

1985-1986

Sibford

1985-86
REVISION 1986

STAFF + OFFICERS FOR 1986-87

The School Staff

S.O.S.A. OFFICERS

Headmaster: Jim Graham, M.A.	
Deputy Heads: Anne S. Muir, B.A.* Stephen Bunney, B.A.*	French, Spanish Social Studies, Maths
Bursar: D. John Miller	
Estate Manager: (H) Mike Finch	
Teaching Staff:	
(H) Peter Agnew, B.A.*	History
(H) Diane Alexander, B.A.*	Games
• Jennifer Austing, B.A.*	Remedial, English
Christopher Bateman, Teachers Cert.	Drama, English
Margaret Boland	Remedial
Angela Bovill, B.Ed.	Environmental Studies
Lucy Bunning	Pottery
Anne Chalmers, B.A.*	English
Andrew Chowne, Teachers Cert.	Maths
Lisa Chowne, B.Ed.	Religious Studies
• Susan Cliffe, Teachers Cert.	Food & Nutrition
Frank Cookson, M.A.*	Maths, Physics
• Pippa Cookson, M.A., Ph.D.*	Social Services
Christopher Cox, Teachers Cert.	Physics, Chemistry, General Science, Computer Studies
• Eunice Dalleres, M.A.*	Spanish, French
(H) Elizabeth Endersby, Teachers Cert.	Child Development, City & Guilds Courses
Lisa Farmer	Games
David Foulds, B.A., Teachers Cert.	Remedial
(H) Kay Goodband	Typing
David Goodwin, B.Sc.*	Maths
(H) Dominic Griffiths, B.A.*	Remedial
Christopher Guy, Teachers Cert.	Games, Graphic Communication
(H) Margaret Guy, B.A.*	English, Games
(H) Stuart Hedley, Teachers Cert.	Woodwork, Metalwork
C. & G. A.C.C.	Technical Drawing
Marion Higgins, B.A.*	History, Games
(H) Wendy Holden, B.Ed.	Food & Nutrition
Brian Holliday, B.Sc.*	Geography
Guy Kingham	Games
Bryan Lee, P.S.M.	Music
(H) Ursula Lucas, B.A. Teachers Cert.	E.F.L.
Maureen McHale, N.D.D., A.T.D.*	Art
(H) Sally Morfill	Weaving
• Angela Mortimer	Pottery
Andrew Newbold, B.Sc., Ph.D.*	General Science
(H) Lesley Norton, Teachers Cert.	Chemistry
Jean Rudge, B.A.*	Needlework
Tony Rye, L.T.C.L.*	French, German
Graeme Sagar, M.C.C. ED.*	E.S.L.
Janette Skeath, B.A., Teachers Cert.	Woodwork, Metalwork
(H) Tony Skeath, B.Sc.*	Technical Drawing
(H) Michael Spring, B.Ed.	Geography, Librarian
Penny Taylor, B.A.*	Biology, Science
(H) Katherine Tissington, B.Sc.*	Art, Sculpture
Gilbert Todd, B.A.*	English
• Heather Tranter, B.A.*	Maths
Karen Turburfield	Remedial
• Deirdre Webb, B.A.*	English
• Jenifer Wollerton	Remedial
(H) Michael Wollerton, Teachers Cert.	Biology, General Science
Dip. P.E.	City & Guilds Courses, Games
	Remedial, Games
Instrumental Teachers:	
Ann Brown, B.A.*	Piano and Theory
Clifford Pick, A.B.S.M.	Percussion
(H) Indicates House Staff	
• Indicates Part-time staff	
• Indicates Post-Graduates teaching qualifications	

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Vice-President 1986-87	: Russell Steed
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Student 1985/6

Editorial Illustration: The Manor from Holly
House Drive in 1886

Editor: Mike Spring
O.S. Material: Mike Finch
F.O.S.S. Material: Ann Bond



Much of what Sibford has to offer speaks for itself. Both from the pages of this magazine and from the experience of a visit to the school, a newcomer will quickly come to understand something of what gives Sibford its unique character.

During the hundred years since this photograph was taken, Sibford has grown, and widened its horizons to answer the demands of a changing society. As I write this editorial preamble, a vast wealth of material lies before me, from which I must select the contents of this publication, in order to best illustrate the range of this richness. It is a challenging task, for a living and growing organism cannot be adequately described in print or picture, but I hope that the reader will find, within these pages, some clues to Sibford's success. It is, without doubt, a school which offers children a broad education for life, and provides an experience for which old scholars are fondly grateful.

My special thanks are due to Kay Goodband for her patient handling of the key-boarding process, to Frank Rollett for proof-reading and to Ray and Ann Bond for their skill in publishing the magazine.

Mike Spring.

Peaks & Troughs

Usually when I settle down to write an annual report I find myself reconsidering what seemed like momentous occurrences when they happened and finding them banal and trivial. All I am normally left with is a desire to say that we are still here; there have been some ups and downs; due tribute must be paid in certain directions and we are looking forward to a glittering future. This year is different.

It would be aesthetically satisfying to suggest that through some unfortunate but necessary expulsions, there was a neat sequence of blood-letting in the autumn, hibernation through those everlasting east winds followed by a blossoming into a summer of activity and success. Actually the successes started in the autumn and we never saw much of a summer. The drama department played an enormous

were staged during the course of the year, all of them successfully and some with resounding panache. They varied in character. There was a Rock Opera about the life of Christ, written by the new head of music, Bryan Lee. This had the audience, or some of them, on their feet dancing and drew tears from many unsuspecting irreligious eyes, (not that the religious did not cry too!) At the other end of the spectrum an invited audience was treated to a fine meal beautifully served and interspersed with a comedy a la Ayckbourn among others, all supervised by Head Waiter, Producer and Chef, Chris Bateman.

There are a lot of other small things which one could point to - a delightful Sports Day, a superb School Magazine, a very successful School Sponsored Walk, one of the best of our excellent Open Days, a particularly constructive contribution by the post-exam 5th form some of whom repainted the Hall, lots of entertaining noises from the Music department - but these were the surface expressions of an underlying feeling of health, purpose and happiness which made it a very good year indeed.

I suppose the end of the year reflected the peak and trough pattern. Exams produced the first set of 6th form results with which I have been really pleased. We have reduced our "A" level entries to what we can sensibly attempt and obtained very satisfying results. At the same time the City and Guilds courses again brought in an excellent crop of well deserved distinctions. Fifth form results however were polarised. The good ones were very good indeed and there were very few students from whom we expected good results who did not get them. The next layer, which should have contained a fair number of middle of the road performances, was disappointing and we shall have to make very sure that we do all we can to see that that does not happen again. On the other hand some of the really weaker candidates produced some very commendable results.

Numbers held up very well in spite of the autumn term losses and we reversed the small decline in numbers of previous years. However we have found ourselves with some rather uneven sized year groups which is not helpful and the fact that most of our 6th form students are on one year courses makes it necessary to recruit twice as many entrants each September. We have a working party thinking about this. Some two year courses e.g. Business Studies and Agriculture/Horticulture would solve that problem and be a very good development for the school.

However the biggest peak and trough of the whole year was the departure of Ken Francis. We celebrate his well earned retirement with joy, congratulations and gratitude, and we lament the unfillable void which he has left. In the recent years he has personified all the best of Sibford. We shall miss him sorely.

Jim Graham

Head Boy & Girl

CHRISTOPHER WOOD

Now in his seventh year at Sibford, Chris is this year's Head Boy. He is currently doing the new C.P.V.E. course in Performing Arts, after which he hopes to continue his training at drama college in preparation for a career on the stage.

To gain valuable experience, Chris took part in the 1986 Edinburgh Festival, acting in two plays: "Goldoni" and "Pratfall". This provided him with the opportunity to meet other people in his situation and to make helpful professional contacts.

mous

Chris has been much involved in drama at Sibford both in Fielding Players and in leading roles in several school productions. He includes in his interests: singing and listening to jazz and watching old movies. He has enjoyed his time with us and feels that he will always look back at his days in Sibford with affection.

SARAH MALCOLM

Sarah has been at Sibford for three years since the beginning of her "O" level courses. She is now studying for "A" levels in Art and English. Prior to coming to Sibford she had lived in Bahrain for three years, during which time she gained a taste for travelling. She intends to return to England to take a degree course in Interior Design at Leicester Polytechnic, as this is the field of Art she hopes to pursue as a career.

Sarah is not a boarder, but nevertheless she feels that the happy and warm atmosphere of Sibford has encouraged her to become involved in all aspects of school life, including her particular enjoyment of acting with the Fielding Players.



Back row L-R: Chris Wood, Cary Parsons
Front row L-R: Jenny Beavon, Sarah Malcolm, Robert Templeton



Back row L-R: Sally Morfill, Penny Taylor, Lisa Farmer, Peter Agnew, Guy Kingham
 Front row L-R: Stephen Bunney, Maggie Boland, Dominic Griffiths, Lucy Bunning, Diane Alexander

WELCOME

STEPHEN BUNNEY

Stephen might be new to the Sibford Community but he is no stranger to Quaker boarding schools. Not only has he had relatives teaching at most of the Friends' Schools (including Dorothy Brigham at Sibford), he has himself had direct experience as a pupil at Bootham School., York, and as a Housemaster at Sidcot.

After leaving Bootham, Stephen went to University College, London to read a Geography degree and then on to St. John's College, York, for his P.G.C.E. year. His first job was as a geography and economics teacher at Wootton Bassett Comprehensive School, near Swindon. After 3 years he moved on to Sidcot, where he became involved in boarding school education. Whilst at Sidcot Stephen became an active member of the community, developing his interests in school sport, drama and pastoral care.

We are delighted to announce that Stephen will be married next April to Elizabeth Gelsthorpe. Elizabeth is a qualified nurse and midwife, as well as being an old scholar of Sidcot School. We look forward to welcoming her to our community.

URSULA LUCAS

Ursula, who taught part-time in the E.F.L. department last year has now become a full time member of the teaching staff, and the Assistant Housemistress of Lister Girls'.

Mrs. Lucas began teaching after she obtained a History degree, and has taught for many years in various comprehensive schools, both in London and the Home Counties. She then trained as an E.F.L. teacher and has specialised in this field of teaching in recent years. She has been married for several years and she, her husband and their young children are now living in a flat in Lister Girls' House.

PENNY TAYLOR

Penny joins the English Department, having recently completed a P.G.C.E. at Durham University. Prior to that she read English and Drama at Exeter where she was involved in a variety of dramatic productions, culminating in her appearance in a new play at the Bloomsbury Theatre, London.

Penny spent her childhood on her father's tea estate in Malawi, though she attended boarding school in Zimbabwe. Her interests include film theatre, photography and travel. Between school and University she spent a year working on a Kibbutz and travelling in Israel. Prior to attending Durham she lived in London, working and singing in a band.

She looks forward to assisting with dramatic productions, and to participating in the full spectrum of Sibford life.

PETER AGNEW

Peter Agnew is the new History Master and Assistant Housemaster of Penn Boys. Although born in Lancashire, he has lived for most of his life in Aberystwyth where he has managed to pick up a smattering of Welsh. His scholastic years were punctuated by frequent trips up to the mountains of North Wales where he became addicted to the robust pleasures of rock climbing, hillwalking and canoeing. Picking up three A levels in Art, Geography and History he then left the Welsh valleys to study for a degree in History at York University. Graduating in 1985 he then moved South to do a year's teacher training at Bristol University. Tired once and for all of city life he came to Sibford to enjoy the peace and tranquillity of rural life. As well as his enthusiasm for all forms of outdoor pursuits, Peter is also very interested in film, and hopes to cultivate the use of videos both in and outside the classroom.

DOMINIC GRIFFITHS

An old scholar of Friends' School, Great Ayton, Dominic Griffiths worked for a while as a musician before going to University College, Aberystwyth where he gained an English degree. After University he worked again briefly as a musician with a theatre company in Wales before taking up an English teaching post in Spain.

On his return to Britain he trained as a teacher in York and subsequently taught, until last July, at a dyslexic unit near Guildford, Surrey. Dominic joins us as a member of the Remedial Department staff.

SALLY MORFILL

Sally has just completed a 3 year BA(Hons) course in Printed and Woven textile design at Manchester Polytechnic. Having moved to Sibford to undertake the Studentship in Weaving, she hopes that her year here will provide her with the opportunity to develop the skills she has already acquired; and to begin to share her knowledge with those students interested in learning basic weaving techniques.

Her own work is in the form of drawings, paintings and "one-off" tapestry pieces that she would ultimately like to see in a gallery situation. Much of the work is drawn from her experience of landscape as well as from her immediate environment. During her final year in Manchester she was awarded a travel bursary by the Royal Society of Arts, which she is hoping will pay for her to attend a painting summer school in Cyprus during the summer vacation.

GUY KINGHAM

Guy was born in Harpenden, Hertfordshire. He was brought up in the nearby village of Kimpton, where he now lives.

From primary school he went to Verulam School in St. Albans. He left that school in the third year and came to Sibford where he took an active part in sports and clubs and ran the school Disco. When he left Sibford he went to Hitchin College and studied a two year course on leisure and recreation management. There he gained practical experience at coaching various sports.

He returned to Sibford to gain experience in teaching different sports and to become competent in other Educational pursuits. His Hobbies include Skiing, Hill and Mountain walking, Rock Climbing, Pot Holing, Canoeing, Windsurfing and supporting Luton Town F.C.

He also has a keen interest in his local Scout Group where he still is a Scout Leader.

MAGGIE BOLAND

Maggie completed her BSC in Psychology at Lancaster University in 1979. She then spent over a year working in the psychology department of a hospital for the mentally handicapped in Birmingham. After leaving the hospital she passed several months studying computer-programming and at the end of her course she decided to travel and work abroad for a while.

Her first major journey took her to Israel where she resided in the north for almost a year. When the Israelis invaded Lebanon, and the Syrians retaliated by dropping several Katushyas on her kibbutz, she decided it was time to move on and headed for Egypt.

Afterwards she spent several months working as an activity leader in a Norwegian children's home. She then spent the next couple of years travelling around Europe doing various jobs such as resort-repping, child-minding and hotel work.

She was quite enjoying her last job as a ski-instructor until she had an accident whilst skiing recklessly down a steep, icy mountain in Austria. As she lay in agony in her hospital bed she realised it was time to return to England and train to become a teacher and so, to Sibford.

LISA ANN FARMER

Lisa was born and brought up in the nearby town of Brackley. Her education started at Southfield Primary School.

At the age of six she went and lived in South Africa for four years. This is where she developed her interest in sport.

When she was ten she returned to Brackley and continued her education at Magdalen College School. Lisa enjoys hockey, netball, basketball, athletics and cross-country. She is looking forward to learning some new sports during the coming year.

While at school she was in the county hockey and athletics teams. Lisa has also won her full colours for these.

During her year at Sibford Lisa hopes to become a competent coach and referee. This will help her, as sometime in the future she wants to become a professional games teacher.

DIANE ALEXANDER

Diane Alexander is an exchange teacher from Asheville, North Carolina, teaching physical education at Sibford for the 1986-87 school year. Her counterpart, Stella Wilson is teaching 6th and 7th grade physical education at Hall Fletcher Middle School in Asheville, North Carolina.

Diane was born in Virginia and received her bachelor's degree and teaching certificate in Health and Physical Education at Elon College in North Carolina. She has done graduate work at Western Carolina University. Upon her return to America, she hopes to continue graduate work in Exercise Physiology and adaptive physical education at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Her interests include reading, jazz and classical music. She enjoys all sports, participating actively in tennis and running as well as dance and interpretive movement.

This year, Diane is looking forward to learning about British culture and life, reading works by English authors and learning to play squash.



Round the Houses

GILLETT

Another year draws to a close in Gillett House. A year of mixed emotions and fortunes.

The summer term said goodbye to the Fifth Form - a year that gave the House much to be proud of; they will be sadly missed by all:

LUCIE STERICKER, former Head of House, has moved on to Suffolk Art College, studying Art and Design.

SALLI PACK, former Deputy Head of House, is going to further her education, studying "A" levels at London College.

SARAH SAMWAYS, has gone to college at home.

LEONI BEVAN, is studying C.P.V.E. and Song and Dance at Chichester College. ELIZABETH GORING, studying C.P.V.E.

We wish them all the very best in their chosen fields.

On our sporting field Gillett failed again to win overall but we were proud of the efforts made in all the competitions. Success did come to us again, however, in the Swimming Gala proving that children and water do mix providing there is no soap.

Gilletts highlight of the year, however, must be the forthcoming arrival of our new automatic washing machine and the decoration of the Laundry Room. At last we can do our laundry without Wellingtons!



NANSEN GIRLS

Nansen girls was in need of a face lift, being one of the oldest parts of the school she had worn well but her rooms were shabby and dull.

Firstly she was painted through-out then the largest dorm was made into a common room, a welcome change from the cold and stark room which had previously sufficed. Many thanks go to Mary Blashcoe who helped with the refurbishment of this and the kitchen which was also refitted upstairs.

The old laundry room, Wilfred, is currently being redecorated and will eventually become a study room, positioned well away from the noise of the third year dorm.

Apart from structural alterations there have been many other changes. A head and deputy of house were appointed for the first time in ages, thus giving Mrs Guy and Mrs Endersby a chance to conspire and co-ordinate in the evenings while the house was controlled!

At the beginning of the year a party was arranged by the Fifths to welcome new people the year this gesture was returned. A "Good Luck Party" was arranged for the Fifths before their exams. These gestures and many others maintained a friendly and co-operative atmosphere throughout the house.

Thanks go to Fiona, the Manor Matron, for doing house duty, and to Miss Wilson for managing to stay awake during house meetings!

Stronger links were formed with Antonia, an orphan sponsored by the house.

The Eisteddfod went well with Nansen winning, largely because the whole house was involved and willing to help.

On the sports front the juniors did particularly well winning many of their games and the seniors kept their end up. Sports Day was a success with Nansen winning.

Best of luck to Alex Stewart and Anoush Kassardjian -next year's head and deputy. We wish them every success in controlling the current Third Years with their wicked ways! Good luck also to Jocasta Crofts as Sports Captain; we look forward to further successes in that area.

CLODAGH GLAISYER

LISTER GIRLS

At last! The start of term brought a surprise: Lister Girls has got a Laundry room. No more flooding in the kitchen or fighting over the one washing machine. We have at last two automatic washing machines which were promptly named MAX and ALICE. How they got the names we are still wondering.

The Eisteddfod was a great success, although we didn't win, we came second. It started with a brilliant gymnastics display, choreographed by Martha Lewthwaite, which impressed the whole school. The two directors Susanne and myself were very worried but the old saying of "It'll be alright on the night" certainly prevailed.

The House Party, as usual, started in Lister girls, but unlike previous years the Fifth year in Lister girls and boys decided we wanted a change, so we arranged with Mr. Gibson to use the dining hall. Everyone came to the party in Lister girls, then at nine clock every one had to go to their houses and change into smart suits and skirts wiping off any traces of face paint. Finally everyone made it to the dining hall, and it was lovely. We had a candle light meal with lots of choice, and choral music in the background. It was very successful and we hope we've started a new trend.

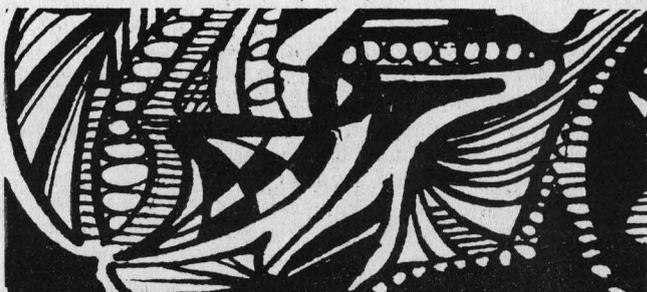
The sporting field was not so succesful in the lower part of the house, but still just as successful for the seniors. The juniors have not yet won anything but are putting in lots of effort and enthusiasm. The seniors have won both the hockey and netball.

For the House trip we again, for the 4th time, decided unanimously to go to Alton Towers. It was a great day enjoyed by all. Except for Martha who had a nose bleed. It was just as well Sister Haymer was there, with a large supply of tissues.

Unfortunately we had to say goodbye to the Assistant Housemistress Miss Holden who transferred to Penn. We were joined by Kay Goodband who teaches typing. She will be taking over as Housemistress when Miss Taylor, soon to be Mrs Chowne, leaves us to start her new married life. Good luck!!!

Susanne and I have enjoyed being heads of hou the past y can say!!!!

CLARE RAFFAEL and SUSANNE McDERMOTT

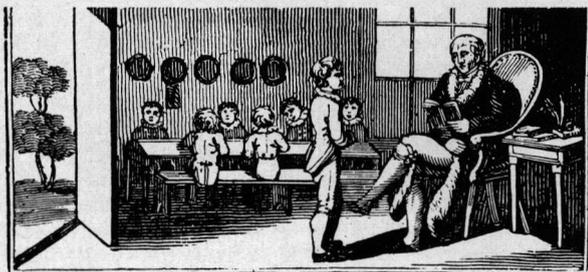


PENN BOYS

Throughout Penn's year the notable events were the trophies we won and the two House parties. The impressive list of trophies won includes Rugby, Football, Cricket, Swimming, Tennis, Cross-country Running, Unihoc and the Boys' Athletics Cup won on Sports Day. One trophy that did not return this year was the Eisteddfod, where poor preparation and lack of leadership meant that our effort was easily placed third!

Unfortunately the House has also suffered from its fair share of misdemeanours. The House clock, iron and kettle all disappeared without trace as did two personal stereos. Our House computers have suffered a turbulent year of repairs and successive failures, but have continued to entertain although they do represent a source of conflict.

The House Christmas party was a success enjoyed by all. Videos or a visit to the Sports Centre in Banbury was followed by an impressive meal which was served in the Common room and quickly wolfed down. At the end of the Summer Term we had a barbecue where we said goodbye to Paul Buckland, our Deputy Housemaster after his one year assignment. Mr. Buckland's comment on his year was "It's been interesting". This year also sees the retirement of Mr. Francis, a former Housemaster of Penn. The staff and boys of the House wish him and Mrs. Francis the very best of luck for the future. We also wish the best of luck to all the leavers in the House and hope that their chosen paths will prove right for them. Finally good luck to next year's Fifth Form in the House, let's see how they cope!!



NANSEN BOYS

Nansen has, once again, kept up the old tradition of having its assistants removed for matrimonial purposes, and we congratulate Mr. Chowne on his marriage to Miss Taylor. We must also thank Mr. Chowne for his help with the Sailing Club of which Nansen Boys form a major part. We look forward to having Mr. Griffiths as our new Assistant Housemaster next year.

There was a change in our fortunes on the sporting front this year with Nansen performing well in a variety of events and we took the Cups for Athletics, Intermediate and Senior Cross-Country. The girls did us proud this year and we hope to be able to rely on such good support in future years. We are very grateful to Jeffrey and James for their help as Games Captain and Assistant.

Our successes were not limited to the games field and we were very pleased to win outright the Eisteddfod Cup. A tremendous effort was made by all of Nansen Boys and Girls and we feel that we have set a new standard of excellence which any House, even Nansen, will find hard to beat. We were pleased to see Martin Gough win the Dyslexia Cup and it was good to see Shane Samways share the Gold Award for his gardening activities.

It has been an excellent year, during which Nansen has proved its worth over a wide range of endeavour. We are pleased too that Nansen Boys have been conspicuous by their almost total absence from the Detention Book.

The last half of the Summer term saw Mrs. Skeath in charge, as Mr. Skeath took a well-earned sabbatical half-term and the year ended on a high note with a splendid barbecue in the garden. We are all very grateful to James McCallum's parents for allowing us to share in their culinary expertise.

S.S., D.F., C.G., A.S..

LISTER BOYS

At the time of writing, Lister has just completed another eventful year. In the House we have seen a number of changes. Mr. Spring had his flat extended to incorporate the hobbies room, and a new hobby area was constructed in the hall with strip-lights and formica work surfaces. We have introduced a snooker competition which has proved popular and well supported. The linen room has been converted to a study-bedroom for the Deputy House Captain and new box-beds and curtains have been installed throughout. We have bought a new Fisher stereo stack-system which, together with the video recorder has enhanced the quality of our in-house entertainment considerably.

Though not walking away with many prizes this year, we did gain the Merit Cup and put up a spirited performance in the Eisteddfod. May the best of luck accompany Chris Webb and Shaun Samways in their leadership of the House next year.

On campus

SWIMMING GALA

It's no easy thing wearin however, as reporter, photographer and editor that I was approached by Chris Guy, and asked to record my impressions of the 1986 Swimming Gala.

I agreed hesitantly and by mid-afternoon on the final Saturday of term I was recording my first impression - the sound. It could only be equated to the manic howlings of a hundred chlorine-soaked banshees. I was only half-way down the paddock at this moment. The full force of this million decibel cacophony only became apparent as I opened the door into the pool itself. As if my senses were not confounded sufficiently by the vocal onslaught, my spectacles instantly were misted over by the thickly chlorinated steam which filled the place. Encumbered as I was with camera-bag, lenses and filters, and finding myself perched on the only untenanted three inches of wet concrete in the room, it took a moment or two to extricate my shirt-tail for the purpose of cleaning my glasses.

With partial sight restored, I was able to marvel at the masterful way in which Chris Guy, armed not with riot shield, C.S. Gas or baton rounds was orchestrating a smooth schedule of events from what, to this casual observer, had at first appeared to be total chaos.

Event followed event in quick succession whilst the unstinting applause barely faltered for a second, only ceasing instantly as C.G. gave a short blast on the whistle to herald the start of each new race.

The atmosphere of the place, as well as being damp and sticky, was extremely sporting - the struggling late finisher receiving as much thunderous acclaim as the stylish torpedoes.

As the afternoon continued, it became apparent that the three Houses were in almost equal contention, and it was literally upon the final relay race that the outcome of the competition depended. As it transpired Penn won the day from Lister by eight points.

Worthy of mention beyond the valiant efforts of all contestants were the three boys who broke School records: Andrew Tillman who won the Boys' Individual Medley in 60 seconds, Christian Gilmour who set the new Butterfly record in 29.89 seconds and Ben Beswick of the First Year who set two new records: The Junior Boys' Individual Medley in 65.3 seconds and the Junior Boys' Butterfly in 29.53 seconds.

It may be coincidental, but since the School's attempts to raise the roof of the pool with their cheering, substantial structural work has been carried out. I have no doubt that my spectacles will still steam up again.

Mike Spring.



SPONSORED WALK

I was beginning to feel a little concerned. It was 6.15 on a misty, early Spring morning and the mud was threatening to rise above the bumper of my twenty-four years old Landrover, as I lurched along the Ditchedge Lane. Marking out the course of a twenty mile long walk was proving a taxing test of my resolve until, at 9.30, I met Ken Francis. He was completing the final stages of the course, having set out very early to walk the full distance alone. His cheerful greeting and our unexpected encounter typified Ken's quiet and selfless dedication to all School activities.

The organisation of an event such as our sponsored walk is no mean feat, and it was only due to the team-work and co-operation of all those involved that the success of such a venture was assured. As overall co-ordinator, Elisabeth Endersby marshalled her staff helpers efficiently, and I was grateful to Chris and Maggie Guy for their assistance in marking out the ten mile course. The day raised in excess of £2,000, and as I write this article the fruits of that day's labours can be aptly seen from my window: a group of ecstatic little children from deprived areas of Inner London are just setting off for a visit to the Rare Breeds Farm in the Cotswolds, accompanied by their Sibford temporary aunts and uncles.

I should never have questioned my resolve on that muddy April morning; the look in the eyes of these children justifies every inch of that walk.

MIKE SPRING

A PARENT'S FOOTAGE

Since the time when Jo as an infant swam a mile as a sponsored event I realised it was more beneficial to the charity and myself to join her on these occasions with my own sponsors. Since she had previously only swum four lengths, and the whole family including the cat and dog had sponsored her, it cost us dearly.

So ... I set off from London at 6 am. to ensure being there at the start. 20 miles, I grinned to myself, no trouble, I could run it; well, almost, but at 4:30 pm. back at Penn House I exercised my poor feet - blisters as big as potatoes, I was hobbling for a week. The pupils, in contrast, seemed still full of energy - jumping out of hot baths and discussing what to wear for tea and meeting - and I could hardly get up off the bed. It was good to spend a day with them - they are a nice lot, plucky, keen and kind. A little first year caught us up half way round, then there was Benjamin who always seemed to be running with his rucksack jumping up and down, cheerfully informing us that the 1:5 gradient hill ahead of us was flat and then up again on the other side. Upper Tysoe did indeed seem like ascending the north east face of Everest. By then the Sibford bus was picking up footsore casualties. By Sherington the vehicle was referred to as the 'meat wagon', by Alkerton it became the 'blood van', and later 'the blood vessel.'

The weather was merciful to us and the fields, lanes and surrounding countryside beautiful to be walking through. It was comforting to pass many members of staff striding very purposefully the opposite way round - some very senior teachers!

We were greeted with humour by staff at each check point, though requesting water at one point we were informed there was plenty in the van's radiator. At about that point a signpost said Sibford 3 miles one way and nine miles the other - but the orange marker definitely pointed the longer route and I noticed that some children ahead turned thoughtfully to see we didn't mistake the direction and get lost, and we did the same with the 4th year boys behind us. It was about then that the girls I was walking with decided to race the chaps! Running after 5 hours' walking, they must be crazy; but we had fun. We chased them, or vice-versa. The girls even had piggy-back rides - not me, but I was offered a slurp of water from someone's water bottle. I think we laughed most of the rest of the way. I admit to cheating by overhearing the boys saying they could beat the girls if they ran - thereupon I broke off into a gentle trot round the corner to the girls and we sprinted through the village home to the Manor.

We were well looked after and I'm grateful for the Sibford breakfast I had before we set off. Thanks again to the Kitchen Staff who packed up the lunches and to Mr. Spring for organising the event and allowing me to tag along.

My sponsors thought I must be quite mad which meant I could get more money from them and sympathy the following week! One pupil did comment he was surprised I wasn't tired and that I must be fit for my age! He was quite wrong and right of course. I must pass a word of praise to the staff - a Sunday and they were all out there sitting at the road side checking us in, some in cars, some standing at corners telling us the next watering hole was just 4 miles around the bend. Even Miss Muir and Mrs Long were positioned on a dusty corner with a welcome container of orange juice. At 6.30 p.m. at least four hours after the first runner had completed the twenty miles, I passed Chris Bateman encouraging the last group of weary strugglers along the final few miles with his wry Geordie humour.

Final thought on the day a long way, but most enjoyable and worthwhile - Thank you.

VAL ROSE

BLISTERS FOR CHARITY

SMASH! The alarm clock fell to the clothes-littered floor.

7:30 and I was just awake. I heaved my heavy head out of the window and forced myself to look out. To my delight and relief the sun was shining, (the second time that year).

This improved my temper, and soon I was flying out of the house and jumping into the car. Yes the car, no way was I walking to school! Golly, I had twenty exhausting miles in front of me as it was, so I made Mum get out of her warm, comfy bed and drive me to school in luxury, as would certainly seem later on that day.

The noise, even before we came within sight of the Manor was incredible. When I walked into the quad, it was full of eager kids ready to get started and not knowing how they would feel at the end if they got to the end. I was among them.

They were beginning to get restless. Bees beginning to swarm, humming,

surging forward and ready to flee. The tension was so much that I retreated for cover and walked into Nansen Girls.

When we came out again the large majority of people had gone and we were the lazier, later lot. We had a map thrust into our hands and we were off.

It was the usual crowd, Nadja, Charlotte, Vashigol, Fee and I that were walking together. The walk to the first check point, was so easily achieved, that each of us thought twenty miles was well within our reach. As we came up an unforgiving and endless hill, we saw a face pop over the top of the hedge. We were all very surprised, for the hedge was very high and so too seemed the owner of the face. But this was an exception, for as we rounded the corner, Mr Spring was sitting there on top of his Land Rover, grinning from ear to ear. Little did we know that he and his Land Rover would come in very useful on the latter leg of the walk.

The next four or five check points were very straightforward, although it was becoming noticeably and progressively tiring to walk at the constant speed necessary to catch up Wendy and Imogen.

Lunch tasted delicious, for we were amazingly hungry. Unlike the others, we took our grub out and sat down on the grass to spend a pleasant half hour gnashing.

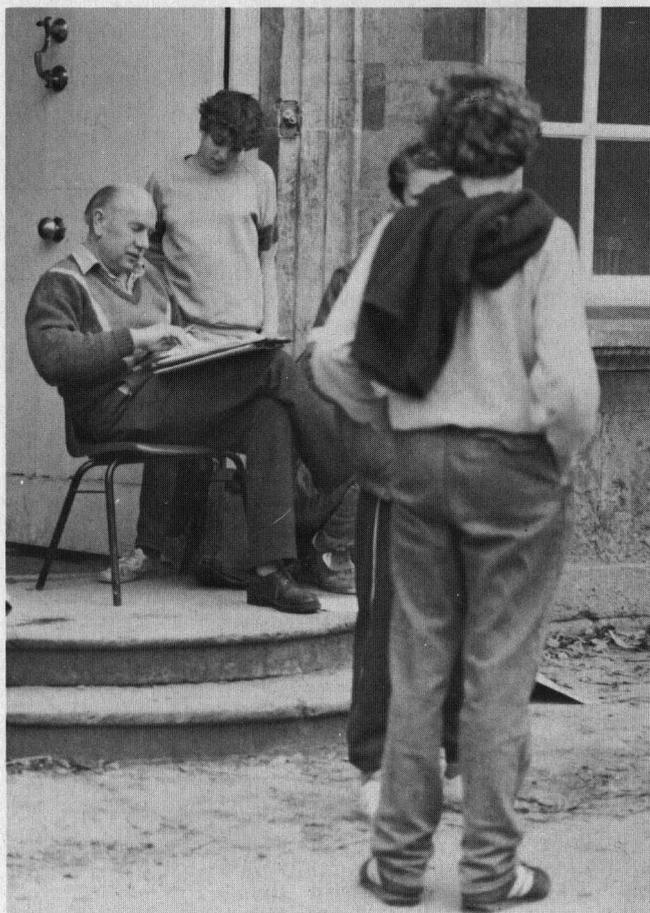
When, at last, we started off again I felt so bloated I could hardly walk. The worst thing was, we still had fifteen miles to walk, so to help raise our spirits, we sang songs and enjoyed the afternoon.

It wasn't until Tysoe hill came within sight, that we fell silent and began to wish that we hadn't used all our energy singing. Suddenly I heard a familiar sound, it was Mother in her car! I don't know what we would have done, without the few oranges and apples she supplied us with, (good old Mum) for we were walking along with our tongues hanging out as it was!

From then on, it seemed to take forever. The good thing was, at every check point there was some form of drink, and a member of staff, who would say "a couple of miles left, keep going!" It would be at least 5 miles to the end, but I must thank them for this, or I don't think I would have finished.

When our group did reach the end all we could do was say "Thank you, for such a wonderful day," (even though, I had three blisters on the soles of my feet) and went and collapsed into bed.

MICHELLE WOOD



Checking-in with K.T.F. at the finish

EISTEDDFOD FEBRUARY 1986

This year Bryan Lee and I were invited by Chris Bateman to judge the Eisteddfod House Entertainment competition. This proved to be a pleasing mixture of the old and the new, Bryan in his first year at Sibford, whilst I have been around somewhat longer. However, for both of us it was a fresh experience and I must say a pleasant one. We were able to comment on different aspects of the Eisteddfod and also found ourselves in agreement over the marking of the productions as a whole.

Surprisingly, this year, all the productions were centred around childhood and fantasy. Some even had echoes of Alice in Wonderland. We were impressed by the obvious care and effort that had gone into much of the entertainment. In all of them a large number of children were involved and such an undertaking is not easy to co-ordinate. There was also obvious thought for judges and audience in the provision of excellent programmes.

PENN HOUSE

This production opened well and had a good narrator. The lines were clearly spoken but unfortunately the rest of the programme did not live up to the standard set in the early moments. It soon became apparent that the entertainment was lacking in rehearsal time.

NANSEN HOUSE

After a somewhat depressing start to our experience of the Eisteddfod our spirits were lifted by Nansen's exciting production of 'Ernie's Incredible Illucinations' by Alan Ayckbourn. This was a production that was obviously a team effort and we were in no doubt that a great deal of care and thought had gone into it. We were impressed by its movement and vigour. The fairground scene was particularly full of life involving everyone in its hurly-burly world.

LISTER HOUSE

This proved to be yet another excellent effort. Like Nansen it was obvious that thought had gone into its production. Listerella was more in the tradition of the old Eisteddfod in that it was a Sibford Product rather than a bought-in script. It also tried to involve in it a wide variety of entertainment from tumbling to singing. I think that perhaps the most gripping moments of the whole Eisteddfod were those when the girls were performing their acrobatics. Unfortunately there were one or two weak moments and the occasional trouble over continuity.

Both Bryan and I thought that the standard set by Nansen and Lister bodes well for the future of the Eisteddfod. We found it difficult to adjudicate between the two, but on the whole we felt that Nansen's production had benefitted from obvious thought and was well rehearsed. We duly awarded the honours to Nansen, with Lister a close second place.

DAVID FOULDS

DANCE CLUB

It was quite a nervous time for me as I waited patiently for the end of prep and hence the first meeting of Dance Club. What if nobody turned up? Had my posters been clear enough?

I needn't have worried. The enthusiasm of a few individuals would ensure that our club thrived. Numbers, as in most clubs, constantly fluctuated throughout the year, but it was the few who never failed to come who made the club worthwhile.

A welcome challenge was presented before me with the arrival of boys. A few weeks after the beginning of term, a first year boy timidly stuck his head around the gym door and asked if he could possibly join in. This courageous act was the signal for other boys, who had obviously not been willing to make the first move, to follow suit, and very soon I created a separate club just for boys.

I think the highlight of our year was when the children finally got the chance to show off their work at Open Day. A group of boys and a group of girls corporately known as the "Sibford Dance Team" danced their way through short routines they had been working on for months, making me feel extremely proud of them all.

Dance Club has been as much a social activity for me as it has for my dancers, it was the perfect way for us to get to know each other. I shall miss many children from the school but none so much as my trusty "Dance Team"

DEBORAH SWALLOW

VOLLEYBALL CLUB

On Thursday nights after prep during the Autumn and Spring terms this year, a real mixture of folk from the Senior School attended Volleyball Club.

Some were there doing part of their Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, others because they love volleyball, and the odd few because there was nothing else better to do at that time.

I am glad to say that with the positive influence of the 6th form in particular Thursday nights became a really enjoyable time. The standard and quality has certainly improved and it is hoped next year to compete with other schools, as the standard is now sufficient to allow this to happen.

On Open Day an exhibition of volleyball took place outside on the grass and kept some parents spell-bound for about 1/2 an hour.

We shall miss the presence of certain 6th formers next year who have contributed so much to the success of this activity.

Chris Guy.

THE WEAVING CLUB

The Weaving Club was established this year at the school, and took off very successfully in the junior years. Some of the Fifth and Sixth form also maintained an interest throughout the year.

Most of the juniors involved had not done any weaving before September, and their enthusiasm was quite overwhelming. The children's abilities and manipulative skills varied considerably, but all produced work that was lively, spontaneous and full of interest. Most of them used bright, almost startling colour to create eye-catching effects in their woven designs.

As the year progressed new faces joined the group of weavers to add their own interpretations of the medium. A sense of design has developed throughout the group, partly because of this new input of ideas.

I would especially like to note the work of Ester Blanco in 1B, Jason Topliss and Daniel Walduck both in 2B, Sarah Vigeon from 3D and Alex Watts from the Fifth form.

I think that all the pupils who took an interest in the Weaving Club enjoyed both working the pieces they produced, and the finished creations.

I feel that the interest stimulated this year has made the club both fun and success

SUSAN BURSTON



SIBFORD SUMMER SEVENS

Coaching rugby at Sibford School is often a frustrating experience. Despite a season of uninspiring performances and poor results I knew that there was a lot of talent in the school. Unfortunately the limitations and structure of the fifteen-a-side game seemed to muffle the individual flair which would occasionally emerge and spark the whole team into life for a brief spell.

The seven-a-side game provided an ideal opportunity for this individual talent to flourish. I felt certain the more fluid approach and attacking style this game engenders would suit the more able players. With this in mind I approached several schools in the area in an attempt to organise a sevens tournament. Blessed George Napier and Kingham Hill schools showed interest and promised to bring a senior and a junior team. The date, Wednesday 18th June, was set and several weeks of intensive training ensued. A group of about twenty keen, able and, most importantly, dedicated players turned up regularly to training sessions. When the great day of the inaugural Sibford Summer Sevens dawned I felt quietly confident that both teams would put up fine performances.

As none of the schools involved had played sevens before, the first few games were rather untidy. Nevertheless they were exciting to watch and a large crowd soon gathered to enjoy the spectacle. Sibford, despite vociferous support, got off to a shaky start with both teams losing their opening matches. As the afternoon wore on, however, the determined tackling and fine running evident in the past season's brighter moments began to overcome the initial uncertainty and hesitation borne of novelty, and both the junior and senior team produced some wonderful rugby.

From early on it was clear that Kingham and Sibford would be fighting it out for the honours. In the event the outcome rested on the result of the final game, between Sibford Juniors and one of the two B.G.N. junior teams. A win would put Sibford and Kingham level on points but a very wide margin of victory was required to make up the discrepancy in points scored. Despite a good attempt, time ran out before the necessary points were amassed. So Kingham won the trophy but not the day.

Both of Sibford's teams acquitted themselves well on the day. Although it was disappointing to see the trophy leave the school at its premiere, I am sure the foundations have been laid for a successful campaign next year and the Sibford Summer Sevens' trophy will return to its rightful home.

Paul Buckland

WORKSHOPS

Largely due to the introduction of G.C.S.E. necessitating staff teaching in both areas of the workshops, we have taken the opportunity of re-organising the metalwork room, metal store and central area.

The metalwork room has been extensively re-arranged to create more open space, with as little open racking of tools as possible, whilst creating a teaching area at one end. New cupboards in the storeroom have made it possible to keep a greater quantity and variety of equipment securely and to hand. The centre area has ceased to be used as a classroom but become a resource area where materials, books and information are readily available to students. Before next term this area will be carpeted and have a T.V. video installed to make use of the vast selection of specialist tapes now available. We hope to install a computer in the not too distant future.

We are looking forward to using the proposed improvements to North corridor where two enclosed shallow display cases are being built alongside two open ones, all being tastefully designed by outside contractors. There will also be cupboards beneath where we can store project work for students safely until assessment. This is a much needed facility as the GCSE Syllabus demands that work be kept for up to two years.

Andrew Crawford was awarded the Dring Cup for Craftsmanship this year for his finely made side table in Cherry and Santos Rosewood. Many enthusiastic and happy hours were spent by him on this project.

STUART HEDLEY

C.D.T.

Craft Design and Technology (CDT) is something of a new venture for us, although it embodies many of the skills, methods and values which we have used in the past. We now place great importance on not just the making but also how we think, how we solve problems; how we communicate; and educationally this must be a sound investment. The capability of ordered thought and planning is essential for meeting the demands of tomorrow's world.

The General Certificate of Secondary Education (GCSE) has also come along to offer a much more accurate and fair means of assessment, and it blends in admirably with what we are doing in our area. The prospect of cross-curriculum links encouraged by this new form of exam are quite challenging.

Visual communication is no longer the traditional Engineering Drawing which offered only a very narrow vocational outlook. Developments have taken us down the far more exciting path of Graphic Communication which becomes the language of those involved in all areas of designing and making.

Open Day saw an exhibition of work which demonstrated a wide variety of children's efforts, and sparked off much interest and positive comments from our visitors.

Quakers have, in the past, been very much involved in educational development and there is the potential for this to continue in our present educational climate. Much development within CDT has been promoted by the Educational Institute of Design, Craft & Technology with which Sibford has current contact, and which has roots at Sibford very early in this century. A fact which might interest those who knew the school in the early days.

Enthusiasm for the future must continue to be our aim.

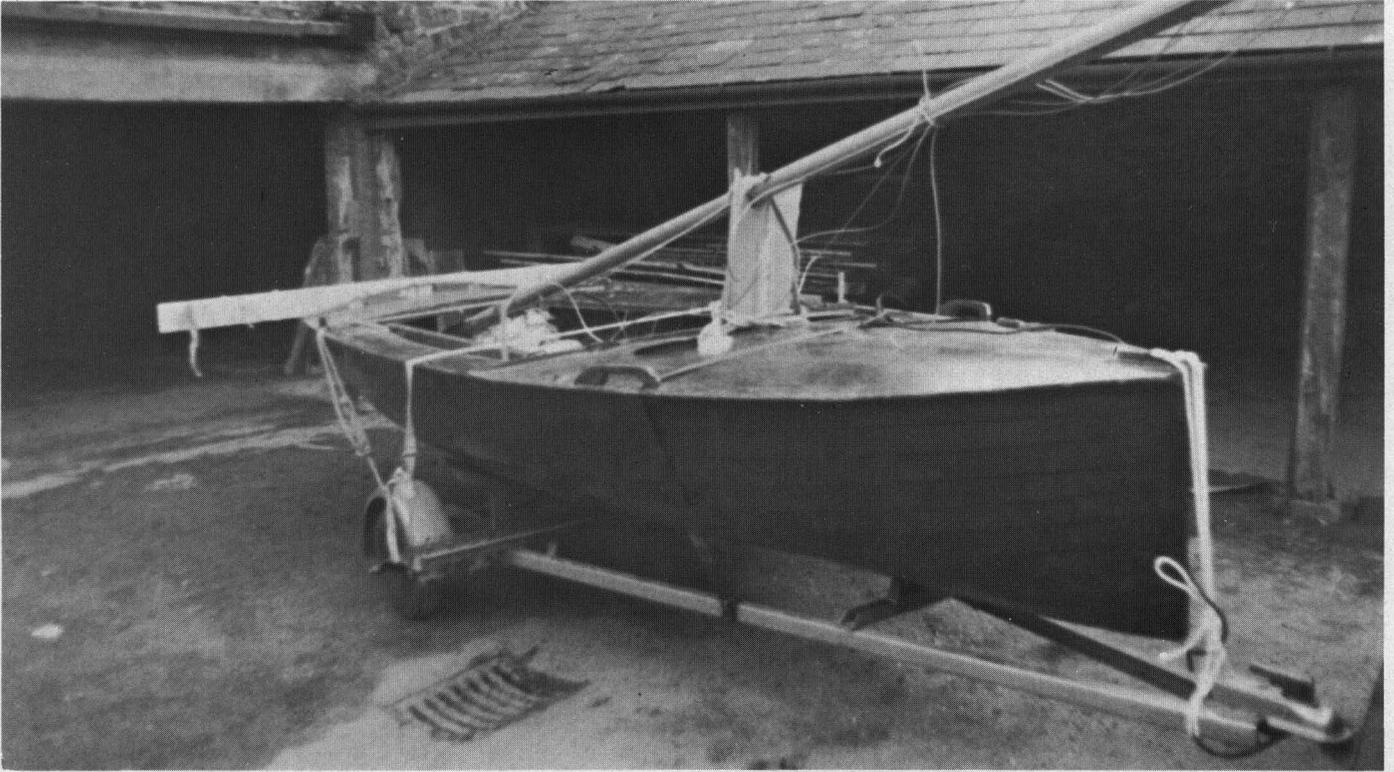
GRAEME SAGAR

SUNDAY ART CLUB

Having been told by certain students that Sunday morning was the ONLY time in the week when one could catch up on washing, ironing, sleeping, working, praying, letter-writing and hair dyeing, it was with a degree of trepidation that I first opened the doors of the Sculpture Room on the first Sunday in October. 10.15 and not a soul. My heart was sinking fast. I think we managed half a dozen on that first day, but I felt it was worthwhile. During the following week I instituted a poster campaign, made announcements in Meeting and decided to serve coffee midway through the two-hour session. Numbers grew, and by Christmas we were having to move the tables round to allow extra club members to work on the floor! We now have over thirty on the books. Students are encouraged to try any project in whatever medium they choose, and by lunchtime each Sunday I am exhausted. With the advent, next term, of the Sculpture Department, the future of the Art Club looks healthy. Come along, and have a go!

MIKE SPRING





THE SAILING CLUB

The Sailing Club has had an excellent season. There are now four members of staff who instruct, Mr. Chowne, Mr. Skeath, Mr. Goodwin and Miss Taylor. An added interest has been the purchase of two Laser dinghies. These are very fast and very wet - only for the more experienced members! Next season we hope to raise enough money to buy more equipment, and a sailing holiday is being arranged. We will continue to instruct at Banbury Cross Sailing Club on Saturday afternoons, but there will be racing on Sundays for anyone who is competent enough. My thanks must go to David Roderick, Adam Hearne, Jeff Donovan and John Dale who instructed on Saturday afternoons. We also went "Laser swimming" together on Wednesday afternoons. Anyone interested in joining the Sailing Club next season should come and see me for details.

ANDREW CHOWNE

PAIRED READING SCHEME

This is the second year that the shared reading scheme has operated in the remedial department. This scheme involves members of the Fifth and Sixth forms "adopting" a junior for a year and following a reading programme with them. We have found this approach to be beneficial for both senior and junior students. We are very grateful to all those who regularly give their time so that younger members of the school can improve their reading skills.

Karen Turburfield, David Foulds, Jenny Austing

STOCKPILER

As in previous years we entered two teams in the national Stockpiler Competition and also in the local competition. The "local" competition was West Midlands Area rather than Banbury Area as in past years, making this much more of a challenge.

Both teams kept on a profitable course, without any spectacularly impressive investments, but one team had to withdraw as a result of illness, pressures of work and other activities. The other team did rather better than average, but failed to reach the heights of last year.

Next year we hope to enter two teams again.

B.B.

BASKETBALL

The revolution started four weeks into the autumn term when a "GIRLS ONLY" basketball session was formed, primarily to release the pressure of numbers on the Monday evening "All comers club", which has maintained a high attendance throughout the year.

The hard core of third form girls had to battle to sustain the Friday club from folding due to lack of regular commitment from members, and thankfully we have now succeeded with the formation of a team which will soon be competing against other schools next season.

Meanwhile the boys have already started playing against other basketball clubs; the publicity from which has raised the attendance at training sessions dramatically.

Kingham Hill all boys school kindly invited our first team over for what turned out to be a slaughter. Score 64 - 16. However, the thrashing was not due to our lack of skill but to our inability to adapt to the correct type of basket backboards and adjust our shots accordingly. In the following training sessions a "VOICE" bellowed "Use your wrists, flick your fingers, jump, rebound!"

We girls were invited to attend the rematch and I watched as Kingham ushered in the lambs for the sacrificial slaughter, aware that a much more balanced match was in the offing. The immediate high scoring rate made Kingham worry and re-think their counterattack. A tremendous tussle for supremacy ensued as that "VOICE" echoed from the bench. The final whistle ended with a well orchestrated build up and successful shot at basket which left Kingham defeated by one point.

Final score - 69 - 70.

We will unfortunately lose several excellent sixth form players in the form of Geoff and William, but Chris is still carrying the flag and doing an excellent job of coaching junior school players on a Friday lunch time, ensuring a good flow of talent for the school teams. Another year of enjoyable and more competitive basketball is ahead.

Well done everyone!

Nadja Krohnert

OPEN DAY

My perennial dilemma regarding the June PWE is related to clothing: how many or few cardies, coats, jackets or T-shirts does one wear? Will it rain or shine? This year was no exception, because the Saturday morning began sunny but windy. However, being an optimist, I took this to be a promise of a good, summery day and I was right: for the first time in my Sibford PWE visiting career we sat out on the lawn during lunch and acquired a light tan in the bright sunshine.

Having enjoyed the usual morning cup of coffee, I took a look at the photographs of end-of-year theatrical productions, "The Mikado" and "Toad of Toad Hall". The large colour-prints displayed on the wall were excellent and everyone taking part was somehow visible somewhere.

I then had to hurry to the Gymnastic and Dance Display in the Main Hall. For a start we saw individual gymnastics programmes by Lucy Harmer and Rachel Cooper, then Michelle Wood turned into a prowling cat on the mat and for a finale, Wendy Perkins did some demanding somersaults. Even more dangerous-looking was the Acrobatics Show by the 4th year girls' team, who apparently had choreographed and rehearsed the exercises entirely on their own. It was an exciting and energetic performance, and a new feature in Sibford's gymnastic activities.

After these exhilarating moments we were treated to a dance programme incorporating some jazz and disco dancing by several male and female members of the Drama classes. Finally Mrs. Guy was presented with a pot plant by her gymnastic group as thanks for her hard work during the year.

The high point of the morning was a mini-concert consisting of lively jazzy clarinet pieces and some solos: a piano piece by Caroline Bond and Flamenco guitar played by Ben Gascoigne. The clarinet group was led by Mr. Lee, who began this occasion with an introductory speech, to introduce the clarinet group: Clodagh Glaisyer, John Dale, Charlotte Barnard and himself (Mr. Lee). Mr. Lee explained why the group was perched upon a plain stage, with reference to Mr. Spring's designs for the school Rock-opera "Mr. J", soon to be performed.

The concert was received enthusiastically by the audience. It is a great pleasure to me that music is becoming a strong and enjoyable part of Sibford School life again. Meanwhile, the Open Day Cricket Match had kicked off outside.

At the same time "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew" - part 1 was to be seen in the Manor courtyard before lunch with part 2 of this play performed by junior children due after lunch, for a dessert.

The hour following our sunny lunch was spent looking at the exhibitions of work in various classrooms. Though I did not have time to see everything, here are my impressions of those I visited.

On entering the R.E. room a chap in a wet-suit caught my eye. I then assumed he was a member of a Drama production but he was not: he turned out to belong to the School Sailing Club and was showing the boats laid on the inner courtyard. There was a new Lazer and a not-so-new Merlin accompanied by an exhibition of photographs of the Sailing Club in action.

The wide range of subjects covered by the project displays in the R.E. room was impressive. I often think how lucky our children are being educated to think and have more personal opinions of religious, moral and ethical aspects of life. I would have loved to do that in my school, after all, these were the years when many of my values were formed. Anyway, that is what I contemplated looking through the Bible cartoons, popular parables, and studies on Old Age, Family Life, Mother Theresa and Drugs. All good thinking matters.

The upstairs Art Room was hung with 3rd year's Paper batiks and 5th and 6th form printed fabric samples. A few students had made garments and jewellery to complement their fabrics. Very obviously textiles have been the key study this term. The colours and patterns were cheerful and even though simple, very adaptable to real uses.

The Needlework room was quite full of garments and toys. Some nimble-fingered people had been embroidering and decorating their made clothes with skill and patience.

My final port of call was the set of History Rooms with a most interesting project. Castles in model form through several historical periods. Studies on uniforms, planes and trench warfare in the First World War and a wonderful account of the Easter Holiday trip to Russia. There were diaries telling how the travellers experienced Russia, day by day, numerous photographs showing both people and highlights of the tour, postcards, badges and posters. It was like a miniature visit to Russia itself; present and past mingling with each other all the time in a fascinating dance. An exhibition like this was very interesting for parents, particularly when many have not been there themselves. It is good to know that the trip was a productive part of our children's expensive education.

Even if I had more time, I was hardly able to take in much more and was quite punchdrunk with the information gathered on one afternoon.

It was, in all, a thoroughly impressive show of the invaluable experience Sibford provides for our children.

PAIVI CROFTS

CROSS-COUNTRY

It had rained every day for a week-and-a-half prior to race day. I thought at the time how cruel the British climate can be. Race day dawned however, and we were greeted with sparkling spring conditions in which to run this annual event. Conditions out on the three courses were "HEAVY" due to the volumes of recent rain but a light fresh westerly breeze blew and the sun shone lifting everyone's spirits.

Mingling with the children prior to the nervous, noisy, colourful starts, I heard much to amuse and surprise me.

"I've had too much lunch to run well today."

"Just remember to get a good rhythm going and run your own speed."

"Of course you can walk if you get a stitch, but we score less points - so RUN however much it hurts!" (That was my favourite!)

The occasion went without a hitch and some fine individual performances were put in along with many personal best times. The overall results are as follows:

Inter-House Cross-Country Cup = PENN

1st PENN	314 points
2nd NANSEN	446 points
3rd LISTER	475 points

INDIVIDUAL WINNERS

SENIOR: Thelton Cup	Tim Stevens (26.04) LISTER
INTERMEDIATE: Trophy	Mike Williams (19.58) NANSEN
JUNIOR: Cup	Simon Crapp (19.58) NANSEN



MR J

MR. J.

There is no doubt that the best traditions of Sibford School were strengthened by the production of its first Rock Opera, "Mr. J.". Its show-stopping tunes had the last night audience on its feet in the finale which literally brought performers and spectators together in a flow of enthusiasm for the message of the piece - Love not War. This was a fine achievement indeed.

No individual performance got in the way of the production as a whole which involved more than sixty pupils. It was the generous spirit of team work which allowed the producer, Chris Bateman, to integrate the composer and musical director Bryan Lee's already successful music into a drama perfectly judged to suit the spirit and talents of the school. It was team work too which made possible the bringing together of rock band and entire cast to tremendous effect in an acting space which, it has to be said, is not easy. Grouping fifty plus pupils on a wide but comparatively shallow stage, leaving space for musicians without losing the shape of the production, is to put it mildly, a challenge.

Moreover, the production involved more technology in the form of ambitious lighting and special effects than certainly I had seen in attending six years of school productions. This was faultless. Almost faultless, too, was the performers' microphone technique. It was hard to believe that nobody had handled a microphone on stage until a mere two days before opening night. Then there was the extremely clever design, supervised by Mike Spring, perfectly judged to suit the style of the music and the available space.

To take the theme of events leading up to the crucifixion and build around them an interpretation in rock music of Christ and his followers is a very sophisticated and exciting idea. It demands the kind of concentration from lead performers that is rarely called for outside the professional stage. Chris Wood as Christ was totally consistent in what must be the most difficult role in any play. Lucy Cockram as Mary sang superbly, and Karen Hart invested the part of Mary Magdalene with the vulnerability that was part of the entire production's power. For powerful it was, and most moving.

Anne Wood



Bryan Lee - composer and musical director





Drama

THREE PLAYS

A member of the School Committee, John Marsh, who is much involved in youth theatre, reviews an evening of drama at Sibford.

As an entertainment before, during and after the last School Committee Dinner, some of the pupils presented three one-act plays. The first thing to be said about them is that each one was especially apt and well chosen, covering themes such as Quakerism, eating, drinking and the effects of these, and they were done in the right order as well.

One of the possible difficulties with doing three plays is the setting for them, and this was not so successfully handled. The audience was too far from the stage for "TO DO NO EVIL", and this made it very difficult for the two actors to create the relationship with the audience that would have helped both parties. Also, in a school where there is so much going on in the art and craft fields, why was the symbolic piece of scenery seemingly thrown together. The less set there is the more carefully it has to be prepared and finished. Again, the lighting was totally inadequate, although this may well have been due to the lack of equipment. If this is so, it is to be hoped that the committee took note. All that said, the performances of a very hard play for actors of school age were very good indeed. The movements were natural except when there was a certain diffidence about being close to each other, while it was clear that the actors understood the piece. I do not know how much CHRIS WOOD, who played James Naylor, knew about that remarkable man and his life, and it will always be a matter of opinion as to what he was like, but nevertheless I would have thought that he might well have been showing more signs of nervous exhaustion of a kind that was deep-seated. The fact that this can even be suggested is a real compliment to Chris. Had Naylor been more vulnerable, KAREN HART as Sarah would have found her part easier. Clearly only an exceptional circumstance would have made her react the way she did to Naylor, and this was never quite credible. But again this is a very exacting comment. Over dinner we were treated to Alan Ayckbourn's "BETWEEN MOUTHFULS", which was as funny, biting and keenly observed as you would expect a play to be from this author. Again the space was less than helpful, partly because there was too large an acting area (the action could have been put on a low rostrum), partly because the audience was too remote, while lighting that focused the attention onto the action would have helped. As to the details of the set, it would have been comparatively easy to have had some other tables which could have created chances of some "business" for the waiter, excellently played by CARY PARSONS who, to coin a phrase, played the part as if to the manner born. Martin and Polly, played by DAFYDD REES and KAREN HART and Mr and Mrs Pearce played by TIM STARK and CLODAGH GLAISYER were good and reliable in parts that are again very difficult for the age group. This is not being condescending, but recognising that only age can really bring to life relationships that have become jaded and stale. Also, a comparatively static play is always difficult as so much depends on voice and small gestures. That said there was some excellent comic timing and a real awareness of what was happening and what was going on, so the piece was an excellent accompaniment to dinner.

The last play was written by David Griffiths though it might have been created by the cast through workshops or whatever. If so, excellent. And anyway, excellent. It started by being very funny and gradually led the audience into the futility, depression and waste that drink can lead to if it takes a hold. With the incidence of alcoholism on the increase it was a very timely piece as well. The Parts of

the Body although rooted to the spot, at least had the chance to move and express themselves which they did well, particularly CLAIRE FURNER as Limbs. TIM STEVENS had some very funny moments and was suitably sensitive as Senses. CHRIS BATEMAN as Brains was not only the brain behind the body but the brain behind the whole evening. He held "A DROP OF THE HARD STUFF" together very well indeed having the sort of slightly scatty, harassed look that most brains feel some if not most of the time and especially at the start of an exam or during a hangover. I do not think Chris could have chosen three plays to show off his drama department to better effect and the standard throughout was very high.

This was probably the first time that wine has been served at committee dinner, and I am certainly one of those who can see little wrong in this. It seems somewhat hypocritical not to have a glass of wine or two when most of us do this habitually at home anyway. Those who take the teetotal stance still can. But "A DROP OF THE HARD STUFF" certainly made one pause, and, like some others there, I found myself saying afterwards "Phew, I need a drink after that". It is a long and slippery slope...

JOHN MARSH

AN ENTERTAINING EVENING

The phone rang - "I wonder if you could come to dinner on Thursday evening? About 7p.m. for 7:30p.m. It was an unusual request and not from a person who would usually extend such an invitation.

Thursday arrived sooner than expected. My wife and I changed into our evening clothes. We arrived in good time, and, as our hostess did not appear, we chatted to the other guests. A smart young man then invited us to sit down at our table, apparently there were to be at least thirty guests!! The room had been arranged like an intimate candle-lit restaurant, and when we were handed our menus we thought that this was an unusual idea for a dinner party! There was a choice of starters - melon - avocado with prawns or seafood cocktail - and during this first course an entertainment had been arranged; a comedy play: "MOTHER FIGURE" by Alan Ayckbourn.

For the entree course there was a wide choice, my wife opted for the vegetarian bean casserole and I chose the chicken in tarragon sauce. It was at this moment that our hostess arrived in a wonderful evening dress, her hair up, and looking old for her years. We also noted that she looked somewhat annoyed with her husband! Surprisingly they sat at a table on their own and we overheard their conversation and that of the next table. From what we gathered both couples had been having affairs with their opposites and it was unfortunate that they should have been dining in such close proximity! It was like an Alan Ayckbourn play!

Finally the desserts - lovely apple pie, cheese etc. and more entertainment "TO DO NO EVIL" by John Titley and this was followed by coffee and port! Throughout we received excellent service by the attentive, well-groomed, young waiters and waitresses. A memorable evening, and all the more so as it all took place at SIBFORD SCHOOL in the Main Hall with a restaurant staffed by fifth and sixth year boys and girls, food beautifully cooked and presented by Miss Holden and her cookery students and the entertainment, all three plays - "MOTHER FIGURE", "BETWEEN MOUTHFULS" and "TO DO NO EVIL" - well observed and acted by fifth and sixth year pupils.

All we can say now is E N C O R E !

DAVID and NANETTE GLAISYER

IN THE STALLS

It has been a good year for theatre trips. Those organized have met with an enthusiastic response from pupils, and we have seen some wonderful productions. The juniors enjoyed "A Christmas Carol" and "The Silver Sword" in the Autumn Term. Both plays were based on books that are read in school so the juniors were an interested and informed audience. "The Rocky Horror Show" proved rather an ordeal for staff, but was very much enjoyed by the seniors. It was an eventful evening and involved rather a lot of lentils, rice and water!

After this we moved on to higher things and saw an enchanting production of "Copelia" at the Birmingham Hippodrome. The set was quite magical, full of colourful detail. We then finished the Spring Term with a visit to "The Diary of Adrian Mole". The book has been very popular in school, but several of us found the adaptation disappointing and much of the dialogue went over the heads of the younger members of the party.

The Summer Term saw a visit to "Waiting For Godot" at Oxford. The play, an "A" level text, is difficult, intriguing and, it must be said, at times, boring! We came away arguing about meaning, and feeling that it had been an experience!

Our Summer Term visit to Stratford, which is an annual event, took us to see "Romeo and Juliet". The weather was not good enough for us to enjoy our usual picnic but the production, in modern dress, and very fresh and young, was enjoyed by all.

The programme of theatre visits will, of course, continue next year. There is an enthusiastic band of theatre-goers in the school. Maybe some of those who up to now have not come, would like to join us.

ANNE CHALMERS

"MACBETH" AT CHIPPY

In preparation for our English Literature "O" level, on the 18th April we went to see a performance of "Macbeth" at the Chipping Norton Theatre.

The small theatre was a novelty in itself. With narrow, stone-floored passages, a wooden balcony and the plaster-cast angel above the stage, we stepped into a new atmosphere of intrigue. We wondered what lay behind the thick velvet curtains on the tiny platform facing us.

The play was to be acted by a team of six actors who were called "The New Ensemble". This group has been recently formed as a part of the Compass Theatre Company with the purpose of putting more emphasis on the language and creating atmosphere without the aid of special effects. For this purpose a minimum of props were used: no costumes or scenery and just background humming and a gong to increase the suspense and action.

The play held our attention well and the actors, two women and four men, performed their various parts very convincingly and with true characterization.

Some scenes were left out however, and we felt that Malcom's test of Macduff's loyalty should have been included and that some scenes were rather over-dramatized.

The play proved to be very beneficial. Seeing it performed without the aid of modern techniques made us concentrate much more heavily on the actual poetry of the language and structure of the play.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Spring, Mr. Bateman and Mr. Buckland for accompanying us and giving us the opportunity to gain a more vivid picture of Shakespeare's "Macbeth".

Catherine Stokes

Social Services

CHERINGTON'S VISIT

On Sunday March 16th 1986, a group of mentally handicapped people from The Home Farm Trust in Cherington came to Sibford for a day out. They were full of excitement as they arrived and a group of Sixth formers took them all round the school, with the exception of one or two who preferred to watch football on T.V. in Fielding.

At the end of their tour they were provided with a little entertainment and a tea party. William Hone, Chris Wood and Colin Edwards played the guitar and sang folk music to which we all joined in. Some of our visitors even danced to the music so our musicians must have done a good job.

In the midst of singing and dancing, the cup-cakes, jelly, ice-cream, sandwiches, biscuits, sausage rolls, tea and orange juice were fast disappearing. We did not want any of the food which Sarah and Onie had carefully prepared to go to waste!

The end came all too soon, and our visitors had to leave. We had become attached to them and were sad to see them go. However, we were left with that wonderful feeling of having accomplished something, every minute we spent preparing for this visit was well worth it.

ONIE FRAZER



A Good Year

BRONZE AND SILVER

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award has continued to flourish this year with a new intake of twenty three entrants. With the lead taken last year by Robert Templeton to go for his Silver Award, we have been pleased to see that four girls came up to the Lake District to carry out their practice expeditions. Somewhat showery weather prevailed during the bronze entrants' practice hikes on the Ridgeway, but all managed to nurse their blisters to the end of the twenty mile route. We are, once again, indebted to Douglas and Martin Grove for allowing us to use an ideal site for our overnight stop at Oyborne St George. We must also record a welcome to Andrew Newbold who has joined the D of E staff, and thank him for his untiring efforts throughout the training programme.

In May we returned to Bonscale, the delightful old farmhouse overlooking Ullswater, from whence we launched our assessment expeditions. Again the waterproof qualities of the equipment were put to the test, but fine spells allowed everyone to dry out between the showers. Bonscale has proved an excellent base for these ventures and we thank Bill and Gay Parken for their hospitality, not to mention their welcome supply of logs! We were joined here by Ken Spring, whose years of experience in the Adventure Training field has amply equipped him to provide sound guidance and evaluation.

The hardiness of the four Silver girls, Sally Darby, Jocasta Crofts, Martha Lewthwaite and Sally Wilcox, was clearly demonstrated when two of them volunteered to swim across an icy mountain lake to leave a hidden message for future groups. This is not to demean the courage and fortitude of the Bronze groups, who all leapt into the chilling depths of Ullswater at 7.30 on the final morning. We hope that many more new entrants for the Scheme will "take the plunge" next year, as an award of this nature proves much about the all-round character of its holder.

Mike Spring, Chris Guy



A rendez-vous with the assessor - Ken Spring

KIDS' CAMP

I looked at my watch, and then down the road outside my window and at my watch again, 3.35p.m. The children should be here soon. They, the children that is, were all aged seven to eleven and came from two special schools in East London called Phoenix and Stormont. The helpers had met them a few days before on their home ground and after two hours of playing and getting to know one another, I chose, or was I chosen by, a small energetic nine-year old (although he kept insisting he was nearly ten!) called Martin.

I looked at my watch again, 3.45p.m. and I was stirred from my thoughts by a coach horn. They were here! By the time I had got outside they were already thundering off the bus with wide eyes, smiles from ear to ear and carrying their little suitcases. Martin ran upstairs. I unpacked his clothes. Martin ran downstairs! Martin found a football. Kids' Camp had begun! When the children had familiarised themselves with the campus, there was tea, followed by lessons given by the teachers. This precious hour was invariably spent for us helpers sprawled across Fielding common room recovering from the children's insatiable appetite for entertainment.

At 7 o'clock they enthusiastically charged out of lessons for another hour of playing on the field. Some videos were arranged for this period. However, this potential rest was denied me as Martin preferred Sylvester Stallone to Dumbo and demanded that I play football with him again! After getting ready for bed the children were given cocoa and biscuits, and were read stories in an almost futile attempt to calm them down for bed at 8.30. This was to be the format for the other evenings as well.

On Saturday morning they all awoke at seven o'clock and when I clambered to consciousness at eight o'clock they were all fully dressed and causing chaos throughout Fielding. Next came a trip to Lamb's Farm on the back of a hay cart. At the farm the children saw the pigs and returned to Sibford for a swim and later went out to Blenheim Palace to spend the afternoon riding on the model railway. Despite the drizzle the children had a great time. Martin also discovered it was just as much fun to chase the train around the track, on foot!

Sunday morning was spent playing sports on the school field in a Sibford version of 'It's a Knock-out'. One of the stranger unplanned events was based on the principle that any dry helpers should be thrown into the paddling pool. In the afternoon there was a trip to the Cotswold Farm Park for the children to see some peculiar variations of well-known animals and have a whale of a time in the play ground. The main purchases of the day seemed to be rubber dinosaurs.

By Monday morning advanced fatigue had started to take its toll, as our greatest challenge yet manifested itself. The task of controlling our children in Stratford-upon-Avon. After a tour of the local toy shops we regrouped in the park for a picnic lunch. Whilst the children took a boat trip we had the opportunity to see the other face of Stratford.

On the Tuesday we took the children pony riding at Valley View Farm. After a morning of 'Rodeo' we went to Traitor's Ford to paddle and have lunch.

Wednesday, our final full day, saw the event that most of the helpers had been looking forward to as much as the children a visit to Drayton Manor Park. Although at first some of the children were a little reluctant to go on the rides, (this also applied to certain helpers), after some coaxing they all plucked up the courage and as a result had an enjoyable day. My charge sampled the delights of the Helterskelter, the Vintage Car ride and the Chair Lift.

In the evening there was a farewell concert for the children which took the form of Chris Wood and his guitar getting the assembled ranks singing. Next came a quiz game with a slightly sadistic twist. We would sit on a chair in the paddling pool, whilst our child was asked a question such as, "How many wheels has a minibus?" Next came our turn for a question such as, "How many blades of grass are there on Wembley football pitch?"

Here came the twist, even in the unlikely event that you managed to give the correct answer, your child would still delight in throwing a bucket of water over you. The evening came to an end with the children singing a homewritten song to the tune of Postman Pat, thanking us for our efforts. Afterwards, each child gave their individual helper a gift which they had made in their lessons.

On Thursday morning the children crowded back onto their school coach for their return to London and their families, each having benefited in different ways from their exciting week at Sibford. The other helpers and myself also gained and enjoyed a new experience which I am sure we will remember for a very long time.

Our sincere thanks go to Lamb's Farm, Blenheim Palace, the Cotswold Farm Park and the Valley View Farm for the use of their facilities and their valuable contribution to the children's week. Also many thanks to those who took part in the sponsored walk, which raised the money to make this week possible.

JAMES BINNS

CONQUERING THE BLACK MOUNTAIN

It was a Saturday and I had come down from the hop when Mr Holiday asked me if I would like to go on a hike in the Black Mountains. I said I would give it a go! Matthew Davies also said he would like to go.

In the morning I jumped out of bed and packed my spare clothes and hurriedly went round waking all the people in Penn Boys who were going.

After an early Sunday breakfast we collected the packed lunches and teas because we were not coming back until late. Then we got into the minibus. There were sixteen boys, Mr Holiday, Mr Cookson and Mr Newbold. When we got there we had our packed lunches. The first hard bit was facing the wind climbing up the mountain to the top. It was very hard work, we stopped to have our pictures taken and I started feeling awful. I carried on for five miles until I couldn't go any further, so Mr Holiday, Michael Grimes and I took a short cut down the valley out of the wind. We stopped and had lunch and looked around at the view - it was brilliant.

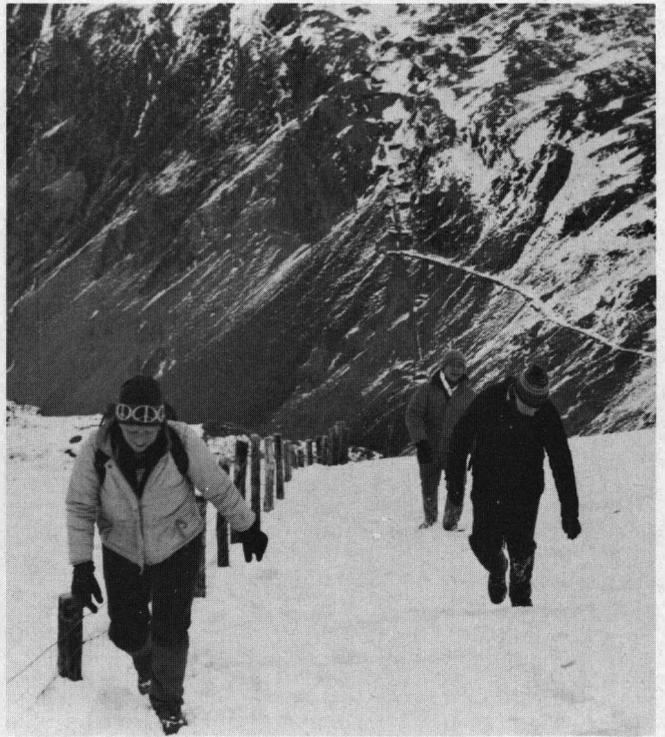
Mr Holliday picked up a lot of stones and we found a hollow tree.

We walked on to the minibus. My cough had gone by now and we had a packed tea and returned to school for evening meeting. A great day.

ROBERT PERKINS



A.N., F.C., and assorted mountain goats



BORROWDALE Y.H.A. TRIP, FEBRUARY 1986

After school on Thursday at the end of January the party of third and fourth formers departed by minibus for the Lake District. We stopped for refreshment half way at Stella Wilson's mother's home at Worsley and in spite of high winds on the motorway we reached the Longthwaite Youth Hostel before eleven o'clock and wasted little time getting to bed.

Next day we walked through a wood behind the hostel, up Honister Pass, signed as closed to all but traffic because of ice near the summit. After a brief rest we scrambled up the steep snow-covered hillside to Grey Knotts, Brandreth and Great Gable. The sun was shining most of the time and we had some spectacular views of several lakes, but the wind was very strong and it blew snow and small ice particles into our faces. We decided Great Gable was not to be contemplated and two other walkers with crampons decided against tackling Great Gable in the conditions.

We descended Aaron's Slack to Styhead Tarn where we regrouped and warmed up two or three who were getting cold. It was more sheltered descending Styhead Gill compared with the strong wind which had been blowing up Aaron's Slack. There were some tired and blistered feet by the time we reached the hostel, but excellent food helped sufferers forget their problems and after the meal some of us washed up the dozens and dozens of plates, bowls, cups, saucers and masses of cutlery.

On Saturday the good weather held and we set off up Stonethwaite Beck and Greenup Gill after a brief visit to the smallest Post Office we've ever seen - room for two only! We had lunch on Greenup Edge and went on past Long Crag to High White Stones. The depth of snow made the going slow so we did not reach the Langdales, but we came down into Langstrath and we followed the beck down the long valley until it joined Stonethwaite. We packed up on Sunday morning, visited the Bowder Stone and then went up the fell side to Cat Bells. The view of the frozen lake, Derwent Water, from the top was spectacular. Derwent Water had frozen progressively which led to a fascinating series of patterns in the ice: it looked like a network of roads and tracks. We drove back past Grasmere, Rydal and Windermere. There was sledging and skating on Rydal, but the ferry was still operating on unfrozen Windermere.

The day after we returned, a heavy fall of snow blocked Shap. We had all enjoyed a superb long weekend.

Y.H.

WIMBLEDON

5.30 a.m. was an early rise, and as I reached school at 6.20 I could see the sleepy head of Jo, half awake and hanging out of the window. Three coaches came and collected us. Surprisingly we managed to make a heck of a racket (no pun intended) on the second bus, considering the time of day.

By 11.30 we were aware of where we were and excitement was rising. At the main entrance to Wimbledon we wondered - should we go to Centre Court, No. 1 or No. 2 or Stand? Naturally we went on the Stand section, it was cheaper!

We had bought an official programme and found the order of play, Stefan Edberg and Boris Becker were to play later, so we rushed to the Centre Court, to stand all the way through Mrs. Lloyd's match. She took her time, winning in three sets. Then a loud cheer was heard. Edberg was coming out with Annacome. The cameras went mad, including ours. We sat rather uncomfortably for about three hours to watch the match. That made our day, seeing Boris Becker and Stefan Edberg.

Both Caroline and I didn't want to leave Centre Court but soon found ourselves on the coach back to Sibford after a most enjoyable day of tennis.

ANNA LI

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

"How would you like to be the highest person in Wales, on Sunday?"

The idea sounded interesting, and by 7:30am(!) the following Sunday, Mr Spring was behind the wheel of the minibus with seven boys, one girl and four staff aboard, heading for Snowdon - at 1085 metres, the highest mountain in Wales.

After three and a half hours we reached the youth hostel at the foot of the mountain. We had a bite to eat, checked the local weather forecast and set off up the Pyg Track in good spirits. We decided to alter our route, as our original plan had been to cross the knife-edge ridge called Crib Goch, but a man we met in the car park advised us against it, as the rocks were thickly covered with ice. The first part of the ascent was a steep, rocky path which led us onto the first part of the Snowdon Horseshoe. Soon, the mist moved in and swallowed us up. We had to keep close together, as visibility was only about fifteen yards. Piles of stones called cairns marked our way, but we stopped occasionally to check our direction by map and compass. To the left of the path was an almost vertical drop down to a green lake with rocky hills surrounding it.

We stopped for a snack near some disused mine workings. It was very cold once we stopped moving and all our spare clothing was piled on at once. Soon after this we reached a deep crevasse which we had to jump. The rock was slippery under my boots as I crossed my fingers and jumped. I landed safely with a thud on the other side, and the others followed.

The next part was the hardest, as we climbed a steep slope covered with snow and loose shale, towards the summit ridge where we joined the tracks of the Snowdon Mountain Railway. By this time the wind was really blowing hard, attacking us with stinging hail stones. We finally reached the top, which was marked by a large stone pillar. The return was equally treacherous, and by the time we had followed the old Miners Track back to the minibus we were exhausted. Looking back at the mountain, it seemed to be laughing at us, as, for the first time that day, the cloud lifted and blue sky appeared!

Piers Komlosy & Francis Field

NOVEMBER YOUTH HOSTELLING WEEKEND

On Saturday 16th November 1985 a group of third years clambered into the minibus with lots of baggage. Mr. Cookson and Miss Wilson checked that no-one had forgotten anything and introduced themselves as Frank and Stella (strictly out of school hours only). After about one hour we arrived at Mrs. Chalmers house to stretch our legs and collect some maps. We left Evesham and drove down to the Malverns. We parked the minibus, ate our packed lunches, then prepared ourselves to go on a nice, long walk. To begin with we had to struggle up a steep hill, through a copse and along the hill tops of the Malverns, we turned towards an obelisk. After reading inscriptions on the obelisk we then ran down the hill through muddy fields. We turned left and climbed steeply for what seemed to be hours. As we got to the top we found that we could lean back into the wind and not fall over. We reached the very summit of the hills and looked at the view stretching for miles all around us.

We turned back and retraced our steps to the minibus and on the way I fell and banged my knee. We weren't due at the hostel for a while so we stopped off at Ross-on-Wye to look around. We then discovered that I had cut my leg and after a quick seven stitches at the hospital we drove on to Welsh Bicknor Youth Hostel. We unpacked and had our supper. We spent the evening sitting around talking, playing cards and discussing our walk for the next day. When we eventually got to bed we fell asleep straight away, after a long and eventful day.

On Sunday I was unable to join in the walk, but after driving to Tintern Abbey the rest went for a walk up to the Devil's Pulpit. Emma and I spent some time looking round Tintern Abbey.

That afternoon after a late packed lunch, we headed back to Sibford.

Gillian Perkins

ACTIVITIES HOLIDAY

Every year a group of first, second and third years enjoys an Activities Week at Faithorne Manor, near Southampton. The week is organized by the Y.M.C.A. and is action packed! Sailing, Canoeing, Abseiling, Climbing, Horse Riding and Archery fill the week. Activities are well planned and under the supervision of trained instructors. A number of the Children who attend these course go on to join the Duke Of Edinburgh's Award Scheme when they are old enough.

CANOEING

We started off by putting our canoes into the lake. We then put our paddles across the back of the canoes, slid our way in and then we were off. At first we paddled across the lake and round the island. We had to walk across the backs of all the canoes and then we had a chariot race. We finished with a game of football in the canoes!

GRANT EDEN, MIKE WILLIAMS & MARK AIKEN

CLIMBING

When it came to my attempt at climbing I thought it was going to be easy! The first bit was but when I came to the middle of the climb whoops! I found myself swinging helplessly round the back of the apparatus. Eventually I made it. What a hero!

BIM MALCOMSON

I began to climb. At first I was really scared but it began to get better and eventually I reached the top. I asked the instructor at the top if I could climb down the ladder but he said no I had to abseil. I slowly leaned back and said my prayers. Before I could think anymore I had done it, and was back on the ground. What an achievement.

LARAGH GLASYER

ARCHERY

Yet another hot day at Faithorne Manor. Archery was next on the list, one of the favourite activities with the children.



Natasha, the instructor who took the lesson told us the five main rules of archery.

She then handed out the equipment, one long bow, three arrows and a quiver each.

As the morning was pleasant we went out onto the archery field and Natasha showed us how to string our bows. We fired a few rounds, mainly concentrating on hitting the target, then, after gathering some confidence, we played some games. The lesson was great fun.

CALUM ROBB & GILES TOFIELD

AERIAL RUNWAY

The Aerial Runway is a kind of death-slide. It is a long cable that runs over a valley and a river at a great height. You have to climb up a frame to reach it and you have a small harness to hold you in. You can go down backwards or forwards. If you want to go fast you must keep your feet together and swing back and forth. Sometimes people stand on the rope that is used to pull the harness back and this stops the slide suddenly and you are left dangling in mid-air. It is a lot of fun!

SCOTT NOLAN

SAILING

Sailing was great fun especially since the sun was shining brightly. However there was enough breeze to get us going as we made our way up Southampton Water towards the Yea. We passed lots of interesting boats. I attempted to steer but found it difficult, so Chris took over the steering and I had to hang out of the side of the boat to keep it steady. It was a great morning's adventure.

NATASHA VINEY

ITALIAN TENNIS TRIP - 1986

Before the gentle bleep of my alarm pierced my contented sleep, I was woken by the shuffling and giggling of eighteen children coming alive like birds twittering away at dawn. Our 2.30 a.m. departure time meant that part of Nansen Girls and all our flat was filled to overflowing with sleeping bodies. As I hoisted my sleep-weary limbs out of the quiet warmth of my duvet I had serious questions about my sanity. Was anything worth getting up in the middle of the night for? My mirror clearly said NO!

The skilful navigation and driving of Mr. Cookson meant a smooth journey to Gatwick Airport. A quick, easy flight, for some their first, and we were landing at Treviso Aeroporto, so far unscathed by our journey. The final stage of our trip to Lido de Jesolo was by coach and the kids reacted calmly to the news of an hour's coach journey, all very tired but in remarkably good spirits.

Lido de Jesolo could be the Italians' answer to Blackpool, but the Hotel International was only 200 yards from the beach. The sun, of course, was already baking at only 10.30 a.m. The following day we experienced the Italian bus service (always at least 15 mins. late) and arrived at the tennis club. The courts are of a very high quality, mostly clay, with a few hard courts. Thankfully the instructors were English and very knowledgeable.

The week passed quickly as we savoured the heat, beaches and gelati with the pleasant easy-going ambience that is part of such places. Our group had a lively, good-natured sense of fun that made everything enjoyable and inspired many a side-splitting practical joke.

However the ultimate in surprises was the morning that we all trudged down several flights of stairs for yet another breadroll breakfast and saw Mr. Guy and Mr. Spring calmly standing in the foyer garbed in motor cycle gear and grinning mischievously. "But I... well..." a total loss for words - could this be true? Many dreamy-eyed children simply walked past them into the dining room with only the murmur of "Morning, sir". After two days of bouncing across Europe on Mr. Guy's Kawasaki 700 they looked shattered but happy.

On the last day of lessons the "kids" decided to do some surprising of their own and turned up for their last lesson with the boys dressed in all the girls' dresses and skirts and the girls in the boys' shorts. For the second time that week Miss Wilson and I were left speechless (well almost), no mean achievement!

The only rain we had was late afternoon of the last day giving us a final excuse to go for an exotic flavoured gelati. It also made our imminent return to England a bit easier to contemplate.

It had been a superb week and we all returned various shades of bronze, improved tennis players, nearly ready for Wimbledon.

Maggie Guy





ITALIAN SKI TRIP

I cannot think of a better way to round off a Christmas vacation than to spend a week ski-ing in the High Alps on fresh snow. This year a party of almost thirty flew from Gatwick airport to spend a most invigorating week in some of the best and most beautiful scenery in the world. The Mont Blanc range was our neighbouring backdrop, the four star Plainbel Hotel Apartments our resting place, and the Rutor Glacier ski runs our exercise area.

La Thuile is a small, very old mountain village on the borders of France and Italy that has been tastefully developed to take advantage of the superb ski-ing to be had. La Thuile itself is at 4,000 feet above sea level. A cable car takes you from the Hotel to about 7,000 feet where the mid-way restaurant and ski-school is. From here it is possible to ski one of many routes back to the village or take further lifts to the very top at just under 10,000 feet.

Our flight provided excellent aerial views of the alps and in what seemed no time at all we were in bed trying to quell the excitement of what was to come the next day on skis. Breakfast was left daily outside our apartment doors, so could be taken privately at leisure in the apartment dining area. We met our instructors at 9a.m. and had lessons till mid-day. With a wide variety of ages and ski experience in our party, this necessitated five different levels of instructions - from the real beginners (who had not even seen a real pair of skis before, let alone use them), to the experienced skiers like Stephen Peacock (who could ski black runs as gracefully as a swan and with the same ease as sliding down Oddies Field in a fertilizer bag)! Ski-ing right back to the hotel for lunch in our apartments proved

popular as aching limbs could be rested in comfort. We would put together ski-ing groups for the afternoon at this time and check on progress and injuries! Staff ski experience varied as you might imagine so it was easy for all to spend the afternoon showing off to each other what we had been taught that morning.

Evening meals were eaten together in a really quaint old restaurant 100 yds from the apartments. The inevitable Italian cuisine of pasta and spaghetti became routine as we planned the evening's activity. As if the day's activities weren't enough we had a Miss La Thuite evening (where the girls dressed up the boys as beauty queens, even the staff took part) an evening on ice-skates, a pizza night and a games night at the heated indoor swimming pool. It must be said that the Turkish Bath, sauna and Gelateria got good use by the Sibford contingent.

Avalanche! Yes, our last day was threatened by too much snow. Over one and a half metres fell in the night restricting our last day's ski-ing somewhat. For only the second time in its history the cable car was shut down! It was with some happy memories that we sat down together for our last supper - a giant pizza each.

Term was already underway by the time we returned to school and thanks must go again to those who kept the home fires burning, allowing us to experience an unforgettable week on skis in the Alps.

CHRIS GUY

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

In October 1985 we took our fifth year students to Aberystwyth in two groups to undertake an intensive field course. We stayed on the sea front at the Bay Hotel where we were looked after very well. I am sure that all students benefitted from the experience and seemed to enjoy it very much. Martha and James have both written accounts of how they saw their course.

B.H.

FIRST GROUP

Everyone was very excited when we left the school car park. Ahead of us we had five days of intensive Geography. The drive to Aberystwyth seemed short and we arrived at an hotel with quite a lot of time to spare before dinner. Our first task was to find our way round Aberystwyth, this proved easy compared to understanding the Welsh accent. We were all very grateful for a delicious meal after our journey, this meal turned out to be one of many good meals we had that week.

The second day was when the real work began, we left the hotel at 8am and were taken to examine rivers. Everybody managed not to get too wet, but we all got quite tired from walking. After lunch we went to look around a Hydro-electric power station, personally I found this rather uninteresting but the boys seemed to enjoy it. After this we were all dying to go back to the hotel, only to find that we had more work to do. We had to write down everything that we had done and seen that day, this proved to be a very lengthy and daily task. We were all glad to see our beds that night. The Welsh air had had a tiring effect on us.

The third day must have been the best of the five days. We got the chance to meet and find out what the people of Aberystwyth were really like. For about two hours that morning the people of Aberystwyth became our guinea pigs. We asked them all kinds of extraordinary questions. The afternoon was spent walking along the beach examining sand dunes. Back at the hotel we were told that we could do what we liked. Most of us took the opportunity to send postcards to our parents and collapsed with exhaustion in our cosy hotel rooms.

Day four was the most exhausting and satisfying day. We set off early because we had a great task in front of us, we were going to climb Cader Idris. Not only did we have to climb the mountain, we also had to examine all its glacial features. Susanne and I, being the only two girls, were determined to reach the top to prove we were as capable as the boys. In fact some of the boys did not reach the top and we did, this made us feel very proud. We all literally fell into bed that night, knowing the next day we had to return to school. Most of us were very sorry to leave the small hotel which had been our home for five days. We had all felt that the trip had been well worth while and it had been very enjoyable too.

For me, this trip appeared to be a time when work really could be mixed with pleasure.

MARTHA LEWTHWAITE, SUSANNE McDERMOTT

SECOND GROUP

Following a bleary-eyed breakfast our group of 8 packed into a minibus and tumbled out three hours later in Wales. So with a brave spirit, a clipboard and a pen we set out to explore this strange new land.

Our first stop was the Llwerriog lead and silver mine, which had been renovated for tourists in order to show how miners lived and worked in the heyday of mid-Wales' mineral mining a century ago. Shortly afterwards we were stomping over Porsons Bridge on the River Rheidol.

On the following day, having neglected to bring a coat, the blood froze in my body whilst the rest of the group, apart from laughing at the ice-clad me, conducted a study of the upper course of the River Rheidol, to measure the effects of river capture and rejuvenation. Downstream it warmed up and as I thawed out we looked at a Hydro-electric power station, which incidentally began generating whilst we were there. Torture to the eardrums! We also spent a few minutes at a nearby trout farm, where apparently the fish have mastered the use of a new-fangled gadget called a trout lift, which carries them up a waterfall. On our third day we went for a 'stroll' up Cader Idris, the second highest peak in Wales, to examine the effects of glaciation.

In the afternoon came our toughest task of all ... The Centre for Alternative Technology and the unparalleled torture of trying to keep a straight face whilst we examined an organic garden, a compost toilet, bio-gas, a wooden lathe and a wholefood shop. We were however given a very nice cup of tea, which, after Cader Idris, made our afternoon.

On our final working day we studied sand dunes, their shape, formation, and humans' impact on them at Ynyslas. Also on that day we went to Clarach Bay to examine coastal erosion, including rock cliffs, arches and whirlpools. Our final stop on this busy day was a typical Welsh upland farm.

In our precious little free time we generally stampeded to an amusement arcade, for a dosage of Alien Atrocities to retain our sanity.

On the fifth day we returned to Sibford tired yet satisfied after an enjoyable and informative week.

JAMES BINNS

WYE VALLEY Y.H.A. TRIP

November 1985.

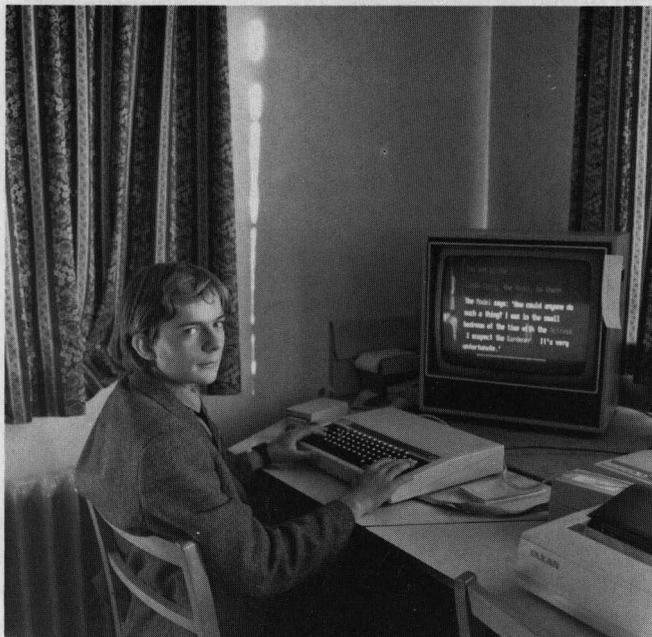
We packed our stuff in the minibus and after it failed to start we had to get out and push-start it. We were not able to take our Walkmans and we nearly forgot our Y.H.A. sleeping bags and the packed lunches. At first I thought the sleeping bags were sheets, but I was soon to learn otherwise! Eventually we managed to get there, when I had almost given up. Then the hard work started: we had to carry lots of stuff down a long lane which was snowy and muddy and then over an old railway bridge and along a muddy path.

Before we actually got there though we did an eight mile walk in the Malverns. On arrival we unpacked and sorted everything out and my sister Gillian, Norman Coxon and I volunteered to cook and help with the washing up. I blame Mr Cookson for the burnt sausages but he says otherwise! We still had plenty of oranges left for the next day and Miss Wilson thought that was great. After that Mr Cookson and Norman made the packed lunch for tomorrow and I went to bed. In the morning I was nearly strangled by my sleeping bag. I decided to sleep in, anyway it was a Sunday so my sister, Miss Wilson and Mr Cookson cooked the meal. After the meal we got all our stuff, cleaned the house and left for the minibus, which after another load of pushing got started and we went off to Goodrich Castle where we walked all the way back to the youth hostel. Next we went to a turning - it was an old abandoned railway tunnel which led a long way, then we walked about two miles through the country until we came to an open road which we walked down for three miles until we saw the castle appear above the mist. When we had visited the castle we had lunch, and drove home in the minibus.

ROBERT PERKINS



Computers in the Remedial Department



NOT JUST AN ORDINARY COMPUTER GAME

During the summer term the Remedial Department became divided between 'Friends of Crystal' and Grubble's Grabbers. Mrs Turburfield introduced us to an exciting computer game called "FLOWERS OF CRYSTAL".

Friends of who?

Grubble's what?

This game proved to be very popular because it involved problem solving, spelling work and inventing your own ideas. The evil Grubble law was to be overthrown by "Super Jim" (our Headmaster) ably supported by the Friends of Crystal. "Napoleon Grubble" (Mr. Foulds) headed the gang of Grubble Grabbers and sent extremely rude letters to the Chairman of Friends of Crystal alias Chris Fenemore. These letters made good reading on the display boards in the department. In fact, the walls of the whole department were covered in Crystal mania. Various competitions were held - Grubble's Gang v Friends of Crystal. The Bubble Gum Blowing contest was won by Michael Williams for the largest bubble blown. Mr. Spring judged the poetry competition and this was won by Joanna Rose for 'Napoleon, Creator of Fun.' Members of the first and second year constructed Flowers of Crystal board games, some which were very complicated and others which were effectively simple. The winner, John Stolwood, received a book token. Much of the topic work was typed using a word processor (with a built in spell-check programme) and a printer. Mrs. Turburfield set this up at the beginning of the autumn term and this has not only helped our spelling but has made essay writing much more fun. It has been said that the department looks like an arcade with computer wires everywhere but we feel it's a classroom with a difference.

by Chris Fenemore (Chairman, Friends of Crystal)

John Stolwood

Kevin Simms (Grubble Grabbers)

Miscellany

FRENCH EXCHANGES

With so many attractive group holidays beckoning these days, only the bold venture into that time-honoured institution, the foreign exchange. It takes courage to embark on two or three weeks "alone" in a foreign family abroad, having to cope with the language and the unfamiliar customs, in the home of people you've never met before.

A few Sibfordians were brave enough to take the plunge this year, and, like so many who have preceded them, found that the reality of the experience made all the fearful anticipation worthwhile. Jocasta Crofts summed it up: "When my mother and sister came to pick me up, I had become very attached and couldn't believe that Claire-Helene and I had been together for six weeks ... It had been really nice, and we are hoping I can go skiing with them next year, whilst the whole of their family may come over to us this summer..."

Anne Muir

COMBINED FRIENDS' SCHOOL CONCERT

A small but dedicated choir of Sibford students and adults met on Sunday evenings in the autumn and spring to tackle the notes of Brahms' German Requiem and Kodaly's Psalmus Hungericus, under the patient direction of Tony Rye.

On March 20th we took off to Ackworth School in Yorkshire for the exhilarating experience of the full rehearsals under the baton of Richard Ellis. Ackworth's hospitality and the sharing of work and leisure with the groups from the other Friends' schools made these a memorable few days, culminating in a rewarding performance in Leeds Town Hall on the Sunday evening.

FIFTH FORM BUFFET

It was a cool April morning, the only noise that could be heard was the distant clatter of pots and pans as our group of 12 set hard to work.

We wanted to thank Miss Holden for two wonderful years of hard work. We rummaged through Delia's and Mark's cook books and found various delicious recipes. Everyone had a dish to make. We started to make up a large food order for our buffet. Then a few mornings later we set to work making them. By 12:30 we had transformed room 14 into the Ritz. A large array of pizzas, quiches, jacket potatoes, vol-au-vents and a medley of salads, while for desserts fruit salad, cheesecake or chocolate mousse.

We all sat down and had a civilised meal for once! To drink we had a fruit punch on the rocks. Afterwards everyone was bursting at the seams. Only two people managed seconds, yes it was Sally and Lucia! Guess who had thirds? -Miss Holden! saying she had to try a bit of everything.

The thing that I liked was that everyone worked together as a team. It was a lovely atmosphere and a joyful occasion. We presented Miss Holden with a "THANKS MISS" cake and a card signed by all of the group.

I'd like to thank the group Sally, Lucia, Susanne, Lucy, Alex, Amanda, Steven, Ben, Robert G, Robert S and Dominić for putting up with me telling everyone what to do.

CARY PARSONS



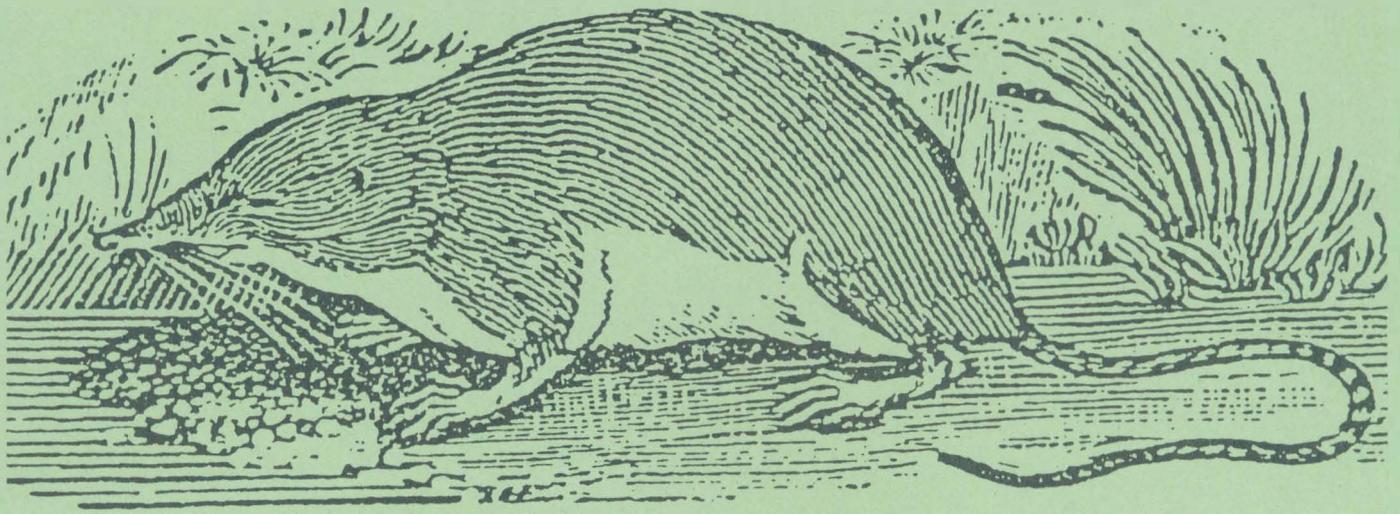
SUMMER IN A FOREST

It was a warm hot day in the forest where the animals lived. Everyone was busy, working or playing.

The mice were pulling some corn, some leaves and part of an old cabbage that they had found at the farm down by the river. The squirrels were playing in the trees. The older squirrels were collecting nuts and berries. The owl was snoring to himself in his tree. The woodpeckers were caring for their young. The foxes and badgers were arguing over goodness knows what, as usual. But all this peace was not going to last long for there was a crisis coming, in the shape of a drought. As the days got longer and hotter the drought started. The leaves turned brown, the grass dried, rivers disappeared and forest fires began. Trees and bushes burned down and food supplies diminished. The drought was so bad that the squirrels started to eat their carefully hoarded food supplies. Young birds died and young deer died as well. All the animals were getting thinner and thinner. Even the wise old owl started to lose his plumpness. His wise old eyes became bloodshot and his once handsome feathers became ragged and frayed. The drought became so bad that the owl called an emergency meeting. He sent messages to all the animals, big and small, telling them to come to the clearing.

The next day the clearing was packed full of animals, even insects and earthworms. The owl stood on a stump in the middle of the clearing looking around with his bloodshot eyes at everyone, he said "We have a disaster on our hands. Our forest has been burning and our food destroyed. Some of us are dying. But I must not bore you with all these things, for you already know them. What we must do is build a huge food store here in this clearing. We will have volunteers to give out the food. We will also have volunteers to find the food and to store it."

Everyone cheered and shouted and volunteered. The owl put out his wings and said "My friends, thank you for volunteering, but I do not need all of you to help. Now let me see, mmm, I would like three young, strong deer to carry things and three young strong bears to help them. Also some mice, racoons, skunks, chipmunks, squirrels and shrews to give the food to the bears and deers to carry. I would also like squirrels, foxes and badgers to put things into the clearing. I will ration everything. The food was put into the clearing and rationed. The stores were replenished by the workers every so often. They did this all through the drought and through Autumn and Winter. Soon all the animals were back to normal. The owl's plan had worked. The thinkers will always overcome.



SHREW

I trudged slowly along the shaded woodland path that formed the latter half of my evening walk. I was in a thoughtful mood and was walking with my head down when I noticed the twisted, rain-sodden form of a tiny shrew lying on the peak of a small pile of twigs. I stopped and standing over it I noticed that, although its bones were broken and its skin bruised blue, its eyes were closed as if it were just asleep and would wake up any moment to scurry away into the undergrowth. The dead animal's face was expressionless which added to the illusion. I prodded the body with my foot and the illusion was shattered as it rolled slowly down from its little pyre, exposing the putrifying sore down its spine. Disgusted, I crushed body and pyre with my shoe, and walked briskly on through the dusk to the comfort of my own hearth.

As soon as I got in I closed the door, prised my shoes off and positioned myself in a chair by the fire. Picking up a book that lay on the low, glass coffee table I began to read, but I could not concentrate on the text. I got up and put another log on the fire. I resumed my book but after a few minutes I gave it up and mounted the stairs to my bedroom. I slept uneasily, disturbed by the death of an unmourned shrew.

James Rooke

CHANCE ENCOUNTER

The dark, Victorian alley was overshadowed by an unknown cathedral's spire, on which you could see every carved head and statue, due to the artist's delicate penwork, which had been reproduced extremely well in this print. Unfortunately it had a metal frame which did not complement the print. Either side of it two large windows framed the monotone town against the brilliant summer sky. The cream wallpaper had a textured linen finish, with occasional brown specks. Two dull green waiting room seats were under the print and two more were against the right-hand side wall, between the two pairs of seats was a small mahogany coffee table with the usual pile of 'Town and Country' magazines.

He turned his head left to study the secretary. She was in her mid-thirties, younger than himself. Her chestnut hair hung on her head like wind-blown curtains, as her fingers played the standard office overture on the typewriter. The light oak desk was covered with other secretarial aids: intercom, telephone, dictating machine, note-pads and the usual mug of coffee. This was a well-defended frontier, where only the chosen ones could enter the inner office beyond.

When he had first entered the room the four other seats had been occupied by young businessmen, who were unenthusiastically pawing their way through the magazines. The advertisement had asked for people with previous job experience, aged between twenty-one and forty-five. The four others were in their late twenties, he guessed, and he aged thirty-nine, was lucky to be chosen for the interview.

The door to his right abruptly opened and a young man entered and sat down on the only spare seat, next to him. His short, fair hair was swept back at the sides, and his nose was long and thin, and he had high cheek-bones. He wore a charcoal-grey suit with light grey shirt and shoes and a long, thin, bright red tie.

"The sun's been bothering me all day today. It's too bright for a change," the young man blurted out to the older man next to him. He was in his late thirties, with prematurely greying hair. He had a grey, lightly checked suit and a dark green tie with an indistinct white crest on it. "Yes," croaked the grey-haired man, he gave a lengthy rasping cough and continued, "it does get into your eyes." He pondered the young man sitting next to him; he seemed young and lively, more likely to get the job than himself, as he was probably too old.

"Have you heard about the shuttle disaster?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "it was on the news yesterday." That did not really need an answer, he thought, I will ask him a more interesting question.

"What made you decide to apply for this job?"

"I'm not in the interview room yet!" the grey-haired man said, slightly annoyed.

"Mr. Goldsworthy, would you go through now," chirped the secretary, and one of the men in front of the windows hastily stood up and walked to the interview room door, slowing down with apprehension as he reached it.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound like that. I'm just interested," apologised the young man.

"It's all right, forgive me for my rudeness." He gave out a dry, uncomfortable cough. "It's my nerves, I think ... if you were the interviewer, I would have said that I thought my skills, and my experience, would have been a benefit to the company, but really that is not the complete story I was advised by my doctor to try to find a less strenuous desk job."

"Why was that?"

The grey-haired man gave another dry cough.

"Well, I've got trouble with my lungs. When I was younger I was a fairly heavy smoker, but I've given it up now." The young man felt uncomfortable, he was a smoker, but had never given a second thought before to the possible after-effects and damage.

Both men turned their heads as Mr. Goldsworthy reappeared at the door. His face, like a sunset, slowly turned red and he walked out with measured steps, nervously wiping his sweaty hands with his handkerchief with the speed of a twitching squirrel.

"Oh dear," said the young man quietly. "He didn't get on well."

"If we're going in alphabetical order I might be next. I hope I don't come out like that."

"Mr. Gunnstone, would you go through now," the secretary twittered again.

"You see, I was right!" the grey-haired man said with a smirk, as he pushed himself up awkwardly out of the chair and walked towards the door.

"Good luck!" said the young man quietly. He meant it. After all, he had his whole life before him.

Julian Cox

DARKNESS

All the lights were out and all the doors were shut. I was upstairs in my room settling down for sleep; I had decided not to watch the T.V. just in case any horrors came on, even though I could just as easily turn the T.V. off and go to bed, I knew I would not be able to resist that temptation.

I had soon gone to sleep when I was woken up by a terrific bang followed by soft creaking. At first I thought it must have been a nightmare but no, now I was wide awake and I could still hear it.

My heart began to beat faster and I could feel my face slowly breaking out in cold sweat. Inside my stomach it felt as if my guts were being jabbed by a blunt pencil. And then I could feel my hands sweating as if following on in chain reaction, one thing triggered off the next.

I could not bear to think what it could really be, my mind was blocking everything out. I did not want to know the truth, maybe the dog had knocked down the lamp or the cat knocked down a chair. But we did not have any pets.

I could feel my mind revolving round and round, my mouth was dry and I was shaking all over. I got out of the bed and made a move towards the door. I hesitated and then stopped. "OOOh, supposing it's it's supposing it didn't like me or had a dagger. Mummy, please come home, quickly."

All questions and no answers. I knew I could not stay in the bedroom for much longer. I gathered all my courage, took a deep breath, then flung the door open. In my mind I kept singing, 'Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf,' a song which when I was young, I always sang to give me courage when walking through dark corridors. Hopefully it would not fail me now.

Slowly I walked down the stairs, I wasn't frightened anymore. I just wanted to get it over and done with. When I reached the bottom of the stairs I made a quick grab for the light and gasped in horror when I saw

A pile of plates had been knocked down! I was beginning to try and solve the mystery of how it had been done when out of the side of my eye I saw a small movement. Quickly, I spun round in time to see a large, black dog disappear through the door, which I had obviously not locked, and fade away into the darkness.

Wendy Imonioro



THE BIRD

Colonel Downes squinted furiously into the mid-morning sun. With a few tugs, his cravat loosened and sagged inches from his neck. The Colonel could not be said to be in the best of moods. A surprisingly elegant bird, for Hillesden at any rate, fluttered down and perched on an elm tree. Downes could only muster contempt, as his striding boots kicked and scuffed at the cracked mud.

That morning, as was usual for a Tuesday, the Colonel had risen at 7.30, and following a modest breakfast set off at a slow pace down his regular track. The well-trodden route was smoothly negotiated, past Manning's corner, through Johnson's copse and up to the fork at Woodcut Grove. "Today would be different," mused Downes as he strode down the left pathway, having every day for the previous five years taken the right fork.

The path gradually widened and simultaneously began to take a steeper slope. Finding himself breathing hard Downes decided to heed his doctor's advice and slumped onto a conveniently placed bench. The weather was perfect today, there wasn't even a breeze and the sun shone brightly, just what you'd expect for a July morning. Downes' eye was caught by a fast-moving, hunch-backed figure on the bank below him. "The powerful corduroy-clad legs probably belonged to a farm labourer," thought Downes. How should he greet, if greet at all, this peasant? As the figure drew closer Downes decided to ignore him; the only way to really put them in their place.

"How do?"

The Colonel stared upward into a face of pink pigskin, dark, tangled hair protruding from beneath a checked cap. Reluctantly Downes squeezed a greeting, crisp and sharp.

"Good morning."

The pig-faced man, perhaps taking the formality of a greeting as an invitation, sat casually on the bench. The shocked Downes could not believe his eyes. Then his ears appeared to be fooling him as this brash gentleman began pontificating about the weather.

"Looks like rain."

A prickling sensation rose from the bottom of Downes back, lingered over his shoulder blades, then shot up his neck. Downes explained that there was not a cloud in the sky and that the forecasters had predicted at least four days of uninterrupted sunshine. Unperturbed at such eleventh hour opposition the thick-skinned individual contradicted Downes with an old wives' tale and recited a short rhyme involving rain and shepherds.

Downes shook his head, already tired of this unproductive and entirely futile conversation. A thought suddenly crossed his mind, "What if any of the locals saw him talking with a farm labourer?"

"Can I do anything for you?" he snapped in an effort to terminate their discussion. The man merely grinned and began discussing the year's harvest. Downes couldn't hear however, since he had crossed the thin red line between shock and anger.

"Just who do you think you are?" boomed Downes.

"I'm Lord Manning, don't you even know who I am?"

A crow cawed in the distance, as the colour drained from Downes' face and was replaced by a white mask. His jaw dropped far below its normal firm-set position. Downes stuttered, "Lord M-Manning?"

The face nodded agreement. Downes' heart skipped a beat and his blood froze. Manning began explaining with wide gesticulations how much of the surrounding land he owned, including the very bench on which they sat. Downes decided to assert himself.

"Perhaps you've heard of me, I'm Colonel Dunkworthy Forsyth Downes."

Manning shook his head and in that split second Downes' carefully nurtured beliefs of nobility were shattered. In a casual manner the Lord explained that he was trespassing. Downes saw red and in an inexplicable surge of wrath lurched to a standing position.

"Leaving so soon?" questioned Manning. With his heart beating double time, Downes stomped off down the valley, completely ignoring the path, preferring to take a treacherous route through the undergrowth. The noble eyes followed him as he disappeared amongst the birch trees.

Down in the well-trimmed front garden in Woodcut Grove, the surprisingly elegant bird shook its head and folded its wings as the silent rain began to fall.

James Binns

THE GALLERY

She strolled past the Chagal, her chestnut hair, so carefully curled that morning, floating cloud-like behind her. The silk of her Yves Saint Laurent skirt swished quietly, a contrast with the stiff, linen jacket she wore. Green eyes took in her surroundings - not the paintings in the chic New York gallery, but the rich and beautiful people around her. She knew none could match her dazzling beauty, but behind her voluptuous red smile her mind was cynical and narrow.

Lawrence Hartford was paying great attention to an early Renoir. He loved the gentle colours and masterly brushwork. Art was his life - not officially, for he was a clerk for a large advertising agency, but it was his only love. At five feet five he was fairly short, skinny as a rake, plain and bespectacled. He had been married once in his thirty-two years but she had left him for a travelling salesman from Kentucky.

Vivienne raked her elegant fingers through her chestnut hair and smoothed down her deep blue skirt. She idled in front of an ugly, grey metal sculpture, knowing all eyes were on her. She turned, dazzling her audience with a smile to see a small man paying not the slightest attention to her. She made her way over to the Renoir in front of which he was standing, rather as a panther stalks a small and unwary animal. "Beautiful, isn't it?" she asked, giving him the full benefit of her very expensive dental work. Lawrence stammered a quiet reply, still peering myopically at the picture through the thick lenses.

"I do so admire his brushwork, so much more delicate than the Chagal, don't you think?" she smiled again, encouraging him to talk. Lawrence felt colour flood his face as he took in the clear, flawless beauty of her face. He collected his thoughts and spoke, "Yes, I've always admired Renoir. Since I was a child in fact. His paintings are" he tried to find the word he was looking for, and looking once more into her green cat's eyes, said, "captivating". Vivienne was always good at drawing the most shy of people into conversation. They spoke of art, he lovingly, she cleverly, for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Vivienne, however, soon tired of art - she found it all quite boring actually - and moved on to the next stage of her 'game'.

"Tell me, you must have other interests besides Matisse, Van Gogh and Picasso!" she laughed, a pleasant, provocative sound. Again Lawrence felt the hot flush rise to his ears.

"Well, I do enjoy walking. Fresh air's so - well, refreshing I suppose," he replied. Vivienne thought he reminded her of a puppy she once had as a child. "You mean you actually found fresh air in New York? You simply must tell me where."

He smiled, now completely at ease, as he told her of the beauty and splendour of New York's many parks. "Even in winter," he said. "I'm sure you look beautiful against the snow." He looked at his feet, wondering if maybe that had been the wrong thing to say.

"Well, Lawrence, why don't you take me some time? I'd really love to see you again. Say tomorrow, outside Tiffany's - two o'clock alright?" Vivienne waited for his answer although she already knew what it would be 'yes'.

"Yes, er, that would be lovely. We could eat in the park if you like," Lawrence said, his face radiant and somehow handsome in his happiness. She nodded, kissed his cheek and walked away towards the exit.

Lawrence looked at the ugly, grey metal sculpture but somehow all the works of art in the world paled next to Vivienne. How could he wait a whole day to see her again? He smiled to himself - he was happy to have met someone who judged people on their personality, not looks and personality, not looks and position. He felt he was the luckiest man alive as he thought of the beautiful woman he would be meeting the very next day.

Outside the gallery Vivienne hailed a taxi. She was content, the game had gone well. To Vivienne all people were toys, their emotions the play-things of her world. She knew she would not see him tomorrow. Why should she when half the eligible, rich men of New York were at her beck and call? She giggled and her green eyes flashed as she thought of little, mousy Lawrence waiting outside Tiffany's for her - in vain.

Deirda Scannell

MOURNING

Wedding ring twisted over aging fingers.
Cold stone graves stand to attention
Towards the January sky.
Letters picked out in military gold
Tell her he was never old.
A careless step
Crushes the delicate snowdrop.
Mist rises from the lifeless ground
Depressed trees reach toward the sky
With twisted, grey fronds.

Robert Templeton

TWO OF US

Another day began; sweaty and odorous I planted my selves squarely on the synthetic surface which cringed beneath our weight. Muscles pulled me open, roundly I pointed in five directions, sighing as foul air dived through the crooks and crannies. On slid second skins, hugging warmth to me. Comfortable, content, we relaxed. Then thick and smothering, tugged over my wriggling bodies, darkness wrapped itself as a claustrophobic cape; suffocating silence surrounded me. Still hell chokes, strong and resisting, heavy shells fold around, and rub. Trouble twinged, an unattended warning; we were in motion.

Ordered, obeyed, unthinking work began, the rise and fall, all fast, heavy, springy. A routine rhythm set in determinedly; up, down, push, up, down, push. In frenzied bursts energy fanatically budded to life, an atom of power swept away, charging us frantically.

My troubles began; forming soft, unwanted, complaining bubbles. Tears of pain filled, squashed and manipulated, but obstinately they reshaped.

With every order we slammed, our partners dropping, hurling us down to meet vibrations, hard, harder still. Aching, complaining, screaming, wailing, angry, despairing; and still up, down, push, rise and fall, all slow and heavy, painful with rift and rub upon us. Within these movements doubts slid and slotted. Our supreme's desperate pleading, "GO ON." So hugging agony and discomfort we stumbled squarely on.

A message passed on from limb to limb shot ecstatically down, relief creeps, tired and worn, our job is concluded. One by one we stop. No force pressing down.

Without struggle and strife, quickly, slickly, relished to the last, our prisons slide off. Blinding fresh, set free to move, we grasp cool calmness. Bathed in soft nothing, soaked with bliss.

Jocasta Crofts

EMBARRASSMENT

This may not look very embarrassing. Well it was very embarrassing for me. I was four years old. We were doing the play of the Giant Turnip. I know it does not sound dramatic, but it was.

THE GIANT TURNIP

It all started with me being the mouse. The class all voted for me. I mean, ME BEING A MOUSE.

I said, "no way!"; for I was very shy then. The teacher said, "Go on, Martin." I had no choice. The class said, "Yes he will!" They sounded like a flock of sheep, "Yes miss, yes miss." I was almost sick about it. Just because I was the smallest boy in the class.

THE BIG DAY

It was the day of the play. I had to dress in white stockings with cardboard ears and a tail stuffed with newspapers. It was so ridiculous, all the class laughed. Lisa Total laughed so much she fell off the table and the class laughed even more. I had no choice. I had to go on stage.

This was the most embarrassing thing of all. I was dreading this. I had to say, "I am a mouse and I live in a hole!" And then I had to pull this stupid paper bag that was meant to look like a turnip. Everybody laughed at me on stage. Because I was only four at the time, I ran straight to Mom and cried my eyes out. The next day she explained that they all laughed because I was so funny and good.

I will never forget that time.

Martin Gough

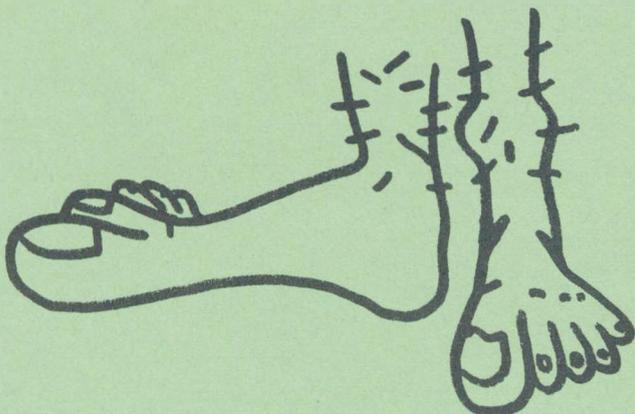
TRUTH BETWEEN LIES

We witness the cruel dissecting of the soul,
Thinking and accepting, 'It has a goal.'

War is the antagonist,
Not you and I in the least.
The fighting is the death of all,
Not as told the saviour.
Spare all the lurid details,
For it will make the body frail.

Thinking is believing,
Seeing is revealing.
As nations pull from the strong grasp
Of civilisation, it takes all with it.
Being proved by the famous battle cry,
'One for all, and all for one.'
This, as I have seen,
Has truth in abundance.

Wendy Imonioro





IN THE MIDDLE

The armoured personnel carrier left the 'County Armagh' barracks full of armed soldiers clutching their rifles as if they were a member of the family; fingers and hands moved nervously as the thought of death hung in the stuffy atmosphere.

The sound of the vehicle's thick, robust tyres echoed around the rows of red-bricked, terraced houses, disturbing flocks of jays from their chimney-top homes; curious people peered from behind curtains, covering and hiding in the warmth and safety of their homes.

The vehicle stopped in an area of open wasteland, scattered with demolished buildings and pieces of twisted metal above the ground, surrounded by old washing-machines, wrecked kitchen units and television sets.

The thick, bullet-proof door opened, and from inside the sound of rifles being cocked could be heard, piercing the cold, crisp, misty air. The order was given by the platoon commander and one by one the soldiers leapt out and took cover behind rubble surrounding the armoured vehicle. It then creaked away, leaving the soldiers to do their job alone in the threatening stillness.

Mark Spandler



A CHURCHYARD BY NIGHT

The shadows watch from their hiding places posed for nighttime to come, scampering from the light to lurk in the darkest corner. For in this their game arena, they play with your deepest imagination, twisting it for their evil aims. Few brave souls dare to venture here to play.

The lichen-covered graves watch, awaiting their chance to trip you up or make you run, nervous and scared. Their letters obscured by the darkness, but they can read you and your fears like an open book.

The daytime railings which keep you out, now hold you prisoner within their iron web. The bars playing games with the headlamps of the passing cars, creating arrows of light which dive and climb in a midnight waltz. The gate so proud and tall is nowhere to be seen.

The howling wind blows and buffets the ancient oak, rain scattering into sucking pools of brown mud, an evil wet menace. Beneath the oak, the privileged tombs stand happy and dry, free from the relentless torment of the elements, pleased at such fortune.

The church stands forlorn, its stained glass windows blinded by the darkness, staring listlessly into the night, seeing nothing, but feeling the drum of the torrential rain.

Oh how the tombs look forward to the comfort of day, that time when the eternal shadows may rest from their nightmare dance.

James Binns

LAST LESSON OF THE WEEK

It's Rural Studies in the Manor garden. The Fourth year are digging out their vegetable plots. The trees whistle in the autumn wind and a blackbird sings its song as the sun sinks slowly towards the horizon. The chiming of the distant church bell breaks the silence and the last birds take roost. The grass is green and squelches beneath your feet. As the afternoon ends it gets duller and darker around you. The sky is a dull, grey colour and the moon appears between the clouds. Winter is on its way.

ROBERT GLENWRIGHT

TOM. (THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD.)

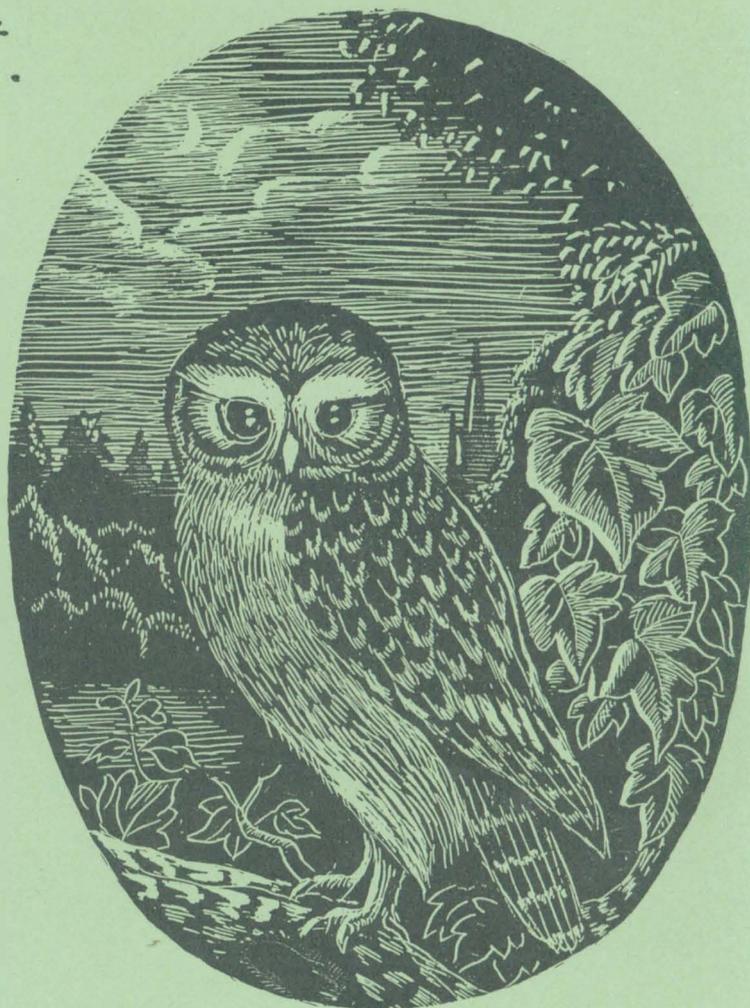
When I was five years old I knew a man called Tom. He was quite an old man. He was our gardener. He did the garden up a treat and I helped him.

We used to do the mowing together. Our mower vibrated so much that I could not hold on to it for long. Tom used to grow vegetables in our garden. I thought that the best thing he grew was rhubarb. I adored it. When I went to his house I always looked forward to it because he had a whole box full of different varieties of chocolate. I normally had a Mars bar because when I was five that was my favourite kind of chocolate.

Sadly, on his way back from shopping one day, Tom had a heart attack and died on the door-step of his and his wife's house.

I will never forget him for as long as I live, even now his rhubarb remains to grow in the Summer.

Joe Mawle





Friends of Sibford School

Report on 'FOSS' YEAR 1985/86

Taking up from the point at which last year's 'FOSS' report ended, we begin with activities which took place during the Autumn of 1985. The new Committee, as elected at the AGM on 1.6.85 and comprising Maureen Rivers (Chairperson), Mary Cooper (Secretary), Sandy Todd (Treasurer), Jim Graham, Maureen Graham, Frank Rollett, Mike Finch, Janette Skeath, Margaret Last, Erica Sides, Pauline Stanton, Maurice Humphris, Ann Bond and Joan Broady, first met on Friday 27th September 1985 when the main topic was the disbursement of gifts to the school. Over £700.00 was donated, divided between the new art department (£100.00), the sailing club (£75.00), the remedial maths department (£50.00) the history department (£50.00), the english department (£80.00), the P.E. department (£55.00), the headmaster's exeat outing fund (£150.00), the weaving department (£125.00) and the geography department (£97.50).

Arrangements were also made for our participation during Parents' Weekend on November 23rd: the serving of refreshments, cake stall, book and computer software stall and membership table. It was agreed that in future 'FOSS' would produce its own newsletter; previously newsletters had been written by Jim Graham, and in writing it ourselves, it alleviated his problem of simultaneously "wearing two hats" - that of headmaster and 'FOSS' committee member. All 'FOSS' members and all current parents were subsequently sent a copy of the Autumn newsletter thus produced which the school had still kindly agreed to duplicate.

The Committee next met on 24th January, 1986 when all three officers explained that they would be unable to continue their position and a sub-committee was formed to discuss replacements that could be put forward at the AGM in May, 1986.

It was also arranged that 'FOSS' would participate as usual on Parents' Day in March, an innovation on this occasion being an evening beforehand when teaching staff could have a private viewing of the book stall as they had previously found that parents' days were too crowded with interviews to be able to take advantage of the many book bargains. However, as this particular evening was in fact only supported by the same staff who always do manage to make use of the bookstall, it is unlikely that the facility will be repeated.

'FOSS' was again represented during the Spring Term at a management meeting of the magazine committee when the format for the 1986 edition of the magazine was laid down and agreed, 'FOSS' again taking a three-page section.

The Committee next met on April 18th and discussed arrangements for the AGM and for the Open Day to be held on June 21st. Three social functions were also arranged at which the 'FOSS' Committee could meet house staff and parents.

An overview:

'FOSS' participated on every occasion during which the school was open to parents during the 1984/85 academic year and introduced some new activities; but certain other suggestions that had been discussed in Committee never materialised, and contact with other members was minimal for those who are not staff, current parents or old scholars. We were able to donate considerable sums to the school but in conclusion there was much more that should be done if 'FOSS' in the future was to fully realise the objects of the association.

The culmination of the 'FOSS' year was the AGM on May 2nd, 1986 when we said goodbye to our Chairperson (Mo Rivers), Secretary (Mary Cooper) and Treasurer (Sandy Todd), all of whom had done sterling service for the organisation and for which we know the school was most grateful.

A new Committee was elected comprising Ann Bond (Chairman), Janette Skeath (Secretary), Richard Tustian (Treasurer), Joan Broady, Jim Graham, Maureen Graham, Maurice Humphris, Mike Finch, Frank Rollett, Pauline Stanton, Erika Sides, Sylvia Chester, Charmaine Tuthill, Jacqueline Walsh and David Stewart.



The new
'FOSS'
Chairman:
Mrs. Ann Bond

Those readers who have not yet met our new Chairman may appreciate a potted biography. Ann Bond was introduced to Sibford in 1958 when she married her husband Raymond (a Sibford Old Scholar whose family connections with the school go back for more than 100 years.) They have lived in Whichford since 1978 and have a daughter, Caroline, currently at the school (fifth year) and two grown-up sons (ex-Leighton Park). Ann worked as a primary school teacher in London and Surrey and is also currently Chairman of 'Whichford School Friends' (an action group negotiating to re-open their village school as the first direct grant primary school). With her husband she is involved in running a publishing company specialising in educational magazines. She describes herself as one who, all her life, has tilted at the seemingly impossible, a rebel spirit who is frustrated by inaction, and who expects from others the same personal commitment to initiative and progress.

Sadly, one of our first tasks was to say "au revoir" to committee member, Frank Rollett, whose ill health had made resignation necessary. We shall miss him, in committee and at Parents' Days, so cheerfully enrolling new members.



Saying "au revoir"
to Frank Rollett
who has supported
'FOSS' and 'SOSA'
for so many years

Evolution

On being asked to serve as a 'FOSS' committee member, one is presented with a typed three page document entitled 'Constitution'. Enough wordage to dissuade one from service and, writes our Chairman, "my copy had not been looked at since joining the committee in June 1983, until recently when mentally deliberating new ways in which 'FOSS' could actively help the school under my Chairmanship - fresh ideas are always welcome in any organisation and 1986 seemed to be an ideal year in which to improve and develop our support. Why 1986? It has been designated 'Industry Year' during which "education" and "industry" (in its widest sense) have been encouraged to become more actively involved - perhaps just the incentive needed to widen the scope of the school and of 'FOSS'. It was therefore with considerable interest that I re-read the following 'Objects' in the 'FOSS' constitution, reprinted here for the information of those members who maybe are not aware of the scope of our commitment":

"The objects of the Society shall be to advance the education of Sibford School and in particular - a) to unite all friends of the School, in particular past and present parents of children at the School, pupils, old scholars, members of staff and the School Committee, into a body to foster continued interest and support for Sibford School.

b) To provide or assist in the provision of funds for new buildings at the School and improvement of existing buildings.

c) To provide bursaries and scholarships for boys and girls entering, studying at or leaving the school.

d) To provide additions or improvements to the equipment and amenities of the school."

It seemed apparent to your new Chairman that these objects were being only partially fulfilled and it is intended that in future 'FOSS' will more truly represent its original objectives.

Changing directions:

The first Committee meeting under the new Chairmanship was held on 9th May, 1986 - a lengthy session with the aim of providing activities that would take the school by storm. That we appear perhaps to have done no more than ruffle the surface is attributable to the vast task lying before us. Talking in committee will not of itself achieve anything, and Ann Bond has taken "Communication" as her first year's theme, for she sees this as the greatest single factor which is required to link Sibford both inside and to the outside world.

The first action of this new Committee was to seize on Open Day as providing an ideal opportunity to actively publicise Sibford. We wrote to thirty primary and prep school heads within a half hour radius, suggesting that they might find our bookstall helpful. Five schools took advantage of this and expressed a great interest in the school, asking to be kept informed of future activities. The Committee also explored other ways through which a new direction for 'FOSS' could be expressed, much of which has been detailed already in a lengthy newsletter.

Mailing the newsletter was no small task; it took a week of evenings to collate and staple, to check addresses and insert into envelopes. Marvellous help from the Committee of course, but the brunt of the work was undertaken by the Headmaster and his wife and your Chairman and over 1000 newsletters were mailed under a free GPO postage mailing scheme.

We next met on September 26th, 1986 when it was agreed that there would in future be so much "business" to discuss and put into action that two meetings per term would be essential. Our annual gifts to the school formed a major topic. We are of course actively fundraising to repay the loan with which we financed "the computer".

The significance of this item of equipment may not even yet have been fully understood by all who read this magazine. Every word has been "typeset" by Kay Goodband and pupils from the business studies department, saving hours of expensive professional time (and thus cost) - and the pupils have learned a valuable skill much sought after by employers. We have even managed to persuade Kay that she would like to be a staff representative on the 'FOSS' committee! Welcome, Kay, and well-done. Our other gifts were divided between the history department, modern languages, leisure activities for younger pupils, sanatorium, rural studies, home economics, remedial department, library and "estate" - a total of £749.00.



Carey Parsons (V1th form) and Kay Goodband keyboarding the Sibford magazine on the new computer in the Business Studies department: the first major project to be funded by The Friends of Sibford School

All these gifts are of course financed by members' donations and subscriptions and the following letters of appreciation will be most welcome to those who have contributed. The first, from Wendy Holden (head of home economics department) and the second, from Karen Turberfield:

"Dear Chairman,

I would like to express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the kind donation towards the cost of purchasing crockery and cutlery made by the Friends of Sibford School.

The money will soon be put to good use as I am in the process of acquiring quotes for twelve-piece dinner services. Perhaps the Home Economics Department will be able to entertain the FOSS Committee members to a meal at some later date!

Please pass on my gratitude.

Yours sincerely,

*Wendy Holden
Head of Home Economics Department"*

We are all now eagerly awaiting your invitation, Wendy.

"Dear Ann Bond,

I was delighted to receive your letter informing me that FOSS have given me money to buy "bean bags and tapes" for the Dyslexic children in the Remedial Department.

Members of the committee will be most welcome to visit us and see the kind of work in progress and obviously I shall keep you informed of how the money has been spent.

Thank you for your generosity - I know the children will also be delighted with the new equipment.

Yours sincerely,

Karen Turberfield."

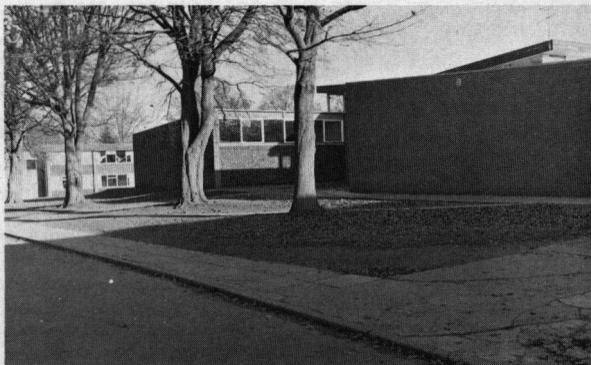


Janette Skeath has plans to develop the school library into a resource area (see below)

Two of our other gifts deserve some comment for they both concern just the kind of support that 'FOSS' is so keen to provide as they will benefit ALL pupils. Janette Skeath, for instance, is developing the library into a really exciting resource area. She writes: "I want the library to be known as a place for quiet study, where it is warm and comfortable, and geared to promote conscientiousness. I intend to make the Library available during and after prep for the senior pupils who would prefer to work in less cramped conditions with fewer distractions.

Integral with GCSE is assessed course work and project work. I would like to change the Library Office into a working room where project material can be researched and compiled. Storage space would be available for ongoing projects and either Mrs Turner or I would be on hand to assist the specialist staff when they needed it."

Providing an intellectual stimulus is essential, but equally important for children's development are the surroundings in which they spend their time. Pupils walking through the manor courtyard may not notice the weeds, nettles and dead container shrubs but visitors certainly will and do! 'FOSS' has organised a working party (including pupils) to make this much used area more beautiful and we are also partially funding improvements outside the science block. This expanse of worn grass, dusty when the sun is shining and just mud when wet, is not really the best sight to which visitors arriving by car are first introduced; we intend to have it converted to a paved area - and Mike Finch has ideas for tubs and flowers to brighten the whole surroundings. Mike also has marvellous plans for two other neglected areas of the school grounds that are much used by pupils. We are into big money though, but maybe next year, when we have paid off the computer?



We are of course extremely grateful to those who have directly responded to our appeal for additional funds: thank you particularly to Mrs Baker (Somerset), Mr Hughes (Bristol), Mrs Stevens (Reading), Mr Cunningham (Peterborough) and Mr & Mrs Kohler (Dorking). Your action is so very much appreciated for it is dis-spiriting to seek co-operation and meet with the all too frequent lassitude, inaction and apathy that one meets in almost any organisation, any time, any place.

Equally encouraging therefore to have received some really touching letters and comments from individual staff, old scholars, friends and parents who really seem to appreciate what 'FOSS' is now trying to do for Sibford.

It has also been a joy to involve pupils, from following the sponsored walk (even part walking to encourage those last few painful miles), running the bookstall, welcoming an interested few to 'Eastern Promise', organising a theatre party with more planned, and offering a refuge when "home" is far away.

'FOSS' is of course also now providing an opportunity for all parents to be constructively involved in school activities, the first occasion of which was an educational evening at the end of September when 100 parents listened to a most interesting dissertation on the new GCSE, ably presented by Jim Graham, Anne Chalmers, Brian Holiday and Chris Cox.

'Eastern Promise' came and went and those who were tempted now own some truly beautiful and luxurious pieces on which to feast the eye. The Thantrey family did us proud; where else - without travelling to Kashmir - could one actually watch a jewel of a carpet being woven before ones very eyes, even hand-knotting one's own "knot"; the outcome of the evening including a most generous donation from Mr. and Mrs. Thantrey, was £300.00 towards "the fund" and many more educational and social functions are already in preparation to swell our funds.



Our weaver from Kashmir makes hand-knotting look so easy. This rug incorporates the signatures of twenty celebrities and is being woven to raise funds for the 'Save the Children Fund'

Your commitment:

One can enthuse, cajole, communicate, talk, discuss and yet without individual, personal commitment achieveNOTHING. The 'Friends of Sibford School' exist to support Sibford, to seek new directions, new initiatives, new possibilities. 'FOSS' questions without wishing to hurt, supports those who might otherwise fail, but above all looks for that vision of education that will touch with love and understanding all who enter the school, whether as pupil, parent, teacher or friend. Are you actively involved? membership may comprise "all friends of the School and, in particular, past or present parents, pupils, members of staff and the School Committee." We need your support.

A larger 'FOSS' membership would obviously therefore help us to more speedily realise the objects listed earlier on these pages and thus to provide greater support for the school. We therefore unashamedly ask all who are eligible for 'FOSS' membership (see previous paragraph) but who are not yet a member to JOIN US NOW. We can be contacted via the school and will be delighted to welcome you.

BUSINESS STUDIES

Life has changed dramatically for us typists. We have moved into a new room and we have - at last - moved into the world of computers and word processing. The latter move has been made possible only due to the generosity of Friends of Sibford, who have donated to us a business computer, capable of spreadsheets etc., a VDU and a printer of high quality. This opens up many possible uses - apart from being a necessity for anyone contemplating a future in an office, there are schemes a-hatching to use the word processing function to help some of the children who have handwriting difficulties. Acquiring this skill in the 1st - 2nd years will be invaluable when they are older and have a heavier workload.

Some of the pupils have actually helped put on disc articles for the magazine, a production which last year almost had me tearing my hair out. This year the computer has made the task a joy (well - compared with the dramas of last year I may be allowed a little poetic licence).

Friends of Sibford are embarking on fund-raising schemes and all offers of help would be warmly received. Please contact Ann Bond, (Chairman), or Janette Skeath, (Secretary), c/o Sibford School.

Kay Goodband

PROJECT RESPOND

On Tuesday 6th May 1986, Tim Stevens and Onie Frazer went with Mike Finch to the Heythrop Park Staff Training College to collect an award, presented to us by Ian Brough, the Oxford Area Director for Project Respond.

This is a National Westminster Bank Award Scheme offering bursaries to assist schools in projects which help the community. The Social Services Committee submitted three projects this year: the camp for deprived children, the visiting of old people and the Cherington Home for the Disabled visit to Sibford. We were awarded £70 for all three projects and incidentally, the school has won this award for the past nine years consecutively.

An award was not all we collected that day however. We also had a buffet meal with coffee and eclairs to follow. Personally, if collecting awards always includes such hospitality, I'd love to do it more often!

ONIE FRAZER



Onie Frazer & Tim Stevens receiving the cheque for £75

WRITERS IN CONCERT

On the 25th April the Sixth Form drama group were taken by Mr. Bateman to an "Arts Evening" at the Spiceball Centre in Banbury. It was not a formal evening as we were sitting in groups of four, at tables set out in a little, cosy room. There was a space at the front of the room where, also seated, were the artists, with drinks in hand. There were eight of them: Arthur Brown, Colin Edwards, Sue Ede, Marjorie Plamenatz, Dennis Freeman, Christine Boothroyd, David Foulds and Michael Spring. The last two are teachers at Sibford.

The evening commenced with a Romanza Duo of Swedish dances, played by Arthur Brown on guitar and David Foulds on his well known violin.

Michael Spring followed this up with two of his own poems and an extract from the hilarious "Wilkins Chronicle" which was a story about a typical Sibfordian Student whom Mr. Spring unfortunately mistook for a hedgehog on first meeting. However this was only the beginning of their acquaintance which was full of humorous episodes.

We then got something completely different from Colin Edwards, a folk singer. We were all invited to join in but only the older ones amongst us seemed to know all the words. We all enjoyed his singing so much that we were pleased to hear him sing again later on, and this time we all, young and old, joined in.

Sue Ede came up with an interesting selection of poems, one of which was entitled "Pregnant Women", and it wasn't exactly what we expected as it contained some very graphic imagery.

Have you ever walked down a High Street and seen a really frail old lady looking as if the next gust of wind was going to blow her straight into the path of an oncoming lorry? Well, we met one that evening, but Marjorie Plamenatz was no frail old lady inside. She was the most open-minded lady over the age of 21 we'd ever met.

The story entitled "Exit" was both very entertaining and extremely unexpected. It concerned a young woman who was jealous of her lover's attentions, and decided to fake her suicide to draw attention to herself, but each attempt was thwarted.

Having spent the past ten minutes falling about laughing, we were given the opportunity of regaining our composure while listening to "A Little Light Music" from Arthur and Colin. This was followed by an interval during which we bought food and drinks.

After the interval, David and Arthur played another two pieces of "Salon Music" and then Christine Boothroyd read four of her own poems which were impressionistic, descriptive pictures of places she had seen.

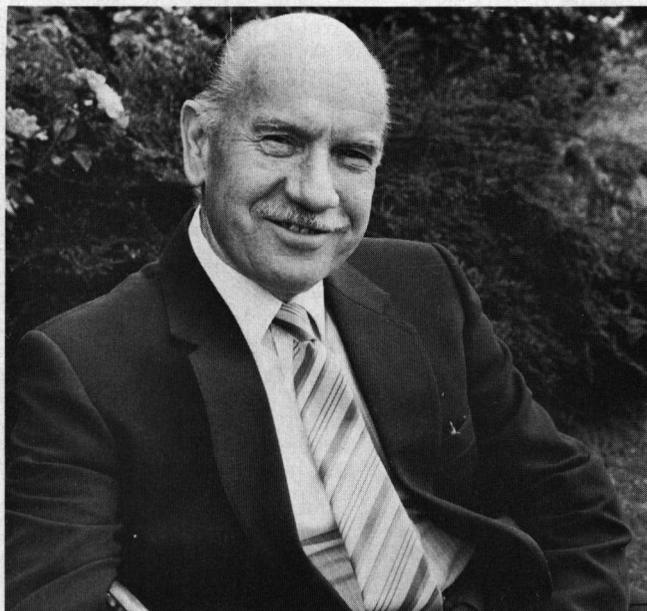
David Foulds then went on to read a story about a dog called "Mugsy" which was written by the late Kenneth Bryce (who was a founder member of the "Writers in Concert"). It was an amusing tale about a peculiar dog who got up to all kinds of antics until he was eventually squashed by a steam-roller!

Dennis Freeman then read a short story about his wartime experiences in a place in Italy called Bari. David Foulds finished off the evening with "The Emperor's Garden", a beautiful poem that was set to Japanese music played by Arthur.

It was a pleasant, relaxed evening, with a variety of entertainment which we all enjoyed enormously.

SARAH MALCOLM & ONIE FRAZER

Farewell



Ken Francis

Ken and I met for the first time in January 1960 when we joined a group of candidates for the two posts of housemaster of the new boys' houses. Snow was banked high up Swalcliffe Cut as we came to the school for the final interviews. Block A, later Penn Boys' House, had been built up to the ground floor windows; Block B, later Nansen Boys', had only the foundations dug out - these had filled with snow and all building work had been abandoned because of the weather.

Driving back to Banbury station after we had been appointed, we had our first experience of working together: we had to get out and push a car up the gentle but slippery slope out of Lower Tadmarton! That marked the beginning of a great partnership in the establishment of the boys' houses. Our appointment was for one year on probation, to be followed, if one survived that year, by another fourteen years as housemaster. For Ken to resign a senior post in a local authority school, sell his house in Croydon and move his young family to Sibford with a guarantee of only one year of work, there was an act of great faith.

Ken and Elizabeth had both been boarders at Saffron Walden so they had some experience of a Friends' School, but all our teaching had been in day schools. It seemed that the School Committee had wished to appoint people who had not taught in boarding schools so that we would find our own solutions to problems rather than import ideas from elsewhere. We met and discussed frequently, and it was remarkable how often we produced almost identical ideas as the pattern of the house life evolved.

On his arrival Ken took over the teaching of R.E. throughout the school and soon he was also playing an increasing part in Sibford Friends' Meeting. After a while he switched his classroom interest to teaching History from First Form to A level, but he continued to guide the religious life of the school right up until his retirement. Among his many other activities were coaching cricket, swimming and diving, and of course, stamp collecting. The inter-house Eisteddfod, which has been very popular for many years, was another of his brain-waves.

His quietly confident approach to problems provided a calming influence in many situations, both about the school generally and in staff discussions. One incident where this did not work quite as intended will long be remembered: two senior boys were having a real punch-up and Ken thought that he would put a stop to it by simply walking between the contestants - only to receive a hefty blow on the nose which promptly gushed blood. The fight ceased immediately so the objective was achieved ...

When John Gilchrist retired, Ken was appointed Senior Master, later designated Second Deputy Head. This meant giving up his boarding house and moving to Hill Field, and in theory he had a lighter teaching load, which by this time included some money management classes as well as History and R.E. The new responsibilities afforded scope for leadership on a larger canvas than the house and Ken rose to the challenge, giving great support to two headmasters and their deputies. Only now that he has retired do people appreciate just how much he did and how much Sibford owes to his twenty-six years of service. We all wish him and Elizabeth a long, happy and healthy retirement.

Alan Jarvis

KEN FRANCIS

I have had many talented and admirable colleagues in my thirty years of teaching but there is none for whom I have more respect than Ken, and probably none to whom I have a bigger debt. One can think of his humour, his unflappable acceptance of disasters which seem horrendous until he has told us what happened last time this occurred, his quiet shouldering of the unwanted chore that someone has to do, the unfussed maintenance of the school's routine, the skilful resolution of colleagues' problems and frustrations. The list could extend a long way, but I think there is an underlying quality from which all these much loved characteristics emerge. Words like charity and integrity slip too easily off the tongue or pen but they are right for Ken. Listen to him criticising a student or colleague, not that he often does it. You hear a thoughtful stance being taken about whatever is at issue, but it is done wholly without devaluing the person criticised. That is practical Quakerism at its best (not that Quakers have any monopoly of such virtue, but in Ken's case it comes from his Quakerism).

I can just imagine Ken replying to this, "Just supposing all this is true, which I don't for one moment accept, aren't there many others of whom you could say the same with much more justification?" I do not think there are, but what is quite certain is that there is no-one else who has so successfully combined those qualities with such a uniquely clear-sighted understanding of the needs of Sibford. I hope someone else will write about his earlier career; I have only seen the full flowering of the last six years, but during that time he has led the school in a way I could never hope to emulate. The great difficulty about running a school where you do not over-pressurise is that it is too easy to slip into a mushy mediocrity. Ken knows when to push and when to leave alone. Working with him has been what I imagine to be the experience of a ship's captain when a skilled local pilot comes on board and guides his ship through difficult channels. Articles such as these usually start with the biographical details. I have left them to the end; I am far more interested in the man and his qualities. However the bare facts are that he became aware of his future wife, Elisabeth, at Saffron Walden where he was a pupil from 1936 - 1940. After working as a conscientious objector and then with the Friends Relief Service until 1949, he took his teaching certificate at Westminster College, taught for eight years in Croydon, and then moved here in 1960 as Housemaster of Penn House. He became Senior Master in 1976 and Deputy Head in 1980.

It may not look a dramatic career. Those of us who have worked with him and been taught by him (whatever our age) know just how distinguished it has been. We salute Ken and Elisabeth with love and gratitude and wish them a long and happy retirement.

JUNE, 1986 JIM GRAHAM

K.T.F.

The one outstanding thing about Ken is his conscientiousness; his quiet imperturbable sense of fairness to everyone - staff and pupils alike; his knowledge and understanding of every aspect of school life, and his avuncular readiness to help and advise anyone in any sort of difficulty. Of course, I realise this must be the first comment one would receive from anyone you ask, and I'm sure others will describe such qualities with much greater eloquence than I. It must be said that such characteristics stem from his deep sense of spiritual values, which found practical expression during the war in his work for the Quaker service of peace and reconciliation - work which fitted him so well for leading a School party to Poland some years ago.

As you know, Ken was (with Alan Jarvis) one of the two Friend Housemasters chosen in 1960 to open the first boarding houses Penn and Nansen, during the first stage of expansion and reconstruction which was initiated by Hugh Maw four years earlier. This he fulfilled most successfully until becoming the senior master on the retirement of John Gilchrist.

Everyone must know of his love of stamp collecting, gardening and long lone walks round the countryside for recreation. Nor can anyone who saw it, forget his amazing dramatic ability - particularly in his star role as Gilbert & Sullivan's "Modern Major General". The village too, have much to remember him by, as a most efficient chairman of the Parish Council - a role in which he did much to maintain the essential link between School and Village.

JIM SHIELDS

Retrospectives

Last year's student teachers look back at their times at Sibford.

I've learned a great deal from my year "upstairs" - not just about teaching techniques and work schemes but about individual children; children with very special problems, children with very different personalities, children I shall miss very much.

When I arrived in Sibford Ferris last September I wasn't quite sure what to expect. I had never worked in a boarding school before, nor had I worked with secondary aged children. Now, looking back over the year I feel a real sense of satisfaction. There is a special atmosphere in the remedial department, and I am glad to have had the opportunity to be a part of it.

As I move on to yet another new experience - teaching mentally handicapped children in a special school - I just want to thank David Foulds and Karen Turburfield for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

BARBARA COPLAND

Although I had been dancing since the tender age of 2 1/2 years and had experience of teaching in a dance school, I nevertheless felt a fair degree of unease at taking my first class at Sibford. This can partly be explained by my rapid and rather unexpected appointment having been offered the job whilst visiting on other business.

As the first term progressed I began to feel more at ease under the strains imposed by teaching dance as a timetabled lesson for all ages. Once I had acclimatised and set up mixed clubs for both seniors and juniors I began to really enjoy myself.

My degree in Modern Languages meant I could extend my contact with the children into the classroom, by taking small French conversation groups during my free periods.

As my year at Sibford draws to a close I can look back and feel quietly confident that I have given to the school almost as much as I have gained in experience and self-confidence.

DEBORAH SWALLOW

I did not realise until my time at Sibford, how quickly a year could pass. Many of the plans I had made have not progressed any further than an initial idea.

I had planned that the year would be spent developing my own paper designs and drawings into finished woven pieces. This would have been a development and drawing together of ideas I had in my final year at college.

Rather than developing my own work directly, I have become very involved with the children - this was inevitable. Many of them became very interested in the designs and weaving I was doing in September. I think to begin with I unconsciously stimulated their interest.

For myself working on my own was difficult, as up until this year I have always worked with people around me at college who were motivated to the same degree, and this is obviously stimulating. I have enjoyed the interest the children have had in an area that was completely new to most of them, it was good for me to have this fresh input.

Eventually I would like to teach, but I would like to be involved with older pupils, perhaps in a Sixth Form College or Foundation Course pupils in an Art College. Before embarking on this I feel it is important to have had other experiences though.

On leaving Sibford I will be starting to work as a freelance textile designer, as well as working with another freelance weaver in Cardiff.

SUSAN PENELOPE BURSTON

Arriving at Sibford, having spent a year working with girls with behavioural difficulties I imagined I would become very involved in my ceramics again. Although I have continued with this, I have enjoyed and gained experience and pleasure working with the children and in particular those in the Remedial Department, with whom I have helped with several projects in the pottery. These projects included a miniature clay reconstruction of a medieval abbey and Stonehenge, as well as shorter-term projects.

The projects I have worked on and the clubs I have run have helped me gain teaching experience and self-confidence. I hope the children too have benefited from seeing their work through all stages from construction to the final glaze firing and learned the pleasures and disappointments of working with clay.

I feel my year at Sibford has been happy and very beneficial, I now realize I wish to use my "craft" to stimulate and encourage children or adults with special needs, and I am seeking work in this field.

HELEN BRYANT

Looking back, as one is inclined to in this sort of report, I recall that I viewed the prospect of one year at Sibford as the ideal way for me to force the somewhat nebulous ideas I had about teaching as a profession into a firm resolve. Standing at the threshold of Penn Boys for the first time I assured myself that when I left I would know the answer and would either embark upon a teaching career or follow other avenues, as yet only tentatively explored.

In the event I am no more resolved today than I was last September. This is not to say that my year has been fruitless. On the contrary, my stay has taught me a lot and supplied me with many answers. The problem lies in the fact that, before I came here I was unaware that there were so many questions. Upon reflection it probably was rather optimistic to expect a solution to the central problem to emerge from what was, after all, a relatively brief encounter.

Next year I will be studying for a Post-Graduate Certificate of Education in English and Games at Bristol University. Whether I will feel any more resolved at the end of next year I don't know. What I do know is that I owe Sibford a great deal, I suspect even more than I am as yet aware of. The experience of the house job, supplemented by a fairly heavy timetable of English and Games lessons, has given me tremendous insight into the profession. Looking back, I can think of no better preparation for next year and whatever might follow.

PAUL BUCKLAND

Home and abroad

RUSSIAN TRIP

Twenty-four intrepid visitors set out at Easter on what was to become one of the most memorable weeks of my life. Travelling all day from School to Gatwick by minibus, Gatwick to Moscow by Aeroflot, left us in a tired but excited state to join an inevitable queue at passport control. It took ages while every identity card was checked, re-checked and checked again just in case we were not who we said we were. Once through there, we had customs regulations - every ring, chain, watch, ear-ring had to be put on our form if we wished to be allowed to bring them home with us. Security control, bags opened, security search - "What is this? Private Eye? - Subversive Western literature?" Eventually we were through and could relax until the inevitable tap on the shoulder - "Miss, I've lost my ticket and identity cards." Numerous hand signals and back through customs to find them lying on the floor.

On to the hotel by coach. Jim's last words to Stella and I were "Don't lose any of them, please". Everyone piles on to one coach but there's no room for the Staff. "Don't worry," says Tanya, "coach will follow!" Half way to the hotel, our coach turns right, the pupils' coach goes straight on! Oh No! We've lost them already. They were there at the hotel when we got there, thank goodness!

So began our 4 days in Moscow. We were bussed all over the city - Red Square, the Kremlin, St. Basil's Cathedral, the Bolshoi Theatre, Lenin's Tomb, every corner we turned seemed to have another spectacle. Our hotel was in the suburbs. We passed rows and rows of apartments "built in the 1950s, 1960s, 1980s" and also the enormous statue of Yuri Gagarin "first cosmonaut in space". At the end of four days we were able to do the guide's commentary for her. We went to the State Opera at the Kremlin (where many had a nice nap), we were taken to the panoramic view of the city at Moscow State University, (on the day it was foggy), we went to a convent and saw a Russian Orthodox service full of old ladies, we met some Russian children at the Pioneer Palace (a glorified youth club). Every day we had numerous visits and enjoyed ourselves tremendously. The guide at the Lenin Museum was very proud of Lenin's Rolls Royce and when asked why he had a Rolls rather than any other car, we were told "Lenin wanted to promote international trade"!! and presumably he liked nice cars too. We saw so much in those 4 days, would Leningrad be as good?

Overnight sleeper from Lenin Station in Moscow, arriving in the early hours at Moscow station in Leningrad - a little sleep was achieved.



Then we met Olga, our guide for Leningrad who was to introduce us to the most beautiful city I have ever seen. It is called the "Venice of the North". Built on canals, the buildings and palaces and cathedrals are breath-taking. The highlight of the week for me had to be Thursday. That morning we went to the Hermitage, the Tsar's Winter Palace, and saw hundreds of beautiful paintings, rooms and artefacts. It was mind-boggling and I could have spent a fortnight there at the very least. The afternoon took us to the Ethnography museum which showed how the ordinary people lived and served as a good contrast to the splendours of the morning. The day ended with the Georgian Singing and Dancing Ensemble in which the acrobatics combined with the beautiful singing to give another superb memory of flashing swords and capes.

Our last full day began with shopping on the freezing cold Nevsky Prospekt and ended with a very worrying evening for my husband. Having volunteered to take a small group into Leningrad for a fling on the Metro, Giles and Kingsley forgot to get off the trolley bus at the right point. They stayed on and so Martin gave chase using the brilliantly accurate travel map we had found. He was eventually to find them coming back on a trolley-bus going in the opposite direction and so had to chase that, the helpful driver stopping midway between stops to let him on. A local man told Martin that foreigners were rarely seen in that suburb of Leningrad (I added "especially not chasing trolley buses.")

So ended 8 days of spectacle and adventure. We had hated the food, missed fresh fruit and vegetables, disliked being pestered by people wanting to change money on the Black Market but had loved everything else. The splendours of Leningrad will be with me for a long time. Having seen the numerous sumptuous palaces and the vintage Rolls Royce, it made me understand a little more just why there was a revolution, for the Soviet Union is such a place of contrasts, it is very difficult to explain.

MARION HIGGINS

WELSH BICKNOR

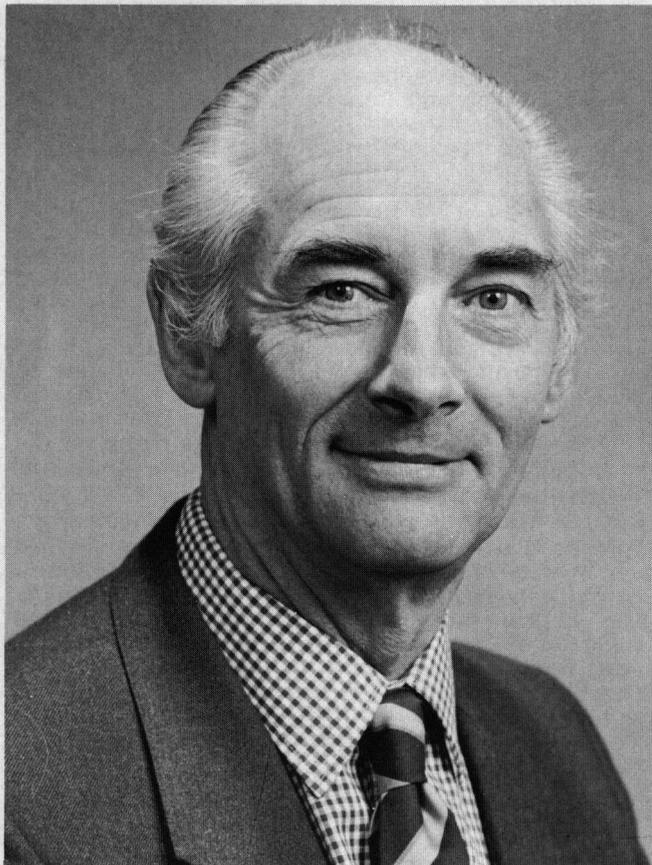
On Saturday I got up at 7a.m. and arrived at school at 7.55a.m. We were going to Wales on a walking weekend. Because we went the quick way it took us about one and a half hours. We went straight to the Youth Hostel and dropped off most of the food. We then went for a walk along the River Wye. We walked 1 1/2 miles along one side and crossed a suspension foot bridge and carried on for about 4 miles through some beautiful woods to Monmouth. We went back another way along the other side of the river. Altogether we probably walked about 10 miles. When we got back from the walk we were all very hot and desperately wanted to go for a swim. The river was very tricky in parts and we had to swim quite hard against the current. We all thoroughly enjoyed it and we stayed in for quite a while, then we started on tea. I was in charge of the "well cooked" fish cakes and beans, Robert Perkins was shredding carrots and Mr. Cookson was in charge of burning the sausages. When we had finished eating, the others washed up. By that time it was about 9.15 p.m. We were allowed out until about 10.15 then we all sat outside as it was such a beautiful evening and Miss Wilson read a horoscope book to us. After a quick drink we went to bed. I was on the top bunk and Toby Lameson was underneath. I was talking so he got up and dropped my wet shorts out of the window. He went to get them and got stung five times then he brought them back in and we all went to sleep laughing and giggling.

On Sunday we got up early with Mr Cookson and Toby made Miss Wilson a cup of tea. After breakfast we went for a 10 mile walk south of Tintern Abbey. From a look-out point we saw the Severn Bridge and walked up 365 steps. We then made our way back to the minibus and back to school after a good weekend out.

JEREMY WHITAKER

S.O.S.A. news

Profile of Herbert Leslie Harrison, President 1986/7



My good fortune in life started by choosing the right parents and brother. I was born into a family who held high principles and who had suffered for them by "daring to be Daniels" in the First World War. Father had a period of over two years in His Majesty's "common college" as a conscientious objector. I recently discovered a book of poems that he wrote during these years which conveyed how profoundly moved he was by his experiences there. These poems are now with the Imperial War Museum; it is fitting that such a museum should contain the pacifist's viewpoint also.

I arrived at Sibford on, ironically, September 3rd, 1939. I was already moulded by Quaker-Ghandian philosophies and the examples of the Rev. Dick Shepherd, Michael Tippett, Peter Pears and many others who were guest speakers at meetings organised by my parents at Northampton's Speakers' Corner and the Quaker Meeting House.

During the early years of the Second World War, while I was at Sibford, I often considered the difficulties of my companions as we few Quaker children stood beside them and watched the horrific red night sky over Coventry where their own homes could have been burning. That there was tension at times was understandable.

I left Sibford and began working with my father in his business in Northampton. My father had a friend who was a naturopath and my frequent visits to his practice confirmed an earlier wish to become a naturopath and osteopath. This friend advised me to apply to the Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Owing to the war, the school was closed but I was offered a position on the staff of Kingston Clinic until a student's place became available. I started work in the gardens of the Clinic, progressing into the Clinic and caring for patients.

The war ended and I began my five years' training. There were no grants and no aid other than pocket money for the first year from a trust administered by an old scholar, E. P. Kaye! The first year I worked all hours at the Clinic in exchange for my tuition but it proved too much and at the end of that first year I returned home to Northampton and followed various money-producing activities - farming, fruit-picking, working in a wood=mill and furniture-making - thanks to Roland Herbert and Sibford! Two years saw me with savings sufficient to cover a further two years' tuition, and, during those two years, thanks to Arthur, my brother, and the Christmas postal service, I earned and saved enough to pay for my final years to graduation.

In 1952, by now married to Christine, I qualified and set forth to build a practice in York. I feel I have been very fortunate as I enjoy my work and have a busy practice in a beautiful city. I have four wonderful children and four grandchildren, but sadly, we lost Christine in 1982.

To Sibford I owe much: it strengthened my idealism and gave me fresh determination and I shall always be grateful for the friendships which, happily, have been renewed over the years at the reunions.

It is with pride and humility that I follow a long list of past Presidents, my brother Arthur included, and I hope I can continue to serve Sibford Old Scholars' Association for many years to come.

Presidential Address - given at the 1986 Reunion by Jeanne Southam

OLD SCHOLARS AND FRIENDS

I chose the slogan "Happiness is taking part" for this weekend because this is, I believe, the essence and the secret of our Old Scholars activities. We come together, we do things together, we take part and we enjoy it. Taking part is good but in itself is not enough. To be really pleasurable and fulfilling we need to take part with both commitment and with purpose. We need to undertake something with a worthwhile objective underlying it. So tonight I am going to talk about taking part in those terms.

When I was at Sibford I enjoyed the taking part without analysing the need for commitment and purpose - pondering on that came much later. We must all have brilliant memories of taking part at Sibford - a whole new world opened up for me - I made friends of my own age with whom I could roller-skate, swim, play hockey, cricket and tennis - we enjoyed midnight feasts - tinned peaches and condensed milk usually, (I cannot eat it now) we enjoyed the Old Scholars entertainment - we collected round the dormitory windows listening to the Quinton Band long after we were supposed to be in bed - latterly we were allowed bicycles and could enjoy cycling around the countryside rather than the weekly pig drive. The memories flood back. You will notice that none of mine touched the classroom or academic work. That was a different sort of taking part and not one that I found easy or at all memorable. There was one exception and that was in the domestic science room- where I could knit, sew and cook to my heart's content.

It was inevitable then that when my school days were over I should find myself training to be a domestic science teacher and a first job at Gloucester High School. By then it was wartime and everything was very different from before or after. As school dinner organiser I had to find ways of stretching the rations to feed the hungry mob. Sugar was not as short as some things and we could get extra for jam making - so I took parties of 6th formers and interested mothers on fruit hunting expeditions on our bicycles all over the Cotswolds and the Vale of Severn - covering scores of miles and what seemed hundreds of hills in search of the precious berries. It was great fun - the commitment and the purpose were there - and didn't those jam puddings and tarts taste good. It brought back memories of blackberrying afternoons at Sibford - the only difference being that the Gloucester children didn't have to eat stewed blackberries for breakfast, dinner and tea for the next few weeks.

More teaching jobs followed and I worked in my spare time for further qualifications in my own subject. The end of the war came and marriage loomed - what a piece of taking part that is! Do you remember the commitment of a Quaker Wedding Ceremony? "Friends, I take this my friend Eldred Vaughan to be my husband, promising through divine assistance to be unto him a loving and faithful wife until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us."

It is all there - it is with others and it has commitment and purpose - it is fulfilling and isn't it fun? One thing that saddens me now is that the extent of the commitment seems too great for many of the modern generation. They can face the taking part but not the commitment to work at it and stay with it.

One thing I did not learn at Sibford was that when you marry you acquire a whole new package of relatives - this gradually dawns as the need to come to terms with them all presents itself - a delicate balance comes in to sort out who is included in the taking part and on what topics. Having had Vaughan's father to live with us for eleven years we had to develop what are now called social skills - in including him in and including him out. One of the exercises in taking part was his venture into the world of knitting machines. He was going to supply the whole family with all we could possibly wear in the way of pullovers and jumpers. This was a great piece of therapy and leisure activity - for him. We were all involved - I had to knit the ribbings - pick up dropped stitches - sort out knotted wool - Vaughan had to sort out the machine itself and the children had to wear the products cheerfully and with straight faces - despite uneven sleeve lengths - and garments that either swamped or restricted them. Unfortunately, Grandpa's room with the knitting machine was above our sitting room - when he dropped a stitch or part of the machine he was likely to give vent to a string of loud oaths that any friends of ours visiting below found unexpected to say the least. The children were honest and christened the machine "Grandpa's bugging machine"! It amused us - it helped him - it had commitment and purpose and endeared the children to him.

Vaughan learned about my relations from a different angle. My brother-in-law was having a hard time selling toys for a Bristol wholesaler. One day he came back from Birmingham with a marvellous order from a big department store. His boss was delighted. What the boss did not know was that all the toys had to be wrapped in coloured tissue paper for a bran tub. So for four weeks in November our two families wrapped thousands, it seemed like millions, of plastic cowboys, Indians, canoes and U.S. cavalry in blue paper - and dolls of every hue, dolls' tea sets - jewellery, etc., in pink paper. We smelt of plastic - we never went to see another Western and we still shy away from bran tubs. In spite of all this we were almost sorry when the last toy was safely wrapped.

Back to marriage and the raising of a family - anthropomorphic means, I am told, projecting human characteristics on to animals. There must be a converse word projecting patterns from the animal kingdom on to the human scene but I don't know what it is because my researcher was too lazy to look it up. However, it's fun to do particularly when it comes to marriage. Let's look at the way birds set about marriage - you can do the projecting back into the human situation.

The male and female bullfinches mate for life and stay so closely together that everytime she leaves the nest he goes with her. The mute swans mate for life and both bring up the family, but Mum is definitely boss where the kids are concerned. The coots mate for one season only and split the brood each rearing approximately half. The wren has one male luckily building several nests for each of several females - he also finds time to sing and appear endlessly cheerful. The ostrich has a harem who all lay their eggs in the same nest and then these are jealously tended and raised by the male. The male robin stakes out the territory, attracts a female who builds a nest. They both raise the family after which the female is booted out to migrate - while the male stays put for the winter. The male great bustard turns nearly inside out displaying like a huge white quivering snowball - the female mates with the one of her choice then makes the nest and tends the grooming completely on her own. The female phalarope chases the male, courts him, makes a nest and lays the eggs and then departs leaving the male to sit on the eggs and bring up the brood. The female little stint sits on one set of eggs and raises the chicks whilst the male does the same quite independently for a second clutch she has laid on an adjoining patch. The female painted snipe mates with a succession of males, bullying each one in turn to sit on a nest full of eggs in her territory. The male does all the rearing as well. The cuckoos stay as a pair slyly depositing eggs in other birds' nests for distraught foster parents to feed and rear. The black duck of South America lays her eggs in another duck's nest and once it has hatched the youngster walks straight out of the nest, without so much as a thank you, and looks after

itself. And so on and so on and so on. Thank goodness that the human species has tended mostly to follow the pattern of the mute swan with a lasting bond and the mutual raising of the young and dare I say it, Mum as boss. Having a family is a tremendous piece of taking part with commitment and a purpose and you need all the support you can get. Long live good husbands and fathers - they all deserve medals. There are no prizes for guessing where I gleaned all this bird lore, but the appreciation of good husbands and fathers is a 100% mine.

The Women's Institute is a marvellous organisation and has played a large part in my life. It is based entirely on taking part and the goodwill and understanding that that engenders. The whole organization works on willing volunteers working together and it breeds a natural camaraderie. There is a marvellous book called "The Worst Journey in the World" by Apsley Cherry Garrard in which he describes the horrific journey he made during one of Scott's Antarctic expeditions to find the nesting sites of the Emperor Penguins. Right at the beginning the author says "the mutual facing of hardships is the only sure cement of friendship as it is of matrimony", I think that is worth repeating. In the W.I. the hardships are largely minor crises but they certainly cement friendships. When I moved back to Somerset I soon became involved on the Catering Committee of the County W.I. which brought out some skills I did not know I possessed. Have you ever wondered how you boil enough water for constant cups of tea and coffee for 500 on the lawns of the Bishop's Palace in Wells? You don't do it with one electric kettle, I can tell you, but with all those parched throats in the offing you soon learn. We catered for the W.I. at the Royal Bath and West Show - tea - coffee - biscuits - cakes - and snacks for endless hordes of visitors from 10am - 6pm on 3 days. We were so successful it had to be limited to W.I. members and friends only - it was fine in good weather but one year it rained for the whole three days, green welly weather it was. We had twenty cases of single wrapped slices of cherry genoa cake left over - what to do - we, the Southams, bought it in at cost stacked it in our hall and ate them over time, my son Andrew, a husky lad of 14 stones, who normally downs any food on sight - still turns pale if you mention cherry genoa and changes the subject very quickly. He was having lunch boxes at the time and perhaps ate more than his fair share. But the taking part was great and highly rewarding in friendship.

A different form of taking part was sitting on a Social Security Tribunal. Here we were working together to apply regulations fairly and properly. It was a very rewarding experience in one way, and a thoroughly frustrating one in another. The reward was in finding that despite wide differences of political opinion and background the Tribunal members tended to see the human predicaments presented to them in much the same light. We usually quickly agreed on the small number of cases who were "trying it on", and we seemed to sense the cases of real need. The frustration came in how little we could do for the needy. The regulations became tighter and more legalistic and our discretion was gradually whittled away. One peculiar fact of life I found hard to come to terms with - we were not allowed to give advice on where to buy things cheaply - such as jumble sales - Oxfam and other charity shops - which our family have always used - sometimes in preference to what was provided. Such advice is apparently demeaning - not so much fun in this particular piece of taking part - but provided plenty of worthwhile experience.



Jeanne Southam listening to "President's Choice"

Just as Bob Geldof inspired hundreds of musicians, media people and organisations to take part with commitment and purpose in Band Aid and Sport Aid - so we found the Knitting for Ethiopia exercise a great project - and it helped to clear a mountain of odd balls of wool that had collected in the attic from the knitting machine days. At one time we had sons, daughter, friends and relatives all knitting away and doing their bit. On this occasion Vaughan ducked out of the mainstream (he doesn't often) but he found he could be much more useful supplying us with wool and sustenance from time to time. The sweaters and blankets just poured out.

We have taken part for some years in a Quaker Home for the Elderly in Bristol. True to form the really enjoyable parts of this are becoming immersed in the sales of work and other activities that are arranged for them. Joining in gives the residents so much pleasure that it would be worth running these events even if we did not sell anything. One Christmas we gave the staff the day off and the family cooked the dinner and did all the chores that go to running a home of this sort - what a rewarding piece of involvement that was - it was one of the best Christmases the family has had and gave a feeling of real purpose to the day. The elderly folk thoroughly enjoyed having the children in their midst - it made their day.

So my thesis is that a major component of happiness is taking part with others with commitment and purpose. For me it is self evident and unarguable. Don't ask me to explain why this should be - there is enough to keep half a dozen sociologists in permanent studenthood in answering that question. I will guess that it is because we are sociable animals - that we need positive social interaction - we need to face problems mutually, we need a sense of purpose and we need a sense of achievement. So where do Old Scholars fit in? I believe that in our meetings and activities that go with them we meet these criteria - but in a relaxed and non stressful way. Our happy meetings of the South West Group certainly prove this. The more you take part, the more you enjoy yourself, the more fulfillment you get. So -long live Old Scholars and may many, many Old Sibfordians be tempted to take part. We need all of us to spread the message - to point out the obvious and help folk to join in with us - and may the school continue to turn out people who have imbibed the message "taking part is a big component of happiness".

My father who was a great fan of Sibford and a great taker-partner taught me from an early age that the key to speaking in meeting or anywhere else was to stand up - speak up, and to shut up. And that is precisely what I am going to do once I have thanked you all for the honour you have paid me in asking me to take part as your President for the past year.

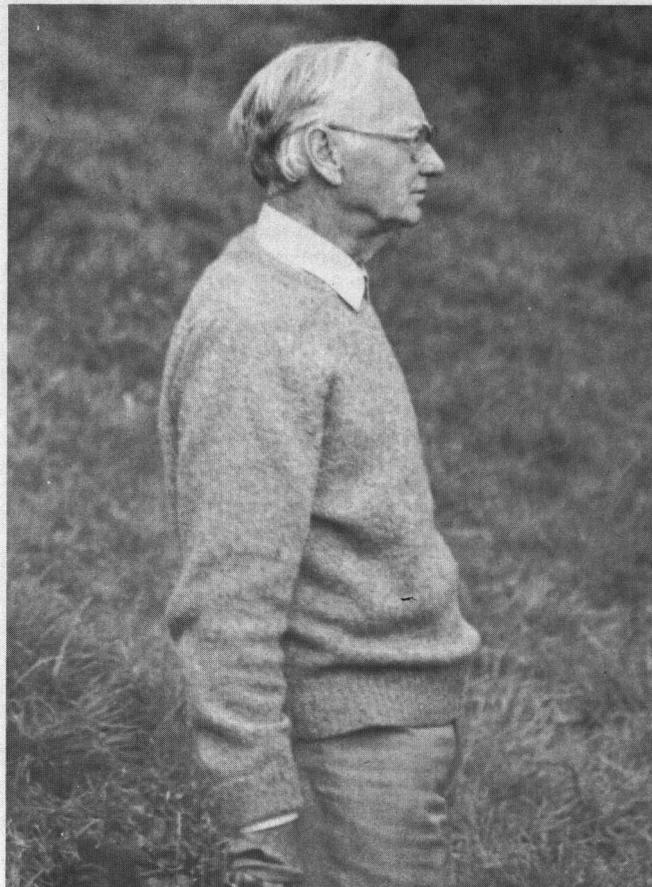
THE LESLIE BAILY LECTURE 1986

Abbreviated version.

Quakers in the Rhondda.

This lecture is about Coal, Unemployment and Quakers, using as its framework the history of Maes-yr-haf Educational Settlement, caused by that former coal strike, 1925-26, when the conditions were far worse than any experienced in the more recent troubles. A book, with the same title, is about to be published giving the long overdue history of the imaginative and significant work done in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales, which in its day produced millions of tons of the best steam coal in the country. It was an isolated one-industry area which suffered direly during the Depression 1926-40.

Yearly Meeting in 1926 was held in Manchester, shortly after the General Strike, which ended after nine days. The miners' strike continued. Friends discussed the serious situation in the coalfields, and one woman, Emma Noble, was so moved by what she heard that, on returning home to Swindon, she decided to visit South Wales. What she saw and learned began her concern to try to alleviate the distress. She consulted Henry and Lucy Gillett of Oxford



Barrie Naylor

and wrote to the Coalfields Distress Committee at Friends' House. Her letter, quoted in full in the book, began extensive relief work. Gifts of clothing, boots and food reached the Rhondda, which she distributed. Boot repairing teams were started. Others became involved - A.D.Lindsay, Master of Balliol, the Gilletts, Joan Fry, Horace Fleming, Robert Davis and Rowntree Gillett. The idea grew that relief work, necessary as it was, gave no lasting help to idle men. A plan was discussed to start a social and educational centre with William and Emma Noble in charge, supported by a committee in Oxford. The Nobles agreed to leave their home in Swindon, where they were active workers - he a J.P. and President of his Trade Union, she a councillor and innovator, to undertake a daunting task in an "alien" environment. They quickly became involved and were warmly accepted by the local community. So began a remarkable experiment which grew into a large organisation which was so successful that those in positions of authority encouraged other Settlements to be started in South Wales - eight in all. Adult Schools, W.E.S. Classes, Lectures, Crafts, Choirs, Girls' Clubs, Weaving, Quilting, Pottery and Drama gradually built up into a comprehensive programme.

At the same time Self-help Schemes were developed, first Clubs for the Unemployed Single Man (whose dole ceased after eight weeks) then Unemployed Men's Clubs (40) which were 'invented' and developed by William Noble. They spread into other depressed areas and even to U.S.A. Allotment Associations proved very popular and useful. Outcrop coal levels were opened by the members of some Unemployed Men's Clubs. Emma Noble organised a much needed Nursing Association (pre Welfare State).

A hostel, the Malthouse, near the coast, was developed to provide cheap holidays (4/6, about 25p per week). Under the leadership of the memorable George Lloyd Davies it became famous as a place of reconciliation and happy communal living.

The Naylor entered the scene at the beginning of the war. They were married in the Gower Meeting House in 1940 and a long honeymoon, helping on a farm at Halford, was interrupted by Barrie's C.O. Tribunal, as a result of which

he had to leave teaching and undertake social work. Roger Wilson of F.R.S. steered him to teach him to the Nobles. When they retired in 1945 and Sheila became Wardens, a post they held until 1971.

Another piece of pioneer work was the training and employment of several disabled men, a forerunner of Remploy. The Maes-yr-haf Industries for the Disabled started with five men in 1944 and built up to 40, who made floor rugs and kitchen furniture, over a period of thirteen years. Some of the rugs are still in use. The men also made units of lockers for Sibford School (Barrie at that time was a member of the School Committee). During the post-war years the Unemployed Mens Clubs (always self-governing) were encouraged to change to Community Centres or O.A.P. Centres. Those that succeeded survived; the others faded away. Valuable help was given to the Clubs by decorating their premises with great gusto, using the Settlement as a base.

Between 1960-70 the programme at Trealaw actually expanded (albeit with a smaller staff), whereas extra-mural work contracted, which was to be expected as the local Council became more involved in leisure-time activities. Rotary, the Soroptimists and similar organisations became part of the scene. Organisations for the welfare of the Mentally Handicapped and those suffering from Multiple Sclerosis were formed. One new venture was the Rhondda Play Centre for culturally deprived children (2 1/2 to 5) which proved very worth while, and was finally taken over and expanded by Glamorgan Welfare Services.

When the Wardens retired in 1971 the Committee, which felt the work was past its climax, decided to discontinue. There was no unemployment. Rhondda Borough Council bought the freehold and agreed to keep the local activities going, using the hall and leisure centre.

Maes-yr-haf Educational Trust was formed to administer the proceeds of the sale. It distributes the interest from the invested capital to organisations and charities with which the Settlement was connected. It is this Trust which is publishing "Quakers in the Rhondda, 1926-86".

BARRIE NAYLOR

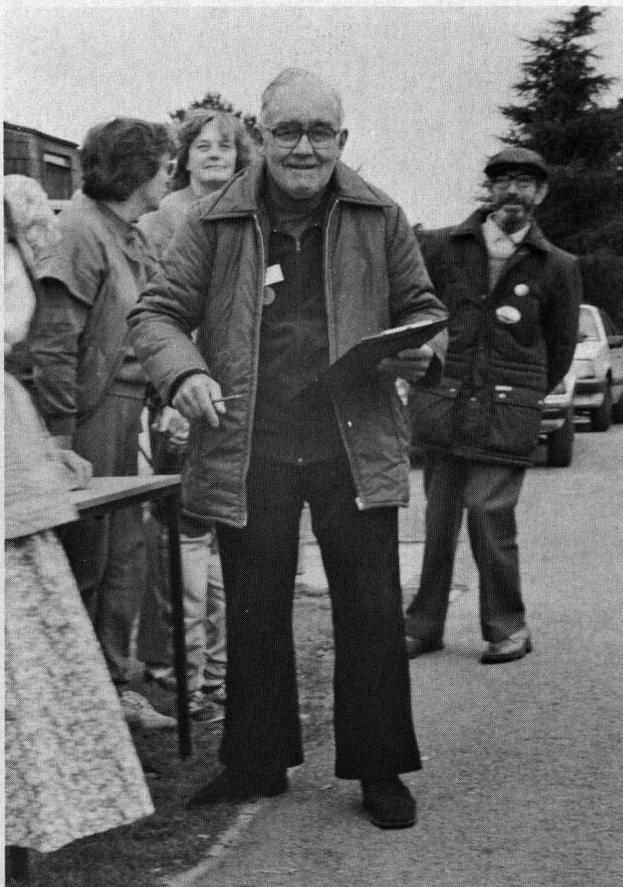
Reunion 1986

Diana Lloyd (nee Wright) is this year's diarist of the Annual Reunion. Diana was at Sibford 1960-65. A member of one of those well known Sibford Families. Brian and Ethel Wright are Di's Mum and Dad and the legendary Louis Wright was her uncle.)

The weather seemed set fair as we climbed Rushmire Hill from our home on the edge of the Cotswolds. Soon we were passing through the delightful villages of Barnsley and Bibury with their cottages of mellow Cotswold stone. Tractors had hampered our journey back to Sibford so that we arrived just in time to join the lunchtime queue; and as we did a whole year seemed to drop away as we saw again the familiar faces of Old Scholars, some of whom I have known since before I was a scholar, let alone an "Old" scholar.

After tucking in to the first of many tasty meals, provided by George Gibson and his staff, we were warmly welcomed by Jeanne Southam, our President this year. Table tennis and tennis tournaments began after lunch. There was an increase in the numbers signed up for tennis. Was it a desire to win the new cup, generously provided by Ian Weatherhead, or a wish to make sure he did not win it?

A cup of tea in Fielding was the prelude to the A.G.M. which was held in the Library. The details of the meeting are reported elsewhere in the magazine, but there are a couple of items I would like to mention. Firstly three Honorary Life Memberships were awarded; to Frank and Vera Rollett, who have been an important part of Sibford and Old Scholars for as long as I can remember; and also



Frank Rollett

to Kenneth Francis. This gave particular personal pleasure as we both began at Sibford School on the same day, though he stayed on for a further twenty-one years! Secondly the presentation by Jeanne Southam to Old Scholars Association of a table lectern, to replace one given by John Coxon which has mysteriously disappeared.

This new lectern was in use that evening, as we returned to the Library after a Buffet Supper for the Leslie Bailey lecture, given this year by Barrie Naylor who taught at Sibford 1935-41. It was while at Sibford that he met and married the art teacher, Sheila McPherson. Then, together, they left for the Rhondda to continue the work begun by Emma and William Noble in helping unemployed miners with a programme of "imaginative education". The lecture was entitled "Quakers in the Rhondda", after a book, written by Barrie Naylor, to be published in the autumn. So, if you want to know more, "It's all in the book!"

Sunday morning broke fine and sunny. After a hearty breakfast we adjourned to the Hall for a Choral superbly conducted by the President. What a good idea to start with "Jerusalem", and standing too. That really got the air into our lungs, ready to sing Jeanne's other favourites.

And then to the Gower for Meeting for worship which is always a special part of the Sibford Weekend. The Sibford Friends provided coffee afterwards, a chance to chat in the warm sunshine and to make the acquaintance of Anthony Yelloly who was the School Committee Guest.

Pat Grimes sensibly changed out of her "Sunday Best" shoes for the walk back across the fields and we all changed after lunch for the walk to Temple Mill via Traitors Ford.

The sky had darkened and clouded over whilst in lunch, but it cleared away for a delightful walk through rural Sibford, passed cows and bullocks eyeing us curiously, fields of golden corn, and a farmer muck spreading!



Vaughan Southam, Jim Graham, Irene Coxon-Smith, Gladys Mills

We congregated at Traitors Ford and those with and without wellies had a paddle in the cool stream. Meanwhile, Hugh Maw was teaching six year old Owen the art of making "corn gum". Tastes a bit like flour," says Owen!



Then, onward to Temple Mill and a welcome cup of tea and "goodie" bag. But what happened to all that Ginger Cake Mike Finch was trying to get us to eat?

We had time to freshen-up before President's Choice was held, this year in the friendly atmosphere of the Library. Jeanne's theme for the weekend was "Happiness is Taking Part", and in her President's choice she recalled memories, through words and music of what that has meant to her through her life. But that didn't mean we sat passively by, as she encouraged us to "singalonga" Vera and Val, and make music with Bryan Lee and two minute pieces of sand paper! There were also readings admirably given by John Lloyd, which included two poems written by James Baxter in 1938 while a pupil at Sibford (see P.17, Sibford 1983). But the catch phrase from the evening came from a piece by Paul Gallico, "When in doubt -wash!"

After a buffet supper we were encouraged to take our partners for country dancing by Naomi Alexander, and while we tried to follow the intricate steps and movements, a breakaway group of elder Old Scholars gyrated at a more graceful pace in a corner of the room.

Then up through the village to the "Elm" for Rockets. Ninety-nine numbered off, plus one Ian Weatherhead, who unknown to us was hidden behind a 9ft hedge and at an appropriate moment surprised us with REAL rockets!

After the silent rockets and a mini one (Mike, "I haven't got a partner") we dispersed to various Houses for coffee and chats into the small hours. And, were there really swimmers in the pool at 2.30 a.m?

The threat of rain on Monday saw tennis being played before breakfast and by mid-morning it had started, though not before nineteen cars had left on the annual Treasure Hunt organised by Frank and Vera Rollett. The lead car should leave at 9.45 a.m. with the President, but they weren't to be rushed:

"Have you put the cups in?"

"They're in the boot. Where's the coffee?"

"Now we'll put a bow of paper on the aerial and two pieces under the bonnet, here - that's it."

"I've changed your time off to 9.48 a.m."

"Better get in, wonder who's got the coffee."

"Hello, shall I get in there with you two?"

"No, there isn't room. Have you got the coffee?"

"Shall I go in the front?"

"No, I will."

"Here, don't you want this flask?"

"Oh, thank you."

"Right, your departure time is now 9.50 a.m."

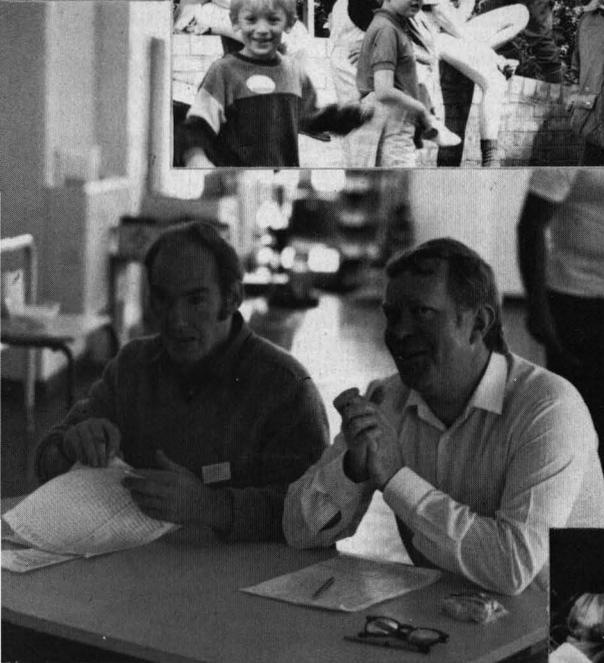
Kate Long's car was first back but that does not mean a winning place. One has to decipher Frank's cryptic clues. This year Clem Cox and Co managed best of all.

We all had to keep our wits about us after lunch as Paul Frampton told us of the venue changes made necessary because of the weather. "The rounders match for the Golden Dolly will be Basketball and held in the Hall; the tea will be in the Foyer and the group photo in the gym!"

In the basket ball the Somerset Yokels snatched the Golden Dolly back from the Aston Brummies 20-10. There were only a few day trippers who braved the torrential rain to join us for afternoon tea, but what a treat that was with a gorgeous selection of cakes baked by Jeanne Southam, Irene Coxon-Smith and Olive Dalley.



Michael Van Blankenstein, Hugh Maw, Bernard Blunsom, Elizabeth Cordiner, Wendy Van Blankenstein, Pat Grimes, David Smith, Margaret Fairrington





Picnic at Temple Mill



Marjorie Fielding and David Stiles

Little Kate Henderson was the star of the photo call as she trotted backwards and forwards across the lighting leads. Would she trip? Nearly, but then Trenham clasped her to sit in front of him. Can you spot her? Our warmest thanks go to Mr. Neville Smith for coming out in such atrocious weather to take our photograph.

The children were given their high tea at 5.30 p.m., giving us a chance of a sneak preview of the menu for the Presidential Dinner. That set our gastric juices going as we contemplated Prawn Cocktail, followed by Boeuf Bourignonn with garlic bread. Once again the young Old Scholars waited table for the dinner and were thanked for that and their general contribution to the weekend. There was also a thank you and a rendition of "Happy Birthday" to George Gibson, twenty one again!

Then with the rain lashing against the window panes behind her, our President gave her Address to Old Scholars to which the School Committee Guest Anthony Yelloly replied.

The tennis tournament was not completed but out of the four finalists it was decided to award the Weatherhead Cup to Jean Walker for whom this weekend had been the first since she left over thirty years ago; and just to keep it in the family the Table-Tennis was won by her brother-in-law, John Huddleston.

Finally the last round of Rockets and Auld Lang Syne with a wish for a safe journey home for those Old Scholars who that night braved Hurricane Charley.

We all leave with happy memories of our weekends at Sibford, despite what the weather may bring. May we all return, with others, next year and rediscover that "Happiness is taking part".

DIANA LLOYD



Redrawn from an original sketch by Howard Quinton

'ROCKETS' - THE REAL STORY

There have been from time to time in recent years, several enquiries, especially from the younger generation of Old Scholars as to the inception of the Sibford Rocket at our Gatherings and it was thought a good idea to note the origin of our observance which may now be considered as established and hallowed by long custom.

Early in 1920 some London OS went down for a short weekend Conference at a house near Guildford. On the Saturday evening, after an open-air concert, the final item was in the nature of an action event for all present, an imitation of pyrotechnics. Shortly afterwards the London group, who were rehearsing for the annual concert to be given to the School at the Whitsun Reunion, thought it might be a good idea if an adaptation of the Rocket might go well if introduced at the Elm after the customary walk there or community singing at the conclusion of the OS Concert - which in the associations early days was followed by the AGM.

So the action of the Rocket was discussed, criticized, amended and polished up and on Whit Monday night in 1920 the two Elms (now sadly gone) at the cross-roads looked down in wonderment as a dozen OS performed the first Sibford Rocket.

Next Whitsun it was done much better, and it was agreed the custom should be an annual one. It gradually grew in size and became inclusive of all OS gathered for singing at the Elm. Thus the rite became usual of celebrations in action at the conclusion of annual gatherings of OS - until in the late Thirties the Old Scholars Committee thought well to put upon it the seal of official recognition, by printing the word "Rockets" on the Reunion Programme.

The actual number of OS gathered at the Elm for the nocturnal assembly has varied considerably from an average in recent years of 65 to the unofficial record of 120. A cold and wet night makes all the difference and some very cold ones have been experienced when only Spartans braved the elements.

It should be remarked that by no means only at the Elm has our rite been celebrated. The Old Gym walls (now the Girls Matron's flat and the Technical Drawing Studio) have often reverberated to our community effort; The present Dining Hall is the venue after the Presidents Dinner on the last night of the Reunion; It terminated the first OS Dance in Birmingham in the 1920's; and the walls of Friends House have many times rung with our descriptive clamour.

Away in Epping Forest, too, on the conclusion of summer outings, and even at Paddington, Liverpool Street and New Street Rail stations the Public has marvelled at our Rocket celebrations: and once on an outing to Jordans, the Rocket was carried through on the small station platform of Seer Green to the amazement of other awaiting passengers who applauded and demanded an encore!

The silent Rocket emerged after the then Headmaster, Arthur Johnstone complained at being kept awake by the late night revelry at the Elm.

In 'quiet' defiance of the admonishment a group of OS led by such notables as Kathleen Rice, Henry Lawrence and Harry Randall OBE decided to hold a silent Rocket outside the Heads accommodation in the Manor but were so engulfed in laughter they only succeeded in waking 'A.J.' yet again!

Mini Rockets were added to the repertoire in the late fifties via Messer's Finch, Bennett and Baily - now thirty years on it is an established part of the rite.

This years celebration's were enhanced by real Rockets being let off - climbing into the quiet midnight sky with fine effect and they doubtless aroused wonderment many miles distant from the Elm hill top. Although not the first time that 'real' ammunition has been used Ian Weatherhead and Paul Frampton must be congratulated on their ingenuity!

This magnificent tradition has stood the test of time and in its sixty-sixth year over 100 were present at the Elm last August maintaining with vigour this famous Sibford Rite.

But honestly DID YOU touch your toes last time?

ELMSMAN

S.O.S.A. Minutes

Minutes of the Sibford Old Scholars' Association 1986 Annual General Meeting held in the School Library on August 23rd, 1986.

President Jeanne E. Southam in the Chair

67 members attending.

In our silence we remembered the lives of :-Edgar Ince (1914-18) Life Member.

Henry Long (1928-30) Husband of Kate Long and a previous member of the School Maintenance Staff.

Louise Squire (Left Sibford in 1917)

Wilfred Timms (1920's)

Arnold Darlington (Former Science Master before and after the war.)

Harry Stevens (1913-15)

Jim Baily (1944-49) Eldest son of Jim and Elin Baily, died after a road accident.

Eric Harvey (1930-34) Life Member

A.W. (Bill) Wells (1916-19) died on August 23rd

N.B. It was with regret that we learned of Wilfrid Pollard's death soon after the Reunion. A notice appears elsewhere.)

Greetings were received from:

Elsie M. Rose, Hugh Wallis, Janet and Joe Sewell, Kenneth and Robin Greaves, Elizabeth Jolly (nee Monica Knight), Nick Bennett, John Hughes, Mabel and Wilfrid Pollard, Marjorie Edwards, Godfrey Baseley, Jean Morley, Grace Allan, Elin Baily.

Marjorie Wells who was prevented from attending due to the death of her brother Bill on Friday 22nd August sent greetings and asked that her Reunion pre-payment be transferred to the Life Membership Fund.

Jeanne Southam extended congratulations to Brian and Ethel Wright on the celebration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

1. The Minutes of the 1985 AGM printed in the Magazine were adopted and signed by the President.

2. S.O.S.A. Committee Reports

The following reports were presented;-(a) Membership : Mike Finch. Membership stands at 509. (247 Ordinary, 250 Life and 12 Honorary Life Members) Mike Finch also reported the need for Old Scholars to 'adopt' present students who need to be taken out at Long Exeat weekends. Interested people should contact Anne Muir.)

(b) Branch Secretaries.

Midlands : Irene Coxon

London : Margaret Fairnington

South West : Jeanne E. Southam

It was encouraging to hear of good support and healthy activity at all three Branches.

(c) Magazine : Leslie Harrison - an appreciation of the Magazine.

(d) Sibford School Open Day 1986 : Mavis Stiles - a report on Open Day appears elsewhere within the Magazine.

(e) General Secretary's Report.

Paul Frampton presented the following report:

The general condition of the Sibford Old Scholars' Association remains extremely encouraging with the objects being very satisfactorily met. They are:- (a) The continuance of the interest of former scholars in Sibford School and its work;

(b) The furthering of school-days' friendships;

(c) The provision of assistance to the School wherever possible;

(d) The encouragement of a spirit of loyalty amongst present scholars.

The evidence of the work we are doing is clear. Old Scholars have considerable representation on the School Committee with Philip Manasseh as Chairman, two SOSA representatives Jeanne Southam and Paul Frampton, as well as Vera Rollett and David Saunderson. Furthermore, we have an active association whose principal meetings and events take place at the School and we enjoy considerable support and involvement in our activities from Jim Graham, Anne Muir and the School's teaching and non-teaching staff.

The popularity of our Annual Reunion is evident by the growing number of Old Scholars and friends attending, over 130 this year with increased numbers of families with young children.

This year, the Association has been pleased to provide the school with a total of £2,000.00 to support the following activities:-(a) Drama Department: staging blocks (£500)

(b) Rural Studies Department: an extension to the greenhouse in the Walled Garden (£500)

(c) Art Department: tooling and equipment to develop Sculpture (£1,000)

In order to encourage present scholars' long term involvement in the Association and secure their continuing interest in the School, we arranged an outing this year to Drayton Manor Park. We invited participation in the event throughout the School and the day proved very enjoyable and worthwhile. We hope to continue this initiative each year, developing and improving the awareness of present scholars of the Association and its work. A great improvement on our past attempts to 'sign up' leavers just before or usually just after most of them have left the School.

What improvements can we continue to make in the future? I believe we have to encourage active participation in the S.O.S.A. Committee work of a wider membership (same old faces!), involve, welcome and appeal to younger members through our activities and attitudes, and continue to develop and support the local Branches - so vital to our continuing relevance and future.

The following rule changes were adopted:-Rule 4(b) - The annual subscription is due on 1st September

Rule 4(c) - Any member whose subscription is in arrears for more than one year and who, after due reminders, shall not make the necessary payment, shall be removed from membership.

Forthcoming dates:- Sibford General Meeting - 18th October 1986

S.O.S.A. v School Football Match - 8th November 1986

Balance Sheet as at 31st December 1985

	1985	1984
Assets		
Land at Elm	45	45
Assets of Specific Funds		
Quoted Investments (cost)	3,713	3,713
Leslie Baily Memorial Fund	349	319
Current Assets		
Sundry Debtors		1,075
Less Sundry Creditors	2,000	800
Cash at Bank	3,063	1,021
	£5,170	£5,373
Represented By:		
Accumulated Fund	1,327	1,815
Life Membership	3,314	3,013
Recent Leavers Membership	180	226
Leslie Baily Fund	349	319
	£5,170	£5,373

Audited and Found Correct.

Income & Expenditure Account for the Year ended 31st December 1985

	1985
INCOME	
Donations	273
Subscriptions	1,782
Investment Income	286
Bank Interest	238
Sale of Ties	48
Loss	488
	£3,115
EXPENDITURE	
Magazine	960
Postage & Stationery	34
Bank Charges	32
Photographs	20
Drama Department - Stage Blocks	500
Rural Studies - Greenhouse	500
Art Department	1,000
Loss on Reunion	69
	£3,115

Leslie Baily Memorial Fund

Balance brought forward 1/1/85	319	
Bank Interest	30	
Balance carried forward 31/12/85		349
	£349	£349

Schedule of Investments as at 31st December 1985

	Purchase Price	Present Price	Market Value	Annual Income Gross
£ 402 Treasury 9½% 1999	385.53	96 p	386	38
£1,359 Treasury 10½% 1999	1,189.02	98 p	1,331	142
£ 227 Treasury 10½% 1999	200.55	98 p	223	24
£ 523 Treasury 10½% 1999	482.06	92.25p	482	55
£ 650 3½% Conversion Stock	602.32	38 p	247	23
£ 830 Transatlantic & General Securities Income Units	646.28	121.1p	1,005	50
£ 190 Globe Investment 25p	120.33	169.5p	322	21
£ 300 Electra Investment 25p	87.00	77 p	231	14
	£3,713.09		£4,227	£367

4. Treasurer's Report.

John Miller presented the following report:

"I have pleasure in presenting the accounts of the Association for the periods ending December 31st, 1985, and June 30th, 1986; this change in the accounting period was agreed by you at the last Annual General Meeting.

I will go through the accounts page by page making comments where necessary.

1985 Accounts

The assets of the Association show a slight decrease reflected partly by the small loss shown in the Income and Expenditure Account. Sundry Creditors are shown as £2,000 and this figure relates to money allocated to the School for projects agreed by your Committee. As at December 31st, this money had not been spent by the School.

Income and Expenditure Account.

A loss of £488 is shown for the year. This figure must be set against the gift of £2000 allocated to the School and detailed on the expenditure account. Significant changes in the income received against 1984 are Subscription Income up by £487 and Bank Interest £79. As regards expenditure, the magazine cost was reduced by £835, against the 1984 figure of £1,795 but the School was given an extra £700 by way of gifts. Also the Reunion made a loss of £69 against a surplus of £290.

These changes had the effect of reducing the loss for the year from £663 in 1984 to £488.

Leslie Baily Memorial Fund.

No expenditure was incurred in 1985 and the Fund stands at £349.

Schedule of Investments.

The investments are shown in detail with a market price of £4,227.

1986 Accounts to June 30th, 1986.

Balance Sheet.

The only difference of note is in respect of Sundry Creditors of £1,830 and the accumulated fund of £1,702. Sundry Creditors reflect £1,500 of the original £2,000 allocated to the School last year and £330 being money paid in respect of this year's Reunion, £500 of the £1,500 will be spent in July, leaving £1,000 still not used. The increase in the Accumulated Fund reflects the surplus to date shown on the Income & Expenditure Account up to June 30th, 1986.

Income and Expenditure Account.

I have already referred to the surplus of £375 but this will change significantly by the end of the year in 1987.

Leslie Baily Memorial Fund

No comment.

Schedule of Investments.

I have had the Investments revalued by Lloyds Bank plc, who put a market value of £6195 on them. This is a significant appreciation over the purchase price of £2,482, due mainly to the increase on the M. & G. Second General Trust Shares. Advice ought to be taken as to whether or not we should sell these, take our profits and re-invest in Treasury Stock. On the whole the finances of the Association are in good shape. We must, however, try to break even and certainly no loss on the Reunion should be allowed. More careful budgeting is required and your Treasurer must be more involved than he is at

Balance Sheet as at 30th June 1986

	1986	
Assets		
Land at Elm	45	
Assets of Specific Funds		
Quoted Investments (cost)	3,713	
Leslie Baily Memorial Fund	361	
Current Assets		
Cash at Bank	3,188	
Less Sundry Creditors	1830	1,358
		£5,477
Represented By:		
Accumulated Fund	1,702	
Life Membership	3,313	
Recent Leavers Membership	101	
Leslie Baily Fund	361	
		£5,477

Audited and Found Correct.

Income & Expenditure Account for the 6 month period ending June 30th 1986

	1986	
INCOME		
Donations	39	
Subscriptions	992	
Investment Income	119	
Bank Interest	113	
		£1,263
EXPENDITURE		
Reunion 1986	170	
Magazine	135	
Postage & Stationery	83	
Display Stands	80	
Ties	117	
Childrens Outing to Drayton Manor	265	
Geoffrey Long Book Prize	20	
Bank Charges	18	
Surplus	375	
		£1,263

Leslie Baily Memorial Fund

Balance brought forward 31/12/85	349	
Bank Interest	12	
Balance carried forward 30/6/86		361
	£361	£361

Schedule of Investments as at 30th June 1986

	Purchase Price	Present Price		Market Value	Annual Income Gross
£ 402 Treasury 9½% 1999	385.53	96 p		405	26
£1,359 Treasury 10½% 1999	1,189.02	98 p		1,460	
£ 227 Treasury 10½% 1999	200.55	98 p		244	172
£ 523 Treasury 10½% 1999	482.06	92 p		561	
£ 650 3½% Conversion Stock	602.32	38 p		331	15
£ 830 M & G Second General Trust	646.28	121.1p		2,098	40
£ 190 Globe Investment 25p	120.33	169.5p		655	19
£ 300 Electra Investment 25p	87.00	77 p		441	12
	£3,713.09			£6,195	£284

present in fixing an adequate charge. It is difficult to know what amount of money your Committee can recommend for allocation to the School this year.

At present we have cash resources of £1,358 and perhaps a figure of say £500 could be allocated. We must bear in mind, however, that our contribution towards the cost of the magazine this year will be in the region of £1,000 plus £300 for a new address list.

I have spoken previously about the size of our investments and wonder whether the time has arrived to cash in on some of them to enable us to carry on the work for which we were set up, i.e. helping the School financially. I know that we have carried this out over the last two years, but if we continue to make losses our scope for helping will be greatly reduced.

One realizes, of course, that this policy could only be adopted for a limited time and eventually some extra source of income will have to be raised. This automatically brings one back to subscriptions and we may well have to consider raising them again in a year or two. This is always a very emotive issue, but one that your Association will have to consider.

Old Scholars' Bursary Fund.

As reported, last year, this Fund stands at £3,312.34 and the interest earned helps to defray the cost of bursaries given by the School.

It has always been the School Bursar's dream to see an endowment fund set-up large enough to help the very high cost of bursary assistance given. He had hoped that the Old Scholars' Fund might have grown but this has not proved possible. However, mysterious things happen and to counter his disappointment a month ago he received a legacy of £7,000 (not from an Old Scholar) which has been invested as part of the School's Endowment, the interest to be used for bursary help. This now gives the School an Endowment Fund of approximately £15,000 so his dream has taken a step forward.

The purpose of this is to remind Old Scholars of another way that they can help. This is by remembering the School in their Will and bequeathing a sum of money earmarked for a specific purpose. Financial support, however, is not the form of help given by your Association. Under the constitution two members are elected to serve on the School Committee as Old Scholars' Representatives and from your ranks other members have been elected to serve the School by their General Meetings. This representation gives the Association a powerful lobby in the affairs of the School and its future policy."

The accounts were adopted by the Meeting and a Committee recommendation was agreed by the A.G.M. that the Treasurer should review our investments.

The President thanked John Miller for his excellent work for the Association.

S.O.S.A Committee Meetings - 30th November 1986

5th July 1987

S.O.S.A. Outing - 17th May 1987

Sibford School Open Day - 20th June 1987

S.O.S.A. Annual Reunion - 29th August - 1st September 1987

May I express the Association's appreciation and thanks to the School, Jim Graham, Anne Muir, the S.O.S.A Committee retiring members Philip Manasseh, Ian Weatherhead and Tom Rack, and the School Staff Representatives to the S.O.S.A. Committee Marion Higgins and Stuart Hedley.

We are delighted with the new 'WEATHERHEAD CUP' presented by Ian and Christine Weatherhead to the Association as a new Tennis Competition Trophy.

We welcome Tony Yelloly, our School Committee guest and Barrie Naylor, Leslie Baily Lecturer, and hope they and our President Jeanne Southam and her husband Vaughan enjoy the weekend.

3. Honorary Life Membership.

Following an appreciation by Philip Manasseh, Jeanne Southam extended on behalf of the Association Honorary Life Membership to Frank and Vera Rollett in recognition of and thanks for their tireless efforts and support of the Association and the School over many years.

The Association are also pleased to bestow Honorary Life Membership on Ken Francis who retired this year as Deputy Head after 26 years' service to the School. The Association are to present an aerial photograph of Sibford to Ken Francis shortly and we are grateful to Ray and Ann Bond together with Anne Muir for their help in the selection, production and framing of the photograph which was exhibited at the A.G.M.

4. See Treasurer's Report.

5. Election of Officers.

The following Officers were elected:-

- (a) President 1986-87 : Leslie Harrison
- (b) Vice-President 1986-87 : Russell Steed
- (c) Membership Secretary 1986-89 : Mike Finch
- (d) Assistant Reunion Secretary 1986-89 : Jim Thelton
- (e) Committee Member 1986-89 : Arthur Harrison

Recent Leaver appointment 1986-89 : Onike Frazer

The appointment of a Friends of Sibford School Representative and that of two School Staff Representatives* will be made by the Committee at a later date.

6. School Committee Representative Report.

Paul Frampton presented a report based on the 1985-86 Report of the Sibford School Committee which is printed elsewhere in the magazine.

7. Headmaster's Question Time.

Jim Graham kindly answered several very interesting and challenging questions on the School today and its future development and educational emphasis.

A vote of thanks was given to the President and there being no other business the meeting closed at 5.30 pm.

* Note: The two School Staff Representatives have now been confirmed as Chris Bateman and Karen Turburfield.

S.O.S.A. Lines

GEOFFREY WRIGHT REMEMBERS (1913-17)

Geoffrey Wright was at Sibford during a period of monumental upheaval in the World - the Great War.

An octogenarian, he remembers vividly his time at School....

Perhaps I should start at the beginning or even before, because I was given an examination paper for which at the age of 9 I went to the house of James Harrod's brother Ernest, who later told me in the arithmetic paper I managed to get every sum wrong, for all that I was given my chance and went to Sibford the next year.

Settling in went easily, strange as the experience was, I well remember the first morning at break time. The elder Stebbings brother was happily chatting with me and introducing me to the usages of the school when he was abruptly interrupted by a tremendous bang on the crown of my head, which I identified a few seconds later as a cricket ball from a game in the playground. I can only suppose that I must be thick headed as the same thing has happened to me on several occasions since without knocking me out. I never heard whether it was considered a catch. In this way I found that much the safest ploy was to join in the games so that I enjoyed in turn cricket, hockey of a kind, football and roller skating on that playground.

From that playground one door led into the changing room where we each had a (non) locker. The boot cleaning was something of a surprise, there was supplied a tin tray with a large slab of 'blacking' surrounded with water and one dipped the brush into the water, rubbing the blacking into the boot, after which spending a lot of time brushing until all the water had evaporated and surprisingly one got a polish.

I think I must have been accident prone for later on at half term I became very ill, this turned out to be diphtheria. Mr. Terver and the undergardener came to the dormitory and folded me into the mattress, I was carried thus to the San (now the Ark) which was then opposite the Manor front door - the doctor arrived at mid-day and injected Reg Boon and me and before tea time I felt recovered and fine. From then the diphtheria travelled all through the school though it seems in a mild form. But with about 6 other boys I was kept in the San. for the rest of the term and Matron moved in and became mother to us. On the whole we enjoyed nine or ten weeks thus but got behind with learning and felt very backward the next term.

Half term was an opportunity for all to join various all day outings. If long distances were contemplated the younger ones were taken in horse drawn farm drays, these flat-bottomed platforms were fitted with forms for seating - there was also a school donkey which drew a miniature cart filled with our lunches. So we would visit places such as Edge Hill, Whichford Woods, Rollright Stones, Long Compton, Compton Wynyates, etc.

In the evenings we would gather in the Gym, there would be organised some entertainment. We must remember that these were pre-radio days and spontaneous games, singing, charades, etc, were normal and who is to say that this was not as good, if not better than today's ways. In such a manner the school became a close-knit community.

I have affectionate memories of Mabel Harrod who had a concern for the oneness of mankind before the term 'third world' was coined. She wanted to befriend all peoples. How she would have rejoiced in the mixture of children in present day Sibford.

I am forever grateful for the deep wisdom of James Harrod - one of many things he taught me I always remembered was to go right back to the basics in any concern or problem. This I have found invaluable, indeed essential, in getting my thoughts clear. Another most lovable Sibfordian was Frank Parkin who I shall never forget. I got to know him so well after I had left school. His influence and inspiration must have been very great in the school.

I could mention in turn all members of the staff, they had so many good points, but I must mention Miss Reynolds, who helped us to appreciate good music, especially her favourite composer, Mozart. Also Mr. Miller whose genuine artistic feelings and temperament shone through into his contacts with one.

Surprisingly altogether a very happy period of my life during the time of the most horrible war.

I should have mentioned that the way from Banbury was by large numbers of wagonettes and similar horse-drawn vehicles, each seating about 6, any hill we encountered had to be walked. The following day a farm dray arrived piled high with our luggage and there followed a busy time stowing clothes and other articles away and underclothing to Matron's room.

After lunch on Saturday the eldest Form held shop in the Science room-cum-library. There were piles of rosy apples and similar pyramids of boiled sweets of all colours (as visits to the local shop were discouraged).

The rest of the day was our own to wander to Temple Mill, Traitor's Ford and many other places including Hill Bottom where I saw my first kingfisher, what a thrill!

The memories crowd in upon me and I could go on and on. I finish though with the memory of General Meeting always held about the 20th June, when the garden provided gooseberries and the whole school and visitors with the luxury of gooseberry pie, a treasured memory from one June till the next.

My contacts with Sibford since I left have been rather irregular to my shame. My sons David and Allan were pupils of the school during the Second World War and we managed a few visits then, a highlight is my memory of the centenary celebration. I have kept an interest in Sibford however and had a number of visits to some pupils and on behalf of Monthly Meeting.

When I left school I went into my father's building business and remained in building mostly housing. I found it an interesting life, especially designing and drawing up plans.

I spent most of my spare time with outdoor pursuits and getting to know through walking most areas of Great Britain. My son, Allan, also went into building and now has a business in Shropshire.

We came to Jordans in 1960 so that David (who, by the way, suffered polio and lost the use of his legs) could start a small business growing plants and flowers, he is very contented and happy and I am able to help him especially with the erection and maintenance of glasshouses, etc.

I expect to be able to attend Sibford General Meeting and look forward to seeing the school once again.

GEOFFREY WRIGHT

HAPPENINGS AT THE MEETING HOUSE!

On March 12th, 1986, the Gower Friends' Meeting House was experiencing a two-day invasion as never before. One wondered if the ghosts of the graveyard might be offended.

But no, this was the BBC bringing to life the expressed wish of Paul Eddington, a Sibford Old Scholar, in reply to their request for him to state his favourite music to be performed in his chosen building. This to be for the "Home on Sunday" programme on June 22nd. And most impressive it was.

Arriving down from Dundee two days previously the giant lorries and trailers nearly filled the Wykham Arms car park whence a multiplicity of cables fed across the road, their cover forming a nasty ramp, then on through newly broken window panes to service the three familiar mobile cameras, several monitors, and about ten large floodlights, all directed at the end of the Meeting House; plus one scaffolded camera pointing at the building front. One of the wagons contained the generating plant.

Despite that most of the M.H. benches had been moved outside it was difficult to walk about.

From the Chief Engineer and Producers down there were some twenty individuals on duty, all most agreeable people.

The music, provided by the Male St. John's College Choir (which included several young boys) a string quartet, one of whom accompanied a boy soloistand all backed by an electronic organ, were worked hard for over two hours in the morning rehearsing, plus the afternoon's final "take". This gave the Staff time that day to clear up and pack ready for their next assignment, would you believe it - a darts tournament in Preston.

They told me later that Paul would soon record his comments with Cliff Mitchelmore, the programme introducer.

One's main reaction to witnessing all this was of the enormous cost of such, just for a 30 or 40 minute programme.

An interesting aside technically - I went in with camera and flash when I was immediately stopped; reason - if flash were used (anywhere) near the cameras it could explode the lens mechanism, costing anything up to £30,000 to repair!



Paul Eddington 'At Home'

OTHER PEOPLES' BUSINESS...

Continuing the series started in the last issue of the magazine we are delighted to hear from two more Old Scholars who have had distinguished careers.

Ralph Townley (at Sibford 1935-40)

Anne Gee (at Sibford 1948-55)

Ralph Townley (1935-40) was President of the Union at the University of Nottingham and subsequently S.H. Bailey Scholar in International Relations at the London School of Economics. Joining the United Nations Secretariat in 1951, he retired as a director in 1984, but continues to serve as a consultant to the Secretary-General. Ralph Townley's "The United Nations : A View From Within" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1968), written while a Fellow of Dartmouth College, became a standard work. This was followed by "A Word or Two Before You Go : A Different Book For Travellers" (W.W. Norton, New York, 1981) with Dr. B. B. Waddy, and a play "Madam, I'm Adam" that saw its first performances in New York in 1984. Ralph has written a series of articles on international questions and contributes regularly to Transnational Perspectives, published in Geneva. An autobiography of early childhood, *The Brides of Enderby*, is due to be published later this year.

Whether to be an observer or a participant seemed to be the choice in 1951 when, as a Fellow at the Salzburg Seminar, a fly was cast over me to see if I would be interested in being the principal assistant to Arnold Toynbee and another to join Sir David Owen then Assistant Secretary-General for economic affairs in the United Nations. Securely hooked by the latter, within a month I was plunged into the intricacies of federating Eritrea to Ethiopia, and the details of expanding the UN's economic development programme. By then I had found a career and a home.

Not by nature gifted as a diplomatist, linguist, administrator or scientist, it has been in a combination of these that I have been able to play a creative and, on occasion, a formative role in economic policy, and the conceptualization, negotiation and management of large-scale development projects. Work took me to most countries, with the exception of those in the Pacific and Far East; but, it has been a journey in more than a geographic sense shuttling between the topless towers of Manhattan and Conrad's *The Heart of Darkness*.

What underlay all this? A pursuit of high aspirations without being sanctimonious, and an abandonment of foolish expectations without becoming overly cynical? If so, to what is it owed? The austere Quaker simplicity of Sibford that imparted strengths not at the time immediately apparent. To whom, then, does one turn down the years to doff one's orange and green cap? Brigham, Burgess, Parkin, Herbert, the Naylor and Darlingtons.

Although I have a daily reminder in the blue button-down Brooks Bros. shirts that were, in my day, part of the School uniform, only a handful of Sibford friends have been met along the way: on arrival in New York Rendell Levonian then a surgical resident at Bellevue Hospital introducing me to the dubious delights of pizza; Quin Geering in pursuit of the Canadian gypsy moth; while on duty in Cyprus, Oina Patterson in a deck chair rivalling Aphrodite a few yards from where Sappho had had her seated on a "rich wrought throne"; Sir John Berg (as he is now); and Warwick Williams who meets, greets and returns me to leafy Warwickshire.

My children began their schooling at Friends' Seminary in New York and Miranda is now one of a trio who runs the admissions department at Brynmawr. The Quaker Programme at the United Nations is an abiding support as is Meeting, not the least the little one overlooking Buzzard's Bay which is a movable feast for, being composed mainly of sailors, the hour is set by the state of the tide. Home is where the heart is : Manhattan high up, overlooking the East River and Cape Cod with its sailing, fishing and gardening. A plane crash in Costa Rica put paid to fencing and (to the relief of my partners) tennis; but, I remain the active president of the UN Judo Club. I am now becoming more of an observer than a participant. I had better be for on my 1986 tax returns I have had the temerity to list myself as an author!

RALPH TOWNLEY



Ralph Townley



Anne Gee

I was at Sibford from 1948-55. I have memories of such things as fruit picking with "Ma J", plum jam, washing on a cold morning, but more importantly a memory that I was part of a caring community situated in a most beautiful countryside. Sunday afternoon walks were bemoaned but what lovely things we used to see, flowers, birds, etc. and what views everywhere also the river at Traitor's Ford. Sibford prepared me for the opportunities I have had and helped me to understand people.

After leaving Sibford in 1955 I worked in a nursery school and then in 1957 commenced my nurse training at The London Hospital in Whitechapel, East London. What a change from the tranquillity of Sibford! The London gave me a very good training as a nurse and working in the East End gave me a totally new experience of life. The people of the East End were lovely to work amongst. When I finished my training I stayed at The London for 18 months, working as a staff nurse on a female surgical ward. After this I trained as a midwife in Bristol and Luton and when qualified I worked as a Community Midwife in Luton for 8 years, delivering and caring for many women in their own homes.

In 1969 I had the opportunity to attend the International Congress of Midwives in Chile. This was held in Santiago, a city which has the Andes as a backdrop. On the return journey we visited Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro.

I took a course in London and obtained The Midwife Teacher's Diploma and went into Management. I held various posts and am now Director of Midwifery Services and Operational Services Manager in South Bedfordshire. This means that I am responsible for the midwifery services in the district which includes the hospital and community services and the school of midwifery.

The other part of my job is responsibility for other services within the hospital. Professionally I am involved outside the district both within and outside the Health Service. Each Health Authority has a nurse member and I am on the North Bedfordshire Health Authority. My particular interests have been the services for the mentally handicapped, elderly and the services within the community. There is a national move to care for these people within the community so there are some very interesting developments in community care, particularly for the mentally handicapped.

In 1981 I was appointed a Justice of the Peace to the Luton Bench. The court is a very busy one. The work is very interesting but at times very sad. It makes one very thankful for the opportunities one has had. Some people have very little chance of making anything of their lives. I sit in both the Adult and Juvenile courts and am a deputy chairman on a juvenile panel.

I live in Harpenden and there have involvement with the local Association for Mental Health which promotes mental health and also runs 2 group homes for people who have had psychiatric illness. It is lovely to see the joys of those who have spent years in hospital when they are in their own room with their own possessions around them and a key to the front door.

In addition to all this I am chairman of the local Christian Aid Committee.

ANNE GEE

School Committee

SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPORT 1985-86

It is usual for Head Teachers to claim that their school provides a warm and caring community in which self confidence grows, even though, for many pupils, rigid attitudes and examination hurdles may have proved counter-productive. However, we, at Sibford, with our traditionally sympathetic attitude, really do seek to nurture an individual's qualities, enabling each to achieve the self esteem and confidence which should characterise every school leaver. For some time we have been exploring and testing new approaches and we very much welcome the enormous changes which are now taking place in English education.

We are mindful of the relevant and valuable contributions that all the Friends' Schools have to offer to contemporary society, and particularly we feel that Sibford School is going very definitely in the right direction. We place great emphasis on the following objectives which are central to our thinking.

a) The School's intentions should be to meet the needs of individual children rather than to mould them into a predetermined pattern.

b) Children's experience must include their full development in whatever skills they can master, leading to confidence based on achievements and to the growth of resources within themselves which will support them through changing patterns of employment, enrich their lives and enable them to contribute fully to the adult community.

c) While at school, children should be developing an awareness of their responsibility to the community in which they live and work, and to which each has a unique contribution to make. They should also develop a sensitivity to the needs and strengths of others.

d) The pursuit of excellence should be seen in terms of individual potential rather than just in the context of absolute standards.

e) Although competition has its place in life there should also be an emphasis on co-operation together with a recognition that there can be ways of resolving confrontation without winners or losers.

f) Self-discipline should be encouraged within an ordered framework rather than allowing children to rely solely on externally imposed rules of behaviour.

g) There should be a positive approach to life based on the knowledge that everywhere there is "that of God" to be found, shared and enjoyed; that education lasts throughout life and that growth can follow from every experience, good or bad.

The development of an educational environment in which to cultivate and realize some of these objectives requires imaginative leadership, effective yet sensitive decision-making and management, sound planning and, most importantly, a very high level of effort, dedication and commitment by the Headmaster and Staff. We are grateful to both teaching and non-teaching staff for their unstinting support throughout the year.

We are specially grateful to Ken Francis, Deputy Head, who is retiring after 26 years' service to the School. His presence at Committee Meetings has always been positive; his influence, wise counsel and dependable strength of character have been of immeasurable support to the whole community.

The Headmaster and his staff have taken a positive team approach to the introduction of the new G.C.S.E. syllabus, as well as developing the sixth form Certificate of Pre-vocational Education. New areas for Needlework, Typing and English-as-a-Foreign-Language have been established and our Committee meetings at the school have also included visits to particular departments. The continuing development in the Walled Garden, the new and exciting approach to Drama, and Music, now rehoused at the Manor, have caught the imagination and given an added dimension to our meetings. Nor do we overlook the now well-established areas in which Sibford excels including Woodwork, Metalwork, Art, Pottery, and the Remedial Centre. A distinguished visitor to the school recently wrote "it was a privilege to visit Sibford School and to enjoy the atmosphere of calm progress that is being achieved".

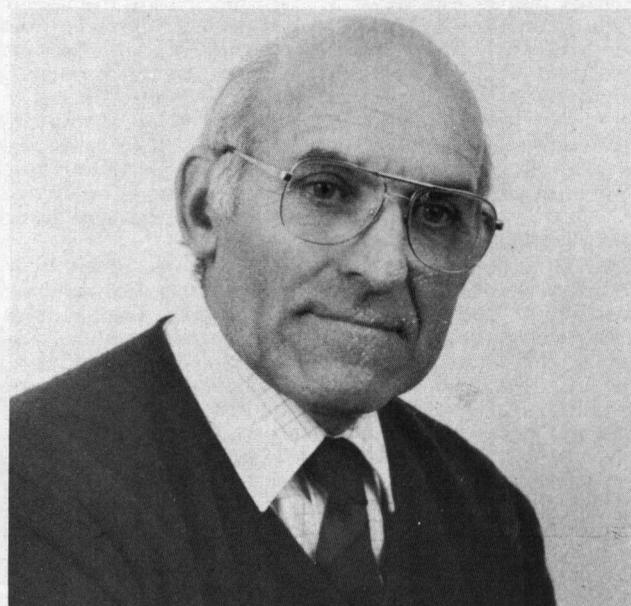
One of the committee's concerns is to rationalize the number of meetings held, and also to make it possible for members of sub-committees to be better informed, for there is so much we all want and need to know about the school if we are to be effective in the oversight of its management. Future possibilities being considered by the Development Group include a new Sports Complex, improved Drama facilities and the provision of centralized accommodation for Art, Craft, Design and Technology in support of these excellent and popular activities in the School.

Sibford continues to benefit from sound financial management and, this year, we have been able to allocate an additional sum for the provision of improved facilities, furnishings and equipment throughout the school. Continued development and progress remains conditional upon a sufficient number of pupils entering the School each year. External competition provides us with an extremely demanding and challenging future; we have a great deal to do but we are confident of our direction and the educational initiatives being taken. During the year John Adamson retired from School Committee and we wish to record our appreciation of his service. He joined the Committee in 1977 and served as Chairman of the Education Sub-Committee for three years. He brought a wealth of experience in education and wisdom as a faithful member of the Religious Society of Friends.

Finally, we have a message for all those who support, appreciate and understand what is being achieved at Sibford School and care passionately about its future. BE AMBASSADORS. Let others know what you know. Tell them that Sibford is a caring School in the very best Quaker tradition.

PHILIP G. MANASSEH

CHAIRMAN



NEWS OF OLD SCHOLARS

- Wendeth Withersover they Wilen - MARGARET BAILY has moved from Shipton in Yorkshire to Ulverston in Cumbria. She sends greetings to everyone.

PHILIP BLUNSOM sends greetings and says "The 1985 Magazine is a fine issue and full of interest. Those concerned with its production are to be congratulated. Incidentally my first term at Sibford was the last of the half-yearly terms. (2nd term of 1919)".

EDWINA BEZANT is in Hotel Management and has recently become engaged to a Sailor! ... Well done "Eddie"

NANCY BOTTOMS (nee BAKER) writes from her home in Ontario, Canada - "We retired last year and are just beginning to enjoy the new freedom available to us. Our three sons all live in Ontario and we are the grandparents of three boys and two girls.

I am certain that the August Reunion will be the usual success and congratulations to Jeanne Southam for becoming 85/86 President.

My compliments to the Editorial Committee for the front cover photograph of James Harrod. His term as Headmaster was over before I commenced school, however, his influence was far-reaching and profound.

The sprig of Lily of the Valley in his buttonhole spoke volumes and brought a little mist to my eye".

HOWARD CAMPION sends greetings to Old Scholars and was sorry that he couldn't join the Reunion this year. The photo shows Howard with his two sisters Kathleen and Irene who are also Old Scholars.



Howard Campion with his sisters Kathleen & Irene

ANDREW HOUGHTON left Sibford in 1980. He took "A" levels at a local sixth form college and graduated in Mathematics from Imperial College, London, last year. He has recently started as a trainee with a small accounting firm.

JOAN LONG wrote recently of "happy reunions" she attended with our late lamented Geoffrey. She sends her greetings to Old Scholars.

LISTER AND PAUL MATHEWS made a welcome return to the Reunion. Lister was here 1949-54 and as most readers will know was a previous Editor of the Magazine. Paul, who is Lister's son, was here 1975-77 and has recently joined the Association.

GILLIAN MUNDAY who left in 1980, did sixth form work in Oxford and then went to Manchester to do her N.N.E.B. After qualifying in 1982 she went to Israel to nanny for a family of 3 children, which she found an interesting experience. She has been working in a children's home for the mentally and physically handicapped.

PAT PHILLIPS (formerly CHORLEY, nee WILLIAMS) wrote us a lovely letter vividly illustrating how the Sibford grapevine really does bear fruit!

- "Nearly eleven years ago, some years after my husband left me and I was bringing up my children, I went to a party and noticed this young man moving quickly around the food table picking out and eating all the spring onions -we soon started talking and discovered that we had both had the good fortune to be educated at Sibford along with his brothers Steven, Nicholas, Tim, Roger and Malcolm Phillips and my sisters Judith and Susan Williams and brother Tom.

Although we were many miles from Sibford we found ourselves at the Elm at 3.00 a.m!

Ten years later on that anniversary I agreed to marry him despite his continued liking for spring onions!

On February 8th, 1986, Christopher Phillips and I were married and our two families met to help us to celebrate and of course there are many shared memories of Sibford."

N.B. Belated congratulations to you both!

MALCOLM and PAT RUDLIN "We often think of you and Old Scholars and the School. Best wishes and every success to you all".

REX TILLEY and his wife recently visited the school and he was able to identify many nostalgic landmarks. Rex was most impressed with the many changes and looks forward to coming to an August Reunion again.

SUSAN THOMAS nee SMITH is living in Canada and says - "I recently met LIZ COVEY (nee PENN) at Niagara. As we viewed the falls we reminisced about our years at Sibford and Liz promised to send me her copy of the Magazine.

Having thoroughly enjoyed reading it I decided I must write without delay and pledge my support as an Old Scholar!

Please convey my good wishes to everyone attending the August Reunion. I shall be thinking of you all during that weekend."

KERRY WHEATLEY is going to Canada next year for twelve months to extend her work as a Nanny. She recently met ANN RICHARDSON and both send their greetings. It was nice to see older sister FIONA RICHARDSON at the June Open Day.

Keep your letters coming - they make fascinating reading!

MRF

NOTICES

With the greatest pleasure I can report my handing over at the A.G.M. of the thirteenth successive anonymous gift, this time of £100.

Most grateful thanks, Friend.

F.R.

O.S. may have noticed during Reunion that the old flag was flying - but on the Tuesday there flew but a fragment -thanks to Monday's storm "Hurricane Charlie". Vera Rollett has all the fragments, and now the three new pieces to make the replacement.

Is there any O.S.(or parent) capable and willing to make up and paint in the emblem?

Obituaries

WILFRID POLLARD 1898-1986
(at Sibford 1911-13)



It was with great sadness that we learned of Wilfrid's death in his 88th year.

Wilfrid was one of S.O.S.A.'s legend's. He was London Secretary in the 1930's and became President in 1939.

On leaving Sibford he was apprenticed in the engineering industry in fine gauge making. In 1917 he joined the Royal West Kents and was despatch riding in France during the last years of the war.

He joined his father's Paint manufacturing business in 1920 and remained with the company, retiring as a director in 1976. Wilfrid's eldest son is still in the business.

Wilf was also a member of Walthamstow Rotary club for 25 years. He was very fond of winter sports and was still skiing after he was 60 years old.

Our sincere condolences go to Mabel and her family ...

Godfrey Baseley writes:

We are grateful for the life and influence of Wilfrid Pollard.

Although "Polly", as he was affectionately known, had already left school before I arrived, throughout my schooldays and all the years that followed, his name and his presence were truly synonymous with Sibford. His even temperament, ready wit and jovial personality endeared him to everyone who was privileged to know him.

As one of the many who enjoyed his friendship I am grateful to have known him and to have benefitted from the warmth of that friendship.

Norman Coxon writes:

Wilfrid was always interested in gardening, he and Mabel came to see us many times at Carriers Cottage bringing us plants from their garden. Once there was a small plant in a batch, which was unmarked, and none of us could recall its name. Later the phone rang and a voice called out "Drayas Octopetala" Wilfrid had remembered.

We are thankful to have had his friendship.

Philip Manasseh writes:

.... His frequent visits to the School always reminded one of his affection for the place and his delight at coming back. He was one of the core of Old Scholars who could be relied upon, and perhaps above all was his sense of what may now to some be old fashioned values! You might say the old school of thinking, but certainly loyalty and standards of behaviour.....

HARRY STEVENS 1895-1986

(at Sibford 1906-09)

Harry was one of SOSA's oldest members being here before the first world war.

August 12th was the last active day of Harry's life. He lived it, as he always did, with robust commonsense and cheerful good humour. He made a bonfire in the garden, sharpened some saws, mended a saucepan, did the washing up; and finally enjoyed a TV programme.

During the night he passed, unnoticed, into deep unconsciousness and remained so until, he died in hospital very early on August 14th.

(NB. Harry was a keen gardener. In last years 'Grapevine' he expressed his delight on learning that the walled garden had been resurrected.)

Donations (if desired) could, most appropriately, be sent to Tools for Self Reliance, Netley Marsh Workshops, Southampton SO4 2GY.

Anniversary

GOLDEN WEDDING BELLS

On July 25th 1936 Brian Wright wed Ethel Martin at Holy Trinity Church, Bengoe, Hertford. Fifty years later, this occasion was celebrated by a small happy family party, held at their home for the past fifty years, in Woking, Surrey.



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Our thanks to the Banbury Guardian for permission to reproduce the photograph of Ken Francis.



Amongst those attending the Reunion were:-Barbara Abercrombie, Naomi Alexander, Joan Bamford, Grace Beckerlegge, Philip Beckerlegge, Bernard Blunsom, Loraine Brown, Kay Bohm, Roland Bohm, David Bohm, Reg Brown, Vera Brown, Robert Bufton, Doreen Carman, Constance Cottrell, Norman Coxon, Marjorie Coxon, Irene Coxon-Smith, Olive Dalley, Helen Doyle, Johnnie Doyle, Margaret Dring, Arthur Dring, Alastair Eastland, Kweku Erbynn, Marjorie Fielding, Mike Finch, Wendy Finch, Andy Finch, Tom Evans, Margaret Fairnington, Paul Frampton, Ruth Frampton, Charles Frampton, Harriet Frampton, Maxine Gerrard-Smith, Jim Graham, Maureen Graham, Chris Grimes, Pat Grimes, Michael Grimes, Nicola Grimes, Hilary Haddleton, John Haddleton, Louise Haddleton, Emma Haddleton, Arthur Harrison, Pamela Harrison, Philippa Harrison, Mark Harrison, Leslie Harrison, Brian Holliday, Jane Holliday, May Hockley, Robert Hockley, Brian Hooper, Pauline Hooper, Meriel Hunt, Allan Kidney, Katharine Kidney, Caroline Kidney, Guy Kingham, Miriam Kirkman, Paul Narraway, Lilly Narraway, David Laity, Diana Lloyd, John Lloyd, Hywel Lloyd, Owen Lloyd, Philip Manasseh, Janet Manasseh, Mary Mascaro, Hugh Maw, Daphne Maw, Mark Mercer, Jean Mills, Gladys Mills, Elsie Mitchell, Elizabeth Cordiner, Naomi Cordiner, Martin Cordiner, Anne Muir, John Miller, Edith Miller, Barrie Naylor, Sheila Naylor, Gillian Newbold, Andy Newbold, William Norgrove, Olive Norgrove, Kate Long, Harold Pugmire, Nancy Pugmire, Rowena Pugmire, Lily Ratheram, Eleri Ricci, Mario Ricci, Ivano Ricci, Frank Rollett, Vera Rollett, Loraine Spencer, Lilian Russell, Robert Rose, Harold Rose, Don Ryan, Julian Sandiford, Winifred Savage, Jim Shields, Joan Shields, Constance Phillips, Jack Simpson, Monica Simpson, David Smith, Abigail Smith, Rebecca Smith, Neville Smith, Hauna Smith, Russell Steed, David Stiles, Mavis Stiles, Jeanne Southam, Vaughan Southam, Joanna Southam, Pamela Smettey, John Taylor, Betty Thelton, John Thelton, Jim Thelton, Ralph Townley, Sheila Trout, Clare Tyrrell, Tim Vallance, Mike van Blankenstein, Wendy van Blankenstein, Jean Walker, Ian Weatherhead, Christine Weatherhead, Trenham Weatherhead, Caz Webster, Bill White, Doris White, Warwick Williams, Sheila Williams, Marjorie Young, Anthony Yelloly, Bryony Yelloly, Elizabeth Yuill, James Binns, Desdemona Carpenter, Adrian Crawford, John Dale, Jeff Donovan, Onike Frazer, Clodagh Glaisyer, Karen Hart, Richard Huddleston, Bruce Jones, Nikolai Krohnert, Geoff Michelo, Sarah Malcolm, Robert Templeton, Louise Webb, Dorothy Angerson, Jenny Beavon, Clem Cox, Margaret Cox, Raymond Bond, Ann Bond, Caroline Bond, Matthew Mills, David Henderson, Jenny Henderson, Paddy Coppinger.