



Silbford

The School Staff

Headmaster:	
Jim Graham, M.A.	
First Deputy:	
Anne S. Muir, B.A.*	French, Spanish
Second Deputy:	
Kenneth T. Francis, Teachers Cert.	History, Religious Studies
Bursar:	
D. John Miller	
Estate Bursar:	
Michael Finch	
Teaching Staff:	
	Karen Arthur, B.A.
+	Jennifer Austing, Teachers Cert.
	Christopher Bateman, Teachers Cert.
	Angela Bovill, B.Ed.
	Anne Chalmers, B. A.*
(H)	Andrew Chowne, Teachers Cert.
	Frank Cookson, M.A.*
+	Pippa Cookson, M.A., Ph.D.*
+	Jane Cooper, M.A.
(H)	Christopher Cox, Teachers Cert.
(H)	Elizabeth Endersby, Teachers Cert.
	Alan Fitzgerald-Clark, B.A.*
	David Foulds, B.A.*
	David Goodwin, B.Sc.*
	Olwen Goodwin, B.A.*
	Maureen Graham
	Christopher Guy, Teachers Cert.
(H)	Margaret Guy, B.A.*
(H)	Stuart Hedley, Teachers Cert., C & G Advanced Craft Cert.
	Marion Higgins, B.A.*
(H)	Wendy Holden, B.Ed.
	Brian Holliday, B.Sc.*
	Alan Jarvis, M.A.*
+	Sylvia Manning
(H)	Maureen McHale, N.D.D., A.T.D.*
+	Angela Mortimer
	Andrew Newbold, B.Sc, PhD.*
(H)	Lesley Norton, Teachers Cert.
+	Harley Perkins, B.A., B.D.
	Pauline Roe, LRAM, GRSM.*
	Jean Rudge, B.A.*
	Tony Rye, L.T.C.L.*
	Graeme Sagar, MCC Ed.*
	Janette Skeath, Teachers Cert.
(H)	Tony Skeath, B.Sc.*
+	Jason Smith, B.A.
+	Kenneth Spring, O.B.E., T.D., A.T.D.
(H)	Michael Spring, B.Ed.
	Hidekazu Tanaka
	Jonathan Taylor
(H)	Lisa Taylor, B.Ed.
	Gilbert Todd, B.A.*
	Karen Turburfield
	Kay Turner
	Stella Wilson, B.Ed.*
+	Jenifer Wollerton
(H)	Michael Wollerton, Teachers Cert. Dip. P.E.
Instrumental Teachers:	
Arthur Brown, L.L.C.M.	
Nigel Braithwaite	
Clifford Peck	
	Dance
	Remedial
	English, Drama
	Environmental Studies
	English
	Mathematics
	Mathematics, Physics
	Chemistry
	History
	Physics, Chemistry,
	General Science,
	Computer Studies
	Child Development
	City & Guilds Courses
	Art, Photography,
	Games
	Remedial
	Mathematics
	Remedial
	City & Guilds Courses
	Games, Graphic
	Communication
	English, Games
	Woodwork, Metalwork
	Technical Drawing
	History, Games
	Food & Nutrition
	Geography
	Mathematics
	Typing
	Art
	Pottery
	General Science
	Needlework
	Economics
	Music
	German, French
	E.S.L., French,
	Remedial, Librarian
	Woodwork, Metalwork
	Technical Drawing
	Geography, Flute,
	Clarinet
	Biology
	Pottery
	Woodcarving
	English
	Games
	Remedial, Games
	Religious Studies
	French, Remedial
	Remedial
	Assistant Librarian
	Games, Geography,
	Maths
	Games, City & Guilds
	Courses
	Games, Geography
	Maths
	Guitar
	Brass
	Percussion

- (H) indicates resident House Staff
 + indicates part-time staff
 * indicates post-graduate teaching qualification

S.O.S.A. OFFICERS

Presidents 1984	: Robin and Kenneth Greaves
Vice-President 1984	: Philip Manasseh
General Secretary (to 31.12.84)	: Paul Frampton Manor Farm, Horsington, Templecombe, Somerset BA8 0EB
Treasurer (to 31.12.85)	: D. John Miller Sibford School, Sibford Ferris, Nr. Banbury, Oxfordshire OX15 5QL Tel (0295 78) 441/442
Membership Secretary (to 31.12.86)	: Mike Finch Sibford School, Sibford Ferris, Nr. Banbury, Oxfordshire OX15 5QL Tel (0295 78) 441/442
Reunion Secretary (to 31.12.86)	: Simon Barfoot 16 Campion Court, Bellinge, Northamptonshire NN3 4BW Tel (0604) 413052
Assistant Reunion Secretary (to 31.12.86)	: Jim Thelton 294 Eastcote Avenue, West Molesey, Surrey Tel (01) 979 2241
Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths	: Norman Coxon The Carrier's Cottage, Burdrop, Sibford Gower, Banbury, Oxfordshire Tel (0295) 78317
Local Branch Secretaries	
— Midland	: Irene Coxon-Smith 37 Redditch Road, Stoke Heath, Bromsgrove, Worcs. Tel (0527) 31857
— London	: Allan Kidney 7 Longcroft Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. Tel (07073) 28087
	: Margaret Fairnington 140 Fellows' Road, London NW3 Tel (01) 586-3623
— South West	: Jeanne Southam 2 Farlers' End, Nailsea, Avon Tel (0272) 852322
School Committee Representatives	: Jeanne Southam (to 31.12.85) Paul Frampton (to 31.12.87)
Friends of Sibford School Representative	: Frank Rollett Grassholm, Sibford Gower, Nr. Banbury, Oxon Tel (0295) 78309
School Staff Representatives	: Stuart Hedley (to 31.12.86) Marion Higgins (to 31.12.86)
General Committee Members	
— to 31.12.84	: Leslie Harrison & Edwena Bezant
— to 31.12.85	: Julia Walton & Nigel Cooper
— to 31.12.86	: Ian Weatherhead & Tom Rack
Hon Auditor	: Margaret Blythe

Front cover - The Manor 1884
 Back cover - The Manor 1984
 Editorial Illustration - The Elm 1954

Japan Day and Sponsored Walk photographs by courtesy of The Banbury Guardian



19
84

Editor - Mike Spring
Visual Asst. - Alan Fitzgerald-Clark
O.S. Material collation - Mike Finch
Paul Frampton, Jeanne Southam
Printed by - Presshouse Publications
Hook Norton, Oxfordshire

The death of Leslie Thomas deeply saddened us all. Working together on the magazine last year, he told me how anxious he was that, as a publication, it should always encompass "the very essence of Sibford to young and old, to all who are friends of the school." I hope that under my editorship I can uphold Leslie's high standards.

In a recent internal memo to staff concerning male members of staff duties, Ken Francis wrote, "These notes are temporary as we are in a state of constant change". Sibford is indeed enjoying a period of change in many fields of our community life. The altered structure of the working day, the introduction of weekly boarding, the increased number of school trips and visits and a broadening of the range of examination courses all contribute to the picture. I feel that Sibford is not attempting to alter its image, but to restate its intention in the context of the 1980's.

It is therefore with these thoughts in mind that I have introduced some alterations in the magazine, whilst attempting to still preserve that 'essence of Sibford' which Leslie held so dear. My grateful thanks are due to Kate Long for her efficient handling of the welter of typing involved; to Mike Finch for his help and for the collection of the Old Scholars' material; to Alan Fitzgerald-Clark for much of the photography and help with the design layout; to Stuart Hedley for his hard work in gathering the advertising; to Jason Smith, our pottery student, for some very accomplished line drawings and to Ray and Ann Bond for their help, advice and support in the printing of the magazine on their presses.

Mike Spring

**Richard Routh (Headmaster 1842-1880)
and Rebecca**



A century on

Jim Graham (Headmaster 1980 -) and Maureen



The Headmaster reports on the year's achievements, and explains some of the ways in which Sibford is facing the challenges of the nineteen eighties.

Fine words and noble ambitions have been much in evidence over the past twelve months. Do they actually mean anything? Yes, but not as much as I would like. There is a difficult balance to find between the stability built up over Sibford's very solid history and the compelling needs for change brought on us by what is going on in the unreal world that lies off the campus. We are moving, maybe as fast as we should be, but not as fast as often seems to be needed.

To take the changes first. Probably the clearest change and the one nearest completion is the redesigning of the sixth form curriculum. Starting this term we now have a group of courses clearly designed to fit the needs of students who want further education, but are not going on to the A-level-to-University assault course. There are a small number of Arts side A-levels available for Polytechnic candidates. We have an Art course which takes up to half a student's timetable and is excellent as a preparation for entry to Art Foundation Courses. Two City and Guilds Foundation Courses, in Distributive Trades and Community Care, are aimed much more towards possible employment but also have a value as a broad general education. These courses do not provide for the needs of all non-A-level students - far from it - but it seems good sense to aim for a specific section of the community and do it well.

Below the sixth form developments are coming more slowly. A change in the arrangement of the day gives more scope for activities that take a whole afternoon, but has not, yet, been as successful as we intend and hope. Re-arrangement of the



SUSAN OWEN

Susan, who comes from Gwynedd, is Joint Head Girl. She is in the Upper Sixth, taking 'A' levels in English, History and French, in order to gain a place on a Degree course in Business Studies. She is captain of the School hockey team and she enjoys reading, soul music, Mozart and Impressionist Art.

Fourth and Fifth Year options has made it increasingly possible to follow a practical curriculum, but it is perhaps only in the transformation of the walled garden that one can see dramatic evidence of change. There we are now well on the way back to a productive use of what should be one of the school's biggest assets. Pottery and Dance students, both resident, fit into the new emphasis, and are already making their mark. A Visual Communications course in the Third Year has started this month, and will help to promote awareness.

Looking ahead, one can see some major upheavals on the way. The full development of our Tutorial work will require us to re-think how we allocate our time and organise our contact with pupils. It is good that we are ahead on this as the introduction of the Oxfordshire Certificate of Educational Achievement, which looks like being a national development, is going to challenge all schools in this way. The City and Guilds 365 (Vocational Preparation) Course, which we intend to introduce next year, will still further change our Fourth and Fifth Year curriculum.

While we change we must also stick firmly to our present achievements and standards. In fact, looking back over the year, I am more pleased with the convincing continuity than the tentative changes. We had better results at O- and CSE Levels than in the last two years, but above all, lots of activities and interesting ventures took place. The Mikado and the Japanese Day were exciting, extremely successful and involved large numbers of pupils. Their scale tends to obscure the more individual achievements, - such as the now rejuvenated Duke of Edinburgh work, the weekends walking and camping and many more outings and ventures. Even the Bursar was happy, as flourishing numbers in the school brought us back into a state of financial balance.

Jim Graham



JAMES MACINTOSH

James is one of the first Sibford Scholars to be taking the City and Guilds course in Distributive Trades. As well as being Head Boy, he is Captain of Swimming. He intends to go on to a Catering College with a view to eventually owning his own restaurant. James comes from Shrewsbury.



CAROLYN WEBSTER

Carolyn shares the position of Head Girl with Susan Owen. She lives in Hong Kong and it is therefore not surprising to learn that she enjoys travelling. Her other interests include squash, tennis, swimming and reading long novels. She is soon to attend a tutorial college in order to prepare for Oxbridge Entrance, after which she hopes to read Maths or Psychology.

Round the Houses

LISTER GIRLS

Lister Girls has seen many changes this year with the appointment of Miss Taylor as our new Housemistress and Miss Holden as her assistant. Together they have worked very hard to improve the house and make it more like home. Are we the only house with four sofas?

In January we held a book sale in our common room to raise money to improve the house kitchen. Susanne and Kirsty organised a tombola to continue our support for the N.S.P.C.C. In addition to our annual party with Lister boys at Christmas, we have had two other parties to celebrate Valentines day and Shrove Tuesday; both were great fun.

In June we had a house outing with a difference, when those of us who were brave enough ventured into the air and flew over Stratford-upon-Avon (no, Miss Taylor was not at the controls!) Meanwhile, with our feet on the ground, on the games field we have all tried our best. We are very proud of our house trophies. As the summer term drew to an end we had two French students to stay and many of us joined in with the production of the Mikado (we did not realise that we have such a talented Assistant Housemistress).

At our final house collect we said goodbye to the fifth year and thanked Mrs. Higgins for all her help in the house, and welcomed Fiona Robbins who is now actively involved in house duties. For me it has been a very happy year in the house and I wonder what the next year will bring?

Listerite

LISTER BOYS

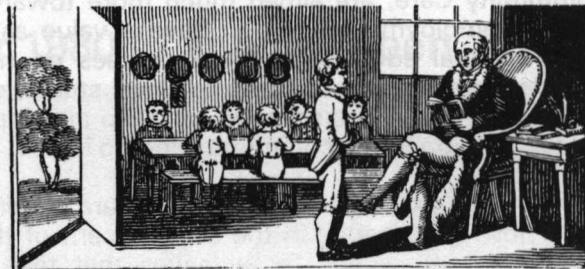
During the past year Lister has undergone yet further improvements to its luxurious accommodation. Following an appeal to parents and some masterly 'negotiating' with a local carpet factory, we installed fitted Wilton in the Quiet Room, the television area, the upstairs landing and the dormitory corridor. The Third Form dormitory was also carpeted due to a kind donation by Mrs. Bartholomew. The upstairs landing now has two fitted computer areas, a noticeboard, a magazine rack and a games table.

The Christmas party, held jointly with Lister Girls, was its usual combination of exotic fancy dress, silly games and jelly. In the Summer we said goodbye to Roy and Crispin who had, in their separate ways, contributed valuable service to the House as Captain and Deputy respectively.

Our performance in the Eisteddfod served to spotlight some hitherto hidden talents. Memorable was the 'Grease' song and dance routine 'starring' the gyrating form of Paul 'Travolta' Borda.

This year has been a successful one on the games field, although the first place spot has on occasions eluded us due to less-than Olympian stamina and skill. Chris Webb set a new Junior Cross-Country record, and with the undoubted talents of Kwabena, Nebo and Mat Chobkit, we took the combined boys and girls cup on Sports Day. That evening we celebrated with a 'drinks' party in the Hedleys' garden.

Sean Wood



NANSEN BOYS

Two years and he was gone! (Martin Wilkinson that is.) It wasn't that bad for him - or was it?? He was assistant Housemaster in Nansen Boys' for two years before he decided to leave and go to the Nobel School in Stevenage. He was the best assistant Housemaster we've ever known (except for Mr. Skeath... of course(?)). Just before he left, the House presented him with a fine set of vernier callipers (just like the ones which went missing!) and he kindly presented us with an equally fine toaster. He will be greatly missed.

Who is his replacement? - Mr. Chowne (no he's not Chinese, he comes from Milton Keynes). Having only been here for a few weeks he has shown great promise and has 'thumbs-up' from the Fifth. We hope that he will settle in well and have a good time here, (but how long will he stay....?).

Last year the House, yet again, won the Gilchrist Trophy for Chess and the P.T.A. Cup for Football. Unfortunately Nansen did not win the swimming or athletics trophies as the girls failed to put out a full team. We have great confidence in them this year and hope for better things to come. The House is in good form this year, and we expect it to achieve great things.

Paul Johnson and Chris Wood

NANSEN GIRLS

Nansen House got off to a good start last year. On the day we arrived back from half term we had a party at midnight. Kerry and Fran tried to frighten us with the broom-stick-at-the-window act, but it only had the house rolling on the floor with laughter.

For our Christmas Party Miss Lemon thought we'd do something different for a change. We went ice-skating at Solihull. Mr. Bateman was the only one who could actually skate well, and he spent half the evening towing Nansen Girls around. Jiff and Mrs. Endersby were too wary to venture on to the ice; but a good time was had by all.

Everybody was moaning as Shrove Tuesday drew near, because Penn and Lister were having parties. We were all called down for a collect and had a surprise party. The high point of the evening was a race that went round the quad trying to toss pancakes!

It was very sad at the end of the year because Jiff left. We will all miss her very much in our own ways. We welcome Maggie and Chris Guy to Nansen and we hope they have a long and happy stay here.

SARAH HALL

NANSEN GIRLS' SPORT

This year we were bombarded with First Years who were good at sport. In the hockey we fought well, and won the game against Penn, but lost to Lister in a spirited contest. Cross Country was getting nearer and for a month before the race some of the braver Nansentites were out early every morning running the 1 ½ miles in the freezing cold to improve their times. Thanks to that we put up a good showing, with Raz third and Jocasta fifth. In the swimming, everyone had sore throats from yelling so much. We won every race, virtually, at intermediate level (boys and girls), and the Juniors did quite well. Then came sports day and many records were broken. Shaddy in the 100 metres broke the record. Then again in the 800 metres she broke the time, and caused the girl who came second to come home on the old record time. Nansen also won the Junior relay and that with a new record too.

Rounders, and the juniors were triumphant and to add to it the seniors came joint second! In tennis the first years put up a good show, although most of them had never played before! All in all it was a good year for us and we hope to continue this way!

JOCASTA CROFTS



GILLETT

Overall, Penn has had a good year, with successes in many areas.

At the beginning of the Autumn term Penn started by organising its own charity: "Tiddlers for Toddlers," which involved keeping any odd bits of change. This went towards paying for liver transplants for young children. We also earned money for this project by washing cars, cleaning the kitchen in the house and doing various jobs about the school. The next charity we hope to get off the ground this term is saving milk bottle tops to raise money for training guide dogs for the blind. We hope to involve the other houses in this.

We seem to have had a number of parties this year, including the Christmas one in the hall with the boys, and three others in the house. These included St. Valentine's, pancake day and Sue and Ernie's leaving party which accounted for the decorations about the house.

Penn did not do too well in the sports this year compared with our usual high standard, but those who did win excelled in tennis, cross-country and swimming. We hope to double our performance this year by putting on a good performance in the Eisteddfod and in sporting events.

We are also pleased to welcome Wendy Bartholomew to Gillett as Assistant Housemistress.

GILLETTINE

PENN BOYS

In terms of outstanding events, the past year has been a singularly quiet one. The spirit within the House group has been good, and a major contribution to this has been the sensible leadership given by our Head of House and his Deputy, Tim Vallance and Guy Kingham.

Prep. for the Fifth Form moved to the House, and while this new freedom suited the hard workers, others took rather longer to adapt their style of work! Achievements on the games field and even in the House Music Competition ensured that our display cabinet has been kept full throughout the year. I hope soon one of our number will make another shelf to cope with the number of trophies.

For the new school year we have two structural changes in the House. A study area has been created within our old hobbies room. No longer will our boys be able to use the excuse, "we have nowhere to finish off our prep." The new entrance through the bootroom should at last do away with the unsightly heaps of shoes in the entrance hall.

We begin the year with a new Assistant House Master, Mr. Jonathan Taylor, who we hope will enjoy sharing life in Penn with us. To Mr. Charnock, who has decided to take up new challenges, we give our sincere thanks for his invaluable contribution to Penn during the past eight years. We shall all miss his subtle humour, and hope that he will find time to visit us in the future.

Pennman

Choices

CALLIGRAPHY/HANDWRITING CLUB



HE Calligraphy/ Handwriting Club meets every Tuesday 1.15 — 2.00 and on Thursday 4.15 — 5.00 in the Remedial Department. Many different styles of lettering are taught during these sessions — French Ronde, Gothic, Roman, Italic etc. However, if you wish to improve your style of handwriting then

there is a short course in which you can improve your speed and legibility. Last term we prepared a display of calligraphy work, which was mounted in the main corridor, illustrating the type of work carried out during the year. Pens and good quality materials are provided at these sessions, so why not come along and see for yourself?

K.T.

SQUASH (or life on the ladder)

The introduction of Wednesday afternoon lessons has prevented the Squash Club from taking place. However, for a small group of fortunate Fifth Formers who have games in the afternoon, there is an opportunity to continue enjoying playing squash at the Regent Squash Rackets Club in Chipping Norton.

Accompanied by Mr. Holliday, we leave at the beginning of our games lesson and we manage to get a good hour's play in before returning, just in time for tea. Carolyn Webster (Sixth Form) the only girl amongst us, has created a competitive challenge for us boys by soaring to the top of Mr. Holliday's squash ladder.

Sean Wood

SOCCER IN THE HALL

On a Friday evening at eight o'clock a group of Fifth Form boys and several Fourth Formers play football in the hall with Mr. Holliday. The Fifth Formers involved make up most of the school team, (that's not including Wombat, who comes along for our amusement!). Play in such a small space at high speed develops good skills which come in handy when playing on a full sized pitch. Three or four aside soccer in the hall gives the right amount of room for exciting and fast play, and we are grateful to Mr. Holliday for organising the practices.

Chris Wollerton

CHESS CLUB

Despite the smell of decaying specimens, the Biology Lab has proved to be an ideal place for the Chess Club. The few loyal members have been in battle against each other and against the Sargon computer, and progress has been made by all. I used the time at Chess Club for completing the Hobbies section of the Bronze Duke of Edinburgh Award which I am working for, and so it has been useful as well as enjoyable. We hope to encourage a greater number of new players this year with the help of two new members of staff.

Torquil James

B.M.X. CLUB

"Whoops", "Camel Humps", "Table-Top", "Speed Jump", "Berm" are the latest additions to the English Language with the arrival in this country of America's newest craze B.M.X. cycling! To the older reader one probably recalls the cycle speed tracks that appeared on bomb sites, just after the Second World War - this is very similar, except the boneshakers of those days have been replaced by a much more sophisticated machine.

B.M.X. arrived at Sibford during the Spring of 1984. The enthusiasts are drawn mainly from the 2nd and 3rd form boys.

Many of them helped to prepare the track which is sited between the adventure playground and the School's greenhouse.

During the summer the track was improved to give a smoother ride complete with the various obstacles on the course.

It certainly enables energetic young bloods to let off steam in an exciting way and in a safe environment.

M.R.F.



Jason Willatt

STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club undergoes the booms and slumps common to most school societies. Last year was a lean time numerically, although one member submitted his stamp collection as part of his Duke of Edinburgh Award project.

We hope there will be an influx of new members this autumn. However one problem remains constant: to stimulate interest it is important to have a good variety of stamps in circulation. To buy stamps is expensive, but sometimes necessary. Occasionally though, we have received parcels of stamps from well wishers and these have been of great help. Any gifts of stamps would be much appreciated by those starting this worthwhile hobby.

K.T.F.

SWISH

Basketball is a growing sport in the school, with training and tactical play becoming very important in such a confined area. The regular 'hard core squad' meets every Monday evening and have already spread their interest and excitement to many others. The level of skill, approach and understanding of the game has developed rapidly into a competent and competitive team who made the staff work hard in their first match in October. A most successful occasion and one that demands a return to settle the score!

Chris Bateman

BADMINTON

Badminton is a game that many of us play at school. A lot of people like to play and go to the badminton club, so Miss Wilson arranges badminton tournaments and games against other schools. Sometimes we do really well, and last year some of us won badges at the North Oxon Badminton Tournament, and then went further to county trials.

Last year many of us (boys and girls) went to Spiceball Park in Banbury to play our Inter-House badminton tournament. Congratulations to Penn who won.

We all practise regularly on Monday and Thursday nights, and many of us have really improved. Thanks to Mr. Spring, Mrs. Wollerton and Miss Wilson who have helped us practise and arranged things for us.

*Matthew Carter
Mat Chobkit*

FIRST AID

Piers and I decided to join the St. John Ambulance Course after a lot of persuasion from Mr. Spring. He said it was a useful thing to be able to do. We paid our one pound enrolment fee for the ten week course on Wednesday afternoons. Most of the people doing it were taking First Aid as part of their Duke of Edinburgh's Award.

For the first lesson the instructor, Mr. Ron Hicks, came in his uniform. He was assisted by Wendy, a nurse from the Horton Hospital in Banbury. He talked about what we would be doing and explained how we would be tested at the end.

Over the following weeks we learnt how to deal with all kinds of accidents and emergencies. One week we practised mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on dummies - I can still remember the horrible taste of the disinfectant that was used to prevent germs being passed! On subsequent occasions we learnt to cope with people in shock, different kinds of bleeding, broken limbs, suffocation and electrocution.

There was always a friendly atmosphere in the classes and Mr. Hicks was constantly cracking jokes. We did a lot of bandaging which caused much laughter, especially when the 'patient' ended up looking like something from the Mummy's Tomb.

The day of the exam came and we were all very nervous. As usual I was late, but the examiner was very nice and I managed to answer all the questions, resuscitate the dummy and do the bandaging alright. Everyone passed, which was really good, thanks to Mr. Hicks' good teaching.

William Hone

WORLD TRADE GAME

Thirteen Oxfordshire schools took part in the World Trade Game held on 15th February, 1984, at Blessed George Napier School, organised by the Banbury Junior Chamber and sponsored by the Midland Bank. Sibford had little notice of this, and then took a vacant place after another school dropped out a few days beforehand. Sibford's team was Francis Bradshaw, Sarah Clacy, Ali Farah, Heather Grant and Susan Owen.

The main purpose of the game, apart from the sheer enjoyment which was much in evidence on the night, is to train pupils to gain an understanding of the economy of the world(!) and to develop negotiation skills. Rich and poor countries are represented, large and small, and over a period of about three hours there was a simulation of five trading years. Sibford showed real talent in persuasive negotiation, shrewd bargaining and, in at least one instance (with an all male school), by use of a strikingly dressed, attractively distracting young lady negotiator!

At the end of the evening Sibford, who had drawn U.S.S.R., were sixth before equalisation calculations were undertaken. Following the rule book Sibford should have moved up to fourth place, but the final place was given as ninth so presumably there were other 'fudge factors employed'. The result was a very minor part of the evening, and worthwhileness was confirmed when a persuasive member of the first year Sixth asked to go again next year: plans were already being made for the strategy to follow in 1985.

B.B.

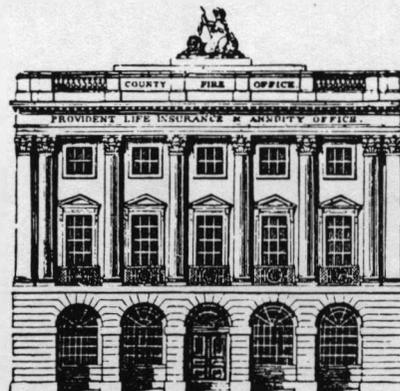
STOCKPILER 1983/4

As in previous years, two Sibford teams have competed in the nationally organised Stockpiler competition. In addition, their entries have gone to the local Jaycees competition for about a dozen teams from nearby schools. The A Team was Francis Bradshaw, Ali Farah, Alison Farr, Jason Hughes, Justin Blatchford, Sarah Clacy, David Kiango, Ibrahim Nashid and Carolyn Webster.

Both teams started with a notional £50,000 and on a specified day each month, for six months, they could 'buy' or 'sell' stock and value their portfolio.

The national winners reached a total of very nearly £120,000 and the local winners managed almost £70,000 whilst the Sibford A Team, fourth locally, was a place and £1,650 ahead of the Sibford B Team. The competition generated much interest and some of the team members put in a lot of effort completing their entries each month. The competition for 1984/5 is likely to attract two more Sibford entries.

B.B.



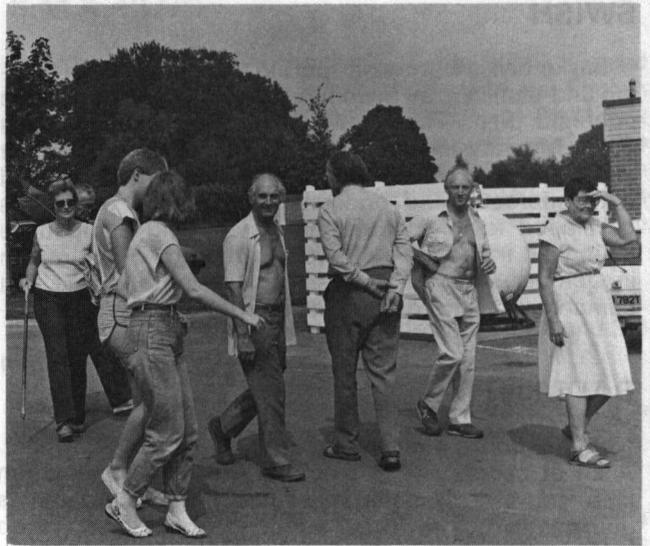
Reunion

Hilary Haddleton (née Thornton) writes this year's report. Hilary was at Sibford from 1947-50. She has many happy memories of "so many things of that period but particularly those picnics at Whichford Woods and the O.S. Reunions at Whitsun and the entertainments they used to put on." Here are her reflections on last August.

After a long hot summer, the week prior to the Reunion saw a change in the weather with some rain, and we wondered if raincoats and wellingtons should be included in our luggage. However a perfect weekend it turned out to be, with sunny days and warm evenings. Just right to enjoy the varied programme our Committee had arranged for us.

Saturday August 25th saw the early arrivals chatting and reminiscing over a cup of coffee at Fielding House. At 12.30 we all enjoyed fish and chips for lunch and our Presidents welcomed us to the Reunion. Following lunch we all piled into the school's fleet of minibuses and other vans to go cross country to visit Farnborough Hall, just off the Banbury - Coventry Road. It is a small but grand house owned by the National Trust, but still lived in by the Holbeche family, who were there to show us around and answer questions. We also wandered in the extensive and informal grounds with a long Terrace Walk overlooking the lovely countryside.

4.00 p.m. saw us back again at Sibford and enjoying a cup of tea with sandwiches and cake, on the lawn outside the dining room. At 4.30 p.m. we assembled in the Library for the A.G.M. (reported elsewhere). We must open a few more windows before we start next year!



Sunday afternoon walk

Sunday started with a swim for a few, but for most breakfast was the start, followed by Choral led by Kenneth Greaves at the piano. It is good to get together and sing the old Hymns as we used to each Sunday morning at Sibford.

A walk through Oddie's field to the Gower for 'Meeting for Worship' which this year was held as a Memorial to Leslie Thomas, our Magazine Editor, who died recently. Tributes to and memories of him were made by those who knew him well - and not so well.

Back to the Ferris by Mannings Hill and so to the Hill for a Traditional Roast Sunday Lunch prepared by the excellent catering staff. Then we were under marching orders for a walk. An enjoyable route and well signposted by our able organisers. Through Swalcliffe Common, Swalcliffe Village and round to Epwell Woods for a cup of tea and a biscuit. And then the short walk back to Sibford. There were a few who came by car for their cup of tea, in order not to miss out on the fun.

After meeting



'Presidents choice' at 6.30 p.m. And what a delightful choice! Natalie Herman, who taught music at Sibford for two years during Kenneth Greaves' Headship, came with her group 'The Belvedere Singers' (11 in all) to entertain us with their close harmony singing, Madrigals, Spirituals, duets and Barber Shop. How fortunate we were to hear them. Thank you Kenneth and Robin Greaves for arranging their visit.

Next a barbecue followed by country dancing organised by Chris Grimes, and enjoyed by young and old. And so to the Elm for Rockets. There seems to be some difficulty these days, in numbering off!! but I think there were some seventy people present in the safety of the enclosure.

Monday, and a few again started their day in the swimming pool, but for most, breakfast was the start and then off in the Motor Treasure Hunt so ably organised by Frank Rollett, and won by the Bonds. Through the lovely Sibford countryside we went, following clues and directions; missing some and finding some, and so home for lunch. Our School Committee guest William Waddilove and family had to hitch a lift back to Sibford. Mechanical failure!



Frank Rollett & Paul Frampton check 'treasure Hunt' entries

Table Tennis followed for some whilst others played croquet on Holly House lawn. Less sedate, the Hockey match between the Aston Brummies and the Somerset Yokels for the Silver Doll Trophy, which was won by the latter. A rough game, one might think, by the size of Simon Barfoot's mouth, but we understand a bee sting was to blame!

Tea and biscuits on Holly House lawn by kind invitation of the Grahams. And SMILE PLEASE - for the Reunion photo.

Kenneth and Robin Greaves greeted us all at 6.45 p.m. at the dining room, for the Presidential Dinner, elegantly laid and beautifully served by Sibford's recent leavers. Irene Coxon-Smith had again supplied the raspberries for the delicious dessert. Thank you.

Our Presidents gave their impressions of schools, both as pupils and teachers, and how they came to be interested in Dyslexia. After speeches it was Rockets and Auld Lang Syne. For many it was time to say Good-



Coffee at the meeting house

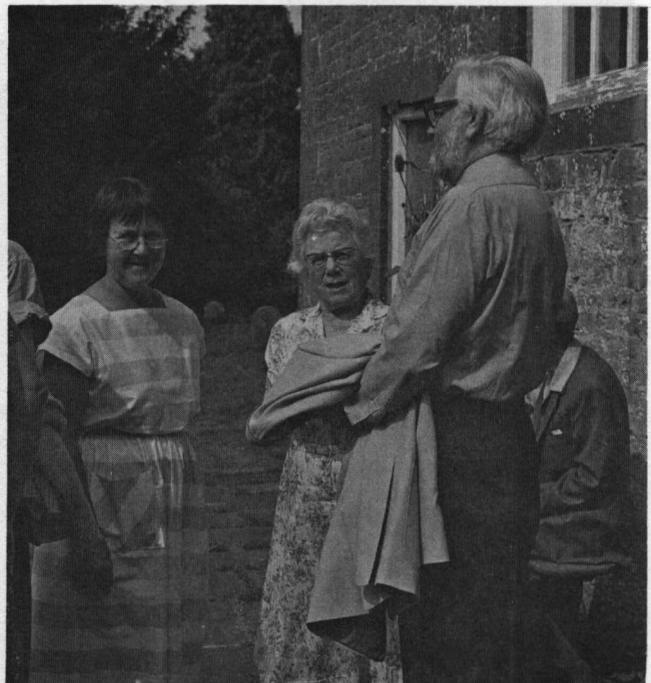
bye and go home. For a few the weekend continued until Tuesday after breakfast. I hope we did not leave too much mess for you to clean up!!

Old Scholars Weekend is for renewing old friendships and making new ones. Also for discovering that the other man in the office also went to Sibford, as Peter Wain and Allan Kidney found out!

If, like me, you have not been to Sibford for a long while (30 years), do take the plunge and bring the family. You will find Sibford and its environs little changed, and a warm and friendly crowd gathered. It is interesting to talk to recent leavers and discover that Banbury is no longer 'Out of Bounds!'

Hilary Haddleton

Robin and Kenneth Greaves in conversation



KID'S CAMP 1984

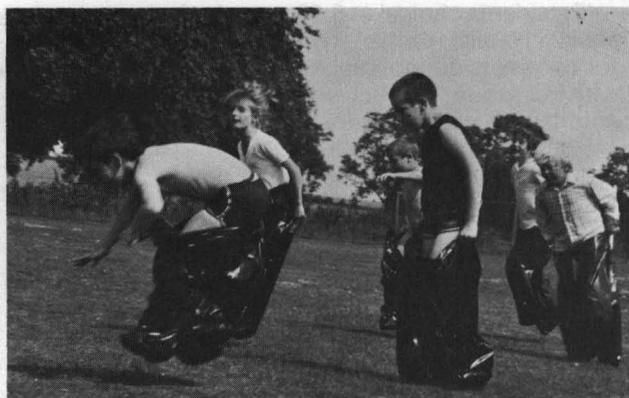
'Kid's Camp' is the name given to the week's holiday provided by the school for twenty deprived children from schools in London. The whole school contributes to this holiday by raising the money to fund it. Only twenty pupils out of the fifth and sixth form are invited to stay and look after the children. A number of staff stay to help as well.

They were due to come on July 6th and the helpers used the morning to prepare Fielding and to organise various out-door activities. There was great excitement when they did arrive and the helpers spent what was left of the afternoon playing with the children and getting to know them. By tea-time everybody had found a friend.

The days followed a pattern, and each day there was something special to do. The second day of the holiday was spent walking around the village, with a trip to the local duck-pond and then back to the school for a swim. Each morning and evening the children had a hour-long lesson which provided the helpers with a welcome rest. We paid a visit to Blenheim Model Railway where the staff and helpers had as many rides on the trains as the children, and enjoyed themselves just as much.

On the third day we visited Lamb's Farm where we had strawberries and cream and the children were shown the pigs and cows. It was here that they learnt that peas did not come out of tins but out of pods! We spent the afternoon playing sports on the field and were grateful for the excellent weather.

On the fourth day we went to Traitor's Ford for a picnic lunch and most of the children ended up soaking wet! We then went to Haine's Farm for pony rides and a few people were brave enough to go for a swim.



We paid a visit to Stratford where we had a picnic lunch and went on a boat-ride, much to the children's amazement.

The highlight of the week was a visit to Drayton Manor Park where we had a picnic lunch and where the helpers discovered just how hard it is to look after young children at a fun-fair. However, nobody got lost and we all had a great time.

By the end of each day, the helpers were much more grateful for bed-time than the children were, and it sometimes took up to half-an-hour's reading before the youngsters finally settled down for the night!

On the last night, the children sang songs for us, and we provided a concert for them which consisted of sketches from story books such as "Goldilocks" and the "Three Little Pigs". Everybody, including the staff, dressed up and took part. It was all great fun and everybody enjoyed themselves.

The week passed so quickly, and saying good-bye on the last day was really sad after such an enjoyable time.

Vicky Haworth



PROJECT RESPOND

This is a National Westminster Bank award scheme for schools, offering bursaries to assist the schools in projects helping the community. The Social Services Committee submitted two projects: the camp for deprived children, described elsewhere in this issue, and the visiting of old people. We were awarded £100 for the two projects, and on May 4th 1984 Alison Farr and Afshean Asaadi went with Mrs. Endersby to Heythrop College to collect the award.

New moves

THE PRE-FOUNDATION COURSE IN ART AND DESIGN

The pre-foundation course aims to provide one year of concentrated work (two if the student wishes to take 'A' level) for the post fifth form student who wishes to apply for a place on a Foundation course at a college of Art and Design.

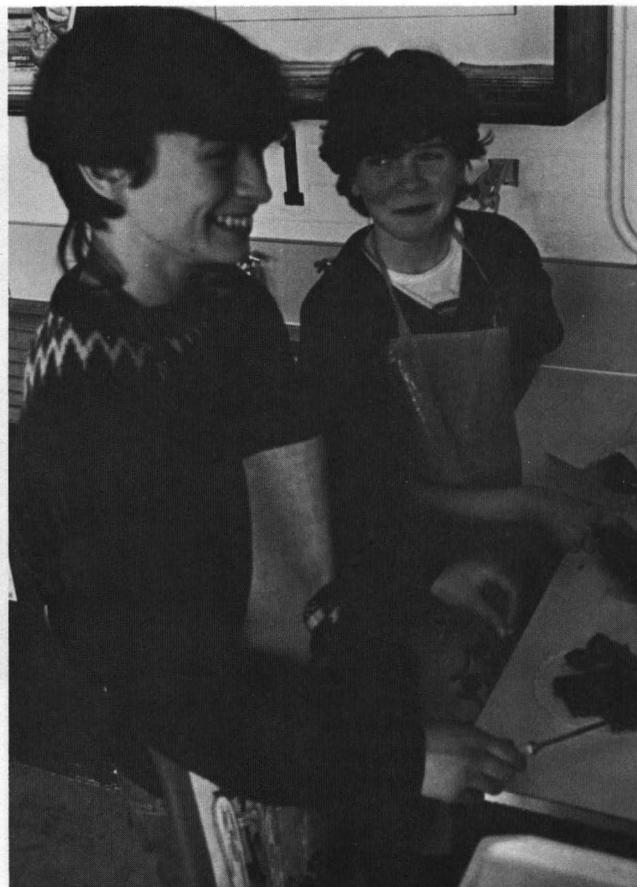
It is envisaged that the students will have studied Art throughout their school career and will have taken either C.S.E. or 'O' level Art before starting the course. It is however possible for students to start without this background, but they would be expected to show evidence of ability and interest.

Competition for places on a Foundation course is strong, and it is necessary for prospective applicants to have a portfolio of work which shows evidence of originality, thought and the ability to see an idea through to completion. Sketchbooks play a large part in the assessment of the candidate and should show observation, recording and development of ideas.

We hope to give the student a chance to prepare an interesting portfolio by offering a range of activities which include drawing, painting, graphics, printmaking, textile work, ceramics, photography and Art and design history.

We believe that visits to galleries, exhibitions and colleges of Art play an important part in the development of each student and therefore take every opportunity to encourage these experiences.

M.McH.



Sally Darby & Shirley Austin



HOME ECONOMICS, CRAFT AND DESIGN

This year we have changed our teaching pattern in the junior year groups. The first two year groups are now divided into four sets and every pupil experiences a lesson in turn in cookery, needlework, metalwork and woodwork. We will introduce this system into the Third Year next year. We hope that this system will give each pupil a broad base of experience in the junior years and enable them to decide through real experience which area to pursue in the senior school.

Most of our teaching is now design based and requires the development of skills in communication. To help in this area a course in graphical communication has been introduced into the third year and we hope that this too will be expanded to cover every pupil in the junior years in the near future. Chris Guy is teaching in this area.

We continue to enjoy the skills and experience of Ken Spring, specialising in woodcarving, who is now teaching for two sessions per week, and we hope soon to be joined by a part-time technician to help with the maintenance of equipment.

This year the Arthur and Margaret Dring Cup for excellence in Craft was awarded to Anna Lehmann for her preparation and presentation of cookery projects.

S.H.



Japanese cuisine

JAPAN DAY

"Let's do something DIFFERENT at the end of term - have a theme for the whole school for a week...."

"You mean - like the whole school going French?"

"Yes! Or Danish, or -"

"Why not Japanese, since we're doing The Mikado?"

"And we've got Hidekazu - - -"

And so the idea was born. A sub-committee was formed. The History Staff would teach the history of Japan, the Geographers the geography, the Art Department... the R.E. department... and so on. The Modern Languages Staff weren't quite so sure about their role. On the final day the normal timetable would be overturned and the entire school given over to a day of varied activities for the children to choose from, cutting across the forms and departments. ("You must stop referring to it as "Total Chaos Day" - they might hear you.")

Too soon the harsh realities of other commitments bore in upon us and "Japan Week" became "Japan Day", but it was hoped that there would still be some build-up to it in normal lessons during the preceding days.

So we celebrated, as we were told, the festival of YAD NAPAJA. (Given that we are a school in which the phenomenon of mirror writing cannot be totally unheard of, some of us were a bit slow on the uptake there!) The day opened with morning assembly Japan-style, conducted by pretty ladies dressed in kimonos, and the Headmaster enthroned high on the platform, a talk on Japanese education by Ken Francis and a good deal of respectful bowing by all.

So to the delights of the day, during which each child could take part in three different activities. For those who preferred to absorb their culture passively there were films and videos, a talk with slides on his visit to Japan by John Baseley, and a visit to see the Samurai armour at Snowhill Manor. For the more energetic there was Aikido with Hidekazu Tanaka and his colleague, and other sporting activities. For gourmets there was Japanese cookery with Wendy Holden (and for all, a splendid Japanese lunch provided by the Catering Department).

Some of the best of the day's artistic creations have been preserved for posterity: decorative kites were made and flown (David Goodwin); Japanese calligraphy was practised (Mike Wollerton, Mike Spring, Karen Turberfield); there was Haiku (poetry writing) with Anne Chalmers and David Foulds, origami and paper flower making (Marion Higgins, Karen Turberfield, Pauline Roe, Janette Skeath), screen-printing with Maureen McHale and tangram (making pictures from geometric shapes) with Alan Fitzgerald-Clark. Ruth Greenwood led groups doing music making and No drama, with impressive results from even the most timid of participants.

"Honestly! Everywhere you go there are these little groups of happy children, totally absorbed in interesting activities - it's like something out of the new prospectus..."

Warmest thanks to all those members of Staff, named and unnamed, who put so much into the day; to Chris Bateman (co-ordinator), Hidekazu Tanaka (chief cultural adviser!), and especially to Marion Higgins who spent countless hours in planning and organising and who encouraged and helped everyone else. It was a memorable occasion. Which country next year I wonder?

Anne Muir



MIKADO

Another very successful Gilbert & Sullivan opera took place at the end of the Summer term. Started on Spring term Sunday evenings, rehearsals gathered momentum during the Summer and reached their peak when the public examinations were over.

This year we resurrected the former custom of offering reserved seats for sale to the general public as well as to parents for all three nights. This was a risk, as I remembered too late that the capacity of the old hall that we used to use was much smaller than that of the present one. However, fears were groundless. The audiences came and enjoyed their visits.

Very nearly one hundred members of the school community took part in one way or another, not only on the stage, but behind it as well.

The highest compliment I can pay to the Soloists is to say that never during a performance did I ever doubt that each of them would rise to the occasion with the standard of professionalism that we expected. My confidence was not misplaced. They fulfilled the demands of their roles magnificently.

The Chorus, an essential ingredient, reinforced the performance with a combination of energetic enthusiasm and high musicianship as well as looking colourfully authentic.

No remarks like these would be complete without grateful reference to the set and its designers and executants; to the wardrobe department; to the make-up department; to the box office and to the "Orchestra". Everyone worked together to make a successful and memorable occasion.

Some of our cast had taken part in previous productions. For others it was the first time. Sadly for some in their final year, it was their last. My hope is that their enjoyment of the experience may lead them into an interest that they can follow for many years to come.

Tony Rye

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(in order of appearance)

PISH-TUSH (a Noble Lord)	Christopher WOLLERTON
NANKI-POO (Son of the Mikado, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with YUM-YUM)	Christopher MOORE
POOH-BAH (Lord High Everything Else)	Christopher WOOD
KO-KO (Lord High Executioner of Titipu)	Gareth DAVIES



Gerado Sanchez-Reyes

YUM-YUM	Three Sisters	Sarah FOULDS
PITTI-SING	Wards of Ko-Ko	Carolyn WEBSTER
PEEP-BO		Karen HART
THE MIKADO OF JAPAN		Paul JOHNSON
KATISHA (an Elderly Lady, in love with NANKI-POO)		Wendy HOLDEN

S.O.S.A. AGM

MINUTES OF THE SIBFORD OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION 1984 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY ON 25TH AUGUST 1984.

PRESIDENTS KENNETH AND ROBIN GREAVES
IN THE CHAIR:

55 members attending.

IN OUR SILENCE we remembered the lives of Leslie Thomas, George Edwards, Monica Taylor, Gertrude Ostler, Lynn Ogden, Hazel Lamb, Katherine Gadsby, Linda Eaton, Alastair Rose, Alice Mildred Chattin, Hazel Paxford, Frances Clark, Henry Poulton, and thought of Louis and Jean Poulton who were recovering from a serious motor vehicle accident.

GREETINGS were received from Martin and Dorothy Dodsworth, Margaret Baily, Mabel and Wilfred Pollard, June Ellis, Howard Campion, Dorothy Prior and Gwen Rowntree.

1. THE MINUTES of the 1983 A.G.M. printed in the Magazine were adopted and signed by the Presidents.

2. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

It is customary for your General Secretary to report on the condition of the Association, the events of the past year and the items of interest dealt with by the General Committee.

The 1983 August Reunion, whilst a great success, exposed a number of problems in terms of reasonable workload and crisis organisation. Who would imagine that despite the apparent calm and efficiency, the Reunion organisers were struggling minute by minute to keep up with the programme and not enjoying the experience? This year, your Committee have each a specific area of responsibility, an event or activity to administer and I believe that this weekend will be enjoyed by everyone, including those who have consistently and enthusiastically done most of the work in the past. It is important that we all enjoy our involvement in the Association and only by the reasonable distribution of responsibility will the Association continue in very good shape and encourage membership participation on the Committee.

In the past, the August programme has been restructured, printed and distributed by the Reunion Sub-Committee without ratification by the General Committee. This was due to the timing of Committee meetings which this year has been amended. The programme has been produced by the whole Committee to try to accommodate everyone's interest in the weekend's events and we hope that you will all enjoy it. We welcome constructive comments and are looking for new ideas so do please bring them forward to any Committee member informally during the weekend.

The S.O.S.A. Bursary Fund has been a major subject of debate and concern, and as such will be dealt with as a specific item by Kenneth Greaves in a moment.

I would now like to publish Martin Dodsworth's report on the Mabel Harrod Bursary Fund.

MABEL HARROD BURSARY FUND

I am pleased to report that the last allocation of Fund money has been used. The final £50 on this occasion has contributed towards a school group venture using the school mini-bus. Old Scholars will doubtless have read the more personal account by Sacha Lunn, Anna Lehmann and Sara Rees in the O.S. Magazine and the Fund trustees were pleased to be able to help with the travelling expenses to make this direct group contact possible. Six 6th form pupils with Tony Rye as driver and Anne Muir, spent four days in France mainly establishing contact with an independent Catholic school in the suburbs of Paris, a school much larger than Sibford but whose ethos is in many ways similar.

The group was able to share very much a flavour of school and the domestic life of their hosts, as well as seeing something of Paris and Versailles. I have been asked by the trustees to submit some form of general summary of the fund since it was initiated in 1943 and hope to do this for the Magazine in the Autumn.

In the meantime, I would like to express my appreciation for the support and encouragement given to me as secretary for the last 24 years by Alfred Holland, Arnold Kaye, Geoffrey Long, Ina Lamb and Elsie Mitchell and to pay tribute to their consistent concern for the right uses of the money - as Mabel Harrod herself would have so warmly wished it to be done. My thanks too to Jim Graham and Anne Muir for their help in establishing outlets for the Fund.

M. Dodsworth,
Sec/ Treasurer 21/ 8/ 84

Leslie Thomas: how can one adequately measure and describe his contribution to the Association and the School as Editor and School Committee Representative? The two Magazines that he produced were of exceptional quality, particularly the 1983 edition. His objective was to produce a Magazine which represented Sibford, its work, its people and its meaning, and through his professional skills and love of Sibford, he achieved it much to our admiration, enjoyment and benefit. Let us hope we can continue to produce a magazine of similar quality and understanding.

Meeting for worship will take the form of a Memorial Service for Leslie Thomas.

The Geoffrey Long Book Prize this year has been awarded to Joanna Mayes for her poem 'Life and Death'.

Turning to the events of the past year, we had an excellent game of football last November which resulted in a hard-fought 5-5 draw. I am grateful to those younger Old Scholars who support us with this event and to the School, particularly Mike Wollerton and Chris Bateman.

In May last year, we organised an informal barbecue for the School Leavers in order to encourage them in a relaxed atmosphere to join the Association. We did so again this year and 35 Leavers came along to Frank and Vera Rollett's home in the Gower. It was a well organised event; Vera and Jeanne Southam, with the help of our Presidents produced some marvellous food - I think I should say fast food... because those scholars who came did not stay long. It was disappointing however, as a result, we have 9 x £25.00 5 year members, 1 x Life Member and 1 x Ordinary Member. May I thank all those who helped, particularly Frank and Vera whose home seems always open to Old Scholars and friends all year round, and their hospitality is warm and spontaneous. Thank you both on behalf of us all and particularly the Committee.

The Membership position is as follows:-
Ordinary Members 270, Life Members 261, Life Members (addresses unknown) 20, Recent Leavers 10 = total 561.
Currently, therefore, we have 279 paying members but with some subscriptions in arrears, this figure will almost certainly fall. I believe our Membership situation is reasonable and whilst the average age may be high, I do think the opportunity to renew childhood interests and school relationships often doesn't come until later life. That said, we must continue to do all we can to encourage membership of all ages, particularly young people and families, and develop an Association which encourages and accommodates their interests.
We are very grateful to the helpers we have with us this weekend and I hope they enjoy the Reunion and we make them welcome and comfortable amongst us. Mike Finch is doing a great deal of work as Membership Secretary and we are grateful to him.

We were again invited to attend the School Open Day in June and in perfect weather we enjoyed a super day. It's pleasure to be at Sibford at any time (after April and before October), but if one is interested in Sibford School 1984, this is the day to come. The O.S. v. School Cricket match was played in excellent humour and resulted in a convincing win for the Old Scholars by 95 runs and we hereby regained the much coveted

Ashes Trophy. I confess to being rather disappointed at the number of Old Scholars who come on Open Day but again one should understand and accept that for most of us it was our time at Sibford and our relationships which bring us back and for which we are members of the Association.

We now have three local Branches: London organised by Allan Kidney and Margaret Fairnington; Midlands by the 'Raspberries Queen' Irene Coxon-Smith; and now South West, thanks to Jeanne Southam and John Hughes. Their activities are reasonably well supported by local Old Scholars, some of whom sadly are unable to attend the August Reunions, and we are very grateful to the Branch organisers for their work.

The Leslie Baily lecturer is Lorraine Brown on "The Importance of Listening" and we look forward very much to her address.

Our School Committee guest is William Waddilove, whom we welcome and hope he and his family enjoy their time with us.

Finally, may I, on your behalf, thank the Committee for all their excellent work, particularly the Presidents (believe me, they have had a busy time), Simon Barfoot and Jim Thelton - our Reunion Secretaries - for organising the weekend: we wish them luck, Jim Graham and his staff for having us, and you for allowing me to have been General Secretary for the past 3 years: it's been my pleasure.

A report was given by each Branch Secretary: Irene Coxon-Smith (Midlands), Jeanne Southam (South West) and Allan Kidney (London).

Forthcoming events : January 26th 1985 - Midlands Branch Christmas Party at Selly Oak Meeting House.

Note : The Memorial Service for Leslie Thomas held on Sunday 26th August 1984 at Sibford Meeting House raised a sum of £56.00 for the National Society for Cancer Relief.

3. TREASURER'S REPORT

John Miller presented his report together with the S.O.S.A. audited accounts for the year ended 31st December 1983 which were adopted by the Meeting.

4. S.O.S.A. BURSARY FUND

The Presidents reported that they had investigated the prospects of obtaining money from the Charitable Trusts for the SOSA Bursary Fund. The prospects were not good for the following reasons.

- (a) As the Old Scholars' Association does not enjoy charitable status, any appeal would have to be made in the school's name.
- (b) The school plans to appeal to the Trusts on its own behalf in the near future, and clearly the Association would not wish to pre-empt that appeal.
- (c) The Joint Bursary Scheme, which provides bursary help for Quaker children, is also about to appeal to the Trusts.
- (d) Trusts would be unlikely to contribute to a fund designed to benefit the children of Old Scholars exclusively.
- (e) Trusts would look for evidence of greater support for the scheme from our own membership than we can show.

Kenneth Greaves therefore suggested to the A.G.M. that they should consider very carefully whether or not to proceed with the Bursary Fund, and he posed the following questions.

- (i) Having regard to the comments in the Treasurer's report, do we wish to allocate most of the Association's resources to the Bursary Fund in order to provide bursary help worth £1,000 per annum to one child?
- (ii) Alternatively, should we look to using the Association's resources to supply some of the various special needs which arise in the school from time to time, and by so doing to benefit the whole school and to reinforce the links between the school and the Association?

(A great deal of discussion, comment and thought had been given to these matters by the Committee and it was generally agreed that any Bursary help we provided would be of an extremely limited nature and in order to do so all our financial resources would be committed over the next few years. Mike Finch had reminded the Committee that the Association had not always enjoyed such a comfortable financial situation and Jim Graham and Stuart Hedley had agreed that project support year by year was enormously helpful to the school).

It had been agreed that the following recommendation from the Committee go forward to the A.G.M. for approval:-

"The Association's attempt to create a Bursary Fund be laid down and the moneys raised to-date be transferred to the school's Bursary Fund".

The Committee's proposal was rejected and following numerous valuable comments from the floor, the following proposal was unanimously agreed:-

"The Sibford Old Scholars' Bursary Fund remain in being and the interest earned transferred to the School Bursary Fund and used to provide bursary help for any child whether or not he/she is a child of a Sibford Old Scholar. Those people who have already contributed to the S.O.S.A. Bursary Fund are to be asked whether or not this proposal is in accordance with their wishes and if not, their contribution will be refunded in full".

5. SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPRESENTATIVES' REPORT.

An excellent report was given by Jeanne Southam.

6.
 - (a) Election of President and Vice-President 1985. The 1985 President is to be Philip Manasseh and the Association's Vice-President is Jeanne Southam.
 - (b) General Secretary - Paul Frampton (1.1.85 - 31.12.87)
 - (c) Editor - In the absence of an S.O.S.A. nomination, it was agreed that Mike Spring be Magazine Editor of the 1984 edition supported by S.O.S.A. representatives Jeanne Southam, Mike Finch and Paul Frampton. Raymond and Ann Bond will print the Magazine and the Committee were given the authority to appoint an Editor for 1985, prior to the 1985 A.G.M.
 - (d) School Committee Representative - Paul Frampton (subject to approval by Sibford General Meeting (Oct 1984-31.12.87).
 - (e) Ordinary Committee Members - Hugh Wallis and Sarah Clacy (1.1.85 - 31.12.87).

7. CHANGE OF RULES

The following change of Rules were agreed:-

- 8(a) An Annual Reunion of members shall be held at Sibford at such a time as may be decided by the General Committee.
11. A Magazine entitled 'Sibford' shall be produced annually and sent to all members. Where husbands and wives are members, only one magazine will be sent unless an additional copy is specifically requested.

8. HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

Jim Graham invited questions from the floor which prompted some very full and interesting answers on several matters of significant importance to the School at the present time.

9. FORTHCOMING DATES.

S.O.S.A. General Committee Meetings	- December 2nd 1984.
	- May 19th 1985.
Sibford General Meeting	- October 20th 1984.
1985 Annual Reunion	- August 24th/ 25th 26th 1985.

There being no other business, the meeting closed at 18.50 hrs, Mike Finch having proposed a vote of thanks to both Presidents.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPRESENTATIVES' REPORT 1984

Have you ever pondered the difference between the written and the spoken word? I ask you this for good reason because I am going to read you something. Leslie Thomas and I have told you in our last two committee reports of the great search to define an aim for modern Sibford. We have told you that the Committee has reached a consensus and that we have started to move to fulfil that aim. Looking through my papers with this report in mind, I came across a document which in three paragraphs spells out for me what I think that aim is. That is why I am going to read it to you - if I have enough breath. Read silently it reads beautifully: when I came to read it aloud several of the excellent and lucid sentences had a Quaker length to them which taxed me a little. However, here goes.

1. "We wish to produce children who, at sixteen, are ready to move on to the next stage of their lives whether here or elsewhere, having gained from a full and rich experience a confidence and competence which will stand them in good stead in whatever circumstances they may find themselves. Sibford has always set a great store on the importance of the individual pupil realising his potential as well as being involved in cooperative effort. As a Quaker school we have a deep sense of the worth of each individual and we strive, principally by example, but also instruction, to inculcate a sense of this worth in each child. This needs to show itself in a recognition by each student of his own dignity and in a sensitive awareness of the needs of others and of the importance of the groups and communities within which they work and live. For many this awareness of community will need a basis in religious experience and certainly for Quakers and non Quakers alike the school's background and tradition offer a support and inspiration.

2. The educational experience of our students must include their full development in whatever skill they need and can master. This will mean a range of suitable public examination courses which will provide a sound basis for successful further study and training and must include competence in language and number.

3. By an emphasis on the acquisition of usable skills, we wish to build the confidence which comes from knowing one has achieved something and to provide students with resources in themselves which will support them through changing patterns of employment, enrich their lives and enable them to contribute fully to the community."

That is the aim - that is what the school has been setting itself to achieve during the past year. One thing is very clear, it will be a long journey of many steps. Patient, careful and consultative steps but adventurous

and realistic ones as well. We are not breaking the mould for Sibford, rather we are reshaping it. The year has been occupied by the Committee, the Head and the Staff all being very carefully engaged in working out practical details.

We have a most encouraging example of the way ahead in the highly successful exchange between the library and the remedial department which came into operation last September and to which Leslie referred in his report. It is one of these happy all-win situations:- the remedial department becomes an integral part of the school rather than an odd peripheral department. It has larger, better and brighter premises. When I made a mistake and turned up for a Committee meeting on the wrong day, I had the unexpected good fortune to spend some time there and to see it at work. I was deeply impressed with the dedication of the staff and the very happy atmosphere. This is the staff that will make Sibford a success in the future. The Library has lost the noise of heavy breathing from the gym below and is now a quiet spacious facility - very well placed on the campus for the role it plays. We enjoy holding our committee meetings there.

I am particularly happy with the paragraph 3 above which puts emphasis on the acquisition of usable skills. How many of us have left Sibford with a modest academic record but with a fund of common sense, self confidence and practical ability, which we have used as a basis for a happy and constructive life? I know I did and I am grateful to Sibford for that confidence and practicality. We had an interesting illustration of Committee team-work and of using the particular skills of an individual when the laundry had some problems of work-load and manning this year. Have you ever considered the problems of vest flow and sheet strategy? The laundry is just one of many practical sub-systems of the school that needs to work intelligently, efficiently and well. Vera Rollett and I volunteered to spend time in the laundry to discuss their problems and to help with suggestions as to how their difficulties could be overcome. Once again I was very impressed with the dedication to a job well done that exists in the laundry. Too often we take the practical for granted and become excited about the theoretical and glittering prizes.

The Committee has strengthened its Development Committee and charged it to bring forward positive proposals and thinking. In parallel, considerable thought and discussion is in progress by and between the Headmaster and Staff. A "new look" sixth form programme is beginning to take shape which offers many paths and levels of attainment, but is realistic in terms of teaching resources. The thinking is very open but practical, and includes the admirable City and Guilds foundation courses. We are considering extending the international role of Sibford which, if well balanced, would add a depth of cultural background, assist integration and tolerance and provide a wider catchment area for the school. A good start has been made in the school with the teaching of English as a foreign language.

If our plans for a Sibford that succeeds in turning out motivated individuals with a sense of their own worth and ability to contribute are to be realised, each individual must be thoroughly understood, appreciated and encouraged. To this end the Headmaster and Staff are currently giving much time to "profiling" and tutoring activities, which aim to produce in each child the ability to direct themselves with purpose and fulfilment. I believe that when I was at school plenty of profiling

went on, but we did not call it that and were not conscious of it - in fact, we lived in a more caring, less self-conscious age and we came to purpose and fulfilment through a much easier path than many modern children. From the little the Committee have seen of profiling, they are enthusiastic and they hope that it will be a valuable contribution in achieving the school at which we aim. Thus are the Quaker concerns for the individual positively aided by conscious efforts and techniques.

Sibford, with its marvellous setting in rolling countryside, has tremendous potential for study of all things to do with agriculture and the countryside. This has not really been built on in recent years, and I am glad to be able to tell you that after a somewhat hiccoughy start, steps are now well in hand to build up a good rural studies department, and to give thought to the use of the natural facilities that we have. We await with interest the developments that should flow from the recent appointment of a rural studies teacher.

We feel that we have made a good start on the new direction for Sibford, but it does depend on our being able to fill the school all the time. We have to remain a solvent operable school whilst all our ideas and enthusiasms are tried out. As we have said before, we have scant reserves and the fight to maintain pupil numbers is a constant one. We must continue to cut our coat sparingly and to ensure the soundest financial management. We have budgeted sums for educational development and for essential maintenance jobs. We have agreed to find a sum for a member of staff to have a sabbatical term in 1985. We would wish to allocate more but we cannot. We have purchased a computer for the Bursar's office which we hope will contain administrative costs and earn its keep. Any unexpectedly large demands on our cash resources - such as unexpected boiler repairs - places us under financial strain. Whilst having our educational aspirations high, we must continue prudent in the husbanding of our resources. Once again, we are having to increase our fees for the forthcoming year. They will be £4,197 for Boarders and £2,097 for Day Pupils per annum and the special needs fee will be £477 per annum. These are formidable sums for parents to find.

The most important change to us as a Committee has been the welcome addition of members of Staff, Shirley Chowne, Frank Cookson and Anthony Skeath to our number. They have brought new dimensions, expertise and knowledge to our deliberations and to our Committee work.



Jeanne Southam (centre) at the 1984 reunion

During the past year the School Committee has said farewell to Joseph Sewell who was our financial expert for many years. By bringing his professional skill to bear on the financial affairs of the school with devotion and the application of real concern, Joseph Sewell has made an outstanding contribution. He has been replaced by George Bunney. Jack Wood, Margaret Le Mare and Roger Baker have left the Committee and the new additions are William Brown, for many years Bursar at Sidcot, Tim Whitmore, a senior research officer in the Commonwealth Forest Industry, Jennifer Buffery, a teacher and Phyllida Gardner whose special interest is both teaching and playing the flute.

I am particularly conscious today that Leslie Thomas is not here to support me on this report. His recent death was a sad shock to us all.

As you can see, it has been a year of preparation and debate, not of the ends but of the means. An appropriate level of pupils remains a vital necessity to the school. We hope we have the time, energy and commitment to achieve success in our new approach.

Jeanne Southam

REPORTS FROM THE BRANCHES

From the Midlands Barbara Seccombe-Abercrombie writes:-

It gives me great pleasure to thank all those who organise such happy and interesting events for us during the year and keep the Midland Branch going. We really are quite strong in number.

The Christmas Party was well attended last January. We talked, we laughed, we played games and how we did tuck into a superb cold supper!

In March a few attended a 'G and S' evening at Redditch Operatic Society.

April produced a perfect day for us to walk on part of the Malvern Hills and gaze in wonder at the wild Daffodils and Primroses, the perfect views across the Midland Plain and far away to the Welsh Mountains. We rounded off the afternoon at the home of Bill and Joy Rann where a fine tea awaited us and was enjoyed.

We are holding our Christmas Party in January 1985, at Selly Oak Meeting House. All our events are worth making an effort to attend, we really do have great fun.

From the London branch Margaret Fairnington and Allan Kidney report:-

Since the last A.G.M. there have been two get togethers, the first was a walk on Hampstead Heath followed by a party at Margaret Fairnington's home in Swiss Cottage. We were very pleased to welcome Helen Calvert. Helen, who left in 1906 has fond memories of Sibford. The second event we had initially thought of having on Hallowe'en, however for various reasons, it took place in early June! This was a visit to Highgate Cemetery followed by an "Open House" with Cecily and Peter Blunt, at Holly Village.

We have now cut down on the number of O.S. who we advise of events, from over 80 to the present 35. At present anyone over one year or more behind in subscriptions is, after a reminder, deleted from our mailing list. If anyone believes that they should be on

the list, please let the Secretaries know, also anyone who may wish to be notified of future events.

A GHOULISH GATHERING

In the palmiest days of good Queen Victoria, solid citizens took their final interment extremely seriously and private cemeteries sprouted up on prime sites in many of our larger cities. One such was the Highgate Cemetery in North London, built on a commodious and precipitous escarpment overlooking the capital, long since gone to rack and ruin. Some years ago, nasty and sacrilegious events, including virtual grave-robbing, led to the setting up of an association for the preservation of the older, western sector of the cemetery (the main part, dominated by the enormous tomb of Karl Marx, was relatively well maintained).

We didn't count the party, but some twenty of us must have assembled at the gates on Sunday, June 3rd, to be escorted by an urbane and lively guide through a labyrinth of paths and tombs - we even went into a gigantic mausoleum erected by a Victorian Grandee. So huge was it, that when it was opened up a year or two back, literally tons of impacted bird manure had to be removed to get down to floor level! Our guide, who gave constant delight as raconteur, wit and mimic, led us along a virtual reproduction of an ancient Egyptian burial temple, past busy teams of volunteers restoring tombs (and securing them from vandals, too). A booklet listed many well-known people buried there, including some surprising recent interments - do you remember Philip Harben, the TV Cookery expert?

Luckily it was a downhill stroll to the home of Cicily and Peter Blunt who had kindly asked us back for a delicious tea. Even here there was a slice of history, a small, private estate of Victorian houses, with a large communal green, in itself worth a special visit. Our thanks go to our hosts for rounding off an intriguing afternoon.

From the newly formed South West Group Jeanne Southam reports:-

There has been a feeling for some time that it would be a good idea to start a group of Old Scholars in the West Country. Their first event proved to be a very successful one, and we look forward to more members joining us as the group becomes known.

On a lovely day in July some of us met at Frenchay Meeting House on the outskirts of Bristol and joined Friends there for Meeting and Worship. Several more Old Scholars joined us for a picnic lunch in the lovely walled garden adjoining. Afterwards we were taken for a tour of Frenchay Common and shown some of the interesting Old Houses, many of which had a history of Quaker occupation. Roger Angerson - an old scholar - was our guide.

Once again the skies cleared and the sun shone for the annual "Get Together" of the Midland and South West area groups of Old Scholars, when they met for lunch at the home of Vaughan and Jeanne Southam in Nailsea. The renewal of school acquaintances, and some reunions after as long as forty years, took place against the background of a conducted tour of the S.S. Great Britain. This historic feature of Bristol provided a piece of tangible history with something of real interest for everyone.

If anyone is interested in joining the group, and would like to be notified of future events, would they contact John Hughes.

In the public eye

SPONSORED WALK 1984

WALK HEADQUARTERS — MANOR STAFF ROOM: Queues of walkers arrived to be checked off on their way; some with ten miles, many with twenty miles ahead of them. So keen were they to begin, they had to be fought back. Eventually, everyone had gone and the inevitable happened. The heavens opened and the rain began. "I hope they all remembered their waterproofs!"

After what seemed to us only a very short time, the first walkers were spotted on the road approaching the Manor. Walkers? They're running to the finish - AFTER A TWENTY MILE HIKE IN THE RAIN!!

Gradually more and more soaking wet bodies arrived, glad to be back, and very pleased with themselves. Some could only manage 15 or 18 miles in the rain and returned in the minibus. Mrs. Turberfield forced Goldie to give up after 18¼ miles. Some were disappointed, but glad to be back to the warmth of the school.

Then more hard work began. The signing of sponsor forms and collecting in the money. Elisabeth Endersby spent many hours collecting and counting all the money.

The final total for the Social Services Committee was £1300. The final total in pleasure and achievement for those who took part cannot be measured.

Marion Higgins



Traitors Ford. Sixteen miles down, four to go

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Every Thursday from 4.15 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. we go to Brailes to visit an 83 year old lady called Violet Whaley. She is a widow and she looks forward to our weekly visits very much indeed. She welcomes our company and it seems to us that company is all she requires, as she won't allow us to do any odd jobs for her. She makes tea for us and she obviously enjoys having someone to fuss over.

A little effort on our part seems to go a long way in the pleasure it gives her and, as she herself said, when we leave Sibford she won't have anything to look forward to. We therefore get a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction from being able to make somebody so happy in such a small space of time.

Vicky Haworth and Nicola Bull



CHERINGTON VISIT

Over the past few years members of the school have been visiting Cherington Home Farm Trust which is a home for mentally handicapped adults. We went on Sundays, a day otherwise found boring by the residents and talked, or rather listened to them. One of their favourite questions was 'When can we come and see Sibford?' Last June their wish came true.

At about 1.30 in the afternoon Helen Trathen and Janet Hastings went into the Needlework Room and got the room ready. The chairs were set out in a big semi-circle. At 2.30 one minibus arrived with the first ten or so. A few of us went out to greet them and showed them the way to the Needlework Room. We sat down with them and Helen introduced us while we were waiting for the minibus to bring the second half. When the second half arrived we took them for a walk on the field. We walked for about half an hour, then we brought them all into the Needlework Room. They had a drink of orange and then we sang some folk songs with them. After we'd sung some songs we split them up into groups and showed them round the Houses and round the school. They had tea at 4.00 and then we sang more songs until about 5.30. In the end they all stood up and thanked us for the lovely afternoon.

We hope this work which brings great happiness to a somewhat forgotten part of our community, is continued by Sibford scholars in the years to come.

Nicole Chitayat and Helen Trathen

JURA HOTEL

ISLE OF JURA – ARGYLL
SCOTLAND

Originally an inn on the drove road from Islay to the mainland - now a modern, comfortable hotel from which to explore this unspoilt Island; climb the Paps, wander along the wild west coast, find standing stones, explore deserted villages and iron-age forts or relax on wide sandy beaches.

On the west coast of Jura are some of the finest raised beaches in the world. At the north end of the Island is the famous whirlpool of Corryvreckan.

A warm welcome and good food awaits you. Dine on local produce - salmon, venison, scallops and lobster.

Riding, fishing, sailing all available.



Write or telephone for brochure –

**Jura Hotel, Isle of Jura,
Argyll, Scotland.**

Tel: Jura (049682) 243

On campus

OPEN DAY

The walk up to the Hill Building on the morning of Open Day was a lovely one, the early mist clearing and the sun beginning to light up Sibford in its summer splendour.

Under orders from Mr. Spring to produce a report, the day was for me a very busy and enjoyable one.

An early walkabout revealed plenty to see. Experiments were laid out in the laboratories and interesting activities with glass and bunsen burners were already taking place. Plants had transformed Room 26 into a bower and thirty pence purchased two small 'sensitive' plants. Still in the Science Block, there were some impressive technical drawings in Room 23, and upstairs a lively display of written work from the English Department.

Crossing to the Hill Building my attention was captured by the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme display and by the vivid photographs of their last expedition. The door opposite led into Room 13 and the City and Guilds display. This is an exciting new project for the school and we look forward to its development with interest.

The display in the sewing room was a delight to see: loveable dolls, charming donkeys, colourful cushions. I admired especially the varied and skilled course-work of Carla Todd and the cuddly selection of stuffed animals made by her sister, Sieta.

On past the R.E. Room where later on I was to spend a thought provoking few moments reading some of the C.S.E. project work on many aspects of contemporary life, and up to the Remedial Department where I was welcomed by spiders, cats and an octopus!

The History Department took us back in time with an amazing collection of castles and a quick brush up on one's history was made possible by a clear and colourful guide to the British monarchy, from the Saxons to the Windsors.

In the Art Room there was much to catch the eye and especially the work of Ali Farr who is now a student at the Chelsea College of Art. She had printed a parasol in a wonderful black and white design and its Japanese 'feel' found an echo in the fierce warrior faces looking down on you as you descended the stairs, and in the great Japanese banners hanging in the entrance foyer.

I finished my walkabout in the Wood and Metal-work rooms and was, as always, impressed by the standard of the work: wonderfully crafted wood and some highly covetable pieces of jewellery and furniture.



After a cup of coffee in the foyer and a quick browse over the book stall so kindly organised by Caroline Bond's parents, it was on to the activities.

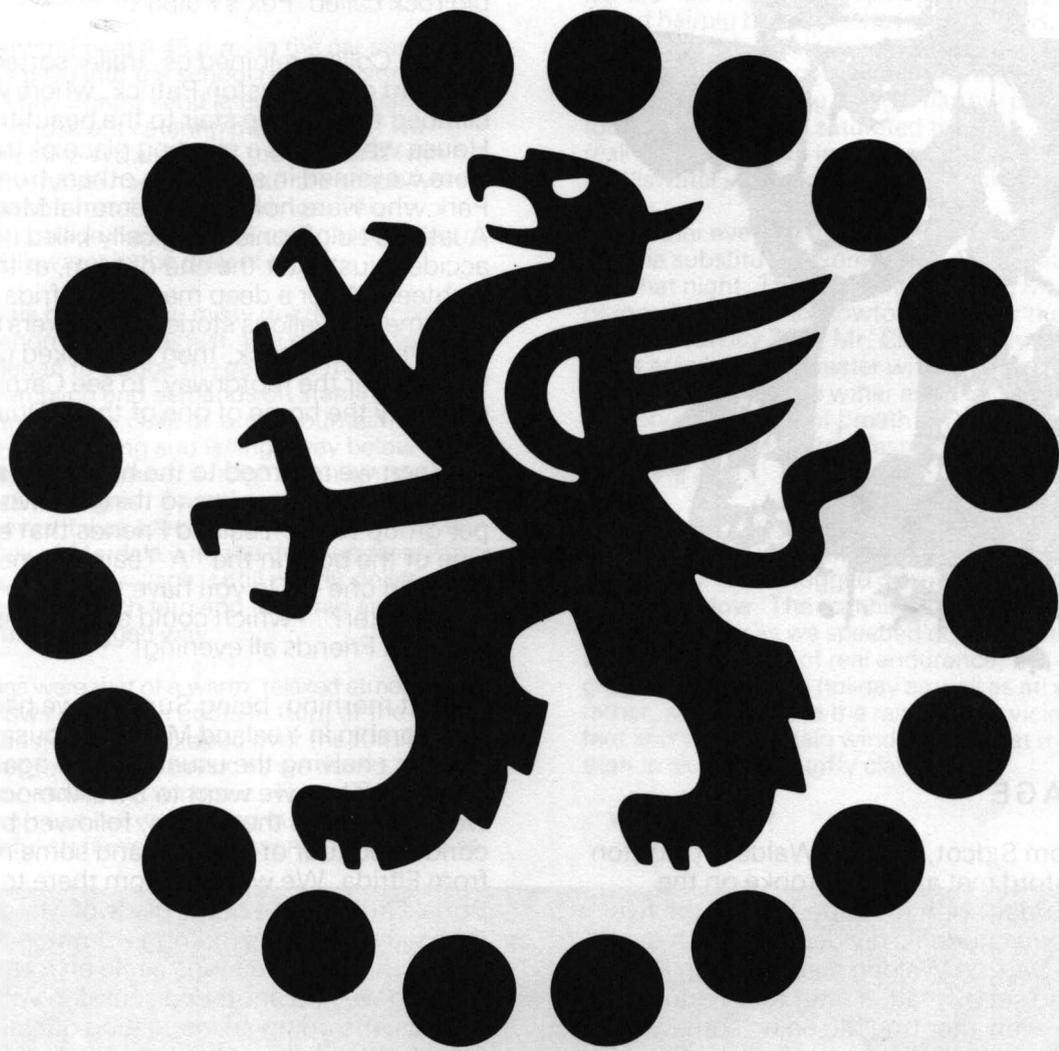
First a rousing collection of songs in the Music Room, my favourite being 'Big Rock Candy Mountain', then on to Room 28 to hear a group of Second Years reading poems, among them that perennial favourite 'Macavity the Mystery Cat'. After this to the Hall and a wonderful display of modern dance - an impressive testimony to what Miss Greenwood achieved in her year with us. Soon I was back in the hall again for the Gymnastics Display. It was splendid and the skill and composure of the girls was remarkable. I am sure that Sue Faulkner must have felt justifiably proud of them as she guided them through the display on this, her last Open Day at Sibford.

The afternoon passed all too quickly, as there was not time to see everything though, from afar, the cricket looked suitably English and idyllic for such an afternoon.

The day would not have been complete without the usual delicious lunch and tea, and as I tucked into my second strawberry tart at four-thirty, it was with real pleasure that I looked back on Open Day 1984.

Anne Chalmers





Midland

Come and talk to the listening bank

Midland Bank plc

Off campus



George Fox

PILGRIMAGE

Groups from Sidcot, Saffron Walden, Leighton Park and Sibford met at Woodbrooke on the morning of Friday, 14th for coffee. Then the five staff and twenty students divided themselves between the Saffron Walden and Leighton Park minibuses and set off, rather late, for Preston. We arrived there even later (the M6 being somewhat clogged), and had an introductory talk by Roger Wilson about George Fox and his strange 'leading' to climb Pendle Hill.

We then travelled to Pendle, but as we approached the Hill the Heavens opened, so we went on a bit further to the car park at Barley and had tea. There the staff decided that the climb would be abandoned because of the rain, but the students said that wouldn't do at all, so up we went. It only poured part of the way!

Saffron Walden's minibus took off the first group down, to go back up the M6 to Yealand hostel. The rest of us had to wait in the rain until the last two Leightonians, who had the key to the minibus, returned. We took the shorter, but much slower and more twisty cross-country route, which seemed to go on for ever, but when we finally reached the hostel, at 9.15 p.m., we were only ten minutes behind the other minibus. Their trailer mudguard had slashed the tyre to ribbons on the M6! Kenneth and Robin Greaves welcomed us warmly and fed us. Haven at last!

Next morning, we went to Brigflatts, an early Meeting House which even has a special pen for the dogs the farmers brought to Meeting. Mike Collins (Saffron Walden) dropped his crew and went to rescue the trailer. The rest of us had another talk from Roger Wilson, then set off for Firbank Fell, where George Fox preached to the multitude. We had lunch and readings below the big rock called 'Fox's Pulpit'.

Mike Collins rejoined us, trailer sorted out, and we went on to Preston Patrick, where we all climbed the outside stair to the beautiful old Court House which was a meeting place of the Seekers. Here we joined in spirit with others from Leighton Park who were holding a Memorial Meeting for Ian Austin, a Leightonian tragically killed in a car accident just after the end of term, at the age of eighteen. After a deep meeting, Elfrida Foulds told us some marvellous stories of Quakers associated with Preston Patrick, then we walked up a short track under the motorway, to see Carnsgill Farm, originally the home of one of these Quakers.

When we returned to the hostel the students were sent out in groups to think of two questions per group to ask Yealand Friends that evening. One of the boys in the "A-Team" came up with a splendid one - "Do you have to believe in God to be a quaker?" - which could easily have occupied the local Friends all evening!

Next morning, being Sunday, we had Meeting for Worship in Yealand Meeting House with local Friends - halving the usual average age of the Meeting! Then we went to Swarthmoor Hall where we had lunch in the garden, followed by a conducted tour of the Hall, and some more stories from Elfrida. We went on from there to Sunbreck Burial Ground, the burial place of Margaret Fell, then walked across Birkrigg Common to the sea, discovering the old stone circle en route. In the evening we had another discussion with Yealand Friends, including an interesting question on the use of violence by older pupils in disciplining younger ones.

On Monday, after cleaning the hostel, we departed for Birmingham where we had a good buffet lunch at Dr. Johnson House. Finally we went back to Woodbrooke again for photographs and rearrangement of persons and baggage into appropriate minibuses for the journey home.

Looking back, everyone from Sibford picked out different highlights - the lovely building and interesting stories at Swarthmoor Hall; the triumph of climbing Pendle Hill in the rain; all the travelling we did and the people we met; the silent meetings and seeing the Greaves again; the discussions with Yealand Friends and the Memorial Meeting for Ian Austin; the wonderful view over Morecambe Bay early on the calm, sunny Saturday morning. An unforgettable experience all round.

*Sara Rees, Helen Trathen, Janet Hastings,
James McIntosh, Olivia Fong Yuen, Carolyn
Webster, Pippa Cookson*

BONSCALE

This desolate house, high on the rugged hills of the Lake District, had been the topic of conversation with my friends for months. I wondered what hidden magic it held taking them back and back again to walk the miles of rough hills, pushing their physical endurance to the limit. Until this weekend, I didn't understand what it meant. The notice was signed and we all prepared our various items of equipment, and excitement mounted.

On 20th September at 4.45 p.m. in the car park, fourteen of us piled into the school minibus along with Mr. Clark and Mr. Spring - and later we were joined by Miss Lemon as resident catering manager. Off we headed for the hills. We arrived in the dark and within half an hour everyone had settled into the shabbily furnished, but comfortable surroundings. This whitewashed cottage was set back on Bonscale Pike overlooking Ullswater in the grey of night.

The first walk began in the misty drizzle the following day after an enormous breakfast. We split into two groups and began to trudge the paths to the hills. The climbing, scrambling and demands on stamina were worth the climax at the peak of each mountain. Hills and lakes were stretching and falling away below wisps of mist, occasional beams of sunlight highlighting shades of green and grey. Even through the light snow and my cold eyes it was spectacular at two thousand feet. The valley of Mardale with the dried up reservoir revealing the ruins of a village is still clearly sinister and morbid in my mind. Each tarn and fell, crag and gully were beautiful in a rugged way.

The evenings were that of a warm, relaxed atmosphere Rows upon rows of sodden boots in front of the roaring fire, and exhausted bodies draped over the furniture. Tea and coffee, and gentle music as we dozed, drizzle softly pattering down the windows. The cooking was done in duty groups, so we cooked our own food (under watchful staff eyes!). Late evening when it was

dry, we congregated on the stone terrace overlooking the lake, or in the straw barn behind the house where we sat on logs and played silly games. However pleasantly the evenings passed, the early mornings came too quickly and it was time to drag ourselves from the warmth of bed.

Saturday, another heavy day of walking, this time in one group. I felt fitter that day, I think everybody else did too - as we trudged through mud and heather, and round hairpin bends on the narrow paths, winding round the mountains in howling gales. It was quite an awkward experience to suddenly have an inflated cagoule while staggering along a narrow path above a 500 foot drop! I became saturated that day, the weather really threw it down in sheets. Meanwhile, back down at Ullswater, the sun shone in a cool haze.

Another evening of soggy socks over the fire and pyjama substitutes. Some of us didn't get to bed until late that night. The following morning Mr. Spring dragged us down to Howtown Pier for the traditional plunge at an icy 7.30! Mr. Clark bravely encouraged us in his aran knitted sweater with his camera around his neck. I hardly felt the water as I dived, just a strange numbness and lack of breath!! It gave us appetites for our scrambled egg breakfast and was well worth the shivering cold.

After a thorough Hoovering and packing we locked the door of the whitewashed farmhouse of Bonscale and the minibus chugged down the overgrown track to the road below. The soft hills rolled away in the distance of my memory as we speeded down the motorway. It was an experience of real endurance, but of great giggles too. It was a holiday as well as an exercise - I'd rather, any day, have the rain lashing viciously at my feet and the mountain winds tugging at my cagoule . . . than to slump in a stuffy classroom.

Wouldn't you?

Jo Mayes



FOOTBALL TRIPS TO WEMBLEY

At various times during the football season, England play at Wembley. We are lucky enough to have a member of staff, Mrs. Higgins, who takes us to these occasionally. We football fanatics pay a mere five pounds to enjoy a feast of football action. Unfortunately some of we England fans (we have one Scot who always supports the opposition) have been none too pleased with our team's performances in recent matches. In the five games that I have been to, England have only scored four goals, but we are looking forward to better things in the forthcoming World Cup.

We leave Sibford at about 4.30 p.m. on a Wednesday afternoon and arrive at Wembley in good time to take up our positions on the terraces. After the game we meet at the minibus, and pass the journey discussing the game, arriving back at school at about midnight.

Chris Wollerton

FRENCH EXCHANGE

Caroline Stevenson, Janet Armitage, Chris Wollerton and John Dale took part in the 1984 French Exchange.

We left London from the Hoverlink depot at 11.00p.m. arriving at Dover by 1 p.m. We took the 1.30 hovercraft to Calais. The journey took only 36 minutes but was very noisy. On arriving at Calais, we took a long coach journey to Paris. This was very hot and stuffy, but enjoyable. We met the French people with whom we would spend the next two weeks in Paris. The family I was to stay with was the Chinardet family. They seemed very nice and Mrs. Chinardet could speak fluent English (the other Sibford scholars were not so lucky!)

The first few days were very different, especially the food. We stayed up at night until 2 a.m., but slept in until 1 p.m. the next day. In the afternoons of the first week we went on various tours around Paris: The Eiffel Tower, L'Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame which I really enjoyed. The view from the Eiffel Tower was tremendous. The first week was very good fun, we went swimming every day, but little did I know that on Monday morning it was school!

French school is so different, and I felt a bit embarrassed on the first day. The French have longer lessons and horrible lunches! The place I went to was a private school, so it was reasonably good in comparison to some others. Although school took up all my final week, I didn't spend all day there. On Thursday the English people went to the Palace at Versailles which was tremendous. The architecture of the place is outstanding.

On Saturday morning we left the families at the Hoverlink Office (I said 'bonjour' instead of 'au revoir'!) and we started the laborious journey back to England. It had all been an eye-opening and enjoyable experience.

John Dale

GERMAN EXCHANGE

Last Summer I went to Frankfurt on an exchange. It was organized by Dragons International who also do exchanges to France and America. The journey took about 20 hours which seems a long time, but people soon make friends and they show videos on the journey as well. My exchange was fairly successful. I had the German girl over for two weeks, then there was a two week gap and I went over. Dragons International try to match people who have similar interests.

My holiday was great fun. We visited some very interesting places, Heidelberg, Rudesheim and the East-West border. I was worried about making myself understood in German, but I found that as long as I made the effort, so would other people. Nevertheless a lot of Germans speak English and are sometimes a bit too willing to show off the fact, so you never really feel out of the picture. I went to a German school for a few days as well. My understanding of German improved a lot. Even if you don't speak much, you hear German constantly so you pick up quite a bit. It also gives you an understanding of the Germans and their life-style. I made lots of friends in Frankfurt, and I have been invited back there next year.

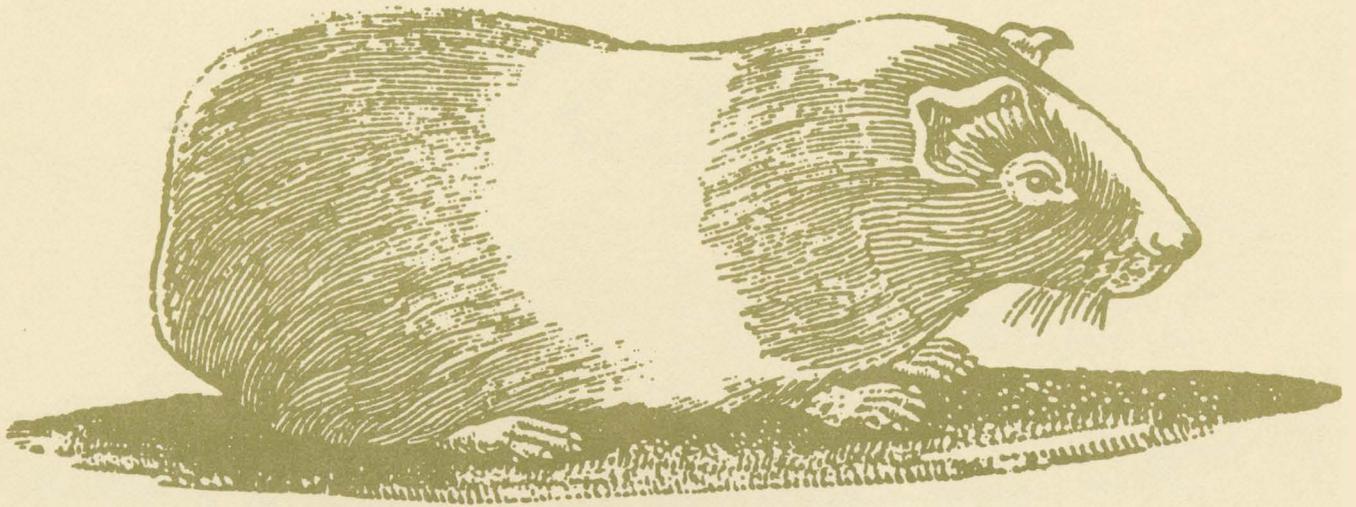
I think it is a very worthwhile thing to do, and I recommend it to anyone who wants to improve a foreign language.

Clare Rivers

**SIBFORD
TAXI SERVICE**

Josie and Mick Canning.
Sibford Ferris.

TELEPHONE: SWALCLIFFE 321.



GUINEA PIG

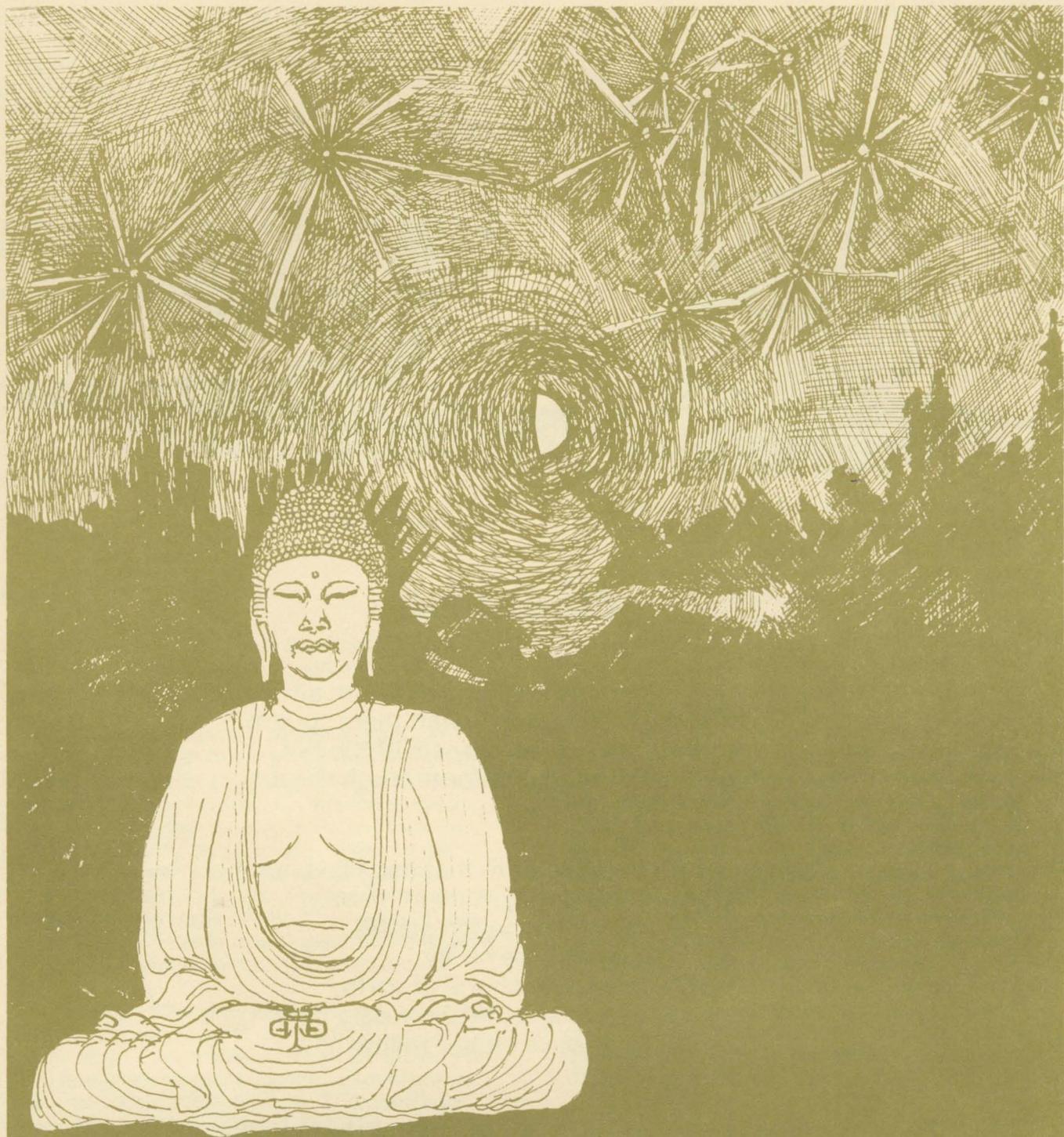
We laughed to feel the little bodies warm and furred
To hold them close and watch them squirm
Into the dark, caged corners of the run,
To hear their hurried chatter through the day.

Then to return hours later to that hay filled hutch,
Where hazy midday sunlight filtered
Through the wooden planks,
And there he lay
Stiff, like some chunk of earth,
The beady eyes blank and expressionless,
Slumped sideways on the yellow hay.

And leaning gently forward, startled by the sight,
I reached to touch the cold, mud-clotted hair,
The body brittle and inert,
And stroked with forced affection, til
A rising from my mind to eyes let fall a tear.

I closed the hutch, and left him, like a broken match.

Jo Mayes



TRANQUILITY IN SINGAPORE

Tranquility hangs in the undergrowth,
Rising to the lamp tops,
Reaching to the stars.
In its pond of smooth, glassy water,
The warm feeling of restfulness returns
As the moon rises bright above the canopy,
And the tame dark sets in on the white reflected roads,
The placidity of night appears.

Karen Hart

FLYING

I've just taken up flying the aircraft myself. I'm learning on a Rollason Condor D62b. Although I can't fly solo until I'm seventeen, I still want to learn now as there are no restrictions on age. There are two rules: you have to be able to see over the cockpit and reach the rudder pedals.

The rudder pedals control the fin so that it will steer straight. Once they're seventeen most people who are learning haven't got time to read all the books, because they're too busy concentrating on the practical work, but I can do both now as I have a lot more time.

Most instructors brush me aside because they don't want to deal with little kids, but the flying school I go to is not like that. My instructor taught my mother and both my brothers to fly. One of my brothers is now an instructor at the same school. don't fly with my brother, however, not because don't trust him, but because it wouldn't feel the same having your brother teaching you.

So far I've done Exercises One to Six from a total of nineteen. The first six Exercises are: taxiing, straight and level, pitch control, speed control, turns and banking.

Later on I'll have to do spins which people are normally terrified about and think that they do a nose-dive, spinning with the nose towards the ground. They're not, that's only in films to make it look good. A proper spin is when you're hardly pointing down at all but rotating. I really enjoy flying and the freedom of the skies.

Caroline Bond

SKULL

"Now here is an example of an omnivore's skull"
I stare into the blind eyes, cold and dull.

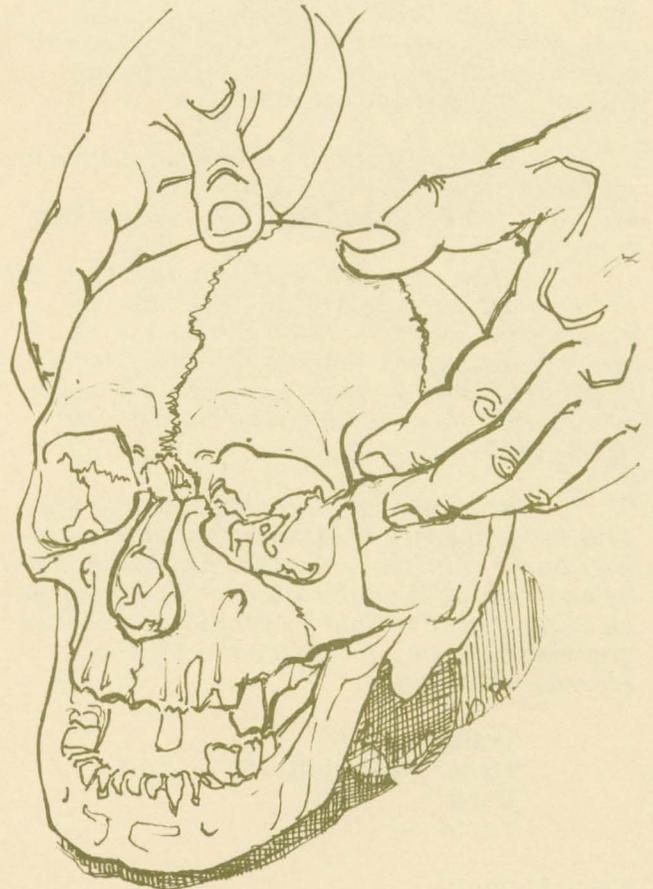
I see, as on and on he drones,
The yellowed brittle bones could be
The debris of an accident,
An old age death,
A suicide, a grievous break,
I feel pity,
I hear the screaming of tyres,
The thud and buckling of steel.
Curiosity.....
Was it fractured by velocity?

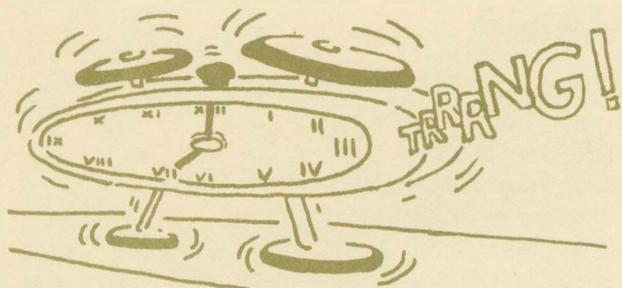
James Binns

TRAMP

*In the park,
On the moulding bench,
Under the trees
Which drip mournfully
From the rain,
An old man sits
In jumble-sale clothes,
Which smell of damp.
His crumpled face
Of unhappy wrinkles,
His sparse grey hair
A tangled mat,
His nicotine fingers
Which read a thousand papers every day
Lift a dusty bottle to his cracked lips.
He spies me watching,
His eyes mist over -
Great pools of despair.
I turn to leave,
And hear the shuffle of his broken boots,
The grating cough from his smoky lungs,
And turn again
To meet his cracked and toothless smile.
I smile back, tugging at the collar of my coat
And hurry home,
To family comfort,
And the warmth.*

Julie Bowles





MONDAY MORNING

I lunged out at the alarm clock. Who had set the damned thing to go off at this time of night? It certainly wasn't me, as I don't like being woken up at seven in the morning. I managed to switch the alarm clock off, but in doing so I knocked it over, and it in turn knocked over the coffee which I had failed to drink last night. It seemed like years before the coffee cup eventually hit the floor, I tried desperately to catch it but to no avail. It hit the hard lino floor, (it happened to be the small portion of the bedroom which I had never got around to carpeting), fragmenting immediately. Its brown, yellow contents, however, missed the lino and were content to soak my duvet and my cat Sammy. The cat screeched and bolted for the door. I hear it run across the landing to my parents' room from which I could hear my mother comforting the bedraggled creature.

"Probably won't see the cat for some time" I thought.

I had become rather cold by this time as the duvet must have fallen off my bed during the night. Although the duvet was covered in hairs and splattered with coffee, I decided to use it, as I didn't want to freeze to death. I slumped into bed covering myself with the cleaner side. I put my head on the pillow and began to think.

"I was dressed as a gladiator, I had a whip in my left hand and every time my Mum attempted to do any housework, I would lash her."

"..... How dare you work, you must get out of this terrible habit. Why don't you lounge around like other people, all you ever think about or do is work, work, work. No! Don't read books, they will make you clever, watch television, enjoy yourself, who wants to be intelligent?"

"..... Here comes Waterhouse. Look at the Brazilians' defence, they are in a shambles! He's beaten one player and the next. How does he do it? Smith is on the left giving support, but he doesn't need it. Yes! he's through. Only the goalie to beat, he shoots - it's there!! The crowds are shouting."

"Waterhouse!"

"Denis Waterhouse!"

"Denis!"

Yes Mum?

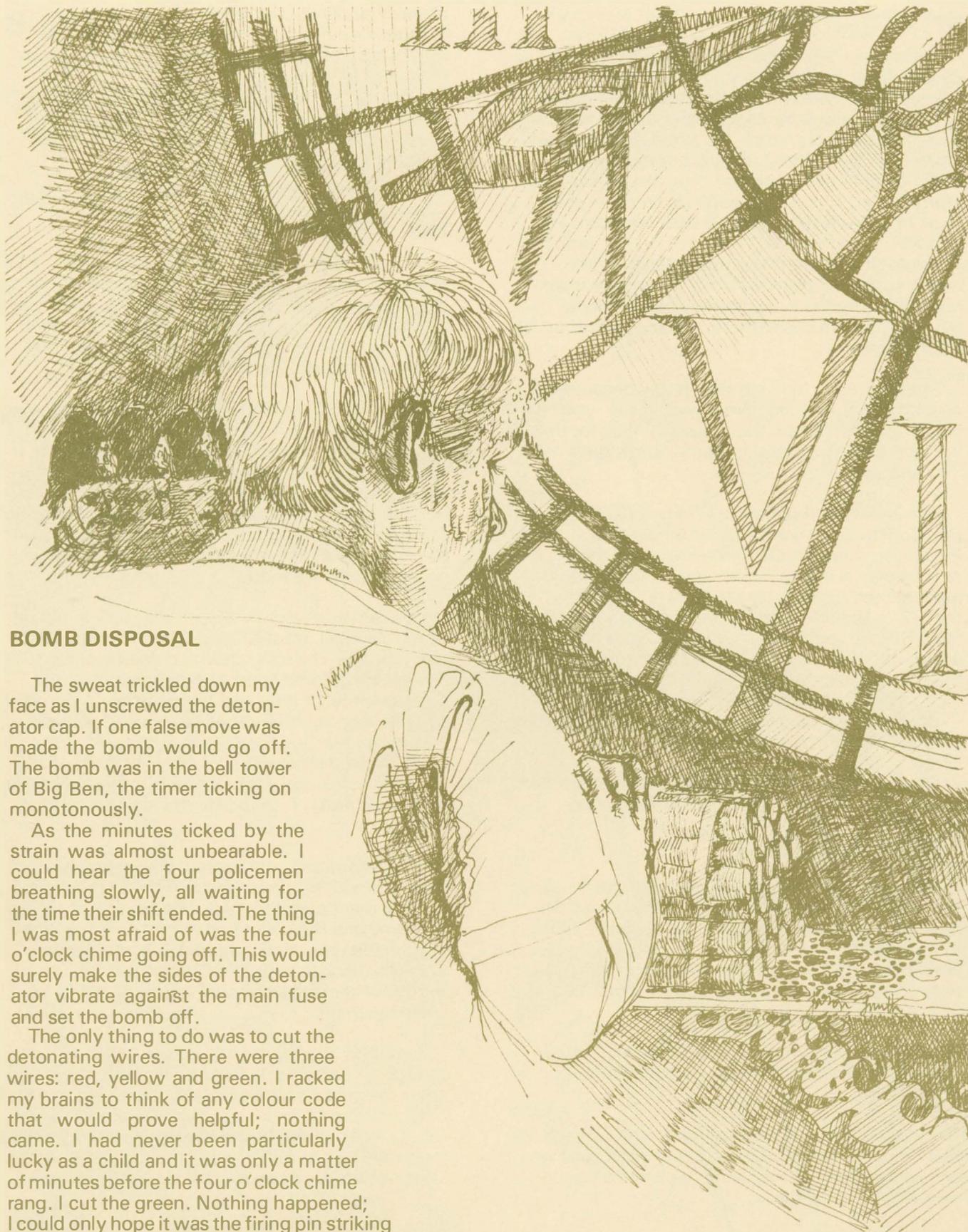
Harry Melmoth

THE OWL

I stumbled across a dead barn owl
The lifeless form of a once great bird
Lying motionless with folded wings,
Its eyes once bright now clouded glass,
Its tail feathers
Ruffled and starched by rain,
Robbed of dignity.
Rats and mice once prey
Now run across its lifeless corpse.
The masterful hunter of the night
Now dead, in the mud.

Alex Watts





BOMB DISPOSAL

The sweat trickled down my face as I unscrewed the detonator cap. If one false move was made the bomb would go off. The bomb was in the bell tower of Big Ben, the timer ticking on monotonously.

As the minutes ticked by the strain was almost unbearable. I could hear the four policemen breathing slowly, all waiting for the time their shift ended. The thing I was most afraid of was the four o'clock chime going off. This would surely make the sides of the detonator vibrate against the main fuse and set the bomb off.

The only thing to do was to cut the detonating wires. There were three wires: red, yellow and green. I racked my brains to think of any colour code that would prove helpful; nothing came. I had never been particularly lucky as a child and it was only a matter of minutes before the four o'clock chime rang. I cut the green. Nothing happened; I could only hope it was the firing pin striking the detonator cap which, hopefully, I had defused. We held our breath as I pulled out the detonator.

Immediately the clock struck four.

We all heaved a sigh of relief as I put the detonator down.

The bomb was safe.

William Hone

ON BROADWAY

Emily lay in bed with her head in the clouds, daydreaming. It was always the same daydream: *"Emily Patterson". The name glittered out in neon lights over the pavements of the West End. "Emily Patterson" — a household word — darling of the critics. She stepped from the stage door — adjusted her mink wrap and waited for John, her chauffeur, to open the door of the waiting Rolls. It was late*

Crikey, it was late! — a quick glance at her watch showed 8.30, she had to be at work in an hour. She worked in a big office block, a lot of businesses were based there, she was secretary for a film agency.

She wanted to look her best today because the new boss was arriving. What should she wear, her new grey trouser-suit? No, it was too hot for that, her nice, tight, yellow skirt and white V-Back shirt? Yes, that was it.

She looked at the floor, trying to make the decision to climb out of bed and get ready. Pushing any temptation to daydream to the back of her head, she clambered out of bed. Slowly she manoeuvred herself into the bathroom, looking in the mirror she saw, staring back, an ugly, blotched face. She turned the bath water on. She had blue eyes with black bags underneath, a larger mouth than she should have, was her mouth actually growing she wondered? Her hair was falling out — definitely. By next year she'd probably be bald, with a mouth the size of a dustbin.

"A touch more blusher darling?" Robert, her make-up artist said, looking in the mirror,

"Yes, just a bit."

The sound of running water brought her back to the face in the mirror, jumping up she turned the bath taps off. Slowly she got into her bath, trying to figure out how much a touch-up for her roots would cost. Drifting off into dreamland again, *she was standing in front of a camera holding a pot of cream saying,*

"If you want skin as soft and pure as mine, use Ultra Pure face cream, no girl should be without it!"

"Some hope" she said out loud. She washed her hair. It had to be bouncy and shiny if the boss was going to notice her. Knowing her luck he would probably be sixty odd.

She climbed out of the bath. Wrapping herself in a towel she walked into the bedroom. Picking out her yellow skirt and top she flung them on the bed. Looking at her watch she realised she only had twenty minutes to look her best. Drying her hair she drifted off.

Sitting at a three-mirrored dressing table she was putting the finishing touches to her

already perfect face. Something wet was dripping on her leg? Her setting lotion!!! She must stop all this daydreaming, at this rate she'd never get to work.

Picking up her handbag she headed for the door. A moment later she was outside in the bustle of the city street amidst a thousand other faceless daydreamers.

Johanna Fell

CAT FIGHT

A cool night breeze swept across my face, fluttering the curtain gently. Moonlight streamed through the open window, across my pillow, and there I lay listening, waiting. It was a clear, starlit night. I could see, beyond the tiled rooftop, the darkened tree sighing with sleep.

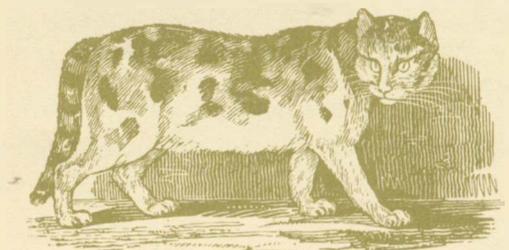
Then I heard it again. A hiss and a squeal ringing through the moonlit silence, hanging in the cold. I lay motionless, my whole body tense, listening. It came from the road now - the throaty growl of a cat, a yeowl from closer to my window, followed by a whispered hiss. Silence. Then it appeared that they were locked together, I could not tell one from the other - the frightening screams and growls echoed down the road.

I closed my eyes and wished they would part in peace, but still the strangled fight wore on, all of ten minutes. The screeches and cries seemed to be representing some source of demon evil. In the darkness it felt louder and more terrible. I clutched my pillow tight and listened for the end. A high-pitched squeal and then the eerie hiss. All was quiet. A dead silence folded over my mind, the moon clouded and it felt darker, the stars shone in a glittered haze - I waited for the next battle to spring.

Time slipped by, and it seemed like hours later when I heard the disturbance of the muffled cat yells further down the road. The blanket of silence fell away and the cold breeze crept over my face once again. My mind conjured an image of the animals rolling in a bundle of strangled fur, thoughts of evil passed over my mind and I shivered again.

Suddenly the painful torment stopped, as though broken from a dream. The night was once again moonlit and the cats had parted. No more battle, it was all over. I closed my eyes with quiet relief, yet as I did so a low hiss whispered - so close it seemed by my very ear. I opened my eyes with a start. Nothing. I returned to my restless slumber.

Jo Mayes



SIEGE

Polished spears and helmets bobbed in time with the marching soldiers. Shining shields reflected grim faces with set jaws and blazing eyes. Soon the attack would begin.

Shouts of warning echoed around the battlemented walls as men-at-arms frantically dashed to man their posts. The air was filled with a foreboding atmosphere of anxiety, fear and anger.

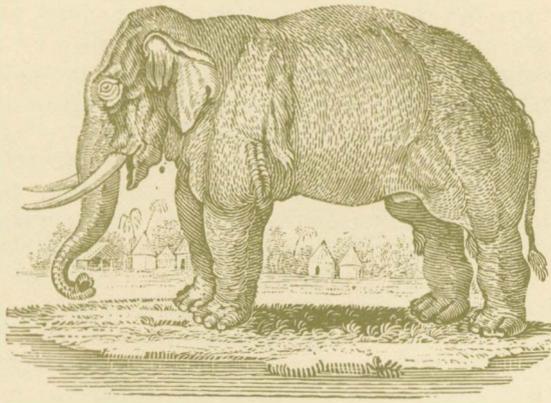
With a roar like the tempestuous seas the attackers charged forward with naked swords and long scaling ladders. They rushed against the stalwart castle and broke upon it like the sea onto a rock.

Many fell dead against the hissing arrows of the defenders. Stone missiles splintered on the walls, and crimson showers filled the air as the battle raged. Blood ran down the blades of steel, and bones and brains were mashed by heavy maces. Dying screams and the stench of burning flesh filled the ears and nostrils of the embattled figures. Defenders rallied forward with cauldrons of black, spitting death-potion.

On the nameless figures fought, now shadows in the twilight. When the last fell they were nothing but whispered names carried by the wind. The last pale glimmer of the sun sank beneath the dark, malevolent hills.

Tim O'Brien





DEATH ON THE PLAIN

*Out on the African waste-lands you lie,
A great mass of rotting bulk,
Your ivory gone, your eye-balls rotting,
Your feet now someone's paper bin,
Tusks a trophy signifying skill at murder,
I felt a sudden revulsion
For mans plight,
For his worship of money.*

*Anything's worth it, they think;
But was it worth your death?
It isn't just you though,
That dies by man's spear and gun,
To keep the trophies coming in,
And merchant ships supplied,
For soon, all wild beauty will have died.*

John Dale

AWAKE AT NIGHT IN A YOUTH HOSTEL

As I awoke I rolled over on to my side, the comfy mattress squashing under my weight.

The sound of other people rolling over, their sheets ruffling. People snoring. A moth beats its wings on the window, attracted by the night light.

People's clothes, slung down the night before, cast deep shadows across the floor.

The air is humid, smelling of sweat and stuffiness.

I touch the cast iron bed frame. It is cold, cold as stone. The wind rushes in through the draughty frame, tossing the curtain with it.

The floor seems far away from the top of the bunk. Far, far away. Everywhere is dark. Dark and cold.

As I take my hand out of the bedclothes the cold stabs me like a flash of evil, making my fingers quiver, forcing them back into the bedclothes.

I turn round, facing the wall. It has cracks, holes and patches on it that you would never notice in the daylight, but it is not daylight. It is dark.

William Hone

ASYLUM

The madness that's in all of us
Gnaws gently
At the back of our minds.
Our senses slowly numbing,
We fear the white coated men,
The strait jackets.
Blank, white faces with unseeing eyes
Stare dreamless into psychedelic air.
The outcasts of our world
Behind padded walls, they move in jerks,
In the hospitals, in the streets.
The ones we try to forget,
The sad ones, who cannot remember

Clodagh Glaisyer

NIGHTMARE

*The fog floats round me, swirling and
interwining itself with me. Its cold fingers
creep into my bones. The cold wet sea numbs
me. I can hardly feel the cold I am so numb. I
want to slip, slip into the depths and sleep.*

*Then the bell begins to clang in the distance. I
should feel happy, but somehow I don't. It is
too sad a sound to bring good news. My
imagination takes hold of me: it becomes an
underwater bell calling me down to my death.
Then I begin to scream. 'No I will not come. I
will not let you take me down!' But the bell
begins to toll even louder and nearer. The
sounds of sadness, hate, dark and evil are all
entwined in it.*

*Suddenly a terrible stench begins to float
across my half drowned body. I wretch and
cough as that nauseating smell washes
through me. It was every smell I'd ever hated:
decaying, rotting corpses, smells long
forgotten by everyone.*

*Slowly the smell strengthens, getting closer.
That ringing in my ears. The smell running
through every vein and blood vessel, becoming
me. I can hear it moving through the water
towards me. Or am I moving, falling through
the water towards it?*

Jocasta Crofts





WAR 1

In bed at home
The blankets held me safe and warm,
And then voices
Shaking me awake:
It's time for school
You will be late again,
Again, again, you're late again.
And rolling over,
Caught the smell of rotting bodies everywhere -
This was not home.
But No Man's Land
Where frenzied friends
Were fumbling with my mask.
Come on lads
It's gas, boys, gas
Don't be too late,
Too late again

Carol Marsh

DALLAS

Face towards the bleak wall, gripping the arms of the soft leather chair, Simon's anger rose until he could control his emotions no longer.

He spun the chair round with such force in his angry limbs that the startled woman before him threw herself back in her chair, biting her lip.

Simon trembled as he lowered his deep voice to a hoarse whisper,

"Don't you ever, ever go near that woman again; do you hear me?"

His anger rose to a fitful height and then slowly subsided into emotional despair, as he lowered his head to his desk and let out a heart wrenching sob which would have touched the devil's heart; but not the devil who sat before him.

Delia stood up and with a scornful laugh, she thrust a bundle of legal papers on to the desk, and then leant over Simon drumming her fingers rhythmically with her long, elegant nails.

"Don't worry, darling," she said, sniggering. "I'll be out of your life forever, soon!"

Simon raised his tear-stained face and looked into the cat-like eyes which penetrated his.

"What do you mean by that?" he said, leaning across his desk, searching Delia's face, but it stayed cold and unmoved by his obvious distress.

"I'm filing for a divorce!" she said, her thickly coated, red lips spelling out the words perfectly.

"Don't play games with me Delia!" he said with trembling mouth. She raised an eyebrow and looked straight at him again, with malice in her eyes.

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't divorce you!" She practically spat the words in his face.

Simon turned to face the window and looked out across the city. It was true, he had had his affairs. She'd thrash him in court but he loved her, he loved her, now more than ever.

Delia sat back in her chair again and pulled her mink coat round her shoulders.

"Any way Simon," she said, as if bored with the whole affair, "I should have left you earlier, while the money was better".

Now she was standing, facing him and she looked triumphantly at the broken man before her. Delia turned to leave, her high-heeled patent red shoes making dents in the carpet.

As she reached the door, she turned to face her husband, and with a toss of her auburn mane, she said, "In fact, I'd say my job, and my life for that matter, was a hell of a lot better than yours, so just get out of it!"

Her dagger now twisted deep in Simon's unsuspecting mind. She left, leaving behind her a shattered dream, with no one to pick up the pieces.

He ran to the door.

"Delia!" he called. Simon broke down and cried. He slowly lowered himself to the floor by the door and sat, his head in his hands, his sobs wracking his body.

Delia strutted out on to Twenty-Second Street, she turned and looked back at the huge block of offices. The sign on the roof brightly lit in the autumn sunset read "For your dreams come true, come here."

Delia turned on to Twenty-Fifth Avenue and with a glint in her eye said, "Well, there's one broken, babe".

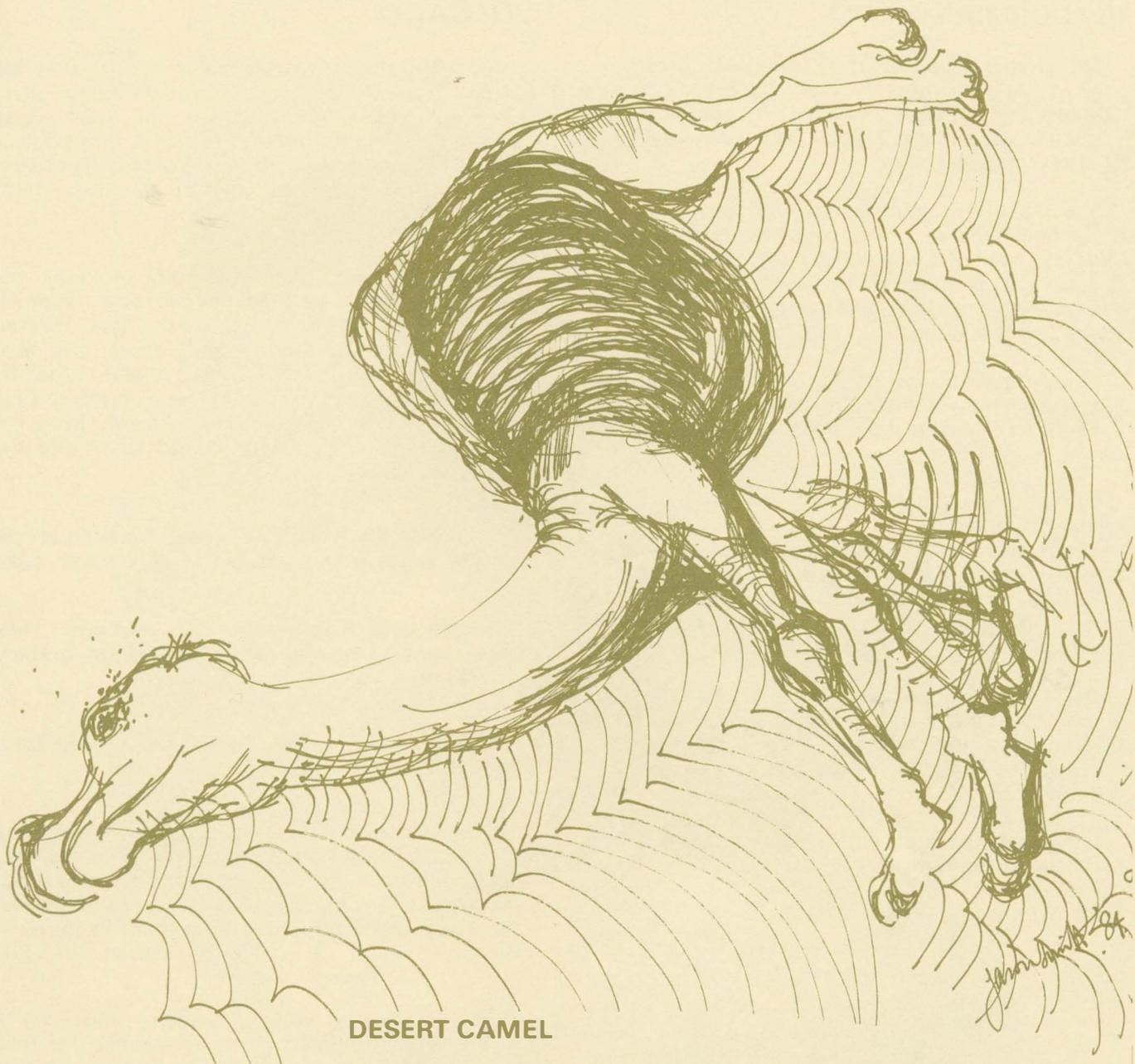
Janet Armitage



ONCE IN A LIFETIME

*It only happens once, not twice
The moments vanishing like mice
Scurrying past life too fast,
And only for the very brave,
The strong, the true.
And when the moment comes for you, don't
Don't let it pass you by,
For in the twinkling of an eye
The love is gone,
The moment dead,
And empty ringing in your head,
Your heart will know
When fate has whispered
In your ear.
For in the end,
It's worth the fee, the cost,
When all is lost, but love is won.
When all is lost, but love is won.
There is but one.....*

Julie Bowles



DESERT CAMEL

*Deserted,
Motionless.
I came upon it and knelt down.*

*I had travelled a long way
✓ Through this vast desert.*

*Thoughts ran through my head
On finding this creature,
This animal which would have laboured
For miles in heat that blistered skin,
Helping men across
The harsh sand sea.*

*Now,
All that's left.....a corpse
Unbelievably still.
The hair on its side
Moves with the dry desert wind.
Its eyes covered in flies.
I left, it, limp under the sun,
Without touching, but thinking.....*

Karen Hart

DEADCOMBE BOTTOM

My name is Piers and I'm 12 years old. I have a brother and his name is Alex, our surname is Komlosy (it's a Hungarian name). I'm going to tell you about our summer holiday, when we went to Slad in Gloucester.

It was a sunny, cloudless day with the occasional tweet of a thrush or a blackbird. Alex and I had just had lunch which consisted of chips, egg, potato, and for pudding we had fruit salad. We were walking down a damp, old path through a wood, which was littered with leaves.

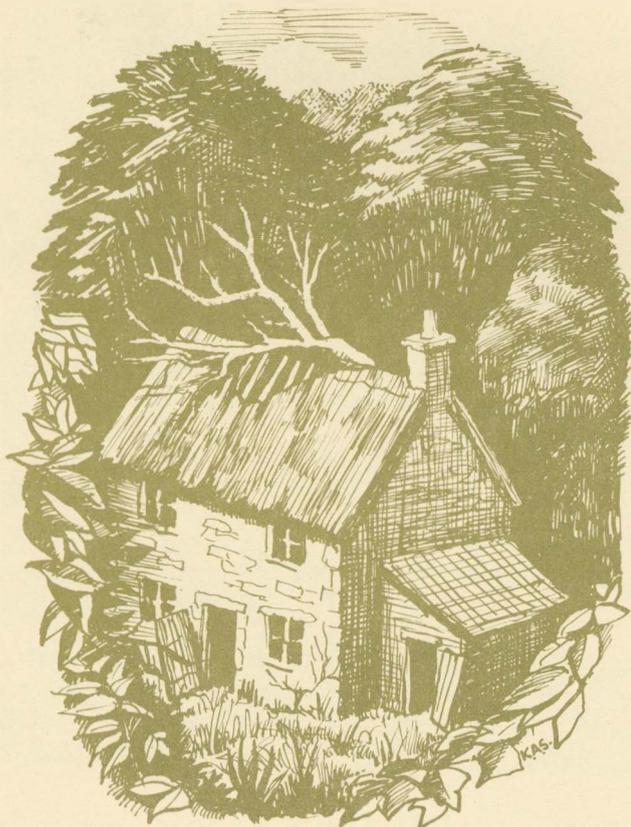
I think the wood was called Deadcombe Bottom. It was dripping wet and all the trees cut off most of the light so that there were shafts beaming down on the soggy floor.

We were running around when Alex suddenly stopped and said, "Look over there". I turned and looked, and in front of me was a derelict house. A big tree had collapsed on the house and the roof was moulding away. We got closer and climbed up the tree. There was a green layer of slime over the trunk.

After we had played on the tree we went into the house, it was dusty and covered in leaves, the doors were off their hinges and the roof was collapsing in. We played there for a while and then we went onto the roof.

It was not until afterwards that we found out it had been the hangman's house.

Piers Komlosy



VOLCANO

The sun shone, glaring down on the parched fields. The village was peaceful. Women were washing clothes; men slept on the quiet shady street. Flies buzzed around busily, a dog barked. Drowsy voices coming from here and there were heard. Children played games on their own, quietly. A baby laughed.

In the distance a far off rumble shook the mountain. The men opened their eyes. Women stared, puzzled from their work. The children stopped. Again another rumble came, this time more fiercely. A glass fell from a shelf in a nearby house. A baby began to cry. The men ran to their houses. Women grabbed the children from the quiet streets. A dog whined and slunk into the shadows.

Terrifying rumbles came again. The men on the hillside came running down, fear in their eyes.

People bolted their doors and windows. They began packing their few belongings. Soon darkness fell. No rumbles came from the ground.

Fear subsided within the village. Slowly lights went out in each window.

The people slept uneasily. Suddenly there was a loud noise. Huge shudders shook the earth. Red liquid spilled over the top of the once dead mountains. Gaining speed, it pushed its way down the steep slope, crushing everything in its path, leaving behind a red hot carpet of fire.

The village was woken. Screams and cries of panic-stricken women as they searched for their children. A boy fell, but no one stopped to help him. People ran, not knowing where to hide from death.

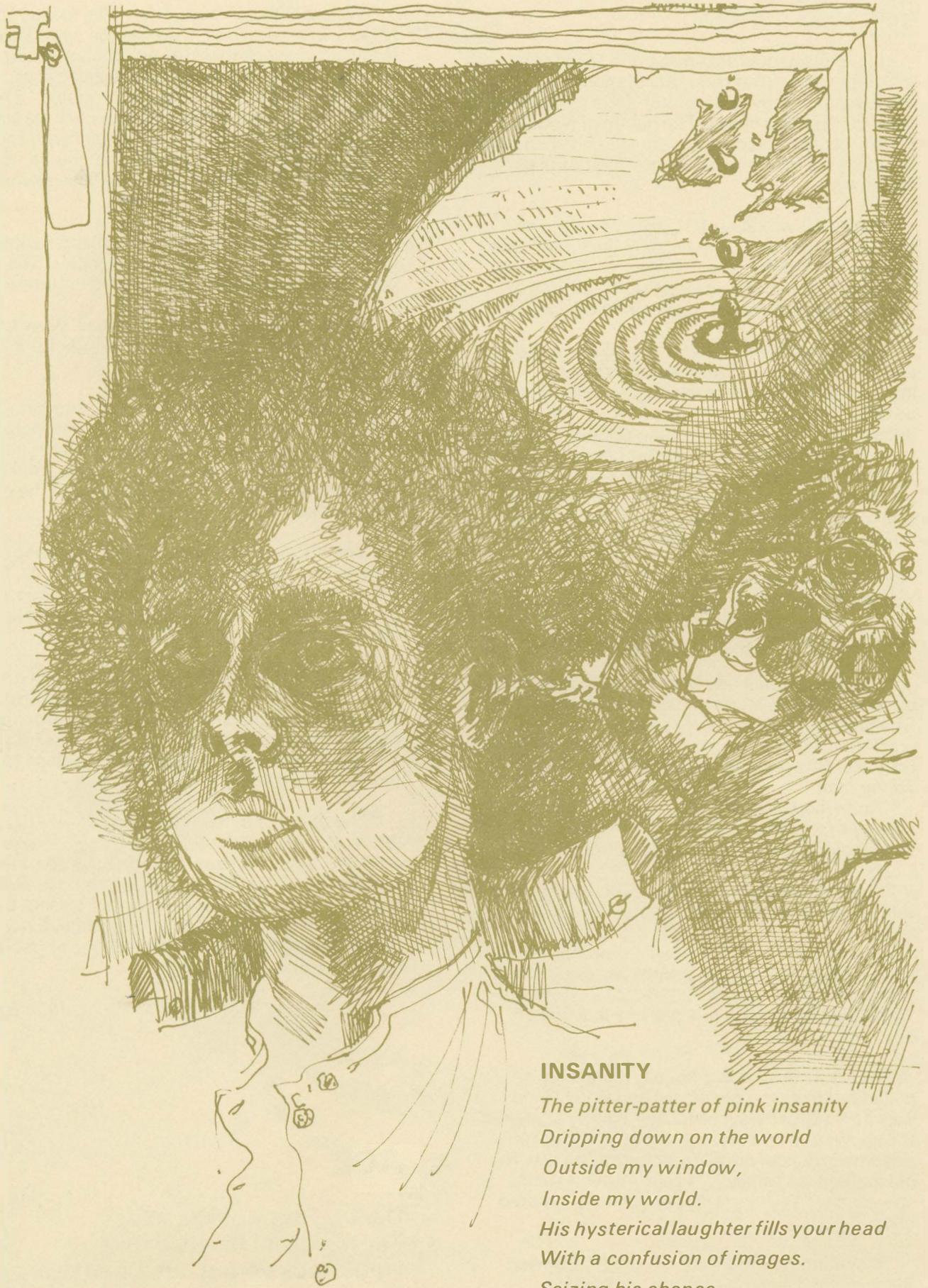
The bubbling carpet still moved on down the hillside catching up with the innocent village.

It washed its way down the narrow, bendy streets, sucking down everything - trees, houses, dogs.

Its anger caught up with the running humans, dragging them into the bubbling liquid, drowning them in its cruelty. The screaming died. The carpet had crept its way through the buildings. A hand stuck out of the slowly hardening substance.

Silence rang through the valley. Nothing moved. Everything was covered in a layer of evil. Nothing lived. All was dead in the hands of cruel nature.

Lucy Nicholls



INSANITY

*The pitter-patter of pink insanity
Dripping down on the world
Outside my window,
Inside my world.
His hysterical laughter fills your head
With a confusion of images.
Seizing his chance
With stealth, he slips inside,
And then there's nowhere left to hide.*

James Binns

NEW YORK INCIDENT

Luigi cruised down 10th Avenue, head filled with the vague, scurrying thoughts of morning, catching the tangy smell of hot-dogs as it wafted from the teeming street. The giants of New York, the sky scrapers, loomed overhead and seemed to be watching the street with their multitude of glassy eyes.

"Hey lady, watch out!" Luigi swerved as the familiar jay-walker dashed across the street, as if hell itself was behind her. In New York time was like sand in an hour glass; just the brief sensation as it slips between your fingers and is gone forever.

Luigi manoeuvred the taxi to a space in the rank and cut the engine. Drumming his fingers impatiently on the wheel he surveyed the people outside. Taxi-driving was a good job he thought: decent pay, you met interesting people. It was more than he expected when his family had moved from the Bronx a few years back. The morning seemed good, with the promise of something unexpected, the sunshine melting into yellow butter as it glinted off the gleaming cars.

Luigi looked up to see an old woman approaching the taxi. She carried a walking stick, her shoulders bent from some unseen burden. Luigi opened the car door and stepped out.

"Can I give you a ride Miss?" The lady looked up. Her face was a complicated maze of wrinkles. She paused, then suddenly smiled, filling the cracks in her face where depression had set in like pollyfilla. She gripped her stick tensely. "Yes young man."

"And where is it you want to go?" Luigi was filled with a sudden curiosity for the old lady. Where did she live? What was her name?

"Twenty-two Park Avenue." The words were said crisply and with a certain nonchalant pride.

Luigi helped her into the back seat, and as he was closing the door, he caught her eye: a deep cornflower blue, and looking closer Luigi thought, "She must have been one hell of a lady in her day."

The traffic flow was gradually increasing as Luigi pulled out from the pavement and slowly made his way down Broadway. He drove slowly, admiring the show halls and theatres that spangled the sidewalk. Glancing in the rear mirror, he saw the old woman was smiling, a calm knowing smile, as she watched the world slip by behind the tinted glass.

"Anything wrong Miss?" His heavy Puerto Rican accent slipping through unnoticed.

"Wrong? Oh no young man. You know, I used to do a show down here during the war, 'Hello Dolly' a five week run. Young officers would come backstage after the performance and ask my name. Sometimes I even got a bouquet!" She settled back contentedly into the mock leather seat, her smile drooping a bit, tinged with sadness. "That was in the good old days of course. Now I'm just another rich old lady who lives alone in the big city."

Alone, in a city filled with millions of people. Luigi sighed. Yes she was one of many. Still, there was something about her that held his interest.

"Well I've had my times I suppose. Now it's time for other people to take over. You, young man, tell me about yourself."

Luigi hesitated, then suddenly found himself coming out with his whole life story: his parents, his home, his job, even his secret dreams. The lady sat there, her head cocked on one side, that same strange smile on her face as he came to the end of his speech.

"You know, you sound just like me when I was young. Hoping for a bright, new future" her words trailed away softly and Luigi glanced into the rear mirror to see that the old woman had closed her eyes and was dozing.

The line of Daimlers, Rolls and Lincolns down Park Avenue was endless, as one after the other they glided past, just out of reach. Luigi came to twenty-two and slowed. The house was huge, like the others and resembled something close to a castle with a tower at the top.

"The princess in her Ivory Tower" he thought wryly. He opened the back door. "Well there you are Miss, safe and sound. If you have some luggage I'll -" he stopped talking as he looked into the back seat. The old lady was not asleep. Life had quietly slid out of her. Just another lonely old woman — in a city filled with millions of people — who were just out of reach.

Julie Bowles

AGE

Darling, am I looking old?
Tell me dear I must be told
I must look young but it's so dear,
The lines and wrinkles here and here.
Old age I'm so afraid,
I'm old, no more the rage.

Ben Craddock

GREED

It's a mist lingering
As it slithers over land,
Too evil to withstand,
Grasping everything in its
reach;
Turning man to magpie,
Giver to thief.

Sally Pack



COLD

Cold be hand and heart and bone

Cold be sleeping under stone

Creeping softly, dark as pitch,

Under hedge and over ditch.

David Rodrick



S.O.S.A. events

LESLIE BAILY MEMORIAL LECTURE 1984

"The Importance Of Listening"

Leslie Baily was one of my childhood heroes - I remember as a child how eagerly we awaited his "Scrapbook" programme on the wireless. We would sit down as a family to listen, and heaven help anyone who interrupted! My parents felt themselves fortunate to be friends and fellow Old Scholars of Leslie Baily, who was a real pioneer of radio. Radio is a very powerful medium - it was in his day, and it still is today. My work in the last five years or so has become very interlinked with local radio in the north-west, and I have been lucky enough to have been able to do a bit of pioneering work myself. I hasten to add that I am not a radio personality, and what I do is very much behind the scenes, but even so I think Leslie Baily would have been interested in what I have been doing, and proud that in spite of all the criticisms of the media that one hears, there is so much useful and helpful work being carried out even by the smaller local radio stations.

Five years ago, I was appointed by the National Childrens' Home to set up and support a maximum of three 'Phone-in centres in the North-West, manned by volunteers - to be a bit like Samaritans, but to emphasise or concentrate on family and parenthood problems, and on small worries rather than big crises. In two of these, Manchester and Preston, we are now linked with the local commercial Radio stations. In Manchester, we became Piccadilly Radio Family Careline over four years ago, and in Preston we have recently become Red Rose Family Careline. Our Manchester volunteers man the telephone seven days a week, twelve hours a day, and take some 10,000 calls a year from people who want to talk in confidence about their problems or worries. None of our callers find themselves on air, but the kinds of difficulties they tell us about are carefully noted and fed back to the Radio station so that short features can be broadcast that might help other listeners who may not want to ring us, but might be helped by a little bit of information or just to feel that they are not alone.

We offer a sympathetic listening ear to people who phone. Our callers may have heard a little "promotion" for us on air, or heard a short Careline feature being broadcast on a particular topic. We deliberately keep the features short. The philosophy of Piccadilly Radio is that you first catch your listeners - and you will hear a pop music station being played in all the petrol stations, and all sorts of places of work as well as at home by a surprisingly large number of people. When you have attracted a big audience you can slip in a short two or three minute serious item and no one will switch off. If it were to be a 30 minute in-depth feature, your audience would evaporate - the station doesn't want that

because it is a business and depends for its livelihood on advertising revenue, and we don't want that because we want to reach the largest number of people. This was a good lesson for me to learn.

Listeners are encouraged to 'phone if there is something they want to talk over in confidence or if they think we might have some information that could help them. We have plenty of information to hand - at least as much as any Citizens' Advice Bureau - but instead of training our volunteers primarily in information retrieval we put them through a whole eight session course on listening, and tell them that their primary task will be to listen to the callers rather than to tell them what to do or hand out information. You may well feel that this is a peculiar attitude. Don't our callers ring up with questions to which they demand answers? Are they not wanting advice, or to be told what to do? Yet if you were to come into one of our centres and listen to a volunteer taking a call you would be likely to hear something like this:-

"Yes, this is quite confidential.... mm, there is plenty of time... yes... mmmm.... and he's six years old.... yes.... aha.. mmm...." and so on for a long time. Then towards the end of the call you might hear "so you think that might be a possibility yes .. mm.. well, that seems a good plan.... I do hope it helps.... yes, do ring again. Goodbye". You might think at first that nothing was happening at our end. Where was all the good advice or information? What on earth was the use of just saying "mmmm" at intervals, or just parroting back what the caller had been saying? Whenever I ask this of a group of new volunteers they usually come up with a pretty good list, which usually starts off with enabling the caller to get it off their chest, or let off steam. Just being able to tell someone does seem to help reduce stress, even when there is nothing further that can be done. Then they add things like "when you talk something over you start to be able to see the wood for the trees", or "you can begin to see things more clearly". Talking to someone who is really listening can help to clarify things in your own mind, so that you can reach your own conclusion or sort out your own priorities. But most important of all for our callers is, I think, that if we are prepared to listen to someone, and not to hurry them, we are saying to them that we feel that they are important, and their problem is important - that they matter. If we don't really believe deep down that every person is a person of worth - or in the Quaker phrase, has that of God in them - we are not likely to make very good telephone listeners:- or any other kind of listeners, for that matter.

So on the 'phones we do a lot of listening, trying hard to understand the situation our callers are in. Sometimes we are able to make a few suggestions, but by and large the people who ring are able to work things out for themselves, given a bit of encouragement. I now feel very strongly that in general we all have a lot more ability to do things for ourselves than we give credit for. Our callers very seldom need to go on to get expert or professional help if they can gain enough confidence to

Sibford Stores
and post office

General groceries and
postal services.

Mrs Barbra Dyer Sibford Ferris
Swalcliffe 975

make their own decisions. It seems to me that we have gone so overboard for professionalism that we are brainwashed into thinking that there is always someone out there who has so much more knowledge or experience that they are bound to come up with the right answers. Yet, really, the best person to know how I feel or what I can do is me.

We find that what we are dealing with on the 'phones is feeling rather than facts. Callers will ring about their marriage, or their terrible teenage children, or their inability to get off valium, or their unemployment, or their housing problems, but each caller is a different person. The right answer for one would be the wrong answer for another, because we all feel differently. A problem that one person would find insurmountable could be dealt with easily by another. Of course, the difficulty about trying to understand peoples' feelings and help them sort out for themselves is that sometimes they decide to do something that we don't necessarily think is the ideal solution. But we are not them. We have got quite expert at fending off the inevitable "What would you do then?" type of question. We tend to answer along the lines of "It would be easy for me to tell you what to do. But I'm not you. What might be more helpful is to look at what you think you could do". I am always telling our volunteers that it doesn't need any skill to give advice. We all do it all the time. "Why don't you leave him?" - "If I were you I wouldn't put up with it" - "What you ought to do is to go to your doctor" - "You are silly to worry about such a little thing" - "Pull yourself together". This sort of advice giving is very easy, and usually completely ineffective. However, if you spend time listening to the way in which the person tells you about their fears and worries you are not so likely to make too many of these inappropriate responses.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION & RENOVATION

Building Plans Prepared

Houses for Sale

DAVID TEW

Deddington 38250

One of the advantages of having so much publicity through a local radio station is that we get a big response from a wide cross-section of people. We can therefore get a good idea of the kinds of things that do bother people rather than the things we think might be problems. This has led us to encourage or initiate new ways of helping, or to try to learn more ourselves about some of the subjects that are presented to us. The majority of our calls are about relationship difficulties - marital problems, problems between parents and children and so on. We have been struck by the number of calls we have taken involving step-parenting situations, for example. We shouldn't have been surprised, of course, in an age when one marriage in three involves the remarriage of one or both partners, but the sheer numbers of people who have phoned in confidence to say they hadn't appreciated some of the stresses of being a step-parent made us realise what complications a very high proportion of children in the future are going to have to cope with. The other interesting thing about calls of this nature is that each caller thinks they are the only one who is feeling bad about the situation. Sometimes it seems that the help needed is to be able to talk to others in the same position. There are self-help groups for all kinds of problems, but when we first started to be concerned for step-parents we could find nothing for our callers - so we started a group for step-parents. We did something similar in Manchester for parents having serious problems with their teenagers after we searched without success for somewhere to refer the parents. In Preston we have recently started a self-help group for menopausal women - following a number of calls from middle-aged women who were dissatisfied with the help they had received and wanted to get together with others who might share their feelings. We got the local paper to do an article on their women's page, and the radio broadcast a feature, and the result exceeded our wildest expectations. They flocked in to the first meeting from far and wide. Our small meeting room was packed out with women who wanted to be able to talk about their symptoms to someone who would sympathise instead of just saying "It's your age - you'll have to put up with it", which seemed to sum up the kind of help they had typically been offered, even from their own G.P.'s. Another group which has been started in Preston - this time in co-operation with the N.S.P.C.C. - has been a group for victims of sexual abuse. It's only a small group so far, but we know it will grow as the subject ceases to be so hidden. We have done back-up telephone work for some TV programmes on incest, and the response has been overwhelming, with calls coming in from all over the country. It hasn't been as worrying for us as we thought it might be, because the calls we have taken have almost all been from women telling us about what happened to them as children, sometimes twenty or thirty years ago, and saying that it was the first time they were able to talk about it. Some had been carrying the burden because they felt too ashamed or guilty to talk to anyone about it, or felt that if they told anyone then the family would break up, but many said they had tried to tell someone but were not believed. They all thanked us warmly for listening to them.

It isn't all gloomy and problematic however. The really bright spot for me is working with volunteers. I try deliberately to encourage a very large cross-section of people to recognise that they have something to give, and that even if they don't have any academic background or relevant experience they can make good listeners and can help others. The result is that we have recruited groups of people with widely different backgrounds and from all age groups. We have the young unemployed graduates, for example, (and there

are plenty of those); who want to get into one of the helping professions but who can't get a job without experience and can't get experience without a job. We give them something to put on their application forms and something interesting to say at interviews. Then we have lots of older people - maybe just retired or made redundant and feeling that they are no longer wanted. There are the housewives who have been stuck at home with the children for some years and really need to do something that is "theirs" and quite unrelated to their family. They really do develop skills with great speed, once they have got over the first feeling that they will never be able to do it. We have been delighted to have a few disabled people, like Steve, injured in a motorcycle accident in his early twenties, and having to accept that he will never again be able to work as an electrician. He said it gave him something to get up for in the morning. As you can see, doing voluntary work these days is very far removed from the do-gooding image.

As my work is based in the North-West I am inevitably aware of the vast army of unemployed, and many of our volunteers as well as our callers are facing the problems that being without a job bring. I think we all have to recognise that we are never likely to go back to a work pattern similar to the one which, since the Industrial Revolution, we have come to think of as "normal". There are a lot of theories about what is likely to happen to work in the future, but it seems very generally accepted that we shall have to get used to the fact that for many people there will be a lot of time to spare. We could see that as disaster, if we think that to be unable to find paid employment is disaster, or we could see it as an opportunity for communities to help themselves, if those who cannot find paid employment are thought of as a valuable resource who should be cared for by the rest of us (through being given an acceptable standard of living) and be shown to be needed. Sometimes I feel quite gloomy about the length of time which it takes for attitudes to change, which means that maybe for

another generation those who cannot get paid employment are still going to have to consider themselves second class citizens who are only allowed to take, never to give. The unemployed people I know as volunteers are by no means second class - but when they join us they almost all feel completely rejected and useless. They are almost pathetically grateful to be taken on as volunteers so that they can actually feel useful. But the subject of the future of work and what we as a society should be doing to prepare for a different future is too big for me to do it justice. The only thing I would like to add is the delight I felt when I heard that Sibford School is trying to do something positive to prepare its pupils for this different future. I feel that we should all give the Headmaster, the Staff and the Committee our whole-hearted support, because it won't be easy to persuade parents and others that change is necessary.

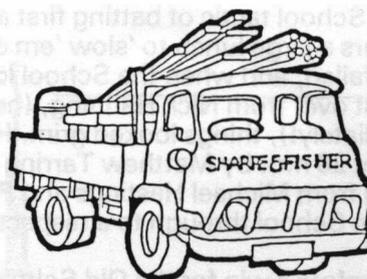
In this talk, I have concentrated on the things which I have been doing in my working life recently, and some of the lessons I have learned from this. One of the most useful lessons has been that listening to others is by no means a passive occupation - it takes a lot of skill and practice to do it effectively. Another lesson is that unless we all really listen to what others are saying they need from us as a society, we will go on providing the wrong things in the wrong way. Maybe - and this is my pet hate - we will continue to go about doing things for or to others in order to "do them good" - when our idea of what is needed may be far from accurate, if we haven't first listened carefully. And finally - we are all more capable than we may at first believe. I didn't think, five years ago, that I was capable of learning so many new things at my time of life - including the involvement with radio. That has brought me full circle - to remembering again with gratitude all that Leslie Bailly pioneered. We can't all be Leslie Baily's, but each of us has something to give in our own way, if only we have confidence in ourselves.

Loraine Brown

For fast deliveries of all Building Supplies contact

Sharpe & Fisher Builders Merchants

Tel: Bicester 244301



Also at Cheltenham, Haverford West, Hereford, Cardiff Llanelli.

Those Sporting Sibfordians

The Soccer Match

The Soccer match during November 1983 proved to be a real classic.

The school with a full strength squad against a S.O.S.A. side comprising nine old scholars, one present scholar and one grossly overdeveloped teacher - Chris Bateman - who was also the team tactician!

The school dictated the first half with good teamwork and lead 3-1 at the interval.

In the second half Old Scholars dropped all tactics and decided to go for the ball.

This incredible strategy worked wonders. With only ten minutes left the school led 5-3 but S.O.S.A.'s blend of youth, experience, good looks (and no tactics) scored twice to level the score at 5-5 with seconds to spare. A real thriller!

Simon Barfoot

The Cricket Match

It was a lovely Summer's day for the annual Old Scholars v Sibford School Cricket match, played for the much coveted Ashes Trophy.

The Old Scholars' side, an ancient and modern assortment of shapes and sizes, all basically unfit, took to the field against a School side clearly undernourished, lean, hungry but fit - weren't we all at Sibford?

The first encouraging decision (by Mike Wollerton, P.E. staff) was that the Old Scholars should bat first 'to make a game of it' in the 30 over match.

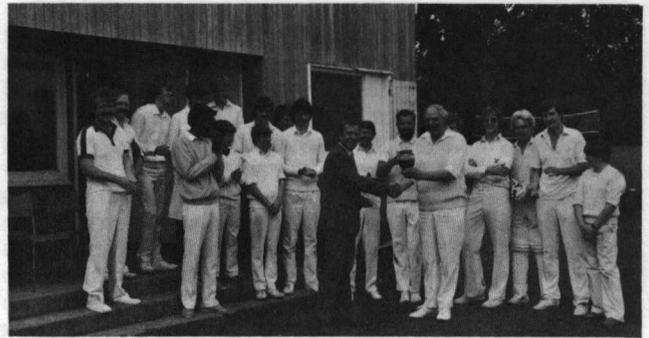
George Bunney, still showing some signs of life, opened with an impressive 34 and with a classy 50 from Nick Hanning (a Weatherhead import), and a stubborn 27 n.o. from Ian Charnock, Old Scholars made 166 for 6.

Chris Wollerton bowled an accurate 12 overs taking 5 for 34, not in any way assisted, but clearly encouraged by his father - an umpire on the day!

The School tactic of batting first and giving Old Scholars a large lunch to 'slow 'em down in the field', failed, and when the School lost 2 wickets in the first over from Nick Hanning, (he was taken off immediately!), things looked grim. However, a resilient 26 n.o. by Matthew Tarring and double figures from Michael Hastings and Paul Johnson saw the School through to a respectable 71 runs.

Therefore a win for the Old Scholars by several runs, a first time hold on the Ashes Trophy and a marvellous day's cricket, despite a little crowd trouble from one of two over-zealous parents!

Paul Frampton



The Hockey Match

Traditions are sometimes achieved surprisingly quickly, and Old Scholars Weekend is now accepted as being on August Bank Holiday instead of the former Whitsuntide.

The legendary 'Hockey' match between 'Aston Brummies' and 'The Somerset-Yokels' could be described as the 'Finch-Frampton Folly', when for twenty minutes or so of the weekend the two captains change from friends to combatants as they and their teams, (chosen with a fine geographical accuracy), prepare for their epic conflict.

This year's style of play may have been picturesque, but the referee's rules were certainly unique. Robin and Kenneth, our 1984 Joint Presidents, agreed eventually to supervise half the pitch each (rule books not yet published). The teams were dressed in traditional garb, but seldom could tell who were their opponents or team mates which added to the confusion! 'The Brummies' fought a desperate battle, their captain nearly filling-up their goal with wrath, and the 'Yokels' goalie, with slim inexperience, trying to fill his!

For the third consecutive year Somerset Yokels maintained their supremacy as victors, carrying off the Silver Doll Trophy with their 3 goals to 1, in spite of their assorted bruises and Simon's bee sting.

Once the game was over the statutory chauvenism vanished, and harmony was restored - until next year.

Leslie Harrison



GOLDEN DAYS FROM 'AMBRIDGE' and BURDROP

Golden Wedding of Godfrey and Betty Baseley

Two 'Ambridge' regulars had a special celebration on August 6th although there was not an 'Archer' in sight.

One of Sibford's best loved sons, Godfrey Baseley, who created the radio serial 'The Archers' and his wife Betty married fifty years ago at Stanford Bishop, near Bromyard.

The happy couple marked the golden event with a party at their Gloucestershire home - named 'Ambridge'. It included friends and the couples' two daughters and six grandchildren.

The couple met when they both lived in the Barnt Green, near Birmingham area. "We saw, we liked and we thought 'that will do'" says Godfrey, now aged 79. Here's to the next fifty!



Godfrey & Betty Baseley



Marjorie & Norman Coxon

Norman and Marjorie Coxon's Golden Wedding

It would seem that Sibford School has long been associated with the family of Coxons.

Norman and Marjorie were at school together and on 5th May 1934 were married at the Friends' Meeting House, Brighton. They have just celebrated their 50th Wedding anniversary at Sibford and have, of course, retained their close connection with the Old Scholar's Association.

It is fitting that they should return to Sibford after a busy but rewarding life at The Woodlands Youth Hostel in Shrewsbury, catering for those preferring to 'hike' or 'bike' round the country. Their life is still a busy one, both taking an active part in the village; extending hospitality to all old scholars who visit them and many of their Y.H.A. friends.

There was no formal family gathering, but the day was spent at their home, Carriers Cottage, with their daughter and son-in-law and two grand-daughters. Many messages of goodwill and numerous visits from personal friends were also much in evidence. Grand-daughters, Gill and Sarah made them an anniversary cake each to mark the event.

TELEPHONE: BANBURY 51221

Cyril Hicks Ltd
WHOLESALE FRUIT & POTATO MERCHANTS



SCHOOL LANE
SOUTHAM ROAD
BANBURY . OXON

Presidential Address 1984

It was another lady in a similarly exalted office, and addressing a similarly distinguished assembly, who said: "On this occasion I think I may be allowed to begin with the words 'My husband and I'".

Kenneth and I would like to say how much we appreciate the honour you do us in making us jointly your Presidents for this year. We always regarded our work in Friends' schools - and especially our work here at Sibford - as joint responsibility, so it is particularly pleasing that our contribution has been jointly recognised. When we arrived at Sibford the first people we met were the Old Scholars, and the first school function we attended was the August Reunion. We could not have been given a more friendly welcome, and throughout our years here we were grateful for the continuing support of this association.

We are going to talk about our experience of Quaker education. I myself have spent some thirty-seven years in Friends' schools. That's a sobering thought. I have been a pupil in two, on the staff of three and a headmaster's wife in two. Am I a product of Friends' schools? Am I an expert on Friends schools? One thing I can say: it's like banging your head against the wall, it feels odd when you stop. Think how many GM days I have been to, how many school plays, how many ends of term I've enjoyed. What have I learned from these long years of exposure to Friends schools? Not a great deal of wisdom, perhaps but a great deal of experience of one kind or another. Some of the happiest times of my life have been in Friends schools, as well as some of the most miserable.

I went to Ackworth when I was nearly eleven, in the summer of 1938, and had one term in the first co-educational junior form. I remember two things from that term: our form master threw chalk, and sometimes the board rubber, at us if we talked in class; and when we had swimming lessons the girls wore navy-blue swimming costumes and caps, and the boys wore nothing at all - bathing trunks not being on their clothing lists. We found this interesting, but some parent must have complained as next year the boys appeared in regulation swimming trunks. I loved my time at Ackworth. I enjoyed swimming and hockey, and one or two lessons. While I was playing hockey and hookey on the playing fields of Ackworth, Kenneth was busy fighting in Egypt! At Ackworth I learned what fellowship was, and made friendships which still endure. As a group, our form were lively and ill-disciplined. It was very easy to sin, there were so many rules and regulations one could hardly help breaking one or two a day. After enjoying myself at Ackworth I was sent to The Mount for my sixth form years. Perhaps my parents hoped that the school would improve me. It didn't. It wasn't until several years after I had left school that I realised that I had gained a great deal from being at The Mount. While I was there I found the place horribly complacent, and the last time I went back I still felt like running through the front hall and shouting horrible oaths. just to disturb the holier-than-me atmosphere.

After going to Manchester University my first job was back at Ackworth. I became Mistress-on-Duty, in charge of the girls in their lecture time. As far as I remember I spent much of my time locking and unlocking doors and marshalling girls along corridors. I remember the friendliness of the staff and the lively social life we led, including long summer evenings of tennis.

A year after Kenneth and I married he was appointed to Sidcot. There followed eight very happy years, with a baby every other year. Staff wives all felt very much part of the school community and were encouraged to join in school activities. This was a good thing, as my husband was nearly always at school. Every time I produced a baby, he produced a play or an opera in sympathy.

We moved to Ackworth when our youngest child was only a few weeks old; and after a year Kenneth was appointed Head of Wigton and I became translated into a headmaster's wife. Before we went I asked a friend how I should cope in this exalted state. "Be yourself," he said, "or you'll be found out." So I decided not to worry about not having dignity.

Probably few people realise the extreme demands that boarding-school life can make on staff and their families. Perhaps even the staff don't realise how especially demanding it can be for a headmaster, who must be available, at least by telephone, twenty-four hours a day to pupils, staff and parents. And it's no good looking forward to the week-end because that's when most parents ring up, when most crises occur and when there may well be school visitors to entertain. At Wigton we had a great many school visitors to stay for the week-end because we were so remotely situated, and entertaining was often difficult with four children in the house and not much space.

It was at Wigton that I started to teach, but it was at Sibford that I first began to see the school community through the eyes of its most vulnerable members - the new, homesick boys and girls who came to Sibford feeling they were already failures at the age of eleven. It was rewarding to watch them respond to the Sibford environment. In the remedial department they found, sometimes to their surprise, that there were others with similar or worse problems than their own. Each child was encouraged to do his best regardless of what others could do. As they grew in confidence their whole demeanour changed, and in turn their school work improved, some even going on to achieve success in public examinations. I was always proud to see how many of the members of the remedial department distinguished themselves in various out of school activities.

Every child should feel that he can be good at something, even though that something is sometimes hard to find. Marion Welchman of the Dyslexia Centre at Bath told a story about an unattractive small boy she once interviewed. In vain she tried to find something positive about him, - he didn't like any of his school subjects, he had no friends, hated games, didn't like cycling or anything else that she suggested. In desperation she asked him if he could spit. "I suppose so," he said. "Well see to it that you can spit further than anyone else in your school," she said.

Robin Greaves

Kenneth Greaves continues:-

Only one kind of success was recognised in the grammar school in the West Riding of Yorkshire where I began my teaching career - 650 boys accommodated in grim Victorian buildings of stone and cast iron, with a curriculum to match. As was usual, the most senior teachers reserved to themselves the easiest teaching tasks, the A-stream classes, and the less able groups who most needed skilled help were off-loaded on to the least experienced teachers. Among the classes allocated to me, as the most junior member of the

English department, was 3D, a group of two dozen or so boys who, after two years in the school had failed to make the progress that the school required and had been relegated to the fourth stream, where they were required nevertheless to struggle with exactly the same syllabuses as were prescribed for the academically successful classes. And so I found myself, one memorable afternoon, trying to interest 3D in Shakespeare's Henry V and we had got on to the famous speech before Agincourt.

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers -
For he that sheds his blood with me this day
Shall be my brother. Be he ne'er so vile
This day shall....."

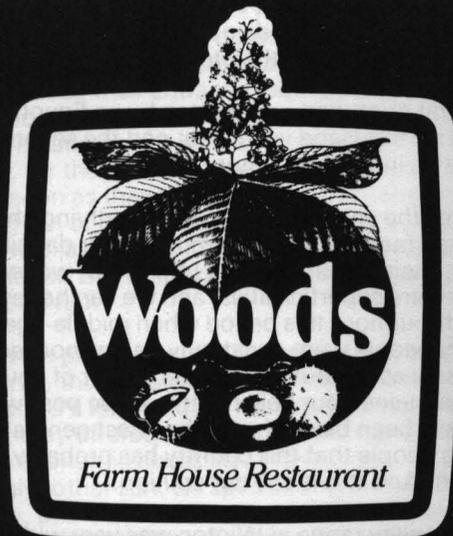
And suddenly I caught the eye of a boy in the third row who was staring at me with such concentrated distaste and disapproval that I stopped in mid flight and stared back at him. And he simply said: "Tha'd do better to learn us how to talk reight." Or as you say in the south, "You would be better employed in instructing us in the correct use of the English language." And how right he was.

Here was a school, hugely proud of its Oxbridge scholarships and university places, which had simply discarded at least a quarter of a year-group which was not yet halfway up the school as being not worth bothering with. No attempt was made to cater for the special needs of any but the most able pupils. There was one menu, one way of serving it up, and if you couldn't stomach it you had to go hungry. "This child ought not to be in this school," they said; and I found those words to be the theme-song of bad teachers everywhere.

Too many schools, it seems to me, for all their fashionable assertions about being concerned for the individual child, are really concerned mainly for the reputation of the school itself. No effort is spared in helping pupils who can bring honour to the school by their academic brilliance or even athletic prowess; but for those with few talents - those who, for whatever reason, do not learn easily or respond readily - no comparable effort is made. Certainly this was the case in that Dickensian grammar school in Yorkshire, and our move to Sidcot came as a blessed relief.

Sidcot at that time was blessed with a very wise headmaster in David Murray-Rust, a man who had a clear vision of a school approximating to the often-quoted Quaker ideal of "a community of staff and pupils living and working together in mutual respect and co-operation" - an ideal which has inspired the work of all the Friends' schools in the years that we have known them.

One of my duties as head of the English department was to set and mark the English paper in the entrance examination, a wearisome but often amusing task. People are always stressing the importance of having a sense of humour, especially people who are not noticeably well endowed in that direction, and I would certainly agree with them. Indeed, now that I am free from restraints of headmasterly respectability, I would go further. I think it was Arnold Bennett who said that a dirty mind is a perpetual feast, and I certainly think that it is one of the great blessings of this life to be able to observe hilariously unintended improprieties in the written or spoken word. But there is a limit. As the headmaster in Alan Bennett's play says: "When society has to turn to the lavatory for its humour, then the writ-



Farmhouse Restaurant

If you go down to "Woods" today, or any day, you'd better go with an appetite for good home-cooking, interesting wines (or real ale) and an old English atmosphere in a lovely village setting.

For dining out in a small group or with a party, the menu offers a tempting selection — some unusual dishes and some old favourites. And if you feel like spoiling yourselves anyway, you can do just that, very reasonably.

A converted Cotswold stone barn with a minstrels' gallery and an open fireplace, set in three acres of gently wooded landscape also provides the ideal spot for important business lunches or just a break from the daily routine. A three-course lunch with a bottle or two of the best, or a little of what you fancy with a hunk of bread and a glass of wine — everything is beautifully prepared and nicely presented. The atmosphere is warm and friendly — under the personal supervision of David and Georgina, the proprietors.

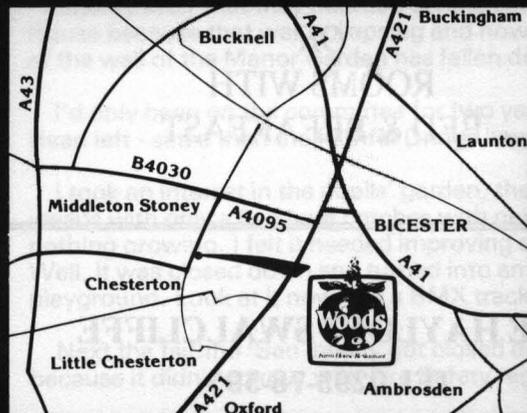
Please telephone at any time for examples from the menu and typical prices.

Open for lunch and dinner from Tuesday to Friday, for dinner on Saturday, and for Sunday lunch.

Wedding receptions, business functions and other private parties from 30 guests.

Separate dining room for private parties of 8 to 10 people.

Family Sunday lunches.



Proprietors: David and Georgina Wood

Woods Farmhouse Restaurant · Chesterton · Nr. Bicester · Oxfordshire OX6 8UE
Telephone Bicester (086 92) 41444

ing is on the wall." One child thought that Jesus said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy wife. Set to write an essay describing the school they were currently attending one boy wrote, with heaven knows what subtle overtones of meaning, "We have no playing-field but there is a shrubbery....."

And another, "The lesson I like least is Nature but I have only had it with Mrs. Robinson."

But there is one statement from those test papers that I have never forgotten - not because it is funny, although it is perhaps mildly amusing, but because it struck me as pathetic and as an indictment of our traditional school system. Describing his school's Speech Day, this ten year-old wrote: "Once a year we go to the Town Hall to see the prizes being presented to our fellow pupils." At the age of ten it was already clear to him that he had no chance in this "pursuit of excellence", as the clap-trap phrase has it, this academic rat-race in which success counts for everything and honest endeavour for nothing.

One recalls the words of the great Dr. Johnson: "No man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little." Even at Sidcot there was something very close to a Form Order system; and it was at about this time that I began to recognise the injustice of a system in which only the intellectually gifted had any chance of success, and increasingly I was inclined to devote myself to the needs of pupils of moderate ability or less, rather than to those who would inevitably do well in spite of their teachers.

After the homeliness of Sidcot, Ackworth, with over 400 pupils, seemed very large and somewhat impersonal. Here I met for the first time a problem which we also had to face at Sibford - the problem of how to maintain a proper supervision over a large number of pupils on an extensive campus without regimentation and without unduly restricting that degree of freedom which is necessary to their happiness and without which they could hardly develop into the active, self-reliant responsible people that we would wish them to be.

After only one year we moved to Wigton, and once again found ourselves in a small, close-knit community with a very strong corporate spirit. Now a headmaster, I found myself for the first time spending less time with my pupils than I did with parents - which was much less fun although not without its lighter moments. I recall one interview in which a parent - a very tall, heavily-built Northumbrian - sat ponderously down beside me and asked: "Why is it, Mr. Greaves, that our Jim is so slow?"

As a headmaster one was so responsible for maintaining acceptable standards of behaviour in the school, and the 1960's were not easy years in this respect. Two quotations from distinguished writers may strike a chord in your minds.

Our society is degenerate: children no longer obey their parents.

and

Children now love luxury. They have bad manners, they show contempt for authority and disrespect to their elders. They no longer rise when their parents enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at table, cross their legs and are tyrants over their teachers.

The first quotation was written by an Egyptian priest some six thousand years ago, and the second by Socrates in the 4th century BC.

Over the years we saw some horrifying changes in teenage fashions - in their music, their dancing, their dress, their hair-styles. But I think that we realised that these were superficialities, and we can honestly claim that throughout this period when middle-aged and elderly people were constantly being shocked by what they saw as the outrageous behaviour of young people, we maintained our belief that in these post-war years we have been blessed with the finest generation of young people that this country has probably ever known. And this is still our opinion.

The ability range at Wigton was very wide. At the top end a steady stream of Sixth Formers went on each year to university; at the other end of the scale were children in need of remedial teaching. So here was the opportunity to test one's theories and I lost no time in establishing conscientious hard work as the criterion of merit rather than academic success. The system worked well, as I believe it worked well here at Sibford in later years, and I lived to see my dreams come true when a boy who had the lowest possible achievement grades in every subject had the best grades for effort in the whole school and was duly rewarded. The child who works as hard as he can will, given good teaching, do as well as he can; and the ability to apply oneself persistently to the task in hand, even if it is difficult or dull, is a discipline worth cultivating.

NEEDSOMEWHERE TO STAY FOR EXEAT WEEKEND?	EXCESS OF HOUSE GUESTS ON OCCASIONS?
ACCOMMODATION AT REASONABLE RATES	
COSY, FULLY EQUIPPED SELF CONTAINED FLAT OR ROOMS WITH BED & BREAKFAST	
THE HAYLOFT SWALCLIFFE TEL 0295-78-595	

One day two Old Scholars brought along their son for admission, expecting this to be a mere formality. But I found the boy to be so backward that I encouraged the parents to seek the advice of an Educational Psychologist. This they did, and in due course the Educational Psychologist came to see me and reported that he had found the boy to be of superior intelligence but suffering from a condition known as dyslexia. And when he went on to describe the symptoms of this extraordinary handicap it dawned on me that here was the explanation of the inexplicable difficulties with reading and spelling which had afflicted many intelligent pupils whom I had known in the past, and a few who were currently in the school. And so, long before dyslexia became smart and fashionable and one of the most abused vogue words in the educational vocabulary, we addressed ourselves to the task of learning more about it and helping our pupils to overcome it. Most of the special teaching was undertaken by Robin, and it soon became clear that she had a special aptitude for it.

Of the many innovations that we made at Wigton, these two - the rewarding of effort rather than success, and the provision of specialised help for dyslexic children - were the most satisfying because they were most in line with our long-felt concern to contrive a fair deal for children of moderate ability and those with special problems. And it was Sibford's reputation in these areas of education that led me to apply for the headship in succession to my friend Jonas Fielding, a man for whom I had, and still have, the greatest regard and admiration.

And so we came to Sibford and, I hope, continued and developed its tradition of providing a sympathetic and caring environment for all its pupils, offering a full range of academic opportunities for the intellectually gifted and special help for those who, for whatever reason, could not easily achieve academic success. One was aware, of course, that every independent school in the country was claiming to do the same, especially those once proud academic establishments which were having to reduce their entrance requirements in order to fill their places. But it was not difficult to convince prospective parents that here at Sibford the claims were really true, for they could sense the character of the school as soon as they stepped on to the campus, and nine out of ten of my first-time visitors began their interview with a comment on the happy atmosphere and the friendliness of the children which they had already observed.

There were plenty of other schools with remedial departments, though probably not many of them could match Sibford's long tradition in this field or honestly claim that they offered such help on principle rather than from economic necessity. There were, increasingly, other schools specialising in the treatment of dyslexia, but few, I suspect, which could also offer a comparably sympathetic environment or could set such a generous allocation of specialist remedial teaching in the context of an academically successful school.

The friendliness, the caring, the corporate spirit, the remedial work allied to academic success - these were, and still are, immensely valuable qualities. These are traditionally Sibford qualities. Long may the school continue in these ways to make its distinguished contribution to the educational scene, and long may this association stand by the school to support it in its efforts.

Kenneth Greaves

William Waddilove, The School Committee Guest, replies to the President's Address

Presidents, Old Scholars - and I'm almost beginning to feel like one - even if my association with the school started later than most of yours!

I would like to thank you, Joint Presidents for your address; I was very interested to hear of Robin's long association with the Friends' Schools which was even longer than I had previously known. I had realised that she was a great believer in the merits of Friends' education. Certainly her reputation of extending a loving arm to anyone who needed that little extra, and emphasis on finding areas in which even the most difficult pupil could excel, had reached me even before I met her.

As a product of a Grammar School - and slightly closer to the 'D' stream referred to by Kenneth than I would normally like to admit - I would have appreciated at that time the sympathy and interest he showed. Insights into your President's approach to the appreciation of honest endeavour in pupils of moderate ability is to me very encouraging, although I noted he needed to support them with 'modern' quotations.

His faith and belief in young people and their worth is what has helped build up the school to make Sibford what it is today.

Being invited to serve on the Sibford Committee came as quite a surprise. I'd had little to do with secondary education since I left it, and was more at home visiting colleges and other places of further education as my work is involved with mature worker training.

Anyway, as I had been asked, I came and was warmly welcomed by both Kenneth and Robin and at an early committee meeting by Mike Finch, who said, "Ah, good, another engineer." I felt my interests were more on the building side, and so chose to allocate myself to the Finance and Premises Committee.

You might ask what have I done on the committee. I wrote for an organisation which is well known for asking in promotional interviews "If you are appointed, what is your unique contribution to this job going to be?" I thought I would like to tell you of some of the things which have happened since I joined the committee.

Well..... the first major item was that the roof of Fielding House needed replacing!

Shortly after that they boarded off the end of Gillett House because that was collapsing and now even part of the wall of the Manor Garden has fallen down!

I'd only been on the committee for two years and the Head left - since then the faithful Drings have left!

I took an interest in the pupils' garden, then a mass of weeds with only a few bare patches with next-to-nothing growing. I felt it needed improving and input. Well, it was closed down and turned into an adventure playground. Look at it now, it's a BMX track!

Next the faithful 'San' nearly got closed down because it didn't comply with Fire Safety regulations!

Even the Remedial unit was closed, although I admit it was because it had outgrown the original building.

The only building not to suffer seems to have been this one and that's had heater troubles and a number of Catering Managers.

But things really aren't too bad and it must be emphasised that there are many silver linings:-

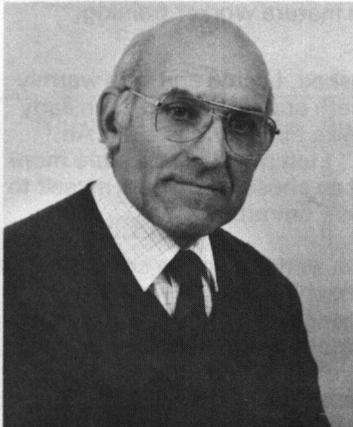
- the school hasn't so far suffered to the extent of some other Friends' Schools with the recession.
- we've now got subsidence insurance.
- the 'San is beautiful.
- there's better Staff accommodation.
- and you've even got your Membership Secretary, Mike Finch, sorting building works out or 'Mr. Portakabin' as they called him at first.

Finally I would like to thank the Presidents for their address and this invitation to myself and family. Also I would like to thank you, the Old Scholars, for making us all feel at home, including tidying us up from the roadside when our car broke down during the treasure hunt.

I must not omit the initiating into 'Rockets'. This last ceremony has intrigued me, and at least one villager, who wondered what Druidic Rite was being celebrated.

Thank you all once again.

THE 1984/85 PRESIDENT — a profile of Philip Manasseh



It can be said that Adolph Hitler was responsible for my early arrival at Sibford School at the age of eight in 1938. Perhaps one should add that Arthur Johnstone, the headmaster at that time, having already enrolled two Manassehs perhaps felt that another one under such circumstances couldn't make matters worse. So I had eight interesting school years followed by three years working on the land before going to Harper Adams Agricultural College for a two year Diploma course. Agriculture at that time was in buoyant mood, having fed the country extremely efficiently through the war years, and whilst still on a high, managing to wring some useful concessions out of the government on guaranteed markets by establishing the annual price review.

Through the fifties I experienced a variety of posts mainly around Worcestershire/Herefordshire. During that time I revisited Sibford on several occasions. At one reunion I became very attracted to one young lass, Janet Oldham, who was at school in my time. She was working in Banbury at Aluminium Laboratories and had

cycled to the school for the reunion weekend. As luck would have it her bicycle broke down and I took the opportunity to get her back to Banbury. We decided to meet again and trips between Bishops Frome, a village in Herefordshire, and Banbury became frequent. We married in 1956 and eventually farmed near Lichfield for eight years - long hours and with many interesting and challenging periods. I recall the coldest winter on record in 1963 for example, and which farmer will ever forget 1967 the "Foot and Mouth" outbreak, which we luckily escaped. I had an increasing ambition to teach, always garrulous at meetings, so moved to teacher training in 1968 then to a post with Oxfordshire County Council at West Oxfordshire Technical College, Agriculture Department in 1969. Deputy Head of department followed in 1971 and in 1984 we have seen the amalgamation of several departments with the acquisition of a new 300 acre teaching farm near Oxford. All very challenging, especially in the present times when we are seeing so many changes in the countryside, and teachers of agriculture now have had to become ambassadors, both for the farm and the farm dweller, in a public relations exercise to educate each in the needs of the other.

My interest in Quakerism stems from a Grandfather who came from the Lebanon in 1900 to study at Leeds University, where he met his future wife, a Quaker Bennington. At school in this country my father was looked after by many Friends, and when he married and settled in Birmingham I was introduced to Cotteridge meeting, Woodbrooke and Selly Oak, it was homely and always a happy part of my early life. Having settled in Oxfordshire in 1969 we were soon made welcome at Oxford meeting and a spell of monthly meeting clerkship helped deepen my faith in the Quaker attitude to life. I am aware of the strength and unity embodied in its philosophy and I now have the privilege to be the School committee chairman. My faith in education also was strengthened in 1980 when I decided to pursue a B.Ed. part-time degree course. This was at Garnett College, London which is attached to the London Institute. Fascinated by economics, I was eager to choose it as one of the subject areas, and a bonus came my way when we learned that the Lecturer for the year was to be one M.V. Blankenstein, and he managed to get me through!

We have a busy life at home, with Janet as Principal of a secretarial college in Oxford and my involvement with Sibford and the new county agricultural structure. We have been blessed with two super boys, one in gainful employment in Manchester, the other in his last year at Lancaster University. My hobbies include playing golf badly, walking infrequently, photography when the camera behaves, promising more theatre visits, visiting Aldeburgh whenever possible and an alarming burst of interest in Art, particularly of the Impressionists. I am musically aware and appreciative but am participatively dormant.

Philip Manasseh

Friends of Sibford School

I was first introduced to Sibford 27 years ago by my husband, who often talks about the privations of Sibford during his time there as pupil in the war years.

My own memories from so long ago as a shy 20 year old are that Sibford was always cold, often wet and always windy — and in that it hasn't changed; stand outside the Hill building on almost any day and you will

still feel the untamed south westerly wind no matter how sunny a day.

Cold, wet and windy — adjectives that belie that warm friendliness that is Sibford — a community to which one irresistably returns. What has all that to do with 'Friends of Sibford'? Only to demonstrate that there must be, and is, more to Sibford than the usual agglomeration of people and buildings that one usually associates with a school.

During the years between 1957 and today, I have had the good fortune to participate in Sibford activities on a number of occasions: at "old scholars" (though not an old scholar), as a parent, and now also as a "friend of Sibford". Yet throughout these many years, I never appreciated who these "friends" were, or what they did. It was not until I was asked to serve on the Committee that I felt I *must* discover the reasons for such a group of people to exist. And I wondered if you, too, who are reading this magazine, truly realise how much your support and participation will help both present and future generations of Sibford scholars.

'Friends of Sibford' comprise a group of some 170 people: parents of present and past pupils, teachers, 'Friends' and "friends". We aim to support the school in various ways. Through fund-raising on open days (selling refreshments, and books on our bookstall) and through a sports club aimed at village residents, the proceeds from which buy equipment for classroom and house pursuits — £590.00 was donated to the school in September 1984 alone. We also organise social activities through which we can become better acquainted with other friends, and with staff and pupils. Traditionally the 'FOS' also arrange an outing for those scholars who are unable to go home during the summer long exeat; an excursion to Alton Towers was much enjoyed this year by pupils and helpers alike.

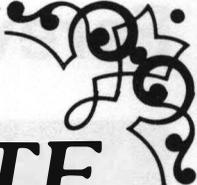
Informed readers may also be aware of other ways in which 'Friends of Sibford' help the school and its pupils: providing work experience, mock interviews for the sixth form, help with clubs and activities, having pupils to stay for weekends, providing transport to/ from matches and help not only from "local" FOS; for the school has had offers of assistance from London and elsewhere, and we wish to further encourage participation from afar.

Education is continuously evolving. We read elsewhere of curriculum changes, of plans for developing all that Sibford has to offer its pupils, as society makes ever increasing demands on our youngsters. 'Friends of Sibford' are changing too: we are currently discussing plans to provide more informal occasions on which to meet, and other ways of helping this unique school. Sibford is worthy of your interest. I have been involved with many schools throughout a long career, as teacher and educational publisher, but have never visited any other school to which I have been so attracted, or so wished to help. For as the headmaster has written in the new school prospectus, "Sibford is a happy school where we strive to produce successful and confident children who will leave with a sense of achievement, confidence in themselves and the best qualifications they can obtain..."

A far cry from my cold, wet and windy memories. Yet how true. Sibford is a place with which one is proud to be associated, a place the 'Friends of Sibford' are proud to support.

Will you join us?

Ann Bond (FoS Committee Member)



BANCOTE ELECTRICAL LTD

252 WARWICK ROAD
BANBURY, OXON.

**ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS
WE UNDERTAKE ALL
ASPECTS OF ELECTRICAL WORK**

TEL. BANBURY 51778
BYFIELD 61293



JOHNSONS OF DEDDINGTON

JOHNSON & COMPANY (DEDDINGTON)

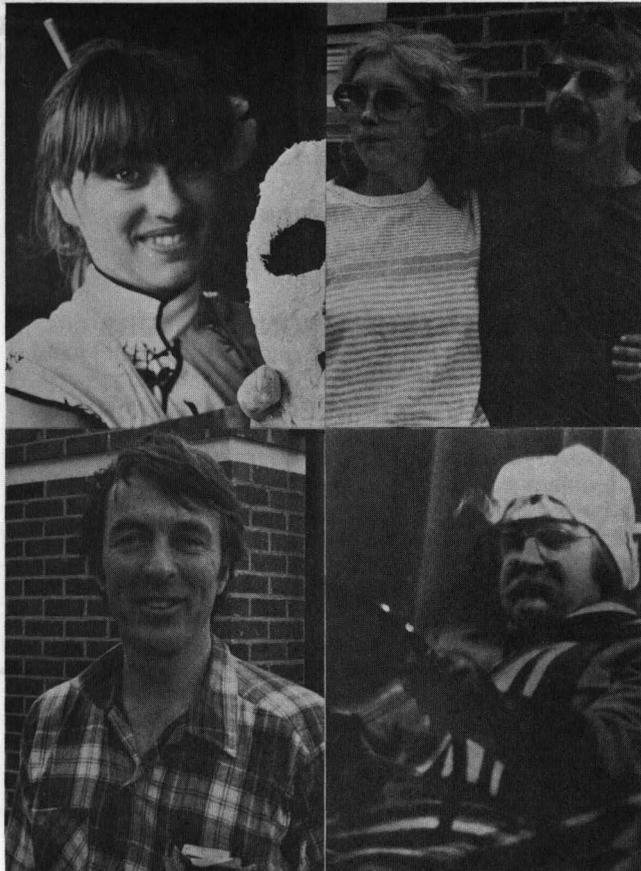
TIMBER AND BUILDERS MERCHANTS

ALL TYPES OF BUILDING
MATERIAL REQUIREMENTS — DELIVERY
30 MILES RADIUS OF BANBURY
— TWICE WEEKLY

Telephone: Deddington (0869) 38275

CHAPEL SQUARE, DEDDINGTON
OXFORD

Farewell



Top (l to r) Ruth Greenwood, Sue & Ernie Faulkner.
Bottom (l to r) Martin Wilkinson, Ian Charnock.

RUTH GREENWOOD

Battle-scarred, crumpled attempts lie heaped on my desk, submerging the memo: "TASK" - Article for school magazine: "SUBJECT - goodbye and thank you to Miss Ruth Greenwood.

What seemed to me an easy and welcome task turned into an ocean of words, drowning me whatever bearing I took, so abandoning the project I launch my lifeboat of a poem.

Thank you for
rehearsals pounded on the silent feet,
Days, weeks, months of echoing movements
Reflected in the light of smiling shadows
Remembering your gift to Sibford.

C.B.

Ruth joined us in September for a period of one year, during which time she achieved an astonishing catalogue of successes. She completed her thesis on Welsh Theatre and was awarded her M.A., she helped and encouraged many junior children with their English in the Remedial Department, and, perhaps most memorably, she established an enthusiasm for dance throughout the school. We are all enormously grateful for her skill and dedication in launching a tradition in the Performing Arts at Sibford of which we are justifiably proud. We wish her every success in her new post in Southampton.

M.A.S.

SUE AND ERNIE

Following the departure of our former House Mistress and Master known to us in Gillett as Sue and Ernie, life still goes on with the new arrival of Wendy Bartholomew who is greatly welcomed by us all.

Sue and Ernie contributed enormously to the family atmosphere which existed in Penn. Ernie's vibrant personality, which seemed to swamp the whole house when he was on duty, is deeply missed. Sue's energy and enthusiasm towards sport spurred on the whole house to achieve magnificent results in the sporting field throughout her years at Sibford.

As well as teaching, Sue will long be remembered for the hard work she did in training the gymnastics team, and for their impressive displays on Open Days.

Ernie's role as Laboratory Technician encompassed all kinds of jobs including, of course, the preparation of experiment apparatus. Many pupils will remember him for the kind and willing way in which he mended temperamental Walkmans, engraved watches and advised on all sorts of technical activities.

Debbie Stephenson

EUNICE LEMON

I met her first at an educational conference where she talked such sense that I rang Ken Greaves and asked him to make sure my daughter went into Nansen House when she joined the school the following term. So it was as a parent that I first came to admire the work she did at Sibford, especially her total dedication to the girls in her House. Within a short time I realised that she really knew my daughter in some ways better than I did! The relationship which developed between them was one of genuine friendship, and such friendship, I later learnt, was always available to those in her care. It was not easily attained -

"Jiff never lets you get away with anything" might well have been the Nansen motto. She cared so deeply about people's integrity that she gave little thought to her own comfort or popularity in her concern for the best possible development of the young.

When, three years after that first meeting, I became her Assistant in the House, I soon realised that what she enjoyed most was having fun, sharing her life with the children with tireless energy and open-heartedness. The door of her flat was rarely closed unless there was an apologetic note on it.

"Piano lesson in progress" or "Gone to supper, back in half an hour."

After 'lights out' many of us learnt to make our way to that room full of elephants, books, plants and warm companionship. Eunice seemed to find a new reserve of energy around 11 p.m. and many a time the Manor has shaken with both heated debate and much laughter, until at around 1 p.m., when a sudden cry of "Oh no! I'm M.O.D. at 8 a.m." would bring us to our senses and we would reluctantly bring our revels to a close.

Many of us already know how much we will miss Eunice both personally and in the life of the school. Our thoughts and prayers are with her as, for a time, she gives her own mother the kind of unselfish care and love she has so generously given to so many people at Sibford.

E.E.

EUNICE

In July of this year we said goodbye to Eunice Lemon. Words do not adequately express just how much she will be missed and this must inevitably be a very personal response.

Eunice has been one of our longest serving teachers in the Remedial Centre. We know that she taught Mathematics, but more significantly she taught children. Whether her lessons were planned to suit individual needs, or were group activity sessions, they were usually very different. Indeed, I am still haunted by memories of a cemetery survey with chilling wall displays designed by her Third Year group. Above all, Eunice was always available and willing to listen to those with difficulties, however trivial they might have at first appeared.

She was a radical vegetarian. I am not, and it was very obvious that we enjoyed our differences and certainly the children did! Our badinage tended to lighten the atmosphere and might well have caused a few to think about wider issues. Essentially we were a very harmonious team, and this added a strength to the department.

Throughout the school she was involved with children in so many ways. Her flat, for many, was an alternative home where girls could chat, borrow books or even take 'Goldie' for a walk. In everything from trips to Alton Towers to accompanying hesitant musicians on the Piano, Eunice was a person upon whom you could rely.

Finally, I must say how much I feel she will be missed by all of us on the staff. Her comments and views on educational matters stimulated thought and ensured interesting meetings.

D.L.F.

IAN CHARNOCK

Ian Charnock came to Sibford in 1976, he joined Penn House as part of a new team. Since that time his loyalty to the 'Pennmen' has been unswerving. The variety of his interests and his enthusiasm for them has often been passed on to the boys. 'Press-ups' after prep., pushing cars that wouldn't start, have surely helped to improve the physical prowess of the House over the years. Old cars, rugby, and his prickly cacti are what many of us in the House will remember Ian for, but his sense of fair play, patience and his helpful attitude are the things we shall all miss most. Ian is a true character that it has been a pleasure to know; we all wish him every success in his new venture.

M.R.W.

SALLY BERRY

I worked with Sally during her last term at Sibford, and learned a tremendous amount. She encouraged her pupils to compete against themselves, not against each other. She understood particularly well the feelings of those lively and enterprising children whose talents did not lie in the academic sphere, and for whom book-work was a constant source of failure and frustration. For these pupils she found assignments which challenged their ingenuity, and gave constructive outlets for their energies.

We are grateful to Sally for her time with us, and we wish her well for the future.

E.C.

Welcome

ANGELA BOVILL

After completing a Bachelor in Education degree in Environmental Biology, she started her teaching career at Drayton School in Banbury where she developed the Rural Studies department shortly after the opening of the school. She then moved up to Sheffield to work as a Year Tutor in a very large comprehensive school, but soon afterwards moved back to Oxfordshire again to develop and expand the Environmental Studies Department at Bicester School.

Angela has now embarked upon a very challenging and exciting post at Sibford where she has plans to resurrect the Rural/ Environmental Studies Department with a special emphasis on Horticulture. The walled garden at the Manor is to be the centre of the department's activities, and work has already begun on the laying of gravel paths, and plans are afoot for the erection of a pergola, a greenhouse and animal house, and the development of fruit, vegetable and flower gardens.

Her main interests include gardening, horse-riding and walking. She is the Manager of the Horley Nature Reserve, and she intends to encourage the pupils to take part in the recording of plants and animals on the reserve and in active conservation work throughout the year.

CHRISTOPHER GUY

Chris comes to us and steps almost literally into Mike Wollerton's training shoes to teach P.E. and Games. On Saturday mornings he takes Graphic Communication, a new course for all abilities. He is an old scholar of The Friends' School, Saffron Walden, and after spending two years in Architecture and Surveying at Dundee and Nottingham respectively, he went to St. Paul's College, Cheltenham, to train in Physical Education and 3D Design.

He began teaching at the Upper School in Market Harborough, and comes to us from the Rudolph Steiner School in Sussex. Along the way, he spent a year in America where he married Maggie, and took more courses at College. Travel has featured strongly as you might expect from someone who loves to ski and "explore". A four month period investigating the life of Central America has been the highlight of much continental movement.

Living in Nansen Girls' House is apparently very interesting, and it's good to know how much he feels at home in school already too!

ANDREW NEWBOLD

Andrew Newbold joined us in September as a general Science teacher. He lives in Wayside Cottage with his wife Gill (who teaches trampolining), son Tim and dog Lassie.

Andrew was brought up in Knebworth, Hertfordshire, and attended the Nobel School in Stevenage. After leaving school he studied Biology at London University, and then spent some time working on a smallholding in an assessment centre. He then conducted a piece of research into oak and beech woodland regeneration. He also did a teacher training course at Bristol University. After this he taught Biology at a school in Hertford. His interests include gardening, cooking, walking, camping and other outdoor activities.

ANDREW CHOWNE

Andrew joined the staff at Sibford this year to teach Mathematics and to assist Tony Skeath in Nansen Boys' House.

He is a local, having attended Banbury Comprehensive where he gained his 'A' levels. He then went on to Cartrefle College of Education in Wrexham which he represented in football, sailing, hockey and volleyball. He did his teaching practices in Wrexham, Abergavenny and Oswestry.

In 1979 he took up a teaching post at Denbigh Comprehensive School in Milton Keynes, where he worked for five years.

At Sibford he has become involved with the Sailing Club and is hoping to restore our ancient Merlin Rockets to a state of waterworthiness. He also plays five-a-side football with the third years. He intends to involve himself with Chess Club activities and to encourage an interest in playing bridge.

JASON SMITH

Jason has come to us, a year after completing a Degree Course in Ceramics at West Surrey College of Art and Design in Farnham, to inaugurate our pottery studentship. He spent his schooldays at Oxted County Secondary School in East Surrey, culminating in A-levels in Geography, Physics and Art. Already aiming at an art education, he went to West Surrey first for the Foundation Course, then straight on to the Degree Course in Ceramics.

During his second year he was given the opportunity to do some Saturday morning teaching, his first taste of teaching. That same year he was lucky enough to be given the opportunity of an exchange with the Art School in Aix-en-Provence. He has a great love of

literature. The degree required a thesis which gave him an excellent opportunity to do a lot of reading and he wrote his dissertation on possibly his favourite book "The Lord of the Rings". Sketching is another activity which he enjoys very much.

Other activities which he likes to follow regularly are squash and swimming, cycling and walking when the opportunity arises. Between the Degree Show and this autumn, he took a job working in a book distribution warehouse, while since February he has been setting up a small workshop near Alton in Hampshire in a beautiful old watermill. He was very pleased to be asked to take up the Studentship and has since found the school to be extremely welcoming and friendly.

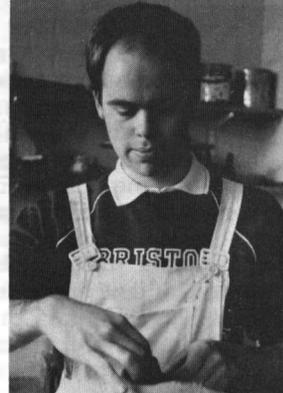
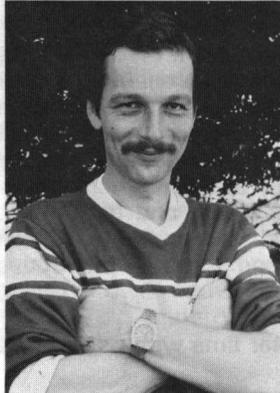
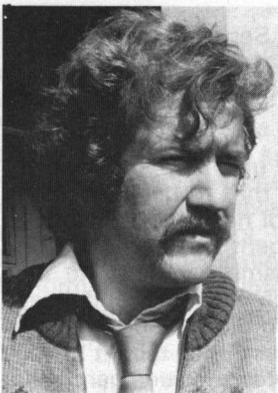
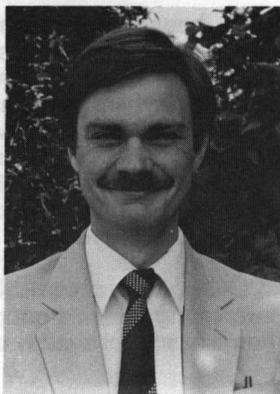
MAGGIE GUY

Maggie Guy is a native of one of the more "civilised" American colonies, and was raised in a small town named Devon outside Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Her permanent residence in England is due to her marriage to Chris rather than a love of the English climate. They met at Michael Hall School (Steiner School) in Sussex, whilst Maggie was here on a year's leave from her teaching position in America.

At Sibford her responsibilities fall into three different areas. Maggie's teaching day is divided between the English and the P.E. and Games departments, which she finds to be a good balance for her. At the end of the school day she changes hats once again to become the assistant housemistress in Nansen.

Maggie is keen on many sports, but her favourites are skiing, tennis, hockey and jogging, and she hopes to learn squash this year. She and Chris are both enthusiastic travellers and photographers, and they are looking forward to exploring the Oxfordshire countryside.



Top (l to r) Angela Bovill, Andrew Chowne, Karen Arthur, Maggie Guy.
Bottom (l to r) Chris Bateman, Hidekasu Tanaka, Chris Guy, Jason Smith.

CHRISTOPHER BATEMAN

An unmistakably 'Geordie' addition to the staff joined us in September last year in the form of Chris Bateman. His previous teaching experience had been at Andover Grammar School, where he was responsible for the organisation and development of a new Drama Department. His other interests took him outside school where he was involved in local amateur productions and educational courses under the auspices of Hampshire Education Committee.

Since coming to Sibford he has involved himself in numerous spheres of school life. He is a tutor and part-time assistant in Fielding, and has often been seen in the gymnasium and on the games field coaching basketball and soccer. He is well known for his high standards of sartorial elegance, as our picture shows. As a member of the English Department he has injected a wide and lively interest in Drama, and has been responsible for staging some excellent productions, including the direction of the Mikado this year. He has also been involved in the village Amateur Dramatics Society, and he has already made an impressive and much valued contribution to Sibford life.

JOHNATHAN TAYLOR

Johnathan came to Sibford in September, direct from Heaton Comprehensive School in Newcastle, where he was Head Boy, thus adding to our already large community of exiles from the North East. He is spending the year continuing his 'A' level studies, whilst assisting Mike Wollerton in Penn Boys' House and helping out in both the Remedial and the P.E. Departments.

At school he was a keen sportsman, playing cricket, basketball and football; he pursued an interest in swimming and badminton in his spare time.

Johnathan is a Quaker, and it is through the Society of Friends that he heard of, and was appointed to, Sibford School. He is finding the experience of working in a school of immense value, as he hopes to begin his teacher training at the Charlotte Mason College in Ambleside in 1985.

KAREN ARTHUR

Karen Arthur is a newcomer to Sibford School, although not a stranger to the surrounding area. She was brought up in Banbury and steered through O- and A-Levels at Stanbridge Hall and Banbury Upper School. She left Oxfordshire to join Leicester Polytechnic as a student of Performing Arts, majoring in Dance. This course encompassed Drama, Music and Arts Administration, also the various practical and theoretical aspects of Dance. After graduating from College in 1983, Karen Arthur 'launched' herself as a freelance teacher of jazz and contemporary dance to adults and children in schools and community centres in Leicester, Nottingham and Wellingborough.

She spent an exciting three months during 1982 in America studying jazz, contemporary and African dance, and ballet at different Dance Centres in New York.

Dance activities have already been met with an enthusiastic response from members of Sibford School, and Karen Arthur is planning to initiate many stimulating clubs, workshops and performances during her one year stay. When Karen is not teaching or choreographing new dances she enjoys fashion designing, dressmaking and sketching.



FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE PROMS

On 31st August Miss Roe braved taking six of us to the Proms. The day got off to a tasty start when Perry began eating his plastic cup on the station. We got to London and hopped on a tube to Baker Street. Then we all split up and had a peek at the shops. By that time it was about 11.00 and most of us had eaten our lunch, so we had the idea of going to Regents Park. When we got there everyone decided that we'd try and master the art of rowing. Two boats were hired and we got to the middle of the lake before we decided we were stuck. We all had a go and virtually everyone got the hang of it. Gillian made a lot of friends by feeding the birds, in fact she made so many that one of them got too close to the oar and got whacked. Perry didn't do too badly either, as he nearly ran the boat over one.

Next we decided to go to Madame Tussauds and the Planetarium. Lou and I pretended to be wax-works and burst out laughing every time someone came up and peered closely to see if we were real! After the Planetarium we hopped on another tube to South Kensington. We stopped in a small cafe for food and then walked to join the queue for the Royal Albert Hall. We waited for about two hours and got places in the gallery.

The Albert Hall is round and the gallery is at the very top and goes all the way round. Some managed to find places by the railings to look, but Lou and I just sat and listened. First we heard 'Prelude a l'apres-midi d'un Faune' by Debussy and then 'Sheherezade' by Ravel and last in the first half were 'Nocturnes' again by Debussy. Miss Roe bought us all ice creams at the interval, and then in the second half we heard 'Harold in Italy' by Berlioz. The last piece was very good and everyone clapped for about ten minutes afterwards.

We took the tube to Paddington and had to wait an hour for the train but here again, Miss Roe bought us orange juice. The train got in to Oxford at 12.15. I said thanks and goodbye until the beginning of term.

Jocasta Crofts



SAILING FOR SILVER

Looking for a change from the normal Duke of Edinburgh's hill-walking expedition, (we completed our Bronze in a very damp Northumberland in 1982), we hit on the idea of an expedition on water. At the time we thought it would be easier than on foot!

We started in the Spring, training for our R.Y.A. seamanship certificates, enlisting the invaluable help of John Baseley. Miss Roe was taking a group to a sailing centre on the Isle of Wight, so we decided to join her, as the Medina Centre was recognised by the R.Y.A.

We had originally intended to start the expedition at the end of that week, but due to adverse weather it had to be postponed until the second week in August.

We launched the Wayfarer at Castleshot on the Friday afternoon, and by the time one of our two assessors arrived we were all packed and ready to go, complete with food, blankets, cooker and countless other pieces of equipment. The Wayfarer could out-perform the lugger of Robin, the assessor, so we had to continually tack in order to remain in visual contact. We met up at the mouth of the River for a conference and decided to make for Newtown to give us enough time before the tide turned. The wind was Force 2 or 3, ideal. On arrival at Newtown we erected the canvas 'tent' over the boom and made a start on our evening meal which consisted of stewed meat, new potatoes and mixed vegetables, followed by tinned pears. Newtown was very quiet and picturesque.

We awoke to a heavy sea mist on Saturday, which delayed our departure for an hour. We reached Newtown Mouth at about half-past ten. We then sailed to Cowes and on to Newport and the associated problems of the Medina River. The wind was light and it was made more difficult by the large buildings sheltering us from the wind. We anchored just up river from Folly Inn. This place was a complete contrast to Newtown with bright boatlights shining all night and the wash of river boats disturbing us until the early hours.

On Saturday morning we moved the dinghy to the Folly Inn pontoon where Chris, the other assessor, examined the boat's tent designed by John Baseley. We set sail for Castleshot with a strong tide which threatened to carry us off course. We finally arrived safely, beached the dinghy and wrote up our log, after a thoroughly enjoyable trip.

We would like to thank all those who aided the success of this expedition, especially Colonel and Mr. Spring for their advice and encouragement in attempting a new type of venture, Robin and Chris the two assessors and, of course, John Baseley who gave up so much of his time to help and teach us so expertly.

John Baseley

Roy Kilpatrick



LISTER GIRLS TAKE TO THE AIR!

And who says that Lister Girls aren't high fliers?! Flying seemed to be the 'in-thing' last term. Not that it could have had anything to do with the fact that Miss Taylor is learning to fly. Oh no, just a mere coincidence! Just as when a number of women Pilots (B.W.P.A.) happened to drop in to Lister Girls during the Easter vacation for a weekend of flying activities. Guess who was there too? Yes, Miss Taylor and her mad House Staff - Miss Holden and Fiona!

The Lister Girls' outing was an experience never to be forgotten. Did I hear someone say that it was Miss Taylor's first time at the wheel of a minibus full of lively girls. And she's learning to fly?!

The girls were really excited about their flight over Stratford. What a shame Miss Holden was unable to share their sentiments!

First to go up were Louise, Kirsty and Miss Holden. What a trip! "Just look down there and you will be able to see Warwick Castle," said a confident Pilot.

"Oh, isn't this exciting girls?" said a slightly green Miss Holden. One person was very relieved after a safe landing and her stomach was able to return to normal!

The other girls had their turn at going up, but none of them seemed to be affected by the turbulence, and eagerly tucked in to their packed teas only a few minutes after landing.

For once Miss Taylor kept her feet firmly on the ground and was put in charge of photographs. The Professionals, in the form of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bond, were on hand to make sure that the event was properly recorded for the Lister Archives.

Carol, Lou, Kirsty, Karen, Susanne, Imogen, Debbie, Kelly, Sacha and Miss Holden were all grateful to their expert Pilot, Graham Bond, from the South Warwickshire flying school, for giving them all the opportunity of a lifetime.

How about a Hot Air Balloon next?!

Listerite

AN AFTERNOON IN STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

It was three o'clock on a sweltering hot day in the village of Sibford. About thirty of the pupils from the school clambered into two minibuses and made the short, but nevertheless bumpy ride to Stratford-on-Avon.

I was one of the thirty, and was very glad to descend from the bus when we got there to get some fresh air. Everyone split up into their personal groups of friends and explored the town. It was crowded with many tourists, mostly Americans, although the season had not really begun. There were little souvenir shops dotted around with many predictable things inside:- pictures of Shakespeare, small models of Anne Hathaway's cottage, smelly rubbers and strikingly coloured pencils.

After tea it was time for the activity we had all been waiting for, a row on the river. It was lovely to glide along the relatively quiet waterways and it certainly cooled us down. There were a few swans and many ducks who were very interested in us, not to mention the moorhens poking their heads out of the reeds by the river bank.

When we had had our hour's rowing, we ran to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre as the first drops of a storm were forming. The Theatre was very impressive, a river side building on a site of two acres. The first Theatre built on this site, donated by a local brewer in 1875 called Charles Edward, opened in 1879. It was a Victorian Gothic building seating 800 people and was called the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The first play staged there was 'Much Ado About Nothing'. The present theatre was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1932 on 23rd April. In 1934, the old theatre was burnt to the ground.

We got ourselves settled in our seats and waited for the play to start. We were going to watch Henry V.

The lights dimmed and immediately there was an expectant hush from the audience. The spotlight fell on the chorus, Ian McDiarmid, who began a vivid description of the surroundings supposedly seen in our mind in the 'Wooden O'.

After a meeting headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the final straw for the declaration of war comes when the Dauphin sends Henry, Kenneth Branagh, a gift of tennis balls. Henry cleverly uses the tennis balls as part of a tennis game in his speech about the oncoming invasion.

"His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by Gods grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard".

Every once in a while a little lighthearted comedy came in the shape of three cowardly layabouts,

Pistol, Nym and Bardolph, played by Bernard Horsfall, Derek Crewe and John Rogan.

The performance lasted about three and three-quarter hours with one fifteen minute break. In the second half when the English forces became disheartened, faced with disease and foul weather, they see the French have pitched their camp between themselves and the sea, and so they become quite desperate. The rain does not help and on stage this was achieved brilliantly; it was very realistic and although it did leave some puddles on the stage I think some was a trick of the light.

We enjoyed the show very much, all the performers were good especially the Chorus, Henry V, the Boy who was a companion to Bardolph, Nym and Pistol and Katherine, King Charles VI's daughter who eventually marries the King of England, so uniting the two countries.

After a seemingly long journey, we arrived back to a sleepy Sibford at a quarter to twelve. After giving our thanks to Mr. Spring and Mrs. Chalmers for the trip which we thoroughly enjoyed, we were soon in the land of dreams.

Catherine Stokes

PIANO RECITAL IN LONDON

On 26th May 1984, Rachel Wratten, Jocasta Crofts, Gillian Perkins, Caroline Bond, Bardia Asaadi, Mr. Robinson and Miss Roe went to a piano recital. Leaving Banbury station behind us, we set off for Paddington to arrive at the Queen Elizabeth Hall for 8.00 p.m. We were going to listen to Kenneth Van Barthold, Miss Roe's old piano teacher. We heard a number of romantic pieces with a fifteen minute interval in between, during which we grabbed ourselves an ice-cream or a cup of coffee.

After the performance we went behind the scenes to meet the pianist and his wife. With a bag of chips in hand we left London at about 10.30 p.m. An excellent evening out.

Caroline Bond



CARING ABOUT YOUR TOMORROW THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS' ARE FOR

Tomorrow you may want to give your child an extra special start in life.

Tomorrow you may be disabled or too ill ever to work again.

Tomorrow you may want to buy a house.

Tomorrow you may need to think about retirement

Tomorrow you may want a secure place to invest
your money.

Tomorrow you may not be here.

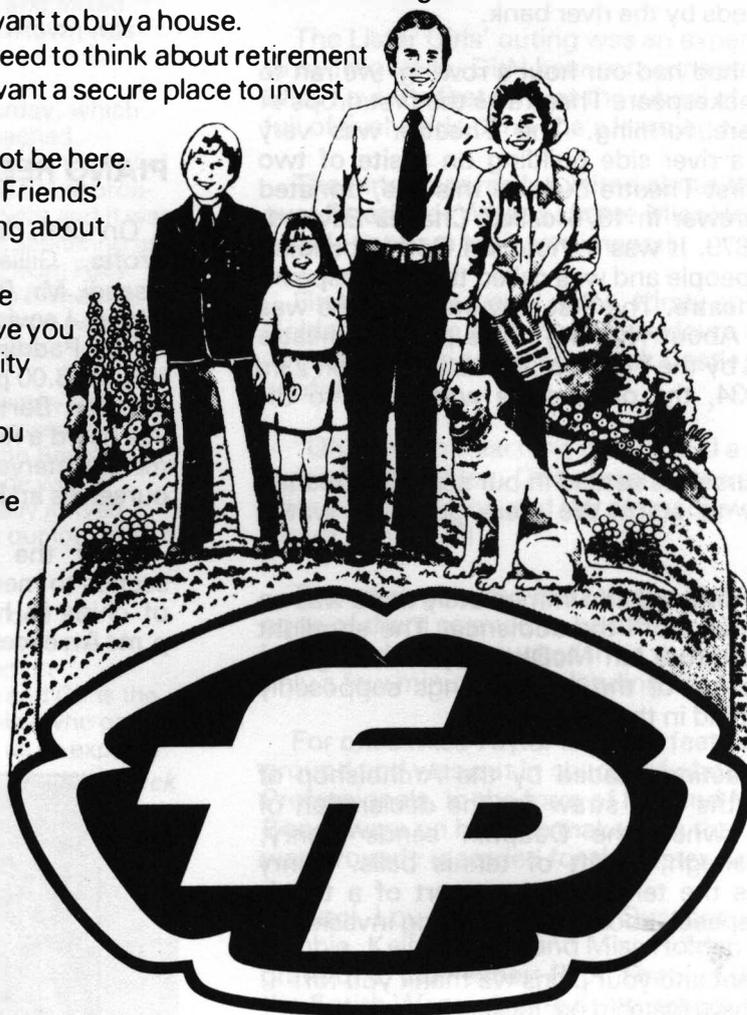
For nearly 150 years, Friends'

Provident have been caring about
lives like yours.

Caring with insurance
policies and plans that give you
and your family the security
for a better life.

Your broker will tell you
more about Friends'.

Friends' Provident care
about your tomorrow as
much as you do. Isn't that
what Friends' are for?



FRIENDS' PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE

HEAD OFFICE AT PIXHAM END, DORKING, SURREY RH4 1QA. AND AT 24 BRANCHES NATIONWIDE.

FORTY YEARS ON: GRAMOPHONIC REMINISCENCES

It was only at this year's Leslie Baily lecture, an admirable discourse by my old friend and contemporary Loraine Brown, that I suddenly realised that for us and some thirty others, 1984 has been "forty years on". When Loraine and I left Sibford in 1944, the War was moving into its last stages, but rationing, austerity and the V-bombs were the characteristic externals of our rather bleak adolescence. We were in fact strongly protected against the outside world: our Headmaster, Arthur Johnstone ("A.J.") - backed by the redoubtable Jessie - managed the place almost single-handedly, protecting our purity and innocence in a variety of ways. We were discouraged from listening to the radio, we never had dances, hardly ever saw a film (- cinemas were out of bounds -), and were only peripherally in contact with popular life and culture. Even if we had been so contaminated, there was no discernable teenage culture in terms of clothes, music or outlook; we merely reflected the tastes and attitudes of our mentors and parents - Glenn Miller represented the nearest thing to the deliquescent vice!

When Old Scholars of the '30's' and '40's' are asked to assess what the School did for them, they may cite the implanting of moral and spiritual values; they may, on the other hand sense a lifelong attachment to the countryside and its ways, or remember with gratitude their initiation into the practical crafts. Games and academic studies were not, perhaps among Sibford's strongest features, nor was live music (- drama was another matter -). However, for me at least, a singular strength and the inspiration for a lifelong hobby sprang from one of A.J.'s favourite activities the virtual imposition of musical appreciation on the lot of us, largely through recorded music played on a tiny accoustical gramophone. School Assembly was frequently accompanied by the strains of canned Mozart or Bach; classroom singing was largely replaced at the senior end of the school with symphonies and concertos - everyone was expected to follow the main themes and study the detailed analytical notes which were issued in those hefty albums of shellac records by HMV and Columbia. It was all very serious; like it or not, we endured the staple classics and some of the tamer romantics too, (but never a note of Stravinsky or Bartok!) On Sunday evenings too, fifth formers were treated to a relaxing hour around the gramophone (again with notes!), in the Summer on the lawn - civilized and civilizing, too. We used to have to lug that primitive wind-up little machine up and down the school drive, but were never allowed to borrow or operate it - occasionally we were granted requests, invariably Tchaikovsky or Wagner (...noisy stuff, not really nice!) Nevertheless, reinforced by musical parents and thrilled beyond bounds by regular concert-going during school holidays (bombing permitting), I left Sibford an addict for good music and hankering tiresomely (for the time being, to no avail) for a record player and records of my own.

Eventually I was able to build up my own collection of those fragile 78 r.p.m. discs, acquired slowly and judiciously at the equivalent of 40 or 50 pence a piece - up to £5 by today's prices! When A.J. eventually retired in the mid 1950's, Old Scholars presented him with a large record player which would reproduce the new-fangled LP's, "mono" only at that time and costing the equivalent of about £12 but playing four or five times as long as their predecessors. By that time "hi-fi" had broken out and I had got the bug; an impecunious married man, I used to sneak the odd LP into the house instead of putting all my spare cash in the building society. Thirty years on and the urge is as imperative as ever it was - I'm a confirmed Discoholic! I have gone through at least three generations of hi-fi systems and can now blast the heavens with a 2 x 100 watt stereo set-up of obtrusive proportions (ask my wife!) Only traces of my collection of 78's survive (on cassette), historical mementoes in antique sound. My latest extravagance is a compact disc player, each tiny silver disc providing up to an hour or so of often sensationally realistic sound, free of scratch, hiss or clicks - the recording process is now computerised, the reproduction is via a laser ... and technology won't stop there, as my bank manager must be aware!

But what of the music? Fortunately, sanity and aesthetic sensibility remain intact. The gramophone is a means to an end, not an end in itself, a miraculous artifice for storing aural history (the archaeology of sound?) We can hear unmatched performances from the past and can trace changing style and taste. We can also hang on to our cherished mementoes, hiss clicks and all.

Thank you A.J., from forty years on. You helped to plant seeds which continue to bear fruit and to give one enormous spiritual, intellectual and sensual pleasures. There's a moral for today's parents and teachers: that our children can and should be firmly inducted into worthwhile activities of many kinds, not the least into the appreciation of and recreation through the Arts - and there is still time for the Stones or Duran Duran after they have practised their scales!

Michael Van Blankenstein
Lister 1939-44



ANONYMOUS

For the tenth successive year the generosity of our anonymous member continues ... with £80, to S.O.S.A. Funds again allowing for inflation.

Sir, or Madam to you our heartfelt thanks.

F.R.

Obituaries

Leslie Thomas 1912-1984

It was with the deepest sadness that we heard of Leslie Thomas' death in July after a short illness.

Despite his advanced years, Leslie was still very much involved in Sibford affairs being Magazine Editor and S.O.S.A. representative on the School Committee.

Here are three of the many tributes received:-

From Vera and Frank Rollett

With the passing of the time may come the full measure of our loss. In one sphere, in the immediate past, those who worked with him on the production of the 1983 Magazine, of such outstanding quality, were always made aware of his diligence and editorial discretion. He was a man of contrasting experiences in life.

Born at Lewes, Sussex, Leslie's father was a Cornish Methodist, his mother being a Sussex Quaker. His mother and uncle were at Sibford some 100 years ago as were his two brothers 50-60 years ago.

Following Sibford schooling Leslie reflected his mother to become a life-long Quaker, as did his brothers Hedley and Austen, being an attender at Sibford Meeting right to the end. After five years of journalistic training and two years study of international affairs at Geneva he became a League of Nations correspondent for British and American United Press. Joining the B.B.C. in 1939 Leslie went to Northern Ireland and then to Headquarters. Perhaps surprisingly, he gained an Army Commission in 1942 in the R.A., and in B.A.O.R. as Information Control Officer.

In 1947 he married a Norwegian girl Bjorg Johanssen. They then having a family of two sons and a daughter.

Resigning from the B.B.C. in 1949 he took up farming with a brother in Suffolk, always having been so interested in the land... but, as someone once remarked, "Les don't like getting 'is hands dirty!"

Then on to the N.F.U. a connection which gave him entrée again into broadcasting, hosting for a period, in that husky voice, the Midlands I.T.V. Sunday a.m. programme 'Midlands Farming'. Ultimately he became the N.F.U. Chief Intelligence Officer where his critical faculties blossomed. Indeed for a time he composed many of the important public speeches uttered. After final retirement from the N.F.U. in 1977, Leslie continued writing, having a monthly column in the Warwickshire & Worcestershire Magazine.

Apart from the above interests, he was no mean Cricketer in the early days: later developing a personal interest in mental health.

And that quiet demeanour, along with his gifts, will long be remembered.



Leslie & Bjorg Thomas with their grandchildren

From Philip Manasseh

Leslie was a true professional in every sense of the word, and brought his many talents to Sibford as a member of the School Committee and with his contributions to the Old Scholars Magazine, recently as its Editor for the second time. He made many valued contributions to the School Committee, taking his lead from others yet able to summarise the situation and in succinct manner, often with a well chosen quotation. He was always ready with encouragement and support, and expressed his satisfaction with the direction in which Sibford is moving.

In his retirement he gave much time to re-assessing the role of agriculture and the conservation of the countryside. He was a member of the Marten panel, set up in 1980, to look into the relationship between economic agriculture and other countryside needs. In its report he wrote, "The land mass of Great Britain is a single whole, serving the needs of the entire complex community of man and plants and animals. An ethic for our relationship to the land, therefore, demands a policy that treats it as such, according to the respect and dignity due to all living things. Land is tomorrow's life and we are only its temporary custodians."

Leslie loved Sibford and the Cotswolds. It was reflected in his Cotswold house, a converted barn at Horley near Banbury. His wife, Bjorg, made a lovely garden, it was always a joy to go home to; he was at peace with himself and the world. We are grateful for his life.

From Godfrey Baseley

The death of Leslie Thomas has meant a great loss to Sibford, but the school should be proud to have played a part in the formation of his character, a character that enabled him to become an outstanding Public Relations Officer, in every sense of the word.

Throughout the whole of his life, Leslie was associated with the land and farming, and it was in this sphere, while he was serving as Chief Intelligence Officer at the headquarters of the National Farmers Union, that he made a most notable contribution to the promotion of British Agriculture as a vital factor in the nation's economy, and a leading authority within the E.E.C.. Typical of Leslie, this was conducted in almost complete anonymity.

On his retirement, he was ready and willing to lend all his expertise to promote a better and wiser appreciation of ecology.

As a conclusion to his 'Leslie Baily' lecture in 1980, he appealed to everyone to be aware of the dignity of all living things, and quoted the words of Samuel Butler. "There is only one life, that animals and men share. One creation; and if we offend against the dignity of animals, we are guilty of an offence against life."

SUPA DEAN LTD

CARPET CONTRACTOR & RETAILERS

WOOD BLOCK • STRIP FLOORING
VINYL TILE • STRIP VINYL
CUSHION FLOORING VINYL

REFURBISHING OF WOOD
AND TILE FLOORS

CARPET MAN

47A BROAD STREET
BANBURY
0295-56691

AXMINSTER - WILTON - TUFTED



King & Chasemore

CHARTERED SURVEYORS

SALES, VALUATIONS, MANAGEMENT & BUILDING SURVEYING
SERVICES THROUGHOUT OXFORDSHIRE & BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

6 - KING EDWARD ST.
OXFORD
OX1 4JL
TEL: (0865) 726016

CHILTON
NEAR AYLESBURY
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
HP18 9LX
TEL: (0844) 208454

ASSOCIATED OFFICES THROUGHOUT WEST SUSSEX

Monica Taylor 1927-1984

One of S.O.S.A.'s best known and loved members died after a long and bravely fought illness.

From Jean Moore

Monica was born in Wallasey on September 17th 1927, and died on April 9th this year.

I remember the happiness of John and Monica shortly after their wedding, and then many years later the joyful news of the birth of their only son, Gordon.

Through the ten years that John was Treasurer of the Sibford Old Scholars Association, he was glad of the unfailing and loyal support of Monica. She too helped, by being Membership Secretary of the Sibford Old Scholars Association in the mid 60's for about 2-3 years, and then Treasurer of the London Branch for a time as well.

Nearly ten years ago when Monica first told me of her oncoming disability of Muscular Dystrophy, her first thoughts were of worry for the effect on John and her young son, Gordon, who was nearly of school age. This was the nature of Monica - to think of others before herself.



Monica Taylor

Even in this last year, when she had become confined to a wheelchair, she insisted that John and Gordon take a holiday together, despite the difficulty and loneliness for her staying at home.

Because of family commitments and circumstances, I, alas did not see enough of Monica, John and Gordon, but, when I visited them, Monica was always welcoming, kind and considerate, and made one feel so relaxed and at home.

She accepted the unfailing help of John and Gordon with a realistic sense of humour, and never made one feel the need to pity her. Even in her worst moments life was worth living.

She is, and will be greatly missed, not only by John and Gordon, and her family, but by all those who counted her as a friend.

I am proud and grateful to have known such a kind and valiant spirit.

We also record with gratitude the lives of the following friends who have passed on:-

Henry Poulton, Lynn Ogden, Gertrude Ostler, Alistair Rose, Hazel Lamb, Linda Eaton, Hazel Paxford, Frances Clark, Alice Mildred Chattin, Katherine Gadsby and Tom Swann.

Diamond Wedding:-

Stevens - Bentley, 16th April 1924. At the Friends Meeting House, Reading, Harry Stevens and Muriel Bentley.

For Friendly, Efficient Service
for all your car's needs,
contact

The Forge Garage

Lower Brailles

ULTRAMAR PETROL & OILS
REPAIRS & SERVICING
M.O.T. TESTING STATION
24hr ACCIDENT RECOVERY

Agent for General Accident Insurance Co.

Proprs. I. & S. Haycock.

Brailles 247

O.S. news

CHARLIE BOORMAN, son of acclaimed film director John, is hoping to take up an acting career after small parts in his father's epics "Deliverance", "Zardec" and "Excalibur". He has overcome the handicap of Dyslexia to learn the lines for a major role in a French film "Dream One".

Charlie has completed shooting under inflatable domes set up in Paris' Bois de Boulogne with his sister Katrina and his old friend Jason Connery, son of Sean. "I play a mad, aggressive, Cockney thug, a right tearaway - it was great fun."

Charlie left Sibford in the Spring of 1983 and had to take time off from filming to sit CSE examinations at the British School in the French Capital, gaining five passes including Maths and English.

ELSIE GREEN (née Banfield) aged 81 writes extending best wishes to the School and S.O.S.A. and saying how much she enjoyed the last Magazine.

Elsie was at Sibford from 1915 to 1918 and still has a very vivid memory of that period. She goes on to say... "How things have changed at the School! When I read the annual report of the different subjects taken and the techniques adopted, it makes the Sibford of my day seem like a Kindergarten, but in spite of all present day advantages, most of us who left at the age of 15 and had to face the post 1914-18 World War period with its industrial and economic troubles have not done too badly, and are a credit to our old school."

PAUL BLINCOWE is now married to Jill (for 3 years) and is living in Southam. He works as a Building Control Officer at Warwick District Council in Leamington and extends best wishes to S.O.S.A.

DR KINGSLEY LAWRENCE writes that he is staying in this country for a while having spent many years in the U.S.A. He will return there in a few months time.

VINCENT CLARE called in at the August Reunion after many years absence and promptly rejoined S.O.S.A! He was at Sibford between 1972-75 and sends his best wishes to all who remember him.

MARGARET BEECH is now nursing in America but was able to get to Sibford during a recent vacation. She hopes to be back next year.

ANDY SIGGS has been around on a few occasions introducing a new family to Sibford, the Da Costa's, whose son Christian started here in September. Andy has now left the Merchant Navy and is working in Salisbury.

ERIC SPIRA who was at Sibford during the war years has returned to America, after several years back in this country.

NICHOLAS TOWEY writes that he is now in London where he is pursuing a BEC General Diploma over a two year course.

JIM GRUBB who has lived in New Zealand for the past twenty years, has rejoined S.O.S.A. and sends greetings to all who remember him. Jim was at Sibford from 1946-52 and was Head Boy during his last year.

P. H. Goodman and Son

CARPET AND FLOORING
SPECIALISTS

OVER 3,000 SQ YARDS OF CARPET
ALWAYS IN STOCK,
ALL QUALITIES.

WE CELEBRATE 21 YEARS ASSOCIATION
WITH SIBFORD SCHOOL THIS YEAR.

SADDLEDON HOUSE,
MIDDLE TYSOE,
WARWICKSHIRE. TEL. TYSOE 318

JON DIXON

SIGNS

for
SIGNWRITING
SCREENPRINTING
ENGRAVING

Tel: (0295) 73707



NAM FONG Chinese Restaurant & Take-Away Service

If you would like to sample one of the best Chinese meals this side of Hong Kong, then come and try our extensive menu of authentic Chinese food. We also have a fast, efficient take-away service.

13/14 South Bar, Banbury, Oxon
Tel: (0295) 51155

OPENING HOURS
5pm - 12 midnight. Every Day.

The following news has filtered through to the Staff Room by one means or another.

CHRIS ARKLESS (1977-1983) Achieved 3 'A' levels in Oxford and has entered UCW Swansea to read Mechanical Engineering.

SIMON LETHBRIDGE (1977-1982) Achieved 'A' grades in Physics and Maths as well as passing Chemistry and has also gone to Swansea to do Computer Science.

HELEN SMITH (1973-1980) has graduated with a first in Psychology and **IMOGEN MARGRIE** (1975-1978) graduated from the Central School of Art and Design with a first class Honours degree in Art. She now has her own studio in North London.

ANTHONY FRANCIS (1973-1978) has left Sheffield University with a 2(i) in Law and is now in London studying for the Final Examinations of the Law Society.

RAWLE ADAMS (1980-1983) is having a marvellous time at Millfield School. He passed his 'A' level at grade A at the end of his first year in the sixth form and he still finds time to play squash for the Somerset under 19's.

GORDON WRIGHT (Staff 1965-1982) has written to tell us of the success his hotel on Jura has enjoyed during 'George Orwell Year'! We look forward to reading another of his island reports in our next edition.

Thanks to Brian Holliday for his help in compiling this list. We would be very pleased to hear from other Old Scholars so that we can make this a larger feature in future years.

Mike Finch

THE WEAVER'S

SHOP

Phone 0295 721225
The Weaver's Shop,
Barford Road,
Bloxham,
Banbury.

Woven Wilton & Axminster Carpets

Plain Tufted Broadloom

Very Extensive Range on Display

Wide Variety of Patterned and Plain Rugs

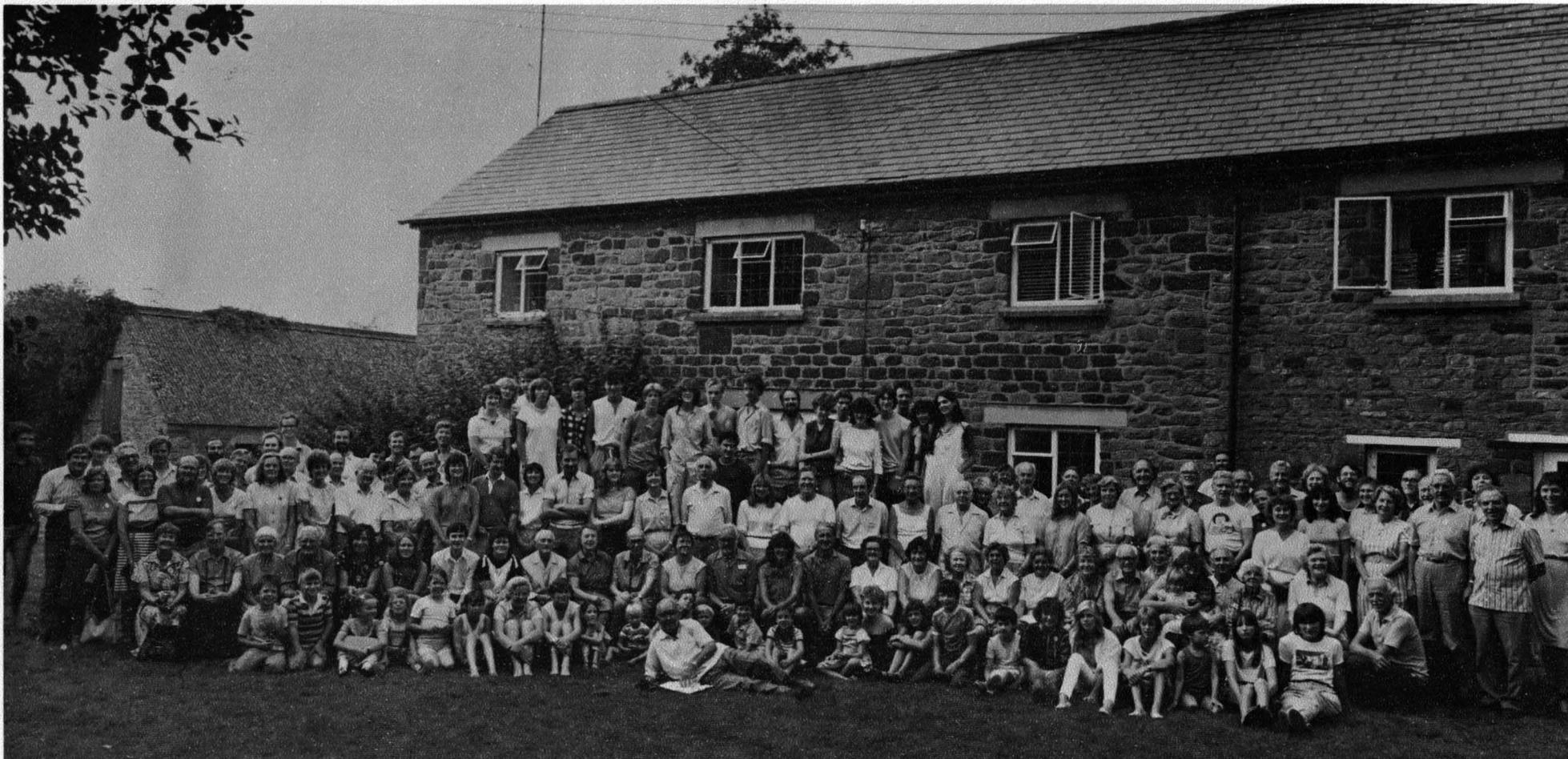
Rug Wools Suitable For Knitting and Weaving From 80p per Pound

Tapestry and Rug Canvas

Carpet Fitting Accessories

Carpet Underlay - Felt Paper

Open 9-5 Monday - Saturday



AMONG THOSE ATTENDING THE AUGUST REUNION WERE:—

Dorothy Angerson; Afshean Asadi; William Ainslie; Simon Barfoot; Nick Bennett; Edwina Bezant; Grace and Philip Beckerlegge; Di Baker; Reg and Vera Brown; Joyce and Vic Butler; Mike and Wendy Van Blankenstein; Justin Blatchford; Wendy Bartholomew; Bernard Blunson; Ann and Raymond Bond; Kay, Roland and David Böhm; Loraine and Philip Brown; Valerie and Philip Brown; Jayne Broadbery; Janet, Sarah, Stuart and Caroline Caress; Sarah and Patrick Clacy; Clem and Margaret Cox; Shirley and Derek Chowne; Irene Coxon-Smith; Norman and Marjorie Coxon; Alan Cody; Olive Dalley; Helen and Johnnie Doyle; Paul Eddington; Marjorie Edwards; Mike and Andy Finch; Paul, Ruth, Charles and Harriet Frampton; Margaret, Chris and Soo Fairnington; Basil and Margaret Franey; Ken and Elizabeth Francis; Jonas and Marjorie Fielding; Kenneth and Robin Greaves; Miriam Guest; Sarah Grubb; Jim, Pippa and Maureen Graham; Chris, Patricia, Michael and Nicola Grimes; Julie Greenhill; Alan and Mary Gater; Michael Herm; Kate Humphries; Jason Hughes; David Henderson; Hilary, John, Louise and Emma Haddleton; John Hughes; Arthur and Pamela Harrison; Leslie Harrison; Ian and Felicity Hedger; Brien Hooper; Esther Jackson; Allan, Caroline and Katherine Kidney; Guy Kingham; Kate Long; John and Birdie Long; Karen Legg; Diana, John, Owen and Hywel Lloyd; Eileen and David Laity; Jean and Heather Moore; Geoff Moore; David Moore; John and Edith Miller; Hugh and Daphne Maw; Piera Manca; Mark Mercer; Anne Muir; Philip Manasseh; Dick and Nan Neal; Harold Pugmire; Constance Phillips; Bill and Joy Rann; Mike Rice; Ann Richardson; Cat Ramsey; Tom Rack; Frank and Vera Rollett; Robert and Harold Rose; David, Abigail and Rebecca Smith; Andrew Smith; Barbara Seccombe-Abercrombie; Jeanne Southam; David and Mavis Stiles; Neville and Helena Smith; Russell Steed; Joe and Janet Sewell; Jim and Joan Shields; Jim Thelton; John and Betty Thelton; John and Gordon Taylor; Clare Tyrrell; Tim Vallance; Ian, Christine, Trenham, Mary and Richard Weatherhead; Hugh, Jean, Rosalind, Andrea and Carol Wallis; William, Gillian, Matthew and Alice Waddilove; Peter Wain; Caz Webster; Arthur and Sylvia Wells; Marjorie Wells; Bill and Doris White; Brian and Ethel Wright; Ian and Jenny Wright.

