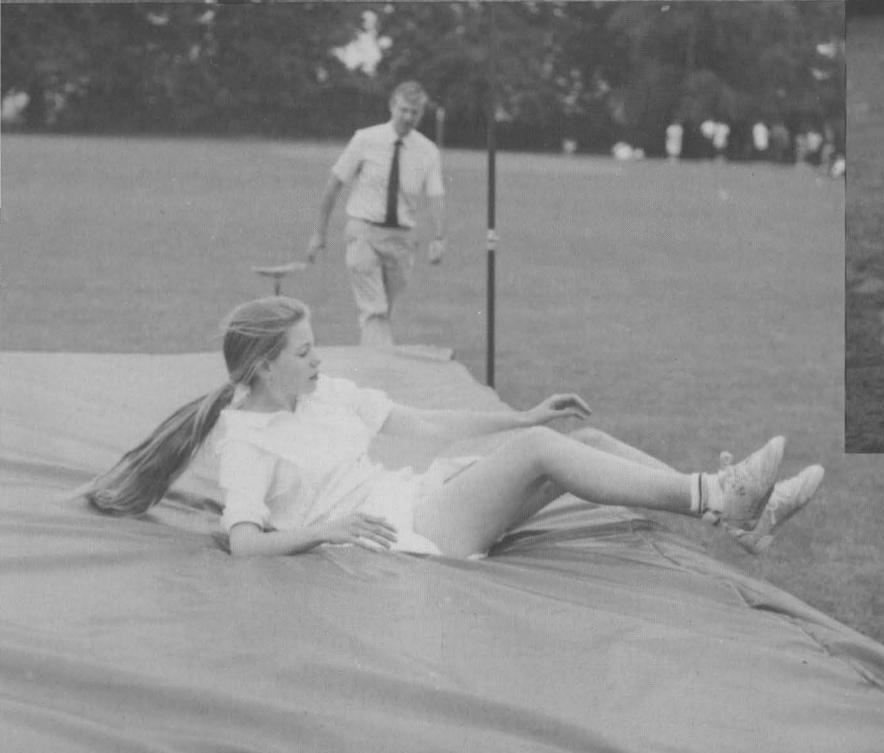


Sibford



1989 - 90

SOUTHERN QUAKER SCHOOLS SPORTS DAY



Front cover photograph: The new Sports complex.

INTRODUCING JOHN DUNSTON

One of the School Committee's most important responsibilities is the appointment of a headteacher and we spent many hours interviewing and engaging in thoughtful discussions both with the candidates and amongst ourselves. We were very pleased when it became apparent to us that John Dunston had the necessary qualifications, insight and energy to lead Sibford into the next decade. We welcomed him to School in April together with his wife Susie and little Matthew who arrived into this world in March, rather sooner than expected.

John came to us from Bancroft's School in Essex where he was Head of the Modern Languages Department. After graduating from Cambridge in 1973 he taught for a year in Hamburg before taking his Post Graduate Certificate in Education at York University. He then became an Assistant Master and, later, House Master at Cheltenham Grammar School where he remained for four years. During this time he became an Associate of the Institute of Linguists.

John is a man of many parts. Not only is he a linguist, but he is also a keen amateur musician.

He sang in the Hamburg State Opera Chorus and has been a member of the Bach Choir for many years. He has founded and directed school choirs which he has taken abroad to give concerts. Last year he took forty five members of the Bancroft's Singers to China for a concert tour. Shortly after his appointment to Sibford he heard that he had been awarded one of the prestigious Churchill Travelling Fellowships to enable him to go back to China to make a study of Chinese children's choirs. Arrangements are being made to enable him to carry out this project next Spring and we look forward to sharing in the excitement of the venture.

John comes from a liberal Jewish tradition and finds no difficulty in worshipping with those of other beliefs. In his words, 'what unites us is of far greater and more lasting significance than what may divide us'. He is keen to do all he can to absorb Sibford's history and ethos, and to take the school forward, preserving and enhancing its Quaker basis.

IRENE GLAISTER
SCHOOL COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN



THE SCHOOL STAFF

Headmaster

John H. Dunston M.A. A.I.L.*

Deputy Head

Stephen Bunney B.A.*

Bursar (Retires Dec 1990)

D. John Miller

Bursar (from January 1991)

Brian Morphy DMS, C.Dip.AF, MBIM, MICFM

Estate Manager

Michael Finch

Teaching Staff

A	Peter Agnew B.A. Judith Allen M.A. • Jennifer Austing B.A.* Dip.R.S.A. (S.L.D.) + Christopher Bateman § Mary Bennett B.A. § • Elaine Bodfish James Bond B.A. + Angela Bovill B.Ed. + Andrew Chowne § + Lisa Chowne B.Ed. Frank Cookson M.A.* + Christopher Cox § • Judy Davies § • Christine Demmar H Elizabeth Escher § Advanced Certificate Counselling + David Foulds B.A. § Elizabeth Fowler B.A., M.Ed*, C.A.L.T.E., F.R.G.S. A + Andrew Glover B.A. Diploma T.E.O. H + Kay Goodband David Goodwin B.Sc.* • Janet Gregory B.A.* Dominic Griffiths B.A.* Christopher Guy Cert. Ed. Margaret Guy B.A.* H + Stuart Hedley Cert. Ed. City & Guilds Advanced Craft Cert. + Marion Higgins B.A.* A + Wendy Holden B.Ed. + Brian Holliday B.Sc.* + Simon Horsley B.A.* Gareth Jeremy § Madeline Johnson A Sean Kenny M.A. + Bryan Lee A.L.C.M. H + Gill Manthorpe § Andrew Newbold B.Sc., Ph.D.* H Lesley Norton Cert. Ed. Cardiff • Julie Openshaw B.Ed. • Fiona Pidgeon B.A. + Jean Rudge B.A.* Janette Skeath B.A. § H Tony Skeath B.Sc.* H + Michael Spring B.Ed. H + Penelope Spring B.A.* • Gillian Stolwood A + Graham Thomas B.Sc. Gilbert Todd B.A.* A.M.B.D.A. Dyslexic Institute Diploma + Karen Turburfield Dip.R.S.A. (S.L.D.) • Raymond White • Jenifer Wollerton H Michael Wollerton §	History, Integrated Humanities Art Remedial English, Drama Teacher-in-Charge (Orchard Close) Girls' P.E. C.D.T. Environmental Studies Mathematics Senior Mistress, Religious Studies Mathematics, Careers General Science, Physics, Computer Studies Child Development Girl's P.E. Personal and Social Education, English Remedial, Drama English, Remedial E.F.L. Secretarial Studies Mathematics History (Temporary) Remedial Remedial Head of Lower School, English, Games C.D.T. 3rd Year Co-ordinator, History Home Economics 4th & 5th Year Co-ordinator, Geography English, Head of Library, Information Technology Mathematics, Science, C.P.V.E. P.E., Games English Music C.P.V.E. General Science, Chemistry, Rural Studies Textiles Orchard Close Assistant Librarian French, German Geography, Orchard Close Biology, General Science Art, Sculpture English Assistant Librarian Boys' P.E. Remedial, French Remedial (Dyslexia) English C.P.V.E., Mathematics Games, Mathematics
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- H Housemaster or Housemistress
A Assistant Housestaff
* Post Graduate Teaching Qualifications
§ Teachers Certificate or Diploma
• Part-time Staff
+ Head of Department

Students in Residence

Jasmine Harvey	Remedial
Geoffrey Osborn	P.E.
Sarah Jones	Drama/Music

Instrumental Teachers

Jane Alabaster A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L.	Piano
Paul Chapman	Flute
Raymond Head M.A. Dip. Ed. F.R.A.S.	Piano
Clifford Pick A.B.S.M.	Percussion
George Sidebottom A.R.M.C.M.	Violin, Piano

Administrative Staff

Mary McTaggart
Ann Stevenson
Victoria Stockton
Shirley Chowne
Lorraine Spencer
Joanne Neal
Dr. Susan Heath M.B., B.S.
Patricia Croft S.E.N., C.C.W.
Anna Chapman S.R.N.
Mary Hamblin S.E.N.
Fiona Doolan
Carolyn Lovejoy
Diane Howes
Wendy Finch
Jane Carroll
Rachel Excell
Jennifer Brown
Albert G. Griffiths BICS Cert. MBICS
Jayne Turner
Percy Turner
Kevin Wyles

Administrative Assistant
Headmaster's Secretary
Assistant Secretary
Bursar's Secretary
Receptionist/Secretary
Office Assistant
Medical Officer
Nursing Staff
Nursing Staff
Nursing Staff
Assistant House Mistress and Girls Matron
Assistant House Mistress
Laboratory Technician
Housekeeper
Deputy Housekeeper
Catering Manageress
Head Cook
School Caretaker
Assistant Caretaker
Head Gardener
Maintenance Leading Hand

SOSA OFFICERS

President 1990-91:	PAUL FRAMPTON
Vice President 1990-91:	ANNE S MUIR
General Secretary: (Until 31.08.93)	IAN T WEATHERHEAD 35 Ossulton Way, Hampstead Garden Suburb, LONDON N2 0JY
Treasurer: (Until 31.08.91)	COLIN M COX, 55 Athelstan Road, Bitterne SOUTHAMPTON SO2 4DE
Membership Secretary: (Until 31.08.92)	MICHAEL FINCH c/o Sibford School, Sibford Ferris BANBURY, Oxon OX15 5QL
Reunion Secretary: (Until 31.08.93)	JULIE GREENHILL Flat 6, 1 Upper Grove, South Norwood LONDON SE25 6JX
Assistant Reunion Secretary: (Until 31.08.92)	GUY KINGHAM Stone House, 12 High Street, Kimpton HITCHIN, Herts SG4 8RJ
School Committee Representatives: (Until 31.12.93)	NICHOLAS BENNETT
(Until 31.12.91)	PAUL FRAMPTON
Local Branch Secretaries:	
London	MARGARET FAIRNINGTON 140 Fellows Road, LONDON, NW3 Tel: 071 586 3623
Midland	IRENE COXON-SMITH 37 Redditch Road, Stoke Heath BROMSGROVE, Worcs. B60 4JW Tel: 0527 31857
South West	E JEANNE SOUTHAM 'Dilkush', 2 Farlers End, NAILSEA, Avon BS19 2PG Tel: 0272 852322
General Committee : (Until 31.08.91) (Until 31.08.92) (Until 31.08.93)	TOM HEWLETT, KEN FRANCIS CAROLINE BOND, HARRIET JONES NATALIE McCORQUODALE, ARTHUR HARRISON
School Staff Representative: (Until 31.08.92)	KAREN TURBURFIELD
(Until 31.08.92)	CHRIS BATEMAN
FOSS Representative	JOHN BASELEY

FOSS OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

Chairman:	JOHN BASELEY
Secretary:	LIZ BUNNEY
Treasurer:	RICHARD TUSTIAN
Membership Secretary:	ERICA PHILLIPS
Sports Club:	SUE ETHERINGTON-SMITH
Ex Officio:	JOHN H DUNSTON
Committee:	SYLVIA CHESTER MARY AND MARK FAUX GARTH AND SUE PROSSER BARBARA TAYLOR GEOFF TAYLOR CHARMAINE TUTHILL JACKIE WALSH JULIE WEBB TOM WILLIAMS MARY BENNETT, STEPHEN BUNNEY
Staff Representatives	

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WELCOME

AN EARLY REFLECTION

"The attitude of the Society of Friends towards education," wrote Gerald K. Hibbert sixty years ago, "has been determined by their belief in the Inner Light. Holding as they do that there is something of the divine in every man, they have regarded education (in the broadest sense) as the developing of that Divine Seed, or the fanning into a flame of that Divine Spark."

These are brave words. They represent a fine ideal. Yet it takes but a brief acquaintance with Sibford to find them reflected in the very essence of the School. There are, naturally, innumerable impressions that crowd into one's first weeks, but this above all will remain as one of the most inspiring.

That Sibford should have taken upon itself the great ambition of fulfilling Hibbert's vision, seems to show the strength of a double loyalty. There is, first of all, that faithfulness to the past, to Sibford's roots, to that spirit of individual achievement of which Old Scholars speak with such gratitude. The School's early agricultural bias lives on, for example, in contemporary courses in Horticulture and Rural Studies, while its traditional excellence in crafts and the arts shines no less brightly today than in decades past. But there is evidence too of that second loyalty, that vision of the future and of how each member of this community can somehow play a part in shaping it. The School has spread since those early days a century and a half ago; it has expanded and modernised its environment since the decisive move to The Hill in 1930; and it continues to do so, as the creation of Orchard Close, the Oliver Studio and the Sports Complex illustrate so emphatically.

It is, indeed, a privilege to have been welcomed so warmly to such a place as Sibford. It is also more than this. The realisation is humbling that a Quaker School should have found it right to appoint a Jewish Headmaster. There is much that we can achieve together. The fundamental importance that both our traditions place on education is, after all, no coincidence, and the time has surely come, after the cumulative horrors of this century and previous ones, for the great religions to seek what unites them, to find strength in understanding, and no longer to hide behind the walls of prejudice.

Sibford is not only the School and those currently in it, but embraces generations of Old Scholars, countless Friends of the School, former staff, Committees past and present, parents and Friends in the Society outside Sibford. All in one way or another have helped to make our arrival here so pleasant. For my wife Susie, for little Matthew, and for me, these first months have been exciting and challenging. We are looking forward greatly to taking our place as part of Sibford in the years ahead.

JOHN DUNSTON

BRIAN MORPHY

Brian Morphy is a man of vision, and brings to Sibford a wide range of national and international experience. He joined the School Staff in September as Bursar/Business Manager elect, to work in tandem with John Miller for one term, before taking up his post formally in January 1991.

Quite apart from acquiring more letters after his name than in it, Brian has spent the last fifteen years with Oxfam. Most recently, he has been involved at a high level with management information and business systems, budget planning and marketing information and research, but in the mid-nineteen eighties his responsibilities also included Oxfam's Education and Campaigns Programme in the North of England, staff and volunteer development, and fund-raising on a large scale.

Some years after joining Oxfam in 1974, Brian became Assistant Field Director for East Africa. During his time there, he was involved in a number of key projects, including the establishment of hospital facilities in West Nile, Uganda, and the introduction there of an immunisation programme with UNICEF and the Ministry of Health, as well as the development of a community health programme in Nairobi, Kenya.

Brian's experience in financial management, coupled with his unusually broad background of projects concerned with the care of people, will undoubtedly prove to have been a fine preparation for the considerable task of being Bursar and Business Manager at Sibford. His enthusiasm for the post, and eagerness to get involved, have already made themselves felt, and it is with warmth and confidence that we welcome Brian, his wife Jean and their three daughters to the Sibford community. We wish them a most happy association with the School.



JUDITH ALLEN

Someone asked her today when she started doing 'all this Art and stuff'. Her answer to them was "Same time as you - when I was old enough to hold a spoon and draw circles in my baby food".

This, for Judith, somehow led onto a five year MA Fine Art course at Edinburgh University and College of Art. This comprised a study of drawing, painting, printmaking, sculpture and the History of Art.

A year of starvation followed - trying to paint and eat, in a studio overlooking Porthleven Harbour, Cornwall. Having exhibited the paintings, she began an art teacher training course at Leicester Polytechnic.

This was interrupted by a chance to make some sculpture for a major exhibition which travelled to the Edinburgh Festival in August 1989.

By that time she had moved to Madrid, Spain, where she taught EFL for nine months, and generally soaked up Spanish culture before returning to Britain.

In July 1990, she finished the teacher training, and came to

Sibford to put some theory into practice.

Her aim is clear – to put a stop to people saying “I can’t draw”, and to make them realise that ‘all this Art and stuff’ is not something which only applies to ‘ARTISTS’ and those under 15 years of age. It can make everyone’s lives a little richer – in the spiritual sense at least!



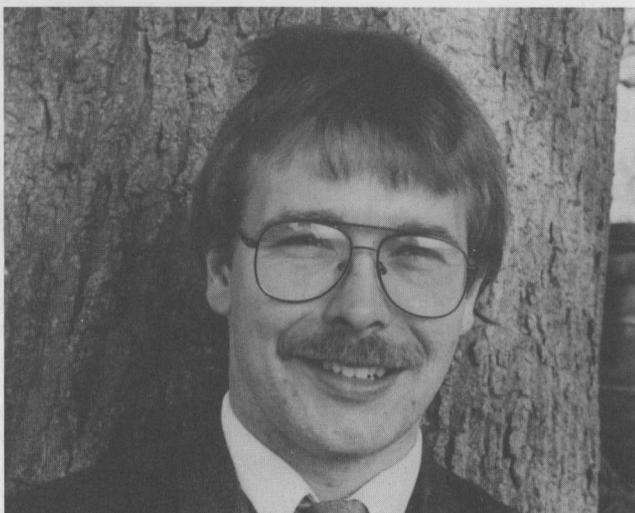
JAMES BOND

James Bond joined the staff at Sibford this September, to teach Design and Technology. His specialism is in design illustration, although he has interests in model-making, electronics and computer graphics. He will be teaching CDT to the lower school, Design and Communication/Realisation, and ‘A’level Design to older exam pupils.

His previous school was in the wild windswept flat-lands of North Humberside (previously East Yorkshire), where the coast-line is being eroded at the rate of 3 metres a year and the highest point around is only 15.75 metres.

Coming originally from Derbyshire, he certainly appreciates the stone cottages and the beauty of the rolling Cotswold hills, and is looking forward to exploring the area. He enjoys walking, cycling and sketching.

Currently James is building a radio control aircraft and is hoping to start up a club if there is enough interest.



JUDY DAVIES

Judy Davies has joined the Home Economics Department at Sibford School to teach Home Economics, Textiles and Child Development. She was born and brought up in Hereford and trained at the Leicester College of Domestic Science. She has been teaching in a large comprehensive school in Southam for the past 16 years. She lives in the country, her husband is a farmer, and she has a daughter and a son.

Her hobbies include watercolour painting of subjects in the villages and countryside near her home, baking celebration cakes, gardening and travelling.

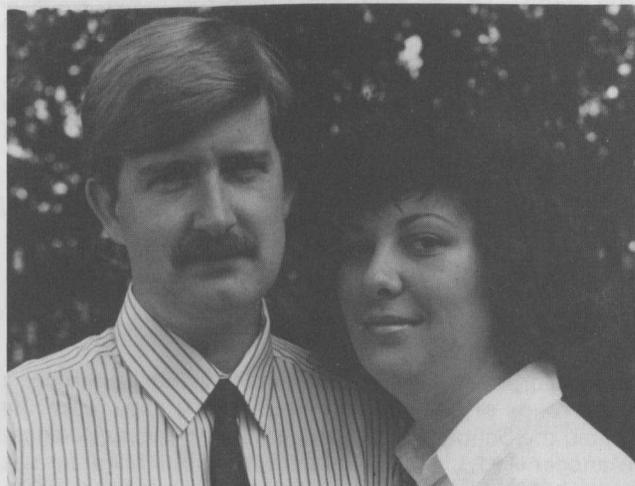


ANDY AND JUDY GLOVER

Andy and Judy Glover have moved to Sibford from Bury, Lancashire. They both taught English as a Second/Foreign Language in Bury to students of all ages. Before that, from 1981 to 1985, they taught English in Spain and Sweden – both great experiences!

Andy is the new head of Sibford’s EFL department. Judy will be doing some teaching in the department when required. The couple are also working as Assistant House Staff at Lister Boys.

Andy’s interests include photography, history and archaeology. Judy is very fond of gardening of all kinds and cooking. They are both looking forward to playing an active part in both school and village life.



MADDIE JOHNSON

Maddie has temporarily joined the full time staff to teach P.E. and girls games.

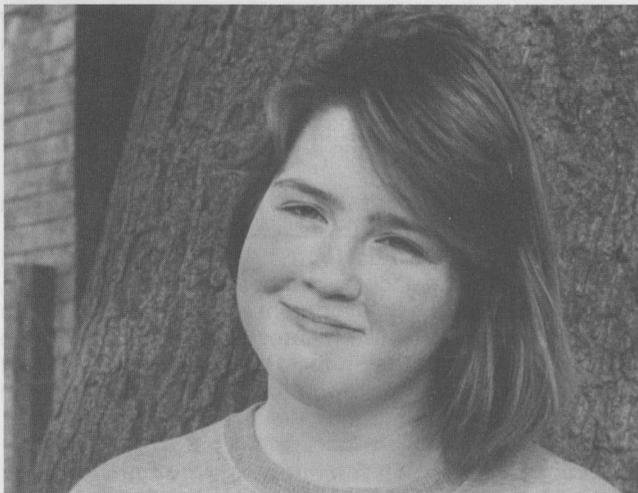


SARAH JONES

Sarah was born in Oxford on 30th August 1972. She has lived in Banbury for all of her life, and attended St John's Priory School and Blessed George Napier Secondary School, where she took 'A' levels in English, History and Theatre Studies.

Sarah's hobbies include horse-riding, creative writing, and old films. She loves reading and music. She listens to all kinds of music, from heavy metal to opera, and reads many different kinds of books, especially biographies.

Sarah loves animals – she has a dog, two guinea-pigs and nine rabbits, and her ambition is to have a job which includes travel.



GRAHAM THOMAS

Graham Thomas has come to Sibford School after a year of mountaineering, skiing and kayaking in Europe.

He was educated at Millfield School, Somerset, and gained an Honours degree in Sport Science at Chelsea P.E. College

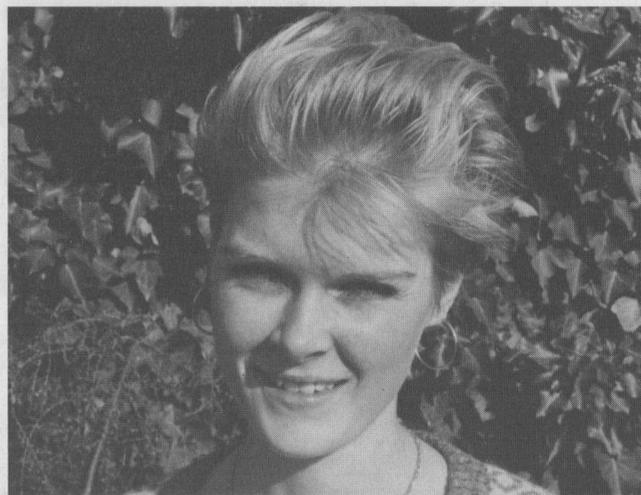
before entering teaching.

Although he spends much of his free time involved in outdoor pursuits, he enjoys participating in all team games and racket sports.



VICTORIA STOCKTON

Victoria has joined the secretarial staff as Ann Stevenson's assistant with special responsibilities for the teaching staff.



DAVID TURNER

David Turner has joined our maintenance team as the school electrician.

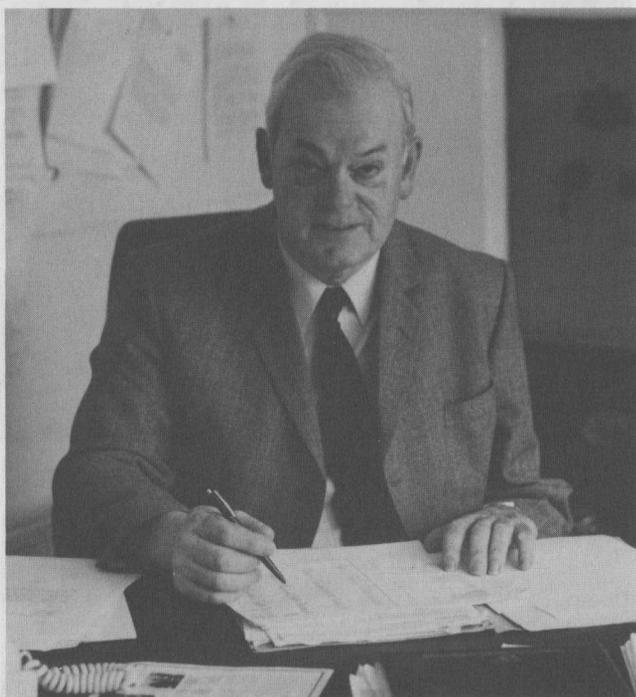


FAREWELL

JOHN MILLER

It is impossible to write about John Miller and his work at Sibford without speaking of his enormous personal courage in overcoming his physical handicaps, yet it would be wrong for John to go into Sibford history as the man who showed us all how to face problems of pain and increasing immobility. He has done that and all of us who have worked along side him have cause to be gratefully admiring of the example he has given us. What is even more important is the way in which his stewardship of Sibford's always limited funds has enabled the school to weather some very difficult patches and emerge into a position of sufficient strength to embark on expansion and refurbishment of decaying buildings. Indeed if Orchard Close had anyone's name on it, it should have been John Miller's. He saw the potential for this development and wore away at a reluctant Headmaster until he had won his point – and how right he was!

I would like to celebrate three qualities which I think John has offered Sibford in abundance. Two are the obvious ones of dogged determination and high integrity. The third is a more secret strength and I will return to that later. One may think of John's determination first in terms of his refusal to be dominated by his handicaps but I think he would say it has been at least as difficult to keep us all under reasonable financial control. This meant at times being



apparently stubborn and unreasonable, but however much one cursed his intransigence, one always knew that he was not going to budge and that he was doing it because he knew it was what the school needed. Not that his determination has always been negative, far from it. I have already mentioned his championing of the idea of a Junior Department. In that and in other new ventures he was always insistent that the school should go for high quality and be up to date. I admired enormously the great and successful effort he made to become competent on the finance department's computing system. Underlying all

this effort and making its rougher edges completely forgivable was, indeed I am sure is, an unshakable honesty and integrity of purpose and practice. Everyone has always known that he had the good of the school at heart and that he would work for it in every honourable way available to him.

John's warm and sympathetic side presents itself much more cautiously. It took me some time to realise what a good listener he is and to find the rich vein of care and concern for individuals which is always there even if he is having to put financial considerations first. A substantial part of him would have liked to have been on the other side of the table when he and I were arguing whether we could afford to offer help in some needy case. However he had his job to do and did it with firmness and often with charm and grace. Nonetheless I am sure he was a great deal happier when he was able to reach into one of his famous secret pockets or touch one of his shadowy Sibford wellwishers to enable some particularly appealing project to go forward. I loved the slow smile and tell-tale twinkle in the eye which marked these occasions.

For me John was far from the enemy whom many Heads find in the Bursar's office. He taught me a great deal, he was a fair critic, he gave me very generous support – he was the sort of Colleague who makes working with him into an act of friendship. I am just very sad that the time of his departure from Sibford should be such an unhappy and difficult one for himself and Edith. He has worked at Sibford for twenty five years and they both deserve our gratitude and admiration for his immeasurable contribution and all our hopes and prayers for their future happiness.

JIM GRAHAM

MAUREEN McHALE

It is the end of the Summer Term and all the staff are gathered to say farewell to Maureen. At the barbecue Maureen received a most unusual ring as a token of appreciation from the staff. The gift is special because it says so much about Maureen and her love for the unusual. As Head of the Art Department she has shared her enthusiasm with all the pupils for contemporary designs and the quality of her exhibitions at Open Day has been very special. I have fond memories of the Art/Religious Studies tour which we took to Italy. In the galleries of Venice she made Art come alive for me.

Maureen joined Sibford in 1977 and since then she has contributed enormously to the school in a variety of ways. In the classroom we must thank her for the high standard of work which she encouraged her students to produce. Within the Boarding environment she is remembered for her role as Senior House Mistress in Fielding and more recently as Head of the Sixth Form. Maureen has gained tremendous respect from the students for the time and care which she put into their welfare.

Maureen is responsible for the change in emphasis of our Sixth Form studies as she led a team of staff to introduce the exciting C.P.V.E. Courses at Sibford. Her interest in curriculum development also involved students in the Lower School, as she was responsible for setting up our pilot Record of Achievement scheme for the first year last term.

We thank Maureen for her dedication to promoting the Sibford ethos and wish her every success for the future.

LISA CHOWNE

GRAEME SAGAR

Graeme taught Design and Technology at Sibford in all its guises for 20 years, first as a House Assistant in Nansen Boys and after his marriage to Pauline as a Houseparent in Gillett for a number of years. Even after moving to Balscott he never lost touch with Nansen. He is a craftsman of many skills, always in the pursuit of excellence, and very many children at Sibford over the years have reason to be grateful to him and his ideas, especially those who have taken up varied craft and design skills subsequently as careers.

We wish him every success in his future post as Head of Design Technology at Woodbridge School.

SH.

A FOND FAREWELL

A beautiful setting and staff who said "Good morning" – cheerfully! my first impressions of Sibford School.

Fifteen months later I am leaving, having learnt a lot about things of which I had no experience – life at a boarding school, pupils who are sometimes homesick, all the problems of dyslexia, and being thanked for an interesting lesson!!

It has been a very happy and rewarding short stay. I have appreciated the co-operation and friendship of my colleagues. I have thoroughly enjoyed my 5th year classes, and their efforts to obtain good GCSE passes. I have marvelled at the relationship between junior and senior pupils, and was very happy to be a part of the most successful 5th year leavers' dinner. On that night everyone who had contributed in any way, whether humorous or serious, was nominated for an award – a wonderful finish to their time at school in true Sibford tradition.

I will look back with fond memories and will think of Katie Weeks' enthusiastic face asking "What are we doing today, Miss?". I will miss my fellow country woman's humour and hospitality; Gilbert's tales of an English Country Garden (un peu!) and Brian's patient smile when I ask, yet again, to borrow his video.

My thanks too, must go to Mike and Penny Spring, Angie Bovill, Jane Holliday and Chris and Maggie Guy for allowing their children to be studied in depth; to Lesley for her help and co-operation with all material things; and especially to Wendy - who has always been so supportive, enthusiastic and a great help with everything I tried to do.

I wish you all, success and happiness for the future.

SUE HOBBA
July 1990

SARAH KENNEDY

Sarah came to Sibford after the Christmas holiday, to be the Assistant Housemistress in Fielding House and to do some work as the assistant teacher in the EFL Department. Sarah had just completed a year teaching in Kings College, Auckland, New Zealand, where she was also in charge of the Sixth Form Girls' House. She joined us for only 2 terms as she had a place at Cambridge University to do her PGCE.

Sarah's Scottish charm and warm personality endeared her to staff and students alike. She was always ready to help and support the EFL students or the junior pupils in Orchard Close. As the Housemistress in Fielding she was a source of strength to students who were following 'A' level or CPVE

courses in the final months of the year.

The whole school benefited from this strength after the loss of Tony Rye. Sarah stepped into the gaping hole left by Tony's death and took over the EFL Department. She gave moral support to the students and helped them with their GCSE and their Oxford Certificate exams. Her ability and the gift she has as a teacher contributed to the way these students coped with Tony's death and with their exams. When she left us in the summer Sarah expressed her thanks to Tony and Janette Skeath, June Ellis and Anna Chapman for the support which they gave to her and the students.

In Fielding we will miss her sense of humour and cheerful disposition. We wish her luck in Cambridge and are grateful to have had her here at Sibford.

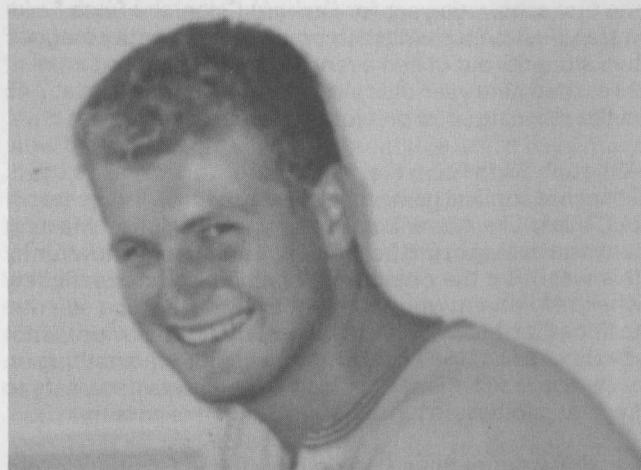
GILL MANTHORPE



GEOFF OSBORN

Geoff came to Sibford as a Student Teacher (P.E. and Games) in January, from Radford College Canberra, Australia. He provided activities after prep and at weekends for students across the school. At the peak of the exam period he ran a senior swimming group designed to fit with revision sessions and help alleviate the stress of 'A' levels. Geoff was attached to Fielding House and regularly took indoor hockey sessions for the Sixth Form, which probably explained how they won the 5th versus 6th Challenge Cup in the Spring term! Geoff's 'laid back' approach and calm influence will be much missed – as will his muscles when we pack or unpack the trunk room!

Geoff will be returning to attend Canberra University in December to take a degree in Resource and Environment Management; we wish him luck and every success in the future.



Round the Houses

ORCHARD CLOSE HOUSE REPORT

It has been an exciting year in Orchard Close. To be the first staff and pupils involved in a new junior department is a rare privilege. We had watched the building grow up out of 'the Piece' field and, by September 1989, were prepared for the challenge of making a success of this new venture at Sibford.

The boarders have settled well under the care of Dorothy and Jasmine, and Amy, now 16 months old, has been a small friend and endless distraction to all the children. Skate-boarding, roller-skating and tennis have established themselves as popular outdoor activities, and this report would not be complete if we failed to mention the insatiable appetite for the board-game 'Hero Quest', demonstrated by a group of boys. Anyone requiring help with their technique in this complicated game, please refer to Jonathan Snow, who has now moved up to Gillett.

Throughout the past year, weekends have been characterised by Mr and Mrs Spring's enthusiasm for long rambles in all weathers. On any weekend, visitors to the Oxfordshire countryside might have seen a red snake of boiler-suited bodies weaving its way across fields, along hedges and, most favourite of all, into Swalcliffe Common Woods. There we collected berries, mud-plugged in our wellies, followed the changing seasons and built dens which nobody could find.

We had outings to Sudeley Castle, The Cotswold Wildlife Park and Broadway Tower. We had Halloween ghost stories, a bonfire and fireworks, Christmas games and Easter and Summer parties. We had visitors from America, visits to the theatre and a supply of delicious cakes baked by Jasmine.

Yes, it has been a successful year, and a happy one. Thank you to everyone who has helped in the house, particularly the members of Fielding who have been invaluable in so many ways. We look forward to 1991!

RUSSET, COX AND PIPPIN

FIELDING HOUSE REPORT

The start of this year seems to be as good and as 'prosperous' as last year. Christianne Evans (last year's Girls House Captain) seems to have got her predictions right. Last year, the first scholastic year for Orchard Close, the Sixth Form were asked to help with their breakfasts. This duty dragged two students out of bed every day to listen to the sound of 28 excited nine year-olds all wanting their breakfast at 7.45 in the morning . . . a previously unseen time of day.

Although Sixth Form life can be hard work it's all worth it. There are comical gems that will stay with us for the rest of our lives; like Mara Porter 'singing' in House Meeting (anyone having heard her voice will understand how funny this was!) But the one that 'takes the biscuit' is definitely Khalid Al-Futtaim who, when we had a fire practice, seemed to think that the heat from a fire would keep him warm, if not roasting, as he was ready to stand outside with nothing on . . . for some strange reason he thought it was necessary to have no clothes on for fire practices in this country!

As we have mentioned we do have fun in Fielding like our

House Parties. These are partly funded by the proceeds from the pool table and the vending machine, but most of the money for these good times comes from Gill Manthorpe. The first of these parties was Hallowe'en, where every one dressed up in 'traditional' costume and played 'traditional' games like apple bobbing, doughnut eating etc. This was followed by Christmas where everyone shrugged off their responsibilities for the evening and acted like five year olds. Even us Sixth Formers are allowed our 'Secret Policeman's Ball'. The food was prepared by Norman and his team of caterers. It must have been good as it all disappeared quickly. By far the best was the Easter party, the sight of forty (near) adults racing around the house in fancy dress hunting for 400 mini eggs must have been amazing. Not all of the eggs were found so 'follow your nose', a disgusting thought!

We now have our own vending machine which feeds chocolate into our greedy tums, good news for all you midnight (yes, Gill, we should be in bed at midnight!) munchers. The proceeds from this have bought the long awaited pool table for the common room. All the twenty pences pay for videos at the weekend and plants for the house.

At Christmas we said 'goodbye' to Simon Clements who left us to be the proud father of newlyborn 'Marli', and 'hello' to Sarah Kennedy who had just spent a year teaching in New Zealand. Sarah was only here for two terms as she was going to Cambridge to do her P.G.C.E. So in the Autumn we welcomed Sean Kenny to Fielding as the House Assistant.

We are looking forward with anticipation to the year ahead, another round of social events!

EMILY ST. CLAIR (Girls House Captain)

STEPHEN CHRISTIAN-PHILLIPS (Boys House Captain)

LISTER GIRLS

If on Thursday evening you were to come into Lister Girls you would have found a very frustrated Yvonne (Deputy Head of House) crawling around on the floor with a screwdriver in her hand, before laying several pieces of wood which, an hour later resembled a table and benches. This is just one of the ways we are trying to improve the House. Thanks to Zoe and Tara the House flourished last year and we hope to keep up the high standards they set. We are trying to improve the sports by being prepared. On Monday nights we have a swim kindly supervised by Mrs Goodband. Another night of the week we have a hockey practice. We would like to thank the House and staff for their help and support both in the House and on the games field.

ALEX PACKHAM AND YVONNE ATKINSON

LISTER BOYS HOUSE

We have been very happy to welcome as Assistant House Staff Andrew and Judy Glover who have settled into our routine very quickly. We wish them a long and happy association with us. Andrew has an active interest in photography and Judy is a keen gardener.

Stuart Leigh and Peter Lewis are our House Captain and Deputy respectively this year, and the House is continuing to run smoothly with much input from them and other senior boys.

This has been an exciting period for projects in Lister. In the Spring we decided to sponsor children in a school in Ghana

through our contact David Frampton, father of Oliver and Kiran, who is a missionary out there. On Open Day we had a jumble sale which raised £600. Subsequently we were delighted to find out that £200 would actually keep the school open for a year and we duly presented this sum to Mr Frampton. At present Lister Boys are busy writing letters to their 'adopted' children and we shall be sending these and photographs of everyone in the House soon.

We have also adopted two new garden areas outside the House. We have been very pleased to receive many donations of shrubs and bulbs from parents and we are going to plant these up under the watchful eye of Judy Glover during the Autumn and Spring, and continue to look after and develop them in the future.

STUART HEDLEY



Timothy Robertson presenting our first cheque for £200 to David Frampton

NANSEN GIRLS' HOUSE REPORT

Although last year had its difficulties, we struggled through and achieved a very successful Eisteddfod. We presented a double bill with "Albert and the Lion" and a play written by the 5th Year. Naturally there were the usual organizational difficulties but the final production was enjoyed by everyone involved. Later in the year we won the swimming gala and senior hockey and put in a very good effort for sports day.

The house downstairs common room and foyer at last had their long awaited face lift and we have all enjoyed having a space in which to entertain friends from time to time.

The youngest member of Nansen Girls is Jennifer Guy who was born on 7th September 1989 to Maggie and Chris Guy, both members of the housestaff team. From time to time Jennifer attends House Meeting where she usually manages to break any awkward silence which has occurred by demonstrating her latest achievements in vocalizing and mobility. Recently she demonstrated very successfully how to achieve inner peace at Meeting by bending double and smiling at the Meeting through your legs. Which ever position she decides to adopt, it is always a delight to have her with us at House events.

KATE HENDRY AND NANSEN 5th YEAR

NANSEN BOYS

The year began with us having to train yet another assistant Housemaster into our way of thinking. This didn't quite work so Mr. Kenny and ourselves agreed to compromise. Mr. Kenny has been a refreshing addition to the House and we have enjoyed his thoughtful approach.

There have not been many changes to the House this year,

unfortunately. In June '89 a team of demolition experts removed all the shelves from the linen room ready for its conversion into a suite for the Head of House and Deputy. Nothing has happened since and Daniel and I have had to survive in our cramped surroundings - but being Nansen boys we haven't made a fuss. The quality of music has been upgraded by the purchase of a compact disc player and a new amplifier and tuner, these, together with a microwave cooker, having been bought using a gift of money from the Bennett family to whom we are very grateful.

Nansen has had a particularly good year in sports. We won cups for Rugby, Swimming, Basket Ball (Senior, Junior and overall) and Hockey and Nansen still holds the Cross-Country Cup. We have been very pleased with the enthusiasm which most of the House have shown and we are grateful to Chris Haworth who came back to Nansen from Bootham so that he could compete for us.

Nansen Boys have been honoured in other ways and we were very proud to see Jonathan Tutte being the first recipient of the Dorothy Hawley Award at Christmas. Michael Jeffries received the same award at Easter - could this be the start of a new tradition?

As the fifth form we have enjoyed our last year in the House. We have appreciated the respect which we have been given and the way in which we have been allowed to develop, at our own pace, into a more broad-minded group of people upon which the rest of the House have been able to rely, usually.

SIMON CRAPP & RUBEN STEPHENSON

GILLETT HOUSE REPORT

Another year has flown by and children have come and gone. Jo Tindale has continued the tradition of the last 3 years by moving from Head of Gillett to Head Girl. We are very proud of her and her achievements.

We said Goodbye and thank you to Norma Pearson in July. Norma has been coming in one night per week to help resident housestaff with the running of the House. In October we welcomed Mr. Horsley who replaces Norma and should prove a definite asset to helping with the growing number of boys in the House. We are now 14 boys and 16 girls.

The fifth year have moved on to pastures new, Cristina Rodriguez-Cano and Josie Farquhar have joined the 6th form in Fielding. Lucy Baker is studying 'A' levels at Henley College, Natasha Viney and Ellie Harley went to St. Christopher's to study for their 'A' levels. Duane Cowdrey-Morris returned to London and Luke Kelly has returned to his native Australia. We have had many post cards and letters and he is obviously enjoying himself building up his suntan once again.

With the kindness of Clive's parents, Mr and Mrs Ford, we now have spot lights in two dormitories which have made reading in bed a positive pleasure and in the Common Room they have hung some beautiful prints that make the House more homely. In the kitchen, with the help of FOSS and Mr and Mrs Owen (David's parents) we have been able to buy our long awaited Microwave.

Gillett is looking forward to a very positive year, both socially and on the sports field, with hopefully many parties and celebrations under the leadership of Rebecca Bernstein our Head of House and Nicole Teakle, Sports Captain for the year 1990/91.

LN

PENN HOUSE REPORT 1989-90

One innovation for the new year, was a another face on the evening dutyscene. Mr. Bateman took charge for an evening each week and we have all enjoyed the regular change in routine. Perhaps it was his effect on the basketball players that gave us some success in this area of sport, in a year when we competed well but did not add to our sporting trophies.

The Merit Cup was won during the year and we managed to share the Eisteddfod trophy with a performance that relied heavily on the musical content of the show. The musicians were again well to the fore when an all-Penn group put on a concert for the school in the Oliver Studio. Their rendition of a number of old classics proved a most popular attraction and was very well received by the audience.

We began the Autumn term with a new snooker table which has been in constant use throughout the year. There was even a House competition, fought out over a number of weeks, and eventually won by Tim Lintott. Mr. Cookson helped to transport boys to Silverstone in October, when we went to the very last Peterborough Motor Club Meeting to be held there. Our thanks go to David Cunningham and his father who have sent us tickets over a number of years since David left Penn House.

Microwave technology has arrived in Penn, thanks to the generosity of a parent. The oven has proved to be a welcome addition to our facilities—popcorn is now munched at supper time! As we look forward to the new year, we had hoped for some new paintwork upstairs, unfortunately we shall have to make do with a new roof covering instead. At least we shall be dry when the winter storms hit Sibford.

PENNMAN

On Campus

THE SIXTH FORM

This year we completed our first complete programme for two year CPVE students. At the end of the year the Moderator's report recorded his pleasure at being able to meet such charming and articulate students. He also has, again picked us out as an example of a scheme where good practice occurs. Also our students experienced a wide range of activities and every single student successfully achieved the full certificate. During April they also each completed three weeks of work experience in many organisations in and around Banbury. For the first time we sent students further afield too. Martin Gough went to the Cotswold Wild Life Park in Burford where he worked in the Reptile House. David Watling worked with the Qodos Communications Company in Maidenhead; he helped to prepare advertising and promotional material for the launching of multinational marketing campaigns. Everybody received excellent reports again.

We have been chosen as a Pilot Centre for the new National Vocational Qualifications. Our Students will be able to try for these awards in the Retail Area, through work undertaken in T.O.P. 86 and the Tuck Shop.

Our Students again showed their abilities when A levels came around. The exhibitions at the end of the year and for their examiners were of a very high standard indeed. In the Autumn many of these students begin a new life at Polytechnics, Universities, Colleges or in a Job. Every leaver had somewhere to move onto, and we wish them good luck in the future. This year we also said goodbye to Maureen McHale, whose enormous contribution to the Sixth Form has been much appreciated by Students and Staff over her years here. Our best wishes go with her too.

There is a great deal to look forward to this year and many memories to hold onto from last year.

GILL MANTHORPE

ORCHARD CLOSE – THE FIRST YEAR

Starting work in a new department, with a new building, new children and new staff was an exciting challenge for all of us. The building has proved to be a splendid environment to work in, with its own autonomy while being within reach of all the senior school facilities. The children brought the building to life, quickly creating a strong, supportive community in which a variety of talents have blossomed and problems been coped with. During the first term, all the children kept a diary, from which the following extracts are taken.

"When I got to Sibford I was so excited. I had a biscuit and a drink and then we had a meeting, then my mum left, then we had tea which was delicious. Then we went to bed and played with flashlights."

"We had to go to a meeting where we had to be quiet for over two minutes."

"Miss Bennett told us to sit down and that Mrs Skeath would be there in a minute. By the time she arrived I was shaking with nerves."

"Last night we got told off for talking after the lights were out, but it was good fun. But this morning, disaster struck! Mr and Mrs Spring locked up the tuck!"

"Future plans; To make an evil device to turn on a light when the Springs are coming."

"The next day I felt a little better and not so nervous and I made my first friends. A few days later I was really happy and I made another friend and we all do really fun things together like making tiny models and rollerskating and skateboarding."

"This afternoon it was blackberry picking. We picked over 900 blackberries so that we can make jam."

"Today we made jam and everything was going so well, guess what happened? The fire alarm went off."

"Me and Sam are really clever!"

"I can skateboard at last, and rollerskate! And I have finished my massive picture! In rugby I scored a try and tackled five people!"

"When I first saw Orchard Close it was just trenches, but when it was fully built it was a lot bigger than I thought it would be. The best thing about the first week has been English and diary. The work is different and a lot better than my last school."

"I'm still working on my evil device..!"

MARY BENNETT



Orchard Close - The First Year

GEOGRAPHY FIELDWORK

The group fieldwork enjoyed by the 5th year geographers this year included some river studies undertaken locally and in Shropshire. The students learned their skills locally and put them into practice in the Long Mynd. All was captured on video tape by Chris Bateman and his capable film crew.

At present we are undertaking two local studies. One is looking at the weather in detail. We can compare our present weather with the past thanks to the careful recording over many years by Ken Francis. Is our climate changing? Does the weather forecast always get it right?

The other study is one of social geography in the village - the changes in the community over 100 years and their implications. We should be able to report some interesting findings in the next magazine.

BRIAN HOLLIDAY

DYSLEXIC TEACHING

Congratulations to Jenny Austing who gained distinction after completing the RSA diploma course in Evesham for teaching students with Specific Learning Difficulties (Dyslexia). Dominic Griffiths is nearing the end of this course, too, amidst mountains of seminar papers, essays and teaching practice notes. In September 1990, Stephen Bunney and Chris Guy begin the same course and we wish them every success.

The department has grown this year with the addition of our new friends in Orchard Close, and we have been pleased to see productive links forged through paired-reading help given them by 4th and 5th year volunteers.

K.T.

MUSIC SCHOOL

Where to begin? Not usually a problem. - Let's briefly ponder a suitable word - "heterogeneous" seems appropriate. - AAHH, the clouds lift...

During the last academic year music at Sibford achieved national recognition on several occasions. These include a successful audition and subsequent invitation to perform at the Oxford Youth Proms 90, receiving the "Highly Commended" certificate at the Chipping Norton Festival and performing in the final concert, the Runners-up award in the Daily Telegraph Jazz 90 competition from over 1,500 entrants.

We were finalists in the E.M.I. Record Tokens National Schools 90 competition and semi-finalists in the Barclays Youth Music Theatre awards. Also, we were awarded a certificate for the Lloyds Youth Challenge and selected from 400 other groups to perform music in the National Theatre.

Next year's projects include two new Music Theatre works, plans to participate in the Warwick Festival and to work even harder to take an original Music Theatre production to the Edinburgh fringe.

We are entering once again all the competitions that we did so well in last year - oh yes, and I shall continue to run an ever expanding music department single handed - ENOUGH! OMMMMMMMMMM.....

BRYAN LEE

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Sibford School

WAS A PARTICIPANT IN THE



Lloyds Bank

Young Theatre Challenge

IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE

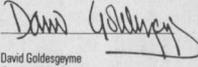


NATIONAL THEATRE

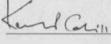
1990

MUSIC: Jazz based score - superbly evocative! Beautifully executed!

COMMENTS THE PERFORMANCE: Delightful - without doubt a nostalgic and innocent blend of music and movement that could not fail to warm even the most hardened of theatregoers. Created through a series of workshops *Street Conversations* evokes a world that is gentle and long vanished. I was reminded, at times, of the '50's - it's not the Ovaltine advert but has that feel! Also I found myself recalling the Silent Movies of '20's - Paris, 'Red Balloon' etc. The quality of the presentation is excellent and the live playing of the music and the physical style of the performers is quite magical. It is inspired - reflective - even surreal.



David Goldesgymme
Sponsorship Manager
Lloyds Bank



Kevin Cahill
Head of Education
National Theatre

There is no overall plot developed as one could hardly expect within a street yet threads develop, the violin player especially serves as a link from movement to movement. The performers aged 11-16 work in harmony with sensitivity and loving skill. It's not mime, it's not musical, it's not really music theatre - highly impressive.

The Daily Telegraph

YOUNG JAZZ



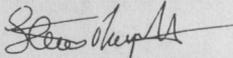
Regional Award SIBFORD SCHOOL

Congratulations, your group is the **Runner-up in its Regional Category of The Daily Telegraph Young Jazz '90 competition**. Once again, the judges were delighted with the quality and quantity of entries received - this time well over 1500 - so you should be particularly pleased with your achievement. A cheque for £50 will be forwarded in due course.

Shortly, we shall be issuing news of your success to local media, so to help us prepare an interesting and newsworthy story, could you please complete and return the enclosed **Publicity Details Form**; we shall need this information within the next 14 days and the prize money will not be released until your form has been received.

Once again, many congratulations on your performance. I hope to hear from you shortly.

Yours sincerely



Steve Murphy
On behalf of the Daily Telegraph

78th Chipping Norton

Music Festival affiliated to

The British Federation of Music Festivals
[Patron: Her Majesty The Queen]

Envoit: Sibford School

Class: Senior Schools

Music: Instrumental and Vocal Extracts from
Street Conversations and The Crimson Lake - Byron Lee

A musico-dramatic production without its dramatic ingredients sounded like a non-starter — but the various musical styles were so varied and characterful that it didn't take an excess of imagination to enter into the invisible world of your performance. Most impressive and commendable of all was the sheer variety of sound and style, and the expertise of all at each particular music level. You all played with great assurance and style, and we only lacked that special magic of real dynamic and dramatic levels to complete a most original and successful performance. Get the demo-tape ready for the publishers! Well done to all!

Christopher Grant



"THE NAZI AND THE JEW"

"Sweeping. Overwhelming — A turbulent torrent of talent" was the eye catching headline on the record sleeve. No — I can't use that. Besides, how did a record of the massed choirs of the Czechoslovak navy arrive in my record collection?

Start again...

"THE NAZI AND THE JEW" A NEW MUSICAL BY CAROLINE BOND.

"A unique experience that captivated and enthralled the audience throughout."

That's better! Well done Caroline. It was a joy to attend the premier of an ex-pupil's first musical.

The work was exciting and beautifully performed by an enthusiastic cast. The musicians executed the sometimes difficult rhythmic numbers with a fluency that belied the true rehearsal time.

Special mention therefore to Keith Macey on guitar, Patrick on percussion and Dom G. on bass., all Sibford musicians that stepped in at the last moment to form the band led by Caroline on keyboards.

A terrific first night and I'm sure the first of many more.

"AMADEUS"

DRAMA CRIMSON LAKE

It was pure luck that I was chosen to be in *Crimson Lake*. I was away on the day that Bryan Lee, the director of music, announced it in meeting, and occasionally I caught snatches of conversation from various people around the school, but nothing I heard really fired my interest, that is, until I was asked if I would be in the end of term production; I agreed, and attended the rehearsal the following week.

I sat, rather nervously in the music school at three o'clock, as Mr. Lee revealed the rather blood thirsty plot. It captured my imagination immediately, and I looked forward to being put 'in character', whatever that was! The following day, I was called down to the music school, and given my music. All that week and the next, every lunchtime I went down to the music school to practise, and every Thursday, the whole cast assembled in the music school on the last two lessons of the day.

As the weeks went by, the atmosphere became more and more tense, as the deadline approached, and rehearsals became more hectic. Mr. Spring and his wife were already hard at work painting the scenery, and the ground crew were constantly scuttling everywhere, setting up equipment in advance of the final rehearsals. Mrs Norton was heading the costume department, and worked on the designs for all the special costumes in the musical. I was playing the part of a rather flamboyant artist, who stood aloof from all the activity, painting and describing the scene with music as well as on canvas.

The weeks flashed past, as Mr. Bateman, the producer, and Mr. Lee as director made the final alterations to the storyline and actions, as our characters evolved. Soon we were only a couple of weeks away from our deadline and we were ready (almost) at last. The tickets were almost sold out, apart from the first night, which was planned as another rehearsal just in case! Next day we changed in the Oliver studio, went onto the stage and waited. We stood in our places, the lights went up, and we were off...

SIMON HILL 4TH YR

QUAKER SPORTS DAY

This year's Sports Day for all the Southern Quaker Schools was the second, which threatens to become an annual event. This year's Sports Day had a lot to live up to, because of the high standard set by Sibford the year before.

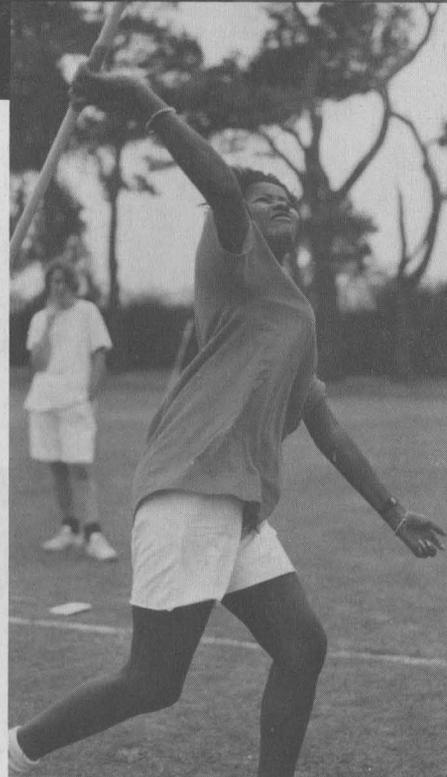
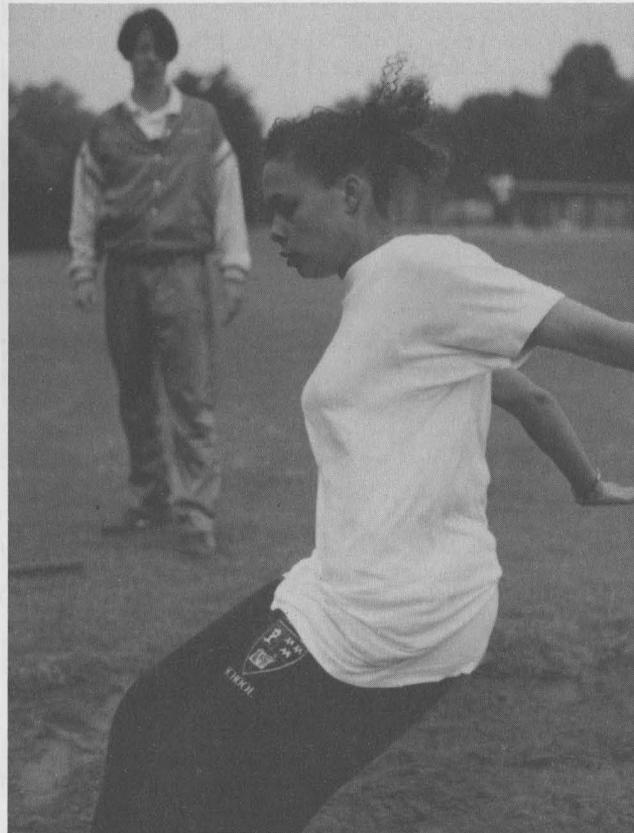
This year Sibford were again the hosts. The two other competitors were Sidcot and Saffron Walden. Unfortunately Leighton Park could not come this year. As all the coaches arrived, as well as there being a competitive spirit, there was also a very strong friendly spirit, especially as old friends met up.

The afternoon got off to an energetic start with the hundred metre sprints, and then slowly they worked through all the different track and field events. When Mr Bunney announced that the javelin event would be held inside if it started to rain, this caused a lot of amusement! The highlight of the afternoon for me though was when I broke both the 1500 and 800 metre Sibford School records.

The whole afternoon was extremely successful. But the professionalism of the whole event; how good the judges were; having the bell 5 metres from the line; how quickly the results were read out and many other things impressed me immensely. I think that Mrs Robinson deserves a lot of

thanks for organising the events so well.

To finish off the afternoon in a good way there was a prize giving session, when all the winners were given a trophy, and I believe a trophy should go to Sidcot School for the amount of cheering they did at the prize giving session!



The afternoon went off very well, and even though there was a strong wind and it carried on threatening to rain, it was a great success and a credit to all the Schools which took part.

ROBERT McBREEN

BOYS BASKETBALL 89-90 Season

The enthusiasm for Basketball within the school grows each year and as a result the standard of play and ability to compete with other schools increases. The North Oxfordshire League matches produced many fine performances this year but most exciting of all, as usual, were the Inter-House matches, played for the last time, we hope, in our present hall. The senior games this year were so closely contested that the final result was in doubt right until the dying seconds and hinged in one case, on the difference of one basket - nail-biting excitement enjoyed by a very cramped and packed audience.

Mr. Bateman must be thanked for the many hours he has put in with the younger ones. What valuable experience they have had.

Results:

Juniors (1+2)	P v L	(5-6)	Lister	Nansen	Penn
	L v N	(1-6)	2	4	0
	N v P	(2-0)			
Inters (3+4)	P v L	(4-19)			
	L v N	(20-19)	4	2	0
	N v P	(18-8)			
Seniors (5+6)	P v L	(23-35)			
	L v N	(12-14)	2	4	0
	N v P	(29-13)			
			8	10	0

Overall winners: NANSEN

Senior Colours to: Ruben Stevenson, Dominic Ho, Simon Crapp, Giles Upward, Ola Soaga, Luke Kelly and Duane Cowdrey-Morris.

Half Colours to: Daniel Stratton-Woodward and Julian Berry

CHRIS GUY

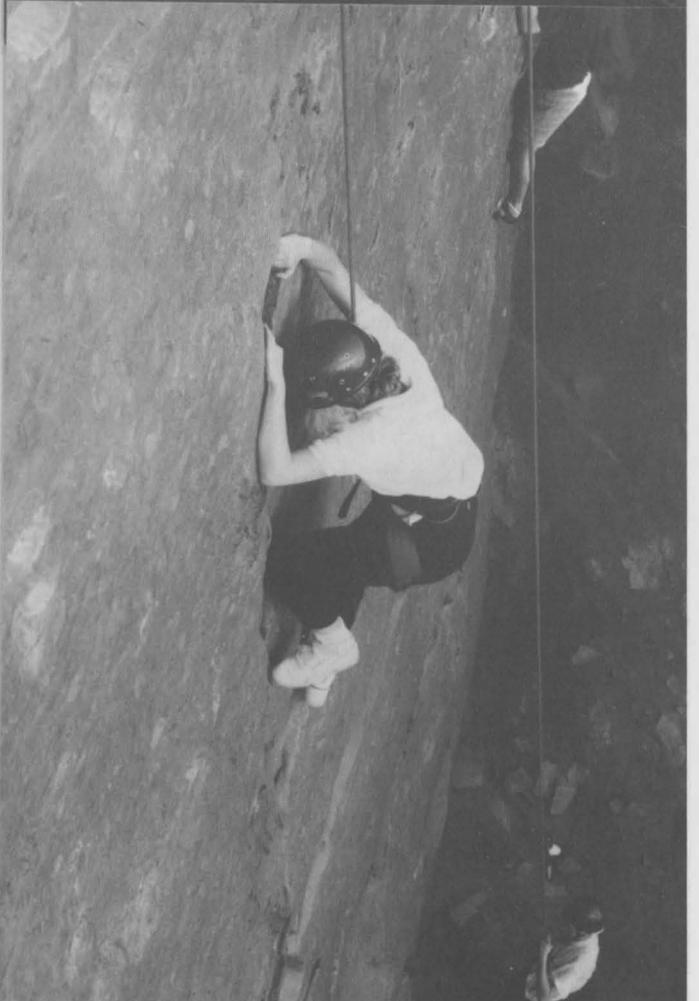
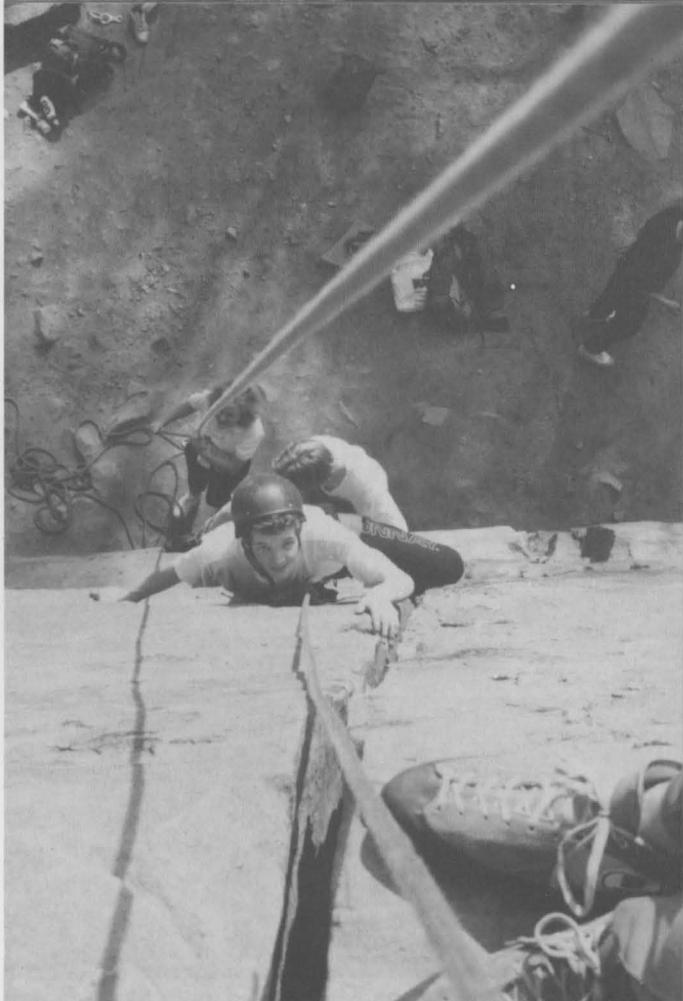
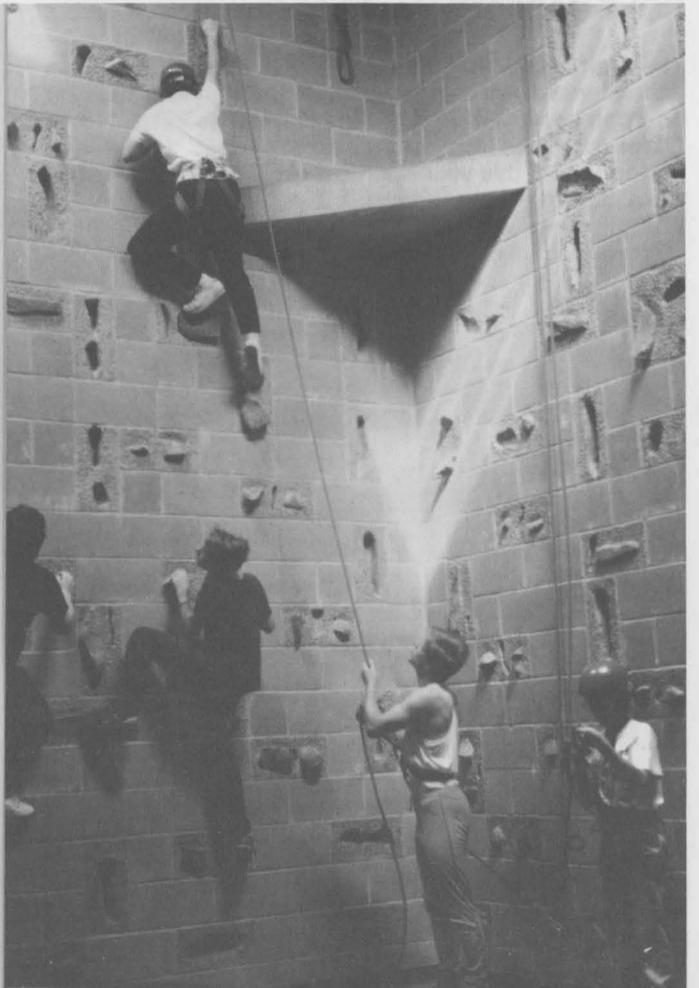
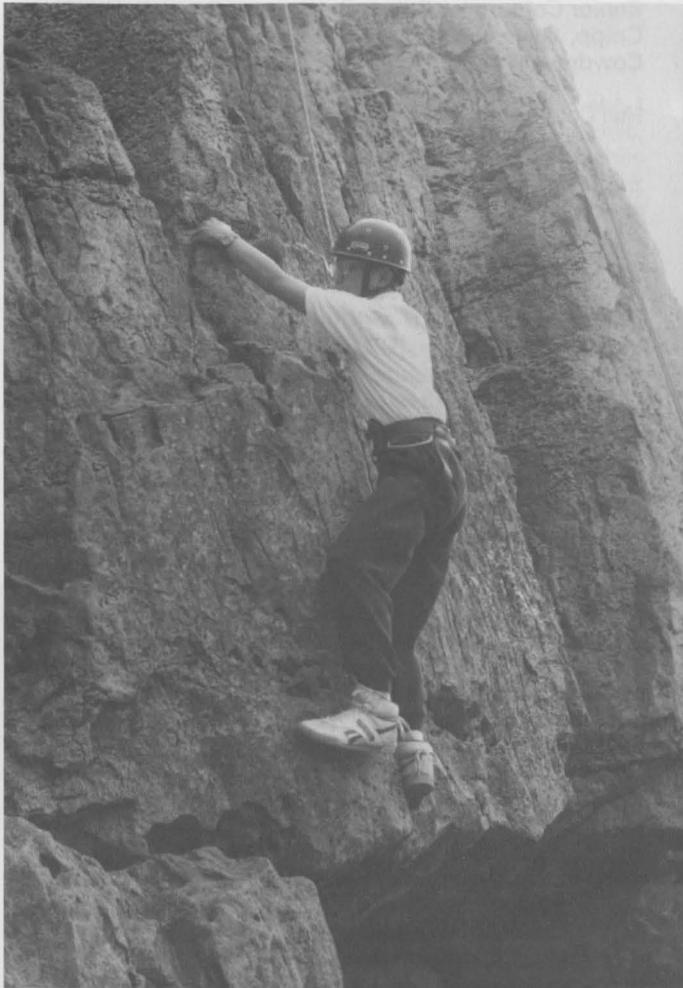
SPONSORED WALK

I woke up on Sunday, May 6th and was ready to walk but then the thought struck me that I was doing the 20 miles. I got dressed and went to breakfast. We had breakfast and were told when and where to start. With a great stroke of luck the 20 mile people were last to leave. We went in to check out and then I was off - no-one could stop me now! I walked a few miles and came across the first refreshment stand. I had a drink and then carried on. The next stop was lunch. I was looking forward to that. I spent about 10 minutes on dinner then started off again, by now I was starting to slow down and getting tired. I reached refreshments, by then it was about 5 miles to go until I found out that we had been conned and we were actually doing 24 miles. Now I could hardly walk and Miss Holden knew that as well because she stopped and asked me if I wanted a lift back to school. I was tempted but the words "no thank you" came out of my mouth. I caught up with Robert Gallafent and walked to the refreshment stall outside the pub. I saw that Mr. Agnew was outside the pub drinking some beer. I was waiting for him to give me a beer but all I got from him was some school orange juice! Then we carried on to the next stop: that was when Robert whipped out and got a lift. I still said no to the lift and carried on. Now I was last and most of the teachers wanted to give me a lift back. I think they had a bet on who would take me back because they were trying hard. Eventually I overtook some girls and got to Mr Bateman then I was at the end - that's when I started to get happy!

SIMON KELLY



Nansen Senior Boys Basketball Team



Out and About

CLIMBING CLUB

Last year was a very profitable one for the club. Not only did we start off with a £100 grant from FOSS, which enabled us to buy some much needed gear including a rope (a useful accessory when climbing!), but we also had the extra staff in the shape of Geoff Osborn and Dominic Griffiths which made for a very healthy teaching ratio on our weekly trips to Bloxham School's climbing wall.

This year climbing became less of an activity for odd balls and as a result of its acceptance into the sports scene, about forty people opted, over the year, for half a term's instruction on the climbing wall. New techniques were learnt here such as how to "belay", lower somebody under control, and for the more acrobatic, how to climb upside down!

Undoubtedly the highlights of the year were the two "meets" which took place in the Peak District in November and June. Such days required an early start, but we were blessed on both occasions with fine weather and managed to spend at least eight hours climbing. Everybody who came with us managed to do at least four climbs of thirty feet or more and soon found that the compulsory wearing of a helmet, a seemingly futile procedure in the warm sports hall at Bloxham, made quite a bit of sense when on the real crags.

Since the Peak District boasts such a variety of rock, it was possible to climb both on limestone and gritstone in a day, the limestone being steeper and less grippy than the gritstone, but having larger holds. Certainly people tended to fall off the gritstone crags more frequently (thankfully only on to the safety of the rope), the climbing there being of a more technical nature. In traditional style, these meets ended with a visit to "Outside", a famous cafe and climbing store in Hathersage, where the day's exploits were recounted over steaming pint mugs of tea.

PETER AGNEW / NEIL WILSON

ENDURANCE RACE IN AID OF THE SPORTS HALL

To raise money for the new Sports Hall the Sailing Club decided to hold a 3 hour Endurance Race during the Summer Term.

The crews were:

Neville Jones and Charlotte Sidebotham (Otter)
Vicky Walsh, Robbie Easterbrook and Adrian Douglas (Otter)
Andrew Giles, Daniel Leshar and Andrew Campbell (Otter)
Martin Gough (Laser)
Matthew Batterton (Laser)

The race started at 9.30 am. Andrew Gough was acting as race officer due to a broken toe. The wind was a force 3 gusting 4.

With 15 seconds to go to the start Vicky 'rambuster' Walsh made an interesting manoeuvre which resulted in Matthew Batterton's Laser being rammed. Unfortunately his sail was torn and he had to retire.

Martin Gough sailed into an early lead and capsized in surprise - he was to capsize at least once a lap until the end of the race.

For 3 glorious laps Andrew Giles was in the lead. However, the pressure of being in front proved too great and he sailed

into the bank.

Meanwhile Matthew rigged an otter and rejoined the race sailing singlehanded. At this point he was 3 laps behind the new leaders Charlotte and Neville. (Martin capsized again)

Charlotte was the first helm and sailed her boat into the lead. However, after 5 laps Neville took over. (they were going to swop every 5 laps but it proved difficult to prise Neville 'pot noodle' Jones from the tiller).

After 10 laps Neville was leading by 2 laps from Matthew Batterton who was slowly catching the leaders, Martin was capsized. Vicky had managed to ram Andrew Giles and had forced them aground. Robbie Easterbrook mutinied and jumped out when Vicky rammed the bank.

Andrew Giles made Andrew Campbell get out and push the boat off the bank and rewarded his sterling efforts by leaving him behind chest deep in the water.

Packed lunches had been supplied. Some crews took their lunch with them which proved a mistake. Matthew Batterton had his lunch thrown to him which proved even more of a mistake. Hot coffee was available for any crew who wanted to have a break. Neville had threatened to come in every other lap and have a pot noodle. However, being ahead in the race he decided to forgo this pleasure and even refused Charlotte a trip to the ladies room.

After 20 laps Neville and Charlotte were still in the lead but were tiring. Martin was capsized. Vicky managed to ram Matthew Batterton, Martin Gough (while capsized) and forced Neville aground. At this point Matthew overtook Neville and was now only one lap behind.

After 30 laps (2 1/2 hr) Neville was still in the lead but the wind died down which enabled Matthew Batterton to make the most of his weight advantage and come in first.

We all enjoyed the morning (even those of us who got very wet!) and our thanks go to all the people who sponsored us during the race.

SIBFORD SAILING CLUB

KIDS' CAMP 1990

The first day of Kids Camp was filled with happiness and excitement as we all waited for the children to arrive from London. As soon as they did arrive the whole of Fielding house became alive as we showed them the way around and helped them unpack their stuff. Once they knew their way around the house we then all proceeded to show them around the school premises and everyone had a play in the adventure playground. The children then had lessons and after a couple of hours of running around, the children were told to go to bed and to get them settled on the first night was not an easy task.

Morning was filled with screaming voices running up and down the house corridors and we then went and ate a hearty breakfast which was kindly made for us by volunteer staff. Lessons then followed and the morning's trip was to go to Lamb's Farm and ride on trailers, charge up and down hills and play with sheep and see all the animals. The morning was certainly a success and row upon row of happy smiling faces arrived to eat lunch. For the afternoon we all went to Burford Wildlife Park. There was also a huge adventure playground that everyone screamed and ran around on and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves; it was not only the children having fun, various members of helpers were also screaming and running around.

When we got back to school we had tea and had a quick play and then the children went to bed, which I must add, was a lot easier than the night before.

Again the children started the day off by having lessons and the morning's activity was to go pony-riding. A few tears were spilt through sheer fright yet every child had a go and they totally loved this new experience. They had a special magic look in their eyes and were not too impressed when it was time to leave. For lunch we drove to the Burford Hills and ate a packed lunch and then each child and helper were given a kite to build and then go and fly. The helpers seemed so eager to get their kite up into the air it turned into a semi-competition to see who could fly their kite first. After a while there was a treasure hunt arranged so all one could see was pairs of people running around the hills to find all they needed; at the end we all sat down and devoured ice-creams and then after a long day we returned home.

Later the children had lessons and went to bed with no trouble at all.



Sports Day was very wet, not in the sense of rain (as we had no rain all week) but in the sense of buckets of water being thrown over everybody!!! There were sack races and running races and games of balancing and plenty of laughter. At the end some of the children had discovered that all the water had not gone so certain helpers who remain nameless got totally soaked, including myself. When the games had finished we then had a large lunch and then went to the Cotswolds Rare Breeds Park where the children had the opportunity to feed the animals and even get close enough to stroke and touch them. This was greatly enjoyed and the children experienced something totally new. When we got home there were a few complaints about having to go to lessons and yet once they were there all the moans disappeared; after lessons all the children went out to play. Bed time was very rowdy as it was the second from last night and I think the children were just beginning to really settle down to this kind of life-style.

Last Day, main day, STRATFORD, the day to buy all their parents presents and to look around a very famous town. There was also a long boat trip on the river Avon and everybody returned filled with information about all the animals they saw as everything that moved was described to us in full detail. We sat on the river's edge and ate a packed lunch, and then spent a lazy day walking around Stratford and helping the kids choose their important gifts. In the evening there were no lessons and the children put on a special show for their helpers and for all the staff.



Maurice Shaw and Jasmine Harvey choreographed a special performance of the circus and everybody really enjoyed themselves.

The last day, sad faces while the children packed and loaded on to the coach and after a heartbreaking farewell the coach departed and all of the helpers restored Fielding back to its normal state.

I would very much like to say thank you to Mr and Mrs Finch, Mr Bateman, Mr Newbold, Joanne Neal, Maurice Shaw, Jasmine Harvey and all of the London Staff. Kids' Camp 1990 was a huge success and was thoroughly enjoyed by every participant. Thank you once again.

Nobody enjoys the job of having to say goodbye, but Mr and Mrs Finch, after nine years have decided to turn the responsibility of Kids' Camp over to Mr Newbold. On behalf of everybody in the past nine years I would like to thank Mr and Mrs Finch for a marvellous job and wish Mr Newbold every success.

MARA PORTER

"THE FOX TROT" QUAKER PILGRIMAGE 1990

Friday the 21st of September began with a 5 hour journey to Pendle Hill, in Lancashire, where George Fox had a vision after he climbed it. We had a meeting and Ken Greaves told us all about the importance of that experience for Fox and Quakerism.

We then drove to the village of Yealand Conyers with Mr Kenny (who is very good in judder-judder gear) where we stayed in a hostel, which is an old Quaker school house.

We were a party of 21 students and 4 staff, from Sibford, Sidcot, Leighton Park and Saffron Walden Schools, all Friends' Schools in the South. The Northern Schools organise a separate pilgrimage each year.

The next day began early for us and we went to Brigflats Meeting House (1675), one of the earliest ever built. Ken talked about the non-conformists and seekers to whom Fox spoke and from whom came the first Quakers. We also travelled to 'Fox's Pulpit', the spot on the Fells where Fox spoke to several hundred people, and, yes, it did rain!

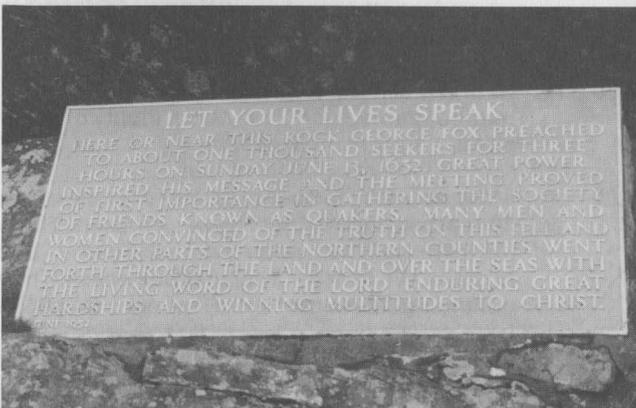
We visited Preston Patrick Meeting House and travelled on to the seaside and refreshments at Arnside. The day finished with fish and chips and a long group discussion about God, Quakerism and the relevance of the past to us today. Instructed to go to bed at 10.30!!



Above: (Group by Minibus) Claire Irving, Cristina Rodriguez-Cano, Giles Upward (L6), David Watling (Head Boy) and Stephen Christian-Phillips (U6)

Below: Mr Kenny at Swarthmore Hall

Bottom: Commemoration at Fox's Pulpit



Sunday saw us up at eight and off to Swarthmoor Hall and Sunday Meeting for Worship. We had lunch in the Hall garden and had a very interesting talk about what happened here in 1652 when George Fox first met Margaret Fell and her husband, Judge Fell. George stayed here a long period.

He was beaten up at Staveley and preached all over the area. The Hall became the home for the first Friends, who saw Fox as their 'founder' and Margaret Fell, whom he married after the Judge died, as their 'nursing mother'. Sadly, the Hall needs renovation, and, of course, money to pay for it.

We went on to climb a hill above Lake Windermere and returned to a meal of bangers and beans. That night we socialised until 2 am. The meeting with other sixth formers and getting to know each other was an important part of the Fox Trot, not always easy, but worthwhile.

The next morning we had a final silent meeting together. We then packed the buses and paid our final goodbyes to the other schools with a group photograph.

On the way back we stopped at Stone in Staffordshire for lunch, arriving back at school at 5 o'clock. Our friends from Sidcot travelled with us and after a meal, Mr Kenny drove them to Banbury British Rail Station to travel back to Avon. The Fox Trot was over for another year.

GILES UPWARD (L6TH)

AMERICA 90

When Jon Robinson, the head of PE, asked me to go on a football tour to America I accepted eagerly despite not having flown before. All I knew about America was what I had seen on TV. I decided to keep a diary so that the story of 13 boys, 2 members of staff and a briefcase should be told accurately.

THURSDAY 4TH OF JULY

- 4.00 a.m. Alarm goes! Boy am I tired. England lost on penalties last night to Germany. My plan of going to bed early didn't work. At least they played well and we can be proud of them.
- 4.45 a.m. Arrive at school. The coach is in fact a small minibus. We have to sit on the bus with our bags on our laps. Not a good start.. It is raining.
- 5.35 a.m. Leave Sibford. Nice of Mr Dunston and Mr Bunney to come and wave us off.
- 8.00 a.m. Arrive Gatwick. It is still raining. Booking in is a long and complicated business. Not all airports are like this, are they?
- 9.00 a.m. Booked in, cleared customs - I am searched as I made the buzzer go - very strange. Time for breakfast - the works!
- 10.30 a.m. Board plane - my first time. Jumbo Jet 747. As I get on the plane a sudden attack of nerves hits me. I resist the impulse to check all the door bolts and windows. First shock - we are seated in the expensive section. Guy kindly gives up his window seat so that I can see what is going on.
- 10.50 a.m. Departure time. Delay of 20 minutes is announced.
- 11.50 a.m. Take off - What an experience. Acceleration and rate of climb is breathtaking. Jon Robinson sits beside me and talks me through it. Why are all the team looking at me?
- 12.15 p.m. 32,000 feet. 575 mph WOW. Is that Scotland?

- 2.00 p.m. Lunch. Excellent.
- 4.50 p.m. Land ahead.
- 7.10 p.m. Land at Boston. The flight along the coast was spectacular. It is like watching geography in action. Unforgettable. It is now 2.10 pm USA time.
- 5.10 p.m. (10.10 UK). It took 1hr to clear customs and we missed our flight to Detroit. Standing round in airports is an over rated pastime. I am now carrying Jon's briefcase. It has our passports, tickets, insurance and money in it. He has done his best to lose it by giving it to the team to carry. Each time one of them leaves it behind I pick it up. I feel that it is best if I keep it.
- 5.35 p.m. (10.35) Take off. We have been travelling for 18 hours. DC10.
- 7.40 p.m. (12.40 a.m.) Arrive Detroit. Quick half hour change over into a DC 9. Captain sends a stewardess down to get me. I am given a tour of the cockpit and we discuss him bringing a team to play us!
- 10.20 p.m. (3.20 a.m.) Arrive at Kansas. My ears hurt terribly on landing and now I can't hear a thing except a high pitch wine. Pete Arch - Jon's friend - meets us. IT IS SO HOT. We gain another hour so it is now 9.20 pm again. Unexpectedly I have to drive the minibus. So after 23 hours travelling without sleep I am driving an air conditioned automatic left hand drive minibus on a busy highway at night with cars coming past me on both sides! Great fun.
- 12.30 a.m. (6.30 a.m.) We have made it to the Holiday Inn. It is brilliant! It is 80 degrees F outside but very cool in the rooms due to air conditioning. Switch off the light after watching some Wimbledon. 26 hours without sleep.

FRIDAY 6TH

- 7.45 a.m. Guy and Nick wake us up. They think it is 8.45 - they forgot to adjust their clocks when they reached Kansas.
- 9.00 a.m. Go for breakfast at Denny's. Our super fit health conscious team all have milkshakes and hamburgers.
- 10.30 a.m. Arrive at All American Sports Centre. First game is against the AZTECS. The indoor game is completely different with rules of its own. For the first 2 quarters the boys can hardly kick the ball but in the last quarter they pull back to eventually lose 6 - 5. Not a bad start. Guy has an injured thumb.
- 12.00 a.m. Go to the best sports shop in Kansas for some odds and ends and to get Antonio some boots. Jon leaves his brief case in the shop and has to go back for it. I am not concerned as he has put everything into the hotel safe. We go back to the hotel for a swim/ sauna/ tennis etc.
- 3.00 p.m. Go to another sports centre for 2nd game against Strike Force. We go 4-1 up but eventually lose 9-6. Good game, we played better but we still have a lot to learn. We spend the rest of the afternoon playing baseball and basketball. Guy has hurt his other wrist!. Chris has twisted his ankle.

- 6.30 p.m. Go back to Inn then Pete, Jon and myself go to a sports club to play squash. I fall asleep after a sauna in the restroom while watching the baseball.
- 9.00 p.m. Go to Ponderosa for evening meal. \$5 for T bone steak and as much salad/ buffet / chicken legs as you can eat. This was in fact the last official meal on the tour. After this the boys eat snacks or whatever they fancied for the rest of the week.
- 10.30 p.m. Bed - for some reason we are all tired.

SATURDAY 7TH

- 6.45 a.m. Go for a swim and coffee. Wake Jon and the boys at 8.30. Wimbledon is on live each morning - this morning we watch Martina beat Zina Garrison.
- 10.00 a.m. I can hear again. No breakfast - we go training. Jon puts us through a very hard session.
- 12.30 p.m. Go back to hotel for swim and sauna. Jon meets a woman in the jacuzzi who invites us for a barbecue later on in the week beside her swimming pool. The boys have not got the hang of air conditioning. They keep opening windows and leaving the door open to cool down!
- 4.00 p.m. Go to shopping Mall. Incredible - It is a good job that Mrs Chowne is not with us!
- 6.30 p.m. Back to the hotel to get ready for the evening's entertainment. We take the boys to a 15 - 20 night club. (There was a policeman outside to make sure that there was no trouble and everybody had to show an identity card to get in. Of course the alcohol laws were very strict so there was no bar inside the club). Jon and I go to a friend's house and pick the boys up at 1 a.m.

SUNDAY 8TH

- 10.00 a.m. Arrive at sports hall. We play against the staff. All are ex-professionals. Then Jon and I play in a full staff game. It is the best standard of football that I have ever played in.
- 1.00 p.m. Watched the World Cup Final at Pete's house. Very poor game - also adverts kept on appearing - we missed the sending off! We are all glad that West Germany won.
- 4.50 p.m. Back to the hotel to get ready for our first outdoor game. It is 96°F outside. Plenty of water taken.
- 6.00 p.m. Miles out into the country there were the worst 10 football pitches that I have ever seen. The boys drink all their water before the game - bad mistake. We lose 3 - 0 against Shawness. They got their goals in the first 15 minutes when the boys were adjusting to the heat. A good performance in the 2nd half. Guy is man of the match.
- 9.00 p.m. Go to the night club again - Boys are very keen. I wonder why? We take Pete out for a meal and go to a Mexican. Excellent food. Pete seems to know everyone. We are given free balloons and frisbees. Outside the nightclub the boys are offered money for these balloons. Why?

MONDAY 9TH

We go to 'Worlds of Fun' and 'Oceans of Fun' for the day. These are Alton Towers type establishments but much bigger and a lot hotter. Great fun.

6.30 a.m. Match against Udinese. This was also outdoors and against the state champions. Jon and Pete play for us but the score ends up 12-1. They were a very strong team.

The boys spend the night in the hotel. Pete takes us to a bar where we watch a Japanese game show and eat bowls of chili with crackers. Excellent - just like Columbo.

TUESDAY 10TH

10.30 a.m. Eventually find the team we are due to play. We draw 3-3 Our first point. Ruben (2) and Guy score. Nick Cavill is man of the match.

1.00 p.m. Jon tries to change his travellers cheques - I am shocked to find that he didn't put the passports and money into the hotel safe. We have lost this briefcase so many times! The other amazing thing is that we have trouble finding a bank which will cash travellers cheques. My American Express are OK but Jon's Barclays are giving us trouble. Eventually we find a bank which will cash them.

2.15 p.m. Take boys to a large K.Mart. Very cheap - good value - hypermarket.

4.00 p.m. Re-match against Strike Force. Exchange photos and a school shield. They give us a T shirt each and a sound thrashing. They go 7-0 up and then take off their excellent goalkeeper. With 3 minutes left we are 7-2 down. With a last effort we pull back to 7-6 and nearly get the equaliser. Chris Farr man of the match.

6.30 p.m. Go to shopping Mall for presents. Hope Mrs Chowne likes hers.

9.00 p.m. Go to ice cream party. Edward has a new friend called Wendy. Her mum invites us for a traditional American meal. She has laid on a real spread. Her house is wonderful but I am told that it is just average. A good night.

WEDNESDAY 11TH

Lazy morning - We go to another shopping mall - yet more presents.

1.30 p.m. Play the All American staff in a round robin 6-a side tournament. I can now say that I have played against an ex Yugoslavian international who played with Pele and Beckenbauer for the New York Cosmos. What a player.

6.00 p.m. Go to barbecue as arranged earlier on in the week. Wires seem to have got crossed. Her swimming pool turns out to be a toddlers paddling pool. Luckily the boys are too well mannered to mention the misunderstanding. She has been out and picked some corn that day for us to cook. I normally don't like corn but this was wonderful. Her son, Jim, has invited lots of his friends (mainly female) around for the party and a massive waterfight develops. Jim, who works in a cinema, arranges a private

showing of "Die Hard 2" with Bruce Willis. We get in the back way and have our own theatre. After the film the manager shows us around the projection room.

THURSDAY 12TH

9.00 a.m. Pack - is this really the end? Time has flown by and we have packed a tremendous amount into a short time.

10.00 a.m. Breakfast at Denny's. (This was the boys' first official meal since Friday). Not wanting to break with tradition they have 13 milk shakes and hamburgers.

11.00 a.m. Set off for the airport. We are late! Pete says that I can't stick to the speed limits as we have got to motor it. He tells me, however, that the police will not give a ticket as I am leaving the country - some consolation. 90 mph to the airport. We make it with 10 minutes to spare.

Compared with the journey out the journey back is uneventful. I am getting very blasé about flying. I have done 6 now! We lose 6 hours going back, which is strange. We arrive at Gatwick at 8.00 am on Friday and meet all the parents. We say our goodbyes. Of course Jon is going to teach at Windsor and coach football at Eton. It is a sad farewell. How can we thank Jon, say goodbye, greet parents, say if we had a good time - all at the same time?

The only people not collected are Chris, Toby, Jon and myself. Mrs Chowne, Mrs Robinson where are you? We travel back to Sibford by flight link which is easily the worst part of our journey. 21 hours travelling time.

The diary has been faithfully reproduced. I found it difficult to find the time to write it up each day. However, I am glad that I made the effort. I found it difficult enough to remember what we had done the day before when we were out there let alone leave it to later. Each day away was action packed and I know that I have left out many incidents.

On reflection, two months later, I am amazed at what we achieved. It was all due to Jonathan Robinson and we cannot thank him enough for organising the tour. Thanks must also go to Pete Arch who looked after us so well in America and of course Mrs Robinson and Mrs Chowne for letting us go.

ANDREW CHOWNE

Jonathan and Lyndsay Robinson left us in the summer to take up teaching posts in Windsor. We wish them well for the future.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

Running the D of E scheme at Sibford is a taxing but rewarding job and I was lucky enough to have Mike Spring at my elbow for much of the time offering useful advice, during my first year in charge.

Although we had fewer candidates than usual this year, the group worked well together through the long winter evenings, struggling with tent erection, tranga stove maintenance, and the ambiguities of compass navigation. For those unfamiliar with the D of E scheme it's worth pointing out that the expeditions only account for a quarter



of the award, and that the students have to participate in a chosen sport, follow up an interest in a hobby, and participate in a project of benefit to the community, all over a six month period. Mrs Bunney very kindly organised a Red Cross First Aid course which everyone attended, and violins, basketballs, calligraphic pens, and rock climbing boots were utilised in a variety of ways to contribute towards the Award.

But on to the expeditions, which were looked forward to throughout the autumn term. The practice expedition took place on the Wiltshire Ridgeway in March, and in contrast to the previous year, we were extremely fortunate with the weather. Walking with a heavy rucksack and dining off dehydrated cardboard (masquerading as mince) may not appeal to everyone, but the bottle of Worcester sauce, the culinary ingenuity of Kate Hendry, and a huge camp fire soon had us restored to high spirits.

After Mike Spring (in his capacity as assessor) had declared the two day practice expedition a success, it was all systems go for the formal expedition, this time to be held in a new venue, the Peak District. I must confess to a certain selfishness in handing maps of Matlock to the group, for that is a favourite climbing area of mine. However, the preparations went quickly and it seemed that in no time at all, we were unpacking the DAF at Warslow camping barn near the Dovedale valley, which was to form the expedition route. The first afternoon was spent on the lonely moors near Baslow perfecting compass technique before returning to the barn, dining off macaroni cheese (a special D of E recipe containing about a kilo of flour!) and collapsing on the hard pallets which covered the byres of this now defunct barn.

The expedition itself consisted of a day's march south to Ilam Hall, a night's camping, followed by a walk north along the Manifold valley back to Warslow. Total distance- 19 miles. Everyone completed the expedition to the assessor's approval, but for the full flavour of the trip, here are some extracts from the accounts written by the students.

"The majority of the walk was following the river Dove through the beautiful valley of Dovedale; full of beautiful fields on which pinnacles of rocks jutted, and sheep seemed to be glued at almost 90 degrees."



"The tent was completely fly-infested and Yvonne went mad!"

Nancy Isaacs

"It was still raining and we were once more terribly lost. We just followed our noses and Duane led, pulling Yvonne and I up hills and down the other side."

"We woke up feeling sort of triumphant, pleased and exhausted and after attending to blisters, we had breakfast, packed up and left."

Kate Hendry

"Without realising it we missed our path and when we came out at a junction, there was a small dispute between the groups."

Alex Packham

"The weather got progressively worse as we trudged up the hillside. Batty managed to get us through this tricky bit of navigation."

Daniel McCready

"There was only one kilometre to go and yes, we were lost and confused!"

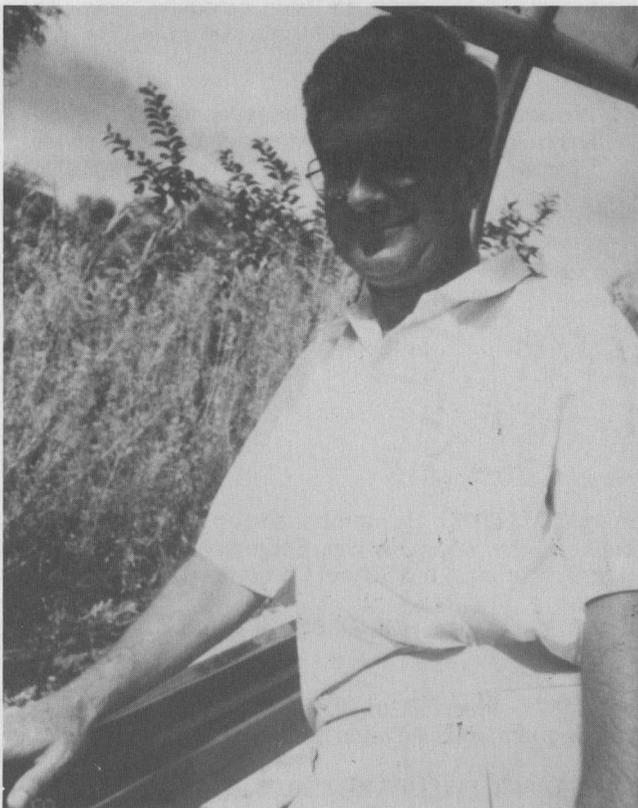
"It was a weekend I will remember for a long time to come".

*Duane Cowdrey Morris
PA.*

TONY RYE

Tony Rye's funeral paid a worthy tribute to many of his qualities. It was moving to see Whichford Church so full and to share in hymns sung with a full-voiced sincerity which would have delighted Tony. Even more specifically appropriate was the psalm sung with a transcendent sensitivity by three of his musical collaborators. The Church and the music side of his life and work were remembered with all the warmth and gratitude they deserved. His work at Sibford was also appreciatively spoken of but it would hardly have been appropriate for it to have been described then with the detail which those of us who worked with him may well feel we need. In writing now I hope I may contribute to a Sibford appreciation of a colleague for whom I had great respect and affection.

Shortly after I arrived at Sibford Tony told me that he was unclear about what he wanted to do professionally, he had taught with great success both as a modern linguist and as a music specialist but said that he did not see his ultimate niche in either. I cannot remember how the idea first came up that he should teach English to overseas students. I think he suggested it himself. Wherever it came from it was a perfect idea. His fairly traditional approach to teaching, his linguistic training, his thoughtfulness and



his immense willingness to work hard made him ideal for the job. He clearly relished the large measure of independence which he had in running the department and, I hope, appreciated the respect which I was certainly not alone in feeling for his work. He did an excellent and important job – Sibford was lucky to have such service.

Tony's contribution in Modern Languages was made mainly before I knew him and others must speak of that but in Music and worship his contribution was unique and outstanding. Few people would have laboured so long to try to get the school to sing hymns (I secretly enjoyed the hymn practices even if I had reservations about the

value of the exercise). His Gilbert and Sullivan productions were another but this time supremely successful tour de force. However for me his most important service was to Sunday Evening Meeting. In the early 80's we, or perhaps I should say I, were very uncertain about how Sunday Evening Meeting should be organised. Was it to be entirely religious or could it be part entertainment? The result of this uncertainty was that Meeting was declining into an embarrassing occasion to which I invited speakers with trepidation. Tony took me in hand first of all and then worked closely with others to rescue the situation. Through his efforts (with loyal support from a handful of colleagues) and blessed by his sensitive and expressive piano playing a remarkable transformation came about. For the last two years or so it has been a delight to invite visitors and to see and hear how they have enjoyed their warm and good mannered reception. I do not think Tony ever saw students saying thank you to speakers as they left – it would have delighted his heart, though he would probably have been too modest to accept that it was largely the result of his efforts.

One of the reasons for Tony's success in so many activities was his uncompromising integrity. If he said he would do something he would do it at whatever cost and to highest standards. He was unfailingly straightforward about what he could achieve, refreshingly forthright in his condemnation of any unrealistic claims and unduly modest in appraisal of his own achievements. He had priorities and standards with which I did not always agree but his clarity of position and his willingness to consider other views made him, for me at least, a crucial touchstone. I valued, respected and liked Tony; the school has lost greatly by his death but how much more important it is to celebrate with warmth and joyful gratitude all the marvellous things he did for Sibford. We are all the richer for his life and service.

JIM GRAHAM

MARK REIMBOLD A FORMER STUDENT WRITES

"I was a pupil at Sibford between the years of 1972 and 1975. During the first term of my first year, Tony was our Assistant House Master at Penn. We were a nervous bunch; many of us had never been away from home. But I recall, all these years later, that he put us all to ease. He was fair yet firm. Nobody, (and many tried, myself included), could get anything past him.

Few teachers at Sibford can claim the same high level of respect that Tony commanded. He possessed a unique combination of qualities. Intelligence, a wide diversification of knowledge and of course, that famous razor sharp wit; were all part of his make up.

If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget his Saturday morning hymn practice's. Everybody in the assembly, Headmaster, teachers and pupils were expected to perform – and perform we did! "

JOE COLESBY

It came as a severe shock to everyone connected with Sibford to learn of the very sudden death of Joe Colesby during the summer break, whilst he was busy in the workshops. Joe was a man of seemingly limitless knowledge and skill about anything mechanical or technical - skills that he was only too willing and able to share and pass on in his own inimitable style. There was little that was too much trouble and many of us benefited from his boundless energy and kindness often at most unsocial hours.

He will be sadly missed by all of us and never forgotten.

STUART HEDLEY



IN MEMORIUM

As well as Joe Colesby and Tony Rye, we list with sadness other Friends of the school who have passed on.

DOROTHY ANGERSON (née TYE) at Sibford 1914-17 died on 01.12.89. A life member of SOSA.

MARGARET BAILY died 14.10.90. Suddenly but peacefully at Lostwithiel, Cornwall. Wife of the late **LESLIE BAILY** mother of June Bell and John Baily.

SALLY DOUGLAS (née MILLER) at Sibford 1966-70. Died 15.10.90 after a long illness. Beloved daughter of John and Edith Miller and mother of Adrian Douglas.

BARBARA FARRINGTON (née GEERING) died 16.11.89

RICHARD A GEERING at Sibford 1921-25. Died peacefully at home 21.01.90. A life member of SOSA.

QUINTON GEERING died 07.09.90. Suddenly.

RENDEL V HILL at Sibford 1921-25. Died suddenly 16.12.89

FRED LINES died July 1990 - Remembered by many at school - was the 'Handyman' for ten years. A true countryman having been born at Sibford and lived there all his life.

MEMORIES OF A DEAR FRIEND

When asked to compile an epitaph to Joe Colesby our minds were suddenly flooded with so many treasured memories at the mere mention of his name, the task of relaying these precious thoughts onto paper seemed impossible.

He was a very popular man, with an immense knowledge of life. His skill in repairing anything mechanical made him, not only to school personnel, but anybody who was acquainted with him, a very special person to have known.

He was also an accomplished story-teller. He would often reminisce about his life, childhood, Army or family. Whatever the subject he could hold your imagination for quite some time, and you often had this feeling of being with him on whatever escapade he was reliving at the time.

His great passion for nature, especially trees, would send him tramping the countryside often returning with a young sapling that had been found growing in some precarious position, only to be rehoused elsewhere for him to cast his caring eye over.

To my husband and myself he was a truly great friend, always ready to listen or advise, never to refuse if you should ask for his assistance. He was always there.

We deeply miss him and whenever asked "Did you know Joe Colesby?" it is with pride that we answer "Yes we did".

JAYNE AND PERCY TURNER

RONALD LLOYD a life member and one of the 'big' names between the wars. He was Secretary and Treasurer at different times of the School Committee.

ANN LYALL (née HODGKISS) at Sibford 1917-20 died 21.09.89

VIC MILLS husband of Jean Mills. Great supporter of Birmingham and Midlands branch of SOSA.

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS died 20.06.90. Former member of School Committee and a good friend to Sibford and SOSA.

OWEN REYNOLDS died suddenly at home 18.09.90. Much revered O.S. and Friend.

DOROTHY SALTER (née WOODROFFE) at Sibford 1916-19. Died 25.12.89. A Life Member of SOSA.

MARGERIE F WELLS at Sibford 1912-16. Died 15.12.89. A Life Member of SOSA and great supporter of the School and Old Scholars.

PHYLLIS WELLS (née MOULD) died earlier this year. Was at Sibford 1915 - 18. (Wife of the late **GORDON WELLS**)

GENERATIONS

In about 1920 Miss Dorothy Grant enrolled in the Friends' School at Sibford, I don't know how long she stayed. She was an old fashioned rebel she would steal treacle and turnips and any other food she could get. For these things she was grounded. She would go from Birmingham New Street station by steam train she would arrive at Banbury and do the last leg of her journey by horse and cart. She was of a family of six (including Parents) lucky for her her parents were wealthy bakers.

Some time before the '60's Janet Angela Hawley enrolled at Sibford Friends' School. The Hill Building was fairly new. The boys would throw snowballs when she rang the bell in the mornings. She was Dorothy Grant's daughter.

In about 1985 Martin Gough left primary school near his house for a Quaker school near Banbury called Sibford; he was dyslexic. In about 1991 he will leave:
3 generations and now the end?

Not quite - I haven't left yet.

Andrew Gough



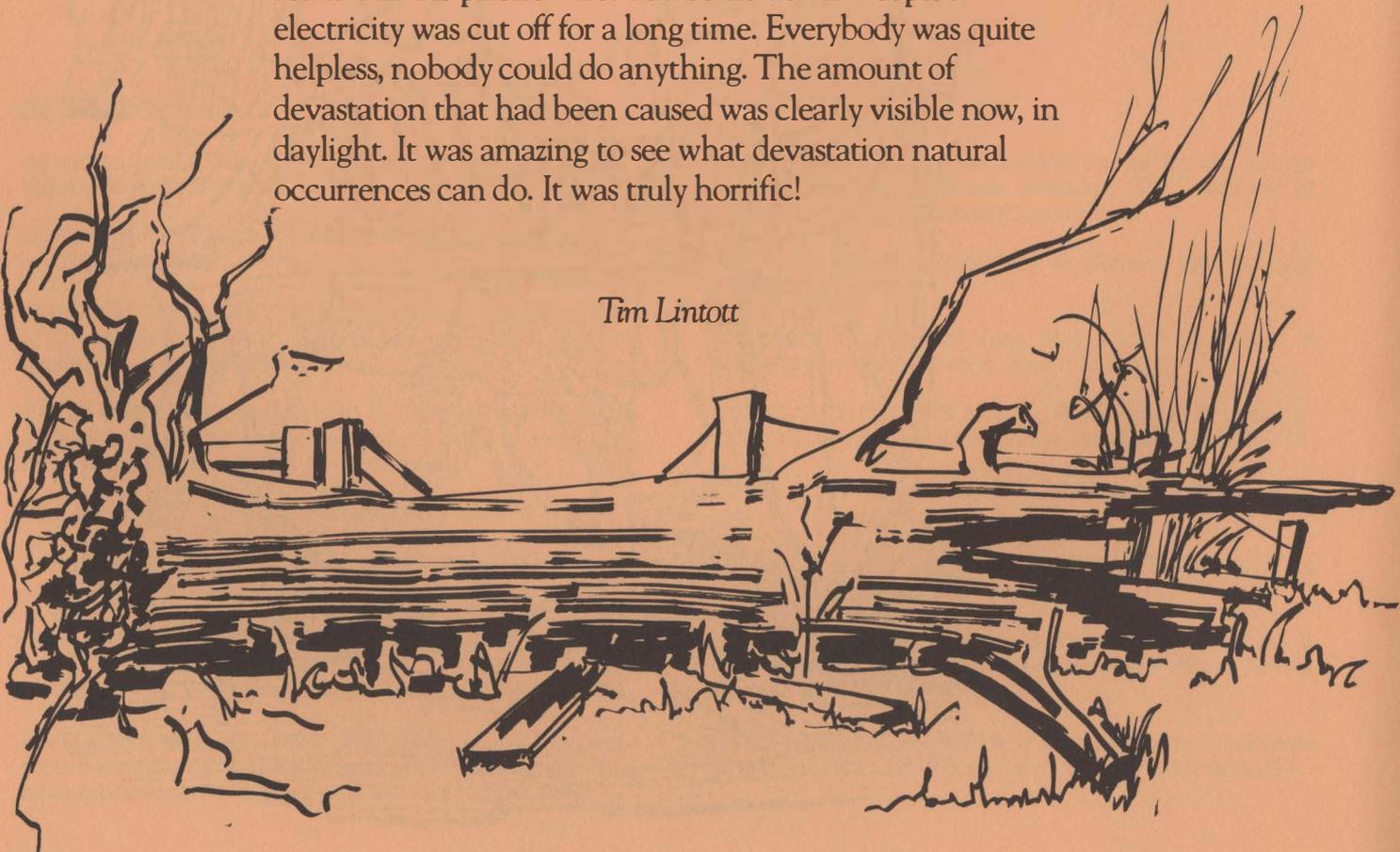
AFTER THE STORM

It was Autumn and most of the trees had been stripped of their leaves which now lay on the uneven pavement. As the wind blew the withered leaves were rustled about as though they had been brought back to life. The sky was dull and a thick grey cloud slowly started to cover the land.

All of a sudden the sky turned black and heavy drops of rain beat fiercely down upon the ground. It seemed as if the whole world had been swallowed up. Terrific winds built up which were very powerful and destructive. People were being lifted off their feet and blown about. Cars were turned over by the wind. Buildings were being disintegrated because of the immense power of the wind. Telephone boxes were knocked over on the pavement, the frames of glass shattering like icicles. People were losing their bags and brief cases as they got snatched by the winds. As the evening drew closer the winds dropped and a glimmer of sun showed through the clouds.

The following day was beautiful and sunny. But the streets were deserted. The streets were littered by everything under the sun. There were smashed up cars all over the pavements and roads, there were uprooted trees lying across roads. All the phone wires had come down. People's electricity was cut off for a long time. Everybody was quite helpless, nobody could do anything. The amount of devastation that had been caused was clearly visible now, in daylight. It was amazing to see what devastation natural occurrences can do. It was truly horrific!

Tim Lintott



THE NUCLEAR BOMB

It was a cold damp world Radiation covered it Toxic
waste was in the sea, There had been a bomb.

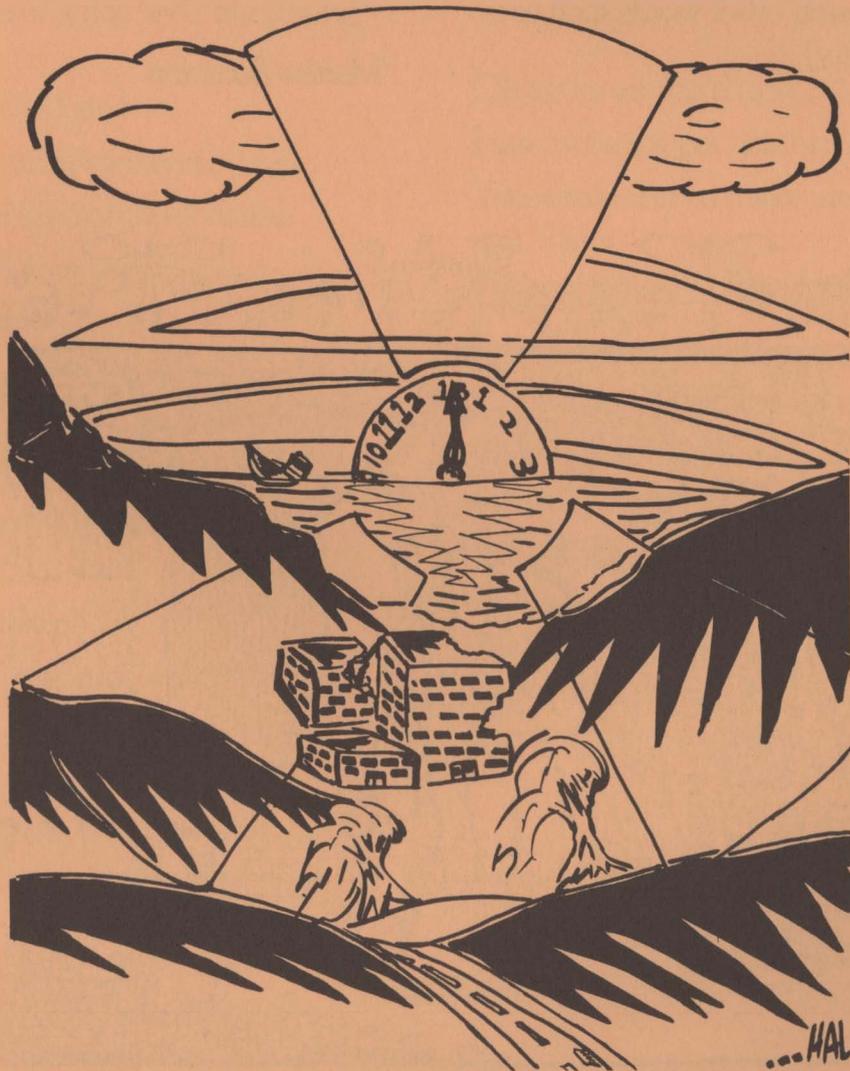
Nobody knew who dropped it Russians, Americans,
Japanese The suggestions were endless But only one
could have done it.

Nobody had survived, Everyone blown apart,
Green valleys covered, With dust and grime and dirt.

Ruined country everywhere, No trees, no birds,
The fish all floating ..., dead, In black waters.

It was as though time stood still At the ruined place
Rotating, round and round In a black, black space.

Susannah Day



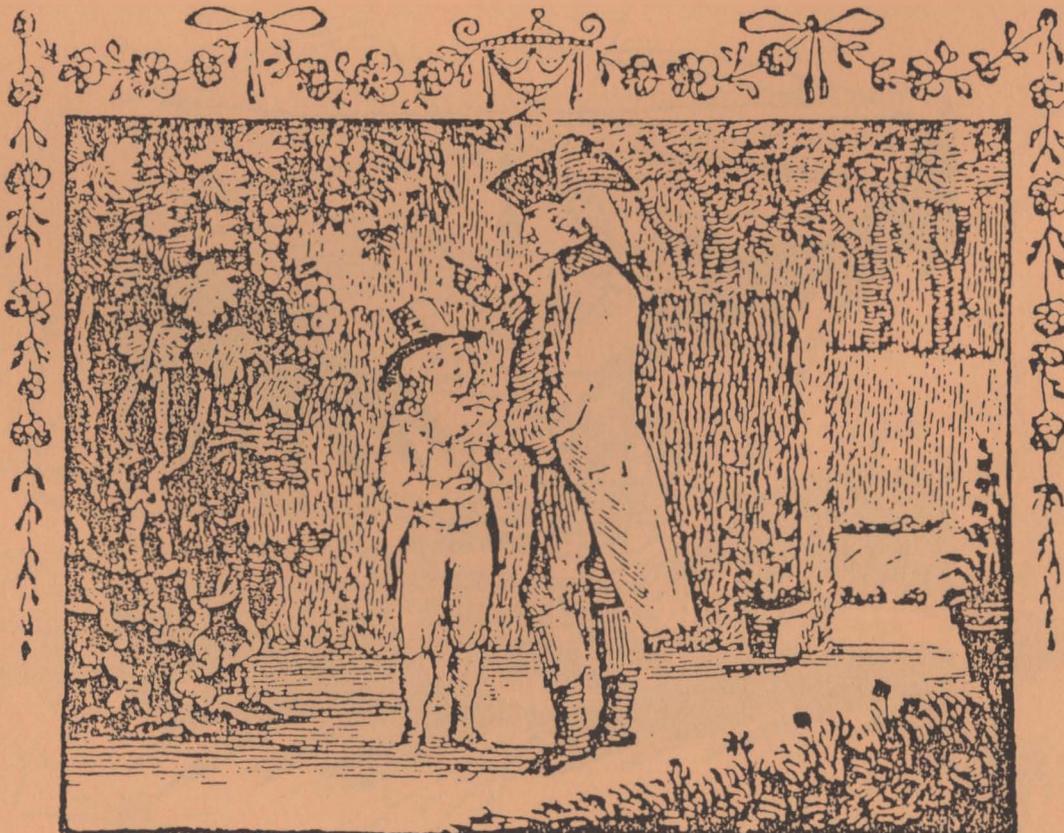
PARENTS' SAYINGS

Life isn't fair
If you break your leg don't come running to me
Tough
Who did it?!
Don't leave it on again
Stop faffing about
I don't suppose the phone bill rising by 15%
has anything to do with you?
Go and get it, you're holding me up
Pour me a drink
What in God's name are you doing
Just be normal for once
All sounds rather odd to me
Slow down!
As the actress said to the bishop
Do go away (also using other words such as
the four letter variety)

Thomas Dudbridge

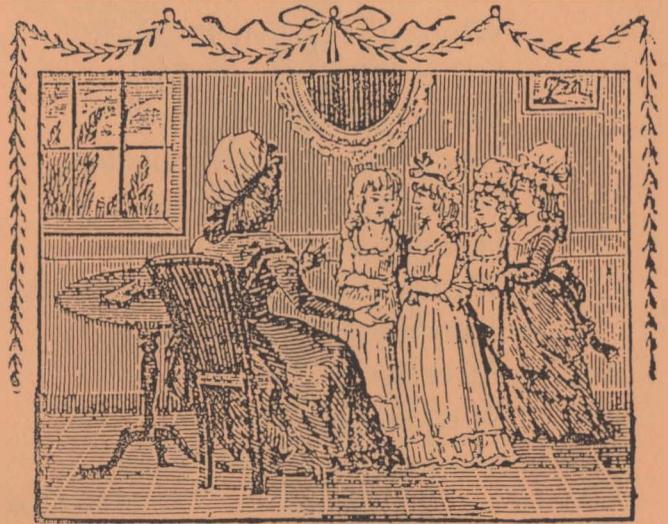
You can clear the table if you want, but if you
don't it doesn't matter.
What you want isn't always what you're
going to get.
You don't know how lucky you are, in our
day ...
You had better put a jumper on I'm quite cold
today.
You seem to have got out of all the work so
far and the Hoover is in the cupboard.
You don't have to shout, I'm only sitting next
to you.
Because you haven't helped make the lunch
you can clear up.
Stop dreaming!
Make your mind up.

Matthew Batterton



What time do you call this?
 Do your friends' parents let them stay out this late?
 You're not old enough to be wandering the streets at this time of night!
 Who is he then? Is he nice?
 When I was your age I had to be in at 5.00pm
 If you want to take up smoking, you can take up a job!
 Don't talk with your mouth full!
 If you don't eat your greens, you'll never grow big and strong
 Put down your knife and fork between mouthfuls!
 You'll never get a boyfriend if you eat like that!
 Don't use that tone of voice with me, young lady!
 Don't do as I do, do as I say!
 Only speak when you're spoken to
 Children should be seen and not heard.
 Isn't it time you did your prep?
 Think yourself lucky!
 If you sit much closer to that television you'll end up in it!
 You'll get square eyes if you sit that close!
 Put that down, you don't know where it's been!
 That's not very ladylike!
 This place looks like a bomb's hit it!
 This looks like a pig sty!
 Has someone died in here?
 I don't know where you got your rudeness and bad habits but it certainly wasn't from my side of the family!!!

Sally George



FAVOURITE FAMILY SAYINGS

Oh do be an angel and ...
 Hasn't the cat got thinner!!
 You would like to make me a drink, wouldn't you, dear?
 Doesn't this **HOMEMADE** cake taste nice!!
 Is this singer in pain?
 Well that's different, I am older and wiser
 When I was your age I was going to school in my cut down wellies and hessian vest!
 If I've told you once I've told you a million times!!
 Well let's just start again and pretend it never happened
BUT YOU WERE WRONG!!

Kate Hendry

INSIDE MY HEAD

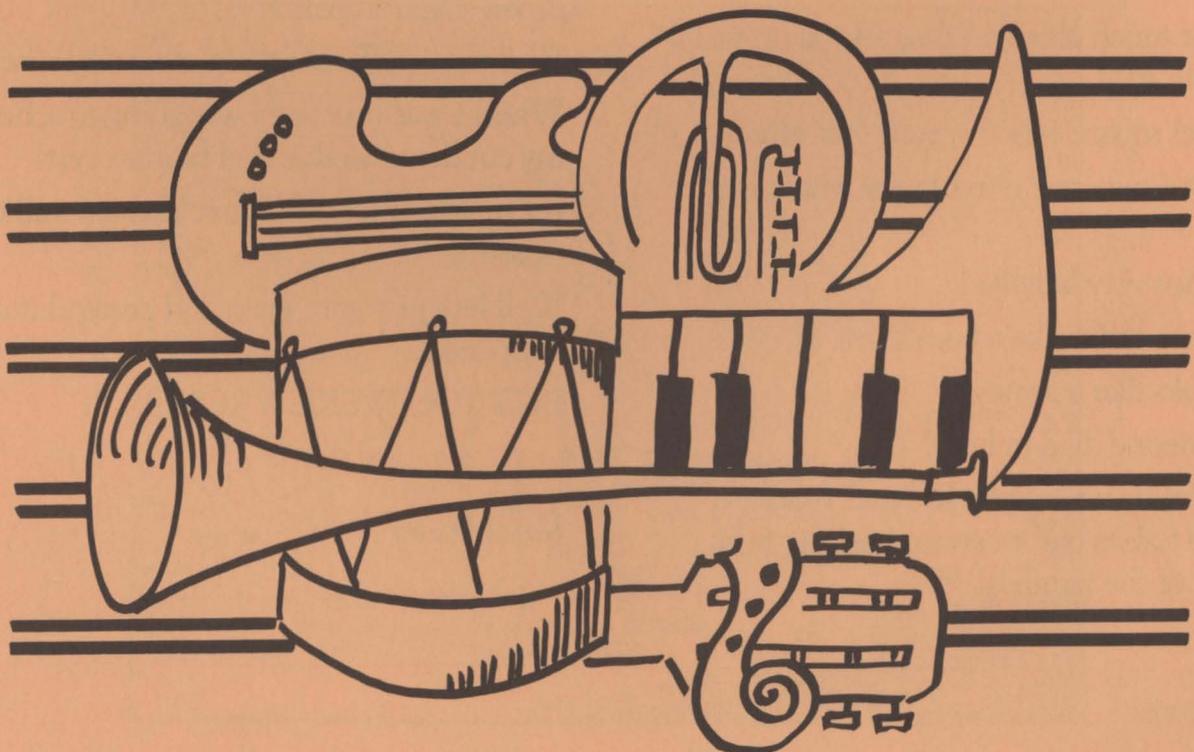
God, this is totally boring,
Why can't I do something else?
I never like doing classwork,
Just daydreaming to myself.
I don't understand the question,
I've not an answer to give.
I just sit there being myself,
With a brain in my head like a sieve!
Everyone seems to be happy,
All except me that is.
Why can't I be like Zoe,
Or Christine, Mandy or Liz.

The person I sit next to,
Has terrible bad breath,
I suffer night and day.
Whenever he speaks,
The vapour comes out,
And drifts across my way.
He has these tablets,
From Boots they are,
But seldom are they used.
Whenever the smell is discovered,
Someone else is always accused.

I saw this boy in the local shop,
Really good-looking is he.
My friend doesn't like him though,
She thinks he's as small as a pea.
Louise goes to his school,
She seems him every day.
I'm not sure how old he is,
But I think his birthday's in May.

I play the clarinet,
John and Lucy do too.
I enjoy doing this very much,
There is always much to do.
We have a lesson every week,
Our teacher is Mr Lee.
Some people say they don't like him,
But John does, and Lucy, and me.
Some people give up their instruments,
But if I did I'd get very bored.
And I like being a clarinetist,
So I'll never give up at all.

Kathy Cavill





WAITING

I sit waiting for my friends, waiting.
Staring at the ceiling, waiting.
Twiddling my fingers, waiting.
Watching the time, waiting.
Ten minutes gone by, waiting.
People come and go, waiting.
An hour gone by, waiting.
My hands very sweaty, waiting.
Feeling hungry, waiting.
My chocolate bar melting in my pocket, waiting.
Wonder when they'll come, waiting.
Feeling bored, waiting.
Start to walk home, going.

Liz Wilson

ONCE UPON A TIME - THE LIFE OF MAN

Once upon a time the life of man
Is the story I'm telling you if I can
Once upon a time the life of man
Listen to this I hope you understand
At first he's a baby only just born
The next he's a kid with school uniform
The third he's a teenager going out with girls
A few years later he's in the big bad world
Trying to find a job. By Gum there's plenty
At last he's settled when he's twenty
At twenty two he's gone and got married
Then he becomes a husband and his son's called Harry

In his thirties he grows a long beard
And turning grey is the most he fears
They say life carries on when you're past forty
But life to him is no longer sporty
50 is the mark of middle age
Approaching fast to the old timers' stage
The next ten years (or so) he retires for pension
Relaxing at home and easing the tension
By his Seventies he is seen in his specs
Senile and lethargic. Quite a nervous wreck
In his Eighties he is at the end of leash
The story has ended now. Human Deceased.

Or does it still carry on
When he's gone?

Robert Headley



FRIENDS OF SIBFORD SCHOOL

F.O.S.S. ANNUAL REPORT 1989-90

The past year has been a time of change and development at Sibford, with F.O.S.S. maintaining a high profile both in new ventures and regular events.

In November, the now annual Christmas Fair was held in the main hall, organised by F.O.S.S. and, of course, featuring the excellent catering facilities of the F.O.S.S. cafe. The fair is a very pleasant and mutually beneficial way of raising money, and plans for this year's Christmas Fair on November 24th are taking shape.

F.O.S.S. cafe has been a much appreciated ingredient on many school occasions. We are very grateful to Jackie Walsh and Sylvia Chester for their efficient provision of food appropriate to the event, from Parents' Mornings to Sports Day. Thank you too to all those who helped with the cooking, serving and bottle washing over the year.

The major F.O.S.S. event has been the opening of the Oliver Studio. The old gym is totally unrecognizable in its new guise and is providing a well used work space as well as a gracious setting for more formal occasions. The opening was definitely one of the latter, a celebration in words and music preceded by a hot buffet lunch provided by F.O.S.S.. Ann and Ray Bond secured the services of Ian Herbert, principal clarinet with the Royal Opera House, and the Isis Quartet from the Birmingham Conservatoire. Mike and Penny Spring and Sibford pupils ranging upwards from Orchard Close supplied the words in a delightful selection of prose and poems. The concert was thoroughly enjoyed by a full house, hopefully the first of many such occasions.

Open Day is always an important day in the school year with

everything and everyone on show. The F.O.S.S. A.G.M. takes place in the morning, when all members and potential members are invited to attend. F.O.S.S. hosted the Open Day lunch at Holly House and organised the Penny Mile, raising about £800. Children throughout the school contributed the pennies; congratulations to Emma Bone and David Watling who did particularly well.

The F.O.S.S. major project this year has been to raise money to provide the Oliver Studio with lighting and sound equipment. We have already been able to hand over £1,400 and hope to provide more during the coming year. Other departments to benefit from F.O.S.S. contributions have been Orchard Close who received £275 towards a typewriter, story cassettes, a photo album and gardening tools; the P.E. department with £100 towards a new team strip; the climbing club with £100 and the needlework department with £300 towards a new sewing machine, to name but a few!

Last but not least the goodbyes and welcomes. Jim Graham retired in December and we were delighted when he and Maureen accepted life membership of F.O.S.S. and hope to see them both at many future events. In April we were pleased to welcome Jim's successor, John Dunston, as a committee member. As mentioned elsewhere, we also say goodbye to our chairman of the last four years, Ann Bond, and in her place welcome John Baseley, who has agreed to take the chair for the next year.

So, another busy year for F.O.S.S.! Many thanks to all committee members and to all those who have contributed to our activities. We are all looking forward to the coming year and the varied events it will surely bring.

F.O.S.S. Café in action



CHAIRMAN'S ANNUAL REPORT – 1989/1990

(Abridged from report presented to the 1990 Annual General Meeting)

This is at least the seventh version of this report I have attempted to write, and the hardest in my four years as Chairman; because 'heart' keeps entangling with 'head' and there is so much upon which to reflect and comment. I have so much that I want to say, and so much I personally have not accomplished but would have liked to have attempted. But time ran out

So I must begin with an apology: I am immensely sorry that our family business commitments have forced an early retirement as your Chairman. Yet I know that your very dedicated Committee will more than adequately continue what we have all achieved together as a team over the last few years. The Friends' support of Sibford is a team effort; no one person can, or should, take credit for what we have been able to provide. Your Committee has followed where I led, although quite rightly applying a gentle brake from time to time when my proposals became perhaps too ambitious. We are each, after all, only human.

I was reminded of our ideals only recently when, in the course of my professional work, I was reviewing a teaching pack just produced by the British Red Cross: their seven principles seemed to more than adequately describe the 'Friends of Sibford School': neutrality, humanity, impartiality, universality, voluntarism, independence and unity. Do you agree? Please ponder.

We of the Friends have always been concerned within our activities to provide that which will most benefit the maximum number of Sibford pupils. The Library Resources Area bears witness to this, as does our current major project, the funding of lighting and sound equipment for the Oliver Studio, a truly beautiful and professional workspace.

Apart from these major provisions, we have of course continued to provide for individual house and department requests, again following the principle that the maximum number of pupils should benefit. The funding of these particular items has been made so much easier over the last four years by the involvement of all parents, through the Bursar's cooperation in including membership subscriptions on pupils' fee accounts. Every single penny of this goes directly into departmental/house gifts; we seek annual involvement from staff, and allocate all parental subscriptions every September, at the start of the new academic year.

Our major projects are financed through the considerable efforts of your Committee: the 'FOSS' Cafe, the Christmas Fair, our Produce Stall on parents' days, plus other special events which vary from term to term and year to year, and all assisted by the subscriptions from non-parent members (ex parents, old scholars, staff and ex staff, school committee and ex school committee, and anyone else who wishes to be involved with Sibford.).

It is always incumbent upon Committee members to see that provision is made within the school calendar for 'FOSS' activities; without this facility, we cannot raise the sums we do, nor provide support in other much needed areas of school life. For it must be remembered that 'FOSS' is not a school organisation, although it exists both to serve the school, and to provide that outside 'eye' which can comment constructively on occasional school deficiencies, and can suggest changes, improvements or possible acquisitions.

It is also a duty of the 'FOSS' Committee to see that its membership is active, buoyant and continually renewed; complacency will not provide for future major projects and the support of long term dedication is always needed. It is perhaps significant that our most successful fund raising events have always had to rely on 'outside' participation, when we encourage those not in any way connected with Sibford to come into the school. Although this is always a

useful public relations exercise, it does put undue strain on school staff as additional security is required, and extra vigilance to see that all are made welcome - one wants to ensure that these 'public' visitors leave with a positive feel about the school, as I am sure they do.

Which brings me full circle to my original message when I became Chairman: I said that I wanted to 'build bridges', and now that I am no longer to work in a Chairman's capacity, I can report that - with your Committee - I, and they, have crossed many; some of motorway proportions and ease of forward propulsion, and some with great difficulty - little more than a swaying rope across a deep chasm. No matter: I am sure we are now accepted within the school as useful and not a threat. Certainly, a very large number of staff now seem to enjoy what we can finance and provide. Parents and pupils appreciate the delicious food offered on parents' days - so very welcome after a long journey, and on any occasion when we can bake and sell (it doesn't matter how good school food is, everyone - pupils and parents - are still likely to appreciate something out of the everyday. Pity the school caterers!)

Whatever we organise, we certainly give good value for money at all our events. It has been a real joy to see so many people - pupils, parents, friends, staff and other visitors - wanting to help, support and provide.

Your Secretary and Treasurer will report constructively on last year's 'FOSS' activities. All is in good heart, with positive thinking for the future. We have been able to support the School Development Appeal whilst at the same time maintaining our very individual approach and commitment to Sibford's many needs.

I, personally, have treasured the privilege of serving as your Chairman. My involvement with Sibford began over 30 years ago when I married Raymond (an old scholar whose family - Quintons and Bonds - have been pupils at Sibford since the school's inception in the 1840s), and this involvement has continued through our daughter, Caroline, whose love of drama was inspired by the imaginative approach to music theatre which Sibford presently personifies.

As parents or ex-parents, I am sure that we all cherish whatever within the school has motivated our children; Sibford must surely instill, as it has with our daughter and many of her contemporaries, that loving spirit and thought for others which I perceive to be the very essence of today's Quaker schools.

I maintain that it is more than likely that we each have a personal memory, however tenuous, that binds us to Sibford. The last - almost - one hundred and fifty years (the school was founded in 1842) have seen many local and national changes: from a farming to commuter community in Sibford and surrounding villages, for instance; villagers who had never ventured as far as Banbury, or who, if they did, travelled the seven miles in an ox cart, [Flora Thompson 'Lark Rise to Candleford', but equally so Sibford/Banbury] to the apathy/convenience/horrors/what-you-will of the imminent M40 and the 'weekender' who is no longer a part of the true village community.

Education suffers (or benefits??), as does every other aspect of contemporary existence, from continual change, from political whims, from every bureaucratic interference possible; but we must look each to our own. We must each maintain that excellence in which we, surely, personally, believe. Our children, our forebears, demand that of us. Are we equal to the challenge?

We must not be found guilty of dalliance; time moves on and Sibford now welcomes a new headmaster. John Dunston will, I am sure, have his own views on what he hopes the 'Friends' will provide. We must adapt and develop, but above all, remain true to ourselves, our principles and our beliefs.

ANN BOND 'FOSS' CHAIRMAN 30th June 1990

ANN BOND – F.O.S.S CHAIRMAN 1986-90

It was with sadness that the committee received Ann Bond's resignation as chairman of F.O.S.S. Ann has held this post for the past four years, during which time she has worked unstintingly for our cause.

Under Ann's leadership, F.O.S.S. has been vigorous in its participation in school events and in fund-raising for projects that have benefitted all those involved with the school. With the erection of a F.O.S.S. notice board in the main corridor, Ann ensured that everyone in school was kept up to date with F.O.S.S. activities.

Ann could always be relied upon to produce workable fund-raising ideas – and to have the right contacts to make the best use of those ideas!

At committee meetings, Ann's chairmanship ensured that members' minds were positively focussed on the matters in hand, and that everyone's contributions were both encouraged and recognized.

We are grateful for the work done on F.O.S.S.'s behalf both by Ann and by her husband, Ray. We shall miss her leadership but look forward to welcoming her and her family at future school events for many years.

TIME MOVES AROUND

Time moves round
Another note is played
Another stroke is placed
Another word encountered.
We cling to a past which can only sing of fruitful needs,
An eternal arabesque, we will never reach Aristotle again,
But in this chamber
We can produce a past liberty and a future custom.
We can match harmony with Venus
And Venus with jest
For it is impossible to part the two.
Love produces a new generation,
And so it does with art.

This poem was especially written for the Oliver Studio opening celebrations by a recent leaver, Caroline Bond, whose experience of music theatre at Sibford has inspired her own compositions. She has just completed a post-18 Theatre Studies course at Stratford.

TREASURER'S REPORT

The 1989/90 year has been a successful one financially for the Friends of Sibford; the balances at the year end in the General Fund are slightly higher than at start of the year and a total of £2324.32 has been donated to various Departments and Clubs within the School. In addition the Friends supported the May Day events with help in advertising etc. which cost £204.94.

The Life Membership and Sports Funds are also in a healthy state with two new lifemembers joining (Mr and Mrs Hewlett).

The year has been a relatively quiet one from the fund raising viewpoint but is worthwhile highlighting the success of the Christmas Fayre which goes from strength to strength,

with many stallholders repeating their bookings. Other activities in the year including the Open Garden in June 1989 have seen FOSS helping in the events which have raised money for the Sports Hall Appeal.

For 1990/91 we are committed to considerable expenditure for the Oliver Studio; on lighting and sound equipment, sports equipment for the New Hall from the Sports Fund and the A.G.M. on June 30th 1990 agreed to donate £750 from the Life Membership Fund to the Sports Hall Appeal. In addition we still hold £369.92 raised for the Resources Area and this is likely to be used in the current year.

A.R. TUSTIAN Treasurer FOSS (30.9.90)

OUR COMMITTEE

Please make contact with any of us if you have queries about or comments on any of our range of activities.

John Baseley (Chairman): Shepherds Close, The Green, Whichford, Shipston on Stour, Warks. 0608 84 348; Richard Tustian (Treasurer): Chilaway Farm, Epwell, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 78 8175; Liz Bunney (Secretary) and Stephen Bunney: 3, Hillfield, Sibford Ferris, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 78 436; Mary Bennett, Rufus Cottage, Sibford Ferris, Banbury, Oxon.

0295 78 8398; Sylvia Chester, 10, Chipperfield Park Road, Bloxham, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 720147; John Dunston, Holly House, Sibford Ferris Banbury, Oxon. 0295 78 448; Mary and Mark Faux, 29 Aston Close, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 251592; Erika Phillips, Breedon House, Salt Way Lane, Lower Brailles, Banbury, Oxon. 0608 85531; Garth and Sue Prosser, Meadow View, Barford Road, Bloxham, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 721269; Barbara Taylor, Swalcliffe Grange, Swalcliffe, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 78 206; Geoff Taylor, Lower Hill Farm, Hook Norton, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 737773/730022; Charmaine Tuthill, New Timber Court, Hook Norton, Oxon. 0608 737425; Jackie Walsh, 24, The Dairy Ground, Shutford, Oxon. 0295 78 8303; Julie Webb, Jessamine Cottage, Bonds End Lane, Sibford Gower, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 78 8247;

Tom Williams, The Village Shop, High St., Hook Norton, Oxon. 0608 737245; Sports Club Rep: Sue Etherington-Smith, The Dower House, Sibford Ferris, Banbury, Oxon. 0295 78 8492



John Baseley, our new Chairman in action constructing the mile of pennies

HEADS – ITS SIBFORD!

With the appointment of a new Headmaster and as the school approaches its 150th anniversary, Michael Finch has been delving into the archives and has compiled an assessment of Sibford's Headships.

In this historic year in the school's history it seems an appropriate time to comment on Sibford's Headteachers.

It is one of the surprising discrepancies in Sibford's past that very little has been written or documented regarding the persons who have held the ultimate responsibility for managing and developing the school.

Readers may also be surprised to note that Sibford has had but nine Headteachers since its opening in 1842.

They are:

RICHARD ROUTH	1842-1880	38 Years
ROBERT B. ODDIE	1880-1906	26 Years
JAMES T. HARROD	1906-1930	24 Years
E. ARTHUR JOHNSTONE	1930-1956	26 Years
HUGH W. MAW	1956-1962	6 Years
JONAS A. FIELDING	1962-1972	10 Years
KENNETH C. GREAVES	1972-1980	8 Years
JAMES A. GRAHAM	1980-1989	9 Years
JOHN H. DUNSTON	1990-	

An impressive list – and who knows, some kind benefactor may decide that it is high time we had a 'Heads' board to adorn the Hall foyer along with our other honours boards!

It is interesting to note that there were only 4 Heads in Sibford's first 114 years. The last 34 years have also produced four Heads – is it a sign of modern day pressures and expectations that the Headmaster's span of service has dropped dramatically since 1956? Yet the first few Headmasters had to manage without a Bursarial function and were expected to run the whole enterprise on their own – a gargantuan task even in those far off days of 1842. But what do we know of them? What of their ideals and beliefs? What highs and lows did they experience? Hopefully when Sibford's history is finally written we may be able to assess better their immense contribution to the character and development of this famous Quaker 'Experiment in Education'.

Richard Routh came to Sibford in 1842 having been Headmaster at a small endowed school at Wensleydale in Yorkshire. His task was to establish an agriculturally biased school at Sibford for children one of whose parents had married outside of the Society of Friends and had subsequently been disowned. He started with 26 boys and 22 girls and five members of staff! His title was 'Superintendent' and this indeed remained the title of the Headteacher until the Harrod era.

Historical documentation of Routh's era is poor and sketchy so it is difficult to offer much of a portrait of this remarkable man who served as Headmaster for thirty eight years – Sibford's longest 'reign'.

He certainly had a reputation for being a strict disciplinarian but nevertheless a kindly man who was undoubtedly revered by the children of that period.

They say that behind every great man is a strong woman – well Sibford Heads are no exception! The Headmasters' wives have played a vital role at Sibford and none more so than Rebecca Routh who came to Sibford as Rebecca Thompson, Headmistress in charge of the girls.

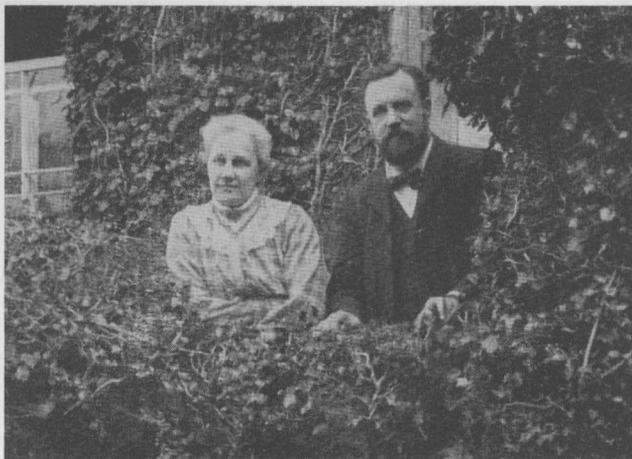
There is a lovely story told of how they came to marry.



Rebecca and Richard Routh

Samual Beesley, a local Friend, was accompanying Richard on a journey back from Banbury when he suddenly turned to him and said – "Richard Routh, doesn't thou think it would be a good thing for thee to get married?" "Well" Richard replied, I really haven't thought much about it, I dont know of anyone at all likely" Beesley said "why not ask Rebecca Thompson?" Richard replied " oh I am sure Rebecca Thompson would never regard me with any favour" Beesley said " Oh thou doesn't know till thou tries – just think it over!" and so he did and they were married in 1845 and the first great dynasty was well under way.

Robert Oddie succeeded Richard Routh in 1880, and he by Nineteenth Century Quaker standards was a radical and to some almost a revolutionary! 1880 commences an epoch of considerable change and improvement – none more warmly welcomed than by the retired Routh.



Elizabeth Oddie and Robert Brearley

School rooms were enlarged, refurnished and better lighted, warmed and ventilated; an eleven acre field was secured for cricket and football (formerly Braithwaite field now 'The

Piece' where Orchard Close stands); the 'Paddock' was levelled for tennis; the number of offices given to the boys was reduced by transferring the heavier work to a 'Houseman'; all labour on the farm and garden ceased and the land was let; the curriculum was extended and a higher educational standard attempted; the liberties and privileges of the children were increased; and appreciation of the arts began to gain in importance.

Perhaps these changes went too far for some of the staid and conservative members of the School Committee because by the turn of the century there was a move to run the school on more practical lines.

Robert Oddie's far seeing but outspoken era was drawing to a close and Sibford was about to embark on what many regard as its 'golden age'.

James and Mabel Harrod came to Sibford as its first truly academic Heads with a cultured and thoughtful outlook and an emphasis on developing the whole character of a child and to dispense education in its broadest possible sense. They understood very clearly the world of that time and introduced a great sense of international understanding to Sibford which it maintains to this day. Their extension of the family role – for Sibford in modern times has always felt like a family – is well documented and two scholars of the period sum up their feelings:

Godfrey Baseley creator of 'the Archers' writes "....."

"When trying to think back some seventy five years to provide a thumbnail sketch of James Harrod, in my now 'mature' thoughts, there are two very descriptive words that come immediately to mind. Venerable and Patriarch. "Jimmy" was a very formidable tall man, with a black beard, who rode a tall bicycle with two cross bars. On the lower of the two cross bars, there was always hanging, what we would now call a leather brief case. What was in it was never known to us lesser mortals.

Jimmy also had a mannerism, that stayed with him for the rest of his life. Constantly, he would draw himself up to his maximum height, and throw his shoulders back, as though he was afraid of becoming round shouldered. There were two very different and distinctive "Jimmys". One the very kind and fatherly friend, who walked and talked with us on outings, during which, from his almost encyclopedic knowledge of Natural History, Archeology, and Local History, he would enlighten us, and encourage us to enjoy all the many aspects of the world about us.

Then there was the firm strict disciplinarian, the teacher in the classroom and the 'Elder' at 'Meeting' both in the school and at the Gower.

Mabel Harrod, a mother herself, was the perfect wife to the headmaster. With her natural and instinctive motherly love, she was always ready to comfort bewildered young children, leaving home and their own mothers for the first time, to be thrust into the strange world of 'Boarding school'.

Sunday tea, regularly provided by Mabel for small mixed groups of pupils, with Mabel as hostess in the private and friendly apartments of the 'Head' and his wife, were a real treat. Not only for the tea, so daintily presented, so very different from the 'school' tea, but for the homely, and often humorous talk and enlightened games and entertainment.

Mabel was a mother to us all."

Constance Cottrell's family connections with Sibford go back to 1842 and she writes about the Harrod's "....."

"I knew the Harrod family before I became a pupil in 1917



James and Mabel Harrod

as my parents and I had stayed in the village Post Office for a week's holiday when I was about six years old and I played with their elder daughters Gulie and Elsie.

Therefore meeting James and Mabel Harrod as Headmaster and Mistress held no terrors for me and my memories of my time at Sibford are all happy ones under their jurisdiction.

They played cricket, tennis and hockey with us, coaching and encouraging us. Mabel Harrod often played in goal and with her ankle length skirt stopped many a promising goal, though the opposing side did not consider this fair play! In my time we only came home for holidays at Christmas and June, but this did not seem a hardship for there was plenty of entertainment arranged at the week-ends, with visiting singers, speakers and magic lantern slides, or the very popular William Noble and his accordian, the teaching staff also performed. James Harrod always amazed us with his ability to write down the total from six rows of four figures we called out, and were written on the chalkboard, without apparently adding them up.

Both James and Mabel Harrod were short sighted and their eyes seemed to twinkle with kindness and friendship through their spectacles, making them more human and approachable, with all our interests at heart. It was certainly a very happy four years I spent in their care."

The great family tradition continues today – presently at Sibford we have two of the Harrods Great Grandchildren – Michael Grimes and Naomi Cordiner.



Left to right: Robert Oddie, Arthur Johnstone, Elizabeth Oddie, Mabel Harrod, Jessie Johnstone, James Harrod (circa 1930)

Arthur Johnstone was about forty when he was appointed to the Headship of Sibford. He arrived with his wife Jessie in 1930.

James and Mabel Harrod had presided for twenty four years over a small intimate community. Under the Harrods, Sibford had followed a relatively non-academic curriculum but by 1930 was in danger of falling behind in not equipping its students with some essential and certifiable and academic skills which would be necessary for their careers in an economy which had become more competitive since the First World War. Arts and Crafts remained a strong feature but the School Certificate became firmly established in both academic and practical subjects. Arthur Johnstone or 'AJ' as he was affectionately known was an enigma. Very few people who came into contact with him could ever say that they knew him well and yet he imbued into his students a legacy of good standards and great appreciation of Art and Music – for music was his great passion – albeit the classical variety. A former Johnstone student, Michael Van Blankenstein, has written an excellent profile of 'AJ' which it is hoped in time will appear in print in full but for the purposes of confining this article to a reasonable length his summary is appended



Arthur Johnstone

"Arthur Johnstone could be labelled a somewhat eccentric autocrat but he did his best within his limitations, consistent with his personal philosophy and according to the standards of the day. He held a very full school together - expanded in 1939 by the arrival of a sizeable cohort of Jewish refugee children. He fed his flock (on a monotonous and unpalatable - even inadequate - diet), housing, instructing and protecting them on what seems in hindsight a ludicrously tight budget. The fees were less than £100 per annum for boarders in 1940, in real terms well below today's level.

No one who was at Sibford – pupil or teacher – will ever forget A.J. (Two distinguished old boys made passing reference to him when they were successive castaways on the BBC's "Desert Island Discs"). It is possible that no one really knew him intimately or fathomed how his mind worked, what he read or said in his leisure hours. It is uncertain whether he had any close friends. He and Jessie seemed happy together and they certainly exhibited a united front in their proprietary attitude to the School and to its material assets: they indeed WERE Sibford! A.J. did not normally take part in sports or games; he did not even cycle, but he ran a small car in the days when few teachers could afford one. It is impossible to say whether he had any strong social or political views and he seemed at times to lack intellectual acuity. His ex-pupils may recall him with curiosity and not a little fascination. He was certainly the boss, but he was no faceless bureaucrat. He probably did

not engender much love or admiration, but it is very clear that deep down he really cared about Sibford, its pupils and its fortunes."

The School which Hugh Maw inherited in 1956 was still suffering from the ravages of the Second World War and was stagnating. It needed fresh impetus and youth. Sibford has a great deal to be thankful for for the short but important period of Hugh Maw's stay and History will hopefully correct the ambiguities that seemed to surround this period and prove that Hugh Maw was absolutely right for Sibford. It was he who introduced the 'Boarding House' system with the building and the establishment of the Boys Houses. During his time Sibford's first Bursar, Alfred Holland, was appointed and Sibford was at last placed on a sensible business footing. Sport thrived, culture thrived and yet it obviously didn't satisfy the school committee of that time for they felt a change was needed. It is unclear from correspondence and documentation of that period what their motives were for embarking on so rapid a change, suffice it to say it was a controversial decision and not for the first time in Sibford's history. It was a sad time because the School lost a very capable man who was totally committed to the Sibford ethos. Neither should it be forgotten the contribution of Daphne Maw who gave so much support, not only to Hugh and the School, but also to the village where she helped to 'build many bridges' in forming good relationships which still exist today. Martin Dodsworth, an Old Scholar and former teacher at Sibford sums up

"I joined Hugh Maw in 1960 as a craft teacher and assistant house master and in some ways it was a welcome relief from the academic broiler-house of a Grammar School where craftwork featured low in the hierarchy of subjects.

Sibford for me as a scholar had not been like this, for apart from one or two notable experiences, I felt valued and respected as an individual without excessive external pressures. I was relieved to find that this was much the same, that there was order and discipline but degrees of tolerance and understanding which allowed feelings and opinions to be expressed without threatening the status quo.

I was profoundly impressed by my first staff meeting at Sibford which started with Meeting for Worship and readings led by Hugh Maw which emphasised to us all the seriousness of the job we faced and the care and dedication needed. This I feel typified the way Hugh Maw saw his own role in leading the staff of a Quaker school and he applied it to all aspects of involvement in the life of the school. He certainly led by example, though his own versatility was a great asset to Sibford just on its own. I well remember his booming voice of God as he guided my building of the Ark on Clive Penman's incredible feat of organisation 'Noyes Fludde' and his skill and interest in tennis and cricket will be well remembered by many. I can also recall some of his ministry in meeting, which continues to be helpful.

It was a difficult transition for any Head to be plunging through all those alterations into the new dormitory house system and I feel Hugh very seriously took on the job of finding new staff, preferably Friends, but people above all who could share the same aims and had the personality and natural teaching qualities rather than perhaps more conventional qualifications.

Building up a team is a long term job of course and it was sad perhaps that Hugh did not get the chance to prove it.

It was very puzzling and confusing when he resigned and I still find it difficult to accept that with all the background of Quaker principles and Committee experience a more congenial solution was not available.

Being a Headmaster must require great inner faith and conviction combined with a clear vision of the future despite all the setbacks – inheriting some problems, making odd errors of judgement, fending off the cynics etc. etc.. For my own part I very much enjoyed teaching with Hugh and appreciate the creative setting he was cultivating at Sibford.

It is a great reflection on his spirit and character also that despite all that happened he continues to love and support Sibford through Old Scholars."

Jonas Fielding came to Sibford in 1962 to face a difficult job and to lift and guide a school that had become low in morale and was in danger of losing its way. There couldn't have been a better person equipped for the job. Jonas gave so much of himself to Sibford and if the Harrod's were the 'Golden Age' then the Sibford of Jonas and Marjorie Fielding would probably be regarded by many as its equal. Many things have been said about the Fielding Headship but they are probably all encapsulated in June Ellis's assessment....

"Jonas Fielding came to Sibford in 1962 from the headship of Colne Valley Grammar School. He was a true school master with a real concern for his pupils, especially those with difficulties of any kind. A conscientious and caring Head, he demanded from us all (and most of all from himself) the very best that could be given to the School, which made considerable progress during his time.

The Science Laboratories in the new block and the Language Laboratory were planned and built during his headship as was Gillett House and the conversion of the Manor so that three Girls Houses, Penn, Lister and Nansen were born and equal in size to the similar Boys Houses.

Jonas did much to break down the idea that men staff dealt with boys, women staff with girls, realising as he did that each sex has insights for the other – so grew a real co-education.

The sixth form grew considerably in his time, living as its members did in the six existing Houses. 'A' Level results were good. Nevertheless service was always more important to Jonas Fielding as a criterion for success, than academic achievement; quite simply he expected all gifts to be used to the full and he was much more interested in responsibilities than rights. Courteous himself, he expected courtesy as an unobtrusive fact in others. Little missed his notice and he had an uncanny gift of reading ones mind, often at the very point when you would much prefer he didn't.

Sometimes difficult to understand, he was never apart from children in need 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, which took a toll on his health. When children ran away, which he saw and taught us to see as signs of need, he went himself to collect them from miles away – at all hours of the day and night. He took with him staff who could help the young person and taught by his example that kindness and firmness go hand in hand. It was on such an occasion that staff learnt more of the man and his considerable gifts.

His love of music and his Quaker beliefs were "visible" in his life. Irascible, kind and caring, he was much loved and Sibford owes him a great debt."

Kenneth Greaves succeeded Jonas Fielding in 1972 and Sibford was fortunate that these two men were in fact already good friends so the change over period was a comparatively easy one. Kenneth and Robin Greaves brought a great sense of warmth and fun to Sibford and this has contributed to the renowned friendliness of Sibford's children to visitors, who always comment on how friendly a place it seems. Anne Muir writes

"Kenneth Greaves came to Sibford in 1972 with 20 years of experience in Friends' Schools – at Sidcot, Ackworth, and latterly as headmaster of Wigton. He was committed to boarding, to co-education, and to "the idea of the school as a community of pupils and staff living together in mutual respect and for the good of all". Kenneth's love of music, poetry and all the arts permeated the school and encouraged activities in these areas to flourish. An admirable command of the English language characterised all his pronouncements. The period of Kenneth's headmastership was marked above all by the growth and development of the Remedial Department, where children with learning difficulties, and increasingly those with dyslexic problems, were helped to find a new confidence in themselves. The contribution of Robin Greaves in this area, and in so many others (while at the same time she brought up their four children) was acknowledged by the Old Scholars in 1984 when she and Kenneth were nominated joint Presidents of SOSA for the year. The Greaves era will be remembered for their total commitment to the life of the school, and the warmth and enthusiasm with which they supported all the children's endeavours. Kenneth's humour and goodwill, Robin's effervescent cheerfulness, these put their unique stamp on the Sibford of 1972 to 1980."



Left to right: Jim Graham, Maureen Graham, Kenneth Greaves, Robin Greaves, Jonas Fielding, Marjorie Fielding, Hugh Maw, Daphne Maw (Circa 1980)

And so we come to modern times and the Jim Graham decade. Much has been written about Jim's contribution to Sibford and it would be inappropriate to comment too long except to say that Jim made those connected with Sibford – think. What was Sibford's role? What made us special? It helped the Committee and staff to re-define Sibford's 'special' role and its effect on Quaker outlook and education in this last decade of the twentieth century. He also made people aware of the need to give special attention to the low achiever as well as the high flier.

John Dunston's appointment has added significantly to the 'great experiment' for he is Sibford's first non-Quaker Head and yet his breadth of knowledge and experience can only mean good times in the way ahead.

OLD SCHOLARS NEWS



Paul Frampton S.O.S.A. President 1990-1991

PRESIDENTS PROFILE

I was born in Germany in 1947 where my father, an accountant, was the financial aide to the Rhine Army Commander until 1949 when we left for Nairobi in Kenya. My earliest memory was the magnificent sight of Mount Kilimanjaro just below the aircraft taking us unwittingly into the jaws of the 'Mau Mau' rebellion.

We soon moved on to Southern Rhodesia where sadly my mother and father separated and at the age of 4, I experienced boarding school life for the first time. In 1956 my father, brother Clive and I returned home to Street in Somerset where my grandfather had started a family business producing, grading and packing eggs.

What proved to be an undistinguished and at times uncertain career at Sibford began in 1958 and in 1964 after a year at Southgate Technical College in London living with my mother, I came home to Somerset and joined the family firm – breaking eggs!

After two years of hard labour, the enormous benefit of which I did not appreciate at the time, I joined the Metropolitan Police in 1967. I trained at Hendon and served as a 'bobby on the beat' at Southwark Police Station until the end of a two year probationary period living with 100 single policemen and 20 policewomen in Deptford.

I had a marvellous time, but life on the other side of society in London was not for me and I returned home to Somerset better prepared to play a leading role in the business. I am now Chairman of a group of family companies with interests in food processing, National and International transportation, warehousing and telecommunications based in Shepton Mallet.

Ruth and I were married in 1973 and live with our children Charles (14) and Harriot (12) at Horsington together with our horses, dogs, cats and bantams. It is a small rural community set in the lovely Blackmore Vale country, close to the borders with Wiltshire and Dorset, and we all enjoy together the pleasures of riding, hunting, shooting, walking and sailing.

With other interests particularly S.O.S.A. and work on the Sibford School Committee, the Constituency Conservative Association, the Royal Bath and West Show Society and as a Vice Chairman of the Road Haulage Association International Group I am extremely fortunate to enjoy a very full, challenging and rewarding life.

PAUL FRAMPTON President 1990-91

S.O.S.A. ANNUAL REUNION 1990

A beautifully sunny August morning brought a good number of Old Scholars and friends to this dear old school. Many would have had yet again that magical experience of retracing the same Journey they had undertaken so many times in Tanner's Bus from Banbury to Sibford Ferris.

Fielding House at eleven a.m. was a sea of familiar faces; alas, no labels immediately; but no disaster; after all, it was no great gap since the last reunion except for those whose chatter indicated ten or more years absence. A quick look at the house-allocation for me revealed a slight leap forward in status to the deputy house-captain's room in Lister!

The start of endless re-fuelling of the inner man began with lunch, the matter of food being high on the agenda as always. Following this, the two mallet-bangs by Ian Weatherhead led to the presidential introduction of Ken Francis and Irene Glaister (Chairman of the School Committee), the latter being the Association's guest. After lunch, we toured the new facilities which included the magnificent new Sports Centre. I was awe-struck by the immensity of the building: almost a fearsome structure but with such potential for the future.

By this time, Childrens' Activities were in full swing, which included a monopoly of the swimming-bath! A group of us walked through the rather Cinderella like paddock, this drabness however outweighed by the splendour of the walled Manor Gardens. So much planning and hard work must go into this.

The AGM took place in the new and impressive Oliver Studio with the usual encouraging reports of school developments intercepted by the usual argumentative proddings! The new Headmaster John Dunston spoke with much enthusiasm and welcomed Old Scholars in a most friendly manner.

A most interesting Leslie Baily lecture was given by Margaret Dring, about her childhood days at Charlecote Park and the reality of hardship combined with happiness. Branch-meetings ended the day in a state of semi-consciousness tiredness overruled!



Brilliant sunshine and warmth greeted Sunday morning. No hymn-book for Choral! However, hymn-sheets were provided and the old favourites were sung along with the President with much gusto.

A walk through Oddie's field to Meeting at the Gower brought many memories flooding back. The peace of

Meeting reminded us of many meetings held when we were scholars at Sibford. The youngest present by the name of Michael Finch (grandson of the proud Mike Finch) took a great interest in his surroundings but suddenly realized he could establish greater leg-movement by being in the open air. (He showed his swimming abilities in the swimming pool.)

Lunch was followed by the trip to Charlecote Park. The visit round the house was extremely interesting and brought reality to Margaret Dring's lecture. There were extra uninvited guests at the picnic-area in the form of big fat brown hens who came wandering in from an area adjacent to the field. They were very interested in the fare provided and managed to steal and consume half-sandwiches! They were soon put in their place by the children who herded them back with much glee.



Once back at school after a very pleasant afternoon, one had to transform oneself into the resident of a Texas ranch. At the Sibfordia Ranch in charge of barbecue cooking were Ian Weatherhead, Jim Thelton in appropriate dress; an admirable staff indeed. The appearance of Mike and Wendy Finch in true Texas costume (Mike the Sheriff of Sibford?) brought about the clicking of many cameras. Those not in appropriate dress are to be fined at a later date and the proceeds will go to the School Building Fund. I had pleasure in shooting my old Headmaster Hugh Maw who lurched realistically. The accompanying buffet to go with the beefburgers etc was very delicious and in abundance, and to be able to have supper outside in the warmth of a beautiful summer evening was a real bonus.



The Presidential Choice with Ken Francis was very enjoyable with familiar and nostalgic music. The Headmaster proved to be an accomplished pianist and the newly-formed Sibford Songsters ("their first and possibly their last performance," announced Ken Francis with a smile) were in good voice. This was followed after light refreshments by drama which was not completely successful but showed a lot of spirit and potential. Could we perhaps see something a little more ambitious in this wonderful theatre at future reunions? Following this, Old Scholars trooped off to the Elm to create

the usual disturbances known as "Rockets".

Bank Holiday Monday, the high-light of the weekend with many day-visitors to the Reunion, was a great success. The various sporting finals, however, were rather sparsely attended. Alas, I arrived at Water-polo to find only myself and Nick Briggs present. However, I was perhaps let off my third swim of the week-end as through popular use, the water was just beginning to look like a replica of the old swimming days. A craft display in the Library showed the many talents of Old Scholars and a Bring and Buy sale brought in a staggering amount of money for buildings, plants and shrubs.

The afternoon was spent by some on the motor treasure-hunt and others by just spending a leisurely time on the lawns of the garden at the Manor. The swimming-pool was again well-occupied by the children supervised by the willing helpers.

Tea on Holly House lawn was also attended by Master Mathew Dunston, the Headmaster's baby and Master Michael Finch: the perfect garden-party guests. One or two unusual amusing mishaps ensued in the taking of the reunion photograph.

In spite of staff shortages, the Presidential Dinner was a success with Nick Briggs as Head Waiter. The president Ken Francis stood for his amusing and well-received address. Were the Headmaster and his wife bewildered, I wonder, by the display of "rockets" which ended the evening? Certainly they could have thought Old Scholars slightly eccentric.

Tuesday morning showed a slight air of sadness, and preparation was made for departure. Two people were heard to say: "What a pity we have to go - I've only just settled in!"



And so the end of a fun-filled, enlightened and glorious Old Scholars' weekend.

JANE GUNSTON

SOSA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Saturday 25 August 1990
16.00 hours - OLIVER STUDIO

The Minutes of the Sibford Old Scholars Association 1990 AGM held in the Oliver Studio on the 25th August 1990.

President: Ken Francis (in the Chair) 81 Members attending
In our silence we Remembered the lives of Old Scholars and Friends of the School who had passed on:

Dorothy Angerson, Joe Colesby, Barbara Farrington, Richard Geering, Rendel Hill, Fred Lines, Ronald Lloyd, Ann Lyall, Vic Mills, Constance Phillips, Tony Rye, Dorothy Salter,

Margery Wells, Phyllis Wells.

Greetings and apologies were received from:

Ann Bond, Howard Campion, Barbara Crozier, June Ellis Jim and Maureen Graham, Janet and Joe Sewell, Jim and Joan Shields, Jack and Monica Simpson, Otto Wolf

The meeting extended best wishes to Ray Bond who had been unwell

1. MINUTES of the 1989 AGM held on the 26th August 1989 printed in the magazine were adopted and signed by the President

2. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT: A welcome was made to Old Scholars Reunion particularly those joining who were here for the first time. The year 1989/90 ended with Jim Graham's departure and his farewell party on the 15th December at which Committee Members on behalf of Sibford Old Scholars Association thanked Jim for his untiring service to Sibford School and his help to both Scholars and Old Scholars. It was agreed by the Committee to present Jim Graham with Honorary Life Membership of SOSA. Ken Francis, President, performed the official task together with the presentation of a SOSA tie.

John Dunston was welcomed as new Headmaster.

May Day plans

It had been agreed by the Committee that SOSA would not hold a May-Day event in 1990. A Leavers Programme will be discussed at our January 1991 Committee Meeting, a suggestion for 1991 included a barbeque evening using the Sibford Village Hall.

The Baily family announced during our Committee Meeting in January that they would be giving a sum of money for landscaping around Orchard Close and the Sports Hall. A 'Garden of Peace' will be included in the scheme. As an Association it has been suggested we could provide wooden seats/benches.

Membership

a. During the Sibford Old Scholars Committee Meeting held on Sunday 28th January 1990 it was agreed that we urgently discuss School Leavers Membership. For some time it has been felt that it was vital for the long term future of SOSA to secure the membership of everyone who has been a pupil of Sibford School. It has been suggested that this could be done by ensuring that each pupil become a member as they leave the school and that the value and importance of membership could be understood by parents who would be required to meet the cost.

Given the fundamental objectives of SOSA as stated in the Constitution the Committee believed the school should be prepared to recognise its importance and whole-heartedly support the scheme collecting the membership fee on our behalf from parents when presenting their final account.

It was agreed that parents of Leavers would receive a letter commending membership and outlining the activities of the Association from the President of SOSA each year in advance of the school presenting the final account. The cost of membership would be automatically included on every parent's final account, and only if they 'opt-out' in writing would a credit be agreed.

The Membership period would be for 10 years taking leavers through the developing years of their career's and hopefully to the point where the individual could afford to renew membership if desired.

During this initial membership period a magazine would automatically be sent to each member annually. It was generally felt that organisation of special young SOSA events was essential to encourage a close commitment to Sibford in the future.

John Miller, Sibford's Bursar, agreed to implement the scheme this year (1990). With Ordinary Membership at £9.00 per year the cost would be £90.00 for the ten year period. The motion was proposed by Nick Briggs, seconded by Jim Thelton with 11 votes For, 0 Against, 2 Abstentions.

This was implemented and an accompanying letter sent by SOSA President.

96 letters were sent

31 parents confirmed that their children would not be interested in joining SOSA 11 No replies (to date)

54 Have joined SOSA including 3 Life Members

The result has been an income of £4,600.00

b. Address list

The Committee found that the cost of producing this item this year alone would be in excess of £500. It has been agreed that as a Membership List is held by the school in the Appeal Office, we should ask the school to keep the records on their computer, update when required and only send members of the Association who specifically request the Address List. This would still be administrated by the Membership Secretary. An immediate motion was taken by Mike Finch, Arthur Harrison, seconded the motion. Approval was requested. The result was:

For	majority in favour
Against	none
Abstentions	three

c. It was agreed that those Old Scholars who find it difficult to pay subscriptions and Reunion costs should be encouraged to write a confidential letter to the General Secretary to ask for assistance.

SIBFORD SCHOOL APPEAL

As many of you know the Sibford School Appeal has been quite an extraordinary achievement and something that the school and Old Scholars in the future will appreciate - over £40,000.00 has been received from Old Scholars alone, and over £600,000.00 collected to date. There is one person amongst us whose dedication has been paramount to the success of this project, and that is Paul Frampton. Without him many of the new buildings you now see here at 'The Hill' could not have been built - thank you Paul from all Old Scholars.

It was also a marvellous opportunity to meet with Sibford's new Headmaster, John Dunston, at our July 1st Committee Meeting and on behalf of Old Scholars he was welcomed.

SPORTS NEWS

	Sibford OS	versus	the School
Soccer	3		3
Hockey	0		6

Next year's games are as follows:

Saturday 8 December - Soccer and Ladies Hockey
Sunday 19 May Annual Cricket Game (support is always welcome)

Philip Manasseh recommended that 2 (two) sixth formers be elected to the Committee in order to attract new ideas for Old Scholars' weekends. The Committee agreed to look at the changing of the programme to attract younger Old

Scholars at the August weekend, and to look into Philip's idea.

BRANCH REPORTS

SOUTH WEST Jeanne Southam
 MIDLANDS Irene Coxon-Smith } See separate reports
 LONDON Margaret Fairington }

3. TREASURER'S REPORT

Mike Finch, Leslie Harrison seconded the motion that the Treasurer's Report be signed as a true record of the year's accounts. Agreed by all members at the AGM. Colin Cox was thanked for his clear report and work as treasurer.

SIBFORD OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30th JUNE 1990

ASSETS	1990
	£
Land at Elm	45

ASSETS OF SPECIFIC FUNDS	
Quoted Investments (29.6.90)	3,842
Leslie Baily Memorial Fund	421

CURRENT ASSETS	
Cash at Bank : Current account	£2,484.93
Deposit account	4,945.39
	7,430
	£11,738

REPRESENTED BY	
Accumulated Fund	4,217
Life Membership	5,693
Recent Leavers Membership	1,407
Leslie Baily Memorial Fund	421
	£11,738

ACCUMULATED FUND	
Balance forward 1.7.89	4,116
Less Investments written down	235
	3,881
Add Surplus	336
	£ 4,217

Audited, and found correct and in accordance with the books and vouchers provided.

S. Voller Date 23rd August 1990

INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30th JUNE 1990

INCOME	
Subscriptions	1,773 60
Donations	1,233.85
Reunion	—
Investment Income	307.56
Bank Interest	304.69
	£3,619.70

EXPENDITURE	
Magazine	1,056.83
Postage	352.10
School Scarves	107.50
Bank Charges	12.00
Reunion	49.67
Leslie Baily Lecture	—

Stationery	36.98
Appeal Fund	1,668.43
	3,283.56
Surplus	336.14
	£3,619.70

SCHEDULE OF INVESTMENTS AS AT 30th JUNE 1990

	PURCHASE VALUE	VALUE 30.6.89	PRESENT PRICE	MARKET VALUE 30.6.90
£2,184 Conversion Stock 10 7/8% 1990	2,196.87	2,151.65	£92.09	2,011.25
£2,127 Treasury Stock 8 3/4% 1997	1,950.61	1,925.34	£86.09	1,831.13
	£4,147.48	£4,076.99		£3,842.38

LESLIE BAILY MEMORIAL FUND AS AT 30th JUNE 1990

	£
Balance forward 1.7.89	394.77
Bank Interest	25.83
	£420.60

4. ELECTION OF OFFICERS

a. President
 Paul Frampton was unanimously elected as SOSA President 1990-91

b. Vice President
 Anne Muir was proposed by the Committee and unanimously elected as Vice President 1990-91

c. General Secretary
 Ian Weatherhead was proposed by Jeanne Southam and seconded by Norman Coxon and unanimously elected to be General Secretary 1990-93

d. Reunion Secretary
 Julie Greenhill was proposed by Irene Coxon-Smith and seconded by Jeanne Southam and unanimously elected to be Reunion Secretary 1990-93

e. Recent Leavers Nomination
 Natalie McCorquodale was proposed by the Committee and unanimously elected as the Recent Leavers Nomination on the Committee 1990-93

f. Committee Member
 Arthur Harrison was proposed by Nick Bennett and seconded by Jeanne Southam and unanimously elected as a Committee Member 1990-93

5. SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT - See separate article

6. HEADMASTER'S REPORT - See separate article

7. ANY OTHER BUSINESS - LANDSCAPING Mike Finch outlined the importance for landscaping. 'Trees for Life' Trust Fund has been set up and it was estimated that between £3,000-£4,000 be needed on landscaping developments and financial support from SOSA would be welcome.

There being no further business the AGM closed at 17.45 hours.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPRESENTATIVES REPORT – AGM 1990

I consider myself particularly fortunate to have the opportunity to report on an incredible year in the history of Sibford. It has been a year of enormous commitment, staggering generosity, huge changes and exciting promise. This Association and its members, collectively and individually, continue to play a vital part in the management and development of the School.

I am sure you all imagine the School Committee to be a highly responsible group of distinguished Quakers, sober, intelligent, thoughtful people, wonderful at writing instant word perfect minutes, perhaps a tiny bit conservative, financially cautious prudent types - just the sort you need to run a complex school despite being prone to severe attacks of the 'woollies' when a decision is required. Of course if the going gets really tough we turn to a higher authority to make the decision for us. Good stuff and only three times a year they told me – I thought I could cope with anything three times a year!

I am terribly sorry but as your representative I feel I must come clean and tell you what we have been up to and if you think of us in a fresh light so much the better!

To start with we have made some minor changes at the top!

- We have appointed a new Headmaster – John Dunston
- We have a new Chairman – Irene Glaister and Vice Chairman Mel Nash of the School Committee
- We have appointed a new Bursar
- We have a new Senior Mistress – Lisa Chowne
- Oh yes and there are nine new staff appointments for next term

Expenditure – well we have done a little more than usual this year – its a good time to spend money you havent got!

- The Oliver Studio – £70,000
- The Science Block Roof (one of 6) – £25,000
- Holly House refurbishment – £15,000
- Boys Houses roofs – £10,000
- Staff Room, Needlework and Typing moves – £5,000
- Oh yes and a little Sports Hall – £770,000
- Not to mention the every day maintenance budget – £50,000

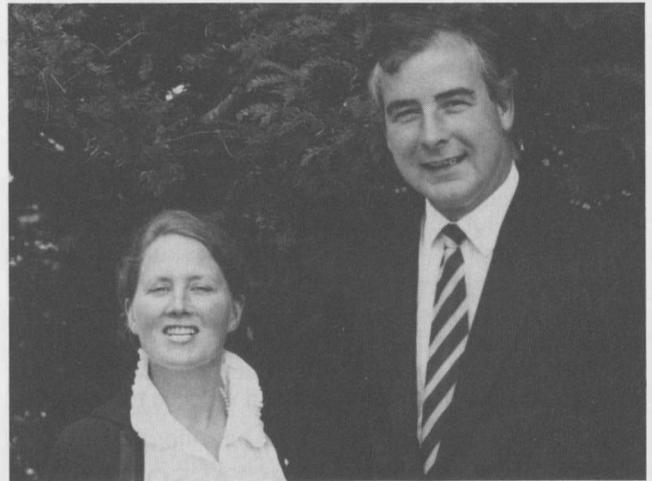
Combine all this with the actual business of running a co-educational mixed ability and special needs School with 250 Boarders, 70 day children and taking on a new venture in Orchard Close and you might get some idea how much we get done in our THREE meetings a year. Oh yes – we spend a few moments drawing breath before we start!

It has been a great year and the future looks equally exciting and just as challenging as ever.

Personnel changes inevitably mean goodbyes, thank yous and welcome.

We have said goodbye and thank you to:

Philip Manasseh – Old Scholar – eight years as School Committee Chairman and very much involved in the development process. David Saunderson – Old Scholar – Vice Chairman of School Committee and very much the Project Manager. Jeanne Southam – Old Scholar – eight years of great support. Jim Graham – Headmaster – passionately committed to children in need. Ann Bond – Member of SOSA – Chairman of FOSS – the driving force producing terrific local support for the School. John Miller – Bursar – 25 years and his whole being devoted to Sibford despite enormous physical disadvantages. A man in whose



Ruth and Paul Frampton

hands the interests of Sibford have been soundly managed. Tony Rye - Musician and EFL teacher – died in April having taught at Sibford for 20 years. Joe Colesby – Workshop Technician – Mr 'Fix It' loved by all died last week.

We have welcomed:

John Dunston, Suzie and Mathew who couldn't wait to get to Sibford! He was born 6 weeks premature so as not to miss the start! John has had a fascinating first term and I suspect it is nearly time to hang on to your hats – I hope so anyway. John wrote in his application for the post – "It is quite clear from the material sent to me, that Sibford is an unusual school. Its warmth and idealism shine through immediately and undoubtedly derive initially from its Quaker roots and tradition. I would be eager to support and develop these ideals, not only passively, but with a genuine affinity which comes from my own spiritual upbringing and faith". We wish him every success and happiness at Sibford. Irene Glaister – Chairman of the School Committee. A super person who has developed a thorough knowledge of the School in 7 months and loves and cares for it as we do. Brian Morphy – Bursar – ex Oxfam living in Bloxham and we wish him every success.

Looking ahead a little further – oh yes we have had time to do that too!

1992 – SIBFORDS 150TH ANNIVERSARY

The School Committee have set up a group under the Chairmanship of our own Mike Finch to develop a celebratory programme involving everyone connected with Sibford. The draft programme includes:

Meeting for Worship and thanksgiving

A Ball

A Fun Day

A major production

There will be a special feature in the Magazine and Ted Milligan a Quaker historian is writing an official history of the school.

If any Old Scholars have any interesting items or contacts please let Mike have them as soon as possible.

Finally I would like to thank Old Scholars for their generous support of the Appeal which has now raised over £720,000. I know you will do all you can to help us reach our target of £840,000 over the weekend and promise that the next letter you get from me will be one you will be delighted to receive!

PAUL FRAMPTON August 1990

HEADMASTER'S REPORT TO S.O.S.A. A.G.M.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

If we were to add up the total number of years' association with Sibford that all of you here represent, we would come to a figure with a lot of noughts at the end.

For some of you, the recent leavers, the number of years that you contribute to the total may be small, but you are, on the other hand the future of SOSA, and will be, we hope, the well-seasoned members of the 21st century.

Others of you may be able to trace your Sibford pedigree back many many years, if not decades; and although you may often speak of 'more years than you care to remember', your very presence here today suggests that we should take the phrase with a generous bucket full of salt.

So it may seem rather daring of a Headmaster of less than five months' standing, to bid you welcome on what is very much your home ground. But I do so nonetheless most warmly, and this seems also an ideal opportunity to wish you a memorable and happy Reunion this weekend.

Of course, even after such a short time here, Sibford is now very much home for Susie and me, and for little Matthew too, and I am delighted to be able to greet so many of you whom we have already got to know. I hope that both during this weekend, and on future occasions, there will be a chance to come to know personally many more members of SOSA. The links are strong that bind the School and its Old Scholars - this was one of my first impressions on coming to Sibford - and it is a tremendous sign of strength that this Annual Reunion, with its marvellously varied programme, creates such enthusiasm within the Association. There is clearly a very special bond, born of experiences at school and since leaving (if one ever really leaves, that is); I know that SOSA will continue, Mr. President, to go from strength to strength and I will enjoy watching it do so in the years ahead.

Well, you all have come back, hoping for the impossible, haven't you? On the one hand, you want it to appear the same, you want, quite rightly, to rediscover the places where those memories have matured, and to know that the new generation of Sibford Scholars are getting out of school much of what you obviously received. But on the other hand, you hope that Sibford has moved with the times, that it is as much a part of the '90's, as it was of the '80's or '70's. Or '60's. Or '50's. I'm not sure how far I ought to go back, but you know what I mean.

Strangely enough, these hopes are not irreconcilable. Because the values that make Sibford such a special place do not belong to any particular time; they are the fundamental values of human decency and respect, of encouragement and vision, of looking to find and nurture the best in all our pupils. This I have already perceived as one of the great strengths of the school, springing undoubtedly from its roots as a Friends' School. But one glance around the place will show you that it has not stood still.

I hope you have already seen the magnificent new Sports Hall, due for imminent use. For the moment, the marvellous new swimming pool must remain in your imaginations (but I did speak of the need for vision). You have seen Orchard Close at the end of its most successful opening year. Here we find ourselves in this splendid Oliver Studio, truly a phoenix rising out of tragedy. Elsewhere you will find further evidence of progress and innovation, whether in the fields of information technology or the excellent new CPVE

courses offered to the sixth form which reflect so well the need for additional provision in 16+ education in this country. There is still much in the pipeline and I hope you will always continue to recognise Sibford as, in one sense, yours individually, despite the growth that makes for a living community, rather like the features of an adult which are so often present in photos of him or her as a little baby. Such growth is of course due very much to the generosity of Old Scholars individually, and of SOSA as an organisation and this seems the right time to express our gratitude to both.

There has been great sadness too. I shall always remember with a sense of shock and sadness that my first act as a Headmaster was to attend a funeral. Only days before the start of the Summer term, we suddenly lost Tony Rye who had taught French and Music at the school years ago, and latterly had taken charge of the English as a Foreign Language Department. So many pupils owed him a lot and he will be very much missed indeed. It seems like a cruel irony that only a few days before the start of this Autumn term, we were to lose another cherished member of our staff when Joe Colesby succumbed to a sudden heart attack. He was a friend to everybody, mending whatever went wrong belonging to pupils or staff, of invaluable help in the CDT Department, with vehicle maintenance and really as an individual adviser to so many. He died busy at work one day in the holidays in the workshops which he knew so well. He too will be much missed.

This seems an occasion, however, also to mention some happier items and I would like to say to the Old Scholars what a wonderfully warm reception we have had from the whole Sibford community. Susie and Matthew and I have been made to feel so welcome from the very moment of our appointment when the Committee gave us such encouragement. In particular I would like to thank its two Chairmen Philip Mannaseh, who was Chairman at the time of my appointment and had the sense to get out a few weeks later, and Irene Glaister who was left to pick up the pieces. To both of them we are most grateful. The staff have made us very welcome at school and in particular I would like to thank Stephen Bunney and John Miller for all they did to ease our arrival.

SOSA, of course, has played its part in making us feel so welcome. Not only Ken Francis, as your President, and Ian Weatherhead, as jovial and thoroughly efficient General Secretary; but also of course Mike Finch who has done so much in liaison between the School and the Association. And I would like particularly to thank two Old Scholars who happen to be members of the Committee and who have done so much more than might be expected as part of their duty in extending a hand of friendship to us, Paul Frampton and Michael van Blankenstein.

This has been an unusual year for Sibford. I had the honour of being the ninth person in 150 years to occupy the post of Headmaster, and this year alone has seen three people in that position, since after Jim Graham retired in December, Stephen Bunney was of course Acting Head for the Spring term. I am delighted that Jim and Maureen will be here later on this weekend, and it is a particular pleasure to see two others of my predecessors here in the room this afternoon, and I hope there will be a chance to see them later.

Finally, Mr President, I should like to thank you very much indeed for inviting Susie and me to be your guests during the Reunion. The school is in good shape and good heart, and in that SOSA has undoubtedly played its major part. I wish you all a great weekend, much enjoyment, many happy memories, a lot of laughs and altogether a splendid Reunion.

JOHN DUNSTON

S.O.S.A. PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS "POLAND AND THE SIBFORD CONNECTION"

I first became aware of Poland through its postage stamps – not that they appealed to me, far from it; Polish stamps of the 20's and 30's were mostly drab, of poor design and printed on inferior paper. However, at least I knew where Poland was situated when Hitler invaded in 1939. Admittedly little else as Poland was one of the countries not 'done' in geography.

In 1946 I attended a Friend Relief Service training course to prepare me, or so the idea was, for relief work in Germany. To this end I was taught to drive lorries and tested by that brave and talented teacher of driving, Reg Rowntree. Above all though I studied German. Training completed, one by one my companions departed for Germany, I remained getting increasingly impatient. At last the call came, they needed a skilled driver mechanic for the recently formed team in Poland. They got me! Described as I learned later as young, inexperienced, but energetic and adaptable. So after a crash course in Polish, loaded down with winter clothing, I arrived at Northolt airport to be sent back because of fog. A second attempt was a little more successful; our R.A.F. Dakota reached Berlin for its overnight stop before mechanical faults were discovered which took five days to repair. I sat around, walked about the airport, unable to get into Berlin city as I had only a transit visa; it was boring in the extreme. However, eventually devastated Warsaw was reached.

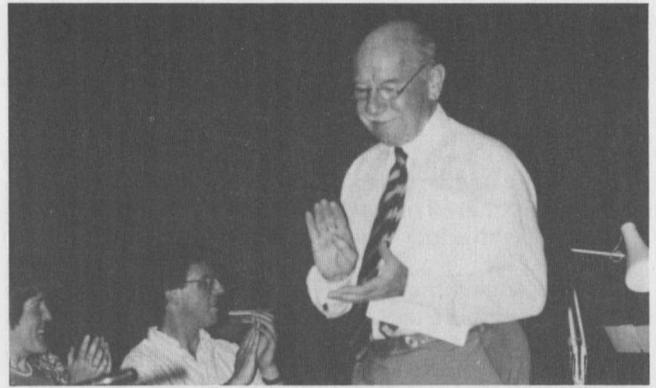
What memories remain of those first few days - the contrasts between those who lived in luxury and the poverty of the majority. The constant playing of Chopin over public loud speakers, the particular all pervading smell of Polish cigarettes. But above all the devastation. I stood in the heart of what had been the Warsaw ghetto and for a square mile no wall remained, just endless rubble.

Most of my two years in Poland was spent in the North. The area had been German East Prussia until 1945, now it had become Polish in part as compensation for land in the East which had been incorporated into Soviet Russia. Thus our team had an interesting mixed population to deal with: recently settled Poles from devastated areas, dispossessed Poles from areas taken over by the Russians, groups like the Ukrainians considered potentially troublesome by the Polish authorities, and the remaining indigenous population the Germans, mainly women, children and elderly men.

There in a beautiful land of lakes and forests we carried out medical work, food distribution for the children and in the poorest areas clothing distributions. It was then that I came to love Poland and its people even though, at times, they could be exasperating in the extreme.

For much of the time we lived in a railway station, with our rooms directly above the booking office. This was fascinating as astride one of the direct routes from Germany to Russia we were able to observe the long trains of reparations goods from conquered Germany trundling eastward with loads of machinery, vehicles, bridge sections, scrap metal - anything that could possibly be of use. Well armed Red Army men were on guard in sentry boxes at strategic points down the train.

Fighting had been fierce in parts of our area, but mostly the retreat of the Germans in January 1945 had been precipitate. There were many abandoned vehicles, including tanks, most had not been destroyed in battle, but had simply run out of fuel. We even managed to cannibalise a few parts to help keep our transport on the road. This was not easy; it was the winter of 1946-7 and some will remember how cold it was in Britain. In Poland temperatures down to zero



Ken Francis

Fahrenheit or below were common place. The anti-freeze had not arrived for our vehicles, so rather than constantly draining them we used paraffin in the radiators for a month or so without dire consequences.

One Easter week-end three of us borrowed bicycles and went on tour. One ride took us to Hitler's Eastern headquarters where the attempt to assassinate him had been made in 1944. Little had been touched since the Russians had overrun it: there was nobody about; just huge blocks of masonry and the debris of war. A year or two later I read an article in one of the papers, the writer of which claimed to be the first Englishman to visit the spot!

I think we did a useful job in Poland; in a small way we helped to re-build and restore a shattered country. Most of our relief supplies reached the needy as we personally distributed the supplies. Although the people liked us, the attitude of authority became increasingly more suspicious. As material conditions slowly improved the tensions of the Cold War were mounting and the Quaker Mission was withdrawn in 1949.

In my teaching of Modern History at Sibford, the Cold War and Eastern Europe were important parts of the syllabus. I decided that a Sibford school journey to Poland should be organised so that some of our people could have a first hand look at Eastern Europe behind the Iron Curtain. Also I wanted to go back and see how things had changed after twenty years. What had the new Poland become? I couldn't afford the fare, but as tour organiser I could travel free!

This expedition of 33 pupils and three staff in the summer of 1966 has never been well documented. Perhaps magazine editors were less pressing in those days!

The cost per pupil was £80 including all travel, full board and excursions for 15 days. The journey was pretty horrific - 36 hours from Sibford to Warsaw by coach, ferry and train. However, we successfully arrived at the frontier between West and East Germany. It being the middle of the night I held all the passports, but the East German guard wasn't going to allow this - each person must have their own. He opened the door of the first couchette, three Sibford girls lay before him fast asleep. He hastily relented and stamped all the passports.

In the morning at the outskirts to Berlin, we saw guards with their Alsatian dogs parading up and down the platform and dogs walking along the track underneath the coaches. After going through the Berlin Wall we reached the main station in East Berlin where we had to change trains.

There was about half an hour before the Warsaw train was due. So we filed out with our luggage, all by this time after the many frontier and zone checks carrying their own passports. Our train shunted off to a siding. As I watched it go, I was conscious of a very polite voice in my ear. "Please

sir, I think I've left my passport on the train" Horror of horrors! Our train due soon, the collective visa on my passport, no way in which we could get into Poland as a complete group.

Then help arrived in the shape of the platform manager, a friendly little Berliner, who had a brother in WOR-CES-TER (did I know it?) "Don't worry" he said, "I'll ring down to the siding, it is only a few kilometres away."

The passport was returned, but our train had left and there was an eight hour wait before the next. Surprisingly we lost no-one and managed to change money and get a meal, but it was a long eight hours!

At last we were Warsaw bound. It was only an hour to the Polish frontier so the East German frontier police were already on the train to check and stamp the passports. A young man had the task of examining our 36 passports. He started off all brisk efficiency, but Sibford girls can be very charming when they so wish and soon animated discussion was taking place, despite linguistic problems on vital topics such as the merits of the Rolling Stones, current films, clothes and so on. The result was that as we drew into the frontier station at Frankfurt on Oder, most passports remained unchecked. Our guard was in a panic, but we came to his rescue, passports were hastily opened at the appropriate page and very quickly all were stamped. The train stopped - a smile, a salute and he was gone.

In Warsaw we were met by our guide, soon to become everybody's friend Victor, who escorted us, tired and travel weary to our hotel.

The days that followed were crowded, but enjoyable. Sightseeing of the new Warsaw, including the old city and market place, painstakingly re-constructed to the original plans. Always the awareness that the sufferings of war had not been forgotten and visitors were made very aware of that fact. Then to the beautiful city of Krakow which included a visit to what was then a showplace, the new industrial city of Nowa Huta. To us, even then, unattractive and smoke laden. Now it is one of the world's worst polluted areas.

A few days at a more restful space were spent in the beautiful resort of Zakopane surrounded by the Tatra mountains. A cable car took us to a high point which straddled the Czechs-Polish frontier. The views were superb and as the frontier was only marked by a few stones, most ventured a few yards into Czech territory. This was one of the places where we met many young Poles, delighted to have the rare chance of trying out their English and showing us the friendship displayed by almost all: shopkeepers, hoteliers, officials, fellow passengers and so on.

After Zakopane it was back to the central plains for an overnight stop in Poznan before catching the train home and saying farewell to Victor, who came to stay with us at Sibford a few months later.

The journey back was also memorable but for the wrong reasons. Most of the party were affected by tummy trouble. Nowadays I suppose it would have been diagnosed as mild salmonella caused by our last meal of cold meats and salads in Poznan. I won't dwell on it! All survived and most were better by the time we reached home.

The other problem was our train connection. We were meant to change in Berlin, but due to delays our connection had left. The only hope was that we might catch it up at Hanover, otherwise we were bound for Hook of Holland instead of Ostend. However, our luck was in and 36 sleepy people, some of them rather ill, hurriedly clambered out at Hanover, crossed the platform and piled into 3 or 4 couchettes which an obliging official found for us. So heaps of Sibford

humanity slept their way to Aachen where a final change of train was made.

I could go on ad infinitum about Poland and our experiences there. But I won't!

I like to feel that in both countries there are people who will remember that time in 1966 and the friendly contacts made then with so many different types of people, including even the normally rigid officialdom.

As for myself, I continue to have great admiration and liking for the Poles. Their life has seldom been easy sandwiched as they are between Germany and Russia. Now they are struggling towards democracy and a different style of economy. I wish them well and hopefully will be able to make one more visit, but not I hasten to add with 33 youngsters in tow!

KEN FRANCIS August 1990

OTHER PEOPLES BUSINESS"

Continuing our popular series of profiles we look into the insurance world with Hugh Loader who was at Sibford 1954-59.

"300 words" Mike said - it sounded like Gladys Burgess

On leaving Sibford in 1959 I had another year at school in London to obtain additional GCE's so I could start a professional career. A small Lloyd's insurance broker was my initial training ground and then into industry where jobs with Philips, Bowater and others led to ATV in 1973.

Responsibility for insurance or non insurance can be a fun job, especially in a TV, film and entertainment group. Films included "The Eagle Has Landed", "The Muppets" and "Raise the Titanic" where the model cost more than the original boat - each one was a unique experience.

The overseas productions, both TV and film, produced new challenges and in 1979 I joined Tetra Pak the family owned multinational in the packaging field.

Rather like Tom Davies (1988 "Sibford") the world, not just the UK, is my work place - travel to such places as Moscow or Melbourne, Beijing or Buenos Aires have become everyday events but the most satisfying experience has been working with different cultures and in many varied environments.

Professional trade associations have grown over the last decade and I was fortunate to be elected as President of the specialist International Federation.

Hugh Maw's phrase "encyclopedic knowledge of sport" was lost to an early family and SOSA contact has been limited mainly to Ann Elizabeth Candy (now Pallett) and Mike Collins (now teaching FSSW) as well as Mike Finch.

My wife, Sheila, and I have now lived in Saffron Walden for about twenty five years. Our daughters, Claire 25 and Sally 22, (FSSW 1984-86) have now "fled the nest" so, hopefully, we can get back to Sibford if I can manage a couple of days in this country at reunion time.

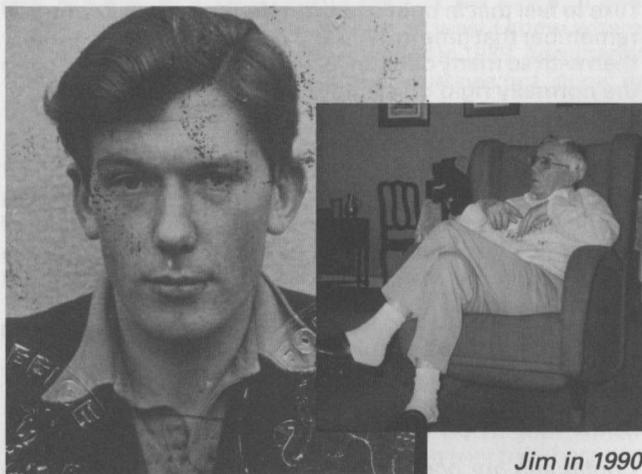


If you are nearby, look in the 'phone book and give us a call.

Hugh R Loader. Group Insurance Manager Tetrapak Chairman Airmic 1982-83.

OLD SCHOLARS ABROAD

We were delighted to hear from Jim Hilling who was at Sibford 1934-39 and has lived abroad for many years. We savour his recollections.



Jim Hilling in 1941

Jim in 1990

Although I have been delinquent for some two or three decades in paying my membership dues to SOSA Sibford has nevertheless haunted me on and off over the past half century. For example, when finally starting a real professional career nine years after leaving Sibford, my first task consisted of writing assembly instructions for a combine harvester delivered in bits and pieces in boxes and I became obsessed with memories of watching wheat being thrashed by a stationary thrasher powered by a steam engine on a farm on the way to Hillbottom (Roland Herbert always wrote Hellbottom – its unsanitized name). In the sixties and seventies watching ice hockey games at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, I had visions of a Penn v Nansen mixed hockey game – the most dangerous sport in the world.

In August, 1945, ten years after my last Esperanto lesson from Frank Parkin, I managed to recall the Esperanto version of "For he's a jolly good fellow" ("Li estas bonegulo") thus calming a rather tense Croation communist official and preserving the reputation of the Friends' Ambulance Unit. I cannot hear Christmas Carols without transporting myself to that assembly hall down at the Old School where we sang with such joy and enthusiasm (including a tone deaf chap who was always standing near me).

Playing soccer for Lerard Mer in France in 46/47 I sometimes remembered Frank Parkin imploring us not to be down-hearted when we were losing 14-0 to the Farmers Union.

Seeing an unhappy child suddenly smile reminds me of my very first day at Sibford in 1934 when, after three years of personal misery, I was informed by an older boy that my sister was the prettiest girl in the school.

Listening to a bar pianist in Des Moines Iowa in the seventies my mind saw Peter Hargreaves playing jazz on the harmonium in the chapel at Broughton Castle during a form visit.

Watching jogging enthusiasts (who always look so unhappy) I recall having to run around the 14 acre playing field before breakfast as a penalty for late rising.

Upon being congratulated in a business seminar on my attitude of equality with women, I was able to explain that my schoolmates, Bina and Peggy and Audrey and June and Sheila et al had seen to that many years ago.

When taking my family to see a re-run of "Snow White and the seven dwarfs" I told them of John Dumbleton's enterprising exploit in absconding to London to see that very film with money advanced by the Art Mistress to buy football boots (everyone knew he hated football).

When a group of irate and wine-exhilarated French union representatives invaded the factory manager's office (mine) I heeded Arnold Darlington's advice on handling bullies, looked their leader in the eye and called him "mon cher ami" This had a startling effect and brought the discussions to a more containable level.

After retiring from a 32 year career with a multinational corporation, having held a range of responsibilities from clerk to senior director, I learned that I had been known as "lovable Jim Hilling". Could truth and honour and freedom and courtesy have anything to do with it?

SIBFORD LINKS WITH WESTERN AUSTRALIA

During our six weeks in Western Australia in the autumn of 1989 Vaughan and I were able to make two contacts with a Sibford overtone. Firstly we visited Elizabeth Jolley (Monica Knight at School) who has become one of Australia's most famous modern authors – her books are published widely in the English speaking world. I was at school with Elizabeth 1934-37 but had not seen her since. We were able to call upon her and her husband in their "Victorian" house in the leafy Perth suburb of Claremont.

Elizabeth has very clear and happy memories of Sibford. She describes herself as a Jill-of-all-trades who has observed people and written compulsively about them ever since she was a small girl. Before her marriage to Leonard she trained as a nurse. When Leonard (a University Librarian) obtained the post of Librarian to the University of Western Australia in Perth, Elizabeth followed him out with there three small children by boat – observing and scribbling all the while, she worked at many jobs – all giving her insights and backgrounds for her books. Leonard had a very deep interest in literature and writing (not unnaturally with his background) and encouraged her greatly. Elizabeth became used to receiving her novels and short stories back with rejection slips until suddenly it all changed she puts it down to the retirement of the older publishers' readers who wanted nothing experimental or unusual and the appearance of one of two readers prepared to publish unorthodox works. A sudden demand came about for all her work, until now she finds difficulty in acceding to all the requests for manuscripts and promotional appearances.

She has not allowed her burst to fame to change her happy lifestyle with Leonard and her family. They have a small fruit farm in the hills near Perth their home expresses appreciation of the values of tasteful and relaxed living and she has retained a strong commitment to teaching and encouraging would be authors. She travels on "Publishing Business" when she has to but she prefers the relaxed domestic life of a Perth Suburb. Leonard is now unfortunately very restricted in his movements by arthritis.

It was wonderful to find how we fell into "Sibford Talk" as if we had been away for just a year or two. Vaughan talked about Western Australia History and the life of the University with Leonard whilst Elizabeth and I covered Sibford and Sibfordians. We hope that Elizabeth's novels will bring her to England again - but if not we look forward to seeing her again in Perth on our next visit.

The Second contact was with Colin and Sally Nicholl of the farm "Sibford" which is near Hyden which is 215 miles west of Perth. After the first World War an old scholar called

Horace Nicholl emigrated to Western Australia where eventually he was allocated a block of crown land east of Hyden. He had to find it clear it and turn it into a farm. It is difficult to imagine the courage fortitude and persistence that was needed to clear land with an axe, miles from anywhere and with water from pools in granite rocks. Now seventy years later his son Colin farms, with Sally ten thousand acres for wheat and sheep.

We were fortunate to stay at "Sibford" with Colin and Sally to experience the vastness, the openness, the isolation of the area and the resourcefulness the self reliance and the hard work of thier daily lives. Sally not only helps with many of the farm activities, is a mother to a family of four children, cooks for the gangs of workers in the harvest and shearing seasons, is active in local affairs, is an authoress and is taking an external degree and masters degree at a Perth University. We were intrigued to learn that she knows Elizabeth Jolley and has studied at some of Elizabeth's seminars.

She has produced a fascinating book called "Wheat, Wethers and Waterbags" which describes the farming year on their farm and the background to it all.

Hyden itself is a tourist centre based on the amazing granite formations of Wave Rock, the Hippos yawn etc. We found the operations of "Sibford Farm" and the history of the "Wheatbelt of Western Australia" even more fascinating than the scenic splendours.

Many Birmingham old scholars will have seen the slides of John and Jean Osborne, showing the farm and its surroundings. We had a wonderful welcome at 'Sibford' and hope that Colin and Sally will visit England again so that they can be welcomed at an Old Scholars gathering and perhaps to Sibford itself. We are very grateful that Old Scholar Winifred Hyde (Colins aunt) suggested we should pay 'Sibford' a visit.

JEANNE SOUTHAM

SIBFORD CALLING!

September 1930: a very small boy with mousy hair, one of Sibford's new intake, remembers the bus ride from Banbury GWR station, past the Elm, past Paradise, past the village shop, remembers the cold dormitories, lit by Aladdin lamps (the new grid pylons built, but not yet connected up), remembers a member of staff reading instalments of Masefield's Reynard the Fox every night before 'lights out', remembers the black lumps in the potatoes, remembers working in the gangs who were forking out the couch grass from the surrounding and still rough field, and piling it into great bonfires, remembers seeing the secondhand turf from Edgbaston laid down as the new cricket pitch, remembers (teamed with his friend, the late Dr Hugh Dell) tackling woodwork projects under Roland Herbert, like the construction of high wooden stools to furnish the new laboratories, remembers the communal ramble on the first Sunday afternoon of term, made memorable because of unwise consumption of elderberries, remembers finding his first bosom friend in Norman Booth, sadly killed when a bomb fell on the Middlesex Hospital, as the Thirties, which began so sunnily and so hopefully ended in a terrible madness of race-hatred and the tramp of goosestepping automata.

September 1990: the same person, now grown a little in wisdom and stature, but with hair (fortunately) still mousy, and mostteeth intact, is walking down the High Street of the little town of Kington, on the Welsh Border, when his attention is suddenly arrested by a postcard displayed prominently in an antiqueshop window, bearing the slogan: Sibford Calling! The antique dealer, with a triumphant

smile, said that he was always confident that this enigmatic card would one day be recognised and claimed. To younger generations, one must explain that "London Calling" was the very familiar wireless call-sign, spoken by a man whose pronunciation suggested (to Dylan Thomas) that "he had the Elgin Marbles in his mouth." And what of the claim to deliver "enlightened education"? A claim justified, if one includes the development of a lasting love of the English countryside, the appreciation of the sustaining solace of music and poetry, an introduction to the ever-fascinating world of books, the satisfaction of creating something of one's own in workshop or art room, and above all the good humour, companionship and warmth of a small community, guided by kindly and concerned teachers who set standards of personal life worth copying.

DAVID HUGHES

SIBFORD CALLING!



The New Buildings at Sibford School have now been opened on the hill-top and there will be room for 130 children at the school in September. The school is all ready to maintain its position in the vanguard of enlightened education.

DO NOT DELAY

BOOK NOW

SIBFORD SCHOOL, near BANBURY, OXON.

POST CARD

Address only to
be written on
this side

There are still vacancies.
Can you help to fill these
by passing on this Card to
some interested parent?

LESLIE BAILY LECTURE - S.O.S.A. REUNION - AUGUST 1990

This year's Leslie Baily lecture was given by Margaret Dring who many will know was School Housekeeper and Matron for 28 years between 1954-82.

The following is an abridged version of her lecture.

As life in a city was not very healthy in the early part of the century, in 1912 my father decided to move to the country and obtained a position as foreman on an estate at Little Houghton, Northamptonshire, where I was born in August 1917.

My father often told the story of how the estate owner called to one of the labourers one day. "The parson tells me your children are a disgrace to the village. If I don't pay you enough to keep them tidy - get out" The man in question was being paid twelve shillings - 60pence - a week. So much for the good old Days!!

Not everyone was so uncaring however. There was another lady in the village, a Mrs. Gunning, whose husband was a

General and it seems she was very friendly towards my family and her sons played with my brothers. Sadly during the first world war her husband was mortally wounded while serving in South Africa. Arrangements were made for her to go out there to see him before he died. I am named after her and when she returned she gave me a golden sovereign which she had taken from his pocket. I still have it with the black edged note saying "To my namesake".

CHARLECOTE

November 1918 and we were moving to a much larger estate - Charlecote in Warwickshire which belonged to the Fairfax-Lucy family and it is here that my memories begin. We lived in an old Tudor house, known as Jackson's Farmhouse. At the rear there was a large room which had originally been the village bakehouse but in Victorian times it had been converted into a wash-house. I remember the copper, heated by a coal fire, where mother boiled the clothes and I also recollect a large copper which we never used but I understand in earlier times it had been used in some brewing process. There was an attractive entrance porch, a hall with a dark passage as you turned right then a living room with a coal range for cooking, a sitting room and a large stone floored scullery. Upstairs there were three bedrooms and there was also a cellar which I remember was always unusable because there was always water in it.



Ken Francis sorts out last minute details with Margaret Dring

It has taken me all these years, until I was doing some research for this talk, to find out why it was never free of water. Prior to 1925 there were some 14 wash houses in Charlecote with as many wells serving households with water. The cleanliness of clothes in villages such as Charlecote was quite a communal matter in the 19th century and that is when a considerable number of wash houses were built. Small houses and cottages shared but the larger households had their own. So the wells were sunk in places convenient to serve houses or groups of cottages. Water would of course be abstracted by lowering a bucket on a rope from a hand winding device and I well remember these being in use when I lived there. Gradually more sophisticated pumps with leather valves were introduced and we must have been very fortunate to only have to pump our water. Because of the gravel sub-soil and the nearness of the river valley Charlecote was well served by wells and pumps and they seldom if ever ran dry. In winter, when the water table rose, flooded cellars would indicate the water level in the well. The wells also were generally "shallow" and gathered water from the surface strata. As many, including ours, were adjacent to the farm yards we must have been fairly immune to the impurities as I am still here, in my seventies to tell the tale. Mains water did not arrive until 1957. The state of the house - damp and no pump to clear the water - damaged my mother's health so much that the doctor said she could not survive in those conditions for another year. Another hazard of having no mains water meant that until the start of the Second World War the "toilet" needs of the village in general were served by "Privies" - small brick buildings - usually with a ventilator hole instead of a window, fitted with a wooden seat with a typically shaped hold cut in it and set over an earth receptacle. These were often shared by three or four cottages. They were emptied by the estate "Tumbler" cart on occasions and discharged as fertilizer in the fields!!! I do not remember much about this - I was barely nine when we moved but my research shows that the one at Jacksons Farm, our house, had panelled

lining surrounds - luxury indeed in the early twenties. This was not made redundant until 1946. My memories of trips up the garden to the "Loo" especially at night are non-existent but my elder sister tells me that we never went alone and always carried a hurricane lamp.

The only memory I have of bath night is a hip bath in front of a roaring fire. Food was always plentiful if simple and there were always appetising smells coming from the iron saucepans on the open living room fire. Plenty of rabbits when stewed with savoury dumplings made a wonderful tasty meal with fresh vegetables. Home made jam and freshly baked bread which was delivered three times a week by the baker with his horse and cart.

Charlecote has a famous deer park and I remember each Christmas we were given a huge haunch of venison which mother roasted and I can still visualise it as she struggled to lift the huge tin from the oven to baste it. There was a tiny village shop which sold everything from tarred string and tallow candles to black treacle and of course we spent our occasional penny there. The shop was at the end of a terrace of five timbered cottages which were known as "Pound" cottages because the rent was a pound a year. I clearly remember the shopkeeper made her own bags which were similar to the forcing bags we make with greaseproof paper - and that is an art I have never really mastered. Adjoining our house were two tiny cottages and at the end of the block the room which was my father's office. Here he kept all the records and accounts, received the rents on Lady Day and at Michaelmas and I remember the overall management of the estate was in the hands of Godfrey Payton of Warwick - a firm which I note is still in existence.

In 1922 I started at the tiny village school. In the 1830's the heir to the estate, George, elder son of the Rev. John Hammond Lucy, married a Welsh heiress, Mary Elizabeth Williams. Together George and Mary, making use of her great wealth, almost rebuilt the house and village and also built the school which consisted of a teachers house with classroom attached. Later in the century an additional classroom and cloakroom were added. In 1924, because of the small number of children in the village at this time the school was closed. From then onwards we had to walk to the next village - Hampton Lucy - to attend school and I continued there until the summer of 1926. It was a pleasant walk - over a stream with the deer park on the left, up a small hill, down again to cross the Avon and into the village. During the summer lots of gipsies camped here - they came to pick the peas which at that time were grown by many farmers. As I remember they were paid so much per sackful and some of the older school children were able to earn pocket money by joining them after school. There were times when the Avon flooded at Hampton Lucy and being unable to cross we had a holiday until the floods subsided. After we left - in the 1930s when river flooding occurred the children were taken to school in the Estate wagon - the old large wheel type unless the water was too deep even for that. We were regular attenders at St. Leonards Church in the village - a beautiful church built by Mary Elizabeth. Her husband died in 1845 aged 56 and she determined to rebuild the old Anglo-Norman church to perpetuate his memory. The Norman font was retained and one of my vivid memories is that on each Good Friday we went to Scar Bank, a wood at Hampton Lucy, since grubbed out, to gather primroses which we placed round the base of the font in readiness for the festival of Easter when the church was always beautifully decorated. Soon after Easter there was May Day to celebrate, after lots of practice at school for the dancing and singing. On the eve of May Day we all collected blossom and foliage and decorated the Maypole which the men of the village then put up on the green in front of the Old Malt House ready for the crowning of the May Queen and the dancing round the Maypole the next day.

There were infrequent visits to Stratford but no buses in those days. We walked up the village, past the entrance to Charlecote House, turned left over "Nobby Bridge" and on to the crossroads to await the arrival of the carriers cart from Wellesbourne. When all the passengers had clambered aboard we jogged along the four miles to Stratford.

One highlight would be the visit to the annual Mop Fair in October. In those days a bullock was roasted in the street. Then there was the sad day when we all went out to watch the flames

and smoke rising from Stratford and learned that it was the Old Theatre burning down.

I can clearly recollect the first time I listened to the wireless. We were invited, I believe it was in 1923, to the house in what is now a garden centre and the whole family took it in turn to put on the earphones and listen to it. None of us imagined at that time the progress in communications which would be made in the next fifty years.

At the end of the summer term all the school children were invited to Charlecote House for tea on the cedar lawn near the orangery. There were games and races and Sir Henry and Lady Fairfax Lucy were always there. One day I remember going down to the house with my father when he had to inspect a job which required attention. We went through the nursery and I remember standing in wonder at the site of a huge rocking horse the like of which I don't ever remember seeing since.

Charlecote is associated with one of the romantic traditions of Shakespeare's life. At that time groups of sportive and high spirited youths often went into the countryside and stole whatever deer and game they could. Archdeacon Davis of Sapperton Gloucestershire who died in 1708 says of Shakespeare "He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy who was a J.P. and who had him whipped and sometimes imprisoned and at last made him fly his native county to his great advancement". On one such poaching expedition, so the story goes, Will Shakespeare, carrying a deer, stumbled while climbing over a stile and was caught. This stile of unique construction stood opposite the entrance to Charlecote Park and is unusual because it comprises three railings which are pivoted on a single post which acts as a fulcrum. The rails are counter balanced in such a manner that they always fall into a horizontal position. With pressure applied by an unsuspecting climber the structure collapses or tumbles, yet on release returns to its horizontal appearance of an ordinary fence. During my father's time at Charlecote he almost completely rebuilt it. Now because increased traffic necessitated road widening it has been moved and re-erected several yards back from its original position. Shakespeare never forgot these occasions and he unmistakably caricatures Sir Thomas Lucy under the name of "Justice Swallow" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor".

I clearly remember Lady Ada who was daughter and heir to Squire Henry Spencer Lucy. She married Sir Henry Fairfax in 1892 and when she became Mistress of Charlecote he assumed the full name of Fairfax-Lucy. It was this generation by whom my father was employed. I have many memories of her walking up the village carrying soup or other nourishment to the poor sick. It looked like an earthenware jam jar in a raffia container. However her usual form of transport through the village was in a "Tub Trap" drawn by a pony. The very occasional car which came through the village caused quite a stir. Sir Henry's mode of transport was almost always on horseback and my earliest memory of him is when, as a very small child, I was playing outside our home when a huge horse towered above me and a voice bellowed "Is your father home". The 40 hour week was unheard of in those days and he often demanded to see my father in the evening after dinner. My father often told the story how he went as requested about 9.30pm and Sir Henry said "Wild, I wish you wouldn't eat parsley when you come to see me in the evening after having a drink". I only learned the reason for this when in 1954 Arthur and I visited Mrs. Keable who had been cook at that time and was then living in retirement. She told us that my father and his friend Bill Bennett, the village undertaker, often cycled to the Kings Head at Wellesbourne for a drink. On his way to see Sir Henry during the late evening my father would make a detour through her kitchen, grab some parsley, and chew vigorously on his way upstairs! His ruse obviously did not fool Sir Henry!!!

The years sped by mother's health deteriorated and father decided we had better move on. The doctor warned that the damp house was affecting her health and our employer was reluctant to do anything about it to make living there more acceptable.

Mary Elizabeth was succeeded by her son Spencer - the last Lucy to enjoy his inheritance. The meridian of the Victorian

high summer was already past and in order to maintain the standard of living which the gentry deemed essential he sold George Lucy's collection of paintings piecemeal to meet unpaid bills. A few months after his mother's death he succumbed to pneumonia. He had hoped for a son-in-law, wealthy for preference, but his elder daughter Ada who was due to inherit, and for whom my father subsequently worked, had not found a husband. Lawyers explained to Spencer's widow that the house would have to be let for a term of years. For her this was a release - she ordered mementoes, letters, mediaeval charters and title deeds to be destroyed. Within 3 years she hurried Ada into a marriage that would shift the burden of inheritance on to masculine shoulders and went to live in her mother's property in Inverness shire. Ada had married Henry Fairfax of Roxburghshire. They soon went to live at Charlecote and Ada's signature had to be put on all legal documents. Henry Fairfax had a flair for estate management and had there not been the 1914-18 war he might with severe retrenchment have pulled it round. Six of their ten children lived, wore out each others clothes and fed rather worse than the cottagers children. They were comforted and fed by the head grooms wife and kept out of sight of the window of their father's business room. Sir Henry had caused the wasteful elegant grates to be removed from the bedrooms and replaced with mean small ones which only burned two lumps of coal. So not surprisingly our house never received the attention necessary to make living there healthy.

By 1926 post war discontent had reached a peak and the General Strike was causing disruption everywhere although I was too young to understand its causes. Communications had progressed since our earlier introduction to the miracle of wireless. The vicar, the Rev. B. Hoyland, was the proud possessor of a wireless with a horn which he put out on a table outside his front door and everyone in the village was invited to listen to the news. Meanwhile father had applied for a situation as foreman on the Harewood Estate in Yorkshire. This was a very large estate - more than 20,000 acres at that time. After an interview at Harewood he was offered the job and accepted.

The Fairfax-Lucys had an estate in Scotland where they went each August. Always before leaving Lady Ada would come to say goodbye to my mother and says "We will see you again in October". But August 1926 was different. This time my mother said boldly "I'm afraid not M'Lady, we shall not be here in October". I was standing in the room and remember Lady Ada's reply. "Oh yes you will" as she went out of the door. However arrangements were made for us to leave on August 24th. The last night we stayed with a very old lady who gave me a piece of her treasured pottery which I still have after 64 years. We walked to Thelsford, about three quarters of a mile out of the village where now we were able to catch a bus to Leamington. Here we caught a train to Leicester where we stayed one night with my mother's brother and his wife whose fruit and veg business and nursery had flourished over the years. My father was still very Victorian in many ways and my sister and I still had long hair. My aunt arranged for a hairdresser to come to the house and we were "bobbed".

My mother's eldest sister lived at Ibstock, several miles away, and transport and funds being scarce in those days they had not met for many years. So my uncle took us to see her. However because of the bitterness everywhere he dare not use his car but we went in his lorry so that we did not attract antagonism or violence. I distinctly remember the streets of Ibstock lined with sad and shabby men, many holding bricks ready to hurl at anyone they thought might be strike breaking. We were allowed through and mother had the joy of seeing her sister for the first time for many years and also for the last time - they were never able to meet again.

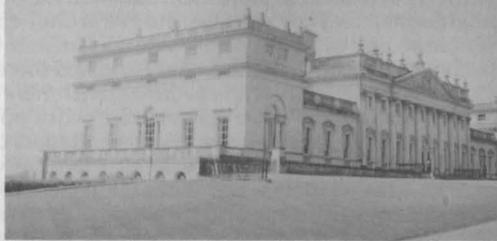
August 26th 1926 we were again on the train - this time travelling north to begin a new and very different life. From Leeds we caught the bus to Harewood - one of the largest country estates - soon to be the home of the 6th Earl of Harewood and the Princess Royal, daughter of King George Vth.

HAREWOOD

From Leeds station we caught the bus to Harewood and I remember walking up the village to our new home. How different from Charlecote. Instead of the timbered house we



*Margaret Dring
outside her
childhood home
at Charlecote*



*Harewood
House*

had left this was built of stone, the end house of a terrace of four standing back from the road and approached up four steps and a path with a lawn either side - something we did not have at Charlecote. The front door opened directly into the sitting room and we learned later that our house had originally been two cottages so we had two large rooms at the front, a large kitchen, hall with a wide staircase and a large larder which had been the kitchen of the other cottage. Upstairs four bedrooms and luxury - one of them had a bath in it. However in 1926 there were a few drawbacks. The water had to be carried upstairs but there was a plug and outlet for disposal. Downstairs there was luxury for mother. There was cold water on tap at the sink and on the left hand side of the huge kitchen range a side boiler for heating the water and I remember a large brass tap at the front. Our neighbours had a large jug which they used to keep their boiler constantly filled but we had a covered tank at the side of the sink with a ball cock and a pipe to the range and ours was kept topped up automatically. In 1926, in the country this was indeed something to savour. The house was well built, the walls two feet thick and even the dividing walls between the two cottages were solid stone and eighteen inches thick. There were wooden shutters inside the windows and when closed at night they helped to keep out the winter cold. Our house was in the Avenue which is the road leading to Wetherby and at that time there was a marvellous avenue of trees stretching for almost two miles from the edge of the village. At the top of the Avenue at its junction with the Leeds Harrogate road is the impressive entrance to Harewood House - a huge arch with a lodge either side. Until the Second World War there was a large cannon on each side of the drive and on the outer edge two tiny cottages called pepperpots - one now empty and the other used by a friend of my sister as a studio. The Avenue is very wide considering it was not built for today's standards but until 1768 there was a market house with six shops underneath and thought to have been in the centre of the road. The cottages on the north side were built around 1755 and two terraces were once a ribbon factory, a brief and unsuccessful attempt to provide another type of employment at Harewood but the factory lasted a short eleven years. The upper floors were stone and one or two houses still have this type of flooring in the bedrooms and two have stone steps to the upper floor. There are two large houses on this side - one formerly occupied by the estate agent and the other by the doctor but both are now private residences. The cottages on our side - the south - were built after 1812 and in the cellar of ours there used to be a shoe-blackening factory and records show that up to 1901 liquid polish was supplied to many leading people in Yorkshire. There has been a history of the Quaker Religion in Harewood when in 1740 William Wright held services for that religion in his home "Lothouse Farm" not far from our house. What was the library when I was there is now the chapel - converted in 1964 and since the closure of All Saints Church this is now a united Methodist and Anglican house of worship. Adjoining is the Post Office, selling everything now for everyday use and providing a valuable service for the village. When I lived there there were two shops - one on either side of the Leeds Harrogate Road, one, now an antique shop, sold papers, sweets, etc and the other was the

village grocers. This business was started in 1909 by Anthony Scott. His advertisement stated "Customers waited on for their orders - delivered fortnightly". The door into the shop is in Harrogate Road but the window is in Church Lane opposite what was at that time the policeman's house. It has a bay window and at that time had a metal shield guarding the lower panes from the horns of passing cattle!! Somehow the smells from that shop which are the most evocative of all associations have lingered with me all these years and there is nothing to compare in the modern supermarket with the smells of well cured bacon and ham, the cheeses we have to search for nowadays, coffee freshly ground - butter being weighed as you bought it and patted into shape with two wooden patters. I remember especially the chief assistant who appeared quite old then and had spent his working life there. He always looked so clean and neat, his hair always tidy, his moustache always neatly clipped and his overall always clean. I wondered at his deftness as he weighed up sugar in blue bags, neatly folded the top and finished with a piece of string to hold it, tied it at the top and cut it with scissors which he always seemed to have handy. There was also a butchers shop, a family business and they did their own killing. I remember that for any village function they made the most marvellous potted meat, the like of which I have never tasted since. It was delivered to the school, where all our functions were held in those days, in large enamel pie dishes covered by a clean linen cloth. Adjacent was the Harewood Arms - the local hostelry where Arthur and I had our wedding reception in 1944. There were some very old cottages lower down Harrogate Road known as Sheephead Row with allotments behind. These have now been demolished. In 1936/37 this had been planned as an estate development for workers and pensioners by the sixth earl. Plans had already been drawn up by architects but World War II put paid to that. Then when the sixth earl died in 1947 the land had to be sold because of death duty. Wetherby Rural District Council bought it and Lord Harewood's plans were again taken up. There was little money around particularly to pay for stone and Wetherby Rural District Council were most grateful when the present Earl gave all the stone required making it one of the finest council house developments in the country. The Police house was interesting - it had a stone rose over the door, was estate property, had a cell where offenders spent the night. Next morning the policeman would have to wheel his bike with one hand, the other handcuffed to the offender and they would have to walk six miles to Wetherby.

In the thirties, Arthur had his only brush with the policeman when riding his bike, carrying a friend on the crossbar - they were going for a swim in the Wharf. The charge "Summoned for the offence of riding two persons on one cycle not constructed thereof on the Leeds Harrogate road in the year of our Lord 1937". Fined Arthur 5/-. The policeman who was not very tall commented "I suppose you didn't see me". Arthur's friend who was six feet plus replied "I thought you were a jockey" and he was fined 10/- for his cheek.

The estate at that time covered 20,000 acres, stretching to Goldsborough near Knaresborough and the outskirts of Leeds. There was a blacksmith shop and on going there one day I remember the blacksmith showing me how the apprentices used to sit on round topped stools making nails. In the joiners workshop each carpenter had his own bench - I think there were seven or eight. There were huge saws and all the other equipment necessary for making all the gates and fencing etc, required on the estate. It was always a hive of activity. A house carpenter was always kept fully occupied doing repairs for Harewood House and there was a wheelwright - surely an art almost extinct now. One thing I distinctly remember during those first autumn months at Harewood was redirected letters arriving quite regularly from Charlecote and postmarked Roxburghshire where the Fairfax-Lucys had a house. They were all about the Charlecote Estate instructing my father which jobs should be proceeded with and stating when Sir Henry would be returning to discuss these matters. It was quite obvious they had not wanted us to leave and believed we would not be able to. Hence her Ladyship's reply to my mother the previous August that we would definitely still be there when they returned in October. Eventually my father spoke to the agent Nigel Fitzroy who had engaged him, and asked what kind of references Sir Henry had given him. His reply was unprintable. On looking back I feel this was really a compliment. The old autocrat would be thinking of what was best for himself. How fortunate for us the reference was ignored and

father was appointed. One wonders how often such behaviour goes unchallenged today!!

In September 1926 I started at the village school which had three class rooms. I can remember making a simple dress and doing an embroidery before I moved up into the top classroom when I was ten. If our teacher was away the headmaster's wife took over and she always arrived with a huge bag of her husband's socks and a supply of wool and darning needles and we seemed to spend a large part of that day learning how to darn socks!! Dictation I seem to remember was also a frequent occupation and we were taken into the playground for exercise - "Drill" was the name given to it in the timetable. We did have a library in the village but the books were changed infrequently and consequently I spent many winter evenings reading a dictionary. Actually in later life this has served me well as spelling has never been a problem. In spite of very vague memories of lessons at that school we must have learned quite a lot because in the spring of 1928 several of us were taken to Wetherby six miles away to sit an examination for Harrogate Grammar School. Fortunately I passed without the supplementary exam the others were required to take. I have smiled many times over the years because in the spring exams the Headmaster was so certain a boy who shall remain



Margaret Dring

nameless would be head of the senior class the prize I was given for that position was a boys book "The Cruise of the Snowbird"! September 1928 and I started at Harrogate Grammar School. How different from the previous three school I had attended. A seven mile bus ride into Harrogate each morning and then so many teachers and classrooms at first it was very bewildering. However I soon learned there were many others from even smaller villages than Harewood - Beckwithshaw, Darley, Dacre, Hampsthwaite and many of

you who have visited the Yorkshire moors and Dales may have heard of them and we tended to group together. I guess the pupils who had spent all their lives in sophisticated Harrogate thought we must all be country bumpkins. However there was little time for comparisons. Grammar schools in those days meant getting down to the business of acquiring knowledge, especially in the "A" form where I was. But I loved it. We were soon involved in History, Geography, Maths, English Grammar and Literature, Botany, Scripture, French and Latin. Cookery and needlework played a very minor part in the curriculum and after two years I was not allowed to do either of them but had to include chemistry and concentrate on the other subjects. The older members among you may recollect that in order to obtain a Matriculation Certificate you had not only to get five subjects at credit level but they must be in particular groups otherwise you ended up with school certificate only. Our headmaster was a classics scholar and once each term morning assembly was taken totally in Latin and he would come round afterwards to question the upper forms about the prayers and readings. Woe betide if you couldn't translate!! I enjoyed my days at school and left with a good matric - distinction in mathematics, good in French and Latin and credits in the other subjects.

During the summer months the two children of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles who lived at Goldsborough Hall would come to stay with their grandparents the Earl and Countess of Harewood and we often saw them about with their nannies. Even Harewood House had not been modernised at that time and in the present earls memoirs "The Tongs and the Bones" he says how well he remembers the hip baths in front of the fire. He also recollects the relative softness of his aged grandfather's beard - very different I gather to the beard of astonishing abrasiveness of his grandfather King George V to which a ritual goodnight peck had to be offered whenever they were staying with him at Windsor, Sandringham or Buckingham Palace.

At Harewood during the early thirties there were many changes. In 1929 the fifth earl had died. My father was given the task of

making his coffin from seasoned oak grown on the estate. He was buried in the family vault under the church. The entrance to this is outside - covered in turf during normal times. I remember the Prince of Wales came to the funeral - the first and only time I saw him.

This was the beginning of a new era at Harewood. The house was being modernised - many new bathrooms added and everything made ready for the new occupants and the many visitors who would be entertained there. The building of the present Harewood House was begun in 1759 by Edwin Lascelles who favoured a Palladian House, so Harewood rose in an eighteenth century English adaptation of the style set by the sixteenth century Venetian, Andrea Palladio. He gave the work to John Carr of York and first of all the stables were built. During this time Lascelles showed Carr's drawings for the house to Robert Adam and Adam carefully proposed alterations to Harewood without disturbing Carr's elevations. The interior of the house, begun in 1765, although there were changes by later hands - remains one of Adam's greatest achievements. Incidentally one hundred tons of plaster were bought at two shillings, 10p a ton. The painters finished in 1772. Lascelles chose Thomas Chippendale, born at Otley a few miles away, to make his furniture. Capability Brown was engaged to develop the parkland and grounds. Edwin Lascelles was created the first Lord Harewood in 1790. Having no children he was succeeded by his cousin Edward who acquired a fine collection of porcelain and china and some excellent pictures. His son enriched Harewood with discriminating purchases of Sevres and Chinese porcelain which are still displayed in the house but he died before he could succeed and so the title passed to his younger brother. He had a redoubtable wife, Lady Louisa Thynne from Longleat. She found the ground floor rooms inconvenient, the kitchen out of date and so Sir Charles Barry, designer of the new Houses of Parliament was commissioned in 1843 to translate her wishes. He added a third story, built massive terraces and fountains and inside made alterations to suit upper class Victorian Society. During the late nineteenth century a form of hot air central heating was installed along with piped water and new water closets. Thereafter the richest additions were made by the sixth earl largely as a result of a chance encounter in a London club where he met his great uncle, the Marquess of Clanricarde, a collector of fine paintings but also an eccentric recluse. When he died a few months later he left Lord Lascelles most of his fortune of £2,500,000, his derelict Portumna Castle in County Galway and his collection of Italian and Flemish paintings. Once he had his legacy Lord Lascelles began his own collection of paintings which were to turn Harewood's assembly of art treasures into one of the finest in private hands in England. Angelica Kauffmann painted the roundels in the music room which match the carpet. The dining room is the one Arthur often decorated and depending on the guests either the gold plate or silver plate was used.

The village also saw rapid changes. Electricity was installed - proper bathrooms and toilets - for ours one bedroom was halved in size to accommodate the "Modern" cons but the remaining half still had room for a double bed. Father was very busy at this time as the farm buildings needed to be modernised to meet changed standards and I can see him now drawing plans for the new milking parlours etc. Queen Mary came every year in early September and the village became a hive of activity. Lots of police, crowds of visitors and on Sunday morning when she attended church it would be packed with sightseers. Those of us who were regular attenders had our usual seats reserved and my lasting memory of Queen Mary is of her upright bearing and lovely face although like a mask, and the inevitable toque which came in many colours and materials. In 1933 there was great activity. The new Civic Hall in Leeds was to be opened with great pomp and ceremony, horses, a carriage and outriders in the procession. King George V and Queen Mary were staying at Harewood House, a pipe band was to play outside during the evening and the tenants and employees were invited down to watch and of course see the arrival of all the dignitaries invited to dinner. Her Majesty came to stand at the window so we saw her in all her jewellery - a sight not to be forgotten. It was that night, talking to a London policeman, we heard the first hint of problems that were likely to arise which were to culminate in the abdication. None of us would have dreamed of repeating such a story, we loved and respected the Earl and Princess and our loyalty could never be bought. During the ceremonies in Leeds the Queen got a piece of grit in her eye and the doctor had to roll

the eyelid back to get it out! More dramatic to watch than painful to the victim said Lord Lascelles who with his brother Gerald watched. But the most dramatic event of the day occurred when Queen Mary went to the lavatory in the Lady Mayoress' parlour. This was badly designed and because of her voluminous skirts, because of an inward opening door, she had to climb on the seat before getting out!!

Many of you will remember the poverty and unemployment in the early thirties. Lord Harewood did so much to alleviate this, he created work clearing out lakes in the High Woods and a row of derelict cottages in Bondgate were razed to their foundations and completely rebuilt and modernised. In 1935 when they were ready for re-occupation Queen Mary visited them and inspected No 59 in detail and this is the one my sister now occupies as a "Grace and Favour" residence.

After matric, in spite of the headmasters pleadings, I left school - University did not seem a viable financial option so I decided on a career in the Civil Service. While waiting for the exam results - about six months after the September exam - I took a job in the cash office of a huge department store in Leeds "Harts" - now no more. Some of you will recollect this is the name Barbara Taylor Bradford chose for the store in her book "A Woman of Substance" - no doubt as she knew Leeds so well having lived there and worked as a journalist there she had also shopped at Harts.

After six months it was the beginning of my years in the Civil Service. Leeds was very different from affluent Harrogate and the poverty in the early thirties would be difficult for the present generation to comprehend. Outside the large covered market there was the Tatters Market and here I often saw unemployed and dejected men trying to sell bits of their home to raise a few shillings to feed their families. The Yorkshire Post had a fund raising effort each year called Boots for the Bairns because it was a hard fact that some families could not send all their children to school at the same time because they had not enough shoes to go round. About this time I remember a very energetic vicar being appointed to St. Georges Church in Leeds. He was a Do-er and in a short space of time he opened up the crypt so that about 50 homeless men had shelter each night. Volunteers made soup, nurses from the adjacent Infirmary came to attend to their feet, those of us who could type took care of clerical work and I well remember my mother making a hundred weight of crabapple jelly - laboriously and tediously on a coal fire and this we took to the Harvest Festival. At Christmas we took a decorated Christmas tree to join the procession of about a hundred others which were later distributed together with toys which had been collected and repaired where necessary, to those families who otherwise would not have had any happiness at Christmas. Don Robins, for that was his name, was a wonderful man who had come into the church when he realised the futility of war while flying in the Royal Flying Corps. Each Tuesday at 5.30 he had a fellowship of silence when he would join the congregation for a quiet time. Whenever possible I tried to go to this service not knowing that 20 years later I would be working at Sibford where quiet times were so central to worship. One incident I have never forgotten. Travelling home from an early duty, about three miles from Harewood, I saw a shabby group of men having their lunch. Sharing it with them was Ellen Wilkinson, a famous redhead M.P. They were the Jarrow marchers on their way to London begging for work - the shipbuilding industry was in the doldrums and many had been unemployed for years.

Life at Harewood went on happily. "Our Princess" took an active part in village life - president of the Womens Institute - we were all invited to tea one day and after serving us tea she showed us round - so very different from going round the state rooms now - there were so many homely touches. My sister was asked to help with the newly formed brownies. However the first hurdle for her was to be enrolled as a girl guide and this duty the Princess Royal performed. The next time she officiated at a similar ceremony she was enrolling our present Queen and Princess Margaret who started a company at Buckingham Palace in the thirties.

Like the rest of us the family in the Big House had their share of joy and sorrow. I remember the death of King George V in whose memory the Princess gave a set of altar rails which were dedicated by Archbishop Lang.

Then in December 1936 came the abdication which I remember well. The Princess had accepted an invitation to present the prizes at a whist drive and dance in the village school on the Friday of that traumatic weekend. However the engagement was cancelled when she received an urgent call to London and all of us were aware of the sadness which surrounded that unhappy event.

Life had to go on and there were shooting parties, house parties for York Races and a large house party at Christmas. Holidays meant George and Gerald were at home for several weeks and people like Herbert Sutcliffe and Wilfred Rhodes were invited to give cricket coaching and matches were played with the village eleven. I met Arthur about this time when he was working in the gardens responsible for a large range of glasshouses and doing the decorating and also a lot of propagating. The Earl was very keen on Rhododendrons and at that time Kingdom Ward was sending lots of new varieties from the Himalayas - some to Kew and some to Harewood.

The coronation celebrations of King George VI were scarcely over when the possibility of war loomed and we all faced difficult years. When at home the Princess joined the weekly sewing group, usually cycling up to the village. I marvelled at the neatness of her sewing. The main rooms at Harewood House were adapted for use as a hospital. There was sadness when her brother the Duke of Kent was killed, anxiety when George was taken prisoner and taken to Colditz where no doubt the Germans hoped to use him and other VIP's as hostages. Her joy when she heard from him and sadness she shared with so many of us when we learned our loved ones would never return. But when at home, just before 8 am Sunday mornings she would be walking across the park to church and often there would be only three of us there, the Vicar, the Princess and me so the words of our Lord "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I also" were really true in the peace and tranquility of that lovely church where Arthur and I were married and Anthony baptised. In conclusion - just a couple of anecdotes. After her husband died in 1947 the Princess gave father a framed signed photograph of the two of them, in country clothes, on the steps of Harewood House with two favourite dogs. She knew how fond my father was of dogs so she added their names too. On my parents diamond wedding she sent a mohair stole for mother and cigars for father - just two of the many thoughtful acts which endeared her so much to those of us who were privileged to know her.

You may be disappointed that I have not dwelt of those things which the tabloid press would call "The spicy bits". Sufficient to say they were always dealt with with dignity and perhaps we love them more because they share the same joys and sorrows which befall the rest of us.

Then in 1954 we came to Sibford and what a different story that will be!

MARGARET DRING

THE OLD SCHOLARS GRAPEVINE

Keep the news coming Old Scholars, we're always pleased to have your letters and photos.

DOROTHY BRIGHAM We were delighted to hear from her recently when she sent us some interesting school photos of the Johnstone era. Hope they will appear at next August's Reunion.

JACQUELINE CASSIDY (nee STEGER) at Sibford 1960-63, visited the school earlier in the year after an absence of 27 years. She is now a lecturer at a Further Education College.

LIZ COVEY (nee PENN) at Sibford 1949-56 is still living and working in the USA but keeps in touch. She recently met JUDITH DAVIDSON 'having not seen each other for 30 years!'

BARBARA DRINKWATER (nee LYALL) 1946-52 writes ... "My 85 year old father is living with us and funnily enough only last night I was talking to him about Morland Braithwaite doing the 1948 film - then the Magazine arrived this morning

with the leaflet advertising the film on video! What a coincidence. The two glimpses of me in it will give my kids and grandchildren a good laugh!"

DEREK GAFFEE (1938-43) wrote in February with best wishes to all who know him. "Sibford is embarking on a very imaginative building programme and wish it well in all its efforts to maintain a good education for its children ..."

TOM LEEMAN at Sibford 1972-77 visited the school during the Spring and was impressed with the new developments - he must have been because he has taken out a Life Membership!

LILY RATHERAM 1919-22 wrote last Christmas and sent her best wishes. We hope you can get back to the next Reunion Lily - we miss you!



DILIP SARKAR 1973-77 sends his best wishes to the School and any who might remember him. He wrote to Mike Wollerton whose House (Penn) he was in to say "I am sure you will recall me as being one of the most badly behaved and

disruptive boys ever to pass through Sibford School" (Surely not!) Well he can't have been that bad because he is now a Policeman with the West Mercia Constabulary!



MAGGIE VELLA 1946-53 wrote a fascinating letter and article on camping in Canada, where she lives with husband Richard - a great Rugby fanatic. Maggie was sorry she couldn't get to the Reunion but hopes to return - if she can persuade Richard away from his Rugby - to Sibford in the not too distant future.

WEDDING BELLS!

ROGER ANGERSON at Sibford 1951-56 and long time confirmed bachelor finally got caught and was married to **JUDITH LINDSAY JUBB** at Frenchay Meeting House on 16 September 1989.

Many congratulations to you both.

VINCENT CLARE at Sibford 1972-75 was married to **JANE HERRIES** on 24 June 1989 at the Holy Trinity Church, Boston. Best wishes to you both.

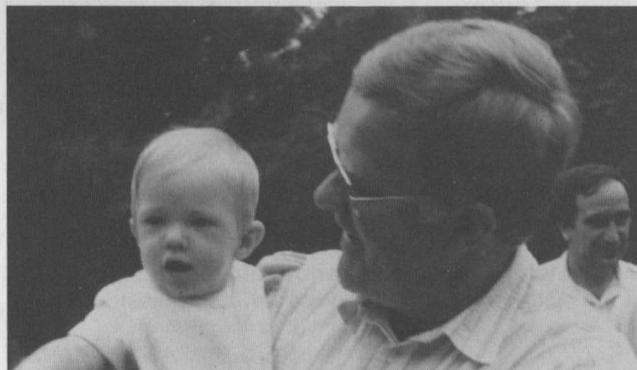


BARBARA HILL at Sibford 1975-80 was married to **RALPH DUGGAN**, a local blacksmith on June 1st 1990. Quite a Sibford Reunion for in attendance were **JENNY MUNDAY**, **BARBARA DUGGAN** (née Hill), **GILLY CHADDAR** (née MUNDAY), **KATY KING**, **GILL HOLLMAN** (née EDWARDS) ---CONGRATULATIONS.



... also CONGRATULATIONS

to **ANDY** and **CLARE FINCH** on the birth of their first son **MICHAEL JAMES**. 1 March 1990 (Oh no - not another Mike Finch!)



BRANCH REPORTS

LONDON BRANCH NEWS —

Last October, on a beautiful Sunday, the London Group visited a grand country house called Luton Hoo, which now holds some fascinating museum collections: intricately carved wood from medieval Germany, paintings, sculpture and porcelain. A separate museum is devoted to some family history: in the nineteenth century a Russian woman aristocrat, descended from Pushkin, married into the family and the exhibition of photographs and costumes and some poems by Pushkin, written in prison, made us sharply aware of many things about Czarist Russia. Our welcoming hosts for this occasion were Harpenden Meeting and especially the warden, Liz Leshner, whose two sons and daughter are present scholars, one of them in the new Junior House. Liz joined us on our trip, shared our picnic lunch and gave us tea afterwards in the Meeting House which, in its beautiful setting, is itself worth a visit.

The second event was in March and took place in Hampstead. As this is my home ground it hardly seemed an outing to me but that is no doubt a distorted viewpoint to those who came from Wokingham and Esher (in Surrey); Hatfield and Welwyn Garden City (Herts); Amersham and Cheshunt (Bucks); South London, East London and North Wales!

Again it was a Sunday so we started in Hampstead Meeting, then went to Kenwood House (our local public stately home) on the edge of Hampstead Heath for lunch followed by a good walk on the Heath. After that we were welcomed by Chris and Ian Weatherhead for tea and a mini bring-and-buy sale, helped enthusiastically by the three junior Weatherhead's selling their toys. This raised £50.35 for SOSA funds - a satisfying end to the day.

MARGARET FAIRNINGTON

MIDLAND BRANCH —

JANUARY

The annual Christmas party was held in the Friends Meeting House, Selly Oak and as usual an excellent cold buffet meal was served by our kind "Catering Ladies and Gentlemen" followed by a most interesting film of "Sibford Down Under" taken in Australia by John Baseley. Much nattering took place amongst us and a thoroughly good evening was had by one and all before "Rockets" concluded the festivities.

MARCH

Sadly only a few Old Scholars were able to attend a performance of "Patience" at the Palace Theatre, Redditch, which was a great pity as it was an excellent production. Perhaps more people will come to support Sheila Trout next year.

JUNE

Barrie and Sheila Naylor once again were kind enough to allow us the use of 'The Monk's Dormitory' for a gettogether at Brockweir, near Tintern Abbey.

After a picnic lunch we all did our own thing! Mostly strolling in the beautiful countryside beside the river Wye. Afternoon tea with lovely cakes was provided, after which some of us exchanged items of pottery from Barrie's shop. As many will know Barrie and Sheila celebrated their Golden Wedding this year - how time speeds past!!

Sincere thanks to everyone who contributed to the success of our gatherings and to all who have suggested them.

BARBARA ABERCROMBIE

SOUTH WEST BRANCH —

Although the south west branch of Old Scholars is widely scattered, Bristol, Southampton and Cornwall and all places in between - we usually manage to gather together over 30 for our reunions. The summer one this year was once again at the home of Barrie and Sheila Naylor in Brockweir, where we had our picnic lunches - walked through the lovely Wye Valley for a long, medium or short walk as the mood took us - and returned for tea to the Malt House where a happy gathering renewed acquaintances, gossiped and generally enjoyed the time together. One of the exciting things about these reunions is that we always manage to pull in one or two old scholars that we have not met, dare I say it, for 30 years or more. Long may we continue to do so to keep such a worthwhile Association going.

JEANNE SOUTHAM

50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF BARRIE & SHEILA NAYLOR

Old Scholars who attended the Leslie Baily lecture at the reunion in my Presidential year will remember Barrie and Sheila Naylor giving a fascinating talk on Quakers in the Rhondda. They both taught at Sibford before the war marrying in 1940 at the Meeting House in the Gower. Their life work was to make a great success of the Maes-yr-Haf



Barrie and Sheila Naylor,
July 31 1940
in Holly House garden Sibford

Quaker settlement in the Rhondda which became internationally famous for its achievements. On retiring Barrie and Sheila bought a marvellous but delapidated medieval house in Brockweir on the river Wye near Tintern. Here they established a flourishing pottery. They still live in the Malt House as it is called and their son Peter runs the Pottery.

On the 3rd July 1990 their three children, two in-laws and eight grandchildren gave them a surprise party at the Malt House to celebrate 50 years of marriage. The medieval Hall of the Grange of Tintern Abbey which is part of their home, made a marvellous setting for a candle-lit supper accompanied by string music from a talented trio of grandchildren.

Old Scholars will be pleased to know that amongst the many cards they received was one of the prints of the Sibford Gower Meeting House which were sold for the School Appeal. It sent good wishes and congratulations to Barrie and Sheila and was signed by forty Old Scholars.

JEANNE SOUTHAM

NOTICES:

SIBFORD'S 150th ANNIVERSARY - 1st January 1992

To commemorate the 150th Anniversary we are hoping to include an extension to next years Magazine by including a feature on Sibford's history and origins with views of ex-Sibfordians, ex-teachers etcetra!

Please send to Michael Finch any stories, anecdotes, memories, photos etc. which might be used - the sooner you send them the better.

SIBFORD'S OFFICIAL HISTORY

All Old Scholars, Friends of the School will be delighted to hear that Edward H. Milligan has been asked by the School Committee to write an official history of the School which he is happy to agree to.

Can You Help?

Mavis Stiles writes . . . "I am collecting back numbers of Old Scholars Magazines for the Oxford Library Archives and myself. Please pass on your unwanted copies to me. Urgently required 1914-1915 and 1921." Send to: Orchard House, Bellingdon, Chesham, Bucks HP5 2XW

Thank You!

The 'anonymous donor' has again presented a cheque to SOSA for £195.00. We send our grateful thanks to him - or her!

THE AUGUST REUNION



Amongst those present for part or all of the weekend were:

B. Abercrombie, J. Arkless, J. Baseley, G. Beckerlegge, N. Bennett, B. Blunsom, L. Brown, K. Bohm, R. Bohm, D. Bohm, S. Bohm, S. Bunney, L. Bunney, N. Briggs, S. Chowne, D. Chowne, D. Carman, J. Caress, St. Caress, S. Caress, Caroline Caress, Charlotte Caress, N. Coxon, I. Coxon-Smith, M. Cox, C. Cox, R. Driffield, O. Dalley, M. Dodsworth, D. Dodsworth, J. Doyle, H. Doyle, M. Dale, A. Dring, M. Dring, J. Dunston, S. Dunston, J. Elias, R. Elias, B. Elias, J. Elias, G. Bacher, T. Evans, M. Fairnington, M. Fielding, M. Finch, W. Finch, A. Finch, C. Finch, R. Fletcher, P. Frampton, R.

Frampton, C. Frampton, H. Frampton, K. Francis, E. Francis, C. Fairnington, B. Fairnington, I. Glaister, L. Gilbert, J. Greenhill, C. Grimes, P. Grimes, N. Grimes, J. Gunston, K. & R. Greaves, M. Graham, J. Graham, H. Haddleton, D. Haines, H.L. Harrison, N. Harrison, G. Harrison, Greg Harrison, L. Harrison, A. Harrison, P. Harrison, Phillipa Harrison, M. Harrison, I. Hedger, M. Herm, J. Hughes, T. Jamieson, G. Kingham, D. Laity, K. Long, P. Manasseh, J. Manasseh, H. Maw, D. Maw, M. Mercer, J. Miller, E. Miller, B. Morphy, A. Muir, H. Moon, John Osborne, Jean

Osborne, T. Pye, B. Powell, K. Reiser, M. Ricci, E. Ricci, F. Rollett, V. Rollett, H. Rose, M. Rice, J. Sandiford, J. Southam, R. Steed, D. Smith, A. Smith, R. Smith, M. Stiles, D. Stiles, S. Steed, A. Terrington, J. Taylor, D. Taylor, J. Thelton, B. Thelton, John Thelton, K. Turburfield, S. Trout, M. Van Blankenstein, W. Van Blankenstein, T. Vallance, J. Walker, L. Ward, J. Ward, J. Watson, I. Weatherhead, C. Weatherhead, T. Weatherhead, M. Weatherhead, R. Weatherhead, E. Wright, I. Wright, J. Wright, P. Williams, P. Yeoman.