

*Sibford*



# 1987-88

## The School Staff

### Headmaster

§ Jim Graham, M.A.

### Deputy Head

§ Stephen Bunney, B.A.\*

Social Studies, Maths

### Head of Lower School

§ Anne Chalmers, B.A.\*

English

### Head of Sixth Form

§ Maureen McHale, N.D.D., A.T.D.\*

Art

Fiona Robbins  
Carolyn Lovejoy  
(H) Wendy Finch  
Jane Carroll  
George Gibson, M.I.C.A.  
Jennifer Brown  
Robin Warner  
Roger Harris  
Albert G. Griffiths, BICS Cert. MBICS  
Steven Canning  
Percy Turner

Girls' Manor Matron  
Assistant House Mistress  
Housekeeper  
Deputy Housekeeper  
Catering Manager  
Head Cook  
Maintenance Foreman  
Deputy Foreman  
School Caretaker  
Assistant Caretaker  
Head Gardener

(H) Indicates House Staff

• Indicates Part-time staff

\* Indicates Post-Graduates teaching qualifications

§ Indicates Tutor

## Staff

(H)§ Peter Agnew, B.A.\* History  
• Jennifer Austing, B.A.\* Remedial, English  
§ Christopher Bateman, Teachers Certificate English, Drama  
§ Angela Bovill, B.Ed. Environmental Studies  
§ Andrew Chowne, Teachers Certificate Mathematics  
§ Lisa Chowne, B.Ed. Religious Studies  
• Susan Cliffe, Teachers Certificate Home Economics  
§ Frank Cookson, M.A.\* Mathematics, Physics  
• Pippa Cookson, M.A., Ph.D.\* Social Services  
§ Christopher Cox, Teachers Certificate General Science, Physics,  
Biology, Computer Studies  
• Eunice Dalleres, M.A. Spanish  
(H)§ Elizabeth Endersby, Teachers Certificate, Child Development  
(H)§ Katherine Evans, B.Sc.\* Mathematics  
Lisa Farmer Games  
§ David Foulds, B.A., Teachers Certificate Remedial  
(H)§ Kay Goodband Typing  
§ David Goodwin, B.Sc.\* Mathematics  
(H)§ Dominic Griffiths, B.A.\* Remedial  
§ Christopher Guy, Teachers Certificate P.E.,  
Graphic Communication  
English, P.E.  
Games  
C.D.T.  
History, Games  
Home Economics  
Geography  
Dance  
Music  
E.F.L.  
General Science,  
Chemistry  
Textile Crafts  
French  
French, German  
E.F.L.  
C.D.T.  
Geography, Librarian  
Biology, General Science  
Art  
English  
Remedial, French  
Remedial  
P.E., Geography  
C.P.V.E., Maths  
Remedial, Games

(H)§ Margaret Guy, B.A.\*  
(H) Nicholas Halafih  
(H)§ Stuart Hedley, Teachers Certificate,  
City & Guilds Advanced Craft Certificate  
§ Marion Higgins, B.A.\*  
(H)§ Wendy Holden, B.Ed.  
§ Brian Holliday, B.Sc.\*  
Frances Leaver  
§ Bryan Lee, P.S.M.  
(H)§ Ursula Lucas, B.A. Teachers Certificate  
§ Andrew Newbold, B.Sc., Ph.D.\*

(H)§ Lesley Norton, Teachers Certificate  
• Tony Retallack, M.A.  
§ Jean Rudge, B.A.\*  
§ Tony Rye, L.T.C.L.\*  
§ Graeme Sagar, M.C.C. ED.\*  
§ Janette Skeath, B.A., Teachers Certificate  
(H)§ Tony Skeath, B.Sc.\*  
(H)§ Michael Spring, B.Ed  
§ Penelope Taylor, B.A.\*  
§ Gilbert Todd, B.A.\* A.M.B.D.A  
§ Karen Turburfield  
§ Stella Wilson B.Ed  
• Jenifer Wollerton  
(H)§ Michael Wollerton, Teachers Certificate,  
Dip.P.E.

### Instrumental Teachers

Ann Brown, B.A.\* Piano and Theory  
Julian Hodgson, B.Sc. Brass  
Clifford Pick, A.B.S.M. Percussion  
Raymond Head, M.A., Dip.Ed, FRAS. Piano

### Laboratory Staff

• Joe Colesby Craft/School Technician  
• Diane Howes Laboratory Technician

### Administrative Staff

D. John Miller Bursar  
(H)§ Michael R. Finch Estate Manager  
Mary McTaggart Administrative Assistant  
Kate Long Headmaster's Secretary  
Shirley Chowne Bursar's Secretary  
Ann Stevenson Receptionist/Secretary  
Miranda Emery Office Assistant  
Sidney A. Agnew, M.B., Ch.B. Medical Officer  
Patricia Croft, S.E.N. Nursing Staff  
Virginia Bennett, S.R.N. Nursing Staff

## S.O.S.A. OFFICERS

President 1987-88 : Russell Steed  
Vice-President 1987-88 : Mavis Stiles  
General Secretary : Ian Weatherhead  
(to 31.8.90) 35 Ossulton Way, Hampstead Garden  
Suburb, London N2 0JY  
Treasurer : D. John Miller  
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Oxfordshire OX15 5QL  
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(to 31.8.89) Sibford School, Sibford Ferris, Nr. Banbury,  
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Tel (0295 78) 441/442  
Reunion Secretary : Nick Briggs  
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Assistant Reunion  
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(to 31.8.89) 294 Eastcote Avenue, West Molesey,  
Surrey  
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The Carrier's Cottage, Burdrop, Sibford  
Gower, Banbury, Oxfordshire  
Tel (0295) 78317  
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- South West : Jeanne Southam  
2 Farlers' End, Nailsea, Avon  
Tel (0272) 852322  
School Committee  
Representatives : Jeanne Southam (to 31.12.89)  
Paul Frampton (to 31.12.88)  
School Staff  
Representatives : Karen Turburfield (to 31.8.89)  
Chris Bateman (to 31.8.89)  
General Committee  
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- to 31.8.88 : Onike Frazer, Arthur Harrison  
- to 31.8.89 : Ropbert Templeton, Guy Kingham  
Hon Auditor : Mary McTaggart

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Chairman : Ann Bond  
Secretary : Janette Skeath  
Treasurer : Richard Tustian  
S.O.S.A. Representative : Charmaine Tuthill  
Ex-Officio : Jim Graham (headmaster)  
Committee : Kay Goodband (staff representative),  
Sylvia Chester, Mr. & Mrs. Dudbridge,  
Mike Finch, Maureen Graham, Erica  
Phillips, Pauline Stanton, David  
Stewart, Jackie Walsh

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



It must be seventy degrees in the shade. Above the heavily leaf'd trees on the "New Road" to the Hill the cloudless sky is a beautiful cornflower blue. Through the heat haze I'm sure I can see the outline of Broadway Tower on the western horizon, over fifteen miles away. A pair of wood pigeons are calling to each other from a clump of trees where the old pavillion used to stand in the field beyond the dining hall. The harvest is in full swing, and from the field across the valley above the old pumping station the sound of the great yellow harvest wafts up on the Summer breeze. The seasons turn and the face of Sibford may change a little, but the soul of the place is the same, I feel sure, as it ever was.

Everyone who joins and leaves Sibford, pupils or teachers, draws something from the place and gives of him or herself in return. Thus the school is a living organism, growing and adapting to the changing times, but it is the soul of Sibford which grateful Old Scholars the world over will recall, as I perhaps will do in years to come, on such a Summers day as this.

*Michael Spring*

*Front cover - J. Spence Hodgson, First SOSA President 1904*

*Back cover - The Manor, 1891*

*Editorial - Sibford Gower duckpond 1907*

## HEAD GIRLS

Ruth Sharpe is in her second year at Sibford. She joined Fielding from Woolmer Hill Secondary School in Surrey. Ruth is studying for two A levels in French and Art. Although she would not describe herself as a sporty person she has, since arriving at Sibford, discovered an aptitude for hockey. Working with the Fielding Players Ruth has stage-managed this year's first major production.

After next Summer's exams she intends to take a year off working and travelling in France before returning to continue her studies at Art College.



Virginia Dommen was born in London three hundred years after the death of Rembrandt. She came to Sibford in the Sixth Form, having previously been educated in Geneva. She made the move because there was not a suitable equivalent to A level Art in Switzerland. Apart from French, which is Virginia's second subject, she is an enthusiastic games player, particularly interested in trampolining which she has taken up since coming to Sibford.

Virginia has found the atmosphere here very friendly and she has been pleased to discover that Oxfordshire has such beautiful countryside.

## HEAD BOY

Cary Parsons is in his seventh year at Sibford. He is taking the new A Level Theatre Studies course and also working for his Advanced Typewriting qualification. Cary's interests include drama, swimming and trying to stay upright on water-skis. His enthusiasm for cooking led him to compile the Sibford Cook Book and he has been involved in most of the recent school theatrical productions.

After this year Cary hopes to continue his stage training at Drama School with a view to making a career in the theatrical business.

# Welcome

## FRAN LEAVER



Fran Leaver was born in Sheffield but received all her education and ten years of ballet training in Birmingham.

In 1983 Fran started a combined honours degree in History and Movement Studies at St. Mary's College, London. During the next three years she participated in many varied styles of dance

After graduating in 1986 Fran has done various jobs, all involved in either the health industry or the dance world. The highlights included performances at Surrey University and the Edinburgh Festival.

Fran has come to Sibford Ferris with the hope of broadening her experience of dance outside the sphere of performing.

## ANN DYDE



Anne Dyde has joined the school this September to cover fourth and fifth year History classes while Marion Higgins is on maternity leave. She will be taking some fourth and fifth year games.

Mrs. Dyde is married with two children and lives in Sulgrave. She was educated at Easingwold School, North Yorkshire and at Leeds University where she took an Honours Degree in English and History. She completed her teacher training at London University. After qualifying, Mrs Dyde accompanied her husband to Zambia where she taught English at a Boys' Boarding School. Since 1985 she worked as a supply teacher for Northampton County Council before being appointed to Chenderit School, to teach English and History.

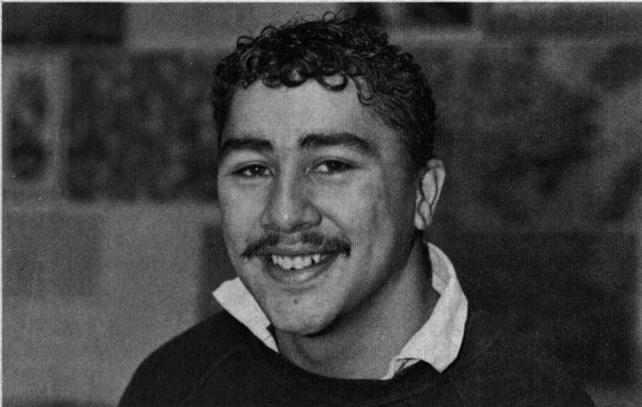
After Christmas, Mrs. Dyde will be going abroad to join her husband who is working on a large Agriculture Project in Sri Lanka.

## TAMMY COTTON-JENNINGS



Tammy comes from America where she studied Humanities at San Francisco State University. In 1984 she travelled to France and West Berlin where she pursued her interests in Languages and Art. She returned to San Francisco to take her Master's Degree in Art and Photography and then set off with her husband, Carl, on an eight month trip round South East Asia. During this time she was able to indulge in her favourite pastimes: photography, travel, reading and eating. Tammy and Carl have now settled in England and we welcome Tammy to the History Department.

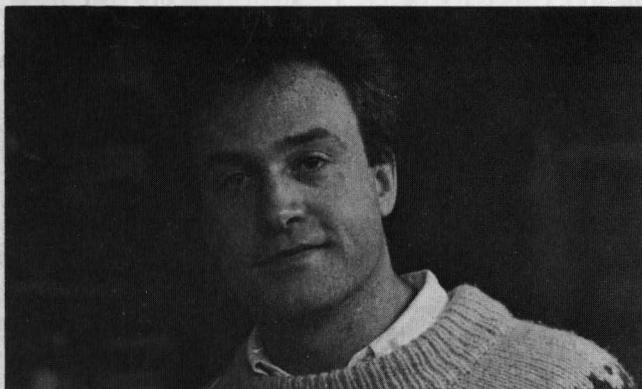
## NICHOLAS HALAFIHI



Nicholas joins us as assistant teacher of Boys P.E. Before coming to Sibford he studied sports coaching at the Carnegie School of Physical Education at Leeds Polytechnic. Prior to this he had studied for his O & A levels at his local secondary school in Bridlington, near Hull.

Sport forms a major part of Nicholas' life with Rugby taking pride of place. He has played Rugby Union at top club level, but his main interest lies in Rugby League for which he recently gained his International cap against France. He also enjoys basketball, cricket and middle-distance running. Nicholas joins Nansen Boys' House as Assistant Housemaster.

## SIMON CLEMENTS



Simon is this year's resident potter

# Farewell

## ANNE MUIR



It was my good fortune to work closely with Anne for more than six years. During that time I came to appreciate her very real love for the school and concern for all those who made up the community.

Anne did not always find the transition from a state day school to Sibford easy. Sibford is in some respects unique, as are some of its problems, but she always sought to do what was best for the school and the individuals concerned without in any way compromising her own high standards.

A meticulous attention to detail is one of her strengths. Most of us at some time or other wrote reports that failed to pass Anne's sharp eyes, the accuracy and precision of her English put us to shame.

Music is an important part of Anne's life. Many of us will remember the productions of the Mikado and HMS Pinafore in which she took part with obvious enthusiasm. Outside of school she sings with the Banbury Choral Society. Less known perhaps, is her piano playing. Anne decided some years ago to improve her standard of performance. Like anything she undertakes she has tackled it whole heartedly, and her progress up the scale of examinations to an advanced level has proved this. Incidentally, much of the practice took place in the Hill Building, first thing in the morning before school.

However I think my abiding memory of working with Anne is that it was always enjoyable and often full of fun and laughter. Thank you Anne for your years of service to Sibford.

*Ken Francis*

## ANGELA MORTIMER

In July we said goodbye to Angela Mortimer, one of our longest-serving members of staff.

I first met Angela ten years ago when I arrived at Sibford. She made me feel welcome in the Art Department, and proved to be a helpful and congenial colleague.

Many Sibford students have been grateful for the introduction to ceramics which Angela was able to give them, and for the extra hours which she was prepared to spend firing their work and giving them encouragement.

She is missed by students and colleagues alike.

*Maureen Mchale*

## SHIRLEY ROSS

Shirley Ross arrived at Sibford on New Year's Day 1968 after a time of change in the department following Sister Williams' long and caring time there. In her turn Shirley brought to the San her own very special brand of caring and generations of pupils with special health problems are grateful to her for her help and the way in which she chased them to take very necessary medication at the right time although, as children, they may have found this trying! To all she was a confidante of exceptional discretion, a most competent nurse and to many a very good friend.

The San quickly became an ordered place of warmth and care where children felt secure and Staff from all departments knew the kettle would be boiling for cups of coffee on their frequent rounds of duty. Some of us remember hilarious end of term parties when some of us were so tired we fell asleep despite the noise around us, and also those special times when, term ended, staff stayed for several days sailing, swimming and playing tennis together with evening activities often based on the San. Shirley's welcome was there for us all even when her own sitting room was the little surgery - somehow it didn't matter that we were squashed in between record cabinets and sink and the only seat was often the examination couch. Those were the days before each of us had a television and became shut into our own rooms.

When she came to Sibford Shirley brought with her Nancy and Paul, then of junior school age - each of them then went through Sibford to the end of the Sixth Form and each is now happily married, Nancy with three young daughters of her own. So Sibford says goodbye to Shirley, this young grandmother who, to the surprise of us all, reached retirement age this summer. The number of colleagues past and present who gathered to share a meal in her honour and to present her with a microwave and a sizeable cheque is proof of the respect and affection in which Shirley is held. We wish her every happiness as she starts her new venture of so called "Retirement".

*D. June Ellis*

# OVERSEAS

## THE HEADMASTER IN HONG KONG

Torrential rain, marvellous food (much too much of it) and lovely hospitality are the principle memories of all my visits to Hong Kong. So is it all eating and sheltering from the rain? Far from it. Children and their parents appear for interview, sometimes in floods and sometimes at tiresomely awkward intervals, leaving time to get bored and not enough time to go and do something else. That is dangerous because all one can do is go shopping. A certain amount of that is fine but once one has bought four shirts for £10 one cannot do it again.

The interviewing is fascinating. Often it has to be done with an interpreter. That always intrigues me. Why is it that some of my questions go straight into Chinese while others seem to require a mini-lecture? I think idly of learning to speak it myself but the week's visit is over before I even buy a simple book. So I am afraid it will be just the same next time.

The long flight home gives more than adequate time for reflection. This year's visit was not as successful as last year's. That was probably because sterling is so strong that it costs even more for children to be sent to the U.K. It is still well worth it from the school's point of view, and a pleasure for me to meet so many delightful people, and experience again Hong Kong's extraordinary bustle and energy.

*Jim Graham*



*George Fox*

## JUNIOR YEARLY MEETING

Junior Yearly Meeting is, as its name suggests, an event which takes place annually. It is a gathering-together of representatives from every Monthly Meeting and Friends' Schools, between the ages of sixteen and eighteen.

Each year it is held at a different Friends' school. This year the Meeting was at Ackworth, a Quaker school in West Yorkshire. When I arrived there, I was apprehensive as I am not a Quaker and the only Meetings I had ever attended were those held in Sibford Gower.

Each year the Junior Meeting has a theme which runs through the five days of its duration. This year the theme was 'Rejection, Tolerance, Understanding and Acceptance'.

Before I went to the Meeting I received information about it and a timetable of events. One of these sections was reserved for discussion groups in which we could learn about one another and discuss problems of a personal nature.

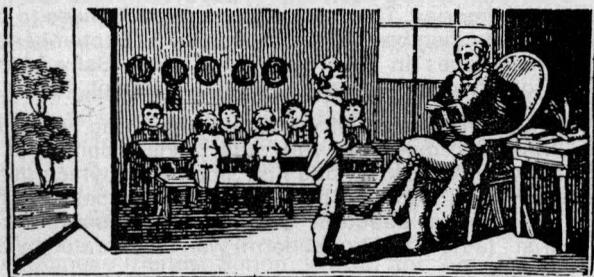
In another section we were given a choice of activities. I chose Drama to be on the safe side, because I was unsure about 'non-violent direct action', and yoga was not my scene. We also had several speakers who came from a variety of backgrounds and who spoke to us on various aspects of the theme.

Every day we had Meeting for Worship which was a very different experience to any Meeting I had been to before. Here people of my age wanted to sit in silence and it made silent worship mean something to me. People were also prepared to stand up and say things which were important to them.

I enjoyed Junior Yearly Meeting. It gave me an opportunity to see a different aspect of Quakers and their ideals.

*Robert Templeton*

# Round the Houses



## NANSEN BOYS

It was good to see Mr Griffiths settling into the House community and we would like to apologise for making him work so hard that it took him such a long time to pass his in the end!

To our good fortune, somebody way over in the Hill realized that Nansen had been suffering in silence (and cold and dark and danger) for many years and, during the summer holidays, the House was transformed by the addition of new heating, lighting and wiring systems. We are especially grateful for the new bedside lights which enable us to work well into the night. The new landing area now houses the computer/word processing suite and, together with the new music system and video recorder the House has been gainfully occupied.

We have had a very successful year in a number of areas. We won the Merit Cup, the Rugby Cup, the Football Trophy, the Individual Intermediate and Junior Cross-country cups (Mike Williams and Simon Crapp), the Swimming Trophy (special thanks to Richard Petherham, Neil Dymott and the Girls) and the Athletics Cup (for the second year running). The House has continued to be involved in a number of fund-raising activities throughout the year.

The School, we are sure, is very grateful for the continued involvement of Nansen Seniors in the running of Saturday-night entertainments, in the help with the lighting (given to allow the other two Houses to come first and second in the Eisteddfod!) and in the provision of technical assistance with a number of plays throughout the year. The remaining fifth form, exhausted (?) from their hard work during their examinations still had the energy left to manufacture an enormous 'Litter-eating Monster' as the School's float in the Village Carnival. The year ended on a traditional note with a splendid barbecue provided by Mr. & Mrs. McCallum.

*Caradoc, Piers and Geno*

## LISTER BOYS

There has been a good deal of work done for the House this year, both on and off the games field. It was disappointing, though, that no cups came our way. Matt Chobkit and John Huddleston did a good job organising teams nevertheless.

A special thank you goes to Mr. Driffield, Rupert's father, who gave a new video recorder to the House - it has been in regular use, and the Sunday night film has become a feature of the week's entertainment. House funds went towards a good selection of board games this Summer, with Monopoly and Trivial Pursuits proving most popular. With some financial help from Nicholas Ripper's father, the Lego Club has established itself as a Lister-based club which meets every Saturday afternoon to construct new models which are displayed in the showcase for the forthcoming week. We are grateful to Miss Taylor for running this activity for the juniors.

The house has received a major face-lift this year in the shape of new curtains in every room, a number of new carpets and new box beds. The laundry room has changed its use, and is now a study-bedroom for the Deputy House Captain, allowing the House Captain a room to himself.

An enterprising scheme to raise money for a new washing machine was undertaken by David Hammond, Matthew Dean and Gavin Reeder, who organised a sponsored swim, and we are very grateful for their efforts.

We say goodbye this year to Mr. Spring who has been our Assistant Housemaster since 1981. In January he is marrying Miss Taylor, and in September they are to become the first House Staff of the new Junior House - Holly. We are very grateful to Mr. Spring for all he has done for Lister over the years, and we wish him and Miss Taylor good luck for their future together.

This year's House Captain, Chris Webb, leaves after an excellent year's leadership. He has been a popular and well-respected senior boy, and we hope that next year Roderick Boyd and James Nelson, his Deputy, will follow the good example Chris set. The year ended in fine style with a strawberries and ice-cream feast in the Hedleys' garden - it seemed to make up for not winning any cups!

## PENN BOYS

The year for Penn Boys has been an all round success. We have seen some dramatic changes to the house such as the installation of a brand new tumble drier (to date it has broken down five times) and, to the relief of the junior half of the house, doors have replaced the rather ineffective curtains in the doorways. In an attempt to brighten up the house graffiti murals are now displayed, a product of the spray can artists in the 2nd, 4th and 5th years.

The most exciting new addition to the house was a video recorder and remote control T.V. Videos in Penn especially over the weekend, have become a tradition. A decision was made in the Spring term, to replace one rather decrepit snooker table and we have been fund raising ever since, raising £30 by having a patch at the FOSS car boot sale.

In terms of achievements we won the Eisteddfod, with our version of 'The Jungle Book' and our display cabinet is brimming with trophies, including those for basketball, cross-country and unihockey.

At the end of last year we bid a sad farewell to Mr. Paul Buckland and welcomed Mr Peter Agnew as the new assistant housemaster. We have now got used to his rather unusual method of awakening us in the morning by singing and look forward to another year of his company. Last, but not least, we would like to thank Martin Perkins and Jason Willat for their service as joint heads of house.

*Robert Perkins  
Carl Fisher  
Matthew Davis*

## FIELDING

This year has been a full one with a lot of good things mixed in with a few bad.

The first term started with many strange faces to Sibford. Nearly all of us have been studying the new C.P.V.E. course (Certificate of Pre-vocational Education), which involved a nine-day introductory module. This meant we were off on educational trips around the Oxfordshire countryside and beyond.

In fact, to begin with, the only minor problem was unequal numbers of boys and girls. After we had all got to know one another we began to find the usual domestic setbacks of living in very close proximity to each other. Vast numbers of people needed to use the washing machine, or the television dominated the common-room.

In the past Fielding has tended to become isolated from the rest of the school. To try to bridge this gap, we decided to introduce ourselves to the staff and a few members of the fifth form on a more personal level. We achieved this by holding what we called a 'social evening'. We laid on light refreshments to encourage people to come and we held the evenings, successfully, several times during the year.

One of the saddest moments of the year was when we heard the news of Hilary Thomson's death. This curtailed the atmosphere of the house as we came to terms with not seeing her again.

As the summer finally arrived many of us brought bicycles back to school and cycled around the impressive Oxfordshire countryside.

Most of us feel this year has been very successful. We have gained a great deal from each other, both in the classroom and on a social level. This was highlighted when we learned that all of us taking the C.P.V.E. course had reached a standard high enough for us to be awarded the Certificate.

*Robert Templeton*



## LISTER GIRLS

The year in Lister Girls' began with great changes - new House Staff and a rather smaller house layout. We said goodbye to Mrs. Chowne and welcomed Mrs. Lucas and her family. Mrs. Lucas' children have brought a 'family' atmosphere to the house and are very popular with the girls - Jeremy being (s)mothered by all years! The house refurbishment and improvements are continuing and ultimately we should have very comfortable surroundings. We have plans to convert the study to accommodate seven girls with individual study areas. This will enable us to allow all our Fifth Years to avail themselves of the privilege of doing Prep in the House.

In school activities we have a lot to 'sing' about. We did splendidly in sports thanks to Bisi, Gill and Sacha. We "lose" Sally Darby to the VIth Form but she went out in a blaze of glory on Sports Day, and Caroline to the Mount School, we shall miss her staunch and cheerful support. In Catherine we have a certain star of stage and Eisteddfod to join Caroline, despite the handicap of faulty microphones.

Our house outing was a great success and thanks go to all those who worked so hard to make it so. We shall be pushed to beat that next year.

We look forward to as successful and happy a year next year and wish Pilar, as House Captain, and Helen, as Deputy, every good wish. We expect great things of our Sports Captains, Gill and Sacha, and Entertainments - Catherine - to turn us into superstars for the Eisteddfod, and come through with flying colours, (not to say dragons!). The "Iron Lady" and "Mum" are certain they can look forward to a long and happy stay in Lister Ladies!

*Kay Goodband*

## NANSEN GIRLS

The past year in Nansen Girls' comes back in a rush of whirling memories. There have been great changes to the house and its members. On arriving back in September we found new faces in both pupils and staff. Sally Morfill quietly joined us for the year as House Assistant.

At last after four years of wishing and waiting, we got a new washing machine with the added bonus of a tumble dryer. We also gained non stop music which floats melodiously up from the new Music School below. Grey dorm is now a beautiful pine-fitted "Chambre" and "Gilchrist" (a new additional dorm) was redecorated by the fourth years.

To settle everyone in, the fifth years held a party with piles of food. We were entertained by Emma Bone and Sarah Jane dancing. The fifth's challenge to get the house moving was tested greatly in the producing of our Eisteddfod. It was exhausting, but we managed to come second.

In the field of sports Nansen Girls has pretty well taken the lot, winning both the junior and senior hockey, netball and swimming. The athletics was an amazing day, with cheer leading and a massive banner painted by Phee. This support, plus the strength of Nansen Girls and Boys teams, ended in an overall victory for the House.

Nansen in past years has been a great money making house for charity. To carry this legend on one Sunday we held a cinema in our T.V. room. It was packed out.

On the subject of food, Nansen had a surprise pancake party, with a pancake race round the house and of course, pancakes to follow.

The end of year party was a sit down meal with a midnight walk and a swim.

One of Nansen's most successful and personal times was our secret friend week. Each person had a person they secretly did nice things for. I had to give numerous hugs from people to their secret friends. Seeing people creeping about trying to quickly leave presents on their friends' beds becomes a regular scene. The feeling in the house was one of togetherness. The only person who wasn't too happy, being the Bursar as the whole of the paddock was stripped of flowers for presents!

The variation of meetings on Thursdays has ranged from plays, stories and games to discussion times or simply a place to share one's feelings. I have enjoyed these meetings and will miss them.

People have changed and grown up a lot. In the case of the fourth years this has made them a very strong year. I know next year they will make a brilliant fifth form. I simply want to give them a big hug and the house good luck.

*Jocasta Crofts*

## GILLETT

As another action-packed year draws to a close we begin to reflect on the House's successes.

The year began by welcoming a new addition to the happy family in the form of a long-haired, noisy, wet-nosed... Miss Lisa Farmer! Her contribution to the sporting life of Gillett has been invaluable, with the two other house staff being unable to participate as fully as they would like! Mind you, Mrs. Norton is renowned for her shot putt among the late arrivals from the Saturday hop!

Our 5th form have left their mark on the house in many ways. We have to admit that Charlotte did 'a jolly good job' as Head of House. So good, in fact, that Miss Holden got quite anxious that she might be out of a job! We hope that Victoria Wakefield will flourish in this same position with Wendy Perkins as her deputy. Emma Rivers hopes to fill the Gillett shelves with sports trophies. Beware of the 5 a.m. jogging and fitness sessions - Mrs. Norton will be doing a fitness session!!

The house achieved a success in the annual Eisteddfod with their portrayal of Rudyard Kipling's 'Jungle Book'. Several members of the house were extremely convincing as Jungle monkeys. Mark Spandler was in his element drilling the young elephants, i.e. the 1st years.

The Christmas Party was great fun for everyone. Father Christmas scored a big hit with his comedy routine. His knees haven't recovered since one of the biggest children (a certain S. Bunney) sat on them. The food was delicious, but if you had the misfortune to be behind Miss Farmer you didn't get much chance to sample it!

Our Chinese friends, Simon, Wilson and Amy arranged a Chinese New Year Party. Mrs. Norton learned two lines in Chinese which she repeated incessantly throughout the evening; rice and chopsticks abounded. Chris Fennemore was spotted using his chopsticks like a pair of knitting needles! Great fun was had by all.

We were sad to see our 5th formers depart but we wish them all success in the future. We now look to the new 5th form to lick the juniors into shape. Did we really see Chris Fennemore buying a shot gun and thumb screws last week?!

*Wendy Holden*

## CLUBS

### SOCCER TRAINING

Every Monday Guy Kingham took a couple of footballs either into the Hall or onto the field. A group of dedicated football players followed for an hour of hard football competition and skills learning. The group consisted of Edward Igiebor, Matthew, Kwabena, Ola, Julian, Gavin, Chris, Richard, Edward Frost and myself, together with a number of other occasional players.

We were taught shooting techniques, goalkeeping angles, heading, passing and volleying; the basics of football.

After a while we started to have small matches against each other. These were very competitive and often tiring.

We wish to thank Guy Kingham for arranging this activity. He has helped a lot of us with our skills, and has given us some good coaching. I hope that someone with as much dedication and care will replace him.

*Patrick Tustian*

### POTTERY CLUB

This year's pottery club has seen many people come and go, but there were four who hardly missed a session: Paul Ambler, Alex Day, Tim Field and Michael Jeffries. With the lively enthusiasm of these students the atmosphere in the pottery room at lunch time on Tuesdays and Thursdays has been relaxed and creative, with an emphasis on the humorous.

During the first two terms the students were able to work on any theme but in the summer term a project was eagerly pursued by the dedicated members already mentioned. Each made a 12" sq. slab of clay and on these built their own landscape. When finished, these were placed together to form a dynamic scenario of crashed cars and upturned lorries!

A good standard of work was maintained throughout the year and it has been refreshing to work with such enthusiastic students.

*Lucy Bunning*

## THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

During the last year there have been quite a few changes taking place in the Library. The room itself has been improved with the fitting of curtains (this was made possible by a donation from F.O.S.S.).

Each junior pupil spends one lesson a week in the Library. Every encouragement is given to them to read fiction, and to help open the minds of the slower readers to the joys of fiction. There has been the addition of a selection of taped novels. The Library boasts six sets of listening equipment and often all six sets are in use at a time. Favourite titles include 'The Lord of the Rings' and James Herriot's 'The Lord God Made Them All'.

The latest use being made of the Library is during prep - when, each night of the week, pupils from the third form and above come to the Library to do their prep. It is absolutely silent between 6p.m. and 7.30p.m. and for many pupils it provides the atmosphere they need.

Over the next year it is my intention to set up a Resource Centre in the workroom attached to the Library, especially for the compilation of G.C.S.E. Coursework. It will have a photocopier and other equipment designed to help the pupils present their work in the most professional way possible.

So the Library continues to flourish and apart from the developments already mentioned it is continually being updated with new and relevant material.

*Janette Skeath*

### VOLLEYBALL CLUB

Thursday evenings after prep during the Autumn and Spring terms have become the traditional volleyball night. An energetic activity such as this that both boys & girls in the Senior School can participate in has much value. Each year the nature and standards of competence reached differ a great deal. This year the accent has been on sociable volleyball and without exception those who have attended regularly have enjoyed their time - laughed a lot - played some good volleyball - split a few trousers - grazed an elbow or two and had a lot of fun.

I look forward to next year.

*Chris Guy*

### TECHNICAL LEGO

The Lego club is a new activity this year. We meet once a week on a Saturday afternoon, in Lister Boys' Study Room. The club is available to first and second years, though occasionally we have allowed some eager third years to join us when there has been room! We currently have eleven members and hope to increase our funds next year so that more people can join.

We were able to found the club due to a parent's generosity. There was some concern about 'empty periods' in the weekend so an indoor activity which is both stimulating and creative seemed ideal for filling in a few hours of rainy (and sunny) days. We were able to buy several kits as 'starter' activities, and, due to several donations in kind, have been able to supplement and increase our kits.

The children have sometimes astonished me with their ideas and complicated models. Special mention must go to Tim Field and Alex Day for their outstandingly good inventions which we were able to display on Open Day. We have joined the British Technical Lego Club, and hope next year we will be able to enter some competitions. Meanwhile, any ex-legoists, your kits will find a welcome at Sibford!

*Penelope Taylor*

## ARCHERY CLUB

At long last it has been possible to start up the school archery club again this term. A sponsored demonstration shoot in the hall just prior to Easter kindled interest and raised some money to buy much needed equipment. F.O.S.S. provided the club with a small "backstop/safety" netting last year so shooting indoors becomes possible in complete safety. We have managed to meet once a week this term and we are about to receive our first order of new equipment and some much needed arrows. It is hoped that more club members will eventually buy their own bows and hopefully this time next year we will have taken part in our first schools' competition.

From small acorns great oak trees grow. We have begun in a small way and I look forward to the day when we can offer archery to everyone in curriculum time at 3rd year level.

*Chris Guy*

## TRAMPOLINING

The trampoline club is held on Thursday lunchtimes, and sometimes, on Sunday mornings. Normally about eight to ten people attend. It is open to all abilities, ranging from the complete beginner to those who have mastered the basic moves. During the normal club sessions we work on all aspects of using a trampoline; including how to unfold the trampoline correctly, how to ensure the safety of the performers during use, (by making sure there are enough people to stand around the trampoline to catch the performer if necessary), and, lastly, how to put the trampoline away correctly for use the next time.

Through using the trampoline frequently the majority of the club members have mastered the basic skills such as seat, front and back drops, while the more able ones have achieved forward and backward somersaults. Hopefully, over the next couple of years, these more able members will go on to achieve more advanced moves such as the barani (forward somersault with a half twist).

This year a group of club members worked extremely hard to put on a display for Open Day. They all appeared to enjoy the extra hours and the hard work of having to memorise their routines and then to perform them on the day, which they all did extremely well.

*Mrs Newbold*

## WEAVING CLUB

The weaving produced this year has not been restricted to a lunchtime club, as those with a special interest have allowed their projects to spill into art lesson time. This has proved invaluable for the time-consuming activity, as it has enabled us to see several large scale pieces through to their respective conclusions.

It has been very basic knowledge of weaving that I have imparted to the students; this is not to say that they haven't undertaken work in a very skilful way. My emphasis has been upon breaking the preconceptions that the students (particularly the boys) may have had about the activity; and encouraging them to use any sort of available material in the weaving process. As a result work was produced using dried grass and tarpaulin woven into wire fencing; and strips of carpet underlay woven into football netting were soon transformed into the scales of a huge dragon.

Inevitably numbers waned, and many initial enthusiasts soon became conspicuous by their absence - however, I would especially like to acknowledge the achievements of Jonathan Tuttle, Giles Upwood, Jeremy Whittaker and Tim Robertson, and thank them for their unremitting support during Monday and Thursday lunchtimes. I would also like to commend Sophie Lin, Helen Stevens and Jenny Beavon, whose patience allowed them to produce in contrast more conventional, small scale work of an often delicate and sensitive nature.

*Sally Morfill*

## JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

The Junior Drama Club got off to a very good start at the beginning of the school year.

Children from the first and second years were encouraged to attend when we met on Thursday afternoons after school.

We started the year with some "Workshop" based exercises. The idea was to increase the childrens' confidence and to allow them to work freely with one another in a variety of situations. We played games and thought carefully about characters and movement. We then started rehearsals for a play called "The Man in The Bowler Hat" by A. A. Milne, a farcical comedy-thriller in one act. These rehearsals went very well until we lost our leading lady along with our hero (Where are they now? Hollywood?) and were forced, unfortunately, to abandon the production.

During the second term we widened our interest by introducing an element of dance drama. This went well but it is only with regular attendance that we can hope to perform in front of a wider audience than Drama Club members.

Next year, we hope to open the membership to the school, which should give us all an opportunity to attempt a wider scope of activity and performance. Well done to those of you who attended and I hope to see you again next year in The Junior Club.

*Penelope Taylor*

## ART CLUB

The Sunday Morning Art Club was formed to help combat weekend boredom. After breakfast, each Sunday except exeats, the Sculpture Room throbs to the sound of rock music (or Vivaldi whenever Mr. Spring has his own way) and pupils are free to work with any of the materials available. With the setting-up of the stonecarving and plaster modelling room, there has been growing interest in three-dimensional work.

At about eleven o'clock, coffee and biscuits are served by a team of regulars frequently led by Charlotte Bewsher or Jason Topliss. Work continues until lunchtime when the club officially ends, although people often drift back during the afternoon to finish some work. It is useful to have this opportunity to try something new or to continue classwork, but most of all we are grateful to the regular club attenders who have made this new venture such a worthwhile success.

*Mike Spring*

## BASKETBALL CLUB

Basketball has been more popular with the lower end of the school this year, more so than previous years. The year has seen the start of a new team consisting of second, third and fourth years. The team of ten (team "A and B", five in each team), was picked from twenty players who came to regular Monday practices. Amongst the the regulars were Jason Day, Daniel Walduck, James Murphy and Nick Howells. So far we have played two games both against Shipston, the first away and the second home. The first saw a dismal defeat with a score of 6-12 but the second was a great success with a score of 26-26, not a win but a well played game.

Two members of the team got their colours; Nick Howells and myself. The team still have practices but next year we will have to find a new coach as Mr. Kingham is leaving to teach at Sidcot. The team wish him luck.

*James McCallum*

## BADMINTON CLUB

This free-time sport was organized by Mr. Kingham and took place every Tuesday after school. Badminton mainly attracted the seniors as they were all very sporty and loved the competition between each other. Even though this year there were no school competitions, the standard of play was exceedingly good and we hope this continues.

*Caradoc Glaisyer*

## SAILING CLUB

The Sailing Club has had another very good season. Richard Petheram and Phillip Kelsey Davies won awards for "The Most Improved Sailor". They have become competent "Laser" sailors (and on occasions, swimmers). All members of the club have improved considerably and it will be difficult to choose this year's winner. My favourite moment of the year was watching the normally competent Stowe School pupils capsized, while our dinghies sailed around them.

My thanks must go to Mr. Skeath, Mr. Goodwin and Mrs. Chowne for helping me instruct this year.

*Andrew Chowne*



## THE CANAL TRIP

The Sailing Club were very lucky to be invited for a day out by Mr. and Mrs. Packham on their river boat. One sunny Sunday (yes, we were lucky) nine of us arrived at Bidford. In all there were thirteen crew members on a 25ft boat.

In the morning we went up the river towards Stratford, passing through four locks. The boys very quickly learnt how to operate them and we went upstream without a mishap.

Mrs. Packham also provided us with an excellent hot meal at lunchtime and there were even some seconds! The fun started after lunch when a narrowboat, crewed by two Danes, nearly got washed over a weir. Mr. Packham rushed to their rescue and towed them clear. It was their first time on a boat so we lent them Richard Petheram and Phillip Kelsey Davies! All things considered, they did very well - despite Richard nearly cutting another boat in half.

Mrs. Packham also provided us with tea which was again excellent. Filling thirteen hungry crew members can't be easy.

It was a wonderful day out and our thanks must go to Mr. and Mrs. Packham for laying it on.

*Andrew Chowne*

# SOCIAL SERVICES

## AUTUMN TERM

Nov. 13th - Casuals Day. (Pupils are allowed to wear tidy casuals on payment of 50p per head.) A total of 130 pounds was collected, and this was divided, in the proportion of votes cast (one pupil - one vote) between the following six charities in decreasing order of popularity: N.S.P.C.C., R.S.P.C.A., Boys' Towns, Horton Hospital Appeal, Simon Community, Greenpeace.

Nov. 22nd - Parents' Day was a busy one for us. Diane Howes ran a stall selling cards for the blind and the deaf, and articles made by Boys' and Girls' Towns, and raised £225.

Ann Stevenson sold second-hand uniform, and made £50 for our funds.

Cary Parsons and friends held a Sponsored Swim for the N.S.P.C.C.

## SWIMMING FOR THE CHILDREN

I was very shocked to hear about the number of children who are abused in this country, and I felt I wanted to do something to help.

I asked two friends if they would like to do a sponsored swim for the N.S.P.C.C. We used a Monday morning to tell the school about the work of the N.S.P.C.C. and our plans to raise money for them. We got the school's support, the swim took place on Parents' Day and we all managed 100 lengths each. We were kept going by the encouraging support people gave us. They came to the pool and kept our hopes high. Thank you to everyone who helped and supported us, and to the lifesavers who, thankfully, we did not have to use.

We raised over £200 for the N.S.P.C.C.

*Cary Parsons, Karen Hammond, Jonathan Beaumont*

Nov. 29th. Christmas Fair. Another stall made 40 pounds for the blind, deaf, and Boys' Towns.

Dec. 11th. We took two minibuses with choir and 'visitors' to the Cheshire Home at Adderbury and fetched people from East House and Adderbury House to listen to the school choir singing carols.

Dec 16th. Carol Service. We were allowed to make a collection at this event for Educaid, to help with famine relief in Ethiopia. Thanks to people's Christmas generosity we raised £230.

## SPRING TERM

March 5th. Casuals Day. This time the event was House-based, each House chose the charity/charities they wanted to support with the money they collected. Two Houses chose the Terence Higgins Trust, other charities chosen were Help the Aged, Horton Hospital, R.S.P.C.A., Medic-Air, R.N.L.I. and World Vision Famine Relief.

March 8th. Amnesty speakers at Sunday Evening Meeting. We had thought that we might support Amnesty as a term charity the next term, but decided it was too difficult to appeal to most pupils.

March 21st. Parents' Day. Second hand uniform stall made 20 pounds for funds.

March 22nd. Fun Run organised by Dipak Sedani and friends.

## FUN RUN

This year Daniel Malcolm and I set out to make a fund-raising project. First of all we had ideas for a football match between each House, but Mr. Kingham said this would not work, so we planned a fun-run. A six mile run in fancy dress seemed a good idea. A poster was made by Simon Crapp and Martin Gough, then I made the sponsor forms on the computer. Finally Mr. Bunney helped us plan an easy route. We announced it in Meeting and then stood outside giving out sponsor forms.

The day of the run came, and we positioned ourselves in the middle of the group in case there were any problems, then we started. An hour later the first five came in covered in mud after running through deep bogs. I came twentieth which I thought was quite good. We raised over £150.

I would like to thank everyone who helped during the fun-run, especially Mr. Bunney, Miss Farmer and Mr Kingham. Special thanks also go to Daniel Malcolm who has now gone to California - thanks and well done, Daniel.

*Dipak Sedani*

## SUMMER TERM

June 14th. Speaker on "Black Children in South Africa" at Sunday Evening Meeting.

June 16th. Project Respond award.

On June 16th 1987, Sarah Malcolm, Robert Templeton and Mr. & Mrs. Finch visited the National Westminster Bank's Training College at Heythrop Park, set in magnificent surroundings with a very impressive driveway.

We had gone to collect a prize on behalf of the Social Services Committee who had again successfully entered the Bank's Project Respond scheme.

It has been running now for the past ten years and is designed to encourage local schools to develop some form of community help.

This year there was a variety of different projects including a computer to help the disabled and a partially motorised bicycle to help the aged.

Sibford's contribution was visiting several Old Persons' Homes and the now traditional holiday camp for deprived children. We were awarded £100 which was presented by Ian Brough, the Oxford Area Director for Project Respond - he mentioned that Sibford had won an award since the scheme's inception in 1977.

After the presentation we were given a lavish buffet lunch and we were able to talk to other prizewinners.

We hope that the next Social Services Committee will think of some new scheme that might even win us the top award!

*Robert Templeton*



June 18th. Casuals Day. A total of 90 pounds was raised, divided half to the Terence Higgins Trust and a quarter to the London Lighthouse, both being charities working to help with the social problems caused by A.I.D.S., which was our "Team Charity" this term. The other quarter went to British Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa, to help the black children who have suffered as a result of the political conflict in South Africa, which we'd heard about the previous Sunday.

June 20th. Open Day. James Nelson ran a Sponge Throwing Stall to raise money for the R.N.L.I.

Sponge-Throwing was rained off at the beginning and the end but for the time we had it did well. If we had had longer, and it hadn't clashed with the cricket, which took away staff "victims", it would have been better. Mr Griffiths did a long turn as victim, and was very helpful.

Ann Stevenson sold second-hand uniform and raised 43 pounds for funds.

June 30th. Visit of Kids' Camp helpers to one of the London Schools.

## ADDERBURY VISITING

On non-exeat Sunday afternoons we visit any or all of three places in Adderbury:

East House is individual flats where we visit four Quaker ladies; at Adderbury House the old people sit round in four communal lounges and at the Cheshire Home the residents are physically handicapped but often much younger than the other people we visit.

## ADDERBURY HOUSE

I usually look through one lounge each time we go. I also help some of the staff with the evening meal. One of the old ladies has been in institutions all her life. She likes meeting people, although she can't talk so that I can understand her. One old man has a great sense of humour. He used to be in the army. He has hurt his back. Another old man is an old scholar of Sibford - he was there 51 years ago!

*James Nelson*

## SOCIAL SERVICES

Visiting Both Ways

Shipston Visiting

One of the old ladies we used to visit in Brailles moved this year to the new Old People's Home of Rainbow Fields, in Shipston. Since we were taking transport to visit her, we asked if anyone else there would like visitors and three other old ladies accepted this offer. We also discovered that there were two other old people's homes in Shipston and one of these, Low Furlong, welcomed any pupils we liked to take at any time. Rainbow Fields is individual flats, while at Low Furlong most of the old people sit in a communal lounge. We visit Shipston on Friday afternoons after school, on non-exeat weekends.

**VISITING THE ELDERLY** As the clock chimes 4.15, Sally and I knock on the door entering to call "Mrs Day we're here!" A cheery welcome answers us from the sitting room. The hour and a half passed in a dream of happiness, while we talked to this old lady each Friday; Mrs Clay has become one of my greatest friends.

In the beginning I visited her with a feeling of pity for a poor old woman. Soon enough, this image was knocked flat by Mrs Clay's quick wit, active life and smiling face.

Over the past year and a half the three of us have shared many times together. Clearly focussed in my brain are two pictures from different visits. The first, a cold dark winter day; we were all very low, and huddled round the fire with toast and hot cocoa. The second is a light autumn afternoon when we split our sides, either from laughing or from eating home-made scones, cream and jam.

Sometimes we were not able to go on Friday and cycled over on the Sunday, to spend the afternoon with Mrs Clay.

Many people are involved in visiting and go regularly. As Sally and I have three weeks left until we leave, our visits will have to be at longer intervals. I want to wish Helen good luck, as she will be enjoying Mrs Clay's company for the next two years. That is not to say that Helen will replace us. As Sally wrote on Mrs's Clay's birthday card, we are "friends forever".

*Jocasta Crofts*



*Angela Denise (aged 10) with Sarah Malcolm*

## **KIDS' CAMP**

Kids' Camp takes place once a year at the end of the summer term; it is when twenty socially deprived children come from the East End of London to spend a one-week summer holiday in the countryside under the individual care of twenty senior students from the fifth and sixth forms.

The first time we meet the children is when we travel up to London. This year we visited Stormont School. It is here that the pairing off of children and helpers begins. Most of the children were eager to make friends although there were one or two exceptions!

They are high-spirited and one day spent with them in London was enough to convince most Sibford students that the oncoming event was not going to be a bed of roses!

This was confirmed by their arrival on Friday, 10th of July. As they stepped off the bus the final pairing off took place and to the amazement of the helpers the children's high spirits had increased beyond belief.

Our next task was to exhaust them before bedtime whilst familiarising them with their surroundings. Bedtime on the first night was, however, chaotic; as our exhaustion tactics appeared to have failed miserably on the children but worked well on ourselves!

The excursions we took the kids on during their week's stay included a visit to Blenheim Palace Model Railway, a look at the great variety of animals at the Cotswold Farm Rare Breeds Park, a boat trip on the River Avon, pony riding, and, possibly the most exciting event for the children, a visit to Drayton Manor Fun Park, where they were able to go on all the rides they wished.

The week proved to be an altogether worthwhile, if hectic, experience for all concerned. Many a tear was shed on the children's departure.

*Sarah Malcolm*

# A BACKWARD GLANCE

Some of last year's student teachers review their time at Sibford.

I came to Sibford as an old Scholar of the School wanting to gain experience of coaching a range of different sports. I didn't really know how people would react to me or how I would react to them.

As it happened I have made some very good friends in the school. The pupils and colleagues on the staff were very helpful and, because of this, I was able to concentrate on forming productive, happy clubs. Whilst running the junior football practices I noticed that many players were willing to play in all weather conditions and with so many dedicated, talented players the future looks bright for the school.

Basketball took off in the junior end of the school and it was marvellous to see the children playing their first basket fixtures, I hope the sport continues to grow in Sibford.

I hope I gave as much to the school as I gained from it. Through experiences and a lot of guidance from several Staff, I feel I have learned a great deal.

This should improve my chances of success next year when I move on to another school.

*Guy Kingham*

As I look back over my year at Sibford, I feel that it has been an extremely valuable and rewarding experience. When I first arrived in September I had rather mixed feelings about coming to work here - I was very pleased to have been offered the chance of working in the "Remedial Department" for a year, but, as I had never taught in a school before, I was also a little apprehensive. However, I realise now that I need not have felt that way, because all the staff were always ready to help with any problems.

The time has passed quickly, especially the summer term, when I was lucky enough to be given the added challenge of working without David Foulds. Things have run reasonably smoothly this term thanks to David's preparation and advice, the support of the other remedial staff, and the co-operation of the children who worked very hard, particularly for Open Day.

When I leave here I plan to do a T.E.F.L. course before making any more decisions regarding my career. Whatever I do in the future, I know that my time at Sibford has been well spent. I leave here as I came, with mixed feelings - I'm pleased to be moving on to new experiences, but sad to be leaving such a happy phase in my life behind.

*Maggie Boland*

In retrospect, this year has been a valuable experience, although initially it was difficult to adjust from a college atmosphere with continuous assessments and discussions of my work, to being left to my own devices in the school pottery room.

However, I have enjoyed working with the students in the timetabled classes and especially in the pottery classes at lunch times when the enthusiasm was very refreshing.  
**A GREAT YEAR!**

*Lucy Bunning*



# OUT AND ABOUT

## THEATRE NEWS

Our outings to the theatre this year have been very popular and enjoyable. We have, as always, supported the Royal Shakespeare Company. We began with a magical production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and also saw "Richard II" with Jeremy Irons in the leading role. He gave a magnificent performance. "Macbeth" is one of the set texts for the English Literature G.C.S.E. examination and all the fourth year students on this course saw an R.S.C. production of the play at the Barbican. Johnathon Price gave a disturbing and exciting interpretation of the role and the performance was well worth the journey to London. We very much enjoyed a performance of the ballet "Romeo and Juliet" at Oxford. For those who saw the R.S.C.'s production of "Romeo and Juliet" a year ago, it was interesting to consider how the same story and themes were interpreted in a different medium.

On a lighter note there was an enjoyable and very musical evening at "Kiss Me Kate". As we listened to such classics as "It's Too Darn Hot" and "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" the reasons for the continuing popularity of this musical became clear.

A lively performance of "James and the Giant Peach" at Birmingham finished off our theatrical year.

Visits are already planned for the Autumn Term. Why not join us?

*Anne Chalmers*

## COGGES MUSEUM FARM VISIT

Last October the first year experienced a history lesson with a difference - as Edwardian farm workers on a Manor Farm. Our brief was that we were farm workers coming to Cogges Manor Farm (near Woodstock) for a day's trial. Armed with false names and little else we were rather startled to be greeted at the gate by the stormy countenance and deprecating manner of Mr Joseph Mawle, remonstrating with us for being late.

No sooner had we changed into our costumes; corduroy breeches and fusty shirts for the boys, white pinnies and bonnets for the girls, we were hurtled out into the yard to commence our tasks of work. The farm at Cogges is a magnificent working replica of a Manor Farm about one hundred years ago, complete with stables, dairy, washroom, horses and carts and a huge kitchen. The boys were put to work mucking out pigs, grooming and harnessing horses and loading chaff into wagons. However, the girls discovered that their cleaning duties in the farm house were no easier; especially since they had to endure the continual scouting of the eagle-eyed Mrs Mawle, a formidable woman who appeared to have just stepped out of the pages of "Eminent Victorians".

After an exhausting morning, lunch was taken in the Orchard. The strict rules of the period were religiously observed. No talking between sexes, no shoes to be worn in the home, no farm worker permitted in the kitchen and caps were to be lifted in the presence of a lady. Similarly, when Lady Mawle took tea in the rose gardens at three o'clock previously, she was served with freshly made scones and cakes baked that morning in the kitchens. She was joined only by her husband and brother-in-law, not even the head cook was allowed to attend.

After the afternoon's toil, one by one the workforce shuffled, cap in hand, into the tiny Victorian Office in the Manor House to receive their day's pay from Mrs Mawle and to be told whether they had got the job or not. All that remained then was to say our farewells and head back to Sibford and the 1980's. We felt, as we rubbed aching limbs and plucked strands of straw from our hair, that we had experienced a direct link with the past, one which we were unlikely to forget in a hurry!

*Peter Agnew*

## RIDING

The pupils have enjoyed another successful and pleasurable year's riding with Mrs. Faulkner at Valley Farm in Shotteswell. From small beginnings, the Riding school has gone from strength to strength with two indoor schools and a good variety of horses and ponies. There is also the opportunity to go hacking in the pleasant countryside around Shotteswell. I feel that we have been fortunate in finding an establishment where the friendly atmosphere encourages even the most timid beginner, and the more advanced riders are given the opportunity to improve their skills in jumping and schooling. Also, as one pupil points out, the accident rate is very low. Reassuring news indeed!

*Jean Rudge*



## WARWICK CASTLE

It was a hot, sunny June day when the first form accompanied by Lisa Chowne, Jean Rudge and Peter Agnew arrived at Warwick Castle for their end of term history visit.

We all spent a very pleasant morning working in tutor groups exploring the castle and filling in the excellent work sheet which Peter Agnew had produced.

My tutor group particularly enjoyed their visit to the dungeons and armoury. Surprisingly, despite the heat, there were very few complaints as they climbed the 270 steps of Guy's Tower!

At 12.30 our three groups stopped for lunch. We chose an ideal picnic spot which was situated by the river. Then, refreshed after our lunch, everyone had plenty of free time to visit the State Rooms and other areas of the castle which we had not seen in the morning. A thoroughly enjoyable day was had by all.

*Lisa Chowne*

## FIELDWORK IN WALES

Once again we travelled to Aberystwyth, with twenty or so fifth form geographers, looking for the ideal fieldworker. What is his make up? First of all he/she is pretty fit. Eight hours a day in the field, climbing glaciated mountains in gale force winds, is quite hairy and tiring. He also stands knee deep in a river measuring its speed of flow - someone must catch the orange as it speeds through its ten metre stretch. Ingenuity certainly comes into it when forced with measuring the cross and long profiles of valleys. Sketching in a plastic bag is a skill not to be underestimated when it is pouring down. Keeping an open mind whilst watching a video on the benefits of nuclear power post-Chernobyl was a strain, as was the climb up from Parson's Bridge, a beautiful regenerated valley. It was a very enjoyable trip, made more enjoyable by the occasional game of dodging the dragon in which only seasoned fieldworkers survived. My thanks to Deirdre and Andrew Newbold who accompanied me to Wales.

*Brian Holliday*

# S.O.S.A. Reunion

After arriving on Saturday morning, it was to Fielding House for coffee and numerous hellos to old friends, check the accommodation lists and get settled in. We are told that numbers are 10% up on 1986, which is a good start.

At lunch and the Presidential Introduction Leslie Harrison welcomed us all to the 84th Reunion, with a special welcome to some Old Scholars returning after gaps of between 30 and 40 years. What kept them? Following lunch the tennis and table tennis tournaments got under way with the guidance and quiet cajoling of Jim Thelton.



The A.G.M. held at 3 o'clock was well attended and enjoyed best wishes for the weekend from the Friends of Sibford School. Due to one important detail voted on at this meeting, a further extraordinary A.G.M. had to be called later in the weekend, but I think most people felt that an awkward situation was dealt with in a diplomatic, democratic and humane way, perhaps in true Sibford spirit!

For the Buffet Supper there was a wonderful spread of dishes to choose from. They really fed us well, and this was to apply to the whole weekend.

"Living Adventurously" was the title of the Leslie Baily Lecture, which was given by Leonard Bird, a former Parent. This lecture proved to be so popular that we ran out of chairs in room 23, and people had to stand around the edge. After a very warm welcome on our behalf from Leslie Harrison, Leonard proceeded to give us just a little insight on himself, his beliefs and the many fascinating places and people encountered on his many travels. From leaving school at 14 and starting exploring on a bicycle, we then heard how he attended every Olympic Games from 1960, and how many adventures were sometimes embarked on in conjunction with the trip to the games. These ranged from rafting down the Grand Canyon, several visits to Costa Rica, climbing in the Himalayas and the Alps. Countries visited included Nepal, Mexico, U.S.A., Peru, Italy, Japan, New Zealand and the Central American countries. I think all of us felt inspired, and now maybe we will see a few more of us taking unusual holidays away from it all. For the remainder of the evening, after refreshments, there was a disco to taped music in Gillett House. Our President and his wife started the dancing, after which it continued until about 1.00 a.m.

On Sunday, breakfast was followed by choral with the President, (but no pianist). Even without music the singing was hearty and tuneful, producing a very satisfactory



choral session. Next was a walk (for most) to the Gower, for a well-attended meeting, whilst this year's helpers entertained the younger children. During meeting the sun came out properly, and enhanced the feeling of love and friendship within the Meeting House. I must say that the addition of cushions on at least 50% of the benches some years ago, makes the hour pass more comfortably than it did in school days. After an excellent Sunday lunch, Norman Coxon led the walk in glorious sunshine, on a round, pausing at Temple Mill for a picnic tea. The dogs made good use of the stream to wash off the farm manure that they had delighted in rolling in earlier. At a rough count there were about 80-plus of us at the picnic spot.



*Robert Hockley & Bernard Blunsom*





The Presidential Choice was a mix of slides, music, readings by David Lloyd and an insight into what makes Leslie tick. An extension of the President's Choice was given during the Barn Dance in the dining room, and we were entertained by magicians Ronald and Nancy Spencer. Ronald was equally at home with the children and the adults, performing classic and unusual tricks with rope, rings, scarves and special cards. Nancy used her telepathic powers to amaze us by performing impossible mind-reading tricks whilst blindfolded. One might almost say that her task was made more difficult by having John Taylor, Nick Briggs and one of the younger children picked from the audience to work with, but she came through with flying colours. A well-deserved bowl of fruit was presented to Ronald and Nancy by our President's wife.

Chris Grimes was caller for the shortened Barn Dance, which was warming up to what would have been our usual friendly 'Ho Down'.

Rockets at the Elm celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Association's ownership of the site. A healthy 77 people were present, including Mike Finch, who had rushed back from his son's wedding to perform "mini rockets" with Nick Bennett! After breakfast on Monday saw the start of the Motor Treasure Hunt. All were eager to get started, and see how Clem Cox's mind (and therefore clues) compared with the deviousness of Frank Rollett's. Well some of us found ourselves on the same wavelength, but that does not mean that it was easy, many clues were not, and there were a lot of them. Well done, Clem, we look forward to more.

Following lunch the Golden Doll trophy for the rounders match was won by Paul Frampton's team of Somerset Yokels, but they had only a few more rounders than Mike Finch's Brummies. Owen Lloyd of the Yokels was named star player and received the trophy on behalf of the team.

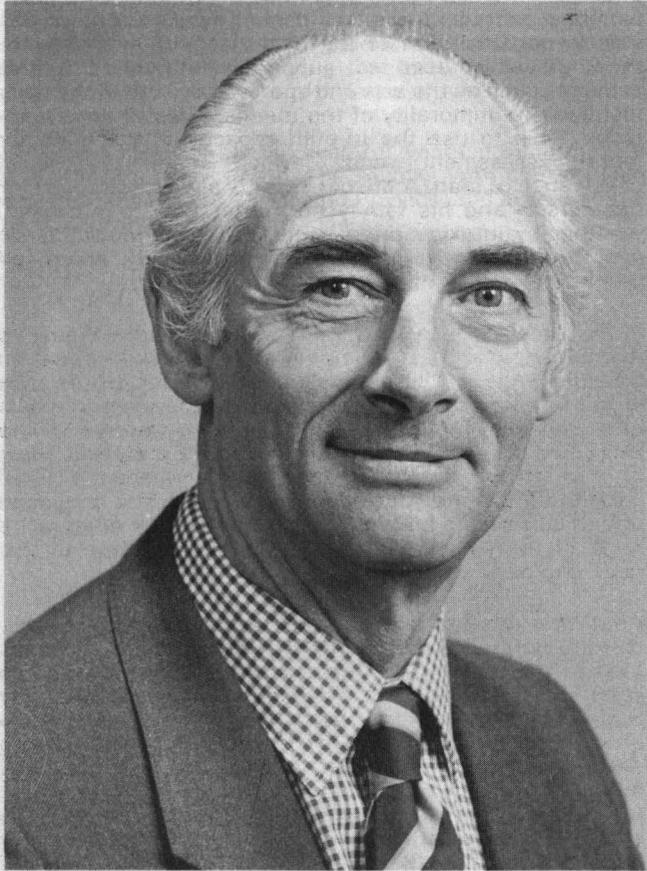
Of course there was tea on Holly House lawn, with a wonderfully varied selection of cakes to complement the 'cuppa'. After tea we lined up (or fell off tables in some cases) for the photograph, which was taken by Neville Smith. The Ian Weatherhead Tennis Cup was presented at this point, and guess who won it! Ian Weatherhead and his doubles partner, James Haddleton. Well done to them. The table tennis results announced a little later gave James Haddleton his second win.

The Presidential Dinner was the formal end to our Reunion, and as with the rest of the meals, the caterers did us proud with an excellent dinner. This was followed by the announcement of the winners of the Motor Treasure Hunt, and this year it was David Harrison. There were then much deserved thanks to Nick Briggs and Jim Thelton for the excellent organisation of the weekend, Jane Turner for the wonderful flower arrangements, the helpers from the recent leavers (who served us at the tables), the caterers, Clem and Margaret Cox, Paul Frampton, who is stepping down as General Secretary after 6 years, and, of course, Leslie Harrison for his year as President. The final Rocket had 93 present after which fond farewells were said, and many left for home.

All of us can look back on this weekend as being another successful and happy Reunion.

*Hugh Wallis*

## PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS



Old Scholars, Friends,

May I start by thanking you for the honour you have given me in making me your president and for the privilege to follow so many illustrious predecessors, my brother Arthur included.

### MY THEME THIS EVENING IS CARING FOR PEOPLE

We are now entering the Hi Tech age, when many are spellbound by the equipment that has been developed for so many fields of specialisation; accountancy, engineering design, chemical analysis, robots, biological analysis - it is an almost endless list of hi tech applications.

The computer takes over in so many fields and the working man is replaced by hi tech in much of the so-called civilised nations the world over. As observers we are so often left with our eyes and mouths wide open in bemused wonderment, almost disbelief.

Last year I.B.M. held a series of exhibitions of their computer and electronic capabilities throughout Europe. One of these was held in York. I attended it, and left with a feeling of awe and bewilderment. I walked home in active state of mind amazed by the present state of electronic wizardry and wondering what next? I suddenly changed the direction of my thoughts and realised that each one of us has, on our shoulders, a piece of equipment with a far greater potential: "the brain". It can constantly hop from one programme to another, uses far less energy, has been the creator of all that has so far developed in the world of civilized attainments and hi tech advancement, and the human brain has an in-built capacity of survival even in extreme situations. It is part of an incredible information collecting network of our sensory receptors, touch, taste, smell, feeling, hearing, seeing.

The brain has a tremendous power of reasoning and communication, unique in the living world, as well as an in-built capacity of moral assessment, if we wish to use it. It has also, I fear, a tremendous capacity for arrogant pomposity.

The human brain, even in the most civilised members of our species, has a fearfully developed capacity for destruction of the environment. We use and abuse other forms of life as if it were our right, and destroy the very means of our ecological future, by capitalising our resources with complete disregard for the future members of our species. When I consider the other species of animals of the world, not one has destroyed thousands of its kind in one big bang, gassed millions as a means of removing opponents or competitors, tested drugs, radiation, weapons, chemicals etc., on its own or other species; man has not been their guinea pig. Has man the right to be proud?

I would like to quote from "Radio Times" with permission from Roger Woddis and the B.B.C.

### ROGER WODDIS TALKING OF ANIMALS

#### HIS POEM

The Otter and the Beaver met  
One afternoon in May;  
The Beaver said, 'Can't stop to chat.  
This dam will take all day'  
'Oh, damn the dam!' the Otter said,  
'Why don't you ever play?'

The Rabbit, hopping in the sun  
Stopped when he saw the Toad,  
And said, 'Why are you lying there,  
All squashy in the road?'  
The toad replied, 'Some motorists  
Don't know the highway code'.

The Mouse was eating bread and jam.  
Which tasted rather nice,  
And when the Kestrel hovered by,  
He offered him a slice.  
'No, thank you, mate,' the kestrel said.  
'I'd rather go for mice'.

Some animals must kill to live, And some, alas, succumb,  
But few, it seems, are keen to blow  
The world to Kingdom come;  
For humans are intelligent,  
and animals are dumb.

So with these thoughts in my mind I turned to my occupation, that of caring for people and the awareness of my good fortune in this sphere. How I chose my career is not absolutely clear - it may have been the result of a personal accident at 11 years of age and the consequent help gained from a practitioner friend of my parents. It may have been the influence of many people in my younger and developing life; for instance Dr. Schweitzer's writings on 'The Reverence for Life'. The sheer wonder of life was stimulated in me at Sibford by Arnold Darlington and others. I became aware of the orderliness of life, and the symbiotic relationships in life and the order of the universe. I have tried to understand this orderliness, if only a fragment of it. Life is just incredible; no other adjective can be used, and it is human life that I have mainly tried to understand, assist and care for, over the last 45 years. The major development of my career started at The Kingston clinic in Edinburgh where I spent most of ten years helping and caring for people. During this time I completed a five years' residential training course at the then Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics, associated with the Kingston Clinic, surrounded by people in need - seeing many arrive in desperate states of ill-health and leave on a new road to well-being, returning from time to time and showing the tremendous self-healing power that resides within the human body. One of the Clinic's aims was to teach the attainment of High Level Health to resident patients and college students, and during a lecture a fellow student exclaimed - "Gosh, you were meant to be here. Look at your initials: H.L.H."

One of the problems of this Hi Tech age is the restless quest for speed. (What do we do with the time saved? I sometimes wonder.) One lesson I have had to learn and help others to realise is that life must be understood; it

cannot be hurried without the consequence being one of deterioration in the person or the species. Babies with 280 days to develop from conception to preparation for normal birth, should there-after mature slowly for 20-25 years to become adults, then reach their three score years and ten plus, if they have cared for themselves and if their forebears have done likewise. Oh, how often do we see the young being rushed to eat, crawl, walk, talk, when the less civilised, but more in tune with nature, feed from the breast for up to two years.

We live in a world of specialisation when the specialist is one who 'sees more and more in less and less'. I was trained in at least two basic principles (1) to stand back and look at the whole picture; to observe with as many of my senses as I could, and rely at first on those in-built senses and develop them, rather than the Hi Tech diagnostic paraphernalia of our day and (2) to be prepared to pioneer, not for its own sake, but for the well-being of others; to seek the patterns of biological activities that have been in existence since Hippocrates and thousands of years before, factors which made possible human and other life-forms well before the scientist started his specialised investigations.

For well over 200 years those who followed a similar approach to health care, in Germany, Switzerland, France, America and the Far East, and helped build the framework to this biological understanding of human health, have been dubbed cranks. It is interesting to note that Shaw pointed out 'It's the crank in the machine that keeps it turning'. Today and within recent years this personal approach, that health is one's own responsibility is almost becoming recognised.

My Quaker background has also been of help, in particular George Fox's statement to Friends - "Walk cheerfully over the face of the earth looking for that of God in every man." I think that most, if not all races and religions could respond to that statement if we add an extra 'o' to God to make good - in seeking good health, it is only the good principles of life that will contribute to health, and then will come the ability to walk cheerfully and be effective in life.

Many aspects of these good developments in the sphere of community health, result from the excellent contributions made by civil engineers, building inspectorates, architects, city and county planners, health and environmental health officers, town and country cleansing departments, to name but a few. I fear that they are often left out of the credit lists in our civilised society. They have been responsible for the removal of major health hazards of our civilised conurbations and the creation of a better environment in which to live.

When I look at the miracle of human life, I have the same spellbound feeling I experienced at the I.B.M. exhibition - only more so; for instance, we think of explosions as destructive but the study of embryology shows how they can be creative.

In human embryology, two hundred and eighty days after two microscopic particles unite, a baby is produced, in this short space of time a miraculous explosion of cells and cell specialisation has occurred. I have spent a large part of my life explaining to prospective parents that this explosion cannot be right unless at the onset there are two healthy parents, love, tenderness, and a real desire to have a baby.

It has been shown by recent research that the length of nerve fibre in a healthy baby's brain at birth is three times the distance between the earth and the moon; and a baby's red blood cells, if placed like a mile of pennies, would encircle the earth two and a half times. Do you agree it's a creative explosion? The human body is so wonderful; I often wonder why people treat their sitting room carpet with more respect than their bodies and then wonder why they are diseased.

The T.V. programme, 'Yes, Minister,' featured the Minister of Health's concern for the effect of smoking on health.

It did in a tragi-comic way touch on one important aspect of our commercial age: the morality of our industries (such as tobacco, arms, drugs and alcohol) which is put on one side in consideration of the financial profits, which are then plausibly used to support worthwhile creative activities such as the arts and sport - the worth of the ends justifies the immorality of the means. I wish it was more fashionable to use the in-built capacity of the mind for moral assessment, and develop more the social conscience of man. A life cut short is always a tragedy for the person and his family no matter how it is caused, whether by intoxication, a bomb, drugs or murder. If we are concerned we should be concerned about all premature deaths, no matter what their cause.

In my professional work I am most concerned with life, its maintenance and its attainments, for life is valueless unless it is used. I have constant interest, for just as each of our fingerprints are different, so are the ways in which our bodies function. Every person presents some individual aspect of their health and their problems. Most of my weeks are well balanced between the older generation and the coming generation. The first group can often be helped to attain better health and the other is the hope of the future when so much can be done in this sphere to be so worthwhile.

I am often able to show young people that their health, months before conception is brought about, determines the health of their child. Information just to hand serves to confirm this, for research done at Cambridge University by Surani in the last few months, has shown that in mammals, the mothers' genes largely lead to the development of the embryo, the baby; the father's genes mainly to the part of collecting nourishment for the baby, from the mother's bloodstream, called the placenta. This shows clearly that both mother and father each supply important halves of the blue-print of life, which, when they come together, starts the healthy growth of the embryo, the baby, and eventually the adult.

Working with the older age groups, I am often humbled by the way in which so many very ill people accept their problems and make light of them.

Practitioners never promise cures, for, as I have explained, health is the result of willingness to play fair with our bodies, giving them purpose and the means of recovery and maintenance, which we should supply by whole and natural living foods, air, exercise and rest. In my practice I use diet, hydrotherapy, soft tissue manipulation, manipulative correction of injuries, psychotherapy and a caring supportive role to aid recovery, and, most importantly, help people to see and realise that it takes time and effort to create anything, and personal effort is required to gain HIGH LEVEL HEALTH.

I do hope that you have all, like us, had a most enjoyable weekend, and thank you for the wonderful reception you have given Pamela and me. I have enjoyed the privileged position in which you have placed me, and now I know we are happy to welcome Russell Steed as our next president. Russell has done so much for Old Scholars' so often behind the scenes, and it will be my very pleasant duty to hand over to him. To end - I was reminded of the chairman who was sitting next to the speaker at an annual dinner. The speaker was droning on and on and had taken no notice of coughs, shuffling of feet, or pulls at his tails. Finally, in desperation, the Chairman beckoned to the Toast Master and whispered to him, "Hit him on the head with your gavel!"

The Toast Master stood poised, but owing to nervousness, hit the Chairman by mistake. The Chairman, as he slowly slipped under the table, pleaded, "Hit me again! I can still hear him!"

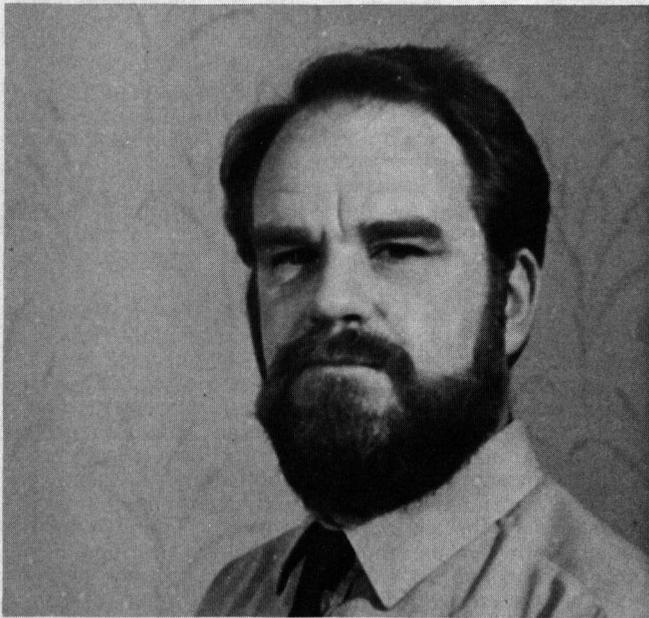
"So, before such a request is made tonight, I will conclude and say, Thank you."

*H. Leslie Harrison  
August 1987*

## PRESIDENT'S PROFILE

All my life I seem never to have been far from the influence of the Society of Friends. I was born into a Friend family, and a Meeting that acts as a magnet on young people. I was one of a large crowd of youngsters which met there.

I spent six happy, if not too eventful, years at Sibford. I had two attempts at 'O' levels. The second, with considerable assistance, gave me Maths and Physics, and access to the path to a career in engineering.



At about the time I left Sibford my home Meeting was being revitalised as a result of building modifications. We now had a very strong Young Friends group which took its full part in the life of the Meeting. From this group I found my way to Birmingham Young Friends and all that they were into. One of their activities was running international workcamps based in Birmingham, with assistance from Quaker Workcamps (now Quaker International Service Projects). We gave holidays to children from poorer parts of Birmingham and organised playschemes based at Moseley Road Friends' Institute. All this activity brought me into closer contact with Warwickshire Monthly Meeting. We kept them informed of our activities and they gave us their very generous support. Since then I have served as Monthly Meeting Assistant Clerk.

I didn't get very far from Sibford either. I have missed some Reunions. I served for a period as Assistant Reunion and Reunion Secretary.

After leaving Sibford I continued my education with the assistance of an apprenticeship with the Central Electricity Generating Board. I still work for them at Hams Hall Power Station organising maintenance work.

In my leisure time I like to get to the mountains, be they Snowdonia, the Lake District fells or the Alps, for walking and skiing. I am also active in a local amateur drama group behind the scenes, although I have trod the boards a few times.

*Russell Steed - President 1987-88*

## "OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS"

We hear of two more Old Scholars who have had varied and fascinating careers.

ELIZABETH JOLLEY (NEE MONICA ELIZABETH KNIGHT), at school 1934-40, has had a distinguished literary career in Australia and writes:

I have always wanted to write and I looked forward to the weekly letter writing time at school. I admired the sentences which Miss Burgess gave us for punctuation exercises. I wrote stories to send home to my sister. The stories were about rabbits which, I realise now, resembled people.

When I left school in 1940 I went straight into nursing, first at an orthopaedic hospital in Surrey and later to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Birmingham.

I went on writing. I understand now that the writing helped me to overcome first the pain of homesickness and later the loneliness of the "outside world" after years of being cherished at school. Perhaps it helped too against the initial shock of seeing, for the first time in my life, crippled children - badly crippled children who had spent the early years of their life hidden away, and men wounded in an attack on an aircraft factory near the hospital. I would have run away from the hospital the first night but my school trunk, with all my clothes and books and my collections of stamps and pressed wild flowers, had arrived and I did not know how to get it away from there -so I stayed. During my years of nursing what I saw of human suffering, brought about by war, reinforced my belief, begun at home and strongly nurtured at school, that all war is wrong.

Perhaps an important event in my life has been the move from Britain, with my husband and three children to Western Australia in 1959 when my husband Leonard Jolley, took up an appointment as Librarian at the University of Western Australia.

We live in Claremont half way between the port of Fremantle and the city of Perth. There is a letter box in Claremont which marks the spot where the post runners used to exchange mail bags. We are on the banks of the Swan river and only a few minutes, by car, from the Indian Ocean.

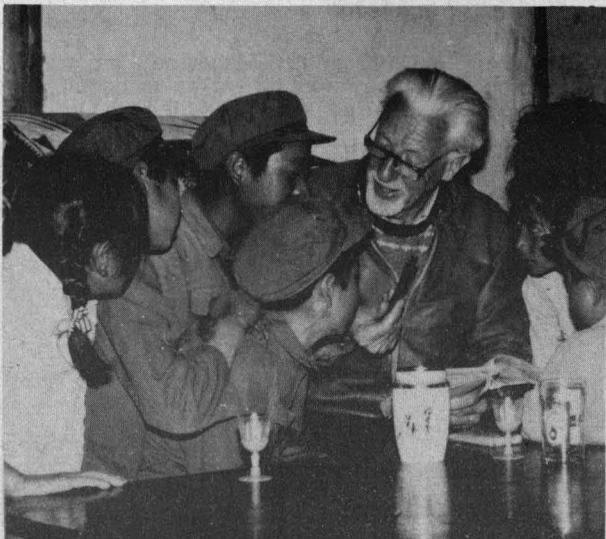
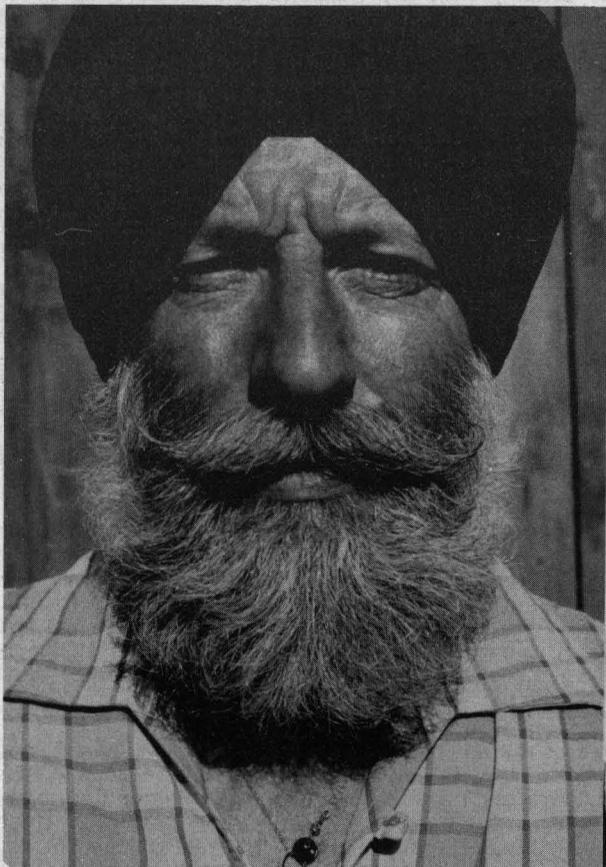
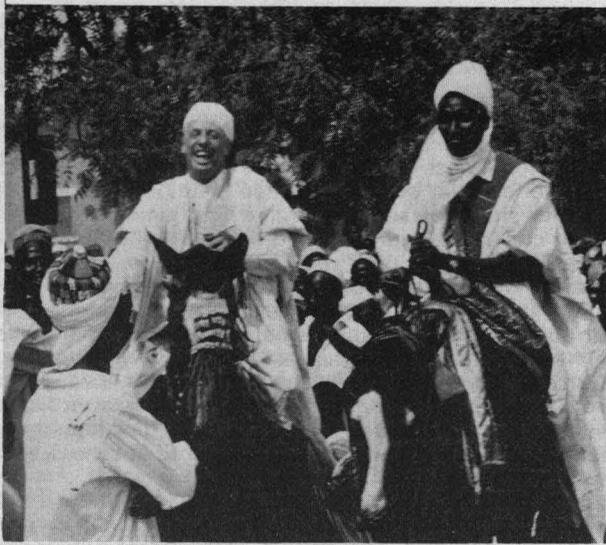
In Australia I have worked as a nurse, a door-to-door salesman (failed) and as a flying domestic (very successful) and I have been writing radio plays, stories and novels which, after many years of being rejected, are now being accepted and published. For the last ten years I have been teaching in the School of English in the Curtin University of Technology, Perth. I teach too in the prisons and in remote country towns. Last year I was given an honorary doctorate.

We have a small orchard forty miles away in the hills where we keep geese and hens. It is an excitement for me to grow lemons and oranges, peaches, nectarines and plums. I enjoy looking after the fruit trees and the poultry. We now have three grandchildren, Matthew, Daniel and Alice. The experience of being a grandmother is deeply moving. I realise now how much my grandmother must have loved me.

Three of my ten books have received major awards and this year I was honoured as "Citizen of the Year in Arts and Literature". There have been many times during my life when I have been grateful for an inner strength which I believe comes from the plain food, the spartan life and the privilege of the faith and the special cherishing and education we had at Sibford.

I love receiving the Old Scholars' Magazine. I am grateful to Mike Finch for all the effort he makes on behalf of us all, and I feel honoured to be invited to write a contribution. Thank You.





## OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

R. JOHN BASELEY at Sibford 1930-35 writes:-After leaving Sibford in 1935 I spent six years with Cadburys at Bournville, and then the remainder of the war years with the National Association of Boys Clubs doing youth work in Slough & Bristol. At the end of the war I entered the teaching profession through the Emergency Training Scheme and then taught all ages of children in infant, junior and secondary schools in Worcestershire, finally becoming head of a small rural all-age school in the south of the county.

In 1961, finding myself free of all family commitments, I took a short contract as education officer in Northern Nigeria, training teachers in the old mud-walled city of Katsina, and inspecting schools in the far north-east of the country bordering Lake Chad. During this time, living and working in an Islamic culture, I found it fascinating to keep the month of fasting with my students during Ramadan and to ride in the cavalcade during the Salla celebrations which followed. On leaving Nigeria I drove my Land-rover across the Sahara, through the Niger Republic and Algeria, then on to Tunisia, Sicily, and homewards across Europe.

The remaining years of my career were spent at Goldsmith's College in SE London, where, in the School of Education, I was able to extend my interest in other cultures, exploring with my students the challenges and opportunities in the field of multi-cultural education as it related to the children from the different immigrant groups living in the area. Through this work I developed a close relationship with many families which lead to visits spent with the extended branches of these families - in the Punjab living with a Sikh family near the Golden Temple in Amritsar, in Cyprus, the West Indies and Hong Kong. During these years I was also able to go back to West Africa - teaching with British Council summer schools in Ghana and the Cameroons. One summer was spent in North America with camp kit, a folding bike and a two-month Greyhound bus ticket, travelling from the east coast to the west, and back again, visiting schools, friends and relations in the U.S. and Canada.

With the government cut-back in teacher training places came the opportunity to take early retirement at sixty. By this time I seemed to have developed chameleon-like characteristics. Although I have never been very good at learning other languages - perhaps the results of the very eccentric French teaching I experienced at Sibford in the early 30's, I think I have the knack of knowing how to be accepted and how to merge into different cultural backgrounds. Retirement has given me a wonderful opportunity to extend my experiences, and in the last eight years I have used two 'round-the-world' air tickets to visit Thailand, Hong Kong, Japan, Australia, Hawaii, Canada, the U.S.A. and the West Indies; also, after a second visit to Japan, I travelled back home via Russia, using the Trans-Siberian Railway.

In 1980-81 I was in Kenya with Quaker Peace and Service, trying to work as an educational advisor to the East African Yearly meeting - not too successfully, I am afraid.

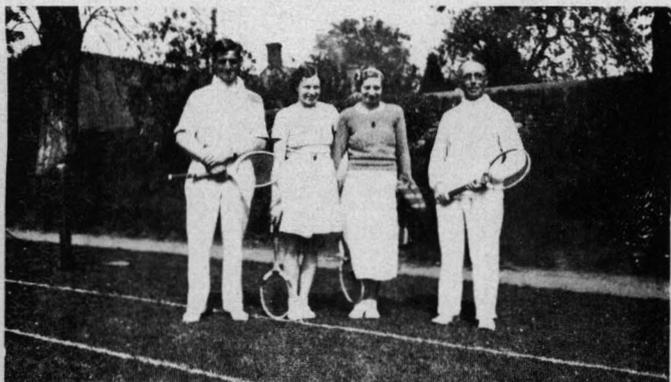
Two years ago I had the chance to go back to China, teaching English at the Institute for Nationalities in Kunming, Yunnan Province for a year. My students, who were from minority groups in the far SW of China, were excellent learners - and teachers. At the end of the year, in the spoken English of the group I taught most frequently, I could hear uncanny echoes of my own voice; and I, for my part, found myself feeling quite Chinese, even to the extent of worrying about losing face!

When I left Kunming I travelled on to Hong Kong via Chongqing and the Yangtze River. I stayed in Hong Kong for a couple of months, teaching at the British Council summer school there, then flew to Bangkok and travelled, mostly by surface, through southern Thailand, Malaysia, Java and Bali to Australia and New Zealand. I stayed in the Antipodes for last winter, finally buying a camper-van in Sydney and driving it to Perth - where it is waiting for me to return in September to drive up north to Darwin, Alice Springs, Queensland and then ..... who knows?

*John Baseley*

# REUNIONS GONE BY

A collection of photographs from the 1937 Reunion and (overleaf) the School Staff in 1887.





*"To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature"*

*Much Ado About Nothing 3.3.13*





## DAYBREAK

Four o'clock on a cold Sunday morning in February and everything is peaceful and tranquil. The dew glistens like small crystal balls hanging from the lush green vegetation. The early morning mist sits in ribbons across the empty landscape. Silence is broken momentarily by the roar of a lorry on an overnight delivery thundering down the road. The sound passes and he turns towards the twilight peeping over the horizon of a land that seemed far away.

An hour drifts by and the morning light grows, stretching and gently warming all that it meets. First signs of life are appearing. A fox, back from a nightly hunting trip, returning to feed her cubs. A badger ambles slowly past his watchful eyes. Six o'clock and the sun has cleared most of the mist to reveal the playful rabbits frolicking in the grass, always under the watchful eye of their mother. She stands guard to protect or warn them of an attack from a predator, lurking, stalking, set to kill without a moment's hesitation.

He turns his position, seeing small birds on their first few trips of the day to collect food for their young who need to grow and to one day take their place. Things are now coming alive, the sun glistening through the tree-tops casts evil shadows on the world below.

Shots ring out and his attention instantly focuses on the poachers scouring the hedgerows for things to shoot, trap and kill. Sensing the danger, he takes to the wing, soaring high over the trees and the world below. He flies to his home in an old oak tree, a hole in the side where he sits. Closing his eyes he sleeps, awaiting the next daybreak.

# WHO'S INFERIOR?

There was a rumble and shudder as the bus drew away. A thickset, oldish man clambered up the stairs to the top deck. He was smartly dressed in a dark three-piece suit, college tie and bowler hat and clutched a brief-case and rolled-up umbrella.

The bus lurched again and the commuter half fell, half sat back into an empty seat. He found himself seated next to a younger man wearing a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt. The commuter rummaged around, produced a crumpled copy of 'The Times' and hid his face behind it.

It wasn't long before the conductor, who happened to be of West Indian origin, came round.

"Tickets please."

The commuter appeared not to hear, and carried on reading his paper.

"Excuse me, sir, your ticket please!" The conductor raised his voice slightly. He'd had a long day, and he didn't particularly want to be kept waiting.

"Alright, alright, Goddammit!" The commuter looked up and noticed the colour of the conductor.

"What are you doing in this job anyway, this is England, you know!"

"I'm as English as you," said the conductor icily as he clipped the ticket.

"You are not, by God! God bless the days of the Empire, what? Then you'd know your place. You all come over here and sit on your backsides throwing bricks at policemen, why don't you go home?"

The conductor's hand shook, he knew that if he heard another word he wouldn't be able to stop himself from thumping his insulter.

But the commuter's jaw snapped shut and he went back to "The Times". The conductor moved on without a word, he knew he wouldn't stand a chance in the London courts.

"Bloody coon," grunted the commuter.

"You're a bit bleeding 'olier than thou, mate," said the man next to him. "Just 'cos 'e's coloured it don't make no difference, 'e's just the same as you an' me. It's your type that causes all the trouble."

"Why don't you mind your own business, little man," glared the commuter over the top of the Times. "I suppose you're an ardent socialist. Or is it anarchy you want? Let me tell you that's what you'll get with foreigners in the country. Send 'em all back where they came from, what!"

"I'm middle o' the road actually, but politics ain't the issue, it's common decency. 'E's as English as you an' me, this is where 'e comes from."

"Good God man, an Englishman is a white man!"

"You call yourself a patriot, yeah? You're about as patriotic as brown stuff I get on my shoe when I walk in the gutter!"

"Go to hell!"

"No. Give me one good reason why you think you're better than a coloured bloke, why you think you got a right to insult 'im but 'e's got no right to say anything back?"

"I fought in the war, Goddamnit. I've done something for this country!"

"So you killed a few Germans. That don't do nothing for me mate, that don't give me a job."

"There are plenty of jobs if you look," snapped the commuter.

"How would you know, you rich git, you're probably so well-oiled you don't need to work!"

The bus came to a standstill and they got up to go down the stairs.

"You don't deserve a job," said the commuter.

That really hurt.

"Push off!"

The commuter shoved the man, who stumbled down the stairs.

"You'd better watch it mate, before I put you in 'ospital," growled the man.

"You wouldn't dare!"

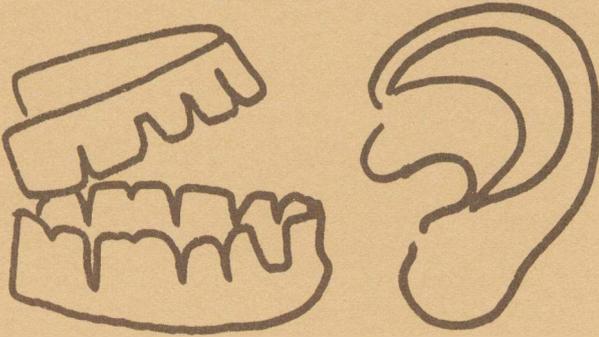
The unemployed man's eyes blazed, he swung a punch. The commuter stumbled back clutching his jaw, fell out of the bus and landed sprawled in the cold, wet street. His briefcase and umbrella clattered to the ground beside him. The unemployed man jumped out and disappeared into the darkness of the street.

"Help me up, God damn you!" yelled the commuter to the conductor, but the conductor just turned away, smiling.

## TEETH

I had to go to the orthodontist to see about a brace. While I was there they took some X-rays. A woman stuck two plastic things in my ears attached to something over my head. Then she said "This won't be very painful, just a bit uncomfortable." It killed! First she took the X-ray sideways on. Then she said "O.K. now we are going to twist." She did not say which way, then Wham! Screech! My earholes were twice the size they were before. I twisted left. When I eventually got out of the orthodontist's I had a very bad earache!

*Julian Clarke*



## CHAIM BLUM

Chaim Blum's face glowed as he stooped over the stove behind his sweet-shop, stirring a large pot of chocolate bubbling like molten lava. Regina came plodding and thumping down the stairs placing her two bulging suitcases at either side of her. She stood and tearfully took her last glance at her beloved husband.

"Oh Chaim," she gasped, "I hate to leave you, my home and all we have established over these thirty years".

"Well, don't go. Stay here with me. I am sure it won't be as bad as people say."

"No, that's where you're wrong. Hitler has made his anti-semitic plans quite explicit. Don't lie to yourself, leave now and we'll set up a nice cosy home in England."

"How many times must we run? We have left our home in Russia, Poland and we have just got settled here in Germany. Now you are preparing to flee, to tear up your roots, your security, all over again. No Regina - I don't have the strength nor the will. To leave now wouldn't be saving myself, this moving tears me apart. I would be saving nothing."

Regina ran over to Chaim and, bursting into tears, flung her arms around his neck, she grasped hold of him. Chaim put one arm around her and, with his other hand, he removed the clinging tear-soaked hair from her face. He took a deep breath and said: "Now Arnold and Rosa will take good care of you. You must not worry about me. Make a go of it and write to me, my pretty lady. I'll reply as often as I can. It is so important that we keep in touch."

Regina nodded and withdrew herself from the security and warmth of her husband's arms. She returned across the room, where she picked up her bags and made for the door. Before she opened it she turned and in a weak, sorrowful and husky voice, whispered:

"I love you, even though you're such a stubborn old fellow," and with a tinkle of the shop-door bell, she was gone, leaving Chaim alone and empty, but pleased that his loved ones would soon be safe.

Soon after Regina's departure with Arnold and Rosa a gang of brown-shirted youths smashed the glass of Chaim's shop front with clubs and stones, daubing his walls with swastikas, Stars of David and anti-semitic slogans. Chaim Blum naively went to the local police-station where the inspector claimed he needed further information about the incident. He tricked him into going into a side-room where he was detained until a small grey prison van arrived to take him away.

Though no-one knows for sure, it is most likely that my great-grandfather was exterminated in Auschwitz concentration camp sometime around 1942.

*Jo Rose*

## DRAYTON MANOR

We woke up at 7.30 for breakfast at 8.00, later we talked about what rides we would go on over breakfast.

Then we went down to the Manor to wait for the coach. When it came everyone piled in. There were about seventy of us in all, including Mrs. "T" and Mr. Bateman, and a portion of Old Scholars.

When we left it was fairly dry but as we approached Birmingham it started to rain and, by the time we had eventually got there, it was chucking it down.

Once we were at Drayton Manor we were given our wristbands and were told what time we had to be back for lunch and tea. Then we dashed off to try to be first to go on as many things as we could. The park had only just opened so there were hardly any people there and getting first go was no problem at all.

The "Log Flume" was first on the list. On this you climb into a sort of hollowed-out log and are pushed out to drift around a channel until you get to a ramp with a conveyer on it. Then you are pulled up the ramp and it pushes you really hard at the top so you shoot down the other side into a really deep channel. I got completely soaked, but it was so much fun you didn't really notice it.

Then we went on a thing called the "Pirate Ship" which is a huge boat and holds about forty people. It is swung, gently at first, but then it gets really scary and just about goes past 90 degrees. Incidentally, I ended up going on it at least five times.

I forced myself to go on the roller-coaster for the very first time in thirteen years. It is quite good with a 'loop the loop' in it. (I still have to keep my eyes closed when we shoot around it.) I went on it nine times and still look forward to the next time.

We went on the "Waltzer" where you climb into a car and it goes up and down a circular track and spins around very fast at the same time. My friend, Tim, was nearly sick on it, but I had great fun.

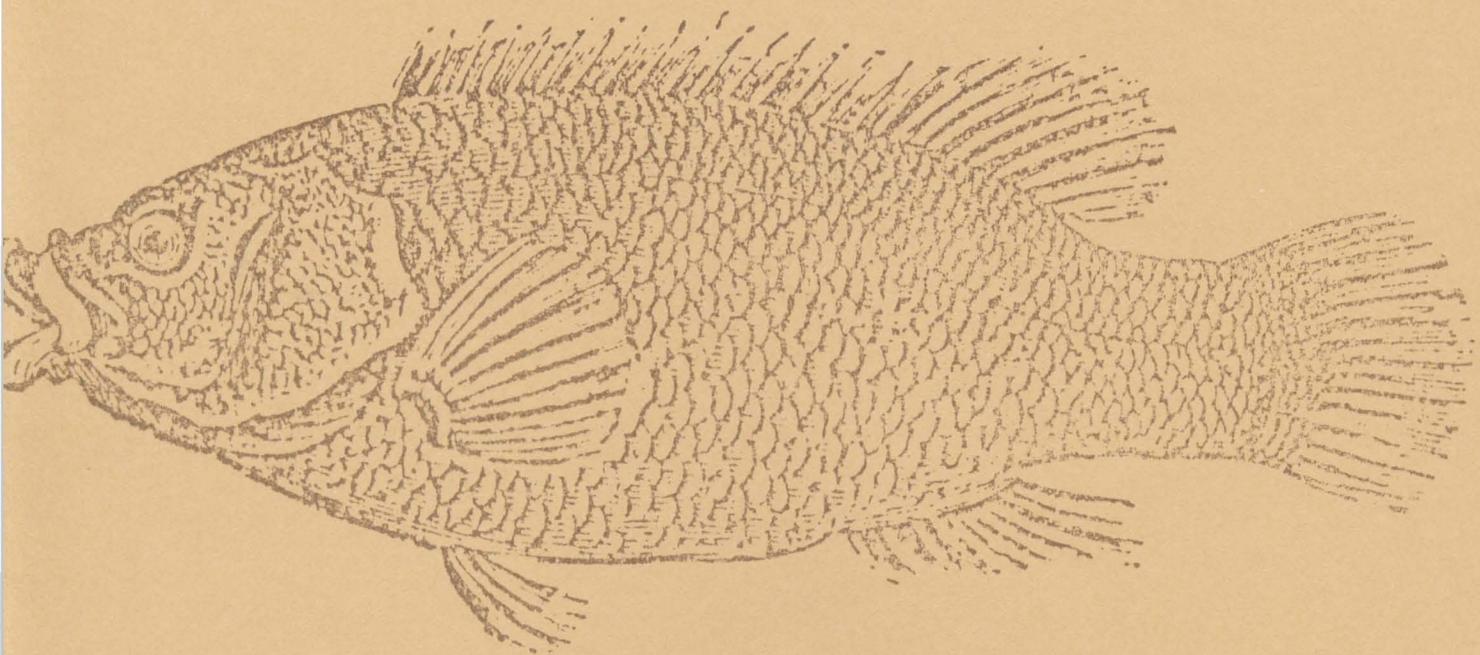
After that we went on the Para Tower and the Big Wheel. The Para Tower was quite good. First you go up on a metal cage, then you are dropped from the top (about 40 feet) and the parachute only inflates at 30 feet so you end up dropping very fast before anything happens.

When we got lunch we ate it on the cable car and train. When that was finished we dashed around and went on as many things as we could: Dodgems, Flying Dutchman and several others I could name.

Altogether, the trip was very good and I will go again next year if there is another outing.

*Alex Day*





## GOLDFISH

Swimming round a little bowl

Hiding in the weeds

Seeing all the funny faces

Looking in at me

Getting fed but once a day

Isn't very funny

But it doesn't matter much

'Cos I'm not very hungry.

*John Stolwood*



## BATTLEGROUND

Towards the end of last Summer holidays, my family and I went over to the First World War battlefields in France. I have always been interested in the First World War and its appalling loss of human life. The trip was both interesting and sad - sad because there are just so many cemeteries out there.

We went to Ypres first, where gas was used during 1915. The Germans used it, causing terrible casualties among the English and French soldiers. We stayed in Ypres (or Wipers as it was called by the English Tommies because it rained so much), for three days. We then drove to Somme, not very far away, and stayed in an hotel. Somme was perhaps even sadder. From our hotel we had a good view of the statue of the Golden Virgin. This became a symbol of hope for British soldiers who believed that when the statue fell down the war would end. It was toppled by the blast from a German shell in 1918, the year the war ended. There were lots more cemeteries at the Somme where, in one day alone, 25,000 soldiers fell.

When we went home I was thinking about all those soldiers who were killed and about a whole lost generation.

*James Thom*



## DRARGO

Downstairs, somewhere, a door creaked.

I pressed back against the wall, my mouth half-open in fear. I could hear no voices, so crept down the stairs. Step by step I could feel my toes sink into the soft carpet. I was sweating with fear and my hands were shaking. I trembled at the bottom of the stairs.

I quickly ran behind the kitchen door, there I could rest and think what to do. Perhaps it was burglars.

I had to stop them! I could hear the refrigerator open and something crashed to the floor. Then slurping noises could be heard. I was so scared I just did not know what to do. It was probably too big for me to handle and by the sound of things it must be drunk. I could hear the pantry cupboard open as I ran in and shouted.

"Who are you? What are you doing? You might as well come out of that cupboard. I've got you surrounded!" No answer. So I ran to the pantry door and smashed it shut, and then leaned hard against it.

The next thing I knew, I was sitting at the bottom of the pantry door and had just wakened up. I sat, helpless, against the door thinking about what I should do, when I remembered that there was no sound from this cupboard, it was probably asleep. So I peeked into the pantry and you will never guess what I saw! My pet water-dragon called Drargo. He was one and a half meters now and he could easily get out of his tank and go downstairs. What a waste of time. But Drargo thought not. He was licking his lips at the cereal boxes.



*Martin Gough*

## A FACE LIKE MARBLE

The car lay on its side, its green body gnarled and broken. All was silent. He slowly regained consciousness and awoke into a nightmare. He felt numb; saw nothing but a bright, full moon casting an eerie light around him. The blood glistened on his hands, he was still clutching the steering wheel. He couldn't move - nothing moved.

His mind tried to take in what had happened but all he could think of was her. She had come with him and where she was now he did not know. All he could remember was how happy he'd been.

It had been three of the best weeks of his life. For once, nothing had gone wrong. He'd never felt like this before. To know what it was like to really love someone, to treasure every moment they spent together, each note she would leave for him. The feeling of pride as he walked down the street. He could show the world how happy he was....

He felt his neck twitch and instantly turned his head towards the passenger seat. Her face was pale, cool like marble; her head leant gently upon the passenger window, her eyes staring at nothing. Along the side of her neck there was a thin line of blood which had trickled down and stained her white jacket.

He felt tears. His vision blurred until all he could see were blue flashes.

It had taken several hours for the accident to be reported.

When the police finally arrived they had to prize the driver's fingers from the steering wheel.

*Robert Templeton*



## THE DEVIL WITHIN

"Damn it!" he said as the stick spun across the floor, "Ellen!"

"Yes sir, I'm coming."

"Fetch the stick, girl!"

"Yes sir" - "Thank you." he said, "You may go back to your work now Ellen."

Lord William was probing well into his eighties and his age showed. The moon-shaped crests of white hair were combed over each ear and his bald patch sparkled like a swimming pool. His eyes looked dead, like stones, and their opaque green lenses seemed dark. His nose was crooked, he broke it in childhood playing rugby. This seemed the only reminder of his past. His cheekbones were high and they jutted out slightly, his chin was dimpled and square-cut. He could not stand up straight as his back did not permit it, his stance was slightly bent and he had trouble walking - hence the walking stick which he found increasingly annoying. The polished floors in the house were like ice and he continuously slipped on his stick and sprawled across the floor.

The house portrayed Lord William's character. It was a 16th century Manor, panelled with mahogany and lavishly furnished with antiques. Large gilded pictures hung, their faces softened with a layer of dust.

He sat in a chair, it was worn from constant use and the stuffing peeked through one arm. The log fire crackled nearby and warmed his chilled bones. Out of habit he reached for his pipe rack but its place was empty. He had dropped the habit under doctor's advice, and he could now taste and smell things better. Even though he had given it up it was too late to save himself. He could feel the black devil inside him consuming and possessing his body, gnawing him alive until he dropped.

*Ben Taylor*

## SKIING TRIP'87

When we arrived at the Manor, an excited Mr. Bateman was seen waving arms and frantically pointing at his watch. The thirty students and staff were getting impatient, and trying to keep calm by talking about last year's ski trip. However, soon we were under way, travelling towards Gatwick. Unfortunately, we were delayed there for 3 hours and didn't arrive in Leysin, Switzerland, until around 10 p.m.

After being fitted with equipment, we all stumbled to bed, bleary-eyed, expectant of the week that stretched ahead of us.

It began far too early for most of us, but once we were dragged outside the sunshine and view were astonishing. We clumped off like distressed chickens in our heavy ski boots. A quick ski test, then we were placed into groups of ability. While the beginners remained on the nursery slope, the other three groups moved on to more advanced runs.

By the end of the first day, our faces were submerged in a sea of freckles and suntan lotion. No-one had realised how strong the scorching Easter sun would be and our lilly-white faces were soon burnt and blistered. Most of us stayed out all day, every day, from 9 - 4, skiing (or trying to ski). We were issued with packed lunches and munched them basking in the sun.

After skiing we'd troop back and buy bars of chocolate to revive ourselves. The evening meal brought presentations to the "Most Advanced Skier of the Day" and "Superstud", which Mike Williams invariably won, to be superseded only on the last day!

Apres ski each evening was an engrossing activity varying from ice-skating, where Mr. Guy was found to be an expert on the 'little twirls', to tobogganing, where we migrated to a little chalet to sip hot chocolate and Gluwein. In the disco we had the dance floor to ourselves. Here Dominic Semlyen was named 'John Travolta 2nd'. We had sun and snow most days, and so two intrepid skiers decided to make the last day memorable by wearing shorts and t-shirts!

Excellent improvements were made in the skiing, especially by Mr. Agnew, who was shown to be an experienced skier. He led the upper intermediates in style and speed, managing the powder snow perfectly.

Many didn't want to leave and, returning home, suitcases bulged with the weight of chocolates, double our quota.

We would like to thank everybody, Mr. Bateman especially, for our 'Bonnes Vacances', and we hope to see you all next year.

*Michelle Wood*

## THE LIFT

It was Dad's afternoon "off" and as Grandma and Grandad were visiting we decided to go to "Toys-R-Us" in Wokingham. We parked on the seventh floor of the multi-storey car park in which the toy shop filled the ground floor. Six of us got into the lift, the doors started to close but then opened again. Dad pressed the "close" button and they shut within an inch and we waited. We could not open the doors nor could we get the lift to descend. Dad pressed the alarm bell but no one came at first. I shouted "Help!" through the crack but still no one came.

Eventually a man stood on the other side of the door with a yellow helmet, black jacket with metal buttons and yellow plastic trousers - a FIREMAN! They played with the electrics but nothing happened, they kicked the door then they used a crowbar and we were free.

We all thought we needed some exercise so we went down the stairs and saw the fire engine with its flashing blue light. Grandma and Grandad said they certainly get trips with a difference when they visit us.

*Julian Clarke*



## DIGGING UP THE PAST

It was like a bright orange fire lighting up her room as the rising sun burned through the window to cause mysterious, yet warming, shadows.

Kitty lay surrounded by warmth, half asleep - half awake, not daring to open her ultra-violet eyes for fear of blinding them. She turned over to look at her watch, 6.30 a.m. She lay back with a big sigh. Another day had begun.

As Kitty stepped outside the cool fresh air hit her ivory coloured face like someone's cold hand touching a warm back, and she inhaled quickly, wrapped her coat firmly around her delicate body and pulled her scarf tight.

Wrapped up in her own thoughts she didn't notice the short, fat, slightly wobbly figure hobbling closely behind her, until she reached the office steps. Then Kitty felt someone watching her, but she turned round and found nothing.

The office was the same as it usually was on a Monday morning; full of gossiping women with their steaming cups of coffee in their hands, going over the weekend's events.

"Morning, Kitty!" shouted her best friend.

Kitty waved over to a group of women huddled around the coffee pot.

"By the way, there was a phone call for you about ten minutes ago. It was a man, but he wouldn't leave his name. He just said he'd call by the office later."

Kitty had a puzzled look on her face. A phone call from a man? She never had phone calls from men.

At 11.30 Kitty stopped typing and got up to go for her break, when a man approached her, "Hello, Kitty".

Kitty looked up, she went pale and quickly sat down.

"I just thought I'd come and see how you are," the deep voice said.

Still Kitty sat and stared at the figure.

Eventually, in a quivering voice she said,

"What do you want? Why are you here?"

The stranger lowered his head.

"I had to see how beautiful you'd become."

"I told you I never wanted to see you again. You left me on my own seven years ago, with nothing, and you walk in here saying you wanted to see how beautiful I'd become...." Kitty began to cry.

"Kitty, I...."

"Get out! You weren't my father then and you're not him now. Why did you have to come here digging up the past... GET OUT...."

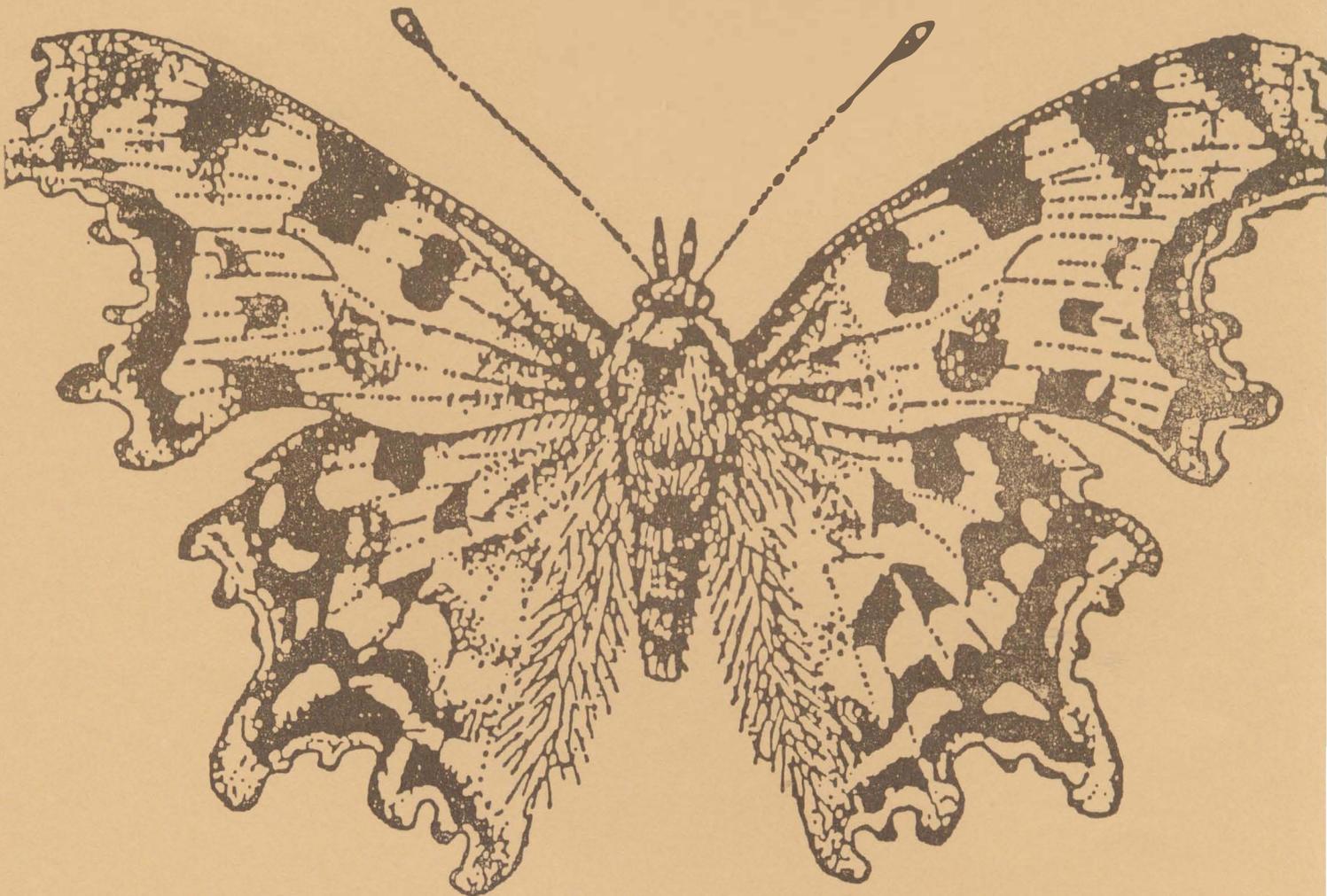
## JUST AN IMAGE

Then it came to me like an image looming  
High about my head, flickering momentarily  
Soon to thrust forward.  
How new that feeling was  
From the darkness to the crib  
Primary to adolescence  
Time and I strode side by side  
It lent me an identity and gave me a pen  
With this I started the mark I would leave.

Hair flared, eyes wide I rushed forward  
To seek the others as their young hearts  
Were moulded into an even perspective  
Onward the years came rolling quicker  
Obtaining a firm foothold on middle age  
But not for long for soon it drifts away

A pitiful sight with red rimmed eyes  
Enclosed in a frail case of staleness  
At last the image fades, the moths depart  
Always in search of a new light.

*WENDY IMONIORO*





## THOUGHTS ON PREP

The time is 7.15 and I breathe a sigh of relief - all prep is finished. I lie back in my chair and gaze out of the window. The field is clear and the sun pours onto the lush grass. My eye falls on the goalpost. I can remember scoring the final goal in the school game and dream of taking a penalty against Everton in the the F.A. Cup Final. My eyes move to the right and I see the cricket square with a fence around it. I imagine an innings of a record score in a match. I bowl out the whole of our opponents' team with my fast bowling. In the tennis courts I see two people playing and my mind takes me back to Wimbledon. Becker is on the service line. I stand nervously at the other end. He throws the ball high and strikes it with power. The ball sails over the net and lands perfectly in the service box. With ease I return it past him, and it lands in the far corner. "Game, set and match to Tustian," booms over the P.A. system. I coolly walk to the net and shake hands with the shocked Becker. Then I am given the massive shield for the Men's Singles Title.

The cameras are on me. This leads my imagination to Hollywood. "The new James Bond," they whisper as I sail to the ground in my parachute. "He doesn't even use a stunt man" the viewers cry as next I move down the death slide over the Thames and land on Tower Bridge. There I grab the helicopter feet and I am lifted from the ground. I climb onto the helicopter and force the door open. I hit the pilot and throw him out, I then land the helicopter and save the world from the evil organisation.

"Patrick," I heard. "I said you could go." Everyone was looking at me. I was in Prep. "Oh, thank you."

I stand up and walk out very red. People later ask me why I was making helicopter noises and imitation cheering crowds.

My reply was "I was just winning Wimbledon and starring in a film."

"What?"

"You wouldn't understand," I say. There was no point in telling them.

*Patrick Tustian*

## WIMBLEDON

On Tuesday night in prep the sky was dark and the air was full of heat. That made my thoughts go back to the Wimbledon trip. We set out in the morning around seven o'clock. It was quite a nice day, everybody was very happy and anxious to get there. In the coach people were talking and having conversations with friends. Through the windows you could see people getting up and getting ready for their early morning jobs. It took us about 2 1/2 hours to actually get there. On our way out our English teacher Mrs Guy gave us our lunch money and our entrance money.

In the queue there were about 500 people, it was a massive, narrow queue. My friends and I had to run all the way down to the bottom. It took us about 7/8 minutes to get there. We had to stand there for a long time, and the sun was getting hotter, and we saw people dying for something to drink. Then all of a sudden the queue was moving - that meant that the gates were opened. Half way to the gate we saw a BBC camera man filming. My friends made faces at him and obviously he was working hard and was not very interested in what they were doing. At last we got to the gate. The person in the window selling the tickets was a funny-looking chap. He thought we were a couple of tennis hooligans!

All the same we bought our tickets. We got Court Two tickets, with Helena Sukova a Czechoslovakian player, and a Miss Louis a British player. Helena Sukova won. She

was good, she was really skinny. Miss Louis tried very hard. She also did some fancy playing, she was rather short and a bit plump. After that kind of game, me and my friend went to get something to eat. There we saw lots of international players like Jimmy Connors and Steffie Graf. We also saw Boris Becker leaving the grounds. We then went back to see the second game.

It was Mecir and de Palma. Mecir won the game, he was rather a steady and sensitive player and de Palma was just a hard hitting player, but he was good. By then it was four o'clock and we had to go back and meet Mrs Guy to check our names off. After that Patrick and I decided to try and get centre court tickets. On our way there we saw a tennis player by the name of Steve Babruthy, he wasn't very famous. I got his autograph just in case one day he becomes famous. Then we went straight into centre court, luckily a couple had finished watching the tennis and they gave their tickets to us because I was so cute! We immediately rushed to the two spare seats.

We saw Yannic Noah playing one of the best players from France. He was brilliant. Then it was nearly time to go so we set off back to the coach. By now people were tired and were going back home. On the coach people were tired and were drifting off to sleep. At 9.30 we got back, the night was dark. That was when my friends tapped me to say it was end of prep.

*Kwabena Okyere*

Photo





# Friends of Sibford School

## REPORT ON 'FOSS' YEAR 1986/7

The 'Friends' have been particularly busy over the last twelve months and have developed many activities for which, though tentatively introduced, they have gained a reputation for enjoyment and financial success. The committee now meets twice a term (sub-committees running specific events more frequently). Each term has provided opportunities for pupils' participation (and the potential for the involvement of parents, staff, old scholars and 'friends'). It is encouraging to look back and appraise our achievements - an educational, social and fund-raising event each term, 'watch-dog' overtones and a genuine concern to see the school move forward when significant national educational changes are prevalent.

At our AGM in May 1987, our secretary (Janette Skeath) reported that "FOSS" has participated in more activities than ever before! These are set out below for readers who were unable to attend. Autumn Term: 28.9.86 - educational meeting on the new GCSE; 12.10.86 - 'Eastern Promise' social evening; 29.11.86 - Christmas Fair - when the school hall was transformed by coloured paperchains made during the morning by pupils and 'helpers'. Stalls ranged from 'hot waffles' and home-made goodies to antiques and hand-crafted gifts; Christmas shopping was definitely the order of the day. Spring Term: 30.1.87 - educational meeting by Stephen Bunney on Health Education; 7.2.87 - 'sponsored knit' (which included teaching Stephen Bunney and Chris Bateman needle skills); 25.3.87 - social function to celebrate the opening of the new music school - a packed auditorium were privileged to hear pupils and professionals join together in a musical miscellany.



Summer Term: 16.5.87 - Car Boot Sale (great fun for all with wares to sell, or money to spend; 31.5.87 - educational evening run by Andrew Chowne on Kent Maths Project. We also ran the 'FOSS Cafe' at regular parent's events - so much appreciated by anyone who has travelled a long distance to be with their children. The organisation and running of the cafe falls entirely on a small group of very capable committee members and they are to be congratulated for the tasty range of refreshments provided. We were also grateful for the opportunity to participate at Open Day on June 20th, when we were "at home" in the library. Autumn Term 1987: 28.9.87 - educational evening run by Stuart Holliday on the new CDT syllabus when much discussion ensued on the



changing syllabus; 10.10.87 - social evening: fun, food and feasting - a fantastic buffet provided by George Gibson, entertainment - magic and mystery - provided by La LLusion (and how pleasing to see pupils enjoying themselves alongside parents and friends).

All our activities of course are designed to support staff endeavours by raising funds for increased facilities for individual departments and, now, for major projects put forward by 'FOSS'. All funds raised this year are financing our new major project - the equipping of a library resources area which will be available to all children and staff for the preparation of materials for project work (so necessary following the introduction of GCSE). The traditional Autumn Term distribution of smaller department gifts was again made at our Autumn Term committee meeting - £695.00 to departments and £800 for specific house projects. We try to ensure that our gifts will benefit the maximum number of pupils and it particularly delights us when we learn from the pupils themselves that the equipment purchased is proving valuable. The following two letters were received in October (from which we understand that the department concerned is busily making all sorts of gifts for sale at the Christmas Fair - indeed the Remedial Department of a Sunday has become a veritable factory).

"Dear Friends of Sibford,

Thank you very much for the £100 you have given us towards a new printer for us to use.

We hope we can raise the rest of the money in November when we will be selling Christmas goods.

Yours sincerely,

Alex Packham"

and

"Dear Friends of Sibford,

Thank you very much for the £100 for the new printer. We are going to help too by raising money and we hope it will be a great success. We have started getting things together already.

from

Emma Day (and all of us in The Remedial Department)."

'FOSS' also now has its own noticeboard in the main school corridor, beautifully fabricated by old scholar/parent, Raymond Bond, and now much in use for photographic displays and notices.

A number of 'concerns' were raised with the school during the year; some have still to be resolved but others, subsequently, have resulted in 'FOSS' gifts which - for instance - have assisted with improvements to the manor courtyard and the area outside the science block which now presents visitors to the campus with an aspect more visually pleasing than previously. We also now have a new representative on the Old Scholar's committee and are currently investigating initiatives through which we ('FOSS' and 'SOSA') can jointly benefit the school. We are also planning the introduction of a 'hospitality list' - local parents, friends and old scholars who are willing to accommodate visitors to the school overnight to save them the expense of hotel bills. Any local reader who would be willing to be included on such a list, please contact anyone on the "FOSS" committee - listed inside the front cover of this magazine.

**Future activities: all parents and 'FOSS' members will automatically be informed of exact dates and times; any other magazine reader who would like further details can obtain them from any committee member - and all are welcome at our events.**

In conclusion, our chairman's report presented at the 'FOSS' AGM in May 1987 amply summarises our year - and the hard work undertaken by the committee to support this unique school.

## **Chairman's Report for year May 1986 - May 1987**

I must first thank the school for all their support during this last year and secondly offer my sincere gratitude to my extremely hard-working Committee who have uncomplainingly risen to assist at an ever-increasing number of activities since I became Chairman. Their results speak for themselves and details of their achievements will be provided in our Secretary's and Treasurer's reports, to whom I am particularly indebted as they have borne the brunt of all the hard work.

I want to tell you not so much of what we have accomplished in the last year, but of how 'FOSS' has developed as an organisation whose principle concern is to advance the education of Sibford School, and then to explain a little of how I envisage consolidating this growth. We could however so easily over-reach ourselves and our very success could be our undoing; we are continually now being approached to assist an ever increasing number of staff projects, yet must always remind ourselves that we are a voluntary body with limited time available and a varying level of commitment and resources at our disposal.

Nevertheless, I feel that 'FOSS' has grown considerably in status in the last twelve months. The Committee now meets twice a term (as compared with once in previous years). We disperse funds as previously against staff "bids" for departmental help but also now provide financial assistance for projects put forward by your Committee in areas where we see a significant need for improvement. You will be able to comment on this year's suggestions later in the meeting. The computer was your choice at last year's AGM and you will be delighted to know that we have paid this off in only two terms.

You will I am sure also be interested to learn that the computer is itself being used to raise further funds for 'FOSS' - in partnership with one of the subject departments. The scheme is "under wraps" until Open Day, but has been entirely organised by a sixth form student for his CPVE project; 'FOSS' is financing the project, following an approach from the school, and assisting with promotion, publicity and business advice, in return for which our own funds will benefit, as will those of the department concerned. I am particularly pleased that 'FOSS' can co-operate with staff and students in this way as I know that the student concerned has gained skills which will be useful in the world outside the classroom.

Communication has played an important part in 'FOSS' activities this last year: we now keep more regularly in touch with the various groups who represent Sibford and, following a major mailing of a four-page newsletter in September (financed by a free GPO mailing scheme) have circulated Old Scholars twice, School Committee twice, new parents (for September 1987) once, staff once a term, current parents twice a term and remaining 'FOSS' members twice. In addition, an interim news-sheet has been available at every parents day. We are indebted to the school for undertaking all the duplication of so much material, and to the school and SOSA for distributing our newsletter with their mailings, to save 'FOSS' postage.

I see these more regular lines of contact as being of significant importance to keep everyone in touch with all that 'FOSS' is now accomplishing and would like to see the concept further developed into a termly school newspaper which can also be used for promotional purposes. I hasten to add that this has not yet been discussed with the school! I would particularly like to make greater contact with our "outside" FOSS members but this would involve additional postage and cost; we have been careful to ensure that we do not expend members' subscriptions on unnecessary items but comments on this would be welcomed.

A major 'FOSS' change this year has been the inclusion of a 'FOSS' subscription onto all pupils accounts, thus ensuring that all parents are members and that 'FOSS' benefits can truly be spread throughout the school. John Miller has kindly agreed to repeat the process for the forthcoming academic year, for which we are most grateful as it does enable us to budget more easily and to plan our year well in advance.

Our "structure" of events now comprises - in each term - an educational meeting which staff can utilise in any way they wish, a social event and a fundraising event or "fun" activity. We have developed the 'FOSS Cafe' and aim to provide refreshments at all our events and on parents day and even Open Mornings for prospective parents - a much needed service for those who have travelled some distance.

In all this of course, we must not forget the children; that is what Sibford is all about and it is towards the enrichment of their time at the school that 'FOSS' is continually striving. We involve pupils in every event and activity, and also regularly raise with the school problems put to us by pupils and parents. We hope you will let us know if you have items of general interest that you would like put forward. We have also made personal contact with Old Scholars and the School Committee; I was particularly honoured to be invited to speak at an Old Scholars' committee meeting last Autumn when I was able to explain something of the philosophy behind 'Friends' current activities, and to be invited to a School Committee dinner. I am anxious to maintain contact with these two organisations; we now again have a 'FOSS' representative on the SOSA Committee and I hope to forge closer links next year with the School Committee so that they are more readily aware of our contribution to school activities, and so that we may more easily learn of school developments and can thus spread our support into new areas when required.

As to the forthcoming year: the committee intend to produce an annual calendar of activities which to date is made difficult by a lack of forward information from the school - at present we waste considerable time, effort and publicity value by late approaches for help and assistance, much of which is avoidable. With more advance planning on our regular commitments, we can concentrate our efforts on developing schemes to assist departments and students in their own fund-raising as well as provide finance for other school activities and requirements.

Finally, I have been so privileged to have been your Chairman for the past twelve months: I apologise for any shortcomings - we are all bedeviled by lack of time. But with an ever-growing list of potential ideas for future activities, I do not foresee any shortage of new directions through which 'FOSS' can support Sibford; our success lies in your keeping.

*Ann Bond, 'FOSS' Chairman, 16.5.87.*



*Photographs used in this section illustrate: a) pupils practicing before the 'FOSS' opening of the new music school, b) Feasting at the Autumn Term 'La Lluision' social evening and (above) the Summer Term 'Car Boot Sale'.*

## TWO IMPORTANT NEW 'FOSS' DATES

for your 1988 diary:

### **Saturday 12th March: Auction & 50/50 Sale.**

Evening Buffet • Catalogue of Items • Pre-Auction Viewing Time

Items for auction gratefully accepted.

**Saturday 11th June: Barbecue & Barn Dance** at Chilway Farm, Epwell (by courtesy of Richard and Ros Tustian).

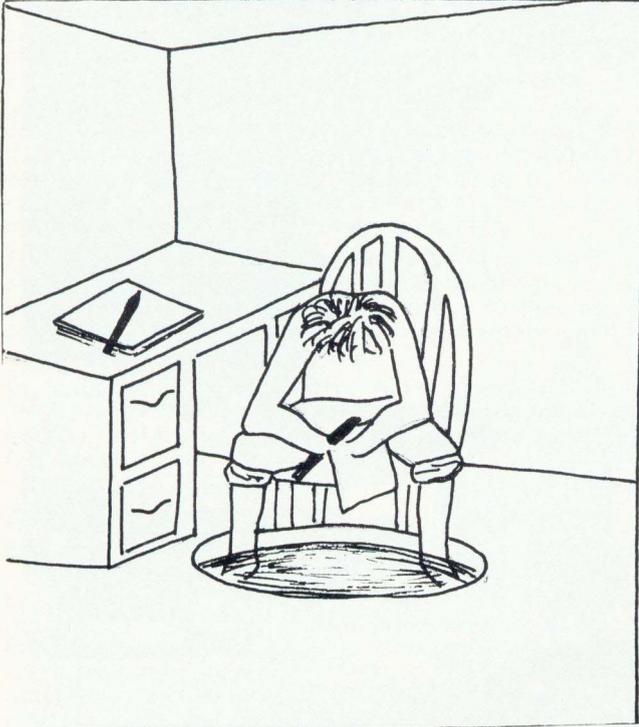
Both events to raise funds for the new library resource area.

All welcome - friends, parents, pupils, relations, old scholars, staff. Full details and tickets available from the 'FOSS' Secretary, Mrs. Janette Skeath, Sibford School, Sibford Ferris, Banbury, Oxon., OX15 5QL.

# On campus

## OPEN DAY

Why did I accept the challenge! Here I sit, at the end of the day with aching legs, reams of notes and a blank page upon which I am supposed to tell you all that happened.



Who are you anyway? If you are one who was fortunate enough to be there, you'll be pretty bored very quickly if I simply set in two dimensions what you saw in there. If you are one who was absent, my limited power of words could not convey the splendid achievements of the day.

So what am I to do? Panic? - Yes, I already have, but it didn't release the obligation. I could simply drivel on (I've successfully done so this far), but that would be cheating. Where lies the honourable compromise? Try this -I'll start from the beginning without too much descriptive detail and repeated superlatives, throw in a few of my thoughts and try to reveal something of what Open Day tells me about the school. After all, it is their show-piece and cannot be taken entirely at face value.

Meeting for worship came first - it could have been a disaster. There we were (some two dozen), seated in silence in Room 23. There was nothing wrong with the room itself - George Fox would have been proud of its lack of ostentation and religious tradition. The informality too was not unwelcome, with people arriving and leaving throughout the meeting. All credit to three under-10's, who remained quietly throughout and listened attentively to three contributors. No, it was not the room which threatened disaster, but its location - right on the corner of a busy pupil thoroughfare with those outside oblivious to the peace within. At that stage, the day was sunny and the air perfectly clear and still. Sound was travelling with total clarity and I trembled at what oath or profanity might shatter the spirit of our meeting. Those who had placed their confidence in the decorum of Sibford pupils were (nearly) totally vindicated and I upbraid myself for such little faith. Amongst the attendants there was one person whom I recognised, but otherwise, only vaguely familiar faces.

From the Meeting, I decided upon a quick wicket inspection and concluded that the cricket match should be able to start on time, despite the ravages of this winter's June. The campus was looking superb and a credit to those who tend its many acres of grass, flowerbeds, trees and shrubberies.

Time for a quick coffee, noting the same familiar face from Meeting. His was still unaccompanied, but seemed to be busy temporarily, chatting to a member of staff, so I moved on to cover some more ground.

Referring to my programme and after a little wandering, I began, with sinking realisation, to appreciate the scale and extent of the ground I had to cover. Nearly every classroom offered something to see, and I could happily have spent an hour in each one, such was the wealth of information on display.

Religious Education was to be seen in Room 6. More appropriate, perhaps, for some of the parents, one of whom on entering, looked at the portrait and poster promoting George Fox and said in all seriousness "I wonder who he was"!



I moved on from classroom to exhibition and from display back to classroom. Who would have thought it possible to arrange an exhibition of languages or maths? The varied array of production was bewildering and awesome. On the artistic and handicraft side, such a wide range of materials, colours and creative concepts. And it seemed that whichever route I took, there was no avoiding that man, who was always there before me. I was purposefully covering the ground, and yet he was always there first. If I left him behind at one place, it seemed that he reached the next before I did. Perhaps he was intending to write an article and would steal my glory. Or was he checking up on me? His omnipresence began to bug me.

In between flic-flacs at the Gymnastics and Wilfred Owen at the Poetry Reading, I was able to peruse some of the academic achievements on display -most of it was beyond me, so I concluded it must be good. And how impressive the number of videos and amount of high tech equipment as teaching/learning aids.

My watch now told me it was 1 p.m. and lunchtime. The corridors had evacuated and even Friends of Sibford School had abandoned their position. Their effort last year was impressive - over £2000 raised and spent on a variety of much-welcomed materials for the school, ranging from new curtains to a new computer costing more than £1000. The Dining Room was busy with three separate queues. I joined one and glanced furtively about for Him. Nowhere to be seen. Amazingly, I had achieved a first and was still revelling in my victory 10 minutes later as my queue diminished and I approached the counter. I should have known better - he smoothed into the room, joined another shorter queue, and was served before me! But not even my increasing state of paranoia interfered with my enjoyment of an excellent lunch along with, at a guess, two hundred and fifty others. The lunch break gave me an opportunity to organise the direction of my afternoon and to check what still had to be seen. Medieval Indulgences looked intriguing and after popping in briefly to Trampoline and Music Movement, I braced myself to step into the Middle Ages. I stood in front of the Inquisition, who demanded to know for what heinous crimes I wished absolution. I told them that I had robbed the rich to pay the poor. The moral dilemma stopped them in their tracks, but the final consensus was a 20p fine if my time in purgatory was to be reduced. The charitable cause was Katherine House Hospital Appeal and I dug deep.

With growing confidence that I had adopted the correct afternoon route to avoid a further haunting, I looked in to see what information might be available for prospective parents (Room 14). He was there already, and seemed to have been waiting for me. Right - it's gone too far. We are acquainted after all, so I'll confront him, let him know I'm on to him, bowl him a googlie question or two, do anything to ruffle his calm superiority. After a five minute exchange, I left, satisfied that I had thrown him and that what I had left him to chew on would avert him from his sinister purpose.

Now, I was chuffed, almost heady with success. I had laid a ghost, nearly covered all the ground, and it was only just 3 p.m. Help! The concert starts at three, so off to Main Hall as directed by the otherwise excellent programme of events. Of course, it was nearly ten past three by the time I got down to the Music School at the Manor and there was standing room only for some of the packed audience who listened to a very pleasant performance from various instruments and vocal. But how was it possible without extra-terrestrial powers that he had arrived before me sufficiently in time to have secured a chair? I bet he didn't know that he sat in it at the expense of a very expectant lady who was standing in the outer porch, but at least that threw doubt on the ESP theory.

The concert finished and I rushed to complete the circuit. Graphics Room, it said in the programme, and I was intrigued - I am still, for it was not signposted and when eventually located, was not open (nor, come to mention it, was English as a Foreign Language in which my ignorance also remains). Then on to the Pottery Room, where a wide range of good work was on show, in line with the standards I had come to expect from all that I had seen throughout the day.

By now, it had just started raining again and I had only the walled garden left to visit. Trust me to pick one of the day's scattered showers for an outside viewing. Still, this late in the day and with it starting to rain, at least He would not be there. As I stepped out of shelter and along the path to get wet, he passed me going the other way, having completed his tour and heading for shelter. I swear he was smirking.

Despite the excellent 'growing' weather this year, the garden was immaculate and the variety of fruit and veg, flowers and herbs, had to be seen. Clearly, the pupils have no opportunity to weed, since there were none anywhere! Perhaps they would like to practise on my garden.

With tea in prospect, back up to the Hill, with significantly less briskness and definitely no Spring in my step (read that how you will). The cricketers were leaving a damp and forlorn scene and I understood the tennis was abandoned. Even in sport it seems the school offers substantial choice with each according to its fickle season. Amongst others,

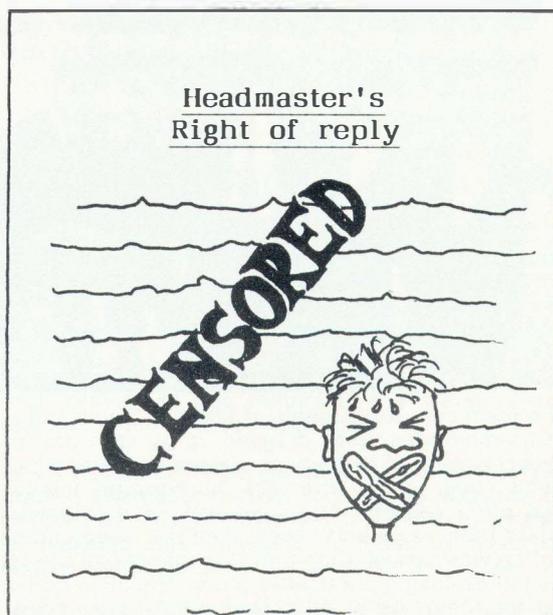
swimming, hockey, basketball, football, rugby and wet sponge throwing. It seemed that the throwers were getting wetter than the target and most appropriate that the RNLI should be the beneficiary. Oh! the cricket result. I got the result from a straggling participant. The school managed just 98 all out and the Old Scholars only 47. "Any Stars?" I asked, not unreasonably I thought. "No really big scorers" came the mocking reply.

Tea was even grander than lunch and with food and catering to these standards, I find it hard to understand why the pupils complain so much about the school grub.

Bliss - nothing more to do for half an hour until the play - 'The Chicken Run'. Wrong again - it was re-scheduled by half an hour, so I joined the stampede for a seat. The degree of confidence and lack of self-consciousness apparent in the students generally, may explain the high standard of acting by the fourth year drama group. The dramatic production epitomised the enormous collective input of effort, thought, time and preparation, which made the Open Day the success it deserved to be. The breadth of school and extra-curricular activities was breathtaking with additionally, opportunities for instructive outings, club involvement and social service. I marvel at how the staff find time for any personal life, so who can resent their 12 weeks holiday each year?

So there it is. I saw nothing really bad and no obvious omissions, unless you rake up politics. (The nearest I got to that was a visit to the T.O.P. Shop organised and run by the pupils. Capitalism in pure form, where even without a licence for tobacco and alcohol the profit achieved has been sufficient to service the interest and capital repayments of the bank loan. First class enterprise, hut hardly raw politics. I suspect the school, too, has had a surfeit of that). In short, everything was good or very good, with the occasional touch of excellence - let the contributors fight for the honours!

One thing though - without a credible academic sixth form and the Remedial Section acquiring an enviable record and reputation, a sense of disproportion encroaches and uncertainty (however unjustified) enshrouds the traditionally recognised academic achievements of the school. In terms of policy and promotion, there is in this, a difficult job to do and those responsible will measure their achievement by the increasing length of waiting-list for a student place at Sibford.



Finally, Mike Spring, the last laugh is on you who 'commissioned' this report. My job is done, but it is you who will receive the brickbats and you've got to find some other mug to do it again next year. Oh yes! Congratulations Jim Graham. You outwalked me and maybe even outwitted me, but you, at least, were paid for your day's work!

## REMEDIAL DEPARTMENT

This year we welcomed Dominic Griffiths to the Remedial Department team. He had previously taught in a school which specialised in 'dyslexic difficulties' in Surrey and we are extremely pleased to have his expertise on the staff. He soon settled well into the routine of the department; the children pointing out the main areas of priority i.e. hot drinking chocolate and numerous cups of coffee.

During the summer term, Maggie Boland taught David Foulds' group whilst David was on sabbatical leave. In June she took a small group of children to visit the Cotswold Wildlife Park in Burford and, despite the torrential rain, an enjoyable day was had by all. This was reflected in an excellent display of work which was produced by the children for Open Day.

Karen Turburfield has spent a year studying for the Royal Society of Arts Diploma in Specific Learning Difficulties in Evesham and found this to be both a rewarding and stimulating course. Much new work is taking place in this area which should lead to a far greater understanding of Specific Learning Difficulties.

Our thanks go to all the fifth and sixth formers who, again, helped by giving their free time to the 'paired reading scheme' which has been in operation for several years now and a small 'thank you' party was held for them before Christmas break. The 'spiced fruit punch' was far spicier than normal thanks to a certain person who misread 1/2 teaspoon of mixed spice for 1/2 a tablespoon. It was different!

*Karen Turburfield  
Jenny Austing*

## POSH NOSH UP

I had a head ache, I was nervous and worried that this staff and 5th year dinner would not work.

After a silence we all sat down and were swiftly served by the 4th years. They had strangely agreed to obey our every whim and care, acting as waitresses and waiters.

I marvelled at everyone's dress. To see all the boys in smart clothes is unheard of, to see them in tails was an unimaginable phenomenon! The young ladies were not to be beaten - styles ranged from ball gowns to short puffy dresses.



As the meal continued, peals of laughter came from each table as memories were dragged up by staff and pupils; five years' mischief and embarrassment to remember. The greatest cheer came after the background music was turned off. I relaxed. The food was of a much higher standard than usual and I even liked the 'veggi' mousaka. As coffee was served, Cora and Queenie began the rounds of the tables, taking photo after photo. We all joined in and posed for them. As at all proper meals, we ended with speeches. Mr Skeath decided to improvise on the theme that "school is not the best days of your life". I wonder .... Miss Holden impersonated our dear Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. She named Dominic Fryer Minister of fish and chips, William Lehman Foreign Minister, and Simon Wollerton Foreign Minister of Fairy Cakes. The occasion ended with a few tears; a way to properly say adieu! I'm hoping it will become a tradition.

*Jocasta Crofts*

## WAZUNGU

The fresh emphasis on music/drama at Sibford rounded off an active school year with a dramatic performance of an original African Morality Rock Opera 'Wazungu'.

The plot revolved around the contradictions of simple tribal ethics confronting modern western decadents.



Excellent performances were given by the missionary and her pupil the young black girl, played by Catherine Jackson and Charlee Lawson respectively. Particular mention should be given to the ELVIS PRESLEY INTERLUDE, with Cary Parsons as the KING, and the classic portrayal of the three colonial hungers, Hazel Smith, Alex and Piers Komlosy, well supported by Kwabena Okyere, the African Sergeant who turned the scene into a very lighthearted ad-libbing sketch that had the audience in fits of laughter.

The music and singing created an African village atmosphere with the Missionary striving throughout to convince the villagers that no matter what temptations they faced, hers was the True God. After all the turmoil, harmony (and peace) was achieved by both sides accepting there was no right way and no wrong way in the pursuit of peace.

Special mention must go to Mr. Bryan Lee and Mike Spring for composing the Rock Opera that brought together the talents of so many to produce a performance that was a credit to Sibford and I look forward to many more such enthusiastically portrayed musicals at the school.

## STOCKPILER

I was given fifty thousand pounds to invest in companies on the stockmarket. By the way the fifty thousand pounds was imaginary. I invested in all sorts of companies; I looked especially for those which were down, having been much higher, recovery stocks, and I risked investing the money in them. It paid off: most of them did really well. It was very exciting to look in the paper and see how well the shares were doing. After five months, at the end of the competition, I was twenty-five thousand pounds up, my fifty thousand pounds had become seventy-five thousand pounds.

Nikolai who was also in the competition was fourteen thousand pounds up, with a final figure of sixty-four thousand pounds. We both did well to keep on the right side of our starting figure and we enjoyed doing our monthly stockpiler form. We hope next year's competitors will surpass our results.

*Cary Parsons*

## THE SIBFORD COOKBOOK

This year has seen the launch of a new and exciting Cookbook. To quote the Editor during the launch: "a book that will be seen in all the best kitchens!"

Cary Parsons, as a member of the Sibford School V1th Form, set about the task last summer of collecting interesting recipes from parents, friends and celebrities. He was particularly delighted when he received recipes from Buckingham Palace and No.10 Downing Street. The response to his letter was excellent and he then set about the hard task of transferring all the recipes onto the computer, with some careful advice from Mrs Goodband and Mr & Mrs Bond.

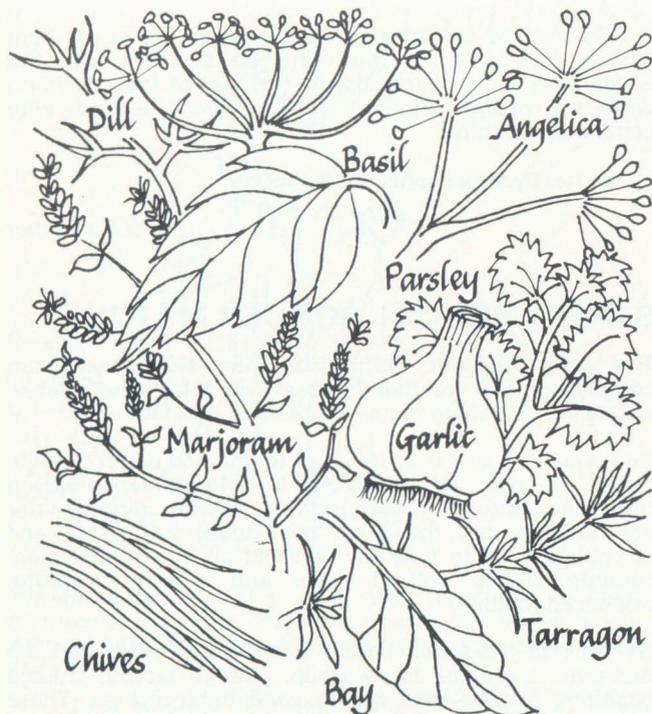
F.O.S.S. agreed to fund just over half of the printing costs with the school providing the balance. The printing process included a considerable amount of hard work.

We were thrilled with the end result. Mike Spring's superb illustrations gave it that special touch.

The collating and binding of the books required involvement from groups of pupils and staff (with the reward of a chocolate biscuit!).

The Home Economics Room resembled a printing office with tables laden with piles of pages ready to be collected. Mrs Norton assisted with the binding. We all agreed that we wouldn't like to arm wrestle her right arm after her training programme on the binding machine!

Cary is to be congratulated on a most successful project.



# THE SIBFORD COOK BOOK

REMEMBER. You cannot afford to be without your own personal Sibford Cookbook. It makes an excellent present for Aunts, Uncles, Mums, Dads, Brothers and Sisters. In fact anyone!

The Sibford Cookbook is available from either Cary Parsons or Wendy Holden - Home Economics Department. (priced at £2.50 per copy)

Wendy Holden

## SWIMMING GALA

The resounding crack of a starting pistol echoes in the still air. Eight lithely muscled, bronzed bodies streak from their starting blocks. The capacity crowd roars as yet another world Record is ..... "Wait a moment, Miss. This is Sibford. We can't have a starting pistol, it would deafen us in the enclosed space. There isn't enough room for eight bodies in the pool, only three people race at one time. As for the bronzed bodies....."

I had been warned. Yet there I was on the first Saturday of the summer term, slipping innocently into Mr.Spring's role of last year as photographer and reporter. Yes, it was deafening. It was nearly impossible to gain purchase on the slippery tiles as one was jostled and squeezed by enthusiastic participants. The camera lens, and my contact lenses, misted up at crucial moments as I fumbled blindly for the focusing ring.

However, and in spite of the apparent difficulties, Sibford was in good form. The houses vied amicably with one another, both in swimming ability and in lung capacity. Excellent results were achieved by Adam Pyrke, and Lucy Bray swam several valiant races, one entirely alone. And what was this on the programme? A non-swimmers' event? The mind boggled. Would they drain the pool to ankle height? Did it involve a mad dash around the edge of the pool? I hoped not. Any remotely physically demanding activity which did not involve the water space would be bound to result in mass injury and chaos. I was relieved, partly, to see three little bodies allowed to stand half way up the length of the pool. I say 'partly' because one of them was only visible from the eyebrows up and seemed to be involved in some faint-hearted bubble blowing. However, as the race progressed towards the shallow end I was able to recognise Nicole Teakle's face. I was so transfixed by Nicole that I'm afraid I cannot remember who else was involved. However, well done to all of you, but I think it would be safer to swim next year.

Mr Guy and the sports staff are to be congratulated on the incredibly smooth running of what appeared to be, at first, an impossible task. There were some extremely close races and the crowd's enthusiasm and encouragement was admirably matched by the swimmers' stamina and sportsmanship. A surprisingly enjoyable afternoon - it wasn't the Olympics but it was fun!

Results: 1st 2nd 3rd  
Nansen (209) Lister (193) Penn (178)

Penelope Taylor

## PROBLEM SOLVING AS A SKILL

"CDT? Design Education? Design and Technology? What do all these new-fangled titles mean? What's happened to the old Woodwork, Metalwork and Technical Drawing which have been in the school curriculum for so many years, and which as subjects, we enjoyed at school?"

How often we now hear these questions being asked by parents, colleagues and visitors to the school, obviously somewhat baffled by these new titles.

We must try to assure people that the name changes are not merely cosmetic in order to keep up with the times. The whole nature of what we are trying to achieve through these subjects has changed in order to meet social, vocational and educational demands for the future.

We also frequently hear people say "Look at this, I made it at school quite a few years ago. I have always been proud of it". My unasked question to them is - "That's fine, but what have you made since, and which of the skills you learned have you made real use of since leaving that school?"

The central theme to all these new titles is "Problem Solving", how to think your way out of situations using practical resources and practical skills. Whether it is a

problem or need at home, school, work or elsewhere, by Designing and Making that problem or need can be satisfied to the best of available ability. This means, I hasten to add, that it should not be seen as the end of craft skills as we know them, but as an extension of all that has been done before.

This method of teaching cannot honestly claim to be anything new, as in the time of Reg Rowntree, who taught craft at Sibford from 1949 until 1960, pupils were involved in a basic course of instruction which led them into their senior years where they had to design a piece of work around wood which they had chosen in their early years and which had been seasoning in the workshops in preparation for them. The thinking in this situation was obviously quite intense and much care had to be exercised. Although strong parallels can be drawn with what we are doing now, there are fundamental differences and we are attempting to prepare our pupils for a totally different world.

I wonder if Sibford in the past can claim any credit for assisting this drive towards Design Education. I had the great pleasure recently, as a Presidential duty, of awarding Bernard Aylward, OBE, an Honorary Fellowship of the Educational Institute of Design Craft and Technology. Bernard, who must be well known to many, is an old scholar of Sibford, and thus was educated in the forward-looking atmosphere of the school. He is now retired but has spent much of his professional career developing Design Education in one form or another, and notable, instrumental in the Leicestershire experiment which has shown the way forward for contemporary education in this field. Many areas of Design Education are still benefitting from his continued involvement, even as far as the Design Council, and it is for his leadership that the award was made, and much thanks is expressed.

As for our own workshop developments, recently we have purchased a Vacuum Forming machine and a Hot Wire Bending machine, to assist in the development of plastics work. In order to enable these purchases some of the older metalworking machines have been sold off and more room through reorganization has been created for these new activities to take place.

We hope, in the not too distant future, to have a computer to assist with the teaching of Graphics, Design and Technology. Technology, as an activity, will be made available to pupils at certain times of the week in order to give an insight into its application, and it will appear as another resource for assisting with the solving of Design problems. The computer will add another dimension to Visual Communications which is so important to pupils for explaining ideas, an education medium which has not been exploited in school curriculums nearly enough in the past. These new courses open far more doors for pupils in terms of experience, and they can pursue their own interests to a much greater degree. They have also proved most stimulating to Stuart, myself and our pupils.

GCSE coursework was recently on display at a National exhibition at Trent Polytechnic, Nottingham, and in the absence of awards, was Highly Commended.

*Stuart Hedley  
Graeme Sagar*



*The Staff Team*

## INTER HOUSE CROSS-COUNTRY COMPETITION

This was my first house cross-country since arriving at Sibford, and I was very impressed by what I saw.

Weeks before the actual day, all three houses got up at the crack of dawn to practise. They all put in a lot of hours, which proved to pay off on the day.

For once we had some nice weather. All the competitors assembled on the playing fields and were in very good spirits. Some of the girls dressed up and had some good ideas on how to wear their house colours. They wore red socks, yellow bows and green bands. It was definitely a colourful event.

Each year-group had a different course, but they all started and finished in the same place. Those who didn't take part in the running stood by the finish and cheered for their house, this meant that there was a great atmosphere.

The first runner to come into sight was Alex Patterson, the senior boys' winner. Next came Charlee Lawson, the senior girls' winner sprinting to the lines. She did very well to win, as coming up fast behind was Emma Rivers. Mike Williams had an excellent win in the intermediate boys' race. The most convincing winner of the day was Armenique Kassardjian who won the junior girls' race by a distance.

The most exciting race for me was the junior boys' event. Simon Crapp won it, but just a few seconds behind him was Graham Morris; they both ran a very good race.

It was nice to see everyone trying hard, most of them looked exhausted as they finished and fell into the welcoming arms of friends. At the end of the day Penn were the overall winners. Nansen were second, with Lister coming third.

I hope next year's events are as good.

*Lisa Falmer*

## STAFF v SCHOOL SOCCER MATCH

The long Autumn Term was just two days from completion. The weather forecast was totally predictable: strong winds, falling temperatures and rain later.

So it was that at 2 p.m. the staff team lined up for a photo before the start, all smiles and full of confidence with a four-year unbroken record of wins. Twenty minutes later and kicking into the wind they were 2-0 down and struggling hard to find any poise at all, the school team running circles around them and playing accurate, organised football.

At half-time the school led 2-1 and the staff were glad of a breather, a chance to re-group, change tactics, change positions and be glad of the wind behind them. There followed a most exciting and entertaining half hour of football and the result was always in doubt right to the final whistle. Eight goals were scored in the second half alone! The staff settled to their task, passed the ball around with renewed confidence and looked like scoring a hat-trick. Mike Wollerton who refereed again this year with equal confidence rightly objected to some totally illegal substituting by the staff, but good will prevailed, as it had done all afternoon, and the match continued with two goals in two minutes, one at either end!

On such a cold, wet and windy afternoon the spirit of the occasion triumphed and many spectators were treated to some nail-biting moments, great goals and competitive, fair play.

FINAL RESULT: STAFF 6 SCHOOL 5

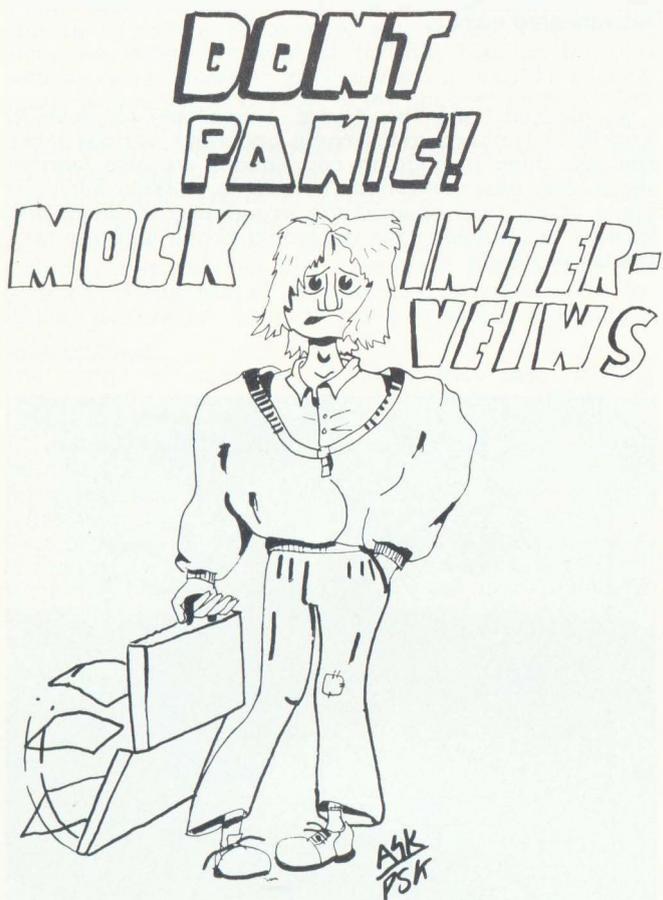
*Chris Guy*

## CAREER INTERVIEWS

During the evenings of February 16th and 17th every fifth former in the school had the experience of a real life career interview.

The preparation started in January when the students, with their tutors, set out to find their strengths and weaknesses, likes and dislikes, and built on them to discover what would be a realistic job for them to aim at, taking into account their ability and expected level of qualifications.

When we had reached this point I drew up a list of parents, friends of the school and personal friends who were willing to undertake one or two interviews per evening and match their expertise with the demands of the candidates. We had many offers of help from people who had years of interviewing experience. I was able to team up every fifth former with an interviewer with



relevant experience for jobs such as dress designer, veterinary assistant, catering manager, travel agent, interior designer and as many more as there were students.

Then good letters of application and curriculum vitae had to be written or typed and portfolios, where appropriate, were assembled.

Then the interviews. Students were understandably nervous, but they came through them really well. Once the interview was complete the interviewer would advise the candidate on technique. Perhaps it was eye contact or how they sat, or how they entered the room, or that something was missing or misleading in their application. Finally the interviewer wrote a report for each tutor and student to discuss.

On the second evening we had a buffet supper for the interviewers and tutors. What had been a very busy, but successful, experiment ended in grand style.

The students undoubtedly gained an enormous amount from their interviews, and I would like to express my thanks once again to all those parents and friends who gave of their time and expertise.

Brian Holliday

## THE FIELDING PLAYERS

In January 1987 Fielding players performed "Stress in Strange Places" to the school and public. This was composed of two one-act plays: "Blind Date" and "The Hut Of Enmity."

Blind Date, the shorter of the two, takes place on the platform of a station. Through a mutual friend a middle aged man, played by Cary Parsons and a young secretary played by Sarah Malcolm, arrange to meet for a 'Blind Date'. The play begins with the two seated next to each other, both unaware that the other is the one they have arranged to meet.

There is little conversation throughout the act, but a previously recorded soundtrack was used of the thoughts running through each characters mind. So throughout the sequences of events the audience had an open view of, what turned out to be, a very funny situation.

The skill required by both actors with the necessity for good timing, to synchronise with the thoughts on tape, was vital for the play to flow smoothly. Sarah and Cary were both very successful in doing this and deserve to be congratulated.

The second play, "The Little Hut of Enmity" was also a comedy. It begins in a hut in the Swiss Alps, the six characters are coming in from a fierce blizzard. First is Elspeth, played by Jenny Beavon, and Justin, played by Robert Templeton. They are married and Elspeth thinks Justin is sexually incompetent, throughout the whole play their conversations are dominated by their marital problems.

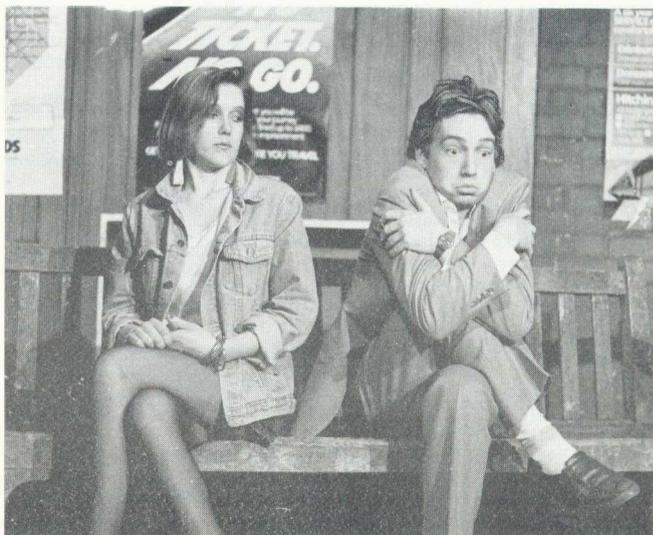
They are followed in by Maisie, an ex-prostitute, played by Ingrid Randal who due to her determination during rehearsals proved very convincing in her first production.

Then Mike, a typical city American, played by Chris Wood, showed his knowledge and stage talent portraying the 'Hard' man in the play. Finally appeared Old Kurt, the retired mountain guide, played by Chris Bateman and Ilsa a self-assured Swiss woman played by Virginia Dommen - both perfectly type-casted!

Thanks must go to Sara Cambell for her artistic talents in designing the programme cover.

Technically 'The Fielding Players' reached a high standard of performance. It proved to be enjoyable for both the audience and players. For the actors it was an experience of commitment, dedication and self control; encouraged by Mr Foulds the producer who, when times were a bit fraught maintained a calm control on the proceedings.

Ruth Sharpe



## SPORTS DAY

It was a miracle that Sportsday happened at all this year - even more of a miracle that it happened on the very day planned, because the incessantly rainy days for two weeks prior to and after June 6th were the wettest for 25 years! Heavy black clouds hung over us all day and strong Westerly winds proved quite a problem, but the day went well and some fine individual performances were turned in. Only one school record was broken this year (by Gill Rees in Girls Javelin).

Once again much of the responsibility for the teams rested on the House Sports Captains and to a large extent the results reflect how well each house managed to appropriately fill out their team sheets.

Due to the strong wind on Saturday the hurdles events had to be postponed for four days, and the final outcome rested entirely on these events, just half a point separated two houses. After the hurdles Nansen emerged as overall winners by just three and a half points!

One new event took place this year whilst we were waiting for the provisional result to be announced, and we hope to hold this annually from now on:- The staff entered a mixed relay team to challenge all-comers. They finished third this year but you can be sure a lot of training will be going on over the winter to ensure a better result next year.....

### Results: Points

Overall Winners: NANSEN 343 Penn 340  
Lister 307 Girls' House Winners LISTER 157 Nansen 156  
Penn 142 Boys' House Winners PENN 197 Nansen 187  
Lister 150

*Chris Guy*

## STAFF/SCHOOL CRICKET

June 1987 will be remembered by most for it being so wet and cool. But some of us will remember four splendid games of cricket, all of which had close finishes. The results were

School v Village: Village 97 for 8, School 98  
School v Old Scholars: School 98 for 7, O.S. 47 all out  
School v Brailles: Brailles 120 for 5, School 109  
School v Village: School 87 for 9, Village 88 (on last bowl)

There were many highlights - I document only a few that helped the Summer Game to triumph over the Sibford Summer:

- Chris Guy's bowling against The Old Scholars. (5 for 16)
- Stephen Bunney's six against The Old Scholars, with a broken bat.
- Mike Wollerton's four sixes against the Village in his total of 29.
- James Bradshaw's slip catch when playing as a guest for the Village against the School.
- Tony Skeath's close fielding in full armour.
- Janette Skeath's cream teas.
- Dominic Griffith's successful re-emergence as a cricketer after fourteen years in the wilderness.
- Chris Bateman's 44 runs.
- Bruce Jones's accurate bowling.
- Nick Upton's accurate scoring - it needed to be.
- Wilson Lai's boundary fielding.
- Nick Howells's variation of line and length.
- Tony Skeath's variation in line, length and pace.
- Chris Wollerton's nine lives against the village - too incredible to be fully documented.
- Neil Hart's calling - or lack of it.
- Mark Spandler's patient 22 against The Old Scholars.
- Stuart Hedley's sawdust in the same match.
- Chris Guy's 30 runs v Brailles - the highest individual score of our short season.
- Guy Kingham's keen captaining of The Old Scholars.
- Brian Holliday's astute team selection.

*Brian Holliday*

## THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD

In September I went along to the D of E meeting and Mr Spring explained what we needed to do to complete our Bronze Award. There was a survival course with Mr Spring and Mr Agnew, and a First Aid course run by Mrs Bunney. We also had to pursue a physical activity for twelve hours, one hour per week. The activity I chose was riding and Toby chose badminton. I also helped Mr Newbold to care for a plot of land with young trees on it.

Finally, we had to do a practice expedition and then, in the Summer Term, we completed our real expedition in the Lake District. We were taught which clothes to wear for walking, how to read a compass and many other skills so that we could look after ourselves. The expedition involved a week of walking, one night's camping and, finally, a jump into the freezing depths of Ullswater! It was good fun but very hard work.

I am pleased I did The Award, I was able to prove to myself, and others, that I could undertake various tasks and see them through to completion. We also learned about each other and made friends by working together. Many of us have enjoyed the experience so much and found it so valuable, that we would like to go on to take The Silver Award.

*James Nelson*



## ACTIVITIES WEEK

Through the staff's eyes .....

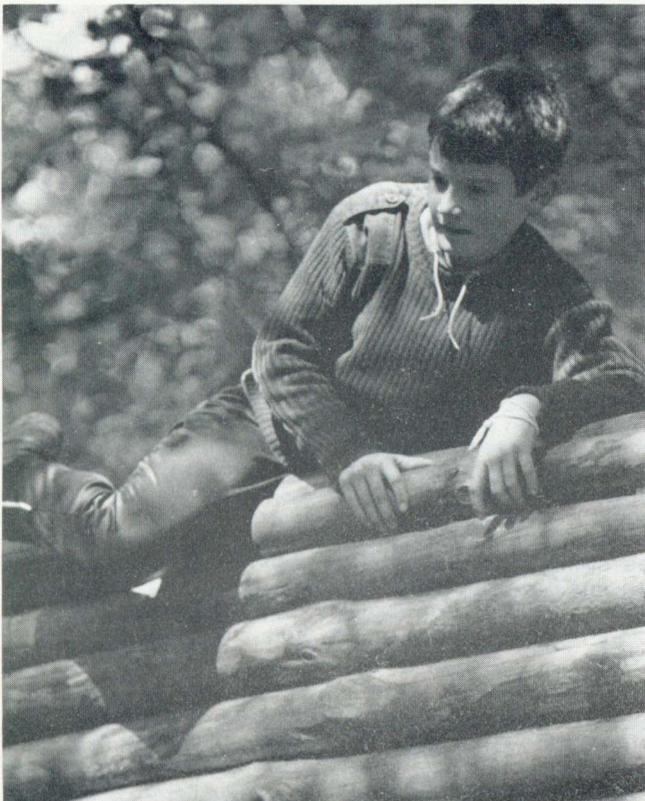
On 13th June, twenty-four children and three staff (plus an American friend) set off for Botley, near Southampton. We were crammed into two minibuses along with sleeping bags, waterproofs, boots and enough clothing each for about a week. Activities Holiday was about to begin.

We arrived at Fairthorne Manor, an imposing red-brick and pantiled manor house set in ninety-four acres of unspoilt beauty, in time for tea. Bags were unpacked, friends sorted out from the not-so-friendly and tents were allocated. Six children shared a tent while the staff were allowed the improved accommodation of a tent each in the cases of Mr. Newbold and Miss Taylor, and a shared tent for Ms Alexander and Ms Mitchell, our American visitor.

The weather looked extremely hopeful during our first few days. We had been warned to bring waterproofs and boots. It soon became apparent that this was sound advice. The rain came with a vengeance, and stayed. There were moments when we wished for dry patches but the weather was unable to spoil the spirit and, dare I say, sunny countenances of most of the children involved. The only events which suffered due to rainy weather were those which were organised for evenings but Sibford, undaunted, did not allow rain to stop play. We organised football matches and other games between ourselves and with intrepid members of other schools. Some activities, such as archery, were held indoors because of the weather, but the majority continued unaffected. The grounds of the Manor provided ample opportunity for walks, exploration, and, for certain brave individuals, swimming.

The range of activities on offer was vast. It was understood, before our arrival, that there would be no 'opting out'. This meant that everyone, staff included (you should see my bruises!), was given a great deal of encouragement, found themselves participating in the most extraordinary contortions and felt rather pleased with themselves as a result. (However, I have to confess that my favourite activity was running to receive a bunch of red roses sent by Mr Spring. They survive beautifully in tents, you know.) The week was a great success and we thank the Y.M.C.A. for a thoroughly enjoyable, fit-making holiday!

*Penelope Taylor*



## WYE Y.H.A.

On Saturday we left Sibford to go on a Youth Hostel Weekend in the Wye Valley. We took food and everything we needed.

This time, though, instead of Miss Wilson going Miss Alexander came with us. It was to be her first time Youth Hostelling.

We arrived, unpacked our stuff and made our beds. When we were ready we went for a short walk. After we got back we made tea and played games until it was time for bed.

The next morning we were awakened by the smell of frying bacon and sausages which, of course, were burned! All of us leapt out of bed, stripped it, packed and cleaned up. Then we had breakfast.

After an outdoor breakfast we packed the minibus and went for another walk to the abandoned tunnel. Once again we turned our lights out in the middle; everybody thought it was spooky.

When we got out we walked further in the lovely valley until it was time to return to Sibford. We had a wonderful time.

*Robert Perkins*

## KULTURE KLUB

The Italian Culture tour started with: altered dates, flights, staff and delays. Mrs.Higgins originally planned the tour of Venice and Florence, but due to an illness she handed the tour over to the unsuspecting - me.

I have no beliefs in superstition or omens, but waiting for nine hours in the departure lounge, and the lack of information available on the flight time, plus a 'technical operations delay' with the aircraft, I was glad Mr. Skeath made our numbers fourteen and not thirteen.

The hotel reception was unfortunately closed on our arrival at the altered venue - Florence, but this was not surprising since it was only 4.30 a.m. There was another short delay before all heads were fast asleep in the somewhat confined conditions at the Colorado Hotel.

We made an early start to the following afternoon, and found market places, the Uffizi gallery, the Ponte Vecchio bridge - built in 972 and rebuilt after the terrible floods in 1333. This was followed by a casual walk to the top of the 414 steps of the Giotto's Bell-Tower - a race that John Stolewood found easy though Mr.Skeath was declared a non runner due to a steward's enquiry. A very impressive view of the city, its development in landmarks were explored by the now 'Masters of Architectural History' - John, Keith and Kwabena.

"Early to bed and early to rise makes one healthy (due to all the walking), wealthy (Using public transport) and wise (avoiding crowds)" was our motto.

The Medici Chapel with its splendour of inlaid marble and Michaelangelo's Day, Night, Dusk and Dawn Statues was our first port of call.

A delayed arrival and reversal of venues meant little time for listening to complaints of aching feet. The Pitti Palace next, the most outstanding buildings we had admired in Florence. One can understand why the Pitti family were made bankrupt by the venture, but can only thank them for their efforts.

An afternoon trip to Siena with its cathedral and market square, famous for its horse racing, left a little time in the evening for one of those traditional Italian gelati.

Our train ride to Venice was not without delay thanks to the Italian Railmen helping the French Traffic Controllers and Mrs. Thatcher's pound all determined to make our stay difficult and hasslefull.

The jolly faces of Hazel, Jo, Elley and Zoe certainly helped me forget these problems and to press on. The palatial Hotel Stella D'Ora took the CULTURAL STUDENTS into another razmatazz world of the tourists dream. Mr. Skeath however felt a few hours locked away from this was the best policy. We were glad to inform everyone that after a lot of pleading and breaking down of barriers and requests of how important his knowledge of Venice was to the group's continuing cultural experience - he capitulated and vowed never to do it again!

We approached Venice from the Lagoon and made our way to the Ducal Palace, the dwelling place of the Doge, full of splendour and treasure. The Bridge of Sighs and the Great Hall captured everyone's imagination, especially the biggest single canvas painting in the world, 'Paradise' by Tintoretto.

An observant Mr. Skeath pointed out to the assembled group that one of the many portraits of the Doge that surrounded the room had been painted out. "It must have been the Traitor Doge Morin Faliero" he explained. With that comment we had to push back the other tourists who felt he was the main English/Italian speaking guide in Venice. Unfortunately no-one mentioned to Meredith that most things were on the ceiling and walls though she did find St. Mark's Square the most beautiful in the world and the Rialto Bridge the most famous and majestic in Venice. A day around the Islands of Burano, Murano and Torcello seemed to be one of the most tiring experiences as the ferry journeys sent the by now culturally aware to sleep, and I was certainly being reminded it was Venice not Florence.

The final day spent on the beach proved to be the most attractive option with everyone except the staff, who were still thirsty for more culture.

A pleasant, though delayed, journey home finished a very enjoyable and worthwhile tour of two of the most exciting cities in Italy.

A big thank-you must go to our Interpreter and Guide Mr. Skeath, and a splendid time was had by all.

*Chris Bateman*



## LESLIE BAILY LECTURE LIVING ADVENTUROUSLY

by LEONARD A. BIRD (abridged)

Thank you for the introduction Mr. President. The most important thing about introductions is to be sure of the one you are introducing. Once I was introducing a Dr. Brown sent to us from the University to speak on nuclear science. He commenced by saying he would like to make two things clear; one, he was not a doctor and his name was not Brown!! They had sent a substitute without telling us. Once when I was to speak to a men's group in Yorkshire, I was introduced by the Chairman as the most prejudiced speaker they had ever had. I responded by saying anyone without prejudices or bias was a mere cipher; the important thing is to know what one's - and other people's - prejudices and bias are.

Yes, I am prejudiced and have strong opinions on drinking alcohol - or rather not drinking alcohol - drugs, gambling, women's rights and, most especially, the need for us to work for a more peaceful world. I am for life - and living it adventurously.

Let's understand one important facet of this; principles are not cheap. Like most things in this world they have to be paid for - often at heavy cost. I shall have more to say on this. I could have had an easy passage during the war years but chose to implement my pacifist principles and, although I was exempted from military service, combatant and non-combatant, I suffered three terms of imprisonment.

My adventures started when, after leaving school at 14, and being unable even to get a job in an office, I worked as an errand boy in a chemist's shop. I saved my Christmas tips and bought a bicycle - for about £9! I made a point of never coming back the same way as I went and thus enlarged my knowledge of the local countryside; I even bought a map! Later I cycled in every county in England and paid several visits to Wales and Scotland as well as two to Ireland and two to Germany. My late wife and I had a tandem and later added a sidecar for our youngster - and what stirring experiences we had.

In 1934 we went to Germany to visit a couple I had met in 1929 on my earlier trip. Erick was a Brownshirt - a member of the Nazi party; S.A. not SS. He resigned from the Nazi Party in 1939 and was a very brave man. He advised the children in his school not to go into the Hitler Youth Brigade. Had he been denounced by any of them he would have been sent to a concentration camp.

During the war I was, as I have said, imprisoned three times as a conscientious objector. It was a terrible experience and don't believe those stories about prison being a 'holiday camp'. However, there are compensations. One such was when I was working in the 'death cell' - awaiting the return from Court of a murderer. I was in charge of blacking out windows in the prison and was perched on top of a ladder at a high window. There were many people working in the cell; plumbers, electricians, decorators, cleaners etc. They talked about 'topping' i.e. hanging. At length I announced that I was against any form of capital punishment; there was a sudden hush. Then I was attacked from all sides but, having taken part in the Campaign to Abolish the Death Penalty, I was easily able to answer all their questions and comments. Being on top of the ladder was, of course, a great advantage. At length a particularly nasty officer came in to see what was going on. 'What do you think?' they said to him 'this chap' - indicating me - 'doesn't believe in hanging murderers'. 'Not hang 'em' he snorted 'I wouldn't even bother to give 'em a trial'. At which there was universal approval - until I pointed out the significance of that to any of them charged with a capital crime.

Since that experience I have paid visits to prisons in many countries, having been Quaker Minister at Hull Prison for many years. Most are much worse than ours; in the Soviet Union and Czecho-Slovakia I was refused entry to prisons.

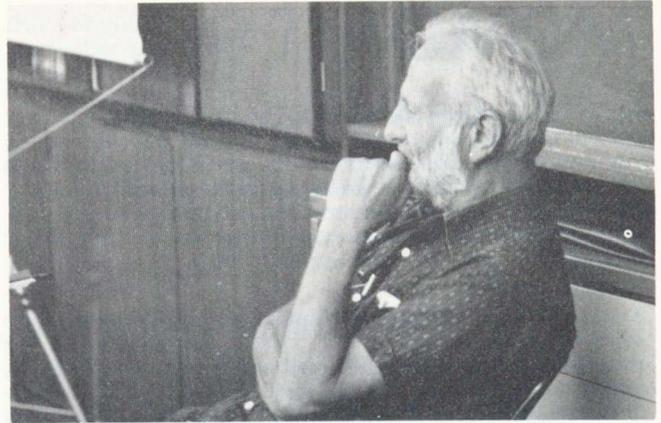
After I came out of prison my firm refused to have me back although they had been glad to take me into articles - on very advantageous terms to them - just after war broke out. After many difficulties I qualified as a Solicitor and embarked upon a most rewarding profession. It has been most exhilarating to enter into contests with judges, barristers, other solicitors, National and Local Government officers and others in authority on behalf of many unfortunates - not always successfully, of course, but there have been some triumphs. Once I was able to alter the law of the country - gaining the right to appeal to the High Court for those who have been convicted and refused bail pending their appeal. As an advocate I usually represented women in the Courts and secured their rights but always resolutely declined to prosecute anyone. Because of my experiences in prison I felt unable to take any part in sending anyone there. If you want to work hard, be reasonably but not excessively well paid, have plenty of brickbats but be in a position to help your fellow men - and women - choose the Law.

For many years I ran cross-country and this engaged my interest in athletics with the result I have been to all the Olympic Games since 1948 as well as European Athletic Championships and many other sporting encounters. What adventures we have had in going to many different countries. For instance, when we went to Rome in 1960 we purchased shares in a coach owned by a Quaker group. That was an adventure and a half. The engine developed a serious fault as we left Florence and we had to abandon the coach. There were a number of hilarious and hair-raising incidents before we were able to hire another coach in Sienna which got us to Rome for the athletics. On the way back when I was driving I suddenly found there were no brakes. I sent for my co-driver who was asleep in the back. "Get down in your gears" he shouted as he came up rubbing his eyes. "I'm down in second now" I retorted, "and we shall stop on that slight rise". Luckily we were on a long flat stretch of road in Belgium, and not coming over the Alps.

On our way to Japan in 1964 we had a most exciting time crossing Europe and Siberia when we stopped over in East Berlin (the most dreary and sad place I have ever seen), Warsaw, Moscow, Irkutsk and Kharbarovsk before sailing across the Sea of Japan. It was in Irkutsk where I had a violent argument with the Intourist chief who said we had not paid for that part of the trip. She claimed £18 a day - very excessive in those days - but I responded that I had to work for my money and wasn't a wealthy U.S.A. tourist. When I said Intourist must have made a mistake, the roof nearly went off with her explosion. She telephoned Moscow, who denied any responsibility, and then reduced her demand to £13 a day. I told her she was doing better and if she continued in that direction we might get somewhere. I had a letter from the Travel Agent stating clearly 'everything is paid for from arrival in Moscow to departure from Nadhodka', (the port in Eastern Siberia). At length the battle-axe said if we paid £5 a day for the two of us she would accept; I was loath to pay anything but my wife persuaded me to pay that and avoid any further trouble. When the Intourist chief had threatened to withhold our passport I told her that was as much as her job was worth! It was in Kharbarovsk that I was refused entry to the prison despite my overcoming all their obstacles. I claim to be the only man who has tried to get into prison in Siberia and been refused.

Japan was wonderful and we found the people amongst the kindest we have ever encountered. When I used to say this in my lectures it was invariably challenged and comments were made about 'the Burma Road' and other atrocities. My response was to remind my audiences that the Christian nations of Britain and the U.S.A. had committed the greatest atrocities of all in dropping atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It is war not individuals which causes atrocities and we must eradicate it from this world if we are to survive.

Getting to Mexico in 1968 was difficult as there were stringent restrictions on the amount of currency one could take abroad - I believe it was £25 each! There was no way we were going to be able to manage on that despite paying for most of the expenses before we left. Herbert Hadley of the Friends World Committee in the U.S.A. invited me to undertake a lecture tour which took us across the U.S.A.



from New York to San Francisco and San Diego. We travelled mainly by Greyhound and reached Mexico City after a bus journey of some 30 hours from the frontier. Imagine our feelings when we discovered our application form for tickets to the Olympic Games had been lost! Persistence prevailed but it took a lot of doing - and some hard talking - one of the few times I have lost my temper!

Prior to going to the Games in Montreal in '76, I had gone down the River Colorado through the Grand Canyon on a raft; in fact this was a small craft with inflatable rubber sides in which only four people could squeeze. I recommend this most whole-heartedly to those of you seeking an adventurous experience. As you shoot the rapids, of which there are very many, the raft is guided to the 'tongue' of water by the oarsman - or oarswoman - and encouraged to keep in the fast water and away from rocks and sides by skilful use of oars and nothing else. We were allowed to row on the quieter stretches and down the smaller rapids. At the largest, or longest, rapids of all, our raft stopped as we plunged over a large rock and began to fill with water. It was almost up to our chests when a large sheet of water swept us out of the pool and we completed the descent, not without much trepidation. My companion, a Physics Professor at one of U.S.A. Universities, calculated we had almost 200 tons of water in our craft - but the water was up to our chests and the floor was of rubber!

Going to Moscow in 1980 was more traumatic than previous Olympics. The boycott, largely at the instigation of the U.S.A., and quite misconceived, had led to the British Prime Minister withdrawing the Ambassador and senior staff, and telling us we should be 'on our own'. The Opening Ceremony, with wonderful dancing in costumes from many parts of the Soviet Union, was easily the most beautiful I have ever witnessed. The Games themselves were superb and in the athletics we barely missed those who didn't come. When on these visits I usually try to establish some relationship with peace overtones and in Moscow two of us Quakers met the Soviet Peace Committee. Our exchange of views was valuable and when I asked why they no longer came to visit us they responded by saying they would like to. I immediately gave them an invitation which was followed up when I returned to England by a letter from the Northern Friends Peace Board. This has led to several exchanges of visits, some at high level, but others of a more modest character. This, I feel, is the key to establishing world peace - even more important than advocating disarmament - and depends on cultivating much better relations between nations.

No doubt you are getting the impression I am a wealthy man; not so, I have spent too much of my time working for people who hadn't the means to pay. When challenged by one of my legal colleagues on this topic, I said I probably paid for my overseas trips by the same amount as he spent on smoking and drinking in four years. I was wrong; when we reckoned it up, using his figures and without any embellishments from me, I could have gone on my trips with the equivalent of what he spent in three years!!

It is a matter of what you want from life; almost anything is possible if you want it hard enough - and are prepared to work for it. Years ago I decided to have my retirement as I went along instead of waiting until I was too old to enjoy travel. When my dear wife died some years ago I was thankful we had enjoyed together so very many extraordinary and thrilling trips to unusual places.

# MEMORIES

## OCTOGENARIAN RECOLLECTIONS

We are delighted to include more contributions from our 'Octogenarian Club' of their memories of Sibford School. CONSTANCE COTTRELL (nee MOLD) was at Sibford 1917-21 and writes a splendidly vivid account of her time at Sibford;

Family Connections.

Sibford is in the blood of my family. My grandmother, Eliza Watkins, with her sister and brother attended when the school was founded under Richard Routh in 1842. My father was at the school in 1894-1898. In 1912 my parents cycled from Banbury to Sibford with me on the cross bar of my father's bike to show me the school and to meet James Harrod. My father pointed out his desk and bench and reminisced mightily. I played with James Harrod's daughter, Gulie, who was very envious of my high brown button boots. I eventually went to Sibford in 1917-1921. Many, many years later I was delighted to find that my marriage had presented me with an Old Sibfordian step-daughter, Jeanne Cottrell (now Southam). So when I entered the school in 1917 I was the third generation and Jeanne is (spiritually) the fourth.

Travelling to Sibford.

The journey to school was always by train with tin trunk and suitcase. At Banbury horsedrawn wagons with wooden forms to sit on met us to jog the seven miles to school. A train journey from Bournemouth to Banbury in 1918 with changes at Southampton, Reading, Basingstoke and Oxford, with waits as priority troop trains and hospital trains went through, was a real and long drawn out adventure. No wonder I sometimes arrived last, after dark and in deep snow. Once Banbury was cut off from school by deep snow so we had walked very early in the morning to Hook Norton Station with the stars dancing brilliantly overhead. I was so excited I left my umbrella on the train and remember the sick shock of missing it to this day.

Meetings at the Gower.

In my grandmother's day Meeting for Worship lasted 1 1/2 hours and was easier to bear in the summer time when they could keep warm. They would also pass the time by counting the flies on the Meeting House windows. Saturday's steamed pudding was known as "Flies in Meeting House Pudding". In my day we walked to meeting at the Gower over Oddie's Field or if wet via Manning's Hill. We sat for an hour facing the adult members with James Harrod on the front row. Girls on one side - boys on the other, neatly arranged in size order. The unlucky ones were in full view of the Headmaster. Sunday afternoons involved compulsory walks - pig drives, which covered several miles and gave us a keen appetite for High Tea. From 1920 onwards, when the gym was converted into an Assembly Hall - we had Evening Meeting at school. Hymns - two Bible readings and a talk by a visitor or member of staff were the order of the day. I still have my small slip of paper inscribed by James Harrod "August 22nd 1920, Girl, Psalm 91." My first command to read in evening meeting.

Uniform.

We wore navy serge tunics and blue and white striped blouses with brown stockings. Our thick navy blue coat was topped by an uncomfortable straw boater. I remember yellow oilskins and Sou'wester hats for wet weather. On Sundays we wore navy blue dresses - mine was alpaca and pricked and tickled unbearably as did our woollen undies and stockings - notorious for shrinking in the wash. We always wore pinafores for meal times - starched white one for Sundays and important occasions - darker ones for every day wear. Pinafores were compulsory also for all "messy" pursuits such as cooking and clay modelling.

Food.

In my day the 100 pupils were divided into 4 guilds - Shepherds - Watchmen - Pilots and Coastguards, who competed against one another. Rivalry was always intense at blackberry-picking time when hundreds of pounds came in for jam making. I haven't enjoyed blackberry-picking since then. Food was rationed and we ate anything we could

find - raw beetroot - swedes, hips and haws and nuts. Whilst hanging up our thick one-piece woollen bathing costumes (with skirt of course!) to dry on the orchard clothes line we "scrumpled" apples and plums to be hidden in the legs of our elasticated knickers. We developed a taste for rice pudding made with very watered down condensed milk and boiled with black treacle. It can't have been bad because I put on 4 stones in 4 years. The delicate child became a strapping lass! The tuck shop opened on Saturday morning for the sale of sweets, fruit and occasional bitter chocolate. Our modest pocket money was issued weekly as were selections from edible birthday gifts.

Term Times and Visits.

My grandmother went to school for 3 years and did not go home during that time. My father and I fared better - we had two holidays at home each year with the school year starting in early July. Three holidays a year did not appear until 1921. Most pupils came from London, Birmingham and Bristol and these lucky ones had more visits from their parents. In 4 years my father came twice and my mother once - but of course there were long weekly letters to keep us in touch. The whole school sat at desks at letter-writing time - the quiet concentration has had a valuable spin-off - I have never had any trouble writing letters ever since. Another unlooked for bonus of Sibford discipline is the ability to speak deaf and dumb language on my hands - invaluable in obtaining a splendid job for me. I acquired the skill as a means of circumventing the "no talking" rule rigorously enforced after lights out.

Activities.

School days were happy, busy days. I don't think we knew the meaning of the word "boring". We were always up to something - much of it organised. No pitches were marked out in war time so we all lent a hand cutting the pitch marks out as 2 inch wide strips and turning it over to tread down as pitch markers. Mrs Harrod's ankle length skirt gave her a great advantage when she played in goal during hockey games. In summer it was cricket and tennis with Sports Day to prepare for. I cleared four feet in the Senior High Jump to be asked by the Headmaster how I managed to lift 10 stones so far off the ground. Swimming was a great pastime too. In winter snow brought tobogganing on the Hook Norton Road and sliding on the playground. We enjoyed hopscotch with empty boot polish tins and all manner of hide and seek - and every conceivable game with a tennis ball and a wall. Skipping had its many variations too but the really lucky ones were those who had roller skates.

Motor Transport.

In my time a great innovation came to the village - motor transport. In 1919 Mr Kaytes Ford van was hired to take the games team to away matches. Our intense interest was somewhat damaged when the new contraption skidded whilst driving past 'The Elm' to the road junction near Swalcliffe Common. The girls' senior hockey team was deposited in a ditch with much damage to their straw boaters but none to them. In 1920 shining new Midland Red buses arrived to run twice daily four days a week between Shipston and Banbury, via Sibford Ferris.

The War. (1914-1918)

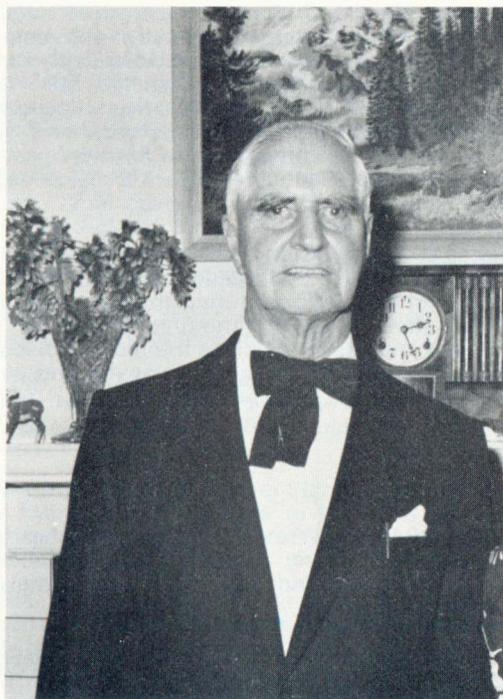
The war was a series of distant rumbles. An occasional distant relative killed, guns in the far distance towards Birmingham - and troop transport trains at railway stations. We took the poor wartime diet for granted. We celebrated the Armistice twice with a false start on November 9th and the real one on the 11th November with a half holiday. We gathered outside the front door on a bright sunny day and scrambled for pieces of chocolate kindly donated by Cadburys from Bournville - the masters enjoyed feeding the animals and we enjoyed the chase.

Village Menus.

An abiding Sibford memory is of villagers bringing their Sunday joints and vegetables to the baker to be cooked in his large ovens. The men from the village brought the large meat tins loaded with the week's roast to be cooked for their families.

*Constance Cottrell*

## Ernest Dixon remembers



On leaving Sibford in 1921 I joined the S.O.S.A. no subscription for the first year - 1 shilling and sixpence per year until you were 21 when it became 2 shillings and sixpence. It took me a long time to afford the Life Membership. Unfortunately, most of my jobs were living-in so I had no freedom to attend Old Scholars. Now the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, quite apart from the loss of so many of 'my year' at school. There is a definite dearth of contemporaries with whom to reminisce about 66 years ago! ERNEST DIXON at Sibford between 1910-13 and looking at our records must compete with ELSIE ROSE 1908-10 as our oldest Old Scholars!

Ernest has been in Canada for many years and ran a successful horticultural business - 'McLeod Greenhouses' near Fort McLeod - until his retirement in 1970. He still practises as a piano tuner and repairer.

Ernest writes:

I have been reading the memoirs of Geoffrey Wright; they are much the same as my experience, so I'll leave out the boot-blackening, transporfation, etc.

The photo of the inside of the workshop was taken by my brother Harold in 1911 and who was at school with me in 1910 and 1911. The other photo (much faded, unable to reproduce) is of Paradise House where some of the better-behaved boys slept, strange that I should have been chosen. It was the duty of two of the boys to pump the water tank in the attic full. I remember that one night we forgot our duty until after we were in bed; the pump being in the back yard we climbed out of the bedroom window onto the roof of the extension which was lower than the main house and thence down to the yard. How did we get back?

I wonder if the old Elm is still there. When there in 1978 I remember seeing a small branch sticking out of the side of the trunk. One Saturday afternoon Harold and I and another boy bought a loaf of bread and some butter and had a picnic in a hollow branch.

My memories include a yearly blackberry excursion, when we came back with loads of blackberries and a few crab apples which we could not resist, then for the blackberry and apple puddings.

Our annual walk to Compton Wynyates, where I remember legend had it that if you pressed the right metal stud on a massive door it would open and disclose a secret tunnel which was supposed to run under the moat as a way of escape, plenty of tries but no success. I was pleased to see that the shrubs were kept trimmed in 1978 much the same as they were in my time. I am wondering if the water Ram is still operating at the foot of Manning's Hill, and the ghost house on the way to Traitor's Ford, this was an old house on the right and just beyond the mangel field which we used to sample on the way, of course we had to explore it.

Letter writing every Sunday afternoon.

Punishment was in the form of so many lines. 60 lines was the limit for one week, if you were over the limit in one week you lost your Saturday afternoon holiday.

I have stretched my memory about as far as it will go and at 88 years of age it is not too elastic!

## 50 YEARS AGO!

Where were you during Whitsuntide 1937?

Some of our older readers will undoubtedly have been at Sibford enjoying a 'Coronation Reunion', for 1937 was George VI's coronation year.

Henry Lawrence was President that year and other notable Sibfordian characters on the scene were Howard Quinton who was General Secretary and Lionel Geering who was Treasurer.

It was during that Reunion that the Elm garden was acquired and dedicated. Seats were unveiled to commemorate the services of three Headships - Richard and Rebecca Routh, Robert and Elizabeth Oddie and James and Mabel Harrod. The A.G.M. that year dealt for a long time on the building of a new school hall (but later had to be shelved until 1953 because of the advent of war)

At the bottom of page 3 in the magazine was a brief announcement that Vera Roe had become engaged to Frank Rollett! and she's still putting up with him.

In the school Arthur Johnstone, the Headmaster reported that "The school continues on its way in good style and I have only space to mention the outstanding and unusual happenings of the year.

Last September we received a splendid gift of (8) light oak dining room tables. (N.B. These are still in use in the school 50 years on!)

On Coronation Day the whole school was free to do as you like! A committee of boys and girls planned the day; all were given nosebags and told to be back for high tea at six o'clock many of the youngest walked over twenty miles. The school hall, which was decorated by Miss McPherson and the fourth form was lent to the villagers, who had tea there.

We have made and embroidered our own flag with the school badge and this was flying at General Meeting.

On the musical side we now have two flourishing violin classes. We have two boys in the school from the Friends School in New Zealand.

Sport has been good and the Cricket team did well.

In the School Certificate Examination, thirteen boys and girls (a record) were successful.

In the examination of the Royal Life Saving Society we had these excellent results: Intermediate Certificate, Grace Beckerlegge; Intermediate Certificate and Bronze Medallion, Joan Hilling, Mary Ashley, Monica Foss (now Simpson), June Ladell (now Dawson), Dorcas Harris, Joan Ebrey, Marjorie Winter, Monica Knight (now Elizabeth Jolley) and Margaret Roberts.

We wonder if they could do it now!

*Elmsman*

## SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT

Those of you who have listened to our previous reports will be all too well aware of the problems of Sibford in the modern world. Basically it is the story of sustained efforts to maintain and improve standards against a background of rising costs and a lack of endowment. I always feel it is like a tug of war - a great deal of team effort going in to attain improvement, inch by inch and foot by foot. I am happy to tell you that my personal feeling is that we have been shifting the rope in our direction in 1987. It's been a year, I feel, of worthwhile hard-won consolidation with the feel of progress.

The numbers in the school have held their own but only because of very sustained efforts by Jim Graham and his supporting team. As always we have an excellent record in the remedial department and we could have obtained more pupils in this field - but we have once again chosen to hold the balance. We are short of girls and we are short of new entrants at the lower end of the school. To help with junior recruitment we have taken a very major decision.

That decision is to set up a new junior department in Holly House - to build a new house for the Headmaster on the adjoining field and to open the junior department in the autumn of 1988 - aimed at accommodating say 15 - 20 children, both boarding and day pupils. We are taking our faith in our hands as we have to set this up by bank borrowing, but if the department succeeds it will make a significant contribution to the school's income besides providing some ready made clients for our first form. The old stable block opposite Holly House will be converted to provide junior classrooms. The entrance to the school will also have to be altered to avoid passing through the middle of the junior department. This is a major new venture for the school and deserves the support and good will of us all.

Whilst on the subject of the school facilities, this year has seen the completion of the upgrading of the Music School - those of you who were here for Open Day will have had the chance of seeing it in action. Mike Finch will be willing to show anyone interested around this department on Monday. There has been continued improvements in the new venture in Rural Studies and many of you might enjoy a walk around the old walled garden and greenhouses during the weekend. There continues to be much interest in our facilities for teaching English as a foreign language. In addition plans are being developed to see what prospects there are for using the physical facilities of the school for profitable leisure ventures during the summer break.

We have had a most exciting educational development this year. It is called the Certificate for Pre-vocational Education - C.P.V.E. for short. This provides for 16 - 17 year olds a one year full-time course for those who wish to stay on at school or move to a college of Further Education, but who are neither academically inclined nor sure of what course they should pursue. It provides a course framework based on a practical curriculum which includes some vocational training in a firm, company or organisation relevant to their interests. At the moment the four options are customer service (retailing), horticulture, business studies and catering. We hope to provide further outlets this year. It was particularly heartening to listen to four of the participants reporting to the school committee on their experiences. It had obviously provided a great deal of motivation and self-confidence whilst introducing them in a positive manner to the realities of the world at work. Good relationships have been formed with the firms and organisations they have worked with and offers of jobs and further training have been received in a number of cases. The exciting thing is the way in which this course appears to meet all the basic objectives of Sibford - to prepare young people for a positive and happy contribution in the world outside. Clearly the staff who have been involved in this course have made a very great contribution to its success and very positive results received to date. If anyone feels they could offer work experience for these pupils I am sure it would be appreciated.

We have been sorry to say goodbye to Anne Muir who left Sibford at the end of the Spring Term. Throughout her years as Deputy Head at Sibford we have appreciated her loyalty, high standards, warm personality and unfailing quiet good humour, and she will be missed by the whole community. She has joined our Old Scholars' Association so we shall hope to see her in our midst from time to time. Stephen Bunney, now the sole Deputy Head, has brought a wealth of energy and enthusiasm to his new post and has already gained the liking and respect of his colleagues and pupils.

I would like to end with two thoughts, one of thanks to Jim Graham and all his staff - both academic and non-teaching for the quality of their efforts during the year. The other thought which does tie up with the first one is that - as a purely personal impression I believe the morale, discipline and motivation of the school is better at the end of this year than it has been for some time.

*E. Jeanne Southam*

PETER BAILY (1945-51) Wrote recently and wishes to be remembered. He is hoping to visit his brother ROGER (1949-51) in New Zealand who is soon to move to Adelaide in South Australia.

HOWARD CAMPION (1912-16) and his wife celebrated their Diamond Wedding on 18th June 1987. Many congratulations to the "young" couple! It's time we saw you at our Reunion again.

HELEN DAVIDSON (NEE PULFORD) (1943-46) Writes from Zimbabwe: "I have lived here for 34 years and have loved every minute of it. I married an Aircraft Engineer who flew for the national airline so we were able to travel a lot.

We had four children (now all grown up!). My husband died three years ago and my eldest son was killed recently in a freak flying accident - he was a pilot. A Buck ran into the light aircraft in which he was a passenger in landing at an air-strip at Kariba.

I have my own business (it is much easier to have one's own business in this country) and have a beautiful home set in 17 acres with a pool - and staff to run it! We have endless sunshine but little humidity as Harare is 5,000ft above sea-level. Fabulous game tours and scenery. A very friendly casual life style that is difficult to better anywhere else in the world.

I have only been back to Sibford once on one of our trips but it holds many happy memories .....

BOBBY EGBUNA Head Boy in 1981. Is living in London and wishes to be remembered to all who knew him.

SIMON EVEREST (1972-77) Who is in Saudi Arabia with the Arabian Food Supplies Company says... "It was good to receive my Sibford Magazine when I returned home on leave. The quality of the production seems to improve annually.

I am now into my third year in Saudi and I feel this will be the last. It has been a marvellous experience but I feel I am missing out on many aspects of life.

Please pass on my regards to all at Sibford who remember me and I hope to attend a Reunion in the near future."

MARTYN EDWARDS, our treasurer in the late sixties visited the old place recently with RICHARD and ANN PALLETT (nee CANDY). All pass on their kind regards.

JENNIFER GRAYMORE (nee HORNE) (1943-49) Has recently moved house having been at the same address for 27 years! She hopes this won't prevent her from receiving her magazine. (It certainly won't Jenny!)

HARRY GREEN (1943-50) Extended his best wishes earlier in the year and although he was unable to attend Reunions these days he does divert his journeys to Banbury to have a look around!

# S.O.S.A. Minutes

MICHAEL GIBBINS (1945-49) Writes that... "After working for a specialist Joinery firm we have decided on a complete change.

We now have our own fashion shop for all ladies requirements plus a coffee shop leading from it.

If any Old Scholar visits Dartmouth call in and make yourselves known. The shop is called 'SUSIE'S' and you can't miss it because it's on the quay next to Boots the chemists! Please remember us to any one we know"...

ROBERT GRANT (1946-52) Is living in Scotland and writes... "It is good to get the magazine as we have not been able to get to Sibford for a few years now, a situation I hope will not continue for too long. Our children are quickly growing up and things may well be easier soon"...

RENDEL. V. HILL (1921-25) Has written extending his thanks to all who contribute to S.O.S.A.

ESTHER JACKSON (Nee FRIEDBURG) (1941-44) Has recently been to Israel which she described as being a "wonderful experience". She hopes to be at the next Reunion.

RONALD. L. LLOYD. Former School Treasurer and long time friend of Sibford now in his 93rd year sends his greetings to everyone and his congratulations on a 'splendid magazine'.

MABEL POLLARD Writes and hopes that... "I may get to Sibford again one day, meanwhile I do hope you have a lovely and rewarding Reunion"...

(Come again soon Mabel, your friends miss you!)

AUDREY SIMS (nee ROGERS) (1934-39) visited Sibford during the summer after an absence of thirty years and promptly re-joined S.O.S.A! She later wrote to say how much she had enjoyed it and how interesting to see so many changes and yet see so much that is undisturbed.

MURIEL STEVENS (nee BENTLEY) (1913-15) Had enjoyed the magazine which she thought was 'another good number'.

LINDA SMITH (nee HEMING) Is trying to trace an Old Scholar friend CATHERINE McASKILL (1958-64) and wonders if anyone knows of her whereabouts. Last known address was Codsall, Wolverhampton.

RALPH TOWNLEY (1935-40) It was very nice to see Ralph at last year's Reunion. He is still busy writing and his memoir of early childhood 'THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY' is to be published by Century-Hutchinson, London, in the Spring of 1988 (at £12.90). It is a frequently hilarious but sometimes macabre story of his early life as the child of a Quaker and highly eccentric family, and growing up in a remote part of Lincolnshire. The story begins with the first thing he can remember, which was the Miners' Strike in 1927 and ends on the day he leaves for Sibford. The reason for his going away to school is so magnificently absurd that it can only be true!

Early reviewers of 'The Brides of Enderby' see it as the Englishman's answer to 'Lake Wobegon Days' by Garrison Keillor, which is currently a best seller in the U.S.A.

MARIA WRIGHT (nee HAWKER) (1974-80) We extend belated congratulations to Maria who got married on 28th June, 1986. She says "...I kept meaning to write to get it in last year's magazine, but you know how it is!..."

Those attending the celebrations included HELEN SMITH, LOUISE MITCHELL, CHRISTINA LINQUIST, TIM BRYANT, and TIM FRANCIS. (Quite a Reunion!)

"We had a fantastic day and a lovely honeymoon on Crete. My husband's name is Bob - no jokes please about Mr. (W)Right. (We wouldn't dream of it Maria!)

We are settled in our home at Eastleigh. Our latest acquisitions are some quails, seven in fact, and we are looking forward to the eggs!

Maria is still working for the Department of Employment in Winchester and finds it is very depressing at times as the unemployment situation doesn't seem to get any better.

ELIZABETH WYLLIE (1977-81) Has now returned to this country after a spell in Belgium.

She lives in Bristol and is currently working at the Radiotherapy Centre in Bristol as a Staff nurse - "a very demanding but rewarding job. I hope I can get time off for the Reunion next time".

The Minutes of the Sibford Old Scholars Association 1987 Annual General Meeting held in Room 23 on August 29th, 1987.

President H. Leslie Harrison in the chair.

70 members attending

In our silence we remembered the lives of:-Margaret Wooton, Helena Nott, Tom Law, Wilfrid Pollard, John Dale, Robert Dale, Stanley Clayfield, Richard Eaves, Constance Cunliffe, Ralph Harding, Phyllis Hart, Sid Morrish, A. Kingsley Rutter, Geoffrey Lowe, and Brian Wright, one of Sibford's best loved characters.

We also remember two daughters of Old Scholars who died in tragic circumstances - Joanna Southam and Sandra Hill (nee Farrant) together with non members Reuben Wilson, his sister Margaret, Frank John Chennell, Reg Thacker and Norman Holding.

Greetings were received from:-Janet Chattin, Gladys Burgess, Margaret Baily, F.P. Thomson, Otto Wolf, Daisy Darlington and Friends of Sibford School.

Apologies were received from:-Mike and Wendy Finch, Cynthia Greenwood, Jim and Maureen Graham, Frank and Vera Rollett.

1. The Minutes of the 1986 AGM printed in the Magazine were adopted and signed by the President with an addition recording with gratitude our thanks to Jeanne and Vaughan Southam for the superb Old Scholars lecture presented to the Association last year.

2. General Secretary's Report.

Paul Frampton presented the following report:-Firstly may I welcome you all to the Old Scholars Reunion and especially those of you who are joining us for the first time, the Leavers who are helping us this year, and especially our President, H. Leslie Harrison and his friend Pam - I hope you all enjoy the weekend!

(a) Membership

The Association's longer term prospects have concerned us for some time and this year the Committee have considered in detail our membership position. The average age of our membership is high, we do not naturally attract many old scholars as new members, very few recent leavers join us and those that do generally choose not to renew their membership after the initial 5 year period.

This year there were 70 leavers, all of them spoken to by Mike Finch, their parents were written to - only 6 have joined the Association.

Our 1986/7 membership statistics are as follows:- UK Living Abroad Addresses Unknown

Ordinary Members 227 9 -Life Members 211 30 - Honorary Life Members 13 - 22  
Recent Leavers 12 (65 left the School) Total 512 Minus 42 against 1985/6

Should this situation be allowed to continue in 5-10 years time the Association may find it extremely difficult to continue in its present form. An adequate annual level of subscription income is vital if we are to be able to help produce the Magazine each year with the School and F.O.S.S. - the Magazine being central to the value of membership for many Old Scholars - and in order that we can continue to provide financial assistance to the School.

A small sub-committee was formed to consider in particular our Recent Leavers Membership Scheme which is clearly unsatisfactory and which perhaps presents us with the best opportunity to increase our numbers and thereby strengthen the Association.

As you know in 1986 Old Scholars sponsored an outing for students of all ages to Drayton Manor Park Activity centre in an effort to improve the awareness in the School of S.O.S.A. The outing was repeated this year - 50 students thoroughly enjoyed and are grateful to the Old Scholars and staff who organised and participated in the event. I would especially mention Karen Turberfield - one of our Staff Representatives - who helped organize the event and who subsequently produced an excellent display for Open Day which she has arranged for us in the Dining Hall this weekend.

In my view there is a great deal more we must do to improve the profile and image of the Association within the School and tremendous scope to do so. For example:-

- (a) Presentation of S.O.S.A. gifts to the School.
- (b) S.O.S.A. President's Sunday evening address.
- (c) Sports Contests - "Old Scholars Cup"
- (d) The S.O.S.A. Bursary Fund - personalise it.
- (e) The Geoffrey Long Book Prize.
- (f) Exeat Weekends - one to one contact.
- (g) C.P.V.E. Work experience.

Frankly I do not believe the School do a great deal to help, perhaps our situation has not been given sufficient thought in the past, but I think it must be very much in the interest of the whole School to have a thriving, active and relevant Old Scholars Association. The School is in a unique position to promote membership and I hope next year the Committee will take on board some of the points I have made and develop them.

The proposal the Committee would like you to approve centres on Recent Leavers membership. The present subscription under Rule 4a (iv) is £25.00 for a 5 year period. We feel that if we extended the period to 15 years we would secure membership beyond the hectic, formative transitory period in a young adult's life and have a much better chance of renewing their membership and interest in the School. We would throughout this 15 year period send a Magazine each year in the normal way and work hard to keep in touch with them.

The proposal then is that with effect from 1988 students leaving the School be offered a 15 year membership with a subscription of £60.00 which with their parents written authority could be charged in three equal instalments on the School fee account. A letter from the Membership Secretary would be sent to parents and students at the beginning of each summer term preceeding their final year at the School outlining the objects and activities of the Associations commending membership to them.

If the scheme is successful with 50 - 70 students leaving the School each year a very significant improvement in our viability would result. I would also suggest it is essential we also develop attractive features in our programme of events to encourage involvement and participation by our younger membership.

The following Rule change was adopted:-Rule 4a (iv) - Scholars leaving the School £60.00 for a 15 year period which will with the parents written authority be charged on the School fee account in three equal instalments.

#### (b) Life Membership Fund

As you know under Rule 13 (a) all subscriptions received as Life Subscriptions shall be invested in the hands of the Trustees appointed by the AGM and that the interest from the investment of the Life Membership Subscriptions shall be added to the ordinary income of the Association.

There is however no clear provision in the Rules for profits arising from the management of the Life Membership

Fund and the Committee would like to clarify this position. Only Life Membership Subscriptions are required to be invested in accordance with Rule 13 (a) and any profits are therefore available to the Committee to be used in the best interests of the Association.

We therefore ask you to approve a change in the wording of Rule 13 (c) to read "ALL income from the investments.... etc". This amendment was agreed.

F.O.S.S At our November Committee Meeting Ann Bond -Chairman of F.O.S.S. presented a most enthusiastic and informative report supported by a newsletter which has been circulated to over 1000 people connected with the School. It is clear to both F.O.S.S. and S.O.S.A that the two groups have distinctly different roles to play in support of the School. There is clearly a great deal to be gained in a full and continuing exchange of information and ideas between us and they must be encouraged and developed in the future.

#### (d) Magazine

I am sure we all appreciate the enormous value and pleasure the Magazine provides all those interested and in some way connected with the School.

The 1987 Magazine will be the third and final one produced by our Managing Editor Mike Spring. Mike is to marry Penny Taylor, a member of staff, and they are being considered as house parents in the new Junior House which opens in September 1988. We wish them every happiness and success. We have recorded with much appreciation Mike Spring's very significant contribution to the Sibford Magazine which under his direction has developed into a highly professional and descriptive presentation of Sibford School and its work each year whilst fairly representing the interests of all those committed to its future success.

Disappointment has been expressed in the Old Scholars content and we would welcome much more material together with photographs for the 1987 edition.

#### (e) Leslie Bailly Lecturer Sub-Committee

You may know that Frank Rollett has for many years with a small sub-committee selected and organised our Leslie Bailly Lecturer.

Frank has been ill this year and we have agreed that in future the Vice President will make the necessary arrangements for their year as President

We are grateful to Frank and his group - their work is manifested by the quality and popularity of this item at our Reunions over many years.

#### (f) Forthcoming Dates

Sibford General Meeting October 17th 1987  
S.O.S.A. Committee Meetings December 6th 1987  
June 19th or 26th  
S.O.S.A Outing May 15th 1988  
Sibford Open Day June 18th 1988  
S.O.S.A Annual Reunion 27/28/29th October 1988

#### (g) Conclusion

On your behalf I would like to thank the Committee for an excellent year's work, the meetings have been well attended and we have enjoyed the company of many younger members. I would also like to thank the School for having us and allowing us to use the campus this weekend. I have thoroughly enjoyed being General Secretary of this Association. It has been an enormously rewarding experience and I am grateful to you all for your support and friendship.

#### 3. Branch Secretaries' Reports

The following presented reports:-Midlands Branch - Irene Coxon-Smith  
London Branch - Margaret Fairnington  
South West Branch - Jeanne E Southam

## LONDON BRANCH REPORT

This has been the year in which the London Group has achieved three events, all different and all happy.

In October Chris and Pat Grimes organised a day in St Albans. Starting with Meeting for worship (for early travellers!) and a picnic lunch in the park, and finishing with a splendid bring-and-share tea at the Grimes', the outing centred on a visit to a museum of old mechanical musical instruments, such as pianolas and huge Theatre organs, some incorporating violins and piano accordions apparently playing themselves. These have been collected and lovingly restored by a few enthusiasts who offer a two-hour demonstration on Sundays.

February 14th was the date chosen for a party at my flat, so we made a theme, "hearts and flowers", to be celebrated in any form. Imaginations, frightened at first ("do we have to dress up") eventually produced: a St Valentine, hearts on sleeves and elsewhere, flowers, heart shaped decorations and wonderful food. Suitable poems were read and recited, and songs sung to Wendy's guitar. I found lots of quotations with the word "heart" in them, and cut them up for a matchmaking game. There were edible prizes for all, such as passion fruits and heart shaped cookies.

In June we visited Wisley Gardens in Surrey. Achim and Ann Litteck collected a group from Woking station and ferried us to Wisley, where Betty and John Thelton (somehow!) got us all in free. After our picnic lunch we wandered about amongst the fascinating specialised gardens, including a wild garden, an enthusiast's garden, one for a tiny plot, one for handicapped people, etc.

Then Achim and Ann took us back to their house for a magnificent tea which they provided, and gave us lifts to catch our various trains.

These casual, friendly outings seem to be very successful. A number of Old Scholars who don't get to the re-unions enjoy them, and others come from far and wide. Russell Steed travelled from Birmingham to the party, catching the midnight train home, and Eleri and Mario Ricci from North Wales, visiting their son Ivano in East London, came with him to Wisley. (Londoners who hate crossing the river please note!)

It would be even better if a number of younger Old Scholars joined us. We would welcome their company and their ideas. Or if they feel age-ist, maybe they could form a separate group and keep us informed.

*Margaret Fairnington*

## MIDLAND BRANCH

The year of the "Big Bañ", and so it was for the Midlands O.S. New Year party held as usual in the F.M.H. Selly Oak.

After a delightful 'Cold Buffet' provided by Irene Coxon-Smith and her happy band of ladies, we were entertained with a most interesting talk, illustrated with coloured slides by Winifred Hyde and Jean Osborne - the latter having visited Horace Hyde's farm in Australia and many other places.

In March a small party of us attended the Palace Theatre, Redditch, for a performance of "Rudigore", which was greatly enjoyed. It is felt most strongly this annual event should be better supported in future.

After a long dreary winter it was pure delight to head for Brockweir near Chepstow in beautiful sunshine, with our "sandwiches and flasks"! Barrie and Sheila Naylor had kindly put their lovely big "Monks' Dormitory" at our disposal for the day. Those who felt able made their way on foot via the "Monks' Walk" through pretty woods along the banks of the River Wye to Tintern Abbey. Upon our return, we found a huge log fire blazing away in an enormous ancient grate, much appreciated as the weather had by now become extremely cold. Also set before us was a delightful "Afternoon Tea". A big "Thank you" to providers and supporters of all our various events.

*Barbara Abercrombie*



*Margaret Fairnington*

## THE SOUTH WEST BRANCH

The South West and Midland Branches of S.O.S.A. met at the home of Barrie and Sheila Naylor, who both taught at Sibford in the late 30's and early 40's, and left when they married to set up the Mass-yr-haf educational settlement in South Wales. When they retired they bought a dilapidated cottage in the minute village of Brockweir on the River Wye - two miles north of Tintern Abbey. Their efforts since have revealed their house to be a medieval grange belonging to the Abbey, full of historic and unique places- daub and wattle, windows etc. and they have installed a flourishing pottery and made the garden a haven of peace in a glorious Wye Valley setting. What more appropriate place for a host could a S.O.S.A. gathering want and what more fascinating location could there be. We ate our picnic lunch in the same dining room - warmed by the same fireplace as the Lay Brothers had used all those centuries ago. If we had felt that we needed it we could have climbed to their daub and wattle dormitory for a nap. Instead we went through a medieval door - down the medieval stone steps - through a medieval gateway to a timeless foottrack along the river to the Abbey ruins. Even there the Barrie Naylor magic waved its wand. "Sibford Old Scholars -come in - you are welcome -no charge" said the curator, whose father had delivered our trunks by GWR van from Banbury to school in the 1930-40s. Of course Barrie had stumbled on this gem of a collection and put it to work. He had done better than this - he persuaded the local council to close the footbridge whilst we were in the Abbey - so that we had to come back by an equally beautiful path through thousands of lambs on the other side of the river - where tea and more good conversation was waiting for us. The fifty plus old scholars voted it a stunning day and found it difficult to express their thanks to Sheila and Barrie for creating the opportunity for such an occasion.

If you live in the South West and would like to join the group at any of their gatherings, please contact Jeanne Southam, DILKUSH, 2 FARLER'S END, NAILSEA. BS19 2PG. Tel: 0272/852322

## Balance Sheet as at 30th June 1987

<b>Assets</b>		1987
Land at Elm		45
<b>Assets of Specific Funds</b>		
Quoted Investments (cost) See Note Below*		5,263
Leslie Baily Memorial Fund		384
<b>Current Assets</b>		
Cash at Bank	2,123	
Less Sundry Creditors	784	1,339
		£7,031
<b>Represented By</b>		
Accumulated Fund		2,900
Life Membership		3,438
Recent Leavers' Membership		309
Leslie Baily Fund		384
		£7,031
<b>* Quoted Investments (Cost)</b>		
Value as at July 1st 1986		3,713
Less Sale of M. & G. Second General Shares		646
		3,067
Plus Purchase 10¼% 1999 Treasury Stock (M. & G. Shares £646 plus profit £1550)		2,196
		5,263

Audited and Found Correct.

## Income & Expenditure Account for the year ending 30th June 1987

<b>INCOME</b>			
Subscriptions	1,564.10	1,564	
Donations	234.00	234	
Investment Income	364.15	364	
Reunion	127.50	127	
Bank Interest	153.83	154	
Sale of Photographs	37.50	38	
	£2,481.08	£2,481	
Loss	355.17	355	
	£2,836.25	£2,836	
<b>EXPENDITURE</b>			
Magazine	1,489.69	1,490	
Postage & Stationery	156.91	157	
Outing to Drayton Manor Park	255.00	255	
Old Scholars' Notice Board	5.75	6	
Geoffrey Long Book Prize	10.00	10	
Bank Charges	55.08	55	
Cost re: Purchase of Shares	31.45	31	
Gifts to School:			
Computer	300.00		
Chairs	500.00	800.00	800
K. Francis Retirement Gift		32.37	32
	£2,836.25	£2,836	

### Leslie Baily Memorial Fund

Balance brought forward 1/7/86	361	
Bank Interest	23	
Balance Carried Forward 30/6/87		384
	£384	£384

### Schedule of Investments as at 30th June 1987

	Purchase Price	Present Price		Market Value	Annual Income
£ 402 Treasury Stock 9½% 1999	385.53	96 p		405	26
£1,359 Treasury Stock 10½% 1999	1,189.02	98 p		1,460	102
£ 227 Treasury Stock 10½% 1999	200.55	98 p		244	16
£ 523 Treasury Stock 10½% 1999	482.06	92 p		561	34
£2,184 Treasury Stock 10¼% 1999	2,196.87	99¼ p		2,222	162
£ 650 3½% Conversion Stock	602.32	38 p		310	16
£ 190 Globe Investment 25p	120.33	169.5p		350	21
£ 300 Electra Investment 25p	87.00	77 p		710	13
	£5,263.68			£6,262	£390

4. Treasurer's Report  
John Miller presented the following report: - The audited accounts for the year ending June 30th 1987 are before you and I trust that you will be happy to adopt them. I propose to go through them making comments where particular points ought to be brought to your attention.

#### Balance Sheet

The overall financial position of your association is healthy. As I understand it the policy has been to invest Life Membership Subscriptions, and as you will see from the balance sheet these are over invested by £1825.00. This surplus is mainly the result of taking the profit on your M & G Second General Shares of £1550.00. I would not recommend that the surplus be withdrawn as our investments now bring in approximately £400.00 per annum. I would however ask you to consider whether you should continue this policy in the light of the results over previous years.

#### Income & Expenditure Account

The major item shown is the cost of the Magazine - £1490.00. The increase is partly accounted for by the reprinting of the address list amounting to £325.00. The magazine although very costly is a first class production and much valued by the School, and I am sure your Association would not wish to reduce its contribution. Even so it is a major part of our expenditure and if we are going to continue our present level of support towards the printing costs other income will have to be found.

The Reunion continues to be a source of worry although a surplus of £127.00 is shown in the accounts. This is not in fact the true position as expenditure of £170.00 was included in the six months' accounts covering the period to June 30th 1986 which were presented to you last year. Until we have completed a further twelve months it is not possible to say from the figures shown whether subscription income is holding up or not. It is a vital part of the Association's income, and if you wish to continue your support of the School by the way of providing much needed equipment, steps must be taken to increase your membership income. This is I understand being looked into by your committee. Should this not be successful, the next step would be to look into the question of raising subscriptions. The present subscription was increased to £7.00 from January 1st 1983, and whilst inflation would justify your increase, if only to cover the increased costs of printing and postage, I am loath to recommend it, if other sources of income can be found. After all, the only benefit that the major part of your members receive through being in the Association is the magazine, and at £7.00 it makes it a rather expensive product. It does of course serve as a means of keeping Old Scholars in touch with the School and its developments, but on the other hand, we do not want to risk losing any members by raising the Subscription unnecessarily.

#### Leslie Baily Memorial Fund

No costs were incurred last year.

#### Schedule of Investments.

The addition during the year was in respect of £2184.00 Treasury Stock 10 1/4% 1999 purchased and referred to in the note on the balance sheet.

Your committee asked our advisors at Lloyds Bank PLC to look into the following shares because of their low return: - £650.00 3 1/2 % Conversion Stock, £190.00 Globe Investments 25p, £300.00 Electra Investment 25p

We are advised that we should sell and the proceeds re-invested in a suitable Government Stock. With the agreement of your Secretary acting on your behalf this change is being carried out.

#### Sibford Old Scholars Bursary Fund.

The fund stands at £3660.82 and the interest earned goes toward financing the Bursary help given by the School. In this financial year the School will have provided Bursary help amounting to approximately £100,000.00. This is all, apart from £10,000.00 which comes from gifts and investment income, found from fees. A very heavy burden for the School to carry out as I am sure you will all agree.

Finally my term of office as your Treasurer ends in August 1988 and I feel that I should ask you to accept my resignation. I feel that as I am not a member of your Association it would be in your best interests for you to be advised by someone within your own membership. By informing you now you will have twelve months to find a suitable person to take over from me.

## 5. Election of Officers

The following officers were elected:

- (a) President 1987-88 - Russell Steed
- (b) Vice President 1987-88 - Mavis Stiles
- (c) General Secretary 1987-90 - Ian Weatherhead
- (d) Committee Member 1987-90 - Guy Kingham
- (e) Recent Leaver Representative 1987-90 - Robert Templeton

We also welcome Charmaine Tuthill, an Old Scholar as the F.O.S.S. Representative on the Old Scholars Committee.

6. School Committee Representative's Report:-A report was given by Jeanne Southam, and is printed elsewhere

## 7. Headmaster's Report

Being unable to attend the meeting H. Leslie Harrison read the following letter from the Headmaster Jim Graham:- Please present my apologies to S.O.S.A. for missing the AGM. I hope to be with you on Monday but our holiday arrangements made presence at Sibford today an impossibility.

One of the reasons why I normally do not give a prepared report to S.O.S.A. but answer questions from the floor, is that it is very hard to know what Old Scholars really want to hear about. Also by the time the end of August comes my focus is always forward and not back so that the annual reports are extracted from me only with extreme difficulty and even as I write this I know that I am not really going to write about 1986/87. I shall pretend I am doing so by describing decisions taken in 86/87 but they all refer to the future.

I might, however, just be able to claim that my first topic genuinely belongs in 86/87. Recruitment for 87/88 has to be done in the previous year and we have been delighted to have taken in a much larger new intake at eleven than for many years. This bodes very well for the future. Our only problem is that we have a serious imbalance in the sexes. Why is it that we attract so many more boys than girls?

Our major decision this year has been to open a Junior Department for nine and ten year olds. I have been under pressure for some time for us to expand in this direction but have resisted it because I could not see suitable accommodation for younger children. Then someone pointed out that Holly House would provide an ideal junior boarding house. As its six bedrooms are considerably more than most Headmasters would need, that seemed an excellent idea. So the plan is to build a new Headmaster's house on Holly Tree field, convert the Holly House stables into a teaching block, close the Holly House drive to through traffic and make a new school entrance beside Nansen House. All this we hope will happen during the next academic year! I think it would be reasonable to stop at that point. Headmasters' reports are usually predictable, lengthy and soporific. I hope this one will prove to be short, surprising and stimulating.

Best wishes to you all for a happy Reunion.

## 8. Honorary Life Membership

Anne Muir was made an Honorary Life Member of the Association in appreciation of her wonderful contribution to the School as Deputy Head and enthusiastic support of the Association and its work over many years.

## 9. A.O.B.

The Branch Secretaries asked if the names and addresses of school leavers in their areas could be sent to them each year in order that they might contact them and involve them in Local Old Scholars activities. It was heard that the leavers' names and addresses used to be printed in the Magazine each year - could this be done again? There being no other business the meeting closed at 5.45 p.m.

## THEY WHO SERVE

With Paul Frampton's 'retirement' as General Secretary it seems appropriate to remember and reflect with gratitude on those who have administered the Old Scholars Association since its inception in 1903.

In 1951 Edward P. Kaye in proposing a vote of thanks to the President Jim Baily for his Presidential address referred to Jim's long period of service as General Secretary and suggested that a list of that office might be published.

Although a 'board' has never been instituted a list has appeared 'in print' from time to time to remind readers of the persons who have shouldered the main burden of executive responsibility during the past 84 years.

Fifteen Old Scholars have served as General Secretary during that time and they are listed below:-

EDWARD P. KAYE 1903-1912, NELLIE MILLARD 1912-1919, HARRY J. RANDALL 1919-1925, FREDERICK E. GOUDGE 1925-1932, W. REGINALD BARBER 1932-1934, HOWARD QUINTON 1934-1938, JAMES C. BAILY 1938-1944, JAMES C. BAILY AND IRENE COXON JOINTLY 1944-1947, JEANNE COTTRELL AND IRENE COXON JOINTLY 1947-1948, JEANNE COTTRELL 1948-1950, JOHN N. COXON 1950-1959, LILIAN D. WARD 1960-1965, ALFRED J. HOLLAND 1966-1968, MIKE FINCH 1969-1977, PHILIP MANASSEH 1978-1981, PAUL FRAMPTON 1982-1987.

The Treasurer is another official on whom heavy responsibility falls and we find from the records that the following have served in that capacity -Nellie Millard, Harry Randall, Fred Goudge, Percy Whitlock, Percy Hodgetts, Lionel Geering, John Coxon, Alfred Holland, John A. Taylor, Martyn Edwards, Arthur Harrison and D. John Miller.

Editors over the years have included - Elizabeth Foster Brown, Leslie Baily, Leslie Thomas (twice!) Leslie Cross, Stephen Wall, Brian Wright, Mavis Stiles with Beryl Ryan, Loraine Brown, Michael von Blankenstein, Lister Mathews, Philip Manasseh, Philip Beckerlegge and Mike Spring.

The first Magazine of 1904 cost £9.14.9d for 300 copies. The 1987 Magazine will cost approximately £2500 for 1200 copies!

Louis Wright became a legend as Membership Secretary having served in that capacity for thirty years! Other Membership Secretaries include John Coxon, Irene Coxon, Monica Taylor, Gordon Wells, Grace Beckerlegge and Mike Finch.

One of the more onerous jobs is Reunion Secretary. This post was created in 1963 to ease the burden placed on the General Secretary who previously had organised everything.

Malcolm Rudlin was the first to be appointed followed by John Canham, Mike Finch, Ian Wright, Kate Long, Nick Bennett, Russell Steed and our present incumbent Nick Briggs.

Branch Secretaries were first appointed in 1920. (London -Harry Randall; Birmingham - Arthur Bishop.) Also in 1920 the Owing General Meeting recognised the importance of S.O.S.A by appointing representatives to the School Governing Committee.

This brought a great new vision to the Committee not only from an historical insight into the school's management but also fresh new talents from outside of the Society of Friends.

Charles E. Brady, a distinguished Old Scholar who 'chaired' the Annual General Meetings for many years was the first to be appointed and others who have undertaken this vitally important work have been Harry Randall, Lionel Geering, Percy Whitlock, Leslie Baily, Henry Lawrence, Miriam Carter, John Coxon, Vera Rollett, Louis Wright, Lilian Ward, Mike Finch, Leslie Thomas and currently Jeanne Southam and Paul Frampton.

It is interesting to note, and it crops up in many organisations, just how many times the same names appear in various offices which help to keep the association as a continuity and as a well organised society.

Congratulations to Paul on a most successful six years and best wishes to his successor Ian Weatherhead.

Anon

## OBITUARIES

FRANK JOHN CHENNELL. At Sibford 1920-24, died on 14th February 1987.

STANLEY CLAYFIELD. At Sibford in 1920's died aged 77 after a fall from a ladder on 11th October 1986.

CONSTANCE CUNLIFFE. Wife of Harold died February 1987.

RICHARD EAVES. At Sibford during the War period, died of asbestosis in August 1986.

RALPH HARDING. At Sibford 1916-19, died in June 1987.

PHYLLIS HART (nee RUTTER). A S.O.S.A. Life Member who died on 7th November 1986.

GEOFFREY LOWE. At Sibford 1918-21 a life member of S.O.S.A. died in June 1987.

SIDNEY MORRISH. At Sibford in the 1920's died in January 1987.

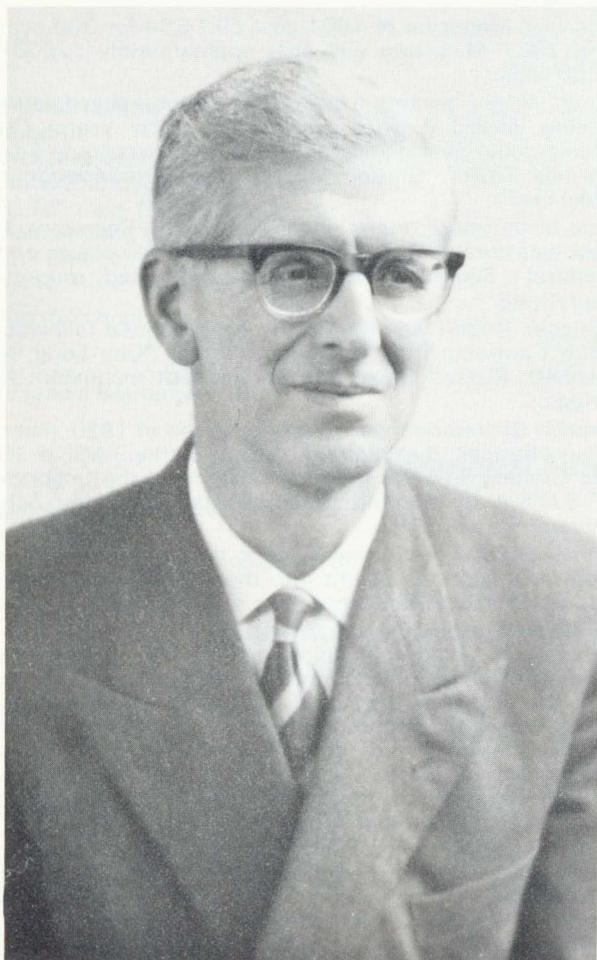
A. KINGSLEY RUTTER. At Sibford 1907-09, died 1st September 1986.

REUBEN WILSON and his sister MARGARET. Died earlier this year.

BRIAN A. WRIGHT. Who died 27th December 1986. (A tribute appears elsewhere)

BRIAN A. WRIGHT. 1910-1986

Brian was one of S.O.S.A.'s best loved characters - sharp of wit, full of fun but always caring. He was President in 1964 and was Editor for several years.



Brian A. Wright

MAVIS STILES writes :-The death of Brian is a great loss to Sibford School, Sibford Old Scholars Association and The Society Of Friends - he was a true 'AMBASSADOR'.

Brian who was loved and respected by so many had that rare gift of making people feel immediately at ease with his genuine interest and concern in those around him. His working life in the world of printing was an added bonus when he edited the Old Scholars Magazine and later gave support and advice to Beryl and me during our period as joint editors.

Brian gave dedicated support to Old Scholars, much of which was behind the scenes. For many years he helped to plan the Motor Treasure Hunt for the annual reunion and only Brian could have arranged the imaginative games which taxed our brain during many London Branch parties.

Brian was the devoted husband of Ethel and father of Ian and Diana and a proud grandfather of Hywell and Owen. He served in the Parent Teachers Association Committee when Ian and Diana attended Sibford School. He was a member of Woking Meeting, served as an overseer and was a regular prison visitor.

Our memorial to Brian must surely be the message in his Presidential Address of 1964,

"Let us then strive to make our Association worthy of our Founders, worthy of ourselves and above all, worthy of our school".

## S.O.S.A. TIES

Old Scholars ties are available from

JOHN HUGHES  
131 FARLEIGH ROAD  
BACKNELL  
NEAR BRISTOL  
BS19 3PN

Cost £3.50 each, £4.00 inclusive of post.

## THANK YOU!

To the anonymous benefactor who donated £100 to the S.O.S.A. funds via Frank Rollett.  
Paul Frampton made the announcement at the A.G.M.



## FOOTNOTE

This year's Sibford Magazine is the last one under my editorship, as I hand over to Dominic Griffiths. It has been an interesting and constructive six years and I am grateful to the School and the O.S. Association for the opportunity to "wield the editorial red pen". Throughout this time I have been indebted to a team of colleagues who have helped to keep things running smoothly: Kay Goodband has been responsible for keying all the School and S.O.S.A. material onto disc, and this year for proof reading in addition; Mike Finch has encouraged the Old Scholars to produce some excellent articles over the years; more recently Penny Taylor has helped me with the task of gathering contributions throughout the year, and with the page-layouts. To all who have been associated with the production of 'Sibford' during my editorship, and of course to Ray and Ann Bond and the Staff of Presshouse Publications - a hearty thankyou!

M.A.S.



SIBFORD OLD SCHOLARS ASSN.



ANNUAL RE-UNION 1987

Amongst those attending the Reunion were:

BARBARA ABERCROMBIE, GRACE ALLEN, JOHN BASELEY, GRACE BECKERLEGGE, PHILIP BECKERLEGGE, NICK BENNETT, LEONARD BIRD, BERNARD BLUNSOM, LORAINNE BROWN, KAY BOHM, ROLAND BOHM, DAVID BOHM, SUSANNA BOHM, STEPHEN BUNNEY, LIZ BUNNEY, NICK BRIGGS, VERA BROWN, REG BROWN, TIM VALANCE, DOREEN CARMAN, NORMAN COXON, MARJORIE COXON, IRENE COXON-SMITH, ANDREW CRAWFORD, LIZ CORDINER, NAOMI CORDINER, MARTIN CORDINER, MARGARET COX, CLEM COX, JOHN DALE, OLIVE DALLEY, JUNE DAWSON, MARTIN DODSWORTH, DOROTHY DODSWORTH, JOHNNIE DOYLE, HELEN DOYLE, ARTHUR DRING, MARGARET DRING, JAN ELIAS AND FAMILY, TOM EVANS, MORG FAIRNINGTON, MARJORIE FIELDING, MIKE FINCH, WENDY FINCH, PAUL FRAMPTON, RUTH FRAMPTON, CHARLES FRAMPTON, HARRIET FRAMPTON, KEN FRANCIS, ELIZABETH FRANCIS, JIM GRAHAM, MAUREEN GRAHAM, JULIE GREENHILL, CHRIS GRIMES, PAT GRIMES, MICHAEL GRIMES, MICHAEL HERM, HILARY HADDLETON, JOHN HADDLETON, JAMES HADDLETON, EMMA HADDLETON, DAVID HAINES, PAMELA HAINES, ARTHUR HARRISON, PAM HARRISON, PHILLIPA HARRISON, MARK HARRISON, DAVID HARRISON, NICOLA HARRISON, GEMMA HARRISON, LESLIE HARRISON, PAMELA SMETTEM, HAZEL HANDERSON, TREVOR HENDERSON, THOMAS HENDERSON, MR. HENDERSON (Snr), MRS. HENDERSON (Snr), ROBERT HOCKLEY, MAY HOCKLEY, BRIAN HOOPER, PAULINE HOOPER, RICHARD HUDDLESTON, MERIEL HUNT, JOHN HUGHES, DORIS JEFFERSON, GUY KINGHAM, DIANA LLOYD, JOHN LLOYD, HYWEL LLOYD, DAVID LAITY, KATE LONG, JEANNE LITTLE, ALAN LITTLE, JOY RANN, BILL RANN, JAMES MCINTOSH, PHILIP MANASSEH, JANET MANASSEH, HUGH MAW, DAPHNE MAW, MARK MERCER, JEAN MORLEY, ELSIE MITCHELL, ANNE MUIR, JOHN MILLER, EDITH MILLER, BARRIE NAYLOR, SHEILA NAYLOR, WILLIAM NORNGROVE, OLIVE NORNGROVE, SUE OWEN, TIM PYE, CONSTANCE PHILLIPS, LILY RATHERAM, IVANO RICCI, FRANK ROLLETT, VERA ROLLETT, HAROLD ROSE, ROBERT ROSE, LILIAN RUSSELL, DON RYAN, NEVILLE SMITH, HELENE SMITH, JULIAN SANDIFORD, JIM SHIELDS, JACK SIMPSON, MONICA SIMPSON, DAVID SMITH, ABIGAIL SMITH, REBECCA SMITH, JEANNE SOUTHAM, RON SPENCER, NANCY SPENCER, RUSSELL STEED, MAVIS STILES, DAVID STILES, HUGH STIRLING, MOLLY SAWDON, SUSAN SCHREIBER, ALISON TERRINGTON, MATTHEW TARRING, JOHN TAYLOR, BETTY THELTON, JOHN THELTON, JIM THELTON, HELEN TRATHEN, KAREN TURBURFIELD, PERCY TURNER, JAYNE TURNER, TONY SKEATH, JANETTE SKEATH, MIKE VAN BLANKENSTEIN, WENDY VAN BLANKENSTEIN, HUGH WALLIS, JEAN WALLIS, ANDREA WALLIS, CAROL WALLIS, PADDY WANDSBOROUGH, LILIAN WARD, TIM WARDLE, MARGERY WELLS, BILL WHITE, DORIS WHITE, IAN WEATHERHEAD, CHRISTINE WEATHERHEAD, TRENHAM WEATHERHEAD, MARY WEATHERHEAD, RICHARD WEATHERHEAD, ETHEL WRIGHT, IAN WRIGHT, JENNY WRIGHT, REG WESTCOTT, MARION WESTCOTT, PETER YEOMAN, JEAN YEOMAN, RACHEL WRATTEN, SARAH TATCHELL, FRANCESCA DOWNING, SALLY WILCOX, MARTIN PERKINS, RUPERT DRIFFIELD, CHRIS WEBB, CAROLINE BOND, JOE SEWELL, JANET SEWELL, ANN BOND, RAYMOND BOND.

