make a more even game only five boys were played; the rest, as far as I remember, were Robert Oddie's three sons, Ernest, Arthur, and Sidney; Mr. Wells, Mr. Gower, and a teacher. I had a busy time as goalkeeper, and the match ended in a draw. Then came the usual tea, when we were waited on by the older girls, who were unkind enough to count the cups of tea some of us drank—and believe it or not the figure ran into the teens!

During winter we had great fun sliding on the boys' playground, specially flooded, and tobogganing down the "Long field." Most of the toboggans we made ourselves, getting Mr. Walker, the village blacksmith, to put the runners on. Occasionally we went to Compton Wynyates for skating.

Blackberrying excursions were always arranged during the autumn. Robert Oddie selected a few team captains who chose their men in turn and then chose the district for the hunt. On fine days, when picking was good, Robert Oddie would allow us to go out twice, and 20 lbs. each would not be an uncommon result for the day's work. Blackberry dishes, second only in popularity to "Blanket" (a sort of steamed bread dough on which we spread golden syrup) were also looked forward to.

"Grubbing" was one form of outdoor exercise which was not

generally appreciated. Robert Oddie had great ideas about tidiness, and would mobilise boys before the arrival of visitors or before General Meeting, to give the place a general clean-up. Sometimes we were rewarded with a few apples, at other times the clean-up was a form of mass punishment.

I wonder how many Sibford Old Scholars remember the quaint tuck shop of Moriah Payne and Eliza Whitcherly at the top of Mannings Hill. No one would suspect that through the small gateway and along the garden path was hidden the Selfridge's of Sibford Ferris, where in a tiny room needles and darning-wool and Fry's chocolate could be bought. Twopence was the maximum spending allowance.

Is the "Ackworth Reader" still in existence? I remember some of the selections in this anthology, one of which was the story of the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

Naturally, the thing that comes to the mind of any Old Scholar of Robert Oddie's days is the remembrance of his appreciation of humour. I remember one hot summer when we were having a dress rehearsal for the oral examination at General Meeting, he said we were not to mind if we did not have much to do. He paraphrased Milton by saying, "They also serve who only sit and sweat"!

During the Kitchener Soudan Expedition one boy's imagination ran away with itself, and he carved "Omdurman" on his hockey stick. Shortly afterwards he found that the letters "iac" had been added. Although nothing was said, we realised who was the perpetrator of the joke! On another occasion we were to be given a lecture on a trip to the Loire valley in France. Robert Oddie could not resist putting on the blackboard as the title of the lecture, "A rainy tour in Touraine."

It seems my recollections of schooldays concern everything except schooling! It is the boyish pranks rather than the actual lessons (for example, when, at a prearranged signal, we released a mouse in the upper school room and pelted it with Gill's Geographies and Collier's Histories) that I particularly recall.

I do not know whether there is any moral to this experience of Sibford, which is not mine alone, except that perhaps a love of beauty, fairness, honesty, kindness, and humour are more likely to be of use to us in life than a complete knowledge of the Principia Latina, Chardenall's French, or the first four books of Euclid, and that in acquiring these we get more practice out of school than in.

In case this should reach the eyes of any present scholar, let me add that I do not deride knowledge or the ability of clear thinking.

There is one trait that I might have acquired at Sibford, and that was some of Robert Oddie's tidiness. Perhaps the fact that "grubbing" was frequently a punishment detracted from the appreciation of the final orderliness! Anyway, there is still room for improvement. Am I too old to learn? I wonder!

# THIS IS THE LAST

page. We hope you have liked looking through its predecessors and we hope most of all they've made you long for another Sibford Whitsuntide. Till then we say "Au Revoir", as those of you pictured below are saying to Whitsuntide, 1938 . . . .

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