

The STAFFORD 1944



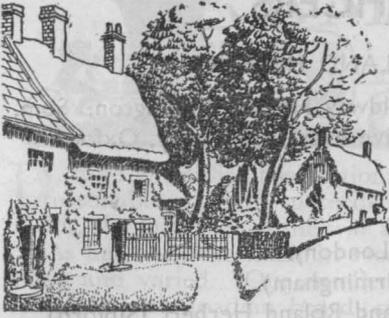
MAGAZINE



Judy Long and Barrie Naylor (right) won the tennis final from Sheila Trout and Roland Herbert. E. P. Kaye was umpire

The President, Kathleen Rice, completing the ceremonial laying of the first coins in the mile of pennies, to aid the Mabel Harrod Bursary Fund. These August scenes are from photographs by Louis Wright





The Sibford Magazine

THE WAY AHEAD

It is a testimony to the spirit of the OSA that the considerable difficulties of the war years were insufficient to annihilate even one of the annual gatherings that are the most manifest symptoms of its corporate life. Whatever name we give to the quality that brings us together, none can doubt that from the test of time it has emerged supreme. "Forty years on" finds it as keen as it was in those early days; now, as then, the "sadness of departure" is "lessened only by the sure faith that we shall be returning."

Many years ago, when the school was small, when its associations with the village were more intimate, when our numbers grew more slowly, the annual gatherings of Old Scholars presented, not difficulties, but welcome adornments, to the passing scene. Those conditions, we are bound to recognize, are not likely to return at any early date in anything like their previous form. Generations and times have changed, and the housing of Old Scholars in the village and the catering for them by the school are different propositions from what they used to be. The problems set by the war were overcome with enthusiasm and a sense of improvisation, but if the OSA is to have the continuity it needs, the problems of the peace will need a far more permanent solution. It is the general wish of Old Scholars that the annual gatherings shall if possible take place while the school is in session, and with this as a principle few will quarrel. The difficulties of providing adequate amenities have been in the minds of some Old Scholars for many years.

That a solution will be found we do not doubt, for (as our worthy First Secretary writes elsewhere), when we look upon past and present, "we may be forgiven for regarding the SOSA as immutable as the sun and as rooted as the Elm." But we must not imagine that improvisation can go on from year to year: some more permanent solution to our problem must be set down as post-war aim number one. We do not do more than state the broad nature of the issue which must shortly come before us as an assembled Association: until that time, no harm can be done by every interested Old Scholar giving it some thought, so that when we meet again it can receive the attention it deserves.

SOSA OFFICERS

President, 1945—ROLAND HERBERT

Joint Secretaries	James Baily, Oldway House, Wellington, Som. Irene Coxon, Five Ways, Charlbury, Oxford.
Treasurer	John Coxon.
Auditor	Alfred Holland.
Local Secretaries	Joy Reynolds (London). Hilda Jenks (Birmingham). Louis Poulton and Roland Herbert (Sibford).
On School Committee	Henry Lawrance.
Magazine Editor	Leslie J. Cross, 4 Moorfield Road, Cowley, Middlesex.
Committee	Joy Reynolds, John Dearden, Eileen Atkins, Peggy Yeomans, Monica Foss, Arthur Gooday, John Bolam, and the <i>ex-officio</i> members.

REUNION 1945

As we go to press (late February 1945) we learn that the 1945 reunion will be at Whitsun. Unfortunately this will probably mean a limitation of numbers to sleeping accommodation available. It was hoped to have the reunion in August, but owing to the fact that the Summer School is holding its meetings in that month, Arthur Johnstone did not feel two gatherings could be held. James Baily is getting busy on the programmes.

THE FRONT COVER design and the line drawing on page 3 are by Howard Quinton. The drawings on pages 4, 5 and 6 are by Loraine Quinton. The back cover photograph of Mannings Hill is by Horace V. Fuller, and was taken on the Sunday morning of the Parent-Teacher week-end during the autumn term. The photograph on page 13 is of the first OSA reunion at Sibford in 1904. Hazel (*née* Parkin) Lake's poems on pages 7 and 12, are from a number of poems written during her last term at Sibford in 1941, a selection of which were read by her sister Janet during the August gathering.

WE ARE SORRY that this issue has been delayed. The Editor has been unable to give it as much time as desirable, and in addition there has been delay owing to pressure of work at the printers.

THE SIBFORD MAGAZINE, incorporating the SOSA Annual Report, is the journal of and published annually by the Sibford Old Scholars Association. Enquiries, donations, and notices of change of address, should be sent to Lionel Geering, 18 Sheep Street, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire.



IN spite of difficulties national and parochial, Old Scholars in reasonable strength succeeded in gathering at Sibford in August of this, the fifth year of the war and the fortieth of the SOSA.

As has been the habit in recent years, our modes of arrival were many and varied. Our excellent First Secretary, Edward P. Kaye, complete with Joadian beard, set the standard high by cycling the fifty miles from Dunstable, and later returning by the same mode of locomotion. In addition to this feat of physical endurance, Edward Kaye had a few weeks previously left his retirement to fill a gap in the science staff at Ackworth. While we were so glad to find that so many had reached their objective, we nevertheless missed a few of the old familiar faces, among them Charles E. Brady (OBE), who was unable to come.

After we had been stowed away in school dormitories, the San, and Holly House, we assembled for the first lunch of the gathering. When we had been greeted (and officially "opened") by President Kathleen Rice, secretary Jim Baily explained that we were expected to work our passage, and gave each table in turn the duty of preparing, laying, and clearing the meals. In spite of the theatrical groanings that greeted this announcement, each table approached its zero hour with great efficiency, and the meals were provided without a hitch.

During the afternoon, in place of the usual cricket match against the School, we did battle among ourselves, gentlemen versus ladies. With their natural conceit, the gentlemen restricted themselves to tip and run and the gentler methods of bowling, at the same time kindly allowing the ladies to play cricket in the usual (or almost usual) style. The gentlemen also indulged in additional psychological methods, bringing on Roland Herbert in a particularly demoralizing blazer founded upon the decorative principles of the wasp. In spite of all these handicaps, the ladies put up a good fight, being finally defeated by the small margin of 21 runs. The teams responsible for the afternoon's entertainment were as follow: Peggy Yeoman (capt.), Jean Dearden, Ina Herbert, June Ladell, Jean Cottrell, Monica Foss, Ishbel Whittaker, Judy Long, Brenda Parker, Priscilla Flinn, Molly (*née* Dale) Green, and Betty Laughton: total, 42 runs. The gentlemen consisted of Louis Wright (capt.), S. Geering, A. Holland, Howard Quinton, J. Herbert, R. Herbert, E. P. Kaye, B. Naylor, R. Eaves, Norgrove, and Heckford: total, 63 runs.

During the intervals we devoured tea, reminisced, and observed the abnormal number of infants enjoying the Sibford air. The youngest of the Westcotts and Naylor were surrounded by baby fans throughout the week-end, while a delighted shriek at the passage of an aeroplane denoted the rapid approach of the second youngest Naylor, two and a half years old David. Jon Cross, not quite having reached his second



. . . a particularly Demoralizing Blazer

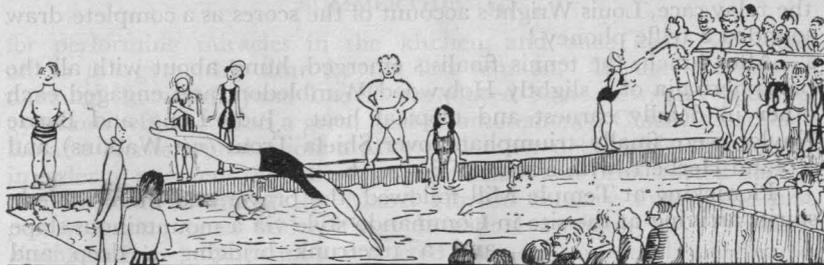
birthday, examined the flower beds with a distinct lack of respect for the hard working gardeners. And as for the crowds of small boys—well, we all decided in the end that the general and inclusive term of “Baily” was fairly safe, especially if used in the neighbourhood of Selina.

Supper which followed was the first meal to be enlivened by the revived custom of “telling the tale”, each table being in turn responsible for telling a Sibford story at the end of each meal. The anecdotal ball was set rolling by John Dearden, who showed us that boys were boys even in the dim and distant past, a theme played upon with variations throughout the week-end. Indeed, some of the stories seemed almost too good to be true, and almost every story teller began with an explanation that he was speaking under pressure. One younger OS with red hair began in a loud voice, “Needless to say, I have been bribed to tell this story . . .” and afterwards collected ten twopences from his tablemates! Another Old Scholar excused herself by announcing that she had been bullied into it, and a third that he had been blackmailed. In spite of the fact that many of us were apprehensive in case our own black past should be held forth to the public gaze, these events added greatly to the enjoyment of the gathering.

After Saturday supper we adjourned to the gym for an interesting film dealing with the care of the aged, and showing some of the solutions which have been attempted, in particular an FRS Hostel run by Jim and Elin Baily in Somerset. The commentary was given by Jim Baily, and OS’s were so impressed by a “day in its life” that should Beveridge fall through, there is no doubt that Jim will have a long waiting list drawn from the SOSA in years to come.

An interval of that revered custom of prom-propping followed, after which, for those not overcome by the heat and labours of the day, there was dancing in the gym, Howard Quinton being Master of the Music. Eighty-two of us later wended our way to the Elm for rockets, and so rounded off a day in which everything, including the wonderful weather, had combined to make a memorable one.

Sunday was begun with a reading by James Harrod at the breakfast table, after which those not bearing the world’s burdens in Committee had time to stroll over the fields to Meeting in the Gower.



Noble Volunteers took the water with much splash

Tennis was waged with much slaughter after lunch, until there issued a general movement towards Hill Bottom, where latecomers found the faithful Coxons making tea over a roaring fire, and Selina and escort performing their duties with punctuality. After a pleasant time, we returned, full of cake and sunlit scenery, to evening Meeting in the gym. The reading was taken by our President, and a welcome visitor, John Fletcher, spoke on the underlying purpose of Friends' Schools.

After supper we returned to the gym for the Presidential address by Kathleen Rice. This took the unusual and interesting form of being partly a talk and partly a film, dealing with physical culture. The business meeting followed, at which, in the absence of the titleholder, Charles Brady, the indefatigable Edward P. Kaye took the chair. Afterwards rockets at the Elm was an occasion which will long be remembered as the first at which OS's heard their President sing beneath a huge and golden harvest moon.

Monday dawned through a soft mist, promising a blazing day for the strenuous sports which had been arranged by Louis Wright. First on the programme was swimming, in which noble volunteers (and, we suspect, conscripts) took to the water with much splash to uphold the honour of London, Birmingham and The Rest. Curious events, with lighted candles, apples, and pennies kept the audience amused and enthusiastic until all adjourned to the arena opposite the classrooms at The Hill for the second and warmer round. Non-combatants had the pleasure of watching the successive crashes of slow bicyclers, the tumbles of sack-enclosed humanity, the shrieks of protesting "wheelbarrows", the noisy frustrations of victims in the dressing competition frantically searching out ties and other habiliments from a devastatingly jumbled pile, and the gurgles of heads immersed in buckets of water, teeth desperately seeking an elusive floating apple. Notable finally was an epic tug of war in which London, having defeated Birmingham, came forth to do battle with The Rest. London, with Howard Quinton in the rear and Leslie Baily's determined chin very much to the fore, put up a tremendous fight before going down to a combination of Reg Pearmain (like destiny, smiling, quietly and confidently at the rear), June Ladell (not so quiet, but equally effective), Brenda Parker, Norgrove, Dick Eaves, S. Geering, Neale and Louis Poulton. In view of the fact that these doughty warriors also won

the relay race, Louis Wright's account of the scores as a complete draw sounded a trifle phoney!

After lunch, the tennis finalists emerged, hung about with all the paraphernalia of a slightly Holywood Wimbledon, and engaged each other in deadly earnest and tropical heat. Judy Long and Barrie Naylor were finally triumphant over Shiela Trout (*née* Watkins) and Roland Herbert, with a score of 6—2 ; 6—1.

Picnicking at Temple Mill followed, the braver and more athletic spirits arriving at the site in Commando style via a mountainous slope and a tree-trunk bridging a deep and dangerous cavern. For an hour or two we enjoyed ourselves in the glorious weather, smelling the woodsmoke of the Coxons' fire, eating the sublimely satisfying sandwiches and cake, talking, roaming, or just lazing in the indefinable pleasure of a Sibford picnic in perfect Sibford weather. Now and again we were afforded the amusement of watching one of the toddlers deal effectively and with great glee with the trilby hat of an older Old Scholar (who didn't seem to mind at all), or of Selina objecting to the curiosity of two very large horses, who seemed to regard her as an object from another world, to be cautiously and experimentally sniffed at.



Arriving at the Site in Commando Style

By six o'clock we were back in the gym, entertaining each other with much hilarity and variety. Songs from Grace Bunker and Kathleen Rice, and a violin solo from Howard Quinton were among the musical items, and we were also glad to hear Joe Canning honour us once again in song. The pseudo-literary side of the entertainment was enlivened by Jack Herbert's basic Brum, Edward Kaye's samples of schoolboy wit, some of Hazel (*née* Parkin) Lake's scurrilous verse, and a selection from John Dearden's commercial travellers' tales, while Eddington and Needham performed in Widdicombe Fair. Sibford's general knowledge was dredged to the depths in an Intelligence Quiz, with Leslie Baily as Question Master. The struggle of the competing teams to appear intelligent and to drag up some long forgotten history caused much amusement. The Johnstonians defeated the Harrodians in the first round of the exciting contest, only to be completely routed by the wisdom of the Oddities, whose intelligence was in any case not in doubt since they included two of the founders of the SOSA. Last, but in more ways than one not least, Roland Herbert appeared as of old, striding the planks of his shady lugger, and singing of a "Bee-utiful Golden Frame", while we held on to our seats in breathless mirth.

The final supper followed, at which Arthur Johnstone presented his report of the school year. Thanks were offered to those who had made the weekend possible, including Mrs. Mallalieu and Mrs. Fred Dyer

for performing miracles in the kitchen, and once again we went off to the gym, this time for the last reunion. In the intervals of dancing (in which June Ladell introduced some new and peculiar gyrations which caused a great deal of amusement), Chief Extortioneer Roland Herbert held auction sales and other debateable procedures in order to augment the mile of pennies which had been started during the weekend in aid of the Mabel Harrod Bursary Fund—the first penny having been laid with ecclesiastical ceremony by President Kathleen Rice. The sum so collected was now considerably increased by the Extortioneer and his satellites. Question not the methods, sufficient to say that the grand total reached over £40.

At the end of the evening we wandered rather sadly to the Elm for our last rockets. Our parting feelings were captured in the poem "Ye Menne of Sheep-Ford Wendath", which was read by Leslie Baily. Kathleen Rice then sang the "Angelus at Sea" to a ghostly audience that, after rockets, melted away bearing with it some of the incredible magic of Sibford. Next morning the sadness of early departure was lessened only by the sure faith that we shall be returning with many now absent comrades in 1945.

JANET F. PARKIN.

Among those present at the reunion were the following (list provided by Lionel Geering): Albright, S.; Atkins, Betty. Baily, Jim, Elin, Jimmy, Peter, Roger; Baily, Leslie, Margaret, John, June; Baker, Nancy; Bewley, Joan; Bishop, Dorothy; Bizzell, Earl; Buckley, Margaret; Bunker, Grace. Carn, Leslie; Caudwell, Paul; Cheshire, Roy; Collins, Joan; Cottrell, Jean; Coxon, John, Irene; Coxon, Norman, Marjorie, Rosemary; Cross, Leslie, Constance, Jon; Cummins, Duncan. Davies, Betty; Dearden, John, Bessie, Jean, Rosemary. Ebrey, Joan; Eddington, Paul; Edwards, June; Ehlers, Marion; Ewan, Stanley. Farr, John, Michael; Fletcher, John; Flinn, Patrick, Priscilla; Foss, Monica; Friend, Betty. Gaffee, Derrick; Gardner, Monica; Geering, Lionel, Edith, Sidney; Gooday, Arthur; Green, Molly; Gutkind, Peter. Harris, Violet; Harrison, Marie, Graham; Harrod, James; Heckford, David; Herbert, John, Edith, Barbara; Herbert, Roland, Eva, Ina; Holland, Alfred. Johnstone, Arthur, Bessie. Kaye, Arnold, Edward. Ladell, June; Lamb, Bernard, Edith; Laughton, B.; Long, Judith. Mayo, Amy, Pearl. Naylor, Barrie, Sheila, David, and baby; Neal, Hazel, Richard; Needham, Paul; Norgrove, William; Norman, Alec. Osborne, Ruth. Parker, Brenda; Parkin, Janet; Pearmain, Reg, Molly; Poulton, Henry, Amy, and baby; Poulton, Louis; Powell, Enid. Quinton, Howard, Doris, Loraine, June. Rice, Kathleen, Dudley; Rogers, Audrey; Rose, Harold. Schnurmann, C.; Sutherland, Patricia. Taylor, Elsie; Thelton, Betty; Trout, Sheila, Graham. Wagstaffe, Olive; Westover, Phillip; Whitaker, Beryl, Ishbel; Whitlock, Percy; Winter, Madge; Wright, Louis, Doris, Beryl. Yeoman, Peggy, Peter. [Last year's list gave Norman, Alice, instead of Norman, Alec. Possibly a printer's error; probably Lionel Geering's writing. Apologies.—Ed.]

THE STAFF

[Which is not in the least Particularized]

*A peculiar crowd are the staff,
They find it an effort to laugh,
For if once they come near,
Then they scent Atmosphere
And return to their shells with a gasp.*

—H.L.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

- Owing to the restricted size of THE SIBFORD MAGAZINE since the war, the following report of Kathleen Rice's Presidential Address, given at the annual reunion, is a brief outline only

THE President spoke upon Physical Culture, a subject in which she is an expert, and to which she has been attracted for many years. At the conclusion of her address two interesting films were shown, one depicting the necessity of correct posture, and the other a gymnastic class of young boys in a school in a crowded city.

Physical education began, the President said, in Scandinavia and Germany, the founder of the first truly scientific system being a Swede named Ling, whose principles have lasted until today. England had its first Compulsory Education Act in 1870, but it was not until 1878 that anything was done about physical education. In that year Martina Bergman, from Ling's Institute in Stockholm, was appointed in London, and in six years she had Swedish exercises being given in 300 of the London schools and had trained 1,000 women teachers. In 1885 Madame Austerberg (as she had become) started the first women's PT College in Hampstead, later removing to Dartford, her school being known today as the Dartford Physical Training College. Trained teachers from her classes went out to schools, the first to have one being Leeds High School, and the second, Bedford. One of the early teachers was a Miss Stansfeld, whom the speaker knew well, and who described the PT then in use in the elementary schools as "the most soulless, automatic movements you can conceive". But at the beginning of the 20th century this country began to wake up to the fact that PT in schools was of value, and in 1904 it was made compulsory. In 1907 the Medical Department of the Board of Education came into being, and PT came under its wing. Today every High and Grammar school had its fully trained teachers, games field, and gymnasium, and every elementary school its teachers. In every borough and county there were organizers to look after these teachers, to provide refresher courses, and so on. For those of past school age there was the Keep Fit Movement, under the wing of the Central Council of Recreative PT, financed and recognized by the government, besides the organizers. Today anyone desiring it could obtain first class PT of the kind specially suitable to them, a remarkable achievement when one considered the comparatively brief history of PT in this country.

With the revolution in PT had gone a revolution in clothing. Miss Stansfeld had once told the speaker that when she first went to teach at Bedford High School the girls' clothing for PT was "the most ugly and unhygienic possible". Today a sensible minimum of clothing was worn, and kept especially for PT.

During the showing of the films the President commented upon points of special interest, and was afterwards warmly thanked for her address.

ANNUAL MEETING

THE annual business meeting was held in the Gym on August 6th. In the absence of Charles Brady, E. P. Kaye was elected to the chair, supported by the President (Kathleen Rice), the secretary (James Baily), and the assistant treasurer (Lionel Geering).

The following elections were made: President for 1945, Roland Herbert; two new committee members (John Coxon and Reg Pearmain resigning), Arthur Gooday, Monica Foss; joint secretary (Elin Baily resigning as assistant), Irene Coxon; treasurer (Fred E. Goudge resigning), John Coxon; auditor (John Coxon resigning), Alfred Holland. James Baily explained that he and his wife wished to resign as secretary and assistant secretary, but that he would continue for another year, with the purpose of handing over eventually to Irene Coxon. In the meantime, he and Irene Coxon would act as joint secretaries.

Greetings were read from the following: Henry Lawrance, Wilfred and Dorothy Angerson, Hilda Jenks, Miriam Carter, Frank Parkin, Marjorie Hawkins, David Laity, Barbara Seccombe, Roy Parsons, Fred Sheldon, Theodora Benton, Louisa Gitsham, Cecily Eldridge, Chris Little, Reg Barber, and F. E. Goudge.

Matters concerning the next annual gathering and the Mabel Harrod Bursary Fund were discussed, the latest position being reported elsewhere.

Lionel Geering introduced the treasurer's report from Whitsuntide 1943 to Whitsuntide 1944 as follows:

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance in hand, Whitsuntide, 1943	95	1 6	Printing and distributing Magazine for 1943	35	11 0
Subscriptions	32	0 6	Expenses, postages, etc.	18	3
Donations	5	0	Balance in hand	124	13 7
Sale of Magazines	10	6			
Bank interest	5	7 0			
Proceeds on Gathering, (1943)	27	18 4			
	<u>£161</u>	<u>2 10</u>		<u>£161</u>	<u>2 10</u>

The Life Membership account, with new subscriptions of £28 7s., stood at £277 4s. Total cash at the bank was £401 17s. 7d.

The report, which was adopted, was signed by Fred E. Goudge and Lionel Geering (treasurers), and audited by John N. Coxon.

FROM THE HEADMASTER'S NOTEBOOK

School remains packed as tightly as ever: we must have had to decline over fifty pupils this year. Happily we still keep up our "family" tradition: about seventy of the school are brothers and sisters or have had brothers and sisters in school very recently, so old scholars are always well represented among present scholars.

Our work has gone on uninterruptedly—the war seems a long way from Sibford—except for the help the boys have given to local farmers from time to time. In the curriculum we keep well abreast with modern developments (and there are many changes occurring in these

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MABEL HARROD BURSARY FUND

*She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
A being breathing thoughtful breath ;
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.*

WORDSWORTH.

The fund was opened by an Old Scholar on June 16th, 1943, with a ten shilling note; the present total is over £700 of which 68 Old Scholars have contributed £400. The remaining £278 have been gifts from friends of Mabel Harrod, and from some who never knew her but wish to help the fund, and also from events such as the mile of pennies and the auctions at Sibford last August.

The fund is still open, the amounts being banked in the Post Office as received. Nothing has yet been spent, nor will be until trustees have been appointed to administer the scheme. This step will be taken when the war in Europe is over and Friends abroad can be asked to help by nominating a boy or girl to be assisted to Sibford School.

Many more Old Scholars will wish to take part in this worth while memorial to Mabel Harrod. It is a piece of constructive "peace making" which would be after her own heart. To this end, every reader of this article is asked to make the scheme known as widely as possible, for we shall gladly welcome the practical co-operation of all who care to help in building a happier European family. Contributions should continue to be sent to me—Frank Parkin, Sibford Ferris, near Banbury, Oxon.—F.P.

from g]

FROM THE HEADMASTER'S NOTEBOOK

days in educational method). Games have suffered from our inability to keep the field as closely cut as we have done hitherto, and we are a bit cramped by the loss of five acres given up to food growing. Swimming continues in fine style. I believe the standard attained was never higher and each year considerable numbers of boys and girls are successful in the Royal Life Saving Society's examinations. Friends are very kind to us and besides many library books we have been given a cello and two violins, gramophone records and scientific apparatus. Some parents have generously offered us gifts of money to be spent after the war when purchases are more easily made.

The summer camp was held as usual and a party of east London children given a happy ten days in the country.

We still keep up most of the traditions dear to Old Scholars—picnics to Whichford, blackberrying, Hallowe'en and so on, but this year for the first time for many years we have been unable to go to Stratford-on-Avon. Our greatest difficulty probably has been in running the house department. Boys and girls have given valiant help in washing up and preparing meals.

So the year has been one of happiness and progress and we are glad that Sibford still is Sibford.—A.J.

THE NEW PRESIDENT

THE 1945 reunion will probably be a bumper one, and who more appropriate as President for such an occasion than Roland Herbert? We feel it is almost an impertinence to introduce Roland Herbert to members of the SOSA—there can be hardly anyone better known or



Old Scholars may care to test their memories (and/or intelligence) by writing their own caption to the above photograph of our new President and his daughter. Memories, opinions, guesses, may be checked with the facts on page 20

loved among us. He typifies Sibford for almost all Old Scholars, for (with Frank Parkin) he links the days of James and Mabel Harrod with the present day. We remember him in many ways—for his cheery character, his soundness, his patience (some of which almost every Old Scholar must have taxed at one time or another in the wood and metalwork shops of the old and the new schools), his skill in games, his contributions to concerts and other jovial occasions, and, above all, for his unfailing friendliness. His famous and often tantalizing distribution of peppermints (sadly diminished but not entirely ended by the

difficulties of rationing) is a peg upon which many memories are hung, and if ever Roland Herbert achieves a coat of arms the heraldic designer will have no difficulty in deciding its outstanding feature! Every Old Scholar will applaud his appointment to the august office of President for 1945, and we trust that the number attending the gathering under his reign will be a record one.

The following short appreciation has been written by James Harrod: Roland Herbert was a member of the first FAU that sailed for France during the last war. On the way they rescued the drowning crew of a torpedoed English ship. In 1917 he was invalided home. His friends in Birmingham, knowing that Sibford was almost without male staff, thought that his health would be restored in our quiet village, and that his skill in handicrafts would be useful to the School. He proved equal to the tasks then set him, and his good humour endeared him to all. The boys loved to see him at football, for his feet twinkled so much that the ball played tricks most bewilderingly. When he first appeared on the platform at a social, he took his audience by storm, and has never since disappointed them. In the workshop, his

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A CALL TO FREEDOM

*ANGLES X and ABC equal Y and FPD ;
Whereas the figure FJE equals the quadrilateral P ;
But if the triangle on B equals the figure PMG,
Being half its base but twice its height,
The parallelograms come right.
But after all, when all is through,
Who the deuce cares if they do ?
And who would shed a brimming tear,
If all this cult should disappear ?
If parallels could break their chains
And wander off in curving lanes,
And unsuspecting lines that cut,
All innocent, that dead straight rut,
Should not be forced by aged law
To form the shapes they never saw,
Into dull angles all the same,
Year after year, intensely tame,
Crushing, as it is plain to see,
All individuality ?*

*Surely, now freedom is at stake ! This is the time firmly to make
A defiant stand against this base imposing on a weaker race ;
To let the lines and angles see
A state of blissful anarchy,
Where corners equal what they please,
With no regard for dull degrees.
Theorems and rules shall lose their power,
Each line shall suit its own desire.
As for those vile arch-traitors base,
Those who have laughed in freedom's face,
Pythagorus and Euclid, they
Shall burn in effigy every May.
Geometry books shall disappear,
And triangles have nought to fear
If, contrary to the usual scheme,
That played-out " 180 " theme,
Their angles add to 74,
556, or even more.
Who cares so long as all are free ?
All backsliders shall lose degree ;
In sad contrast to those who fought,
Their total caste shall equal nought.*

*Ah, heaven will it surely be,
When all and everything is free !
Freed from all toil, with no excuse,
Completely freed from all of use !*

—HAZEL LAKE (née Parkin).

FORTY YEARS ON



*Forty years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder,
What you were like in your work and your play.*

—see 1904 SOSA Report.

The Harrow School Song conjures up the vision of the forward landscape ; for a moment let us peer through the wrong end of the glass of time and look back, maybe somewhat forgetfully, at what we were like at our first SOSA gathering. Fundamentally we have not changed a bit ; we picnicked in the modern manner, and helped with the donkey work ; we satisfied the pangs of Sibfordian hunger in the pre-war SOSA style ; we frolicked individually and as a congregation ; we won the cricket match and broke the tug-of-war rope ; we met at the Gower Meeting House ; we filled the fleeting hours with walks, talks and sports, tennis, swimming and photography, rehearsals, concerts and reunions ; we went to bed too late and we got up too early, and finally we returned home for a much needed rest.

Some of the present rotatable additions to the attractions of the weekend may be mentioned. There are greater numbers taking part, making the more intimate games of yesteryear give place to dancing and the Quinton band. There are "rockets at the Elm" on our own property. And healthier clothing (scarcely an addition) ; sports, gymkhanas, and so on. Our gatherings, even in the war years, are so popular, flourishing and enthusiastic that we may be forgiven for regarding the SOSA as immutable as the sun and as rooted as the Elm.

It is unlikely that any one person can lay claim to be the sole originator of the idea of forming the Association ; many had a hand in it. Many schools had such clubs, several former pupils re-visited Sibford when I taught there, way back in '95. In 1903 a tentative scheme took definite shape, and, greatly daring, the first "Gathering" was advertised for Whitsuntide, 1904 ; since then all doubts and hindrances have been heroically swept aside by a grand team of co-operators, whose names should be carved on some worthy honours board. But for their devoted work and enthusiasm, the SOSA might

have lain dormant for years and the happy linkages 'twixt Past and Present lost for ever.

To me fell the honour of first secretary, and here are some of the pioneers. First, Elizabeth Foster Brown, then Annie R. Wells (local secretaries) who, out of nothing, organized everything. How they worked and plotted and planned and never gave in; when foiled they attacked again, and effectively. Robert and Elizabeth Oddie worked wonders, welcoming wholeheartedly all and sundry, keeping open house for the period of the Gathering. The Doctor, J. L. Routh, son of the first headmaster and our first indigenous President, supreme both in council and *tête-à-tête*. Charles E. Brady, a marvellous mixer, who lightly kept our business serious. And many others, up and down the land, without whose unstinted energy the Association would have surely wilted: Nellie Millard, Henry Dearden, Ethel and Walter Farrington, Jessie Hall, Ethel Harrisson, Percy O. Whitlock, Nellie Gittins, Joseph Spence Hodgson . . . the precursors of the present enthusiasts. The early membership of 180 has grown to 700.

Forty years ago the 60 pupils and 6 teachers worked "halves", not terms, beginning the school year on August 8th; we studied by oil-lamps, and farm buildings blocked half the playground—the old boundary is still visible behind the marked tennis court. The cricket pitch was poor but great deeds were done thereon; education has moved on; we learned and practised independence—"Ye Menne of Sheep-ford wendath withersoever they wilen."

Here my reminiscences must end. The editor properly enforces brevity—but promises me several pages for the centenary magazine in 2004!

*Oh, the great days in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted,
Hardly believable forty years on.*

EDWARD P. KAYE.

from 11]

THE NEW PRESIDENT

teaching ability grew rapidly; his ideas were often fresh, and his workmanship was an object lesson to his pupils. For twenty-seven years he has devoted his life to the School, blossoming out occasionally into valuable work for the village, and for a wider circle of the Society of Friends. His openness of disposition was accompanied by a depth of character which made him seek for and utilize sound foundations, on which he modestly built a well-deserved reputation for honesty and thoughtfulness in all that he undertook. His help was sought by the Monthly Meeting and by Summer Schools, and he always did more than was expected of him.

For our OSA Roland has worked most strenuously, year after year, finding us lodgings, soothing aggrieved hostesses, planning for our comfort, helping with picnics and concerts, and even policing the traffic in our crowded village. After all these benefits and others, he retires quietly to the bosom of his family, and gets ready for next year. May his Presidency be a time for Peace, with a record gathering of Old Scholars!

TRULY LIVING

TWENTY-FOUR years ago,* one of the applicants for the Headmastership at Sibford asserted that he was especially qualified for the post because he was so capable of knocking the boys into shape. He was not appointed, so we have not been able to see how he would have done it, or what shape the boys would have become after he had knocked them. I can bear strong testimony to the fact that most boys who came to Sibford since that time shaped well to begin with, and were particularly ready to take a hand in perfecting their comeliness, so that, without knocking, the product was a fine one. So much has this been the case that the few occasions on which violence appeared necessary are now only a cause of regret; detention, writing lines, gating and other attempts at compulsion, gradually diminished, and at every step right conduct became easier, fear and dislike were eliminated, and confidence and honour took their place. Perfection has not been reached by any of us, but a great spirit of thankfulness is the outcome of what has happened.

Life, however, has not necessarily been easier for teachers. It is a much easier thing to crush the first signs of revolution or rebellion than to lead the rebels into manliness, self-control, and an honourable spirit. But it is wonderful how often honour has arisen from a spirit which at first seemed either ungovernable or of little worth. Fortunately many schools in England have been developing along the same lines, but it would be a very interesting study to find out what has been your experience when you have taken your first steps into the business world. Many times I have been told that Old Sibford boys and girls have qualities which put them high among their companions. This is due first to their parentage, second to themselves, and third to their school and other surroundings, in varying proportions. It is quite clear that going to a boarding school means being put on your mettle; the many supports of home life have disappeared and you have to keep yourself from falling. The first few days or weeks may be uncomfortable, even agonizing. After a time comes the realization that you are not the only important person, that other people are not necessarily enemies, and that school life brings together strong friends. By the many opportunities thus afforded, the highest qualities of which a boy or girl is capable are often developed more quickly and completely than in the ordinary paths of youth.

Every school, and especially every boarding school, may contribute to public life some special characteristic through the direct influence which it has on its pupils. At a recent Yearly Meeting, a Friend said, "For Sibford, we do not need to apologize; it has justified itself." I know that an enormous number of our old boys and girls have justified themselves, but it is not so easy to say how the same remark applies to the school. A few things, however, have made their mark indelibly. One is the learning of handicrafts. There has been little opportunity at Sibford for anyone to sing that "Satan

* Written in the Spring of 1931. The article is an extract from an undelivered Presidential address.

finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Nearly everybody becomes ready to work at bookish lessons with a vigour which first appeared in art or craft work. Another is the outdoor games so ready to hand. Many a child has been stirred to unlimited possibilities by making a first good stroke at cricket or tennis, or by getting a goal at football or hockey. Don't you remember that experience? Then there is the superb, but calm, beauty of the countryside, so different from the bustle of a town, differing, too, in character from other lovely villages, but making its influence felt so that to many of you it is the most beautiful place in the world. Next I would mention the freedom of converse between teachers and pupils, a contact not always easy to manage, but of outstanding value when successful. And lastly, there has been a deep religious spirit brooding over the school, perhaps all the more powerful in its effect because it is seldom mentioned, and often is not recognized as religion at all. By religion, I mean something bigger than Christianity. A true Christian cannot exclude from the Kingdom of Heaven either the Hindu, or the Confucian, or the Mohammedan. Nor indeed can he exclude the man who honestly sees no evidence that there is a God. Probably most of us have so often felt the working of God in our innermost thoughts and in the planning of our lives, that we feel only amazed at the idea that any one else considers that there is no evidence. The cultivation of the religious sense is as necessary as the cultivation of the mind and the training of the body. Unfortunate indeed is anyone who has left it stagnant, for it embodies the perfecting of all existence, and without it nothing can be worth while.

We need often to ask ourselves, are we doing something that is of use and value to the world? If anyone is not doing so, then, in the name of common sense, let him change his occupation at the first possible opportunity. Let him find something at which he can combine a reasonable satisfaction in his work with a divine discontent that is constantly aiming higher. Hanging in our Art Room are some verses by a great writer whose insight occasionally failed lamentably, but who often thrilled the last generation more than any one else. Rudyard Kipling's third verse contains the words, "And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of the working." Do not you boys recollect your first success in art or craft, and you girls the first time you made a pie that was edible or a dress that was wearable? And are you not sure that the satisfaction was greater because no thought of money entered your heads, and no thought of fame? When you look to your work to bring you money or fame, its radiance becomes somewhat tarnished, its joyousness fades, and it is only when you forget about money or fame that the perfecting of your work will again bring you the highest happiness. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the goods that he possesseth", but in using the abilities with which God has endowed him. "Life is just the chance of the prize of learning love; what love hath, shall be, indeed, and is." Those who love their work for its own sake can truly be said to live. I rejoice in the sure knowledge that many of you are truly living.

J. T. HARROD.

THE NEWSLETTER

MOST Old Scholars will know that Charles Brady has been awarded the OBE, for work done and money spent on the formation of the Air Defence Cadet Corps in Harrow, and for similar reasons in connection with the subsequent Air Training Corps formed in February 1941. We take this opportunity of expressing our congratulations to our worthy member, and trust that many of us will have the opportunity of congratulating him in person at the next reunion.

Howard Quinton has been adopted as a prospective candidate in the next municipal elections in Windsor. Howard, who is a really busy man these days, is a Socialist, and is contesting the Castle ward.

Although he was not able to return to Sibford many times in recent years, John Handy, of Newtown, Montgomery, was one of the more enthusiastic of our older Old Scholars. He left for a fuller life on May 24th, 1944. Our sympathy goes to Ada Handy, who writes that her husband "went smiling into the garden that he loved, and in a few minutes had died suddenly from heart failure". She adds that "over dinner he had been talking about Sibford and the grand times we had spent there". John Handy's last visit to Sibford was during the 1937 gathering.

We are sorry to report that Harry Goudge has had to enter Staines County Hospital for further treatment for consumption. He will be glad to hear from Old Scholars—the address is Ward C.9, No. 19, Staines County Hospital, Ashford, Middlesex. His wife, Trixie, is also receiving treatment in the same hospital.

There was a good gathering at the Birmingham reunion on January 20th (1945). Jack Herbert, Roland Herbert and John Dearden led the evening's diversions, which included the time-honoured necking the orange (the orange being ersatz) and ended with Sibford rockets. During the evening OS's and their friends paid 6d. each for the privilege of guessing the President's weight, the proceeds going to the M.H. Bursary Fund. (Roland's certified weight on this occasion was 12 stones 4 lbs. 6 ozs., estimated with one pound error by the prizewinner, other estimations varying from one ton downwards.)

Among those present was Olive Dalley (*née* Wagstaffe), who had married Herbert Dalley a month previously at the Presbyterian Church, Selly Oak.

In view of a comment here and there, the editor would like to restate that this newsletter, which is a collection of brief items coming from a variety of places, pretends to no particular style, literary or otherwise. For reasons which must be obvious, presentation is severely compact, as large a number of items as possible being crowded in.

Points from letters:—

Is there any scheme whereby Old Scholars abroad can be kept up with news from Sibford? I wish I could have been with you at the August reunion, but I am afraid I was at sea. I cannot tell you where, except that it was very hot . . . Douglas Carn, writing from HMS *Orion*.

Perhaps you remember rather a twerp who left school in July 1938, who used to be fairly good at woodwork, and there his goodness ended? Well, he is writing this to you because you seem to be such a fixture in school life. Since leaving Sibford I have never had the opportunity of going back. I am in the Merchant Navy now, not the RN, as I regret to say an Armed Forces Medical Board turned me out Grade IV . . . I often think of the happy months I spent at school and wonder where all the old staff and pupils are. Perhaps you would remember me to Mr. Parkin if he is still with you. During the last couple of years I have seen quite a bit of the world—New Zealand, South Africa, South America, through the Panama four times, and New York is just another home from home to me. . . . Donald Hughes, writing from New York to Roland Herbert.

Writing in August, Eric Grimes says: "The reason for the non-appearance at the annual gathering of my wife and myself has just come to light. On August 27th Gulie presented me with a daughter, Diana Mary, and James Harrod with a granddaughter." Robert Dale was a member of the flying crew who took Lord Wavell to India and brought back the retiring Viceroy. Raymond Matchett regretted inability to attend the August gathering, saying, "I shall be on duty during August while the senior members of the staff of this Home Office Approved School take their holidays." Raymond is at Red House Farm School, near Norwich. Herbert W. Calcraft was married at Vancouver, BC, on March 6th, to Mary Irene Clarke. The new address is 1230 Comox-street, Vancouver, BC. Herbert is employed by the Income Tax Dept. of the Dominion Govt. John Coxon, Fiveways, Charlbury, Oxford, still appeals for OS photographs for the album. Betty Moreland has sailed for Barbados to take up a teaching appointment. Doreen Hyde (*née* Bishop) had a son in August, and is shortly travelling to Canada.

We are indebted to Arthur Johnstone for the following: Alec Fibber, 1st Bn. Manchester Regt., is abroad. Has baby daughter Susanne. Patricia Cooper, helping in kindergarten of boys Prep. school, Harpenden. Soon to start nursing. Geoffrey Jones, FAU, in Kutsing, China. Learning Chinese. At present driving, servicing, and repairing trucks. Ralph Godwin, in HMS *Hind*. Janet Dale, nurse in Heatherwood Hospital, Ascot, Berks, for orthopædic tuberculosis. Peter Schindler, Leighton Park School, taking Higher Certificate. Roy Parsons, engineer c/o AIOC, Abadan, S. Iran. Joan Lock, in WRNS at Colombo, Ceylon. Alix Macswiney, nursing at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Elizabeth Holden, a fitter in REMÉ repair shops at Woolwich Dockyard. Is also Young People's Secretary for Surrey Adult School Union. Margaret Holden, B.Sc. Hons., assistant at Rothamsted Experimental Station. Gordon Robinson, in RAOC. Michael Farr, Fleet Air Arm. Marion Ehlers, was training in journalism at French Institute, London, now in a London office. Hans Burg, assistant to Production Manager at "Splintex" glassworks, Southall, Middlesex. John and Beryl Gibbs (Green) have a dairy farm at Melton Mowbray, and also two babies. Margaret Cox (Green) lives at Tysoe and has a baby eight

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months old. Leslie Harrison, training in therapeutics and osteopathy at Edinburgh. Arthur Harrison, in charge of stage lighting at Stratford-on-Avon. Will Roy, RAF, Middle East. Lionel Walls, apprentice joiner at Warrington. Ian Parsons, Pte in army. Just before enlisting was awarded a prize at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Derek Gaffee, Friends Ambulance Unit. Hugh Gibson, learning to make locomotives at Doncaster. Lionel James, now married, production planning engineer and draughtsman in Birmingham. Pat Reed, MRCS, LRCP (now Pat Hutchinson), a doctor at a hospital in Bedfordshire. Janet Parkin is a BA (Phil. Polit. and Econ.). Joan Hilling (now Bamford), with FAU in Cairo and married there July 15th. Ursula Strong, taking class of slipper-making at Liverpool Street Station shelter. Margaret E. Jones, FRS. Cecily Hynard, training at Wingfield Orthopædic Hospital. Thomas Loewenstein (MA, Glasgow, in Science), joined the Czech army, is now in the RAF. Roy Cheshire, at the John Innes Horticultural Research Station. John Hughes, HMS *Cabbala*. Olive Watson (now Elden), married about midsummer and lives at Coventry. Eileen O'Grady, learning to be a "toddlers' nurse". Geoffrey Winter, articulated with a firm of estate agents, auctioneers and architects at St. Albans. John Parsons, Hadfield Spears Mobile Hospital, British North Africa. Rosemary Hill, on the office staff at Norland's, Street. Margaret Feist, nurse in a London hospital. R. Stuart Turner, Captain in the army, in India two years. Conrad Blackie, sergeant in RAF, been in Tunisia, Sicily, Italy. Dorothy Hollis, at a Bakery School, Birmingham. Frank Tunstall, apprentice engineer at the Atlas Diesel works, London. Geoffrey Spencer, officer instructor in the RAF. Vivian Lamb, farming at Sudbury, near Derby. June Edwards, at an architect's office in Birmingham. Marjorie Winter and Olive Wagstaffe with the same firm. Dorothy Mould, training to be a children's nurse at the National Children's Home, Stroud. John Hicks, training in locomotive engineering at Swindon. John Wallis, same at Doncaster. Geoffrey Moore, the RAF. Brenda Parker, King's College for Domestic Science, Leicester. Alfred Holland, in office of Chartered Accountant, London. Brian Hooper, engineer in Merchant Navy. Thurstal Holmes, Royal Navy, has spent much time in Mediterranean. Peter Gutkind, Friends' Relief Service. Erich Spira, at School of Textiles, Leicester. Merlin Phillips, farming near Exeter. Brian Phillips, now married, is with Merlin. Dorothy Birch, children's nursing, now with Friends' Relief Service at Wolverhampton. Is now Mrs. Green. Eileen Pim (now married), Warden of FRS Hostel, Bournemouth. Pearl Mayo, caterer at a school near Leamington. Doris Russell, staff nurse at a Wartime Nursery at Templecombe, Somerset. Joan Oyston, training to teach youngsters, at Maria Grey College. David Laity, farming at Lostwithiel. Margaret Booth, helper in children's hospital and school, Aberdeen. Joan Ebrey, completed training as sick children's nurse—now a Matron in a nursery for poor children, Birmingham. Janet Chattin, training as nurse at Dudley Road Hospital, Birmingham. Ruth Osborne, at same hospital. Jean Dearden, at a children's hospital, Birmingham. Monica Knight, training at Queen Elisabeth

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Hospital, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Jim Hilling, with FAU, Egypt. Connie Lacey (Wotherspoon), qualified in midwifery at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Richard Harris, in Italy with Red Cross. David Burroughs, FAU in Middle East. Ian Hedger, with FAU, was in Tunisia with Free French Unit. Sheila Robinson, has finished course at Gipsy Hill Training College and is teaching in Birmingham. Ivy Broadhurst, Club Leader, YWCA, Boston, Lincs. Norman Smith, in Australian Navy. Bernard Druce, discharged from Army with foot trouble. Now on government work. Peter Hargreaves, like Druce, has been on staff of Boosey and Hawkes. Has had some of his compositions published and broadcast. Is "Peter Hart" musically. Dorcas Harris, Lance-corporal in the ATS, driving a three-ton lorry. Betty Harris, working for NAAFI at Lichfield. Joan Whitaker, ATS. Gerald Blackburn, married, and in the RAF at Benoni, South Africa. Elsie Taylor, still in London office. Betty Friend (Elliker), with the Standard Motor Co. Ralph Elliker, engineer in Coventry. Married and has a son two years old. Marjorie Oldham, student at Woodbrooke. Meriel Manasseh, hoping to join the wartime police service. Herbert Lucas, farming near Kidderminster. Daphne Ward, training as a nurse at Bart's. Joan Broadhead, school in Vancouver. John Simpson, RAF. Oina Paterson, nurse in a Birmingham hospital. Eric Brown, has returned to Madagascar with his wife and family to continue his work for Friends. Tom Brown is on a farm at Mapledurham, Reading. Winifred Brigham, now a fully qualified nurse, taking additional course in fevers at Leeds. Brian Dancer, FAU, hospital training at St. James's Hospital, London. Patricia Warren, fully qualified nurse after training at Leeds General Infirmary. Pamela Robins, ATS. Erwin Seifert, in the Army. Quinton Geering, BA, still studying biology at Jesus College, Cambridge. Barbara Geering, qualified nurse, now in Africa. Sid Geering, farming at Coombe Slade Farm, Brailes. Peggy Cox, in business at Rugby. Evelyn Reid, fully trained nurse. Hazel Lake (Parkin), passed her intermediate arts examination. Duncan Cummins, finished training in forestry. Jeanne Cottrell, caterer and Domestic Subjects teacher at Gloucester High School. Joan Collins, Friends' Relief Service. John Saunders, Army in Palestine. Stanley Mapp, at Bird's (Custard Powder). Norah Biggs, Friends' Relief Service. Peter Payne, HMS *Tracker*. Tom Butler, Army in Burma. Philip Little, farm in Scotland. Chris Little, Pacifist Service Units. Wilfred Green, hurt while driving in Africa, recovered in hospital, now at base in Africa. Rosemary Dearden, now a doctor at a Birmingham hospital. Jeffrey Chattin, studying at Birmingham University in medicine. Paul Eddington, assistant stage director for Ensa. Warwick Williams, discharged owing to foot trouble from Tank Corps, now helping father in steel works, Birmingham. Dorothy Sheppard (Green), has a daughter six months old.

THE NEW PRESIDENT (*see page 11*). The caption might be titled "Twenty Years On". The photograph was taken during the Whitsun gathering of 1925. The baby is Roland's elder daughter Margaret, who is now Margaret Hargreaves, and who has recently presented Roland and Eva Herbert with their first grandchild, Elizabeth Maire.

SCENES AT THE AUGUST GATHERING



Waiting for tea on the terrace at the Hill during the interval in the Saturday afternoon cricket match. The three imposing gentlemen are (left to right) John P. Fletcher, Edward P. Kaye and Percy O. Whitlock. In the shadows of the top right hand corner are Loraine and Howard Quinton

Another scene on the same occasion. Paul Caudwell (third from left, seated) holds forth over the tea mugs, while Joint-Secretary Jim Bailly (standing on left) ponders silently



Enjoying the sunshine outside the Meeting House at the Gower on Sunday morning.—These three week-end scenes are from photographs by Roland Herbert



