



SIBFORD

Headmaster:

Jim Graham, M.A.

First Deputy:

Anne Muir, B.A.*

Second Deputy:

Kenneth Francis, Teachers Cert.

Bursar:

D. John Miller

Estate Bursar:

Michael Finch

Teaching Staff:

- Jennifer Austing, B.A.* English
- Christopher Bateman, Teachers Cert. English
- Angela Bovill, B.Ed. Rural Studies
- Amanda Briggs Games Studentship
- Helen Bryant, B.A. Pottery Studentship
- (H) Paul Buckland, B.A. Games
- Susan Burston, B.A. Weaving Studentship
- Anne Chalmers, B.A.* English
- (H) Andrew Chowne, Teachers Cert. Maths
- Susan Cliffe, Teachers Cert. Food & Nutrition
- Frank Cookson, M.A.* Maths
- Pippa Cookson, M.A., Ph.D.* Social Services
- Jane Cooper, M.A.* History
- Barbara Copland, B.A.* Remedial Dept. Studentship
- Christopher Cox, Teachers Cert. Science
- (H) Elizabeth Endersby, Teachers Cert. Child Development
- David Foulds, B.A.* Remedial
- (H) Kay Goodband Typing
- David Goodwin B.Sc., A.R.S.M.* Maths
- Christopher Guy, Teachers Cert. Games
- (H) Stuart Hedley, Teachers Cert., C. & G. A.C.C. Woodwork
- Marion Higgins, B.A.* History
- (H) Wendy Holden, B.Ed. Food & Nutrition
- Brian Holliday, B.Sc.* Geography
- Ursula Lucas, B.A.* E.F.L.
- (H) Melanie McDonald, M.A.* English
- (H) Patrick McDonald, B.A. Economics
- Maureen McHale, N.D.D., A.T.D.* Art
- Angela Mortimer Pottery
- Andrew Newbold, B.Sc., Ph.D.* Science
- (H) Lesley Norton, Teachers Cert. Needlework
- Pauline Roe, L.R.A.M., G.R.S.M.* Music
- Jean Rudge, B.A.* French
- Anthony Rye, L.T.C.L. E.F.L.
- Graeme Sagar M.C.C. Ed.* Metalwork
- Janette Skeath, B.A.* Geography
- (H) Tony Skeath, B.Sc.* Biology
- (H) Michael Spring, B.Ed. Art
- Deborah Swallow, B.A. Dance Studentship
- (H) Lisa Taylor, B.Ed. Religious Studies
- (H) Katharine Tissington B.Sc.* Maths
- (H) Michael Tissington Housemaster
- Gilbert Todd, B.A.* French
- Helen Tranter, B.A.* English
- Karen Turburfield Remedial
- Dorothy White, B.A.* Maths
- Ray White, B.A.* English
- Stella Wilson, B.Ed. Games
- Jenifer Wollerton City & Guilds Courses
- (H) Michael Wollerton, Teachers Cert. Dip. P.E. Remedial
- Instrumental Teachers:**
- Clifford Pick Percussion
- Janette Skeath Woodwind
- Diana Tickell Piano

(H) indicates resident House Staff
 * indicates additional qualification in teaching

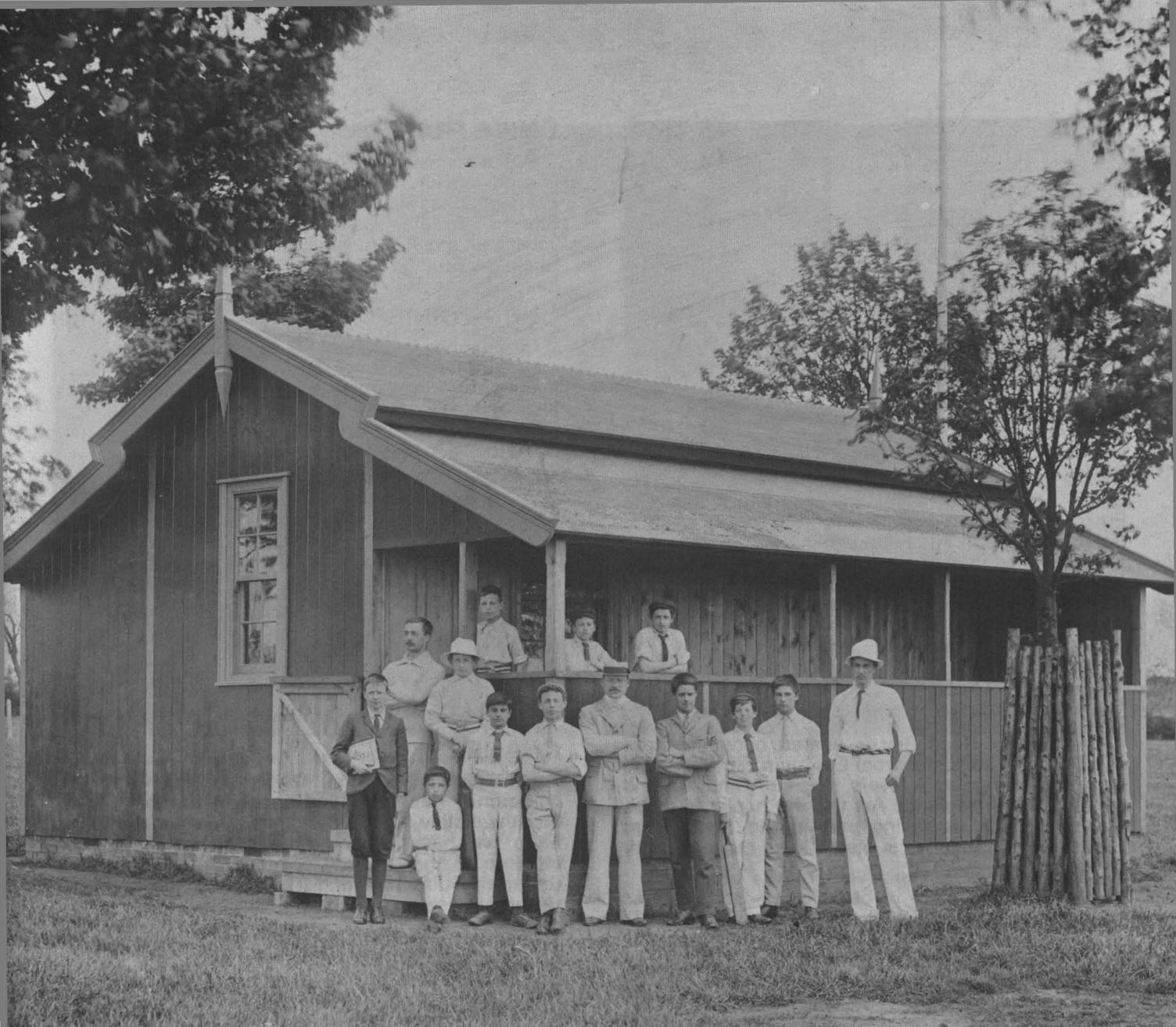
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- to 31.8.87 : Sarah Clacy, Hugh Wallis
- to 31.8.88 : James McIntosh, Manis Styles
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- Treasurer : Sandy Todd
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- Ex-Officio : Jim Graham (Headmaster)
- Committee : Janette Skeath (staff representative), Joan Broady, Ann Bond, Mike Finch, Maureen Graham, Margaret Last, Maurice Humphris, Erica Sides, Pauline Stanton

Front cover: James Harrod (see article)
 Back Cover: School Football XI - 1885
 Editorial Photograph: The New Games Pavilion 1902

Editor: Mike Spring
 O.S. Material: Mike Finch



Since the publication of the 1984 Sibford Magazine we have streamlined the production task by the wider use of computers. To a humble layman such as myself, the storage of the total contents of up to three magazines on one small disc of plastic seems sheer magic. That this information can then, at the touch of a few keys, be type-set and collated into full-page format further serves to astonish me. Ray and Ann Bond of Presshouse Publications have encouraged the editor to take his first faltering steps into the computer age, and I am grateful to them for their gentle bullying, and for their help and advice to Kay Goodband who has handled the 'keying-in' process.

Winter took Sibford in its icy jaws with a vengeance this year, and for several weeks during the Easter term we suffered the perennial discomforts of the cold weather. Oddie's Field was, at the first snowflake's flicker, transformed into the Chamonix Cresta Run, while numerous unfortunates ran the gauntlet of walking down from The Hill during the frequent mass snowball fights.

For several days the Hook Norton road was blocked by huge snowdrifts which sported magnificent curling cornices, whilst some of the most impressive icicles adorned the staffroom guttering. Undaunted by the whims of Nature, most of the non-resident staff braved the elements and assumed their normal school duties. The prize for sheer fortitude must go to the stalwart Alan Jarvis who walked across the snow-bound fields from Hook Norton - and in his retirement year at that! Such is the quality of characters with which Sibford is blessed.

Mike Spring.



CLAIRE FURNER

This year's Head Girl comes from Bedfordshire. She is studying for a mixture of O and A levels in Environmental Studies, Art and Geography. She hopes to take an Art Foundation Course next year, with a view to a degree in Art afterwards. Her interests are principally in the Pre-Raphaelite and Impressionist periods of Art, and she is a keen conservationist.

TIM STEVENS

The post of Head Boy is shared between three senior boys. Tim comes from Epsom in Surrey, and is currently taking two A levels, in History and Art. It is in the field of freelance Art that he hopes to make his career. Tim is taking part in the Sixth Form Drama Course, and he is also a keen cross-country runner.



RHIANNON DAVIES

The post of Joint Deputy Head Girl is shared by Rhiannon and Onike. Rhiannon has a keen interest in Art which she is studying at A level. The works of Turner, Rossetti and Gauguin are particularly admired by her. Having taken a C & G Community Care Course last year, she hopes to go on to work with disabled children in the field of Drama Therapy.

GERARDO SANCHEZ-REYES

Gerardo came to Sibford four years ago from his home-country of Mexico. He is studying to gain sufficient qualifications for entry to the European Business School in London. He enjoys several sports including football, rugby and tennis as well as having a keen interest in woodwork.



ONIKE FRAZER

Onike comes from Sierra Leone, West Africa. She is studying for her A levels in English, History and Economics, as well as taking advantage of the new Sibford Drama Course. She enjoys reading, volleyball and soul music. She hopes to go on to read Business Studies, with a view to managing her own business one day.

CHRISTOPHER WOOD

Christopher is taking A/O Drama with a view to a course at Drama School in the future. He has taken leading roles in several school productions, and he is also a keen sportsman. He plays football and volleyball regularly, and he helps to coach the junior basketball squad.



CHANGES

The growth, change and adaptation of our community has continued apace in the last twelve months. Following the Headmaster's visits to the Far East, we have welcomed a number of Chinese children to the recently opened E.F.L. Department under the direction of Mr. Rye and his assistant Ursula Lucas.

Slight alterations in curricular emphasis which fall in line with what the Editor referred to last year as the 'restatement of our intention in the context of the 1980's, have led to the establishment of a Graphic Communications Course conducted by Chris Guy in the newly refurbished Technical Drawing Room at the Manor.

During the year, two senior posts of responsibility have been taken on, for the curricular development of the Lower School and for the Sixth Form, by Anne Chalmers and Maureen McHale respectively.

Mike Spring's move to introduce three dimensional design and sculpture into the Art curriculum has led to the opening of a second art-room, whilst the Needlework Department has moved into adapted and improved conditions at the end of South Corridor. In order to combine the talents and activities of both the Music and Theatre Studies departments, a new Dance/Drama Studio is in the process of being created in the Manor.

There is also much news to relate concerning the staff. Kay Goodband has relinquished her secretarial duties to take over the teaching of typing, and she is to move into Lister as Deputy Housemistress in the near future. Wendy Bartholomew is now Mrs. Finch, having married Mike, our Estate Bursar at Half-Term. Her place as Deputy Housemistress in Gillett is to be taken by Wendy Holden. Another addition to the Manor staff is the establishment of a resident Girls' Matron post, most ably assumed by Fiona Robbins. We were also delighted to hear of the engagement of Lisa Taylor to Andrew Chowne. They are planning a July wedding, and intend to live nearby at Alkerton.



Back row - (l to r) - Patrick McDonald, Mike Tissington, Jenny Austing, Katharine Tissington, Susan Burston, Barbara Copland, Helen Bryant, Paul Buckland
 Front row - (l to r) - Melanie McDonald, Deborah Swallow, Amanda Briggs

Welcome

MIKE AND KATHARINE TISSINGTON

Mike and Katharine Tissington have moved into Fielding this year, where they are sharing house duties with Patrick and Melanie. Katharine is also teaching mathematics, having taught previously in Croydon and London, and most recently in a comprehensive school in Surrey. She is particularly enthusiastic about the individualised approach being adopted in lower school mathematics at Sibford, and also hopes to develop the practical and creative side of mathematics.

Meanwhile Mike is not teaching, but hopes to continue his work manufacturing special effects and tricks for magicians that as it involves "trade secrets" - but he also hopes to start a magic club in the school. Apart from producing and performing magic, he is also interested in computing, photography and electronics.

Katharine's interests include dress-making and gardening, though it may be some time before she and Mike get to grips with the newly-fenced garden around their flat.

JENNY AUSTING

Jenny's introduction onto the full-time teaching staff at Sibford has been rather gradual over the last two years.

She read English at Bedford College, London University and then trained as a teacher at Culham college. Neither of these excellent foundations still exists, which she hopes is not an ill omen for Sibford!

Jenny has lived in the village for the past ten years and has become involved in many aspects of local life, including editing the monthly 'Sibford Scene'.

Before her sons were born she was on the English staff at Banbury Upper School, and she has also taught at Northfield School, Watford.

Jenny will be working in the English and Remedial Departments.

MELANIE & PATRICK MCDONALD

Melanie was a pupil at Sibford in the days of Jonas Fielding's Headmastership. She left in 1970, went to Exeter University and then Kent, acquiring degrees in English and then in Shakespearian Drama. She worked as a Genealogist before taking a teaching job in the Sudan. On her return she trained for full-time teaching at Durham University. Since that time she has been mainly occupied with the care of their three children - Laurie, Nora and Lucy. Melanie has returned to Sibford as a member of the English Department.

Patrick comes from Belfast. After gaining an Economics degree from Kent University, he taught with Melanie in Sudan. Since their return he has been involved in several projects which have enabled him to use his skill as a carpenter. He joins the Sibford staff as Fielding's Housemaster and as teacher of Economics.

AMANDA BRIGGS

Amanda was born and brought up in the nearby village of Bodicote. Her education began in the village primary school of Bishop Loveday, and continued until the age of 19 at Banbury School.

Being a very keen sportswoman, she enjoys playing most sports, especially hockey, and was Banbury School's 1st X1 captain for three years. Since leaving school she has been a regular member of both local and county teams.

Amanda recently took part in a two week Mixed Hockey Tour of the USA, playing teams throughout the Philadelphia and New Jersey areas.

During her one year studentship at Sibford School, she hopes to obtain some useful experience to set her in good stead for her forthcoming years at college.

SUSAN PENELOPE BURSTON.

After completing a Foundation Course in Art and Design at Cardiff College of Art, Susan decided to study woven textiles. She graduated from her three year B.A.(Hons) course in woven and printed textiles this July at Loughborough College of Art and Design.

As well as being interested in all constructed textiles and printed images, Susan's other interests are related to design and a visual awareness: photography, sketching and drawing which she sees as both important and pleasurable.

Other interests are creative writing and poetry, hillwalking and church textiles. She is active in the C.N.D.

After having some success this summer selling designs and winning an award, her intention this coming year is to develop her paper designs and drawing into finished woven pieces. She hopes to sell these ideas as industrial designs, as well as exploring some "one-off" ideas. The time at Sibford will be an ideal opportunity to explore these areas of design in weaving, while sharing her enthusiasms with the students.

BARBARA COPLAND

Having done a degree in Biblical Studies at U.C.N.W. Bangor, Barbara went on to do Primary Teacher Training. During vacations she worked extensively with mentally and physically handicapped children and this interest led her to join a Christian organisation working with mentally handicapped adults. When she left university, working mostly on the 'caring' side, she found she became increasingly frustrated and restricted, and eventually she decided to move into something more stimulating. In coming to the remedial department, on a one year studentship, she hopes to find challenge in a field which is completely new to her.

There are many other things she wants to do - maybe a course in occupational therapy, a year with London City Mission or even V.S.O. Whatever she decides to do next year she feels that this year at Sibford will be of great value.

PAUL BUCKLAND

Born and bred in Eastbourne, the sun-trap of the south, Paul came to the school via Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology, picking up a B.A. in English Literature along the way. During his time in Cambridge he was college rugby captain and played for Cambridgeshire U21s 1st XV. Having decided to take a year out between his degree and obtaining teaching qualifications, the one year studentship in games, linked with the Assistant House-master's post in Penn boys presented itself as an ideal opportunity to pass on his enthusiasm for sports, and to gain experience for his future career in the teaching profession.

HELEN BRYANT

Helen completed her three-year B.A.(Hons) course in ceramics and painting at Farnham College of Art and then worked for a year with maladjusted girls. Helen joined us on a studentship in pottery.

On leaving college she became an art teacher at a residential school for girls with emotional and learning difficulties. As she became more involved in the emotional difficulties which the girls faced Helen joined the care staff as a house mother. This job, although emotionally and physically stretching, was also very worthwhile and in many ways rewarding.

This, however, left no time to continue her creative work, which having left college she felt was unresolved. Being offered a 'Studentship' gave Helen the opportunity to continue her pottery.

Her work is figurative, drawing its inspiration from the female figure combining both the literal with the abstract.

Working at Sibford gives Helen the chance to continue her work and to gain valuable teaching experience, which she looks forward to doing.

DEBORAH SWALLOW

To ensure that the school keeps in step this year, Deborah Swallow has joined the staff on a one year studentship in dance. Born and educated in Barnsley, the Jewel of Yorkshire, Deborah studied at Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology for four years emerging relatively unscathed with a B.A.(Hons) degree in Modern Languages. Although primarily responsible for Dance, Deborah also teaches several French and Spanish classes, having spent six months in each country as part of her course. Deborah will be going on to teacher training college at the end of the year, hopefully her resolve strengthened by her time at Sibford.



Round the Houses

LISTER GIRLS

We have had another happy year in Lister, thanks to the hard work of Miss Taylor and Miss Holden. Louise Webb and Michelle Wright were chosen as joint heads of house, while Susanne McDermott and Kirsty Budgeon represented us at all the Social Services Meetings. We continued to support the N.S.P.C.C. as our house charity. Many of the girls were involved in our entry in the Eisteddfod, and their time at rehearsals paid off, as we received a certificate for our efforts.

Before we went on holiday for half term, Miss Taylor asked us all to bring back food for our Halloween Party. The evening's events were great fun, involving spooky games - (we even managed to trap Miss Holden in a giant spider's web in Holly Dorm).

As usual, we held our Christmas party with Lister Boys in the common room. We ended the evening with a "conga" going right around the Manor.

On the sporting front, Janet Armitage and Julie Bowles organised all the inter-house teams for the year, the highlight of the year being when we won the Hockey Cup.

For an Easter supper, some of the Fifth Form made biscuits and cakes, while Fiona Robbins made a lovely gateau. A joint outing was organised with Lister Boys, when we all went to Alton Towers. Despite the rain everyone had a great time. We have also agreed to hire a video which has proved quite a success.

At our final collect we thanked Fiona, who is giving up her attachment to Lister in order to take over her new role as Manor Matron.

Listerite.



GILLETT HOUSE

And so another year has gone by, a year which has been very successful in many aspects.

The Christmas party was a change from the usual, the house staff decided they would cook a complete Christmas meal for the house and so, while the house watched a video, the housestaff set about the somewhat daunting task of cooking a meal for 50 people using the two house staff kitchens as well as the small downstairs kitchen. After a lot of sweat

and some tears, the meal came to fruition and food was served, passed along a conga line to the tables and set down where, in a matter of minutes, it was devoured.

It was, as one of the children said, very different, smashing, and great fun.

Our next venture was a trip to Alton Towers at Easter, this was a great success; everybody, staff and children, had a marvellous time, although the latter had more of a stomach for the hair raising rides that Alton Towers has to offer. But for those who preferred to keep their feet firmly on the ground, such as the housestaff, we enjoyed pleasant walks in the beautiful grounds.

Gillett gained success in the Eisteddfod competition and again in the Swimming Gala. The boys represented us well on Sports Day but overall, as far as the results went, it was not to be Gillett's day.

So we came to the parting of the ways for some of the children - we had our usual departure of the fifth form and we wish them well for the future, but we also said good bye to Charles Postins who left to attend Malvern Boys School, and to Ranjita Rajan who has left us to live in Oxford with her parents on their return from Liberia. We all wish Ranjita well for September when she will attend Oxford High School.

L.N.

PENN BOYS

The arrival of Jonathan Taylor, as our new Assistant House Master, meant inevitable changes to the routine of the House after eight years with Mr. Charnock in that position. However, Mr. Taylor soon settled into his new post, and now a very successful year has passed, Jonathan has moved on and we wish him every success at college in Ambleside.

The completed study area has meant that boys wishing to find a quiet area for extra study have been able to do so. Perhaps the successful results of some of our fifth form in their public examinations may in part have been helped by this facility.

Unfortunately the noisy boiler and our large number of day boys has meant that our weekly House Meetings have had to be held in the Main Hall, rather than in the House. The common room was used for a very successful Christmas dinner that followed a variety of activities chosen by the boys, as a change from the usual party.

The House computer has continued to be one of our more popular facilities, and the addition of a colour monitor has greatly added to its enjoyment.

In the various inter-house competitions, Penn have continued to enjoy a great deal of success. A large majority of the sports cups have appeared in the display cabinet, and the Eisteddfod trophy for the best concert was won with a most enjoyable adaptation of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". In all a most notable year for Penn and one we hope we can match in 1986.

Pennman.

LISTER BOYS

The past year has seen a large number of changes in the House. Mr Spring's flat was extended to incorporate the hobbies room, and the boys had a new hobby area built in the hall. The telephone has been moved to a more quiet and sensible location in the study and the day-boys have had new lockers installed in the boot-room.

We also decided to go professional on the snooker scene by raising the money to buy a large slate-bed table for the quiet room. After much discussion we agreed to hold a giant jumble and bric-a-brac sale on Open Day. Parents and friends contributed generously, and we even sold the house stereol We raised over one thousand pounds and now the ten foot table is installed, and is our prize possession.

Also this year we have had some outstanding performances on the games field. In athletics, Kwabena Ofori broke the School hundred meter record, on the cricket pitch James MacIntosh and Robert Baxendale formed an excellent high scoring partnership, and in the swimming sports Dafydd Rees performed particularly well.

We wish Dafydd and Robert every good wish as Deputy and House Captain for the coming year.

Gerardo Sanchez-Reyes and Tim Stevens.



NANSEN BOYS

We were all shocked to hear about the sudden death of David Batty-Smith who was Head of House in 1982/3. He was a good chap to know and we remember him as being a good Head of House.

We also have the news that Mr. Jarvis has retired this year. Mr. Jarvis was Housemaster from August 1960 until Easter 1979 and, although we didn't know him as Housemaster, we are grateful for all the help he has given us during our time here, particularly at the end of terms.

Di Baker left at Christmas and she was presented with a tape recorder in recognition of her work as Matron and for services above and beyond the call of duty. Her position was taken over by Mrs. Skeath who has enjoyed doing her new job (she must be mad!).

Mr. Chowne has settled in with us well, having put up with us for a year now. We are grateful for the work he has done in the House and also for the help he has given with the Sailing Club.

Nansen did very well in the Eisteddfod and won second place and a 'Highly Commended' certificate for our play 'Take Two'. Every member of the House, both boys and girls, took part in the play and it was well produced by Paul, Chris and Raz.

On the sporting front, Nansen managed to achieve great consistency and gained third place in most of this year's events. There were some outstanding performances by several people in the House such as Nigel Tims on the running track, James Murphy and Lee Stanton at cricket, Piers Komlosy and James in the tennis doubles and by Paul Johnson who was awarded the Thelton Cup for winning the Senior Cross Country. We must also thank the senior swimmers. We hope our juniors, under the leadership of James next year, will perform a lot better in team events, and that Jeffrey Donovan, as Head of Games, will lead us to greater success. We are very grateful for the support given to us by Nansen Girls this year, and we hope to be able to rely on this again next year.

The year ended on a high note with Nansen winning the Merit Cup and this, coupled with the fact that very few Nansenites have been in detention or been guilty of other misdemeanours, has compensated for our lack of success in sporting activities.

John Dale, Torquil James & Mark Dymott.

Farewell

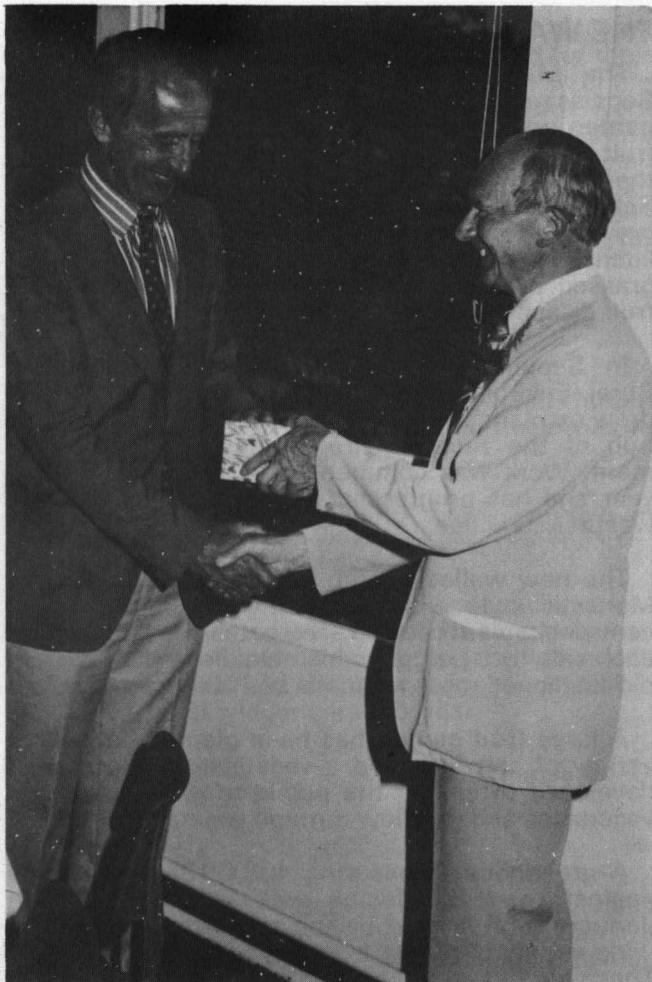
ALAN JARVIS

Alan Jarvis joined the staff in 1960, having been appointed as Head of Mathematics and Housemaster to Nansen boys in the new building on the Hook Norton Road.

Alan, his wife May and their children Joy, Paul and Rosemary, moved into the barely completed building at the end of August. This gave them about two weeks to get straight before the onset of the Autumn term. Somehow, by the time school assembled, Alan was ready and both the Maths department and Nansen House began to run smoothly under his efficient management. For eighteen years he continued to be housemaster, and generations of Nansen boys experienced his firm, but always considerate care for their well-being. Many will remember hospitality enjoyed in his flat and May's excellent cooking.

After twenty four years as Head of Department and teaching Maths at all levels, Alan moved to the Remedial department where those who find the subject particularly difficult have appreciated his patient tuition. Features of his teaching have been careful planning, neat presentation and meticulous marking. He has become something of an expert in the use of computers as an aid to learning and his knowledge in this field has encouraged the school to move more deeply into computer-based study.

Alan is a gifted person; as well as his academic prowess he has great skills as a motor mechanic, builder and general "do-it-yourself" man. He is an expert photographer. Of several hobbies, perhaps



especially he has a deep love of mountain walking, particularly in Austria, which he shares with May. From this has grown a knowledge of and appreciation for alpine flowers.

Now he is retiring after a very full life here. We sincerely hope that for many years to come he and May will have the time to enjoy their grandchildren, their garden in Hook Norton and many other activities in full measure.

Sibford is grateful for his long and devoted service.

K.T.F.

FROM ALAN JARVIS

So many people wrote to us on the occasion of my retirement and contributed generously to the magnificent presents, that it is not practicable to reply to all of them individually, so may I take this opportunity of thanking everyone for their encouragement and kindness.

Immediately after the end of term we set off for the Highlands of Scotland with dormobile and tent; we experienced a really wet and windy, but still most enjoyable, four weeks among the glens and mountains and took several reels of film with our new equipment.

Our house, Sula (which means Gannet Rock) in Bourne Lane, is only two miles from Sibford, so do pay us a visit when you are in the area.

Alan Jarvis.

ART LINES

During the summer term, Alan Fitzgerald-Clark was appointed as Head of Art at the Judge School in Tonbridge. We were sorry to see him go, but delighted at his promotion. Alan contributed a great deal to the Art department during the four years he was with us, through the thriving photography department he built up and the new ideas he brought to his art teaching. His influence is still with us.

This term, we have been delighted to have Mike Spring join the department and we are particularly excited at his plans for sculpture in the school. We have always been aware of a need to extend our three-dimensional work, and have taken advantage of Mike's talent and training in this area. The English Department's loss is very definitely Art's gain.

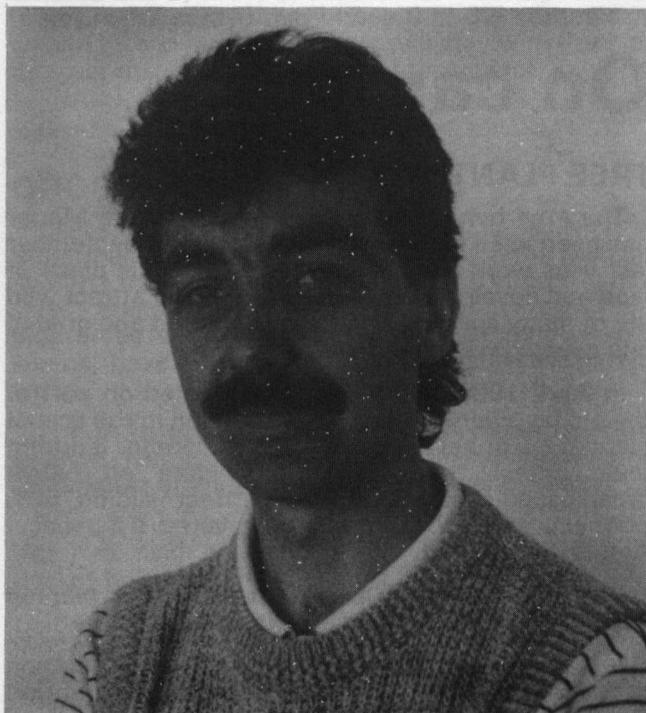
The 1984-85 school year saw the introduction of Studentships at Sibford. Along with Karen Arthur's creative approach to Dance and Drama, we enjoyed the enthusiasm and skills of Jason Smith in the pottery. Jason is now teaching at Wellington College, and is enjoying himself enormously.

M.McH.

ALAN FITZGERALD-CLARK.

Alan and I joined the Sibford Staff in 1981, and since that time he has assisted me in the running of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. His skills as a driver, as a meticulous organiser and as a keen fell-walker have been invaluable, and his understanding and enthusiasm have inspired many of the Scheme's participants to succeed. In the production of last year's Sibford Magazine, Alan's knowledge of graphic design and layout combined with his unstinting work in the darkroom contributed much to the new look of the issue. Alan took many of the photographs which I have used in this edition. He leaves us to take over the Art Department at the Judge School in Tunbridge where I am sure he will soon prove a great asset to the community.

Mike Spring





Comments from Jonathan Taylor

A week after applying for the Assistant's job in Penn House, I found myself on duty. With the guidance and back up from many experienced colleagues, I soon settled down to accept the pressures and responsibilities connected with the job.

The terms flew by and soon my year came to an end, leaving me feeling a lot older and a lot more experienced. I now realise that teaching is the profession I wish to follow, and I have Sibford to thank for allowing me to find this out.

I am therefore reluctant to leave Sibford and the friends I have made here, but I look forward to the challenge of Teacher Training College and the future which it holds for me.

On campus

TREE PLANTING

The area behind the walled garden at the Manor has been used for many years as a tip. In September last year work commenced to reclaim this piece of land and develop it as an area which will attract wild life of many species. The tip was cleared and graded and covered with soil.

In April 1984 100 trees were planted on part of the old tip. Every 1st and 3rd year pupil in the school planted his or her own tree and will care for it during their school years. The trees were all native broadleaved species which will attract wildlife. 50% of the cost of the trees was covered by a Local Authority grant.

It is planned that 100 more trees will be planted each year until the whole area is covered.

It is hoped that the pupils responsible for planting these trees will come back over the years and find their own tree.

THE WALLED GARDEN

The Manor was built in 1666 in the Italian Renaissance style and presumably the walled garden was developed at the same time to provide fruit, flowers and vegetables for the Manor. When the Manor was used as the main building for Sibford School the pupils used to work in the gardens growing fruit and vegetables for the school kitchen. However some 25 years ago the garden was grassed over and all signs of paths, pergolas and fruit disappeared.

In September 1984 Angela Bovill, teacher of Rural/Environmental Studies joined the school and drew up plans to redevelop the walled garden as the hub of the Rural/Environmental Studies Department. Work was commenced in November of last year and has progressed well despite the dreadful weather conditions.

The new walled garden has been laid out in the Monastic style with two paths which cross at a central circular rose bed. The paths are bounded on each side by a pergola which has been planted with old-fashioned roses, clematis and other climbers.

A large fruit garden has been planted out with a variety of soft fruit and a vegetable plot has been developed to enable the pupils to grow their own vegetables and to follow through vegetable trials.

A greenhouse measuring 40' x 13' was erected against the south-facing wall of the garden in January and is used by the pupils to propagate a wide variety of plants from both cuttings and seed. These plants have been sold at intervals throughout the year and the proceeds are being put towards a proposed greenhouse extension. The extension will not be heated and will serve as an area to harden off bedding plants and to grow alpiners.



Alex Paterson

The pupils have been very enthusiastic and hardworking, and have been well rewarded for their efforts in being able to watch the development of the gardens. Alex Moore and James Duckworth were awarded the Horticulture Cup for outstanding work in the department in restoring a rockery which had fallen into disrepair. The cup was awarded by Alan Jarvis as a parting gift on his retirement. Ben Leslie and James Duckworth received the Gold Award for the Best Kept Garden in the Rural Studies Area.

THE ANIMAL HOUSE

The Animal House is found in the Walled Garden and has been built in order to enable the pupils to keep their pets in school.

The money for the building was given by an anonymous donor to whom we are very grateful.

The housing is constructed of wood, and contains a series of hutches suitable for a wide range of small mammals. There is also an aviary built on one end in which Rupert Driffield has been very successful in breeding several budgerigars this year.

Angela Bovill.

'THEN'

Mr. Foulds' and Mr. Bateman's interest in drama and the enthusiasm of the Sixth Form enabled a sixth form theatre group to be established, named 'Fielding Players'.

The decision was made to enter the play 'Then' by David Campton in a drama festival for amateur dramatics at Islington Theatre, Chipping Norton.

David Campton is a young writer whose plays often deal in a serio-comic spirit. His two characters in this play, Beauty and Brains, (helpless beauty and useless brains) are people who did not know or care to know about what goes on outside their private, day-to-day concerns, and they find themselves sole survivors of the final catastrophe - Nuclear War. The ironic twist in the play is that their survival is only due to the protective paper bags on their heads.

After a lot of good will and determination, especially from the director, we coped with never ending rehearsals, struggling with lines, staging, lighting, props and amusingly difficult paper bags. A dress rehearsal was performed, open to the school, also a short video was created outside the girls' houses (on location) and eventually the day came to transport the simple staging and lighting equipment to the 'real' theatre. Although the theatre was small the audience's eyes and ears were large, but just to experience the atmosphere was above all the most exciting.

The actors were Robert Bufton and Lucy Cockram, with Vicky Haworth working hard behind the scenes. We all knew we had done our best, and even though the result of the competition was not in our favour, the director seemed pleased, and we had achieved the first play for 'Fielding Players'.

Lucy Cockram.



Robert Bufton & Lucy Cockram

BOARD GAMES SOCIETY

The Chess Club has continued to expand into other areas of board games, hence the change of name. As far as leisure time activity is concerned, the society has been held together by a few loyal members, most of whom have been working toward the Hobbies section of their Duke of Edinburgh's Award. We had hoped for help from two other staff members, but their involvement in other activities has prevented this.

I am pleased that a greater interest in the playing of board games has been shown by senior members of the school this year. Keen competition has been entered into by many of the fifth form during some of their private study time. I hope that the enthusiasm shown by our junior members will stay with them as they approach the senior part of the school.

A.S.

GOOD-BASKET

Basketball has become a thriving activity at Sibford as more and more people attend the Monday evening training sessions. So much so that a junior class - taken by Chris Wood and William Frazer - has blossomed with many first years attending who, it seems, have developed an uncanny interest for the game.

The introduction of a 'Girls Only', Friday training session has also found its way into the charts with remarkable attendance and a high level of ability.

The staff now have no hope of securing any more victories over the school, as the newly formed Basket-ball squad have proved.

The future of the sport looks good and one hopes, the enthusiasm and participation will follow the students into adulthood.

A.Player



Ian Wollerton & James Murphy

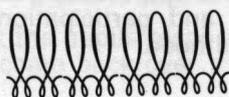
SPORTS DAY 1985.

Saturday June 1st brought one of the most beautiful, sunny days in an otherwise miserable Summer Term, and one of the most successful sports days for many years. Prior to Sports Day, many points were gained by individuals by participating in the Five Star Award Scheme, and their performances on the day were added to these points.

The very favourable weather conditions enabled all events to take place including hurdles, and many excellent standards were achieved. Congratulations in particular go to Rachel Cooper, Ian Wollerton and Kwabena Ofori, who broke or set school records. One of the events that drew a great deal of attention was the senior boys' high jump, when William Frazer narrowly missed a school record with some spectacular jumping encouraged by excellent school support.

With the Headmaster away, Mr Francis brought the afternoon's proceedings to a close by presenting a trophy to each house - the girls' cup to Nansen, the boys' cup to Penn and the overall cup to Lister. An outcome unknown at Sibford for many years.

S.W.
M.R.W.



SWIMMING GALA

What could I expect from my first Sibford Swimming Gala? On good advice from several veterans of this annual event, I invested in a pair of earplugs, took two aspirins, and searched through my wardrobe for clothes that could tolerate a saturation of chlorinated water. The second question in my mind was how the students, timers, officials and spectators would all fit into the rather limited space around the pool? I pictured it all to be something like a contest to see how many people could be squeezed into a phone box! However, due to the superb organization of Mike Wollerton and many other members of staff the afternoon ran very smoothly, and we managed to fit into the pool area almost comfortably, but in a somewhat soggy closeness.

By the end of the girls' swimming events, it was clear that Lister's team of well organized senior and junior girls had pushed well ahead of Penn and Nansen. But could Lister continue to dominate the boys' events? The race was on! Penn boys had obviously put a lot of time and effort into organizing their team, and the results were beginning to show as they pulled ahead of Nansen and then Lister with a final total of 109 points. This was enough to secure first place with a total of 166 points. Second place was gained by Nansen with a difference of only two points between them and Lister (144 to 146). Once again it was the strength of the Nansen boys' team that made the final difference.

Lister girls seemed to have an exceptionally successful day as several old school records tumbled. Martha Lewthwaite broke the senior girls' freestyle and individual medley records, whilst Karen Hart broke the senior girls' butterfly record. A strong Lister senior girls team smashed the existing freestyle relay record. Sasha McPhedran, a promising Lister junior, broke the girls' backstroke record.

Old scholars who hold boys' swimming records can relax, as most of them remained safely intact this year with the exception of the junior boys' breaststroke broken by Ian Wollerton, and the senior boys' backstroke by Shaun Haworth.

An interhouse swimming gala brings out the best in those who participate in many ways. Several school records were broken by some very fine and fit swimmers. But, equally important, many swimmers of considerably less ability proved to be of vital importance, due to their willingness to fill in for events where they were needed. Perhaps one of the most exciting and heart-warming moments of the gala was when a boy, who was virtually a non-swimmer, courageously took part for his house. An innocent by-stander would never have believed that the cheers and hearty encouragement were for this boy who struggled in to finish in last place.

I had been prepared for an afternoon of noise, excitement and saturation, but I also went away feeling that all who were present had experienced something of the thrill of intense competition as well as the compassion of true sportsmanship.

Maggie Guy.



IN STEP

London Contemporary Dance Theatre (LCDT) are a prestigious modern dance company based at The Place in London. Their work in the Contemporary Dance Field is held in high esteem by audiences throughout the world. The success of LCDT has enabled them to establish a Touring Workshop Unit which operates by sending dancers and accompanying musicians to various schools to hold dance workshops around the United Kingdom.

Participants in these exciting workshops, which are free of charge, then gain the privilege of attending an LCDT performance at a reduced price. Sibford School's resident dance student, Miss Karen Arthur was quick to take advantage of this opportunity, and set off to the Apollo Theatre in Oxford with over twenty pupils to witness LCDT in action. The first dance, entitled "Skyward" and choreographed by Robert Cohan, was pleasantly refreshing in that the dancers performed within a square frame which was lowered or raised at intervals throughout this piece. The middle dance choreographed by Richard Alston was entitled "Doublework", and divided into sections comprising of duets. The dance which caught the individual

attention and fired the imagination of the audience was choreographed by a young dancer named Tom Jobe, entitled "Rite Elektrik". The dancers, dressed in black strapping bondage-style costumes, were whirled around the stage using a thrilling combination of modern "street-dance" movements, to a funky music score for saxophone by Barrington Pheloung. "Rite Elektrik" closed an exciting programme by LCDT which was enjoyed by all.

The LCDT Dance Workshop took place at Sibford School in February. Whilst snow blizzards howled outside, twenty pupils participated in an hour's warm-up and an hour's creative session during which they were invited to use their imagination and creativity in the most interesting ways possible. The class was accompanied by a pianist, a refreshing change from the use of "canned music" which is a convenient accompanist in many workshops.

Afterwards the tired but happy participants were eager to thank the LCDT visitors for a marvellous dance experience.

Karen Arthur.

TOAD

When Mr Bateman announced in Morning Meeting that the school was holding a production of "Toad of Toad Hall", I thought that it might be a bit of fun to take part, although my previous acting experience was rather limited, to say the least! As it happened, one of my friends was thinking along the same lines, so off we went to the audition. Later, we emerged, he in the role of Rat and I as Toad! As I set off down to the house, I suddenly began to feel very apprehensive of what I had let myself in for. Then came a 3 week respite from school - the Easter holidays, and it was almost forgotten. On the first day of term I was confronted by a jolly Mr Bateman who smiled and said "I trust that you have learnt all your lines?"

I mumbled an excuse and hurried away, terrified by the implications of his remark. Nearer and nearer drew the time of the first rehearsal.

James (Rat) and I turned up the next evening and attempted to go through what we had to do on the stage. I had no doubt that he too felt really silly as we walked along, mumbling the words from our books. If it's this bad now, I thought, what's it going to be like in front of 200 people?

Gradually the rehearsals began to come together as all the dance sequences were worked out by Miss Arthur, and as all the other characters were brought in. Mr Bateman soon knocked us all into shape encouraging and helping us with lines and movements all the time. We all began to build up confidence for the great night. From then on rehearsals came thick and fast. Then came the dress rehearsal to the school on the Monday evening. That went really well and we were all very pleased. On Tuesday afternoon came the performance to the Primary School. This, unfortunately, was a near disaster. Everything went wrong, and we all came out feeling extremely worried and disheartened. Thoughts went through our minds of backing out at the last minute, but fear of reprisals from Mr Bateman prevented us from doing so! As it came to putting on our oily, sticky grease make-up we were really quite frightened. Luckily that old showbiz cliché 'it will be all right on the night' proved correct, and everything ran smoothly.

So thank you, Mr. Bateman and all those who helped in so many different ways for giving us such an enjoyable experience.

William Hone.

VOUS DESIREZ, MADAME?

The French Club exists to provide an opportunity for people who do not take French in the timetable to learn a few phrases useful for holidays across the Channel - in cafes and shops, for example.

A small but faithful group met on Monday lunch times during the Autumn and Spring Terms.

Au revoir, madame, merci

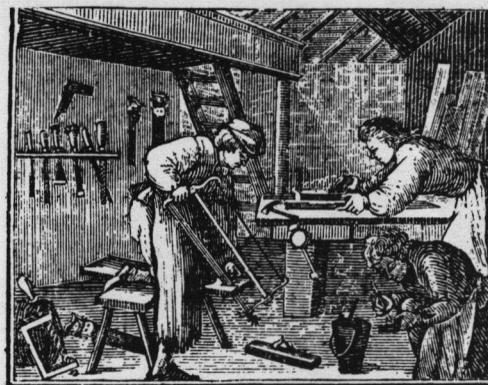
A.S.M.

EISTEDDFOD

The annual Eisteddfod concerts were presented at the end of the Autumn term. Lister House presented a somewhat updated version of 'Cinderella' complete with break dancers! They found difficulty in casting the 'Ugly Sisters' - a pity they were not able to draw from the talents in the other Houses. Nansen's production, entitled 'Take Two', was based on an original script and followed the daily activities going on in an imaginary boarding school in rural Oxfordshire with a film crew recording an unbelievable (?) saga of events. Penn produced a very professional performance of 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' with excellent costumes and make-up. With a wealth of talent to choose from, casting of characters such as 'Sleepy' and 'Dopey' posed little problem and Penn were announced as the winners.

The standard of the Eisteddfod concerts has suffered a decline in recent years but this year's concerts were felt by the judges to be heading back toward the high standard which has been achieved in the past. Next year's productions are already at the planning stage and, if this year's concerts are anything to go by, we should be able to look forward to an enjoyable evening next term.

A.S.



TO BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING

On the fourth of December, it was a Tuesday, two loaded mini-buses set off to the Oxford Playhouse. The play we were to see was Dylan Thomas's 'Under Milk Wood'.

The play was set in the Welsh sea-side village of Llarregyb, and told of the goings-on during twenty four hours of the village's life. The audience was allowed to see and hear inside the dreams of the sleeping inhabitants at the start of the play, and on several occasions later, the actors' thoughts were spoken aloud for the further edification of the listeners. The play had originally been written for radio as 'a play for voices', but the director Michael Bogdanov had included plenty of imaginative and amusing visual effects to heighten our enjoyment.

The characters were of widely differing types ranging from the sad blind sea-dog Captain Cat forever dreaming of his lost loves to the sinister school-master Mr. Pugh, forever dreaming up new ways of poisoning his nagging wife.

Although the play occasionally lacked pace, it was generally entertaining and funny, particularly memorable being the scene between Mrs. Ogmores-Pritchard and the ghosts of her weary and hen-pecked husbands.

James Binns & Julian Cox.

THE DOMESDAY PROJECT

As soon as we received the invitation to be part of this National project run by the BBC to commemorate the 900th anniversary of King William I's original Domesday Book, I knew that it would be hard work but an exciting and rewarding task.

As our entry for the People's Database section of the Domesday Project, we were asked to study a 4km x 3km area of local land and produce 20 pages of computer text, 4 slides depicting the area, plus a detailed survey of land use and land cover. We were not told what should be in the 20 pages of computer text but were given very vague guidelines, basically anything of interest in the area was in.

I thought that we were unfortunate not to have Sibford Ferris in our 'D-Block', but our block did start about 100 metres from the school dining room and included Swalcliffe, Tadmarton Heath and Wigginton Heath across as far as Tadmarton Heath Golf course.

The main groups involved in the Project Research were the 3rd year, although some additional work was done by some members of the first and second forms. The tasks of 3A and 3C were by no means straightforward - they were given the name of a farm or a household to contact and then it was up to them to find out who lived there, to telephone and arrange an interview time, to write a questionnaire, to do the interview, to write the report and then to put it into the computer.

Every group came back to school bursting with information on interesting buildings, numbers of cattle and sheep, acreage of land, old wives' tales and legends, ghost stories and stories of cups of tea and cakes. They were made welcome by everyone they visited and interviewed, and thoroughly enjoyed getting out and about for a change.

Highlights of the Project must be learning how to do traditional hedgelaying, the flight over the 'D-Block' for a small group (courtesy of Ray Bond) and the visit to Nill Farm which ended with the four interviewers being invited to have a swim in their outdoor swimming pool.

Despite problems of learning how to deal with a computer in the classroom and endlessly ferrying children around to farms, I feel that it was a very rewarding experience and an insight into the local area and local history, which I have no doubt I will wish to continue studying with future groups. The distinct feature of this Project for me is that it is probably the only opportunity that the Sibford Domesday Team will ever have for some of its hard work to be preserved in its entirety on copies of 2 BBC videodiscs, which will be published in 1986 and thereafter found in libraries and universities all over the world.

MARION HIGGINS.

STOCKPILER 1984/85

Sibford entered two teams in the national Stockpiler competition, and they also competed with other school teams in the local Jaycees competition. Teams start with a notional £50,000 and once a month on a given day they buy and sell stock and value their portfolios. The game lasts six months and results sheets are circulated each month for both local and national competitions.

One Sibford team ended up with a £15 loss, better than 200 of the teams involved, but the other Sibford team gained almost £15,000, which was ahead of over 1000 teams and about 180th nationally and, we believe, first locally.

The winning team was Onike Frazer, Vicky Haworth, Ibi Nashid, Susan Owen, Sara Rees and Helen Trathen. Unfortunately because there has been a hitch in local organisation the winners will not be here when an award ceremony is arranged.

Next year's teams have been set a high standard to emulate.

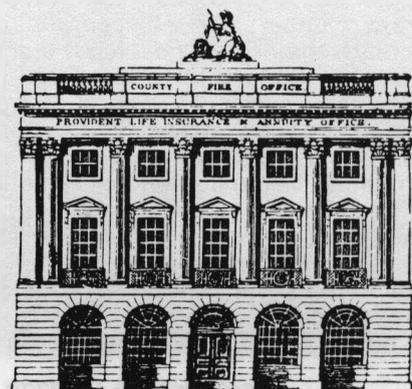
B.B.

WORLD TRADE GAME

When it became clear that there might well be no local schools competing in the World Trade Game, like last year, Sibford was very grateful to Stewart Nicholls, Regional President of the Jaycees, who kindly offered to include a Sibford team in a competition with teams from six banks and additionally he provided transport for Onike Frazer, Ibi Nashid, Susan Owen and Helen Trathen.

Each team represents a country, provided with certain raw materials and production facilities, and needing to feed its population and keep them supplied with goods. Each half hour there is a trading session of limited duration in which negotiation and barter takes place, which is meant to represent a year in real terms. The game lasts for about three hours, becoming hectic and exciting. At the end a points system shows how well or badly each team has done. Sibford ended with an honourable fourth place.

B.B.





Project Respond Award Winners

PROJECT RESPOND

'Project Respond' is a National Westminster Bank award scheme designed as an Inter-Schools project to assist in developing students' awareness of the environment, social needs and community living within their immediate surroundings, and their own ability to resolve problems.

Sibford has entered the competition since its inception in 1977 and has won an award every year since, mainly for its work involved with organising the Children's Summer Camp for deprived children, and for visiting the elderly in the area.

Sibford was fortunate once again in 1985, and received an award of £150.

M.R.F.

"AN INSPECTOR CALLS"

The saga surrounding an early 20th century family played by six fourth formers and a fifth form boy as the inspector, unfolded as one of J.B.Priestly's classics.

A very wordy play, a difficult one which needed many skills, was it what we wanted?

The hunger for achievement was enough to spring the rehearsals into life, though there were times when different members needed separate encouraging kicks to learn their lines, develop a technique to show anger or be punctual. The personal development and patience gained from being involved in this group activity cannot be over emphasized. This is best exemplified by a remark made by a member of the audience; "I read a cast of pupils, and became engrossed in a play of adults." Many thanks must go to the pupils and staff who made this play so memorable. The generous contributions to the silver collection were donated to an organisation called "BREAK" which provides holidays for autistic children and their parents.

Karen Hart & Clodagh Glaisyer

6th FORM BUFFET.

On the 6th June, 1985, a group of 6th form cookery students held a buffet in aid of the Ethiopian Famine Appeal. The invited guests were asked to pay two pounds for a substantial buffet lunch. The spread looked wonderful and met with great appreciation from the invited guests.

"How about putting on something like this every term?"

"Can we come again next week?"

These were just some of the comments to be overheard as staff munched their way through Hot Chicken Salad, Pizza, Quiche, Waldorf Salad, Coleslaw, Garlic Bread and followed this with mouth-watering desserts such as Strawberry Cheesecake, Chocolate Biscuit Gateau and Banana Walnut Cream.

This splendid occasion was inspired and arranged by Lilian Coulter, assisted by a noble team of 6th form helpers: Shaun Haworth, James McIntosh, Carla Mann, Kirsteen Atkinson, Sara Rees and Janet Hastings.

Eighty pounds was raised in aid of the Ethiopian Appeal which was quite an achievement. A very pleasant way of raising money!!

Wendy Holden.



"SKYWALKERS"

It was a blustery, cold Saturday afternoon in April. All was quiet on the Sibford School campus, but for the wind howling through the trees on the Hill. A lone, tracksuited figure stood motionless, stark against the bleak sky. She glanced momentarily at her watch, then blew at her cupped hands to keep warm. Why are they so late? Maybe they have met with an accident! Maybe? A million questions coursed through her mind as her eyes searched the road approaching the school for any signs of life. Inside the school gym, forty-five Sibford pupils were being remarkably well-behaved and patient. They wouldn't remain so for long, she thought.

Suddenly, a blue mini-bus appeared at the bottom of the drive. Could this be Skywalkers - the breakdancing and body-popping crew from Leicester who were booked to take a workshop with a large group of Sibford pupils? She thought frantically. The mini-bus screeched to a halt and as the doors opened, out piled one... two... three... eight... nine... eleven adolescents. Relief flooded her body as the group's manager strode confidently towards her. "Hello, Miss Arthur. Sorry about the delay. Are the kids ready to begin?"

"Skywalkers" are a crew of six West-Indian and Asian dancers who have just started touring schools, teaching and performing the new street-dance craze called "Breaking". The crew took two workshops comprising of a warm-up, some basic steps, and rounded off with a light-hearted competition between all members of the class, which was the most enjoyable part of the session. Every participant praised "Skywalkers" technical ability, including spinning at incredible speeds on various obscure parts of their bodies!

The overwhelming success of "Skywalkers" visit served to show the accessibility of dance and its active enjoyment by boys as well as girls.

Karen Arthur.

SAILING CLUB

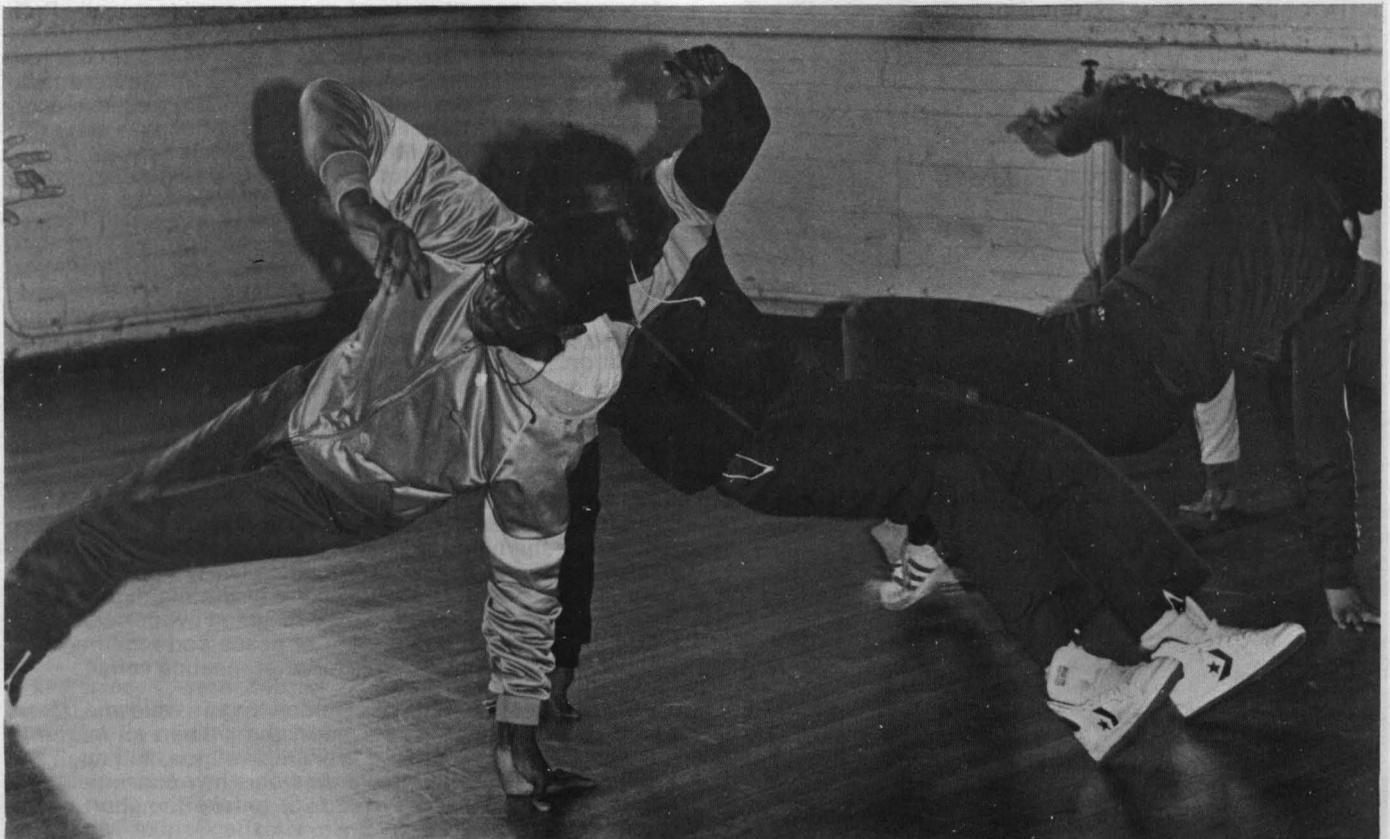
The sailing club had a very successful season. We were extremely fortunate with the weather and had some excellent sailing.

The discovery of two old Merlin Rockets led to an interesting project. These boats had not been sailed for 12 years at least. John Dale, Jeff Donovan, David Rodrick, Simon Chacksfield and Adam Hearne all helped to clean, mend and reconstruct the Merlins.

The Merlins are clinker built and one of them is varnished. We had to buy new buoyancy bags, and Mr Skeath repaired the transom flaps with piano hinges. Luckily the sails were undamaged which saved a considerable expense. Banbury School lent us a trailer and we very carefully took one of the Merlins down to Grimsbury Reservoir.

As expected, the Merlin Rocket leaked badly (clinker boats always do until the planks have swelled), but we could bail it out faster than it could come in. She is a delight to sail and looks graceful in the water alongside the now popular "plastic ironing board" dinghies. We now hope to do considerable maintenance work over the winter and have both the Merlins sailing by next summer.

Andrew Chowne.



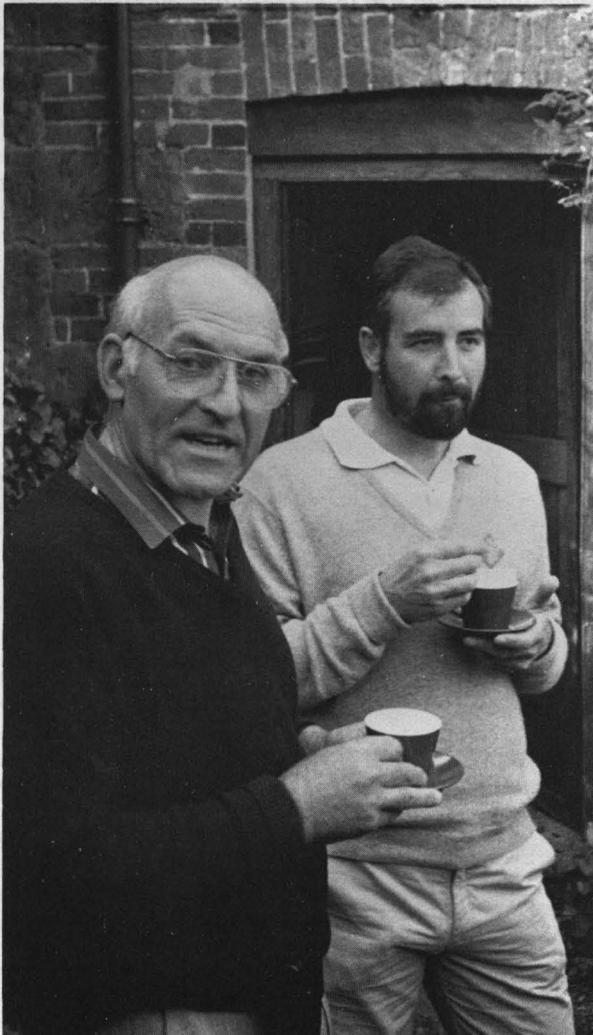
'Breaking'

Reunion

Mavis Stiles (nee Mutch) is this year's writer of the Reunion diary. She was at Sibford 1946-49 and remembers Sibford days with great affection, especially "picking soft fruit and turning it into jam in the 'Domski' room under the watchful eye of Jessie Johnstone! also feathered bird watching through the night organised by Arnold Darlington."

As I drove from my home in The Chilterns to Sibford in The Cotswolds I suddenly became conscious of entering the indescribable environment of peace and tranquillity and that pace of life peculiar to the local inhabitants. Little did I know that I would be called upon to report about the gathering: Sibford taught me many things but not good journalese.

To arrive in time for Saturday lunch and be greeted by our President and introduced to the School Committee Guest, David Saunderson, a contemporary of mine (David's wife and daughter joined us later) made a good start to the weekend. Letters and messages were read out from O.S. unable to attend. Before there was time to digest the meal the tennis and table tennis tournaments were under way, the less energetic enjoyed a cup of tea in Fielding House lounge where greetings were exchanged from all directions. There was hardly time to make the bed, rather different from school days when I made my bed after breakfast only to remake it before lights out having put as many as 19 tunics to press under the bottom sheet, I must have been a peaceful dreamer! Next rendezvous the library and the Annual General meeting, quite a full house. If you did not attend this year try and make it next time, your view counts as much as the next O.S.



Philip Manasseh & Paul Frampton



Paul Frampton & Mike Finch

Food again, I am surprised how hungry one gets 'doing nothing'.

How proud Leslie Baily would be if he could hear the varied and interesting lectures given each year in his memory. This year the theme 'A Brain with a View' was fascinating and at a level comprehensible to all. Prof. Rainer Walter Guillery was a senior boy when I arrived at sibford January 1946; it was so many years since he had been on the campus that he needed to enquire who 'Fielding' and 'Portakabin' were, he was well aware of Lister, Penn and Nansen. Afterwards coffee was served in the Hall foyer where more chat continued between O.S., some visiting for the lecture only. A few brave souls made thier way to The Elm for Rockets on a rather chilly evening. How glad I was to have brought my hot water bottle 'the first time ever, honest!'

I am sure a number of O.S. could not sleep as they were off for a swim at the crack of dawn, at least it gave them an appetite for breakfast, when our President kept up the tradition of Geoff Long by reading from a book of quotations compiled by George Edwards.

Some voices may have matured and the tempo quickened but choral must bring memories flooding back to many, of Sundays with A.J., in the Old Gym, I always get a lump in my throat when I hear Jerusalem. Thank you Mr. Pianist, Tony Rye. The walk to Meeting for Worship either via the fields or Mannings Hill can still be enjoyed in the Sibfordian unique surroundings, sorry I need to use a car. Meeting at The Gower is one of the highlights of the weekend for me, a sentiment expressed by many O.S. For 60 minutes there is a feeling of peace and togetherness. Thank you Vera and Friends for after meeting coffee.

The roast for Sunday lunch was welcome, how wonderful not to have slaved in the kitchen all morning! The vegetarians appeared to 'Fare' well too. Although the clouds' hung low the picnic was on. How convenient Hill Bottom proved. It was left to O.S. to take the short or the long route, or arrive in style via the School Mini Bus. People can no longer walk around Sibford these days as the footpaths are very overgrown, better come armed with

a sickle next year! Ena and Arnold Lamb had placed numerous bales of straw at the picnic site for our extra comfort, how thoughtful. The tractor close by was a great attraction for the younger generation. Refreshments were served in individual 'nose bags' (I love surprises) and cups of tea. Wendy Holden (Home Economics teacher at Sibford) delighted the large audience gathered for 'President's Choice, by singing a selection of A.E. Houseman's Shropshire Lad to Arthur Somervell's setting with piano accompaniment by Raymond Bond. The young weekend helpers put their heads together to participate in a short amusing play written by Paul Johnson and produced by Chris Wood. Further delights were to follow when Wendy Van Blankenstein sang 'Blow the Wind Southerly' and 'The Marvellous Toy', while playing her guitar. Her third rendering was 'Colon man a-come' with chorus participation of 'mini' up and coming S.O.S. Bouquets of flowers were presented to both Wendys and a red rose to the President's wife, Janet. The President passed an intimate secret on, he started going bald in 1952!

A slight change of programme, the Barbecue was held in the hall followed by Country Dancing under the guidance of Chris Grimes who manages to encourage young and not-so-young to 'take the floor'.

60 O.S. were numbered off for Rockets at The Elm while the 'mini' members of the gathering were introduced to Rockets in the comfort of Penn lounge. A successful disco was held at Gillet did our young O.S. policeman, Nick Briggs, keep order!

The sun was up early on Monday and gave a welcoming sparkle to the countryside. Some O.S. were seen in dripping state returning from an early morning swim, others took a stroll around the campus breathing in the summer air, Pat Grimes was stimulated into writing an apt poem which appears within these covers, while one young 85 year old walked to The Gate Hangs High and back, no wonder he consumed a large breakfast!

The Motor Treasure Hunt proved as popular as ever, most 'hunters' made it back in time for lunch. Thanks must go to Vera and Frank Rollett for their devoted preparations. Vera was heard to say that she refused to help Frank again, but I have heard that one before!

Did the hockey sticks go missing to cause the programme to include the 'sedate' game of rounders?! Even the coveted Doll has changed in value from Silver to Gold, being won by the Birmingham Crowd.

By kind invitation of the Grahams, tea was on Holly House lawn where croquet was enjoyed by many. As Quintons and Bonds gathered on the lawn Loraine Brown needed more blank paper as she attempted to work on their family tree. Prizes were awarded to Nick Briggs and Ian Weatherhead for tennis, Jim Thelton table tennis (how about some secret practise before the next reunion) and Raymond and Ann Bond and Russell Steed Motor Treasure Hunt. Mr. Neville Smith, who took the group photograph, was thanked for his long service which has always been free to O.S. Remember a photograph is a record for all time so do make sure you are in position next time.

I managed to putt a walk in to the Old School to view the gardens which under the supervision of Angela Bovill have sprung to life again. The pergola is in position and the roses and shrubs well established. The greenhouse would be the envy of any keen gardener and hopefully will germinate the seeds of future horticultural interest of many students. Beyond the gardens a conservation area is being developed, young trees are urgently needed for this project.

141 places were set for the Presidential Dinner in formal style (during the weekend the tables had been arranged in small groups in the dining room creating a more cosy atmosphere). There was some trepidation on behalf of those potential diners, within earshot of the writer, when 'chewing the menu over', whilst awaiting what we were about to receive for which we were truly grateful, as we were confronted with the prospect of 'Beef Wellington'. Could it be that we were to be served with

some beef cooked in an old boot or indeed pressure cooked soles of students' worn-out leather shoes? We need not have worried as the cuisine excelled as always from the cauldrons of George Gibson and his team. As is now traditional we were attended at table by our weekend helpers, long may this link continue. After the interesting and humorous speeches, the awards of Honorary Membership to Arthur and Margaret Dring and Bill White and presentation of a cheque for £80 from an anonymous donor, it was farewell Rockets and Auld Lang Syne.

The numbers had depleted by Tuesday breakfast and it was sad to see the removal of the beautiful flowers so artistically arranged by Vera, Margery and Lilian and the exhibition of superb aerial photographs of Sibford captured by Raymond Bond, I hope Ann had her hands on the stick at the time they were taken!

May I say a final thank you to all concerned, including daughter Anne who produced her son early enabling me to join the reunion, for making the weekend such a happy occasion and long continue the gatherings at Sibford School.



John Baseley & David Laity

Presidential Address - given at the 1985 Reunion.

Old Scholars, Friends and Family:

May I start by expressing my thanks to the Old Scholars' Association for the honour bestowed upon me as President for 1985. I have failed in my duties in that it has been impossible for me to attend all the functions and meetings being organised by the Committee and its individuals. On reflection, I feel that the Organisation must be in good health as so much is going on, and its aims, which are to support the School, is demonstrable by the very presence of so many old scholars about the place, and by the continued apportionment of funds, whenever possible, towards something of use to the School.

My address to you this evening is to be about "Influences". Those who have influenced me, and about the nature of such influences on one's life. This has been sparked off by the theme for the weekend of "Forty Years On", for when I look back it is to people rather than events that I found the greatest influence on my life.

Sibford, obviously, as does any school, shaped my early decision-making, for who could not fail to be influenced, for example, by Roland Herbert, his craftsmanship and sense of fun, Frank Parkin and his Geography, Arnold Darlington's exceptional enthusiasm in the laboratory, and the musical influence of Arthur Johnstone.

My entry into agriculture was a positive one: perhaps influenced by a maternal link. I think my father was concerned, for the rewards were not outstanding, nor was the path forward clear, and he it was who supported my desire to go on to college. At that time there were two well-known colleges, one was Harper-Adams in Shropshire and the other was the Royal College at Cirencester. The former was for farm management material, the latter was for estate management material and the good life. I draw a veil over the rugger and football matches that took place between us. I was quite good at snooker in those days. The influences on me at college were enormous, and they were some of the happiest days of my pre-married life. Lecturers who had recently been demobbed from the Services, or who had been with the Ministry of Agriculture and Veterinary Departments during the war, came with a whole new world of opportunity to present to us. Enthusiasts being inspired and taught by enthusiasts. Dr. Gill, I remember, whose book "Agriculture Botany" is a classic in agricultural colleges today. He was in his heyday. His walks to identify plants were enormous fun, he made them so. Dr. Janet McGlagan, a wee shrimp of a Scotswoman, whose Zoological lectures we lapped up. The enterprise of John Luscombe, who set a trend in pig housing management, to be copied worldwide. Then there were the visiting teachers, and I remember well a Professor, and Principal of the Royal College, Robert Boutflour, whose work on dairy cow feeding and management has probably been one of the greatest influences on milk production that we have ever known. His enthusiasm and experiments are now largely forgotten - pioneers so often are. If we think of any development or change, we so easily forget those whose foresight and flashes of inspiration very often changed the course of history. Robert Boutflour observed, for example, that cattle were traditionally being fed root crops which contained 95% water. He argued that the diet, if allowed to contain more nutrient and less water, would increase output. This indeed was the case, and coupled with artificial insemination to provide high yield potential, we now have a 300 million pound milk surplus, but don't let me digress into the Common Market and all its problems!

Influences on me in employment after college were equally important. There was Colonel, for example, (whose wife I have already mentioned,) who was of enormous importance to me. Here was a man, newly demobbed from the Army, having high rank, whose lasting ambition was to farm. He was a true gentleman, but no farmer, a joy to be with, and much to be learned from. They and their sort have now largely gone. The specialists that have survived are successful mainly as a result of tight business

management, yet many of these people were influenced by their home backgrounds, their teachers, and their families. We also have in agriculture one of the best advice services in the world. I recall the Steeles of Netherton, now farming in excess of 5,000 acres, left with a considerable estate in 1954 following the death of their father while on his way to market one day. It was a job I learned much in, for as first assistant living in the large house and treated as family, I was privy not only to the life of this interesting Methodist home, but also to the single-mindedness and enthusiasm of their business drive. My life as a farmer benefited from these experiences, and my subsequent life as a teacher of the subject has no doubt been very much helped by it too.

One fact that I think is unique to agriculture has been, and still is, the partnership that holds between workers and management. I know that there has always been a lack of justice for the basic product in any industry, and it is well recorded in William Cobbett's writings. I have enjoyed his "Rural Rides" for while he championed the cause of the workers on the land, as well as the poor rewards to farmers, as a landowner and politician he never strayed too far into Socialism. He echoes my feelings on the relationship between the workers and their station in life when he wrote in 1832 in his "Tour of Scotland" "... in the whole body of the industrious and working people of England, there was scarcely a single man to be found that had ever entertained the slightest thought of envying his richer neighbour, or wishing to share in his property, or wishing to see all men pulled down to a level - I never could gather from one single working man, during the whole course of my communication with them, that he wished for any thing beyond - that he wished for any change other than - that which would leave him the enjoyment of the fair fruit of his earnings.'

He carried in the depths of his mind the vision of such a life being fulfilled by the re-establishment of the old cottager class as the foundation of a rural society. But ideal vision and practical politics were two very different things. Cobbett was a man in perpetual opposition, and he saw as his task that of destroying the order which would allow men to work and starve at the same time. If he did not himself create a system, he certainly saw a system aligned against him, the system of authoritarian government by reactionary politicians in London and by game-preserving magnates in the country, the system of exploitation by cotton lords and stock-jobbers, by place-seekers and middle-men. He included, by the way, as middle-men many of the Quakers for whom he had a great dislike. That each man should have the fair fruit of his earnings was all he asked, and by this he meant something very far from absolute equality.

So I am influenced in my work by those around me, by the farmers I come across, by the advisers, and by the educationists. One's influences do not finish at any one point, they are on-going all the time. The experience of Garnett College, for example, in recent times, and the choice of subjects offered to those people wanting to do a B.Ed. part-time. Mike van Blankenstein's educational economic lectures, oozed enthusiasm, as did Mike Erben's sociology. Dull sounding subjects need not be dull if given to enthusiasts to teach. Whether it be age or circumstances, I know not, but somehow a philosophical option opened all sorts of windows to me at my time at Garnett, and I enjoyed the lead into it given by the teachers responsible.

Then it is the occasional surprises that we come across, enthusiasms lurking and influences in odd places, like a W.E.A. lecture on Art I happened across. This has opened my eyes too, for here was someone prepared to talk a language that everyone could understand, and without patronage.

Ray Guillery's enthusiasm for studying the brain has enormous implications, and we are grateful for the path he has chosen with his talents which will be of enormous value to mankind. Some of the methods which are used in his field may be controversial, as they have been and still

are in agriculture. If however we look at the difference in life span today, and even forty years ago, you would have to agree that you and I and our children can look forward to an extended life and all the opportunities that it can bring with it.

Talking of children and opportunities leads me into saying something about the school and its progress in today's society. The influences and demands on the school made by the parents are considerable.

The path chosen by the committee over recent times is not an easy one. It is to extend a broad ability range of children rather than to concentrate on extremes. It has its rewards and its pitfalls, but to a certain extent it echoes a need already taking place of the transition into new technology as a measure of our inability to compare with other industrial countries. In the United States for example the great majority of young people stay on in High School to get their High School Diploma. In Japan 95% of youngsters remain in full time education until the age of 19 or 20, at which point they enter into a systematic vocational training programme provided by the employer. And in West Germany 60% of all young people enter upon an apprenticeship.

So we have foreign influence upon us to compare with and the educational sector is sandwiched between an Industry only now beginning to equip itself to compete and a government launching Youth Training Schemes in the hope of diminishing the 3 million unemployed.

The School as an influence at the heart of social change puts great demands upon its staff and management committee. The committee if it is to be effective has to be continually questioning the schools every move, and looking for opportunities to pass on to the staff and pupils. We have a Development Committee which brings its influence to bear. Many members of the Committee have views to express as do the staff and the Headmaster.

Sibford has one major problem, and that is the lack of investment income. What is done (the turnover is in excess of £1m) I think is quite remarkable; and I pay tribute to all the staff and committee for their commitment to its present success.

I was reading recently the profile of the present speaker of the House of Commons Bernard Weatherill and as Chairman of the Committee I take some comfort from two of his observations. First, 'The best members of the House of Commons are often the most unreasonable' and secondly a quotation he keeps on a card in his pocket:

'Notice everything, turn a blind eye to some things, correct a little, cherish the bretherin'. I hope I can do that.

The greatest influence to me, and the one I have left deliberately till last, of course, is sitting right by me. For some unexplainable reason we got thrown together as the result of an Old Scholars' Reunion, and that was forty years ago. We were at school at the same time: I was amused by the pigtailed and the smile, but as a hated prefect and much too old anyway, never cut any ice. However, things change, and we have weathered some storms together as well as enjoying the company of our children. Now the prospect of a daughter-in-law is a great thrill to us both. I am indeed a fortunate fellow.

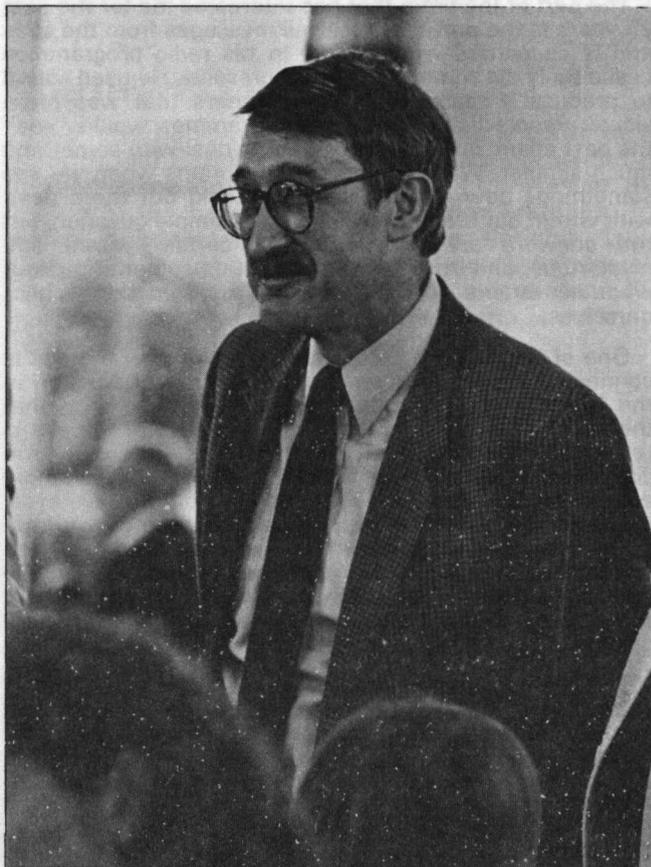
Philip Manasseh



THE LESLIE BAILY LECTURE

This year the Leslie Baily lecture was presented by one of Sibford's most eminent Old Scholars - Professor RAINER WALTER GUILLERY PH.D, FRS, who was at Sibford between 1940-46. 'Ray' as he prefers to be called has been since 1984, Professor in charge of the Department of Anatomy at Oxford and is a Fellow of Hertford College.

He was from 1977-84 Professor of the Department of Chicago. He specialises in Neuro Science and Brain research. He is married to Margot and has three sons and one daughter.



'A BRAIN WITH A VIEW'

Firstly I would like to thank Philip Manasseh and the Old Scholars Association for inviting me and to say how pleasant it is to be back in England and back at Sibford.

Philip has asked me to tell you a little about the work that I do, and to do it in an entertaining manner. My work is mainly to study the brain and to teach other people about the brain. Rather than tell you about new frontiers of brain research, or try to give you a picture of how I spend my days, I thought (if I was to stand a chance of being entertaining at all) that I would pick out a few highlights from the past that relate particularly to my work and that illustrate the nature of brain research. I shall present you with a short potted history, using some of the great names of the past to show the different ways in which people have approached an understanding of the brain.

Philip also asked me (told me) to not reminisce about our past in Sibford. Fair enough. It could be embarrassing, it could be boring. Still, I want one short reminiscence, which is relevant to what I have to say.

The occasion I want to recall was in "Woodwork", when we were in the first (perhaps the second) form. We made pot stands. A simple cross was made from two pieces of wood pinned by what I think was called a half-lap joint. If the joint was good the two pieces held together firmly, if it was bad they fell apart. When we had completed our try at making the joint we would take them to Mr Herbert, who

would eye them somewhat cynically, grunt once or twice, and then throw them, speculatively across the room. If they held together we could finish the pot stand and it would end up as a (probably unwanted) Christmas gift. If they fell apart, no more had to be said, we had to start over.

Doing science is a little like that. You work hard at an idea, and when you have it so that it seems to hold you take it to someone, who looks at it cynically and then perhaps throws it across the room. It's a great joy when the idea holds. It may not last very long, it may (like the pot stand) turn out to be not very practical, but it's a good first step.

The part of the brain that has interested me for the past 25 years is the part that receives messages from the eyes and is concerned with seeing. In his radio programmes Leslie Baily did something very impressive. He used sound to produce a response in his listeners that was often visual. People listening to his programmes would "see" the past again, and relive it. I want to deal with something much simpler. What happens in our brains when we see something? how is the picture of world out there dealt with within our brains? It seems like a simple question, but the answers are complex, to a certain extent still mysterious, and in so far as they tell us something about what our brains are like, they tell us something about ourselves.

One of the earliest accurate pictures of how the eye is connected to the brain was produced by Isaac Newton in the 17th century. He understood lenses and he knew that the image that the lens throws on the back of the eye is reversed. He argued that the brain must receive a true copy of what the eye sees and that there must be a single copy built up from the images coming from the two eyes. He suggested the apparently complex pattern drawn here 200 years later by an eminent Spanish scientist. The impressive thing about Newton's achievement is that he was, so far as we can tell today, right. He thought about the problem carefully, and he came up with the correct answer.

This seems very impressive until we notice some further points. One is that for many years people were still arguing about Newton's suggestion. Many years after Newton, people were still drawing the pathway from the eye to the brain like this, with no crossing at all. This is in accord with a scheme proposed by Newton's contemporary Renee Descartes. He showed no crossing of the fibre as they approach the brain, but a complicated set of crossings within the brain on the way to the pineal gland, where he placed the soul.

It turns out that Newton was correct about the human brain and apes; Descartes was right about owls. There are features about the visual pathways of cats, rats, rabbits that don't fit either scheme, and that are still not understood today.

What then, were the steps by which knowledge about the pathways was advanced. How do we know that Newton was right about our brains? I shall be very selective in considering some of these steps.

An early and very important step was to find out what nerve pathways are made of. This was largely achieved during the 19th century and involved many scientists and much surprisingly fierce argument. I want to focus on one briefly.

Otto Deifers lived from 1834-1863 and he spent the last years of his short life studying nerve cells. He dissected the cells carefully and painstakingly from tissues he obtained from the local slaughterhouse. He was able to dissect out individual nerve cells (about 1/20th mm across) and to show that the cells had several relatively short processes (by which messages are received) and one very long process by which messages are sent. It is processes like this that pass from the eye to the brain.

When I was a medical student I learnt about Deifers, and somewhat later I wrote to my great aunt in Germany, who was also called Deifers to ask whether she was related to him. I discovered that Deifers had been my

grandmother's uncle. By then I was committed to studying the brain, but I've often wondered how far our unknown past shapes our lives.

Once the long fibres that link nerve cells to each other had been discovered it became apparent that an injury separating the fibre from its cell would lead to the death of the fibre. This provided a way of tracing fibres through the brain and it was widely used in the last century.

The man who helped to introduce this method of tracing pathways and who was the first to show experimentally that Newton's proposal was correct was a German psychiatrist called von Gudden. He was an innovative psychiatrist, who gave his patients much more freedom than was general practice at the time. He gave his patients their own room keys and even gave them access to the doctors' offices. He is of interest not only because he introduced the experimental method to the study of the brain and was an eminent psychiatrist. He is also of interest because he died in a mysterious and historically interesting way. He died by drowning in a lake not far from Munich. He drowned with Ludwig II of Bavaria. To this day no one knows what happened. Both were strong swimmers and tall men. They drowned in 3 feet of water.

Let me digress a bit. The king in his youth had been a handsome, romantic, self contained person. He was a strong supporter of Wagner and as he grew older he started to build romantic castles in Bavaria, some with extravagant Wagnerian motifs. They are still marvellous to visit, and now represent a major tourist attraction. At the time they were expensive and their construction was threatening to bankrupt the state. So the state councillors called in the State psychiatrist von Gudden, who (without ever interviewing the king) certified the king as insane and took him to Schloss Sternberg, 10 miles from Munich, where the king was to spend the rest of his days confined as a certified lunatic. On their first day at the Schloss, von Gudden and the king went for a walk by the lake and, were found, hours later both drowned. There had been (it seems) a struggle, but no one to this day knows what happened. The place in the lake is still marked by a memorial to King Ludwig. There is no mention of Gudden.

I have taken three examples to illustrate how one can learn about the brain. Newton and Descartes represent analytical thought. By itself it is not enough. Deifers represents careful observation and Gudden represents the experimental approach. My fourth example could be thought of as illustrating enthusiasm or if you prefer, seriousness.

My predecessor in the department of anatomy at Oxford was Professor (later Sir) Wilfrid le Gros Clark. He studied the visual pathways as they travel through the brain and he helped to show exactly how the maps from the two eyes are first brought into register. This happens in a complex layered structure, made a bit like a sandwich with left eye and right eye inputs kept separate. The two maps are then fused when they reach the cortical mantle, or grey matter at the back of the brain.

When I was first at Sibford, my sister Ria lived in the le Gros Clark's home, and during a few school holidays I stayed there too. I can recall going for long bicycle rides with the professor and can recall visiting the anatomy department (which was much smaller then than it is now). I cannot remember being stimulated to follow in le Gros Clark's footsteps: that seems to have come much later. Perhaps it was just his extremely serious dedication to the study of the brain that left an indelible impression on my 12 year old brain. He must have been very seriously committed to thinking about his work. When Ria, then about 14 asked him to put something in her autograph album, he drew a brain. It is an unusually dedicated man that would see this as an appropriate offering for a young girl's autograph album. From the care he took over the drawing we can believe that he was making a very serious effort to share his especial interest.

I have told a little about the people who have studied the visual pathways, have tried to indicate how each contributed and have chosen some of the people because they have been particularly close to my own interest in the

subject. I should, perhaps, add something about my own work and indicate to you that it can be taken to represent a fifth aspect important in research, in addition to analytical thought, careful observation experimental methods, and enthusiastic dedication. The fifth is luck. Without it one is nowhere. If one wants to sound sophisticated one can call it serendipity.

I was studying the visual pathways of cats on the middle 1960's and found in one brain a very unusual structure in the sandwich like layered relay I spoke of earlier. At first I was puzzled. Then I thought my technician had made a mistake. Then I looked carefully at my notes and found that this particular cat had been a Siamese cat. I remembered that Siamese cats are commonly cross-eyed and soon was able to show that Siamese cats have abnormal visual pathways. Nerve fibres which should remain uncrossed, instead cross. This explains why Siamese cats squint. It also provides some important clues about congenital brain abnormalities. At least some can be produced by a rather simple misrouting of nerve fibres. The problem has got more interest than this for 3 reasons. 1. We can ask how such abnormalities are produced. 2. We can ask how the brain deals with such abnormal inputs when they occur (We're found some cats that simply suppress the wrong input; others that correct it). 3. We have found that the abnormality is not limited to Siamese cats. It occurs in any mammal that has a low amount of pigment, Melanic in its eyes. A comparable abnormality occurs in albino people and we've even had a chance to study the brain of one cross-eyed white tiger -who also showed the abnormality.

I have tried to give you some picture of what I do. You will have noticed that I study animals. Some of you will probably find this difficult to accept. This is not an appropriate time to defend animal experiments, but it may be important to stress that our knowledge of ourselves, in health and in disease depends to a very large extent upon what we have been able to learn from animals. We should not let our search for knowledge stand still; because what we take to be knowledge today often turns into a half truth or an error tomorrow. Those of us who teach students about the human body cannot assume that we know the truth. When we do that we soon teach dogma and inevitably teach errors. The school's motto is Truth and honour, freedom and courtesey. I see my job as trying to approach the first, but never expecting to reach it.

Ray Guillery - August 1985

S.O.S.A. news

BRANCH REPORTS

LONDON BRANCH 1984-85

The London Group, while not yet established enough to be described as "flourishing", seems to be surviving perkily enough on a small scale.

There were two occasions last year when we came together. In October Michael and Wendy van Blankenstein organised a seven-league walk through some wild, wet woods, surprisingly near Barnet, during which poor Brian Wright had to be rescued from the last few miles.

After that we all fell ravenously on the food, mostly brought and shared, and beautifully laid out and augmented by Wendy. It was a good day.

In January a lot more O.S. turned up for our visit to the theatre, to see Paul Eddington in "40 Years On". Paul played a headmaster, and based his

character and mannerisms so much on those of Arthur Johnstone, that the whole performance was like a private joke, just for us. It was marvellous, and Paul not only negotiated a cheaper price for our tickets, but invited us backstage afterwards to say "hullo".

So popular was this outing, that we hope to find another theatre occasion this winter (though without those extra perks, of course) followed by a party.

Margaret Fairnington

SOUTH WEST BRANCH

We have had two outings this year and continue to rope in Old Scholars to join in these occasions of reminiscence and friendship. The first was in the spring to the home of Paul and Ruth Frampton for lunch -followed by a visit to the National Trust Garden at Stourhead, which is nearby. Unfortunately the weather cut short this visit to the gardens but not before we had glimpsed some of the beauties of the rhododendrums and azaleas.

Our usual gathering to Nailsea at the beginning of September was in direct contrast with the weeks of rain and dullness coming to an abrupt end just two days before the event. Lunch was enjoyed in the sun and followed by a boat trip, with commentary, around the Bristol docks to see the exciting developments being made to this historic waterside that was once a thriving dock and boat building area. Even the Bristolians were impressed.

For those who missed these occasions there will be at least two more events next year. If you are interested in attending contact: - John Hughes, 131 Farleigh Road, Backwell, Nr Bristol BS19 3PN.

MIDLANDS BRANCH

We have had another splendid year of social get togethers and they have all been well attended and greatly enjoyed. We commenced in January with our New Year's Party, a superb cold meal followed by a most interesting talk on the Holy Land by Hugh and Daphne Maw and illustrated by their very lovely coloured slides.

In June we were invited to the home of Bill and Joy Rann at Bromsberrow. Some of us went for a walk through rather lovely fields and woods and others sat in the garden enjoying the warm sunshine and playing with a litter of gorgeous puppies. In September we made our way to Nailsea to the home of Jeanne and Vaughan Southam for a delightful cold buffet lunch. We then piled into the various cars and made off to the Docks where we boarded a Battle Barge for a most leisurely and interesting trip in perfect weather and it was much enjoyed. We returned to Nailsea for tea and cakes before departing to our various homes.

Thankyou to all who put so much care and thought into our various activities.

Barbara Abercrombie



JAMES AND MABEL HARROD.

James Harrod became Headmaster of Sibford in 1906. He had previously taught at Saffron Walden, Wigton and Bootham, but it was whilst serving on the staff at Sidcot that he met Mabel. By the time they came to Sibford they were both well versed in Quaker educational ideas, but it was here that they really began to make their own special mark, as Old Scholars from their time will remember.

It was at their instigation that the curriculum should include far more of the crafts for both boys and girls; within a short while, cookery, gardening and woodwork were taught to all.

Sibford, under their leadership, was the first school in the country to have a documentary film made, and through the Harrods' commitment to the cause, the first Junior Branch of the League of Nations was formed at Sibford. In order to foster greater international goodwill, Esperanto was taught to the pupils and all were encouraged to understand and care for the countryside.

A fine family tradition was established which has linked the Harrods to Sibford ever since. Their daughters Gulie, Elsie and May all attended the school and developed a great love for the place. Later, all five of the next generation, the Grimes family and the Hockleys were Sibford scholars, and now Michael Grimes, James's great grandson, has joined the School to carry the connection towards the 1990's. Long may this and other fine family connections with past and present "men and women of Sheepford" continue.

MABEL HARROD BURSARY FUND

Were you at a really whacky party at Friends House on Dec. 15th 1945, or washing up in a Zurich hotel at 2.30 a.m. or running for Mayor of a town in West Germany?

No, they haven't very much in common but similar nostalgic memories may come surging back for some of you now that this Fund has been wound up - and a study of the minute book makes interesting reading.

Mabel Harrod who died in Nov. 1942 was the wife of James T., headmaster at Sibford from 1906-30 and those who knew her well were so grateful for her life and so conscious of her concern for international peace and understanding that it was decided in 1943 to set up a fund which could be used to help European children share something of the friendship of Sibford, not an easy objective at that point.

The original total of money raised, £1050, may not seem very much by today's standards but it was a considerable amount in 1945 when London O.S. group held a party at Friends House to raise money for the fund.

Unfortunately the minute book does not record the amount raised but they were confident to raise more than the £100 raised by Birmingham O.S. and after all who would be able to resist the Sale of Work, followed by tea, a concert and - a Beetle Drive!

The original trustees were Frank Parkin, Roland Herbert, Geoffrey Long and Arnold and Edward Kaye who gave much thought to the uses of the fund.

It was hoped to invite a foreign child to England and that a Sibford child (4th, 5th year or O.S.) could go abroad possibly to a Summer school, Youth Hostel working party, camp or private home. Candidates ideally should have the following characteristics:

1. Ease of making friends, together with a cheerful appreciation of music.
2. Marked interest in international affairs.
3. Acquaintance with another language.
4. From V'th form, IV'th form or an Old Scholar.
5. A minimum of 3 years education at Sibford.

Some of the 70-plus Old Scholars or scholars who have benefitted by the fund may well wonder how they were selected, but finding candidates from abroad was far more difficult.

It was hoped to enable boys and girls 'to come from Central Europe to share the friendship of Sibford School life after the war'. As Europe struggled to reorganise its life and ease communications this was a very optimistic hope and even as international visits improved few foreign children were to be available. Perhaps with little confidence in their English on this lone venture or reluctant to lose time on their own examination courses few could be found who were prepared to spend long enough at Sibford to savour the atmosphere and establish friendships.

However the 7 who did make it included 2 Swedish girls, a Danish girl, an Italian girl and a Greek girl for short stays, an Austrian boy for a term in 1958 and finally Armin Wirsing from West Germany for a whole Year!

It was a privilege to be his housemaster in 62/63 and he astounded us all by joining in with everything with the same degree of success. Six 'O' level passes, including an 'A' in English, were surprising enough in one year but he also enjoyed a regular place in the soccer team and his athletic successes included breaking the school long jump record.

He is now a practising lawyer in Stuttgart with a wife and 3 children and although he didn't quite make it as Mayor of Crailsheim a year or two ago doubtless he will try again before long. We are in regular contact and he has been over here 2 or 3 times.

The Sibford recipients of the fund have been to a wide variety of destinations, France and Germany featuring strongly but also Poland, Sweden, Italy and even Moscow and America. Types of visit to vary from individual cycling and hitch-hiking trip to group exchange visits, increasingly popular and on which the fund finished.

Who can gauge the fruits of all this? Even on an individual basis the effects are far-reaching and mostly to do with breaking down barriers, ignorance, misunderstanding, prejudice, hostility and replacing them with that warm feeling of friendship, tolerance and understanding.

Methods of communication may have been speeded up and modernised but basically the main issue remains much as it was 40 years ago. I am sure it would have warmed Mabel Harrod's heart to feel that this fund was part of it.

Our sincere thanks to all those who contributed to it: subscribers, school staff, trustees and the Educational Interchange Council.

Martin Dodsworth.



Mabel Harrod



Leslie Harrison, Martin & Dorothy Dodsworth



Sixth Formers organising tea



PRESIDENTIAL PROFILE

I was born into a busy Quaker, Adult School family - the youngest of three children. I was not a strong child and caught most of the childish complaints, usually with complications, which in the end led to serious discussion as to whether I would be better off living in the country. This was when Sibford School began to be talked about and it was not long before I found myself with a new trunk full of new clothes travelling towards a boarding school. I was miserable, hating this unknown place and wishing I was back in the heart of my family. However, on arrival I met other children in similar circumstances, forgot all my woes and settled down to enjoy nearly every minute of this idyllic scene. I soon found that my real interests lay in the practical subjects, cookery - crafts - games - music and singing and from these it was a natural progression to a teacher training course at Bath Domestic Science College, where I obtained a Diploma in Education. The war cast its shadow over this curtailing my final year and specialisation in Needlework and Dressmaking. This I later studied in my spare time and obtained a London City and Guilds first class certificate.

The heavy bombing of Bath gave me my first insight into mass catering when the College provided the students to man the British Restaurant that was set up in the Pump Rooms to provide meals for all those without gas, electricity or water. We even washed up in the King's Bath!!

This experience stood me in good stead when I took up my first job at the Gloucester High School for Girls providing lunch for 250 pupils at 4 1/2d per head. Most foods were in short supply but we could get sugar - so I scoured the surrounding Cotswold countryside on my bicycle looking for fruit to make into jam, and I even persuaded the Headmistress to let some of the senior girls go out on blackberrying expeditions (memories of Sibford). The result was jam with everything. I went on to teach cookery and needlework in Dudley and later in Sussex.

It was with great relish that I welcomed the opportunity to put all my theory into practice by having a home of my own - having and bringing up four children and applying all the arts and skills I had acquired to real life situations. Vaughan and I met in Bristol where he was working as a chemist in a large packaging firm - and most of our life since has revolved around the Bristol area. At the time of our marriage I was the General Secretary of the Old Scholars Association - so our honeymoon took in part of the August Bank Holiday reunion - needless to say Vaughan did not accompany me.

The domestic life has been enlivened by overseas travel with Vaughan, particularly since his retirement four years ago, serving on various Quaker committees - helping with the management of a Quaker Housing committee for the Elderly in Bristol - sitting on a Supplementary Benefits Tribunal - acting as a governor of a local school and acting as one of the "tea ladies" at Old Scholars.

For seven years we lived in a Commuter Village north of London where I discovered the Women's Institute, which has been a major interest in my life ever since. On returning to the Bristol area I had the job of founding a new W.I. in our village because the two existing ones were bursting at the seams. This was a task that exposed me to the best and worst of village life - Catering for W.I. events - judging crafts and cookery - demonstrating crafts and cookery - organising events and exhibitions have led to new skills and abilities and many friendships being developed.

I have found the last four years as your representative on the Sibford School Management Committee a fascinating and intriguing experience - it has given me a new insight into the amount of planning, the depths of discussion that have to be taken to run a successful boarding school - where staff and children live together in such close harmony.

For my family, 'Sibford' is one of Mum's great interests and they share with me the thrill and honour of being your President for 1985-86.

Jeanne Southam



PASTORALE

Leaf-cases crack revealing precious buds,
And pale green fingers reach towards the sky.
The dawn draws shadows long across the lawn,
As tadpoles dart the sparkling silver streams.

The swallows speed and swoop on silent wings,
A blackbird feeds three gaping, squeaking things,
A rust-coated fox cub stirs from sleep,
And sniffs the airs and sips the beaded dew.

Across the hillside's carpet graze the sheep,
Where first young lambs about their mothers bleat,
And pigeons call from church to hilltop clumps
The voice of Summer drowsy on the breeze.

The final snowdrops wilt on paling stems,
And for another year will hide away
As hours drift idly through the afternoon,
And cuckoos draw the evening late and long.

Simon Chacksfield.

THE BEACH AT EARLY EVENING

The soft breeze was brushing gently across my face filling my hair and rippling across my body, pulling my clothes tight against my soft skin, as though they were being stretched.

The smell of salt hung in the air although there was a faint trace of the aroma of blossom from the vegetation just behind the beach. I looked up into the sky and saw the tops of palm trees bending silently against the wind. The sun was disappearing beyond the ocean to another far away place, its sudden but spectacular disappearance brought delightful colours to the dull and darkening sky. Red turned to pink, pink merged to purple and purple slid into darkness.

The lights from the fishing boats made ripples of light floating on the ocean like coloured oil. In far distances, dark shapes could be seen with their rocking lamps giving tinges of hardly discernible light. Deep booming sounds could be heard roaring across the ocean giving their hollow warnings. The night was part silent, part careless, yet beyond the horizon people were working, catching the rich offerings of the ocean.

The sea was rolling quietly onto the beach, drawing back with it the soft, silvery sands and then advancing to explore further up the sandy silts. Walking silently down to the water, I felt the cool refreshing water as it bubbled and splashed gently against my legs.

Along the beach, into the distance, I could faintly hear the beating of African drums, thundering angrily.

There the beach and rocks were beginning to emerge from the earth's crust. The ocean had become seemingly annoyed that the pleasantness of the sands had disappeared and she began to thrust herself against the hard, black, stubborn rocks, trying with all her might to erode the beckoning, snarling boulders.

Lowering myself on to the coolness of the sand, I had a great longing to slither my warm body into the darkness of the ocean. No voices could be heard on the beach, only the clicking of crickets and the croaking of tree frogs.

I peeled off my clothes and padded down to where the ocean welcomed me. I could still feel the warmth of the day in the night air against my naked body.

I entered the sea and felt the warmth being extracted, as the cold splashing ocean clasped me in a grip of sensual delight. My hair washed around my face like seaweed clinging to a rock and my skin felt silky and incredibly soft against the moving savageness of the ocean.

Feeling almost afraid of the darkness and the openness of the ocean, I began to abandon the coolness of the ocean for the warmth of the night.

I returned to the spot where I'd left my clothing and noticed that the wind had risen as it threw back the tops of the palm trees.

I patted myself dry with what clothing I had, slipped the dress over my head and sat back to relax and enjoy the evening. I would soon return to a different world - a world of noise, people, lights and man-made surroundings.

As I turned to leave, I felt incredibly guilty for leading an almost false life. I wish there could always be that sensuous delight of the beach at early evening.

Debbie Stephenson.



HALLOWED GROUND

The gate opens with ease, its hinges well oiled. Once inside, I am immediately an intruder in the still, silent world of the church yard.

Gravestones lean and tower, majestically bearing the words chosen by long dead loved ones. Grass invades the gravel and separates into clumps scattered at the side of the path.

The trees dance in the gentle breeze, and a rustling mingles with the air. The sun shines, warm on the withered flowers which once were carefully placed on a grave. Now they lie strewn carelessly around by the thieving wind. Statues kneel in respectful prayer, their cold stone hands clasped together, while moss gathers and collects on their frozen fingers.

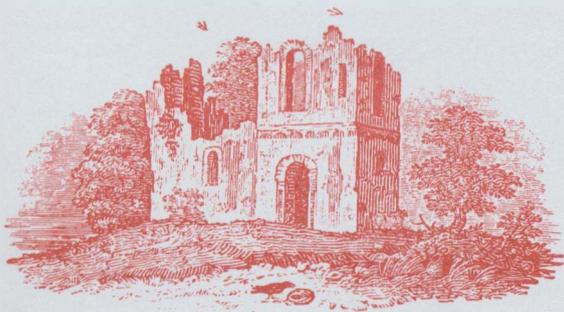
Worn, winding paths divide the graves and the trimmed grass verges. Behind the church, away from the neatly cut grass and tidy lines of stones lie the older graves, nestling in the surrounding dandelions, and hiding behind the venomous nettles. These graves are not forgotten, but merely slumbering among the reckless weeds until time is found to clear them. Birds chirp and dive, collecting worms for their young, and grabbing twigs to line their nests.

As the sun slowly sinks beyond the towering steeple of the church, a warm radiant glow floods the churchyard, and the stained glass windows glint their multi-coloured patterns onto the grey stones. Birds retire to their nests as daisies close their petals, waiting until dawn. The sun disappears as night takes over.

The moon casts its silver trance on the churchyard. Harmless branches twist and sway in the wind, dew glistens on their limbs. Obscure shadows form and hide behind headstones, crouching in dark corners. Blossom is caught on the breeze and flies like old confetti from some long forgotten wedding.

The church bell chimes; its clanging pierces the darkness and echoes off the grey slabs. The air carries a new, fresh smell; different to the musty, hot, grassy smell of the day. Clouds have appeared where before there was only a cornflower blue sky. They race in front of the moon, sheltering its silver shimmer before gliding into the blackness and scattering the winking stars. Night wanders aimlessly on through the graveyard, waiting to greet the distant morning.

Clodagh Glaisyer.



FACE TO FACE

Round Claydonville, the wind blows cold

And on the trail pinpricks of life.

A confrontation: spitting lead

One to be proved and one man dead.

The sweat stands sharp upon their brows

Their gun-hands twitching at the hip,

This mad diversion played to gain

A snatch of glory or of pain.

The two springs coiled can hold no more,

Reach for the gun, its time to draw.

Within a second of pumping lead

One man proved and one man dead.

A gun drops limply to the dust,

Into the blackness down and down.

The game's been played, and fought, and lost -

One life the prize, one life the cost.

James Binns.

THE CARPET

Bobby drew the wet duster across the board in a broad sweep.

It carved a channel of ebony black through a term's coating of chalk just like an icebreaker forging a passage through the frozen reaches of a great river.

It was a job he enjoyed; he did not hurry it. Thoughtfully he intersected his first stroke with another from top to bottom, dividing it into four. Then, with painstaking thoroughness, he set about wiping each quarter free of the last vestige of chalk.

The last corner wiped, Bobby stood back to admire his work. It seemed a pity that anyone should spoil that expanse of glossy blackness by writing on it.

Even now, he observed with annoyance, where the board was beginning to dry, it was fading to dull grey.

"Bax!" called a voice, echoing along the still, empty corridor, "Bax! Have you finished that job yet?!"

Roused from his thoughts, Bobby turned to see Mr Jenks burst into the classroom, a column of text books pinned precariously beneath his chin.

"Humph!" Mr Jenks busied himself clearing a cupboard of the accumulation of junk that had somehow found its way there since last September.

The wastepaper basket was already crammed full, so further scatters of rubbish were dropped by it in untidy heaps.

It looked like some alien landscape all ready for the cleaners to cart away.

Bobby's eyes wandered round the classroom.

How strange it looked now. Not like their room at all. Not like anyone's room. All the pictures they had painted had been taken down, and a stubborn drawing pin here and there was the only reminder of the riotous clowns and the moon rockets and the grinning portraits that had brightened up the council-green walls of 4B only moments earlier.

Suddenly from the cupboard came a thunderous sneeze and Mr. Jenks turned back into the room, screwing up his eyes, wrinkling up his nose and shaking his head in an effort to cheat the clouds of dust that were tickling his sinuses.

"Well Bobby," said Mr. Jenks, catching a deep breath, "Off to Windsor Street Seniors next term?"

"Yes sir."

"Glad to get away from us are you?"

"Not really, Sir."

"Oh, I see,"

"Are you going anywhere nice for your holidays?"

"No sir," Bobby gulped, choking, half-swallowing a fruit drop, and partly with embarrassment "Mum can't afford it what with Dad dying and all."

"Of course, of course," said Mr Jenks hastily and coughed nervously. "I should have realised that things must be difficult at home now."

"You'd better be off now. Your Mum will be wondering where you have got to - Oh - and Bobby -"

"Yes sir?"

"That board has never been cleaned so well before. It looks too good to use now!"

The sun was very hot as Bobby crossed the road into the shadow of a warehouse.

Spices were stored there, and a rich smell of peppers, nutmeg and cinnamon hung in the air. With a single waft it transported him into the world of the Arabian Knights. He could see in his mind's eye the dark, bearded faces of Arab princes and feel the beat of the oriental sun.

He almost expected one of the huge doors to open and a magician in gorgeous robes to come floating out on an enchanted carpet.

As he ambled home, Bobby thought of the exciting possibilities open to the owner of such a vehicle. Imagine the look on people's faces when you took off right before their eyes.

You could fly far away. Bobby thought of this and traced an imaginary horizon with his hand as if it was a flying carpet, making it dip and dive, swoop and slide across the sky.

As Bobby went up and down, rivers became streams flowing through the hillsides, into puddle lakes, past towns and villages. Roads like snaking grey ribbons encircling the earth, tracing the natural contours as if the world was a crumpled sweater strewn on the floor.

Bobby flew over land and sea, towns, cities, countries and continents, mountains, hills, plains and plateaus.

He watched the magic carpet as it flew slowly over his head above the city's docks, above old barges rotting at their berths; past disused

quays with the rusting gantries of the cranes,
their hooks hanging idly, waiting to hoist out
cargos that would never come. Here were great
stacks of timber, black with age and weather.

Great corrugated sheds lumbered along the
dock's side, mirrored in the still, stagnant water.
The irregular outline of trees and bushes gave
way to the looming shadows and towering
silhouettes of warehouses and cranes.

Here and there a spluttering gas lamp shed a
little pool of yellow light, making the night seem
somehow darker and more lonely.

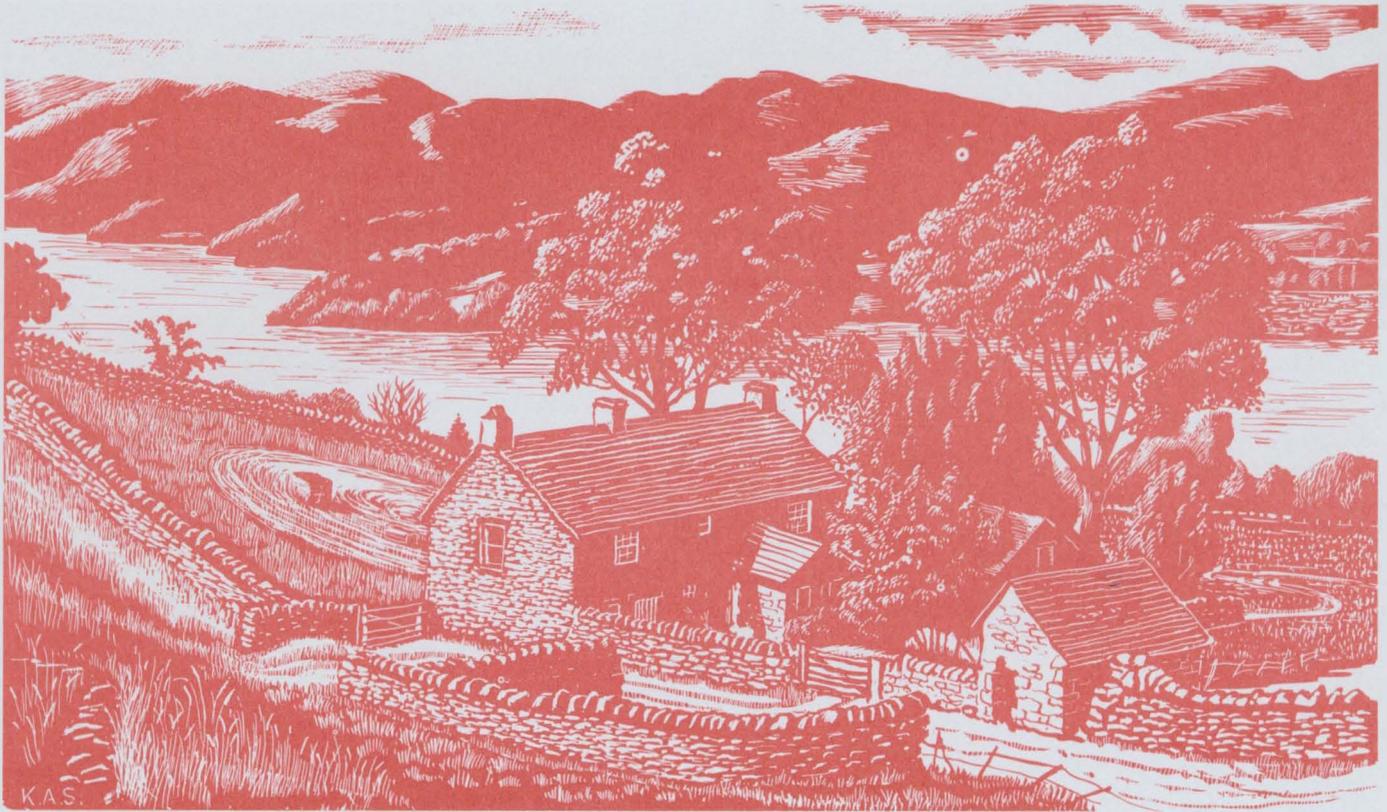
Benjamin Downing.

LONER

Boarded houses,
A playground for the kids.
A loner,
Afraid of pain and the jeering of the gang.
His home
The end of the street
A jumble of mildewed bricks.
At night
He lies in the gloom
Peering at a patch of mould.
And dreams of when he becomes
A well known scientist.

Stephen Peacock.





ANOTHER EDEN

'God gave all men all earth to love
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained, for each, one spot should prove,
Beloved over all'

The Lake District is so natural and untouched, it is difficult to imagine that so many tourists and walkers go there each year.

Everywhere there is one view more beautiful than the last. Houses cling to the hillsides, huddle close together in the valleys or by the lakesides and tarns that have carved a place for themselves.

Mountains rise up and guard the surrounding, priceless patchwork of countryside below. Sheep tracks twist and curve upwards, seemingly never ending; indeed it seems that there is no end to the ranges of hills.

The morning mist casts a veil over everything, creating a thick, undisturbed peace. A rainbow appears after the light fall of rain.

Double beauty lies reflected in the lake; it ripples and for a moment the reflection disappears.

Stony footpaths lead to places previously unknown, but once discovered, they are never forgotten. Flat plains of grass are turned golden by the sun, while becks bubble and jump softly on pebbly beds. Red dots can be seen high on the fellsides, as deer graze undisturbed by the jet that stripes the sky silently with its vapour trail.

Walls of grey stone surround the fields where cows and sheep lie or stand quietly. The breeze is cool and light; it blows the grass that whispers confidences to the wind.

As darkness falls, the lake stands still and calm, waiting for the black, velvet cloak that covers the countryside.

Trees are silhouetted resembling old men, withered and bent. The sunset casts a final amber light across the lake then disappears giving in at last to the night.

Lights twinkle through the darkness from the surrounding farmhouses. Towards the long night hours, sleep comes easily to farmer and fell-walker alike.

Slowly the morning sun climbs higher over the hills. Dawn brings life to the countryside as people stir drowsily from their sleep.

Voices of preparation for the coming day echo through the valley, dogs call from slate barns and ravens circle the crags.

Walking the hills and mountains is tiring, but the view takes your mind and carries it away. Here and there sparks of yellow and orange tents speckle the countryside like discarded rubbish.

High up on the mountains, looking down on the jigsaw puzzle below, your thoughts can be gathered, your mind is on its own with no-one to interfere.

The lake whispers and ripples, telling its own secrets to the wind that sighs in reply. This paradise, another Garden of Eden wrapped in secrets and mystery, is a contrast to the fast flowing life of city wastefulness and pollution. That is another place which, for a while, is locked so far away in the back of your memory.

Lucia Manca.

THE EASTERN FRONT - 1917.

My Love,

Here I lie in this filthy rut for the fourth day this week. As you read this you sit in the warm haze of the conservatory sipping your tea, how difficult it is to picture this state of hell. The shells and bullets fly over our desperate heads as frequently as the rooks encircle the church. In five days our Battalion moves up to the front and we will lie facing this wretched enemy - I bet they resent the cold filth and disgust of this war as much as we do. There we will shoot as effortlessly as Tommy pulls his catapult to shoot at father reading the newspaper. My feet are numb from the cold of this same water that I have squatted in for the past two days. I am on my last cigarette and I treasure it like gold - for it is my life supply. Soon the fire will cease and it will be our turn to take to the guns, which stand propped up against the rubble like our fishing rods against the rocks at Dover. Take good care of father and tell Tommy I will be home for his birthday next month. We will take a picnic down the path to the meadow where we will piece together a daisy-chain and I shall show him how the French children dance.

May we all be together, someday soon,

All my love

- Charles.

Jo Mayes.

FRONT LINE

The men sit cramped, cold faced and still
They're not alone, but there against their will,
Sharing with unwanted rats
That scuttle in the filth,
While lice infest the hair.

They've been here weeks,
Three weeks of bloody war.
Their rifles loaded, ready.
But for now the men hunch low
And in the trench are grateful for
A pause amidst the rattling fire above.

Sally Pack.



POCKET MONEY

Ben Johnson and his two brothers, Alex and Robert, held out their hands, pushing eagerly at each other with their shoulders in a futile attempt to be first. Alex was the lucky one, and received 40p, then Ben who received 50p. Alex was never sure why Ben got more than him but felt that it had something to do with the fact that last summer he had fed his first pound note to Matilda, the white rabbit. When Robert's turn finally came, Mother told him in disgust to go and wash his hands.

It was a typical summer morning, the sun scorched blindingly high in the sky as a low-flying plane bound for Heathrow flew its deafening course through the sky. The grass was green, the mud cracked, the trees in full bloom and the pond dry. It was over this pond that Ben jumped with a whoop of joy, throwing himself at breakneck speed through the garden gate and into the street. Today was special, today was pocket money day.

Ben did not stop running until he reached Queensway, the high street, so named, he supposed, because the Queen lived there, of course. Ben often wondered where she lived, perhaps it was in Sainsbury's, the big shop always did have a regal elegance. First stop on the shopping expedition was the stationers, to get what he had been promising himself all week, the coveted 'bevelled ruler'. All of his friends had bevelled rulers and always showed off about them. The fact that no one actually knew what 'bevelled' meant, was thought to be irrelevant. The mere possession of one was enough to be up-to-date. The ruler cost the staggering sum of 15p, but price meant nothing when a bevelled ruler was at stake; he did not hesitate. He nearly bought a green biro like Johnny Hancock's as well, but such extravagance could wait until next week.

Next stop was the Newsagents to buy his weekly copy of 'Blood Glory', which he always got. The shelves were filled with a massive selection of comics, but 'Blood Glory' was the one, the only one for him, apart from 'Battle', 'Beano', 'Mutant Beast' and 'Star Patrol' when he could afford them. He also bought a Mars bar. He did not actually like them, but someone had once told him that the Commandos in the Falklands ate them. The comic cost 15p and so did the Mars bar, which left Ben with 5p.

Ben took his 'Blood Glory' to read in the park where he spent ten minutes trying to find a clean bench, Mum had warned him all about the diseases on dirty park benches and the last thing he wanted was his nose to grow and his teeth to go green. Eventually Ben was able to settle down to read his comic.

"Commando killers, Quick Chokko, down here, Peow, Urgh, Nazi Swine, Look Out! Blat, blat! AArgh! That showed the blighter. How is it Chokko? I've had it Commander, I'll slaughter the pigs"

At this point in this intellectually stimulating and historically sound tale, a man wearing a plain brown raincoat sat on the bench beside him. Ben's mother had also warned him about men in raincoats, so he hurriedly left.

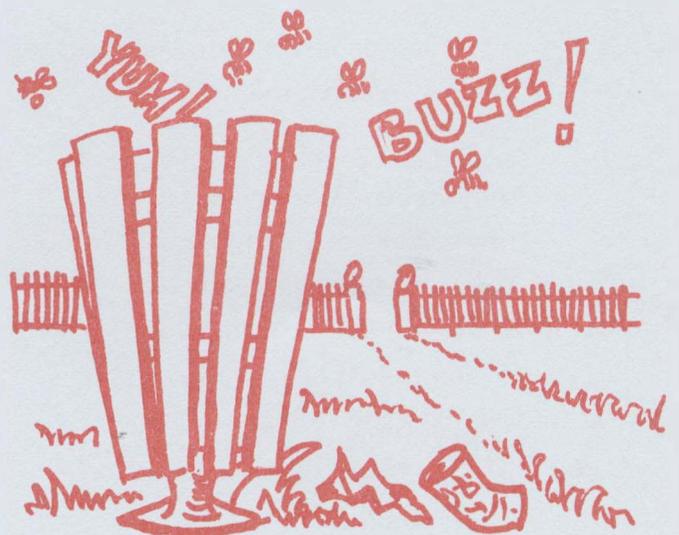
On the other side of the park, he remembered his Mars bar. The sticky chocolate mess he extracted from his pocket bore little or no resemblance to what it had been. Crushed and melted from the ravages of his back pocket, he firstly toyed with the idea of eating from the wrapper, but the prospect of being forced to wash (or even the dreaded spit wash) on his return home, was too much to contemplate. He carried it to the nearest bin and in a brief burial ceremony deposited it, much to the excitement of the bees within. Disappointed at such a waste, he sat on the dry grass and picked paint off the railings.

Now for the final stop. The remaining 5p was not to be squandered away on wasteful trivialities, but to be saved. Yes. Well and truly saved. It was a half mile walk to the Post Office, but every coin was important if he was to go on safari. He had been saving for nearly a year, and had amassed £3.67p. It would not be long now, and he had already packed his camouflaged tupperware action kit.

Upon entering the Post Office the woman behind the counter stared at him with the expression of a sour lemon. She always did, because he always insisted on collecting every leaflet he could find, including those on Pension Schemes, rabies warnings, mortgage plans and two on five year loans as he particularly liked the illustrations on these. The fat woman's face went bright red as he handed up his little blue book and his 5p piece. He had already finished two books. After stamping his book the fat woman passed it back down to him, and following his customary check, for he did not trust her, he said "Thank you", and left.

Faced with the long walk home, Ben suddenly felt the pangs of hunger. He remembered his Mars bar, and turned in through the park gates.

James Binns





LEAVE TAKING

Flames lick the logs, and flicker against the sitting room walls. Autumn rain beats monotonously against the window panes, and golden leaves whirl around the bare trunk of the sycamore tree in the cold gale. I sip my coffee and feel the warmth of the roaring fire on my face, while the sound of an old cassette makes music that takes me home...

... To my old bedroom, and the days of summer, and my mind falls upon the most painful, but strangely one of the clearest days at home - the final one. The summer term had filtered past in days of laughter like the frail pages of a book, a book which inevitably was soon to close, and gather dust on a bookshelf; a heap of misted memories.

The last evening of term. The house was empty. Everyone had gone to the annual opera in the Great Hall. It had been a hot day. I had been swimming and was filled with the warm glow of holidays and summer to come. In the back garden the last rays of hazy gold filtered through the leaves on the apple tree, and played patterns on the dry yellow grass. I sat under the tree with my guitar, and played quietly until the sun had sunk, orange in the sky, and the midges hung in clumps around the branches.

It was to be a late night that night. At 3.15 a.m. my alarm-clock rang as planned. After pulling on an old sweater and jeans, I softly padded along the dark corridor, each floorboard creaking at familiar points, and let myself out into the early hours of dawn. The village lay in a

ghostly slumber, yet it was peaceful. The tall school buildings stood proudly against the cold sky, not yet warmed with sun. From the Ridgeway Field I gazed at the misty miles of summer fields, lightly waking to the new day. The silver lined clouds, tinged with pink, floated softly, showing the first glimpses of blue. I must have lain there for an hour.

After House assembly, home was the usual end-of-term chaos, only this time it was different; there was a pang of sadness hanging, darting and crying like the swifts, soaring beyond the dormer windows, chimneys, and the gutter opposite my window - that shabby, white gutter I had spent so many thoughtful hours studying.

The gentle smiles, and the packing of trunks filled the corridors and alleyways. Cars rolled up, and rolled away - visions which passed in a hazy blurr of tears. The last ones were left, the closest of my past, and we sat in the cold, bare study, saying little, emptily kicking at the stacked wooden desks. Then ... it was suddenly only the two of us. He had smiled and held me, and the tears had fallen like the apple leaves in Autumn.

Dusk again, and I perched on the white cricket marker, facing the familiar silhouettes. The swifts circled high amidst the ominous and gathering grey; it had begun to drizzle again, and the last day of the end had passed.

The hammering rain still beats on the lounge window, the fire has died a little, and my coffee is cold. The cassette is finished ... and the book is on the shelf, memories enclosed.

Jo Mayes.

THE HIT.

Forty-six years had left more of a mark on Richard than most. Three years' fighting the Vietcong hadn't helped. He tried to forget, but always the memories returned. He had one final job lined up, a closing of the curtains.

Louise had never led a full life, deprived of love from an early age, she grew up in a world of violence where only the fittest survives. She had survived. Beautiful from youth, many times she'd been forced to defend her dignity. It wasn't until she killed a man that the forced advances stopped, now Louise was someone people respected.

Right now, these two people sit in a rich, plushly decorated office. They entered through the private entrance and when the time comes they shall leave the same way. Brought together for different reasons but to do the same job, from which, with any luck, they might return soldier and streetwise girl.

"The situation is this, there's a man whose name you need not know. We want him removed. Will you or won't you do it? Payment is in any currency required and goes to any account requested."

"What's it worth?"

"In answer to your question Mr. Jackson, twenty thousand now and one million on the successful completion of the job."

"This bloke you want 'bumping off' must be pretty big, I've always wanted to go out in style. Count me in."

"Miss Franklin, time is short, yes or no?"

"Yes - I'm in."

"Right! The man in question is staying in the Royal Lion Hotel across the street. He arrived yesterday and is here for a week. He has four guards, but no police protection, all very hush hush. Good day, thank you."

The two separated into the moving crowds of Knightsbridge Christmas shoppers ...

Four days later they made the hit. Richard dropped the guards from a distance and then they moved in, but two extra guards had been brought in, the result was fatal.

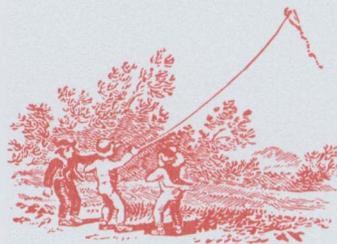
Richard spoke his last words. Slowed by age, booze and ill health, he moved fractionally too late, and his head burst open as the bullet from the three-fifty-seven Magnum ploughed into his brain. A sharp clatter of automatic fire stuttered out, and ended the guards' victory in death.

Louise hurled herself up the passage. The door at the end was thrown open and Louise dived sideways, but too late, a bullet ripped into her leg. She screamed and her finger jammed on the trigger. The figure in the doorway exploded under a savage hail of lead.

The pain in her leg was almost unbearable. Waves of agony washed over her as she half staggered, half dragged herself down the fire escape.

Five years later on a sunbaked beach in Florida a lone girl lay on her back, tanning herself, a bikini top lay discarded next to her. It was a long time since the Royal Lion Hotel job, Louise was retired now, permanently, and living it up due to both Richard's and her shares. She moved slightly, and on the inside of her left leg the pale stripe of scar tissue showed the only reminder of "the Hit".

Tim Beal.



WAR DIARY

After reading the play "the Evacuees" the Second Year students were asked to write a diary entry as if they were one of the country children who received the Londoners into their village homes.

17th February 1940.

I haven't been writing in my diary lately because them London kids have arrived. One of 'em called Amy Lambeth is always saying words like 'Cor Blimey' and things like that. Today I had powdered egg for breakfast. It was disgusting. We also had a game with those Londoners, they called it 'Tig'. One person had to chase after and touch one of them. That person would be on and the game would proceed. Joan is taking a liking to Amy Lambeth. Then again so am I rather. All them London folk was trying to run off back to London today. Me and my pal Sarah was walking back over the fields when we saw 'em. Old Mr. Green caught up wiv 'em and took them 'ome again.

I don't 'alf feel sorry for them Londoners though, having to go away from 'omes and families. I'd hate it, me mam says she'll take me wherever she goes. Glad of it I am too! Me and Sarah 'ave been working hard in the fields all day, it ain't easy on a gut full of powdered egg I tell you!

I've got a day off work tommorow so we've arranged wiv' those Londoners to have a game of 'Tig' again. some of 'em didn't know what grass was! God 'elp 'em. What they need is a bit of country education.

Rachel Cooper.



SAD CAFÉS

Although I cannot see the sun spill soft,
 Upon your sleeping face,
 I see my new life leading out ahead.
I can now walk down long grey streets alone,
 And watch the litter fluffing in the wind,
Or see the golden-brown frost-rusted leaves,
 In morning crispness waiting for our tread,
 Our life in waves rolls on before our eyes.

Instead of walking on the green and rambling hills,
 I tread towards the tall grey factories,
And see the clouds of smoke cover the sky,
 And hear the hectic hum of industry.

No longer do I wait in sad cafés,
 Or sit alone in firelit rooms,
For now your memories have left my mind,
 And so I step alone into another life.

Carol Marsh.

STORM

Pete stopped shifting the hay, and put down his fork.

"Big storm tonight," he said, sniffing the air.

"Yeah?"

"Yep! Better start moving," he replied, packing his belongings together.

The sun radiated through the towering clouds. An uneasy temperature hung heavy in the atmosphere, the trees and flowers seeming to suffocate. A sticky, silent breeze breathed lazily through the amber air. Trees hung their drowsy branches in the late heat of the day, while cattle roamed restlessly over the parched grass. Flowers fidgeted under the weary sun, and nature itself seemed to sway in the agitated afternoon.

Clouds curled grey over the shadow of the horizon, smothering the heavy sky. An ugliness filled the heavens, and a low growl broke away from the distant black and angry clouds into the tense light. The breeze slowly grew stronger, turning into a warm, gusty wind, blowing dust across the landscape. The land lightened under the furious sky. A couple of miles away the sound of thunder was within earshot. Cattle began crowding together and moaned, aware of something. Appearing in the east, constant lightning shot from the overcast sky. Gradually the rain began to fall, spitting at first, but slowly growing heavier.

Meanwhile, in the City, the storm had finally passed, moving eastwards to the country. Dampness and humidity still hung in the air after the torrential storm. Wet pavements gave off a pungent odour. People began to appear from their shelters and warily edged around the puddles. A few minutes later, the city was back to normal. The sun came back into view and shone weakly in the saddened sky.

Peals of thunder were still only a short distance away, persistently thrashing about like a lion. The roaring sound sent vibrations up and

down the window panes. A stream of sunlight flashed in and out of the frowning clouds. The wind had grown into a gale, and was whipping in between the quivering leaves and shuddering branches. It raced around the countryside and cottages. It thumped, rapped and smacked against the windows and doors. Lightning thrust itself out and illuminated the stained features of the landscape. The fork-lightning clawed at the countryside below. Rain came thick, fast and heavy. It rocketed out of the sky, and skimmed across the murky fields.

In the city streets, the dampness of the concrete began to evaporate leaving small pools of water. The air had partially cleared; though the sun produced an uncomfortable humidity.

The bustling population was back to a regular routine, as if the storm had never existed. The fatigued sun lay low on the horizon, along with the bronze, orange and gold colours smeared across the sky, like oil on a lake. Heavy grey clouds slithered away and were replaced by weightless elegant wisps. A gentle wind picked up and blew across the town.

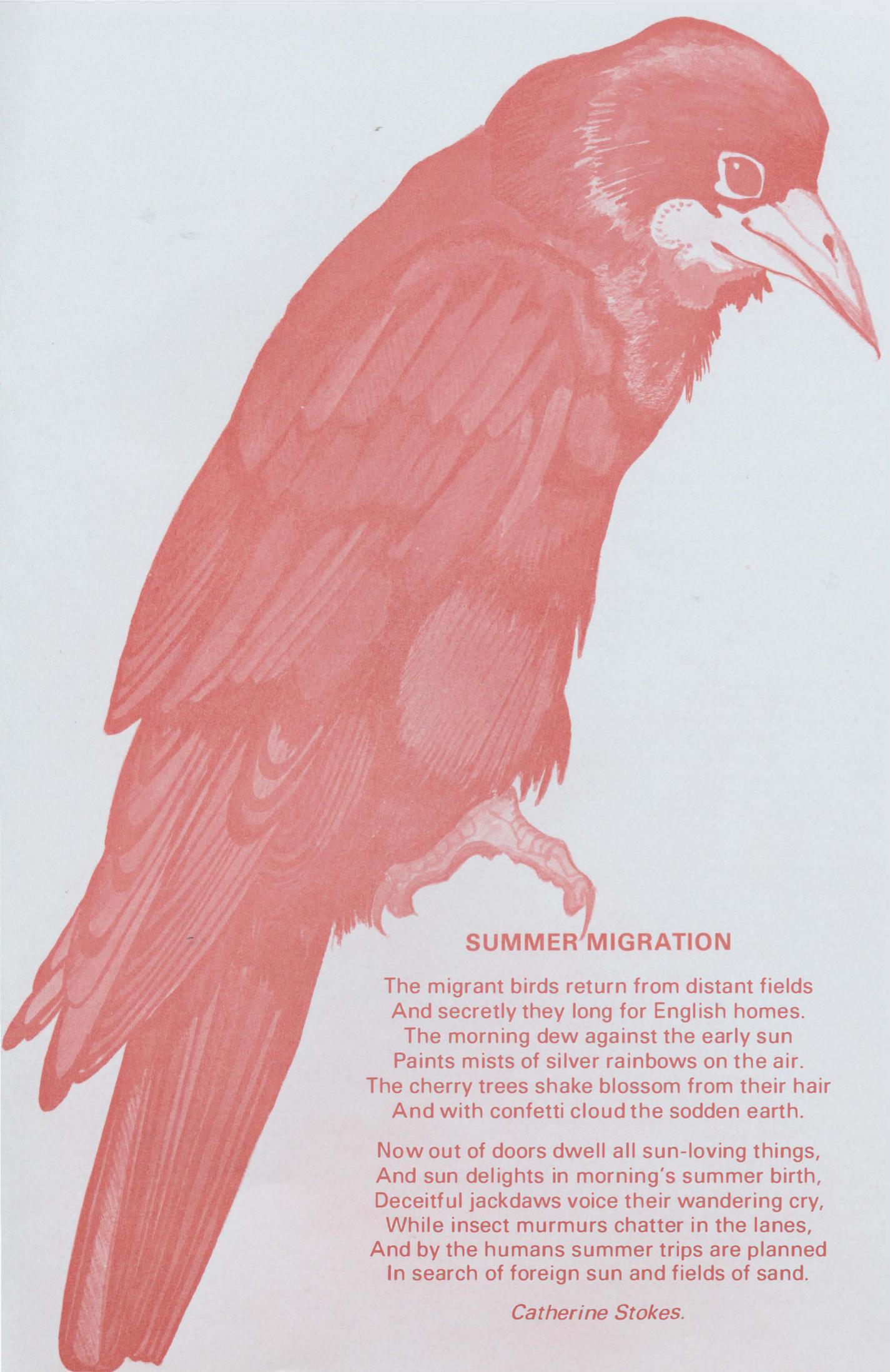
The rains splattered along the gravel and slowly died down; howling winds lifted from the atmosphere, but a chilly breeze still remained in the air. Reluctantly dark skies slipped away, drifting back to the corners of the fields. The yellow sun proceeded to sink, as if falling into the fields; it left a trail of vibrant colours behind.

A calm, silent air hung over the countryside. Sighs of relief were heard from the crops. A rainbow appeared on the north side, the colours were watery and barely visible. The hay smelt sweet and sickly, but the fields had the aroma of freshly cut grass. Flowers began to bloom and looked refreshed after the heavy storm.

The temperature was much easier now. The atmosphere unwound itself and slowly its mood changed to one of relaxation. The irritating heat had lifted, leaving the ground to breath once more. Cattle strolled about the countryside enjoying the brisk air. Swallows burst into song rejoicing at the cool afternoon. The sun slid out of view, just leaving behind its fiery colours in the sky, and twilight soon spread across the countryside.

Lisa Oldham.





SUMMER MIGRATION

The migrant birds return from distant fields
And secretly they long for English homes.
The morning dew against the early sun
Paints mists of silver rainbows on the air.
The cherry trees shake blossom from their hair
And with confetti cloud the sodden earth.

Now out of doors dwell all sun-loving things,
And sun delights in morning's summer birth,
Deceitful jackdaws voice their wandering cry,
While insect murmurs chatter in the lanes,
And by the humans summer trips are planned
In search of foreign sun and fields of sand.

Catherine Stokes.

EXAM FEVER

I stood alone in the corner of the foyer outside the examination hall, praying that a question on the Cuban Missile Crisis would arise. It was the only subject I was sure of. All I could hear was the faint mumbling of the other candidates giving each other a final test on the basic facts, with the vague possibility that it would jog their memories in the exam. All I could think of was "Keep calm! Don't panic!"

"May I have your attention please?" requested the invigilator. "As from now there is to be absolute silence. If you would please organise yourselves into alphabetical order. Once you've done so please remain that way and sit quietly at the appropriate desk. Right, you may enter the hall now."

There was a crashing of books as the candidates threw them onto the shelf by the doorway, followed by a shuffling of feet and a hurried scraping of chairs.

"You have two hours and ten minutes in which to complete this paper. Write your name, number and school code in the spaces provided. You may begin."

The atmosphere was crackling with static tension. As I glanced around the room there was nothing but a sea of heads bowed as if in prayer. I turned to my own paper and filled in the front page, and turned over. There was a list of about fifteen titles. I had to answer three. They ranged from the Russian Revolution to the Vietnam War, but no Cuban Missile Crisis. My heart sank.

Thirty five minutes were to be spent on each essay. It took me fifteen minutes to write all I knew on India and about ten minutes for each of the other two, I had over an hour to sit and wait.

For half an hour I fantasised about what I would do if I won a million pounds on the pools. I decided that I would buy an old house but it would have a very modern interior, including a round bed and a jacuzzi.

I was woken from my daydream by someone dropping a pencil behind me, I spun around to see who it was and then realized I was still in an exam.

Silence once again settled like a fine dust as everyone started writing again.

I began to look around me and listen to the sounds of silence. The humming of the fluorescent tubes overhead was reminiscent of the humming birds which sucked the nectar from the flowers back home in Sri-Lanka. I watched the second hand on the wall clock tick slowly round towards the moment when we are once again allowed the freedom of speech.

With just five minutes left, more heads were rising as they completed their tasks. Those last five minutes seemed the longest ever, and it was a relief to hear the invigilator say,

"Pens down everybody."

The papers were collected and the candidates were dismissed. Outside everyone was asking each other how the exam went, and how well they thought they'd done. I heard one person say,

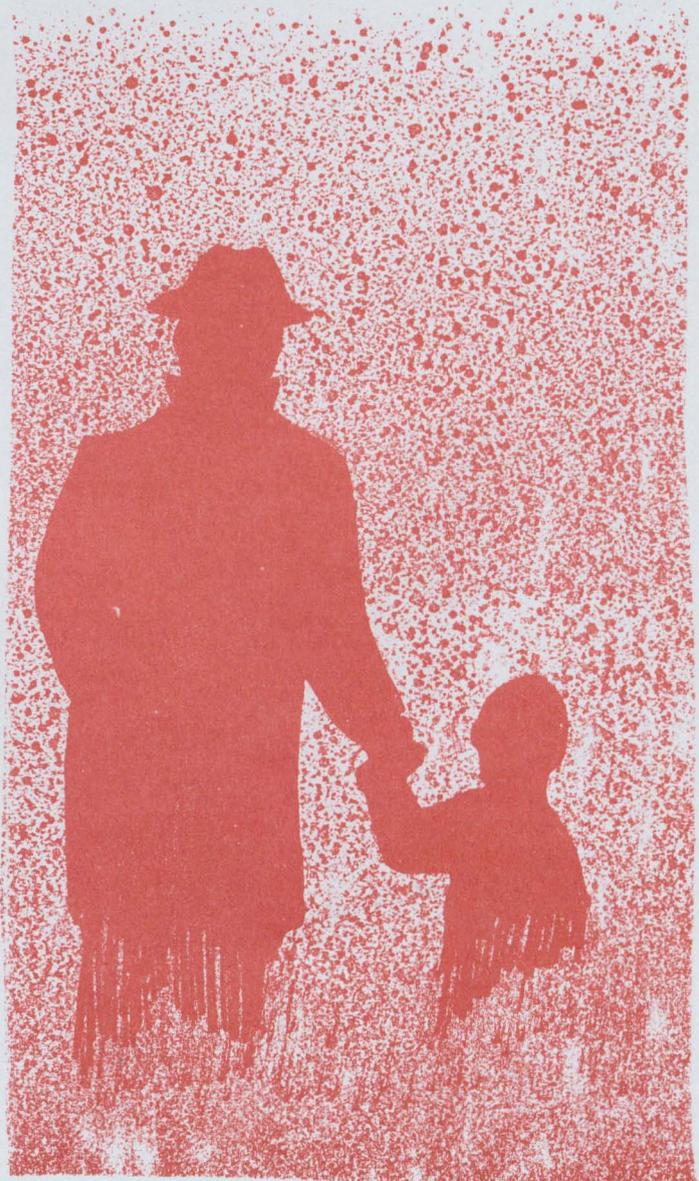
"That was so easy."

If that one was easy, what are the difficult ones going to be like?

James Newson.

OASIS

Lush green lawns sprinkled with daisies
Sanctuary from city hustle.
The park an oasis
In a manufactured wilderness.
Couples meet
Perch on park benches
Peck at office-warm sandwiches.
Sweaty business men open custom cases
And fight with pink, unruly papers.
Fat old men waddle over grass,
Panting in bulging track suits.
And children, chocolate stained,
Share Lion bars
With clouds of pigeons.



TWISTED METAL

Our race has gone, past in time.
Whose fault is this? The powers?
Crime?
And now we've had our Third World
War.
I can guarantee there won't be four.
Broken walls and twisted metal.
The dust has long had time to settle.
The human race for years has gone.
Leaving a planet fit for none.
A scene of silent desolation,
Identical in every nation.
The voice of man is nowhere heard.
The bomb has had the final
word.

James Rooke.

THE WAIT

Deserted sleeps the Freetown aerodrome
Beneath the throbbing sunlight and the dust,
While crowded city streets lie far beyond
The open ocean's rolling azure span.

Across the copper sky the afternoon
Spreads ugly light of storm about my thoughts.
Beside the distant road the grasses stir
Where cars pollute the angry atmosphere,
And motors drone the hazy day away,
As hitch-hikers extend their hopeful thumbs,
And dream of distant destinations sought.

The giant trees seem hesitant and mute,
As clouds above float white across the sun.
Then soft your tread upon the silent sand
Is harmony within this perfect land.

A 'group poem' by the Lower Sixth English Set.



FIRST SNOW

I woke from a restless sleep,
To hear nothing,
Not the creak of a door,
Not a bird in song.
A hard silence was everywhere,
I stayed in bed, not wanting to know
What lay beyond the warmth.
I stuck a toe out,
And felt the icy cold of my room.
I did not know what lay beyond me,
But then I heard the first sound,
The iron-shod clatter of the milk cart.
The milkman wasn't his normal cheery self,
I could tell, for he wasn't whistling.
I got out of bed,
Armed with my blanket around my shoulders.
I looked out of my window,
And I saw the answer to my question.
There was a jigsaw of frost
On my window,
Icicles hanging from the guttering,
The trees were bent from the weight of snow.
Hanging from the branches were
Lifeless twigs.
The small pond was frozen,
Like glass, smooth, clear, delicate.
I saw the children running down the street,
Kicking something. It was a small bird.
Then I noticed, there were others
Dead upon my lawn,
The frozen victims of winter.
When the children came to the pond,
They shouted for a while, then left.
In the distance,
A small weak sun was rising, feebly.
Everything was frozen still.
As if some mighty force had come
And put a spell on everything.
I crept back to bed, and
Decided to hibernate till Spring.
Charlotte Bewsher.



Friends of Sibford School

Appraisal

In the last Sibford magazine published in December 1984, a 'FOSS' column appeared; the Friends of Sibford School are delighted that this year we have been accorded greater coverage and are thus able to tell readers more about our activities.

Sibford does not have a PTA and many of the functions traditionally undertaken by such an organisation are provided by the Old Scholars' Association. There are those however who wish to support the school but who cannot do so through SOSA (Sibford Old Scholars' Association) - because they are not Old Scholars. Thus 'FOSS' exists, whose members in fact include a number of Old Scholars, and also parents of past and present pupils, staff and others who are interested in Sibford and all that it encompasses.

Though not a large organisation, we are able in a small way to help fund items of equipment and activities which the school might not otherwise be able to afford, and to offer assistance with many aspects of school life. 'FOSS' also provides a useful facility for local families, utilising school premises: the 'FOSS Sports Club' - funds from which also benefit the school.

Current membership stands at 166, some of whom are 'old scholars' with children currently at the school. A membership list was prepared at the end of 1984 and circulated to all 'FOSS' members with the 1984 magazine; it is hoped to update this list shortly.

REPORT ON 'FOSS' YEAR 1984/85

A useful year in which a number of new activities were introduced, although there still appears to be a lack of occasions on which 'FOSS' members can participate who are not 'staff' or 'parents' - something we can perhaps remedy during the current academic year.

The 1984/85 'FOSS' Committee (comprising Jim Graham, Mo Rivers - Chairman, Mary Cooper - Secretary, Brian White - Treasurer, Maurice Humphris, Margaret Last, Ann Bond, Janette Skeath, Mike Finch, John Baseley, Maureen Graham, Frank Rollett and Joan Broady) met on three occasions during the year: in September 1984 and in January and April 1985. Various 'sub-committees' were formed to deal with specific events, and these in turn reported back to the main Committee, thus ensuring that a wide variety of supportive activities could be organised.

Autumn Term 1984

The Committee first met during the 1984/85 academic year on 21st September, 1984 when the main topic under consideration was the distribution

of gifts to the school totalling £590.00. This sum was distributed amongst school departments as follows: £20.00 for pottery mould plaster, £50.00 for English department portable typewriter, £40.00 for geography videotapes and software, £40.00 for history cassette recorder, £40.00 towards a needlework sewing machine, £50.00 for a cookery blender/liquidiser, £50.00 for archery equipment, £20.00 towards the sailing club boat repair, and a gift to all houses of £40.00 each. Various other items were discussed including methods by which 'FOSS' could make itself better known together with suggestions for activities that would enable members to become better acquainted whilst actively supporting the school.

The first supportive activity was a new venture for 'FOSS': the introduction of social evenings during which the Committee was able to meet day parents and staff from each of the school houses. Jim and Maureen Graham kindly offered the use of Holly House for each occasion, the first of which took place on the evening of 9th November, 1984. Parents of day pupils in Lister Boys and Lister Girls, together with house staff, happily socialised whilst partaking of the most delicious food prepared by Maureen Graham and Janette Skeath - other committee members proving adept with washing up bowl and copious tea towels. This function was successfully repeated in the Spring and Summer of 1985 when 'FOSS' hosted similar activities for Penn and Nansen. Although a success in so far as providing an opportunity to meet one another, we were perhaps all a little too hesitant to explain the real purpose of these social occasions, which was to promote 'FOSS' activities to a wider audience and thus attract new members. But we can all learn from our omissions and plans are already in hand to repeat and develop these happy social occasions during 1986.

The next activity in the 'FOSS' calendar was our usual participation on 'Parents Day' - November 22nd. We are always grateful for opportunities when our activities can be integrated with those of the school, particularly as it enables us to raise funds which will ultimately benefit pupils throughout the school.

Last November (i.e. November 1984) we therefore again provided welcome refreshments throughout the day for parents who were able to snatch a quick coffee and sandwich between interviews. Mo Rivers organised these and had suggested that it would probably be appreciated if we were able to offer our 'customers' somewhere to sit down. Room Six was therefore put at our disposal but it is sad to have to report that, due to our usual lack of 'FOSS' publicity, no one actually made use of these facilities. We were however particularly grateful to Lisa Taylor who had so kindly vacated her room.

Other 'Parents Day' activities organised by 'FOSS' were a cake stall much frequented by pupils as well as parents (and organised by Janette Skeath), a 'Guess the Weight of the Cake' competition, a subscriptions and donations table run by Frank Rollett, a display of Raymond Bond's prospectus

photographs and the 'Book Stall' which now has a clientele of regular customers and, on this occasion was partially manned by volunteer scholars.

During December 1984, copies appeared of the first 'Sibford' magazine to appear under the editorship of Mike Spring; 'FOSS' had its own column and members subsequently received their individual copy.

Spring Term 1985

The subject of the magazine was raised at the January 1985 committee meeting. The nature and purpose of the magazine was changing (it was originally started and funded by Old Scholars) and it was felt by the Committee that, if it was truly to represent Sibford, then the 'Friends of Sibford School' should receive more coverage. Ann Bond agreed to represent 'FOSS' in any joint discussions that might be necessary to activate the joint production of a magazine.

During the January meeting, the Committee also learned that following the financial donations made in September 1984 to each of the school houses (£40 per house), letters of thanks had been received: Nansen Boys would put the money donated towards purchase and repair of furniture, Lister Boys towards further computers, Lister Girls towards the purchase of a washing machine and Fielding towards the purchase of kitchen utensils.

Joan Broady reported on the Sports Club which always runs smoothly, due to the considerable time and effort she devotes to ensure its success. Sporting facilities are much appreciated by villagers and their children who would otherwise have to travel considerable distances for swimming and tennis; the 'FOSS' balance sheet indicates the full extent of this useful fund-raising activity.

Brian White - our Treasurer - explained that he would need to resign his position with effect from 31st March, 1985; we were all sorry and most grateful for all the time he had given to 'FOSS' financial activities. Sandy Todd was subsequently approached to replace Brian White and kindly agreed to take over the Treasurer's work. Financial assistance was discussed to support the exeat weekend during the summer term and a sub-committee was formed comprising Mike Finch, Mary Cooper and Maurice Humphris who would liaise with Chris Bateman (a member of the School staff) to discuss a suitable activity; it was agreed that £200.00 would be donated in order to provide an outing for pupils who could not go home on the exeat weekend.

Ann Bond represented 'FOSS' as previously arranged at a meeting at the School on February 8th, 1985 when proposals were discussed "to establish a sound management and financial policy for future SIBFORD magazines". Each organisation concerned (i.e. the School, S.O.S.A. and 'FOSS') agreed to contribute towards the cost of the magazine in return for a set number of pages, in direct proportion to the financial contribution. The 'FOSS' contribution suggested would be 7.5% (the equivalent of 3 pages of a 56 page magazine) with a maximum contribution of £175.00. This proportion was later accepted by the 'FOSS' committee as being very reasonable as we had paid the same amount for the Sibford 1984 magazine with only one column of text at our disposal.

The next activity in the 'FOSS' calendar was another social evening - this time for parents and staff of Penn - which was held on the evening of Saturday 2nd March, again organised by Jim and Maureen Graham at Holly House. An innovation on this occasion was a little gentle persuasion to encourage parents to join 'FOSS': we had prepared a leaflet on our activities and these were generally available throughout the evening. Again, superb food and much conversation during which everyone became better acquainted.

'FOSS' again participated at the school on 16.3.85 during the March parents' weekend. Snacks were again provided in the hall foyer; these are always much appreciated by parents and Mo Rivers, Margaret Last, Mary Cooper and other helpers were kept continually busy serving and washing up. Tables and chairs were provided in the hall foyer for parents and friends to relax with their snacks; Joan Broady organised brightly coloured check tablecloths to cover the tables and the welcoming atmosphere thus created was felt to be a great success. Frank Rollett arranged the usual 'FOSS' membership table and Ann and Raymond Bond again organised a book stall in the hall.

Summer Term

The Committee met on April 26th, 1985 and discussed a social occasion for Nansen, new proposals for membership, the exeat trip for school-bound pupils, the AGM, Open Day, the 'FOSS' section of the 'Sibford' magazine and a new supply of headed notepaper. Our previous notepaper was somewhat dull and it was felt that we should try to establish our own identity within the school so that any communication regarding 'FOSS' should be instantly recognisable. We have therefore now incorporated a delightful sketch of the Manor into our letterheading and use these for newsletters as well as correspondence.

Sunday 12th May dawned and the annual 'FOSS' outing for pupils had arrived. This function is funded by 'FOSS' and is intended for pupils who are unable to return home during the exeat weekend. On this occasion, a group of pupils were accompanied by Mary Cooper, John Baseley and Maurice Humphris ('FOSS' committee members) and Chris Bateman and Alan Clark from the school.

An enjoyable morning was spent at Solihull Ice Skating Rink (did everyone skate??) followed by a picnic lunch at Warwick Castle and then a touch of history in the afternoon - a tour of the superb castle and delightful garden and grounds (do the peacocks still roam in the vicinity of the tea rooms??), then onto Roborough, Stretton-on-Fosse and the 'Little Chef' for high tea and back to Sibford for 6.30.

Next the A.G.M., the date and timing of which has still not been satisfactorily resolved, and 1985 was no exception. It is difficult to arrive at a date and time which fit school plans and which suit all 'FOSS' members. Occasions at which parents are attending a school function would seem to be ideal so that members who have to travel some distance could combine two activities in a single day or weekend, but it has been found that this is impracticable and those members who are also parents either do not attend the A.G.M., or they attend and miss other important activities. Staff find themselves in the same dilemma - wishing to attend the A.G.M. but

required simultaneously for school duties. Suggestions from members as to suitable timing would be most welcome.

In retrospect, therefore, June 1st, 1985 was not a good choice, despite the fact that it had been thought that combining the A.G.M. with Sports Day might attract more people to both functions. The timing was such however that one had to make a choice as to which function to attend and it is feared that many chose to attend neither, which was a shame as the sports were fun and it is only at the annual general meeting of 'FOSS' that all members are afforded an opportunity to express an opinion on our activities.

Only 15 members were present and they were welcomed at 2.15 p.m. in Room 23 in the Science Block by our Chairman, Maureen Rivers. Apologies were received from Miriam Guest, Jim Graham, John and Margaret Dale, Hugh and Daphne Maw and Maurice Humphris. Thanks were given to Brian White, ex-Treasurer, for his efficient and good-humoured way of dealing with 'FOSS' finances over the many years he had served as Treasurer - the books were handed over in immaculate order.

A letter had been received from Sue Scrivenor, informing the meeting of the death on 14th February, 1985 of Cynthia Harris who had served as a committee member and also as Chair person from 1970 - 1975.

The minutes of the last AGM were read and matters arising were dealt with. Mary Cooper read the Secretary's report which was followed by the Treasurer's report given by the new Treasurer, Sandy Todd. He reiterated the thanks to Brian White and also thanked Frank Cookson for auditing the accounts.

The following officers and committee members were then elected: Chairperson - Maureen Rivers, Secretary - Mary Cooper, Treasurer - Sandy Todd, Committee - Janette Skeath, Joan Broady, Ann Bond, Mike Finch, Maureen Graham, Margaret Last, Maurice Humphris, Erica Sides and Pauline Stanton, Ex-officio - Jim Graham - headmaster and Frank Rollett (Old Scholar's representative).

Various other points were raised and discussed. Tea and refreshments were served by the Committee after the meeting.

The Summer Term social occasion was a Sunday lunchtime 'do' for Nansen staff and parents on June 16th between 12.30 and 2.30; again much enjoyed by those who participated.

June 23rd was the school's annual Open Day and 'FOSS' operated an information desk and ran the 'Book Stall'.

Know your Committee

Names on a page can be meaningless if you are not personally acquainted and we therefore thought a short "profile" of Committee members and their involvement with Sibford might prove interesting and informative, and might encourage others to join 'FOSS'. It has not proved possible, however, to collect profiles from the entire Committee, but the following "entries" should provide a brief background:

Mary Cooper (secretary) - has lived in Sibford Ferris for ten years and has had two sons, Nigel and Paul, complete their education at the school. She became

a member of 'FOSS' in 1979 and subsequently a committee member. She was elected Secretary in 1980 and is now serving her second term of office. She has found this to be an enjoyable experience, helping in a practical way and continuing to meet pupils, parents and friends of the school.

Frank Rollett (S.O.S.A. Representative) - born in 1910 in Birmingham of Huguenot, Yorkshire farming and Wesleyan stock. Indentured after grammar school as a carpenter, student decorator and bookkeeper, he then joined the family business which he took over in 1945 until 1962 when he moved to Sibford. Married Vera (Sibford Old Scholar) in 1939 and has two daughters. RAF between 1941/45. Played cricket and golf (eventual handicap 7), 1st team championship course (Handsworth) and was golf club secretary 1962/68. President S.O.S.A. 1977, various committees since, current hobbies occasional photography and ornithology.

Sandy Todd (treasurer) - Father of four, with two daughters currently at Sibford (sixth-former Carla and fourth-former Sieta). Has lived in Burdrop (Sibford Gower) for the last four years and in Swalcliffe for four years before that. In spite of being an engineer rather than an accountant, he claims that his working life as a management consultant has helped him cope with the complexities of the 'FOSS' accounts, for which he has had responsibility since April 1985.

Mike Finch - one of the Staff representatives and is the school's Estate Bursar. His background is engineering design and he came from industry four years ago. He is also a prominent Old Scholar and has held many S.O.S.A. offices, being the current Membership Secretary. He was President in 1980 and General Secretary between 1969/77, and served on the 'FOSS' Committee as the Old Scholar's representative between 1969/71. He believes that 'FOSS' provides a vital platform for promoting the School's interests in as wide a field as possible.

Janette Skeath (staff representative) - joined the school in 1976 to teach geography and has since been also involved with environmental studies, woodwind and library periods. After five years in Lister Girls, she then married and is now also enjoying her activities as Matron in Nansen Boys. She organises the 'FOSS' Cake Stall at Parents' Weekends and has prepared delicious sweets for recent social events. She sees her role on the committee as trying to further 'FOSS' aims by making it better known whilst trying to link 'FOSS' with staff and pupils.

Erika Sides - started working life at the drawing board, following in her architect father's footsteps. She has served on many committees in varying capacities and spent almost fifteen years at Friends House, mainly working on East-West projects and as Secretary to Quaker Work Camps (until Andrew's birth in 1972.) Since 1979, she has been in charge of Translators' Examinations at the Institute of Linguists, and is currently commuting between Broughton and London. Born in Germany and married to an American (separated) inevitably involves her in a good deal of travel to catch up with family and friends.

The 'Friends of Sibford School' section of this magazine was compiled and written by Ann Bond ('FOSS' Committee Member).

A Good Year



BULGARIAN SKIING

The majority of our party of twenty eight students and seven staff met the coach outside the Manor in the early hours of a snowy Sunday morning in January. The first problem was to transport the party through the deepening snow to Stansted Airport. However, the coach driver coped very well, and, with a few detours, arrived at the airport on time. Unfortunately, snow on the runways then delayed our departure for two hours and it was early evening before we arrived in a very cold Sofia. An hour's coach ride took us to the Hotel Moreni situated in the mountains at Vitosha.

With the ski equipment all fitted on the first evening, ski lessons began at 10 a.m. next morning. Groups were soon sorted, and away we went with our respective instructors. The Bulgarians managed varying degrees of English, but nevertheless made their intentions quite clear. As the week progressed they struck up very good relations with our party, and achieved some remarkable improvements in the standard of skiing. Instruction during both morning and afternoon meant that most were fairly weary by the evenings, although entertainment was usually arranged. The tobogganing down a course marked by flaming torches was perhaps the most entertaining and exhausting of the activities.

Some of our party took the opportunity for a visit to Sofia one afternoon, where we were very well looked after by a group of students from the English Language School. After a delightful meal of traditional Bulgarian food at the home of one student, we were taken on a brief sightseeing tour of Sofia before being escorted to the bus for our return to the hotel.

The week passed too quickly for most of the party, and in no time we were off on our flight home and back straight into the Spring Term at school with our happy memories and many photographs to remind us all of our visit to Bulgaria. To Chris Bateman, who organised everything so well for us, our grateful thanks for a wonderful trip.

M.R.W.

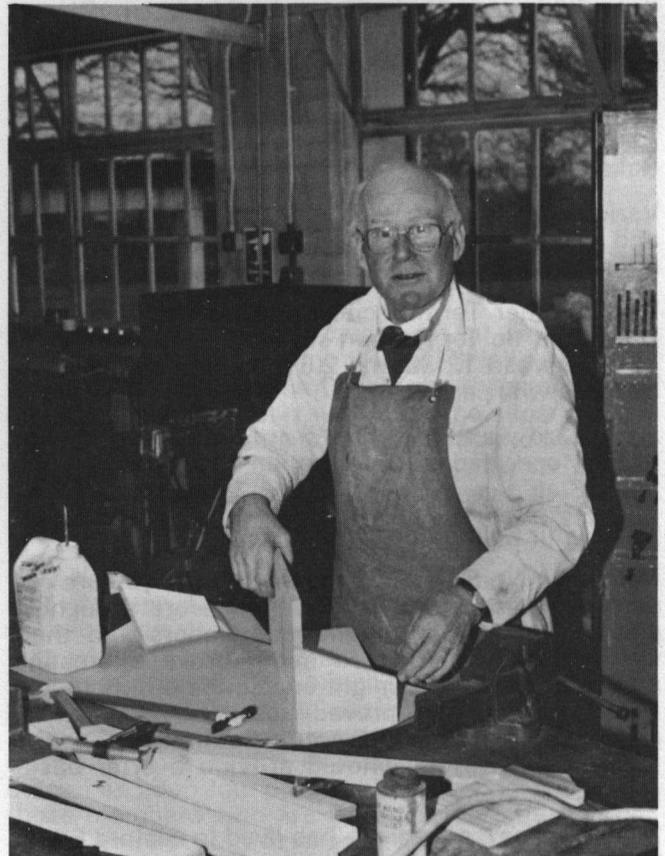
WORKSHOPS

In January 1985 we entered a side table made by recent leaver Adrian Sestini in the National Schools Woodworking Competition run by Practical Woodworking magazine, and we were delighted when he won the Senior Individual Section, receiving approximately £400 of tools and timber as a prize.

Due to a mutually agreed arrangement with a parent, we are now very well stocked with English Walnut, Cherry and Ash, and look forward to using it after a suitable time has elapsed for seasoning. To deal with the large section of this timber we have recently purchased a larger bandsaw.

We are very pleased to welcome to the staff Jos Colesby who divides his time as school technician with that of looking after our workshop equipment. Jos has however proved to be far more valuable than his job description suggests. A refreshing and wry sense of humour, numerous talents with anything electrical or mechanical, a piper attraction to children as mentor and instructor are just a few of his much valued attributes. Long may his association with Sibford continue. One of his first major projects will be to pipe in, from the stores outside, oxygen acetylene gas welding equipment.

Stuart Hedley.



Jos Colesby



Robert Templeton en route

CYCLING FOR SILVER

I am sure it is not everyone's dream of starting the long hot nine weeks of summer holiday, cycling up the 'one-in-tens' of Oxfordshire, fully laden with camping equipment. I expect most people would prefer to sit at home glued to the television, sipping coke and guzzling sweets. Most teachers do not envisage chasing three boys on bicycles over minor roads and tracks in the harsh summer heat.

After being wet and cloudy for the last three days of term, the weather cleared up as Ben, Rupert and I went over the first day of our route with Mr. Spring for the final time. All cheerful and eager, we soon made it to Hook Norton before the weather changed and dampened our hopes of a dry day. Luckily the rain was short lived. The sun shone through the clouds as we cycled towards Great Tew church.

We were half an hour off schedule by the time we left Great Tew and decided to make up time before we reached Upper Heyford. Fortunately the land was relatively flat and the only real hindrance we had was the sun. We soon found that we were beginning to dehydrate and each of us was starting to look rather dishevelled! We must have looked pretty scruffy by the time we arrived at the USAF base at Upper Heyford. As so often happened, we had stopped to look at the map to find out where we had got to, when suddenly a man came up to us and asked us whether we had come for the Peace Camp. We politely explained that we were on a Duke of Edinburgh Award Expedition and we were heading for a place called Middleton Stoney. The man pointed us in the right direction and we went off, dodging the large American cars and vans.

When we reached Middleton Stoney we were four miles from Bicester and it seemed like hundreds of

miles from Bodicote and Banbury. After a lot of sweat we made it up to Fritwell and the beginning of the cross country section. When we saw the bridge way on the map we did not realise that the farmer kept cattle in the fields and that there was an electric fence surrounding the perimeter! The bikes were too heavy to lift because of the extra weight, so we had to drag them underneath the low wire. Miraculously none of us got a shock.

Eventually we made it to Bodicote. We were blistered and broken after forty two miles of roads and tracks. We had reached Bodicote half an hour over our estimated time. We spent a comfortable night and were lucky to miss the storm that hit Wimbledon so badly. The next two days were much easier. We travelled smaller distances at a more leisurely pace. The night was spent at Tysoe and the following day we enjoyed cycling into Sibford ahead of schedule. After a hundred miles we felt we had achieved something. I would willingly trade in my television, sweets and coke for a bike and a hundred miles of country road any day.

We would like to thank Mr. Spring, Mr. Fitzgerald-Clark and Colonel Spring for making our expedition possible.

Robert Templeton.

KIDS CAMP

Funded by Sibford School, at the end of each summer term Fielding House rocks to the stomping of twenty very active little feet. The owners of the feet are happy; happy because they are on holiday. They are away from the bustle of the London streets, and are meeting people who want to listen to them because these people are giving them the most important thing they can - time.

The 'kids' come from two Inner London Schools for deprived children: Stormont House School and Phoenix Primary School. For them it is freedom and excitement, and for the twenty 5th and 6th formers who become their big brothers and sisters it is a chance to give something to children who are screaming out for love and attention.

It was on Tuesday June 25th that the first contact was made between 'kids' and helpers. A thirty strong band of staff and helpers arrived at Stormont House School to get a taste of things to come. The highlight was their playtime, as energy dwindled whilst crawling around doing one's utmost to satisfy the fun-loving appetites of the 'kids'. Friendships were made, not forced friendships, but ones which grew quite naturally into loving bonds for both parties.

So the bonds had been made and one small boy was heard to say;

"Them big b*gg**s is all right."

We had been accepted.

Friday July 5th was the big day. Everyone hurried around preparing the school and themselves for the invasion. They arrived in the afternoon and by the end of the day both 'kids' and helpers had been



Kid's Camp farm visit

played into exhaustion. For the 'kids', the day ended with supper at 8 but for the helpers the day was very much still in progress as they calmed, comforted and cuddled their 'kids' to sleep.

For the next six days, everyone's energy was crammed into each new exciting adventure. There was never a dull moment from 8 in the morning until 9 at night. There were walks, sports, picnics and outings. Thanks to Barry our bus driver, we were able to visit Blenheim Model Railway, go to Traitors Ford for a day of paddling, marvel at the animals in nearby farms, go on a boat trip in Stratford, and spend a thrilling day at Drayton Manor Fun Park.

Every trip was met with equal enthusiasm and equal energy expenditure, the main aim being enjoyment.

The end of the holiday arrived far too soon as both helpers and 'kids' realised they were to part. It proved a sad occasion, but left everyone feeling elated.

Gratitude was apparent in all the little faces, and although thank you's were given, the main thanks came in the recognition that twenty young children had been allowed to live, to laugh, and to be loved.

Staff from Phoenix, Stormont, and Sibford had always been on hand with the helpers, but this year proved to be the year of the 5th and 6th formers, as very seldom was intervention needed. Staff organised the events and helpers loved and controlled the 'Kids'.

Many kitchen staff gave up their time to feed hungry little mouths, and everyone went away knowing they had experienced something very special, the union of varying age groups into one big happy family.

Jonathan Taylor.



FOOTBALL IN ANDOVER

After a week's early morning training the fifth form football squad set off on a trip to a place where no Sibford team had trod before - John Hanson School at Andover.

After an early breakfast, we set off, arriving in time for our first fixture against their fourth year team, at about 11 o'clock. None of us has very fond memories of this match which we lost by a margin resembling a cricket score!

We all then met our hosts and spent the rest of the afternoon in Southampton, returning to our hosts at about six o'clock.

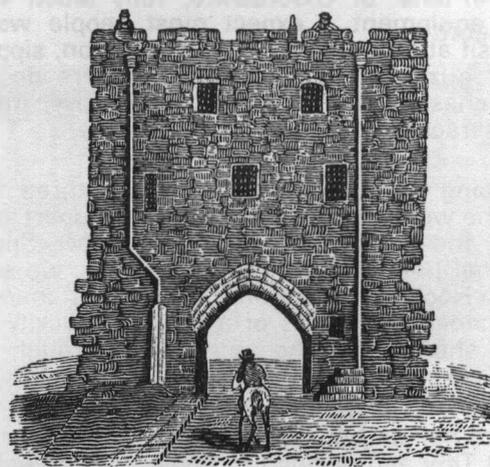
Our second match, against their fifth form team, was much closer with them beating us by five goals to four.

Despite two disappointing results we all enjoyed the trip and would like to express our gratitude to Mr Bateman for organising it.

Chris Wollerton.

WARWICK CASTLE

On 18th June 1985 all of the first year who weren't away on a camping trip went to visit Warwick Castle. Two second years went as there were some free spaces. To accompany us were Mrs Higgins, Mrs Guy and Mr Spring. The coach set off from school at about 10 a.m. and we arrived at Warwick Castle at around 10.45.



When we arrived, we were split up into groups and each given a board and a map of Warwick Castle. We were told that lunch was at 12.30 p.m. and if it was bad weather we would eat it on the coach, otherwise we would go to the picnic area. There were 20 places to see and we only had an hour and a half. First we went to the gatehouse and barbican. Then to Guy's Tower where we had a tiring, sickening walk up 270 spiral stairs.

One of the most expensively furnished rooms was probably the Dining Hall, as the picture frames and the ceiling are made of 22 carat gold.

The oldest things were probably some antlers which were 1700 years old. There were 32 candles on the chandelier in the Dining Hall.

As well as seeing many other things I particularly liked Queen Elizabeth the First's handkerchief.

That night I dreamed about the big pot that used to hold punch in the Hall. The guide said that she might fill it up with Coke - 140 gallons of it!

It rained, but we still had lunch in the picnic area, under the trees.

After another look round, we headed for the bus. At the Gift Shop I bought a bar of rock for myself, a bar for Edda and Ranjita, a lavender bag for my Mum and some 'Warwick Castle' chocolate for my Dad.

On the way out we saw a notice saying "Look out for the Red Knight". Then suddenly we saw him on his horse. What a brilliant day. I would certainly go there again.

Helen Eastaugh.

ACTIVITIES WEEK

This is the second year that we have visited the Y.M.C.A. centre at Southampton for an activities week and this second visit proved as enjoyable and strenuous as the first.

The centre is a large Victorian house standing in extensive grounds. There is modern accommodation

in residential wings but we like to do things thoroughly, and were under canvas. Happily, apart from two afternoons that had a monsoon-like quality about them, the weather stayed good.

Twenty seven first, second and third years took part in the week, and we all enjoyed all of the activities which were well organized and fully supervised by trained instructors.

Canoeing, sailing, rock climbing, riding, archery, orienteering and attempts at the assault course filled our days, and in the evenings we joined in with camp activities. Particularly memorable was the "It's a Knock-Out" competition which disintegrated into a glorious water fight.

The sailing was a new activity for us and proved very successful, giving everyone a morning or afternoon's sailing on Southampton Water.

We all returned to Sibford looking and feeling very healthy!

There will be another Activities Week organized for the Summer Term 1986 and anyone wanting to take part should apply as soon as the notices are given out at the end of the Spring Term, as this year's trip was over-subscribed.

Anne Chalmers.



An exercise in trust

10 PIN BOWLING

It was a sunny June afternoon when Brian Holliday and Gilbert Todd set off for the ABC Stirchley Ten Pin Bowling Alley in Birmingham, with a team of 5th form potential bowling experts. It looks easier than it actually is. The alleys are very long, the bowls very heavy and the finger holes never quite right. The bowls at first had a habit of picking off the outside skittle only or going down the gutter, but soon bowlers were showing disgust if they only clattered down eight or nine skittles. Strikes were scored, the maths became more and more difficult. Lee, Eddie, Kweku and Louise scored highly.

On the way back to school we dropped in on Stratford for a gentle stroll, but no sooner had we left the school minibus when we were hit by a "Summer 1985 thunderstorm special" and got soaked!

Bowling is great fun and no doubt we will be going back some time in the near future.

Brian Holliday.

WIMBLEDON '85.

This trip is becoming an annual pilgrimage with the numbers increasing every year. Two coach loads left Sibford at 6.30 a.m; still half asleep but expectant of the day ahead. Would we see some tennis or would we travel miles just to sit in the rain? The first nearly full day's tennis of the fortnight, and Sibford was there to see it - and boy did we see some good tennis!

The queue was nowhere near as long as previous years, and within a very short time we were in the grounds ready to see play at noon. Many managed to procure tickets one way or another for the centre courts, while others decided to secure seats on the outer courts.

There is a special atmosphere at Wimbledon, and even during the short rain shower it was fun to wander round the different tents, museum and so on. Just before we left, those of us on Court Number Two saw an historical or hysterical sight - Anne White wearing a rather tight, slinky leotard! Eventually we had to drag the male staff away to return to Sibford after a very long, but enjoyable day.

Stella Wilson.



Wimbledon

NOT ALL FOOT-SLOGGING

Of the four compulsory sections of the Duke of Edinburgh Award, it is usually the Expedition which arouses most interest and enthusiasm. Training begins in January and runs through until the assessment in May. During this time the students receive instruction and practice in those skills which will enable them to safely undertake an expedition across fairly difficult terrain; for this purpose we go to the Lake District which provides suitably challenging and attractive conditions. The groups operate in teams of about eight, and during their expedition they will only come into contact with the Supervising Staff at pre-arranged check-points.

On their backs the participants carry all they will require for the duration of the expedition, and although a dispensation exists whereby females need not carry tentage, Sibford girls have always elected to take their full quota of equipment. The training covers such matters as: knowledge of the Country and Mountain Codes, tent-pitching, load packing and carrying, the safe use of spirit stoves, navigation by map and compass, accident procedures, walking in a group, camp hygiene and expedition log writing.

During the training period, one or two practices are undertaken. These are more closely monitored by the Staff, and serve to introduce the Scheme's participants to long distance walking and camping as for many students it is the first time this kind of venture has been attempted. For this purpose we usually travel down to Avebury, and walk a twenty-two mile section of the Ridgeway as far as White Horse Hill. This provides little navigational difficulty, but does serve to highlight other important elements of personal and group discipline. We also run weekend camping and route-finding exercises locally, and we are indebted to Mr. David Adams of Bloxham Grove and Mr. Simon Greenway of Tysoe for their kind provision of camping sites.

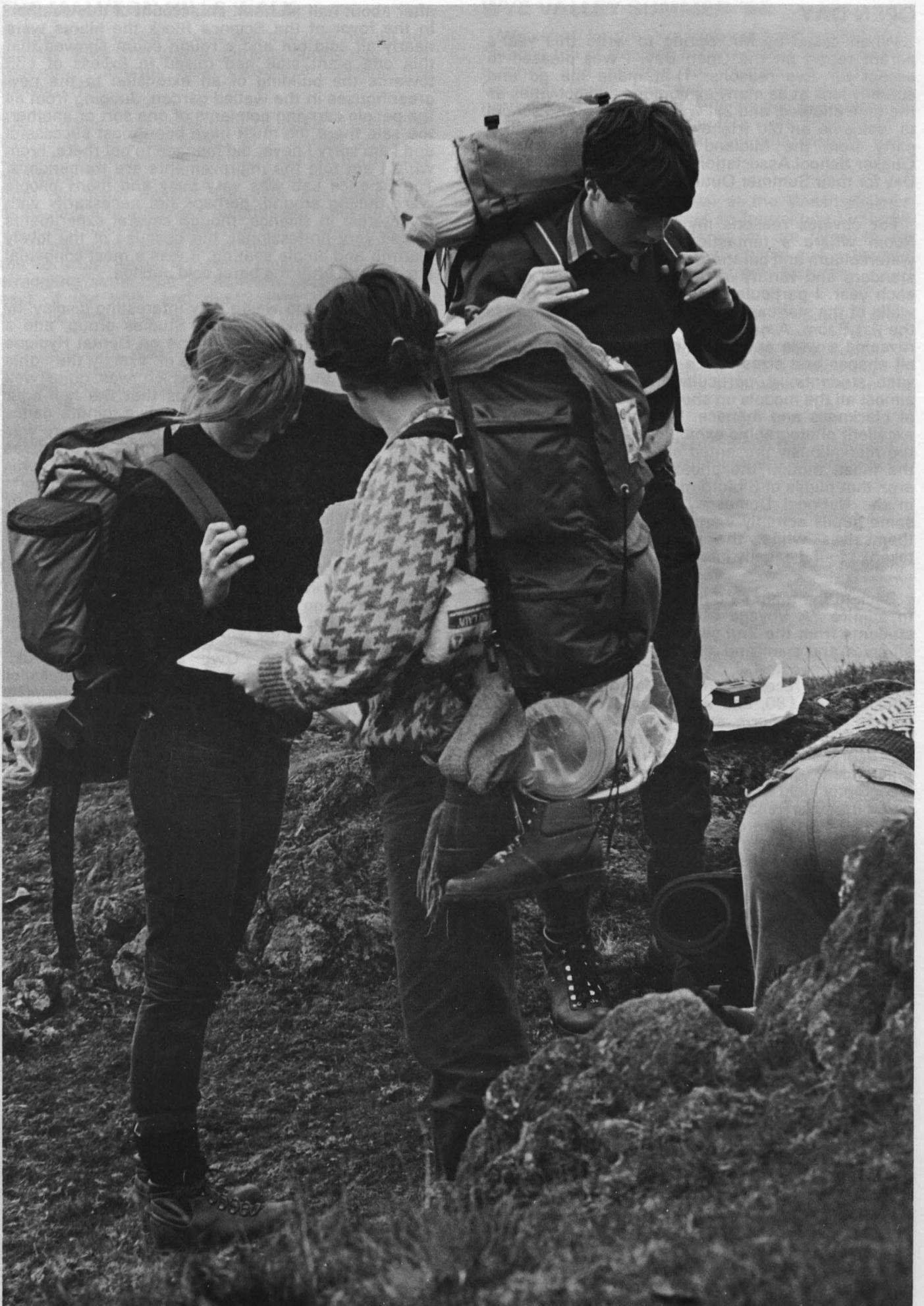
Thus far, the Expedition Section of the Award has enjoyed a very high pass rate, but this in no way suggests that it is an easy option. Attendance at all the training and practice sessions is compulsory, and the final assessment is based upon practical testing of skill in the field, and the submission of a satisfactorily compiled log of the expeditions to an external assessor.

For the past two years individuals have chosen to advance to the Silver Award. In 1984 the Isle of Wight was the venue for a three day sailing expedition, and this year a cycling tour of the older churches of North Oxfordshire earned Robert Templeton a credit-worthy pass.

It must be understood, however, that the Expedition only fulfils one quarter of the requirements for an award. The participant must pursue a hobby for at least six months, must regularly attend a sporting club and must perform some service to the community. In recent years, the First Aid courses arranged by the St. John Ambulance Association have proved a very popular and successful way of achieving the latter section.

For the last four years I have been ably assisted by Alan Fitzgerald-Clark, both in the training programme and in the general administrative task. I am enormously grateful to him for all he has done, and I wish him well at his new school where I understand he is to help with the Award Scheme. I welcome Chris Guy to the Award Staff and I look forward to the further development of this venture in the coming years.

Mike Spring.



OPEN DAY

When asked by Mr. Spring to write this year's parent report on the Open Day, I was pleased to accept for two reasons: 1) it made me go and actually look at as many exhibitions and activities as the time allowed, and 2) I wanted to be at the school to welcome an old friend who was coming with a party from the Midland Guild of the Ackworth Quaker School Association to Sibford School's Open Day for their Summer Outing.

For obvious reasons my 'job' began in the Art Room where a fantastic collection of drawings, watercolours and paintings were on view. To me the standard and variety of the work seems to expand each year. I particularly liked the use made of the walls of the staircase to 'lead one in', so to speak, to the Art Room. A quick peep into the History rooms revealed a wide and varied collection of castles, in all shapes and sizes which had been made by 1st year students; a particularly striking feature of almost all the models on show was their appearance of blackness and menace. Here also were several excellent photographic exhibitions - I think I enjoyed the marvellously presented and vivid 'tour' of India the most, though the photographs of the D-Block area that pupils of Sibford must have been allocated in the National Domesday Project, (and I believe some pupils actually went up in a plane to see for themselves whilst the photographs were being taken), I found equally interesting and absorbing.

Back to the main landing, but not before stopping to admire "A Voyage of Discovery" presented by students from the 2nd year. Into the cookery room, all spick and span and shining, did not dare linger, too many 'goodies', I am on a strict diet. I saw a photographic record of the Ethiopian Appeal Buffet, which raised £80, and was entirely organised and cooked by 6th Form students. In the Geography Room a very sad record of our poor summer so far, 16 degrees C for Midsummer's Day 1985. A magnificent photographic record of the 1985 Geography Field Course in Mid-Wales soon took me away from our record rain falls and the very bright display of cut-out cats of all sizes, shapes and colours by 2nd year students (do the 2nd years do the lions share of the work on display? or does it just seem that way!) cheered me up considerably, and I went into the Maths room where Ann Stevenson was in charge of a wide selection of 2nd hand uniform on sale. At the end of the day she had taken well in excess of £150.

The Calligraphy exhibition made me feel very ashamed of my hasty, and by now almost unreadable scribble. From the murmuring of parents around me and my own experience, this is a very worthwhile subject, not made enough of in my opinion, as it helps in more ways than by just improving the handwriting. In Room 1 (Mrs. Skeath's room) there was an interesting and comprehensive display on Beekeeping with actual combs, much literature and a very efficient-looking honey extractor which looked like a cross between a tea-urn and a spin dryer. Through all this, and in spite of a persistent drizzle and cold wind, the cricket between Old Boys and School continued out on the sportsfield. Brave body of men and boys, I believe the match was eventually won by the School, I did not venture out, and play stopped for tea, though immediate hot baths would probably have been more welcome! Tennis too was started but abandoned

after about half an hour, on account of the weather. In the foyer of the Science Block the plants were nearly all sold out and a rough count showed that this one plant stall had raised in excess of £65 towards the building of an extension to the new greenhouses in the walled garden. Juoging from all the people carrying potplants of one sort or another, the sale there too must have been most successful and I am sorry I never did manage to get there. From what I am told the improvements are tremendous. The Science Lab was very busy and many people were milling around, perhaps not necessarily with an interest in science, though several experiments looked very professional, but because of the lovely warmth and ample seating, it was a most congenial atmosphere after the bitter cold outside.

In the Foyer too was a very interesting display, by the 3rd year Environmental Studies group, and a very clever and amusing theme on Dental Hygiene by the 2nd year group. At 3 p.m. exactly the lights dimmed in the Main Hall, which was quite well filled, and Miss Arthur told us that the half-hour performance would start with a five-minute dance routine by 8 girls. In the woodwork room there was much to see, difficult to mention everything, as much excellent work from both pupils and staff was on display. I particularly liked the liquorice all-sorts necklaces by Carla Mann and the 'Wire Car' by Geoffrey Michelo. Then on into the Sewing and Needlework Room where immediately the theme of "A Teddy Bears' Picnic" caught the eye. Much truly first class work was on display here, from beginners to 'O' level work, the room being cheerful, bright and very welcoming. To name but a few, the work by 4th year Julia King, her exquisite dolls-house and clever and original work of the boat in full sail with the whole poem 'The Owl and the Pussy-cat' embroidered on the sail; Alex Watt's clever sailor dress (could this be next year's girls uniform(?)), Annabel Arkless and Carla Todd's 5th year 'O' level pieces. Annabel's outfit in pink floral cotton with its intricate gathering and pleating and Carla's wall-hanging of modern and ancient India. The knitting for Ethiopia by staff and pupils - all a credit indeed to the patience and dedication of the needlework teacher, Mrs. Norton.

A dash across the carpark to the Dining Hall and a most fantastic 'spread' for tea. Hardworking and smiling staff, lovely grub, and good company, I finally managed to catch up with the friend I had come especially to see, and then all too soon it was time for the performance in the Main Hall of J.B. Priestly's "An Inspector Calls", but I found time to dash up to the Remedial Department on the way, where a design by Mrs. Turburfield 'leaped out' at you as you came up the stairs. The design on Non-Verbal Communication was bright, striking and very, very effective. Then into the Main Hall where my long suffering husband had saved me a seat and how welcome that seat was. The performance was extremely good, the small cast only occasionally lost their lines, and who can blame them, the mammoth parts, especially that of The Inspector, are enough to throw a long standing professional let alone these extremely able pupils. Very well directed by Mr. Bateman, it was a very relaxing end to what for me was a most hectic experience, though nothing as hectic as it must have been for the staff. Thank you Mike Spring, I much enjoyed being asked and much appreciated all that had been achieved in the school by both staff and pupils.

THE MALVERN HILLS WALK

June 1985 was a notably wet and cool month but Sunday June 2nd was a glorious sunny day - the best of the month. Ideal indeed for walking the Malvern Hills.

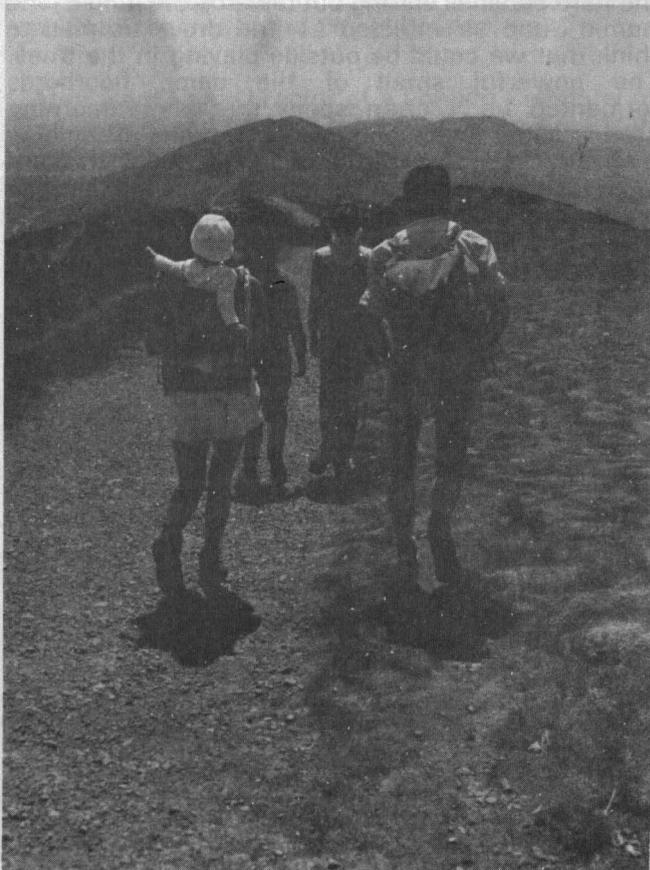
Two minibus loads containing 26 pupils, 6 staff, one baby and a dog left school and headed west. On reaching the Malverns, one party walked north from Hollybush Cutting, whilst the other trekked south from Worcester Beacon. The walk was about nine miles long and the views magnificent. Looking west the foreground was a patchwork of greens whilst in the distance the Black Mountains' escarpments and the Brecon Beacons were clearly visible. The straggling settlement of Malvern sheltered to the east of the hills, and the Severn Vale provided splendid detail to be picked out on the O.S. map.

Hang-gliders, dozens of them, were taking off into a brisk easterly breeze, and these helped to take the prospects of looming miles out of the minds of the not-so-fit.

About half way through the walk the parties met, exchanged news, (and changed nappies!). Then on to the final assault of Worcester Beacon for those heading North. Although a stiff climb, it was rewarding as on the summit there was a cafe (425M). Those going south had the ramparts of British Camp to climb: a fort dating back to 4th century B.C. It was easy to see why it was chosen as a good defensive site.

On arriving back at school we were surprised to find that we had caught the sun - quite a novel experience for June, 1985.

Brian Holliday.



On the Malverns

WYE VALLEY SUMMER '86.

We set off for the Wye Valley in good weather - the minibus full of sleeping bags, walking boots, packed lunches and plasters for blisters. A picnic at Goodrich Castle followed by a three hour walk northwards up the Wye Vally started the weekend. Miss Wilson and Mrs. Chalmers were attacked by a delinquent group of bullocks, but otherwise the walk was pleasant and uneventful.

Six-thirty saw our arrival at the Welsh Bicknor Youth Hostel. The hostel is an interesting Victorian country house on the banks of the Wye. In its extensive grounds are a small chapel and a disused railway tunnel, great fun for intrepid explorers!

On Sunday morning after a beautiful drive southwards down the Wye valley we arrived at Tintern Abbey. Time for a brief recollection of Wordsworth's famous poem and a quick cup of coffee, and off up the cliffs on a walk to the Devil's Pulpit.

We left in the early afternoon and had a refreshing swim in the baths at Evesham where we dropped off a tired Mrs. Chalmers.

In all - a wonderful weekend.

Anne Chalmers.

A WEEKEND WALK

A group of third years was taken by Miss Wilson and Mr. Cookson for a trip to the hills around Welsh Bicknor.

It took about one and a half hours to get to the Youth Hostel where we left our gear. Then we put our packed lunches in the rucksacks and set off, walking downstream along the River Wye. Before long the group had become separated into two parts and Miss Wilson had to set off after the leaders to stop them from going too far. Eventually we met up and had lunch on top of Symonds Yat - a giant rock. High on the rockface was a breeding pair of peregrines.

We returned by a different route, and on the way four of us had a swim in the river. We walked through a disused railway tunnel and tried, mostly unsuccessfully, to frighten the girls. This brought us out close to the hostel, where we unpacked and had supper.

In the morning we woke quite late and had only ten minutes to get ready for breakfast. By ten o'clock we had left the hostel and were heading for Tintern Abbey where we began our second walk. We crossed a bridge and watched some soldiers who seemed to be having difficulties with their boats in the shallow tidal river. The path led uphill for about one and a half miles and we were pleased to rest at the Devil's Pulpit. Then on for a few more miles to complete our circuit back to the minibus. After lunch we drove back to Sibford, arriving exhausted but grateful for an excellent weekend.

Simon Wollerton.

Before Sibford

MY LAST SCHOOL

I think if a person knows Hong Kong, he must know that it is a small and crowded place. As a result of this, the schools are also small and overcrowded.

My last school, Rosaryhill School, was like this, however, it was a quiet place because it is situated on a beautiful hillside. There are not many vehicles and buildings nearby so there is very little noise. I think this is a very good condition for studying, therefore every student studied hard and happily together.

In total, Rosaryhill School has five sections. They are the kindergarten, the primary, the girls' secondary, the boys' secondary and the commercial sections. If you add the number of students in each section together, I think there would be over five thousand students. Although it has so many students, the school doesn't occupy a very large area. There is only an eight-storey building, a fairly large car park with twenty-two school buses, some playgrounds, (one used as a basket ball court), and a football pitch. Finally there is a Fatima Shan; this is a small hill with a statue of Mary, the Mother of God.

The basement of the building belongs to the kindergarten. The ground floor is used jointly by the secondary and primary sections, to hold assemblies and to have morning prayers. However, in recess time, lunch time and after school it is used as a play area. On the ground floor there is also a large hall for meetings, for drama, for singing concerts and for choral speaking.

The first floor also belongs to the kindergarten, and here there are the offices of each section.

The second floor and above contain the classrooms of the primary and secondary sectors. On the fifth floor there are two music rooms, a cookery room, a needlework room, a computer room, a library, the religious department, a geography room, and the physics, chemistry and biology laboratories.

The sixth floor and above belong to the commercial section. There is also a chapel on the second and third floors; it is a very nice chapel. Every week we used to have Mass said there.

The school had many activities for the students to take part in, such as a swimming gala, and a sports day. Every year we had a "teachers' and students' day". On this day there were performances by the students and teachers, and games competitions between the students and teachers to bring the relationship between them closer.

Since the school is a Catholic school there are many priests. They taught us English and Religious Studies, and they were kind and friendly. They tried to help the students to solve their personal and study problems.

In all, I felt lucky to attend such a good school. I think this was a gift from God.

Christina Lo.

AFRICAN SCHOOLDAYS.

The village school was about 20 metres into the thick network of trees. At seven o'clock in the morning the sun was already shining, beating down in powerful rays, trying to penetrate the dense foliage.

The jungle was alive with birds cackling and squawking like old ladies. I arrived at the village school just three and a half feet tall, dressed in my khaki shirt and shorts. The little playground was an area of the forest which had been cleared of trees, and alive with shouting children who roared like a full stadium.

We were called into the straw hut and my first lesson was about to begin.

The air inside the hut was humid and stuffy, and the walls stank of decay. It had rained the previous night which brought out all the smells of the drenched tropical soil.

The hut was big and great rafters which held the hut together sagged and bowed under the weight of the drenched straw. There were two lights, as the dense network of leaves and branches blocked out the sunlight.

The young teacher came in and we all quietened down. He was one of the Africans that could speak English and had gone to school in England.

"Ah, yes, you're Robert Smith aren't you? The son of the missionary?"

In the small village school we did not learn much, only to read, write, and subtract numbers.

It was not much, but it seemed all we needed to know at the time. For most of the day we just sat on the hard benches staring out towards the jungle. The humid June air infected us and drove us mad to think that we could be outside playing in the trees. The powerful smell of the damp floorboards tormented us. I often spent the whole morning staring out of the bamboo window, trying to see how many trucks would get stuck in the boggy tracks. I did not see the point of having trucks in Africa in the monsoon season, because they always got stuck and those who had the money to get their trucks out of the mud then hired the oxen from the Africans in the villages.

School finished early here, as nobody could stand the infernal heat of the afternoon.

Along the muddy road, on my way back from school, I saw the old and tired trucks plunged into the engulfing mud, never to move again.

The discipline at the school was quite tough, but rarely did anyone seem to do anything wrong.

The teacher often took us into the jungle and showed us which fruits were edible and which were poisonous. He showed us many of the African traditions and what they are used for; he showed us how to make medicines from leaves.

He often came over to our house, he knew my father well, and frequently they drank and played cards together. Before long, however, I was to leave the jungle for my new school in England, where I had to wear shoes!

Michael Hastings.

S.O.S.A. Lines

OTHER PEOPLES BUSINESS

A Membership list can be a pretty boring document. It is nice to be able to put 'faces' and 'characters' to names so we thought it would be of interest to Readers to know how Old Scholars have fared since they left Sibford.

Here are two most interesting accounts of the Business World from two Old Boys who've "made good"!



JOHN PEILE

I entered shipping in 1953 and became a member of the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange, St. Mary Axe in the heart of the City a year later. I took the shipbroking exams and was elected first an Associate and then a Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers in 1956. In July 1984 I was elected a Freeman of the City of London.

At present I am Director of a London Company of ships agents and brokers representing an American Company who owns 71 dry cargo bulk carriers and tankers ranging from 25,000 tons deadweight up to 269,000 deadweight.

A shipbroker is one who acts as an intermediary between an owner seeking employment for his vessels and a merchant requiring tonnage to move his cargo. Offers of suitable tonnage and freight are exchanged between the interested parties and on acceptance a binding contract is entered into. The Brokers on the Baltic Exchange are very proud of their methods of working and their motto "Our Word is our Bond" is universally known.

Being a free market freight rates move up and down depending on supply and demand. When a market is active rates can move rapidly and it is part of the shipbroker's duties to advise his Principals how the market is moving. Obviously when rising an Owner would want to wait before fixing in the hope of obtaining a higher rate, conversely, if falling he would want to act quickly.

A shipbroker is primarily concerned in fixing bulk cargoes only such as iron ore, coal, grain, bauxite etc. Parcels go on regular lines under a tariff rarely usually by Containers.

At the moment there is an over supply of tonnage and shipping is passing through a serious depression. There is one consolation however in that bulk cargoes will never be able to be shipped by aircraft or containers so the world will always need ships and shipbrokers.

TRENHAM IAN WEATHERHEAD

Ian Weatherhead has had a long and varied career since leaving Sibford School in 1964. He originally started at the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon where he spent the first three years.

Ian then went on and was selected as a Management Trainee for Thomas Cook the Bankers and Travel Agents, at that time owned by the British Government, and was subsequently posted to Washington, D.C., New York; Melbourne and Sydney, Australia; Auckland, New Zealand; Hong Kong, Singapore, Delhi and Bombay, India; Colombo, Sri Lanka; Johannesburg, Cape Town and finally back to Florida and New York in the U.S.A.

Much of that time was spent in the development of the local currency issues of the travel cheque and the promotion of foreign exchange dealing, together with the marketing of various business and tourist programmes worldwide.

He returned from New York in 1976 and was appointed Personal Assistant to the Chairman of the Thomas Cook Group but due to the move of the Thomas Cook Company to Peterborough, decided to stay in London with his American Wife (found on route) and joined the London Chamber of Commerce and Industry in January 1977. Ian's work is now primarily directed towards two-way trade and assisting British companies on the political, economic, procedural, technical, financial and marketing of companies' needs and all other aspects of business development with North America and his newly appointed area of the Caribbean.



Ian has gained extensive knowledge and background of the North American Market, having visited over 36 states over the last five years and has led British Government Trade Missions to such places as California in the company of the Rt. Hon. Norman Tebbit who was then the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry.

Ian's latest involvement with the Caribbean area has been to assist the development of trade between the Caribbean region and the United Kingdom. Ian has therefore had some experience of the world in general and the United States and the Caribbean in particular.

RESPONSE TO THE PRESIDENTS ADDRESS

President, Old Scholars!

The pleasant task falls to me as School Committee guest at this reunion to propose the vote of thanks for your address this evening. But first, I would like to thank the Association for inviting Margaret, Jess and me to share your reunion. We have thoroughly enjoyed the friendliness, fun and games, although as a latent Old Scholar - that is one who rarely attends reunions - it has cost me £3.60 (for an OS tie)!

Speaking on behalf of latent Old Scholars, I would like to say how much we have appreciated the magazine in its various forms over the years. Now that it has merged with the School Magazine something of such wide interest and high quality is of especial value.

I was forewarned that a brief speech would be expected of the Committee guest, so I jotted down a few points concerning the activities of the Committee that I thought Old Scholars should hear about. Imagine my dismay as I sat through Jeanne Southam's excellent report to Saturday's AGM hearing all my points being dealt with one by one.

She took the words out of my mouth. In fact she's left me speechless!

This year Old Scholars and the School Committee are particularly closely linked as we share in Philip our Chairman and your President. It is a healthy sign, and no accident, that the present running and future development of the School is guided by a Committee containing so many Old Scholars.

We have greatly appreciated Philip's interests and sensitivity shown in both his address this evening and in the President's Choice last night. I was delighted by his choice of the Somervell settings of A E Houseman's "A Shropshire Lad", so beautifully performed by Wendy Holden and Ray Bond. As a footnote, I was told by someone who knew A E Houseman's brother, Lawrence Houseman, that of the various settings of the poems - including the better known ones by Butterworth and Vaughan-Williams' 'On Wenlock Edge' - A E Houseman's favourites were the Somervell settings.

One of the chosen songs was an evocation of nostalgia:-

"Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows"
finishing with,
"The happy highlands where we went
And cannot come again."

Nostalgia is a permitted luxury on an occasion such as Old Scholars' Reunion, but I am sure the future welfare of the School is also of great importance to you. May I repeat the plea made by Jeanne.

Do not let any child of an acquaintance - whether a business colleague or a friend - for whom the schooling at Sibford is right, miss the chance to come here through not having heard about Sibford.

Finally, our thanks once again to Philip for his address this evening, for his wise counsels as President of Old Scholars and Chairman of the School Committee, and may the head that wears these two hats continue to be a shining example to us.

Thankyou!

David Sanderson.

THE OLD SCHOLARS GRAPEVINE:

We are always pleased to receive your letters and anecdotes, they are much appreciated. Here are a few 'grapes' from the 'vine'

NAOMI ALEXANDER (nee BUTLER) 1933-37 writes "I don't seem to get to Sibford often, but it is in my thoughts. We live a busy life and most weekends are taken up in Calling for folk dances, or in my case playing in a folk dance band the 'Mixolydians' which is pretty well known in the country in folk dance circles. My son JOHN ALEXANDER (an Old Scholar from Jonas Fieldings time) was married in July and is living at Lymm in Cheshire.

SIMON BARFOOT Our recently retired Reunion Secretary is in the USA and hoping to settle there.

SUSAN BARTLEY (1975-80) Did her 'A' levels at Kingston College of F.E. and then went on to do the 'Stud and Stable Husbandry' course at Witney College - the Deputy Head of the department being none other than Philip Manasseh! Since qualifying, she worked for Col Bengough getting his yearlings ready for the Newmarket sales last October (1984).

GODFREY BASELEY was 'very sorry not to get to the Reunion this year' but sends his greetings. He recently was interviewed by John Slim of the 'Birmingham Post' about his life with the 'Archers'. Not bad for an Octaganarian.

THEODORA BENTON (nee SHEPPARD) was at Sibford 1914-17 and has vivid memories of the First World War. She is now 82 and writes "life was very hard at that time. Our diet was poor and we had the same biscuits that the soldiers had and very plain bread - there were times when we had none at all. There was quite an upset at Monthly Meeting about our cold and hunger. Still I liked blanket pudding on Saturdays and loved raw turnip and swedes. Despite all, they were happy days."

LESLIE BISSELL (1920-24) Writes to say how much he enjoyed the last Magazine and of reading about members of his period, he says "...one item that may interest readers is that my first term at Sibford was the last of the long two terms per year period and when I wrote home and told my Father that there were now to be three terms a year he wrote back and said that they were talking of doing that when he was there in 1883."

HOWARD CAMPION (1912-1916) regretted that he was unable to attend the 1985 Reunion but conveys best wishes to all Old Scholars. Howard has recently moved to another address at Gillingham in Dorset.

PAUL COOPER has recently obtained a B.Sc in Estate Management from Birmingham Polytechnic.

BARBARA DRINKWATER (nee LYALL) 1946-52 was "delighted to get the 'Sibford' magazine as it always brings a welcome breath of Oxfordshire to Sussex. I loved the cover - what a marvellous comparison. I keep promising myself a visit at O.S. Reunions but our sons have been involved in sport it always seems to clash. We were able to spend about 30 minutes wandering through the village about 18 months ago when we stayed with friends at Chipping Campden".

SIMON EVEREST (1972-77) is still in catering and has recently gone out to Saudi Arabia to work for an industrial catering company.

ANN GEE who left in 1955 is working for the Health Service as Director of Midwifery Services for South Bedfordshire Health Authority. She is also a J.P. and member of a Health Authority outside work unit and is involved in her local Association for Mental Health. She is also chairman of Christian Aid Committee in Harpenden as she says "never a dull moment."

JIM GRUBB (1947-52) who has been in New Zealand for many years visited the School on Open Day.

GRACE LEWIS (1948-53) has been in touch. She still lives in the Bristol area. She recently visited her sister MARY NICHOLAS in Kenya and whose son DAVID left two years ago.

MARGARET MASTERS (nee MOORE) 1920-22 wrote that she is still in contact with many of her old school friends in particular DOROTHY HAWLEY (whose grandson MARTIN GOUGH is now at Sibford). Margaret continues "we have been back to Sibford on several occasions and to a concert but not lately. Also to see the alterations to the 'original' buildings but the school was not in session at the time. We were very interested and impressed."

ELIZABETH PRITCHARD (1917-20) extends all good wishes to Old Scholars and is sorry that she is unable to get to Reunions now.

WILFRID AND MABEL POLLARD are both in good health and write to say how they miss the Reunions. Wilfrid continues "The new style magazine takes another step into the future but when you glance at the list of Past Presidents it makes one realise how the years slip by and how lucky we are to still be enjoying them." (Wilfrid was at Sibford pre First World War 1911-13.)

ELSIE ROSE (1908-10) writes "I find the changes at Sibford fascinating and amazing. I belong to the era of half yearly sessions - a regime which I feel must have been harder on the Staff than the pupils. At any rate my two years were blissfully happy."

KINGSLEY RUTTER writes "I was at Sibford 1907-09, my wife ETHEL (nee FEUGARD) was there 1907-1911 at that time there were about 50 scholars in the school. I went on to Sidcot afterwards. I am now 90 and my wife is 89."

HARRY STEVENS 1906-1909 also writes (and is a contemporary of Kingsley Rutter) "though life at Sibford is clearly very different in the nineteen eighties from what it was in the early nineteen hundreds we think we should find the school as acceptable now as it was all that time ago judging by the magazine you have sent us." (It is fascinating to realise that Harry was starting Sibford at the same time as James Harrod). Harry also taught at Leighton Park for 35 years.

Harry's wife MURIEL STEVENS (nee BENTLEY) was at Sibford 1913-15 and writes to say "while Harry was writing to you I felt I must seize the opportunity of mentioning to you the pleasure it was to me to read in the Headmaster's report that the walled garden was being brought back into

production. I remember being impressed by the flourishing beauty and orderliness of it under Henry Tarver's management. Gardening has become a satisfying hobby of mine and all I actually learnt was in James Harrod's classes (as distinct from what I've picked up). We all had tiny garden plots up at the Hill where we learnt in our own muscles what double digging meant. In winter I can recall being sent up with a ruler to measure the progress of my best Autumn-sown broad bean; but mainly of course it was a time for blackboard planning and theory. The word 'bacteria' was added to my vocabulary from James Harrod's lips at that time." - Harry is now ninety years young last April. Congratulations. There must be something in the Sibford air that breeds longevity!

RALPH TOWNLEY 1935-40 lives in the U.S.A. and has recently renewed his links with Old Scholars. We hope to be able to get a personal profile from Ralph who has written several books including 'A Word Or Two Before Your Go' and 'A Different Book for Travellers.'

JANET WINN (nee SAVAGE) 1949-53 lives in Australia and sends greetings to everyone. She was glad to receive the Reunion programme but thought it rather a long journey for a weekend! "I appreciate getting the magazine each year. It was the best thing my Father advised me to do - to become a life-member before leaving England in 1963. Australia always had a pull for us and we returned there in 1977 to Perth." Janet has a son Philip now 20, and a daughter Alison who is 15 years old. Last year she and husband John celebrated their Silver Wedding -Congratulations.

Janet has also been in touch with BRENDA HALE (nee DARLING) and MARGARET BRADEN (nee SAMUEL).

JENNY WILSON (nee LAMB) 1940-45 Jenny is also in Australia living in the West and writes thanking O.S. for a "very interesting and beautifully presented magazine." As many readers will know Jenny's mum was Edith Lamb (who is remembered elsewhere in this magazine) Jenny also tells us that BRIAN SOUTHALL is in West Australia and hopes to get his address.

Don't forget to write to Mike Finch if you have any news of Old Scholars or any items of interest for the next magazine.

'Forty Years On' Reminiscences

This was Philip Manasseh's theme for the August Reunion. His Presidency coincided with the fortieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War and many shared evocative memories of those troubled times

Over the years whenever I hear or see mention of badgers, 'Wind in the Willows' and 'Toad of Toad Hall' I remember 'Pip' as we called him playing the role of Mr Badger in Gladys Burgess production of 'Toad'. My young brother was a stoat (Richard Eavis) and David Saunderson reminded me that he was a weasel - a nickname that stuck for him!

But the genial, good tempered, dependable sensible character of Mr Badger played by 'Pip' was of course our President - Philip Manasseh!

Janet Sewell

Forty years on - how have things changed?

Sibford in the 1940's was a happy place and we were not really aware of the War while we were there although Frank Parkin and Arthur Johnstone kept us in touch with the "News" from time to time.

It certainly was a frugal life. - The dormitories were very bare - hard iron beds with simple covers with perhaps a Teddy Bear or Nightdress Case to relieve it. Bare boards - no carpets and ofcourse the "Black-out Curtains". There were the daily chores after breakfast - cleaning the baths and sinks, sweeping the floors and dusting the dormitories, which we did with reluctance!

The food was very simple and plain. How did we make that square inch of butter go round several slices of bread or perhaps it was jam on one slice or butter on the other! There was always plenty of milk. At night before bed we made bread and milk! Cake and biscuits were a real treat and very rare. Cocoa at morning break with a slice of dry bread or a crust if you were lucky!

There was jam and marmalade making with Mrs Johnstone to ensure we had enough for a term. Fruit picking in the Orchard - redcurrants and blackcurrants - how long they took to pick! The Blackberry expeditions on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon to see which 'House' could pick the most and then wondering if we would ever see the end of blackberries in some form or other!

I suppose most of us had second hand clothes or something new from something old - "make do and mend" was the order of the day. The stockings, woolen or lyle, which started out beige or brown and long but after several washings were all sizes, shapes and colours! What a sight!

We kept fit by walking up and down between the Hill and the Old School as the girls slept at the Old School (The Manor) where we also had our meals and most of the boys slept at the Hill where we had lessons so we walked 'up and down' a minimum of six times a day, and in all weathers!

We saw very few cars and the bus service to Banbury was twice a week so it was walk, walk, walk, to get anywhere unless you were a Fifth Former and had a bicycle. Frank Parkin and Roland Herbert took us for long "Pig-Drives" on Sunday afternoons and kept us well informed about the countryside and the history around about Sibford.

Our life had a regular pattern each term with highlights of Concerts, Halloween and picnics.

An austere life perhaps but I don't think it has hurt any of us!

How has Sibford changed in forty years? -Quite luxurious by comparison!!

Jeanne Little

In 1940 I came to Sibford. My first impressions of the school were very pleasurable, especially the well kept lawns and grounds.

One of my most amusing memories of the occurrences in the school was the rush of the pupils for their nightly beverage (cocoa).

If on these occasions you were lacking in speed you would unfortunately miss the cocoa as the amount made was only sufficient to supply the early birds.

Whilst I was in residence at the school (sleeping nights) my dormitory friends would gather each morning rigorously pull to-gether my bed as a special treat to me!

After a while I lived with the Canning's who lived in Sibford Ferris, I then went to the school as a day girl.

The number of years I spent at Sibford was four. These were the happiest school days of my life.

From a grateful ex pupil

Esther Jackson

MINUTES OF THE SIBFORD OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION 1985 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY ON 24TH AUGUST 1985.

PRESIDENT PHILIP MANASSEH IN THE CHAIR:
62 members attending.

IN OUR SILENCE we remembered the lives of: Beryl Aylward, Margaret Baker, Mary Baker, David Batty-Smith, Margaret Bolton (nee Williamson), John Clark, Jonas Fielding - Headmaster 1962 - 72, Dorothy Prior - Music teacher 1928 - 52, Jane Seymour (nee Sabin), Marion Bowles, Bessie Secret (nee Croker), Miriam Guest.

GREETINGS were received from Otto Wolf; Hugh & Mary Blashko; Jean, David, Peter, Jill and Helen Moore; Simon Barfoot; Mario, Ivano and Eleri Ricci; Harry Iles; Frank Kaye; Gladys Burgess; Barbara Crosier; Hugh and Daphne Maw; Howard Campion; Mabel and Wilfrid Pollard; Bridget Hope; Johnny & Helen Doyle; Dorothy Angerson (nee Tye); Pamela Ramsey (nee Gilbost), and Godfrey Baseley,

1. THE MINUTES of the 1984-AGM printed in the Magazine were adopted and signed by the President.

2. GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

Paul Frampton presented the following report:-

From time to time, I think that it is important that we remind ourselves of the basic objectives of the Sibford Old Scholars' Association. They are:-

- The continuance of the interest of former scholars in Sibford School and its work.
- The furthering of schoolday friendships.
- The provision of assistance to the School wherever possible.
- The encouragement of a spirit of loyalty amongst present scholars.

Certainly the first three objectives are adequately met; however (d) is an area where, without a day reunion during term time and with the exception of sporting fixtures and the leavers' barbecue, there is a great deal of work to be done. Membership of the Association is not terribly attractive to those about to gain their independence and freedom. The Association are represented at the Leavers' event by the youngest team possible, even I am considered out of touch and what is more distressing - even getting on a bit! We must do more to develop interest in the Association throughout the School: we cannot expect to introduce students to Old Scholars, interest them in its work and secure a membership application from 50/60 leavers in 1½ hours flat. The long term viability and strength of the Association depends on younger members joining us and I would encourage the Committee and membership to actively discuss and consider this question during the weekend bring forward ideas to our December meeting.

The present membership is as follows:-

453 U.K. members - 46 Overseas members = Total 499

This is the total membership figure excluding 40 members whose addresses are unknown and should properly be disregarded.

In terms of the type of membership held, we have 12 Recent Leavers, 242 Life members and 245 Ordinary members.

Subscription income is of course essential to us and whilst many Life members make an additional donation each year, clearly we must be as active as we can in developing and maintaining membership. Mike Finch has done an enormous amount of work this year: we now have an accurate and up to date picture. Thank you, Mike.

I would like to turn to two major items of this year's Committee business which, with your approval, require rule changes.

Firstly, the Magazine.

The 1984 Sibford Magazine, I am sure you will agree, was quite exceptional. It was a joint magazine in every sense, with major contributions from the School and Friends of Sibford School and as such may be regarded as a tribute to Leslie Thomas. It was Leslie who had the good sense and vision to properly conceive and develop a comprehensive magazine called 'Sibford'. In many ways the new management style is a result of Leslie's death and we are grateful to the Editor Mike Spring, the printers Raymond and Ann Bond who did an excellent job, Jeanne Southam, Mike Finch and all those who contributed to its success. The Magazine is of fundamental importance to the Association and its membership.

One aspect of the 1984 Magazine of particular concern to the S.O.S.A. Committee was its cost. The total net cost to the Association, including an outstanding amount from the 1983 Magazine and the new Membership list was £1795.00. With a total 1984 subscription income of £1295, clearly urgent consideration of the Magazine financing arrangements was needed.

In order to proceed with the 1985 Magazine, a new management and finance policy had to be established and at an all party Sub-Committee meeting in February, the following principles were agreed:-

- (a) A Magazine entitled Sibford will be produced annually in collaboration with the School and Friends of Sibford School.
- (b) There will be a Managing Editor appointed each year by the S.O.S.A. President, Headmaster and Chairman of Friends of Sibford School who will design the general layout of the Magazine and liaise with the printers.
- (c) Each participating group will produce, collate and edit its own material which will be printed as submitted to the Managing Editor.
- (d) In future, all advertising revenue will be sought in the form of sponsorship and rather than advertisements being printed in the Magazine, only a list of sponsors will appear.
- (e) The cost of the Magazine will be shared on the basis of the number of pages required by each participating body.

The arrangements that we have therefore made are these:-

1. The Magazine will be 56 pages plus covers allocated as follows:-
Sibford School - 33 pages
S.O.S.A. - 20 pages
F.O.S.S. - 3 pages
2. The Budget cost is £2300 with the School contributing 60% (£1380), S.O.S.A. 23.5% (£747.50) and F.O.S.S. 7.5% (£172.50).
3. The S.O.S.A. Management Sub-Committee of Mike Finch, Jeanne Southam and Paul Frampton has been appointed. John Miller will administer the overall financial arrangements.
4. Ian Weatherhead with the help of Stuart Hedley is responsible for securing sponsorship revenue.
5. Mike Spring will be the Managing Editor.
6. The Bonds will again be asked to do the printing.

We would be very pleased to receive any items of interest or offers to produce material for inclusion in the Magazine.

May I therefore propose on behalf of the Committee, the following rule changes:-

- 11(a) A Magazine entitled 'Sibford' shall be produced annually in collaboration with the School and Friends of Sibford School and sent to all members. Where husbands and wives are members, only one magazine will be sent unless an additional copy is specifically requested.
- 11(b) A Managing Editor shall be appointed each year by the President, Headmaster and Chairman of Friends of Sibford School after due consultation with all parties concerned with the production of the Magazine.
- 11(c) The General Committee shall appoint a Sub-Committee annually which will be responsible for the Association's content in the Magazine
- 6(b) Change 'Magazine Editor' to 'Managing Editor'.
- 6(e) Delete.

(These rule changes were unanimously adopted by the meeting.)

The second question is that of the Association Year.

The Committee would like to propose a change to the Association Year for many desirable reasons, but principally:-

- (a) The President, Officers and General Committee members terms of office end in December AFTER the December Committee Meeting at which the forthcoming years programme and style of events are planned.
- (b) The high point in the President's year of office is the Annual Reunion in August and in particular the Presidential Dinner.

The proposal is therefore that Rule 5 is amended to:-

The Association's year shall be from 1st September to 31st August. This shall apply to the term of office of President, Officers and Committee. The accounting year shall be from 1st January to 31st December and, if adopted, the year change would take place with immediate effect i.e. 1st September 1985.

In addition Rule 7 would require amendment as follows:-

RULE 7(e) - Each year the General Committee shall nominate a recent leaver to serve as an ordinary member on the Committee for a three year period from 1st September. The nomination shall be confirmed by the Annual General Meeting. In addition, each year, the A.G.M. shall appoint one ordinary member from the floor to serve for a three year term from 1st September.

RULE 7 - Next paragraph mark (f).

Joseph Sewell proposed an amendment that the accounting year be 1st July-30th June, and the above rule changes as amended were unanimously agreed.

Two other small changes have been considered worthwhile this year:-

The Vice-President now replaces the President on the Leslie Baily Lecturer Committee in order that he/she may play an active part in the choice of Leslie Baily Lecturer in their Presidential year. This is an important feature of our reunion and we are grateful to Frank Rollett and his Committee for their work. We look forward to tonight's lecture 'A brain with a view' to be given by Prof. Rainer Walter Guillery.

The question of gifts to the School has also been fully discussed following genuine concern by members that insufficient care has been taken in the past of S.O.S.A. gifts, and some items have in fact been lost and disposed of - would you believe a piano! It was agreed that a list of S.O.S.A. gifts to the School be compiled, that the School will produce and display the list in the Library and that in future items will, where appropriate, normally be labelled.

Looking next at the activities of the Association this year, we have joined with the School in an excellent Open Day. We were actually asked to produce a cricket team on the day that would provide the School with their first win of the season, thereby delighting parents and securing their continued support of the School - so we lost the Ashes Trophy. Parents don't turn out on cold breezy November days so we were O.K. to thrash the School at football - amazingly, the first time we have won for a very long time. On a serious note, these events are important to us as not only do they assist with the identification of an Old Scholars' Association to students but most of the teams we raise are made up by Old Scholars who are only able to be interested in participating in these events.

The Branches have all maintained a good level of support and activity this year and to my mind, they play an increasingly important role in the Association's future: they are to be supported and encouraged. We are extremely grateful to Irene Coxon-Smith in the Midlands,

Jeanne Southam and John Hughes in Bristol and Allan Kidney and Margaret Fairnington in the London area.

Simon Barfoot, our Reunion Secretary for some years, resigned earlier this year when he left for a new life in America. Simon provided the Committee with much needed youth and vitality. We are extremely grateful to him and wish him well.

We are therefore fortunate to have an equally youthful Nick Briggs with us who having been a helper in the past knows our eccentricities and has agreed to be nominated for the post. As a Warwickshire policeman he should be able to improve the behaviour of certain Old Scholars at Reunions, reduce the incidence of after hours' drinking in Fielding and further isolate the Association from the recent leavers we so desperately need to encourage to join us!

I would thank the School on behalf of the Association for their continued support and involvement in the interests of Old Scholars, your retiring Committee Members and the Committee whose consistent efforts keep the Association relevant and worthwhile.

Finally, I hope you all thoroughly enjoy the weekend, particularly our School Committee guest David Saunderson and his family, the 5th/6th Form helpers and most importantly our President Philip Manasseh.

Balance Sheet as at 31st December 1984

	1984		1983
Fixed Assets			
Land at Elm	45		45
Assets of Specific Funds			
Quoted Investments (Cost)	3,713		3,376
Leslie Baily Memorial Fund	319		300
Current Assets			
Sundry Debtors	1,075	301	
Less Sundry Creditors	800	275	1,280
Cash at Bank	1,021		3,101
	£5,373		£5,843
Represented by:			
Accumulated Fund	1,815		2,478
Life Membership	3,013		2,813
Recent Leavers Membership	226		252
Leslie Baily Fund	319		300
	£5,373		£5,843

Audited and Found Correct.

Income & Expenditure Account for the Year ended 31st December 1984

INCOME

Donations	263	395
Subscriptions	1,295	1,384
Investment Income	249	212
Reunion	290	316
Bank Interest	159	126
Bursary Fund	5	245
Sale of Pottery & Cards	11	
Sale of Ties	30	69
Profit on Sale of General Investors Shares	432	
Loss	663	
	£3,397	£2,747

3. TREASURER'S REPORT

John Miller reported:-

I have pleasure in presenting the audited accounts for the year ending December 1984. The accounts show that we ended with a loss of £663.00 against last year's surplus of £983.00. This disappointing result is entirely due to the very heavy burden that the Association has agreed to carry in respect of the cost of printing 1984's joint magazine. You will see from the Income and Expenditure Account that the net cost amounted to £1,795 against 1983's figure of £316, an increase of £1,479. This increase reflects the additional cost of producing a much larger magazine and the subsequent increase in postal charges. Next year, however, our contribution should be approximately £747 plus postage. There is no doubt that we have an excellent magazine but I must point out that the cost will be equivalent to 57.6% of our subscription income. This obviously cuts down the amount of help that we can give to the school so it is vital that we find other ways of raising our income.

In my report last year I referred to the size of the assets that the Association were building up and questioned whether it was right to allow them to build up in that way. Your treasurer was disappointed not to receive any comments on his report although hardly surprising when he discovered that his report and accounts were not printed in the Old Scholars section of the magazine. A lapse which he hopes will not be repeated this year.

I would now like to go through the accounts page by page and make comments on the outstanding points.

EXPENDITURE

Net Cost of Magazine	1,795	316
Postage & Stationery	191	227
Travelling and Secretarial Expenses	-	47
General Expenses	11	-
Bank Charges	23	34
Contribution to Leslie Baily Fund	-	25
Committee Expenses	-	14
Purchase of Ties	-	91
Bursary Fund	500	995
Leavers Party	38	15
Geoffrey Long Book Prize	10	-
Brokerage Charges	29	-
Provision for Display Modules	800	-
Surplus	-	983
	£3,397	£2,747

- These two items, added together, equal the profit shown on the Reunion Statement.

Leslie Baily Memorial Fund

Balance brought forward 1/1/84	300	
Bank Interest	19	
Balance carried forward 31/12/84		319
	£319	£319

Schedule of Investments as at 31st December 1984

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

Reunion 1984

Reunion Charges	1,802.21
Sale of Pottery and Cards	10.85
	£1,813.06
Printing of Programmes	73.00
Typesetting & Layout of Programme	42.00
N. Herman Fee	50.00
Reunion Photographs	2.25
Sibford School - Catering Costs	1,345.12
Profit	300.69
	£1,813.06

BALANCE SHEET

Investments have increased by £337 as a result of a profit realized from the sale of General Investors Shares. This surplus has been reinvested in Treasury 10.5% 1999. Cash resources are down by £2,080 but debtors amounting to £1075 are outstanding. Provision has been made for £800 in respect of display modules agreed by your committee to be purchased for the school.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

On the income side you will see shown the profit on the shares referred to previously. Donations are down by £132 and subscriptions by £89. The expenditure side shows the increased printing costs of the magazine, the provision to buy display modules for the School and a further donation to the Bursary Fund. The net result being a loss of £663.

LESLIE BAILY MEMORIAL FUND

As agreed no contributions from the main funds were made to the above account this year. The balance of the account stands at £319.

SCHEDULE OF INVESTMENTS

This schedule gives details of our investments, their purchase price, market price and annual return. Apart from the 3½% Conversion Stock the investments look healthy.

REUNION 1984

A breakdown of the cost of the 1984 Reunion is given. You will note that a profit of £300.69 was made. Unfortunately, the charge by the school for 1986 will be subject to VAT at 15% and will therefore mean a rise in the region of £3 to £4. The charge has been kept at £16 for 1984 and 1985.

OLD SCHOLARS' BURSARY FUND

The capital of the Bursary Fund has now become part of the School's investments and stands at £3,312.34. Interests amounting to £358.41 has been transferred to the school's general bursary fund. This is a useful contribution and goes some way towards meeting the original aims of the fund. It is not used specifically for Old Scholars' children but helps meet the overall cost of bursaries that the school has to bear. As a matter of interest bursaries to be found totally from income by the school next year will amount approximately to £100,000. A very heavy burden for the school to carry.

The accounts were adopted by the meeting and the President thanked John Miller for his excellent work.

4. SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPRESENTATIVES' REPORT.

Jeanne Southam gave a comprehensive and well received report (reported elsewhere in the magazine).

5. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The following Officers were elected:-

- (a) The **1985/86 President** is to be Jeanne Southam and Leslie Harrison was confirmed **Vice-President**.
- (b) Treasurer: John Miller - 1st September 1985 to 31st August 1988.
- (c) School Committee Representative: Jeanne Southam was nominated for a further period of 4 years (1.1.86 - 31.12.89) subject to confirmation by Sibford General Meeting.
- (d) Reunion Secretary: Nick Briggs (1.9.85 - 31.8.88)
- (e) 2 Committee Members: - Recent Leavers: Nominated by Committee and unanimously adopted - James MacIntosh (1.9.85 - 31.8.88), Mavis Stiles (1.9.85 - 31.8.88) elected by majority vote.

6. HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP

The meeting confirmed Honorary Life Membership to Margaret and Arthur Dring and Bill White for their outstanding contribution to the School and support of the Old Scholars' Association.

7. HEADMASTER'S QUESTION TIME

Jim Graham kindly answered a number of very interesting questions from members and the item proved a most worthwhile feature in the A.G.M.

8. FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Sibford General Meeting:	19th October 1985
S.O.S.A. Committee Meeting:	1st December 1985
Midlands Branch Event (Christmas Party):	25th January 1986
Sibford School Open Day:	21st June 1986
1986 S.O.S.A. Reunion:	23rd/24th/25th/26th August 1986

There being no other business the meeting closed at 5.40 pm.



Wendy & Mike Finch who were married in October

School Committee Representative's Report

August 1985

How many of you came to the school open day on June 23rd? It was a really exciting occasion. I found everything going with a fizz - lots of very constructive - very positive activity. For four years I have been on the school committee and we have been trying to reorientate the school in a new direction so that it can find its way through the 80's and 90's. We have spent hours and hours sitting in committees - reading papers and talking to people about what the school might do, could do, or should do. As a result of all this decisions have been taken and we have started moving in a new direction. At Open day I got the feeling that all this theoretical effort was actually producing some results in practice.

The whole school felt alive, interested and well. The presentations were good and the pupils were obviously enjoying making them. I am a very practical person so you will not be surprised to hear how thrilled I was by the needlework display - the enthusiasm displayed by both sexes in the Home Economics department - the drama production of 'An Inspector Calls' and the amazing gym display so different from arms stretch - knees bend efforts so long ago. With a son who teaches rural studies I was able to cast a knowledgeable eye over that department - and what a splendid start our new member of staff has made - it would be well worth a visit to the old walled garden at the Manor to see it. With a daughter who is dab hand at office organisation I appreciated the opportunities that are being offered to pupils in this new department. With a son who is artistic I could appreciate the originality - verve and colour sense of a great art display. With a husband who cannot nail two pieces of wood together I could get a deep wistful enjoyment from the masterpieces on display in the woodwork room. My third son works in a zoo but I have not been able to tie him up with any department - yet. All in all it was a most exciting day to be at Sibford.

This basically is my message to you. We have been hard at it for four years - we have talked - written - debated - agreed and finally decided. I reported to you last year of the new direction in which we were moving - this year I can tell you I believe we are well on the move. I find this extremely heartening.

Now let me turn from the general health and direction of the school to some thoughts about individuals. I am sure many of you will have happy personal memories of Jonas Fielding and will have been very saddened by his death earlier this year. In his era Sibford was set on a new course and he was most successful in presiding over a major change to the buildings and tradition of the school. We have lost in Leslie Thomas one of the most valued members of the committee, who as a former pupil of the school and an enthusiastic member of the Old

Scholars Association provided just the right touch to edit the Sibford Magazine brilliantly. We have had the normal series of changes on the committee with the retirement of Dorothy Birtles, Mary Blascho and Margaret Nash - their places have been filled by Gillian Hopkins, John Marsh and our own representative Paul Frampton. Paul is well known to you all and has the added advantage of being able to give an occasional lift to committee meetings in a luxurious manner to which I am not accustomed. We must once again be most grateful to the Headmaster and his staff for their continued devotion - enthusiasm and loyalty. Alan Jarvis retired this year after 25 years of sterling service to the school. His contribution to school life particularly to the maths department will be hard to fill.

Now we come to money. I cannot tell you that Sibford is attracting envious glances from cash hungry asset strippers but I can tell you we are solvent - in the black and sound. But to continue in this state we must keep the school full and the Headmaster has been particularly active in advertising the school as widely as possible both here and abroad. He has made two trips to the far-east talking to parents - educationalists and taking part in a schools exhibition. I understand that as a result of these visits seven children will be joining the school in September - making use of the facilities of English as a second language department. You will not be surprised that prudent stewardship has led to a decision to increase Sibford fees by 6%. Whilst this does not place a heavy burden on our economic position it certainly does not make it any easier for parents to commit themselves to Sibford. When it comes to cash we are lucky to have the devoted and critical guidance of our Treasurer George Bunney and particularly our Bursar John Miller. I would like to pay tribute to the four years that Mike Finch has put into the job of estate bursar. He has maintained the fabric and grounds well and implemented many worthwhile innovations against a background of financial stringency.

I have told you before of the development of the profiling and tutorial systems that have been introduced - and these are continuing well and providing a useful stimulus to positive approaches of improving the facilities of the school and of making better use of the schools assets and strengthening our ability to undertake improvements.

This has been the most exciting year since I joined the school committee - the school has great potential and great assets - if we can keep up the numbers and continue the new momentum we shall make Sibford an even more valuable and exciting place. My father spent 55 years working at the same desk in the same office in Bristol but he never lost his sense of need for change and to adapting to the new society that continually evolved around him. One of his favourite sayings was "we must make Christianity contemporary" I have the feeling that over the last four years that is just what we have been trying to do - and it is a great thrill to feel these changes, which will keep the Sibford flag flying into the future, beginning to work.

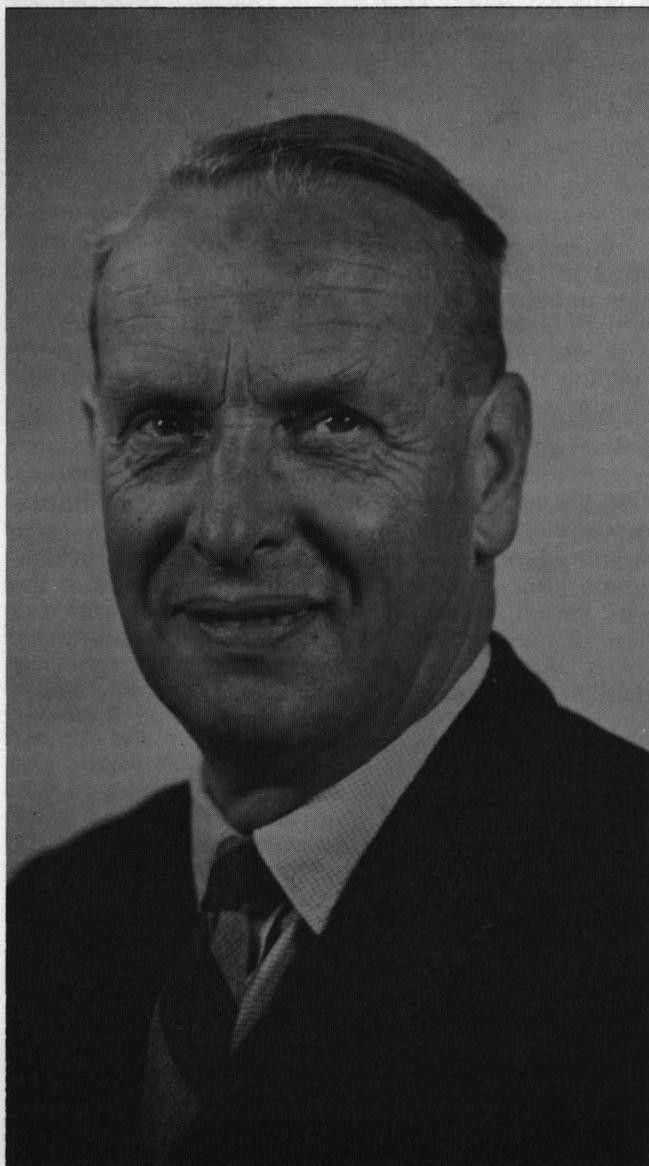
Jeanne Southam

Obituaries

JONAS FIELDING 1911 - 1984

It is with deep thankfulness that we record the life of Jonas Fielding who died on 20th December, 1984. He was Headmaster from 1962 - 72 and President of S.O.S.A. in 1968. He was also an Honorary Life Member of the Association.

Amongst the many notable contributions to Sibford by this much loved man was the establishment of the Sixth form Centre which bears his name.



Here are two of the many tributes paid to Jonas:

FROM KEN FRANCIS

Jonas Fielding was a true Yorkshireman, forthright in speech yet with a deep concern for the welfare of the children in his care and for his colleagues. For thirty years he made a rich contribution to many aspects of the Society's life culminating in ten years as Head of Sibford School.

Jonas was born near Bradford and was educated there. He took his Degree at Leeds University where he met Marjorie who shared his interest in music. They were married in 1940. Six years' service in the R.A.F. followed. Later he taught English to displaced persons and his first boarding headship was for the children of such people.

In the 1950s Jonas joined Friends and the family became members of Bradford Meeting. Active in children's work he and Marjorie were Wardens for some years of Yorkshire Friends Service Committee Holiday Schools. Jonas' influence on the young people concerned will long be remembered.

The family, two daughters and a son, moved to Brighouse where he became Head of the Lower School at Colne Valley Comprehensive and later Head of Cleckheaton Secondary School. In Brighouse Monthly Meeting Jonas was Clerk to Elders and Overseers as well as being Clerk to Brighouse P.M. for some years. His moving ministry is still remembered by many Friends.

Jonas Fielding was Head of Sibford School from 1962 to 1972. This was a period of great expansion as numbers rose from 260 to over 350. A great deal of new building and adaptation of existing premises was necessary. The opening of the aptly named Fielding House as a Sixth Form Centre is especially remembered.

However Jonas made it abundantly clear that he did not wish to be remembered just for a large building programme. He was concerned to provide a whole education for life suited to the needs of the very varied children in the school. Some criticised him for making the school too academic, others said there were too many children with physical handicaps or learning difficulties. Certainly Jonas found it difficult to turn away any child if he felt Sibford was right for them.

Closer links were formed with other schools in the district both State and Independent. In the village Jonas was well known as Chairman of the Parish Council and a member of the Village Hall Committee.

After retirement Jonas and Marjorie moved to Hook Norton where he continued part-time teaching of individual children in need. With Marjorie he continued to take an active part in the life of Banbury Meeting.

This extract from his report for 1966 sums up the qualities that enriched the lives of so many:

"To bring together a group of individuals with a wide diversity of talents, gifts yes, even handicaps, so that together we may search for a fuller life in a community in which people shall count for what they are rather than for what they have achieved and in which there shall be freedom to make mistakes as well as to succeed and in which with God's help, we may all, young and old, catch a glimpse of the bounds of His kingdom."

From ANNE EVANS (NEE TUCKER) at Sibford 1961-65

"BETTER YOUR BEST"

In 1962 I came face to face with my fourth headteacher (although naturally they had not all been at Sibford). This man was different. He had a respect for his pupils which he actually showed. He made us feel that we really were responsible people who would be the ones to make a success of our lives and of the School. This was not simply a verbal gesture, but deep-founded philosophy.

Jonas' first task was loosely termed 'presentation of self', to which end he insisted upon getting to know pupils individually. His personal interviews were friendly, yet thought provoking and he was astute in suggesting a new sense of direction. He introduced a School Council, a concept widely used by schools today, but a rare honour in the '60s. Through this 'voice' we were given new privileges and willingly undertook new responsibilities. We felt that we were receiving respect as adults, although obviously Jonas held the reins of authority.

In keeping with Jonas' first task was also the 'presentation of School'. We, as pupils, became aware of a fresh and visually exciting environment with major construction work taking place. Old walls were decorated, new facilities provided and The Manor received a 'new look' behind its historic facade. No wonder we were proud to belong to Sibford: unlike many other schools at that time, ours was keeping pace with our concept of the swinging sixties, and our Headmaster was even talking about mixed sixth form accommodation! WOW! We were truly 'comprehensive' while State school comprehensives were still in their infancy.

We are indeed moulded by our educational upbringing. Jonas succeeded in achieving respect for the individual which in turn gave pupils a self respect. He taught us to question ourselves, our philosophies and our motivations. Above all Jonas insisted that we always aimed to "better our best". He believed we could do it, and we showed him that we could.

Thank you Jonas for my beliefs today.

THE KATHARINE HOUSE HOSPICE TRUST

PATRONS:

LORD SAYE AND SELE, YEHUDI MENUHIN,
PAUL EDDINGTON

The Katharine House Hospice Trust has been formed in response to a perceived need for a hospice in the Banbury area.

It is the intention of the trustees to raise sufficient money to build and equip an establishment which would cater for terminally ill patients in surroundings of peace and beauty where life could be lived, and finally end, with true dignity.

The trustees would appoint a suitably experienced person as medical director and sufficient staff to provide continuous nursing and material care.

The hospice would be founded in memory of Katharine Gadsby, a former pupil of Sibford and Banbury Schools and student of The University of Wales, who died of cancer in June 1984 at the age of only twenty.

TRUSTEES

Rev. Jeff Chard, St Hugh's House, Ruskin Road, Banbury.
Neil Gadsby, Rectory Garden, Balscote, Banbury.
Dr. Martin Harris, Talbot Cottage surgery, Hook Norton.
Alan Overton, 125 Ruscote Avenue, Banbury.
John and Lyn Simms, 4 Hook Norton Road, Sibford Ferris.
David and Heather Stewart, High Rock, Sibford Ferris.

Bankers: Yorkshire Bank PLC, 66 High Street, Banbury.

DOROTHY PRIOR 1895 - 1985

Dorothy Prior died peacefully in a nursing home on April 4th, 1985, at the age of 90.

She was a member of the School Staff for nearly thirty years.

Dorothy Prior along with Gladys Burgess and Dorothy Brigham were a legend to many generations of Sibford children and were affectionately known as the 'Big Three'.

Here are their recollections of a much loved friend of Sibford

From GLADYS BURGESS

Dorothy Prior came to Sibford in 1931 from Friends' School, Lisburn, so that when I came in 1933 she was already established on the staff as music mistress. A friendly, outgoing personality, she helped me quickly to feel at home. Her love of fun, her sense of humour, her ability to make friends, made her presence in a boarding school of lively boys and girls a happy influence. Many of her music pupils remember her with gratitude and affection for her patience as a teacher and for their life long love of music.

She shared her musical talent in many school activities especially in dramatic and musical productions. On one occasion she brought the house down by taking the part of the Washerwoman in 'Toad of Toad Hall', owing to the illness of the girl who was cast for the part.

But Dorothy's memory will be especially treasured for her care of the youngest girls. Those who slept in that large Neild dormitory will always remember how they looked to her for motherly care. She gave them a sense of security and of being loved.

I am grateful for her loyalty as a colleague, always ready to shoulder cheerfully any extra duties when and where they were needed.

She was a great support.

Dorothy retired in 1958 after 27 years of dedicated service to Sibford School.

From DOROTHY BRIGHAM

A Friend writing about Dorothy Prior said that, "by her steadfastness, inspiration and joy in dedicated service, she played an unforgettable part in the history of Sibford School". Those of us, former staff and pupils, who knew her well, will endorse this.

Many will remember her chiefly as music mistress. Each term began with beautifully written time tables pinned on the board, one for piano lessons and the other for music practice - real works of art in themselves and models of exact and careful planning. Others will recall with pleasure the recorder lessons (at a time when recorder teaching in schools was in its infancy). One Old Scholar remembers the thrill of being taken, along with others, by Dorothy Prior to play the recorder with similar school groups in the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford before Carl Dolmetsch himself.

She was also a most faithful accompanist of School hymns, carols and plays. The carol service at the end of the Christmas term was always one of the highlights of the year but there was one such service during the War which stands out particularly in my memory. We started off as usual but suddenly we were almost deafened by the drone of many enemy planes passing low overhead on their way to Coventry. However, there was no faltering in our ranks, Dorothy played on fortissimo and the school sang as never before, "Hark! the herald angels sing"!

To the junior girls in Neild dormitory who were her special care she was always a kind, caring consoling mistress with a sense of humour. New parents apprehensively bringing their daughters for the first time, meeting her, went away comforted and reassured.

During the War when there was an air raid warning, the children had to be taken to shelter in various places. Each girl in Neild had to put on her coat, seize a small case containing essentials and follow Dorothy Prior to the shelter of a hedge in a nearby field. After one or two such exploits, the plan was abandoned because the danger of catching a chill was greater than that of the remote possibility of the School being hit. Many in Neild had had such fun with Dorothy Prior under the hedge that they were bitterly disappointed.

She was indeed a Sibford tradition - Many will remember her with personal gratitude.

KATHARINE GADSBY

Katharine Gadsby was at Sibford from 1975 until 1980, a girl of outstanding academic ability and gifted with a rare talent for music. Those who knew her well appreciated the warmth of her personality and her quick sense of humour, but her extreme shyness precluded her from achieving fully that eminence in the school community which could rightly have been hers. Few people who heard her fine performance at General Meeting in 1980 can have suspected what an immense effort of courage and self-control it cost her to perform solo before so large an audience. For several years she was a member of the County Youth Orchestra. From Sibford Kate went on to Banbury School for her A-levels and then to the University of Wales. Her sudden death at the age of 20 after only a few days' illness came as a tragic shock to all who knew her.

DAVID BATTY-SMITH

It is with great sadness that I write this obituary to David who was tragically killed in April when a car in which he was a passenger left the road and hit a tree. He was at Sibford for just two years having joined the fourth form in 1981, and he served as my Head of House in 1982/3. He did not gain a string of academic qualifications but, during his time with us, David gave us much to be thankful for. He was always the champion of the underdog and he showed great understanding for, and sympathy to, any boy who was unhappy or had other troubles. As Head of House he set high standards of honesty and behaviour, and he gained the respect of all his fellows.

When he left Sibford, David went to live at home with his parents in Dorset and he became well known in the village for his ability to recognise when people needed help - one of his main occupations was carrying shopping for the elderly inhabitants! I attended his funeral and I was pleased to see a Church full with David's family and friends. It is indeed a tragedy for one to die so young, but David's memory will remain with me always.

Tony Skeath.

It is with deep thankfulness that we record the lives of the following friends who have passed on:-

BERYL AYLWARD - Renowned teacher, for ever associated with her refusal to involve her pupils in an Empire day parade which she found offensive and was dismissed causing considerable controversy in 1932.

MARGARET BAKER - Ex School Committee for 27 years and her sister **MARY BAKER**. Both these ladies contributed immensely to the quality of life at Sibford. (Who will forget their little magazine entitled 'Wide Awake' warning the young of the perils of alcohol!)

MARGARET BOLTON (nee **WILLIAMSON**) at Sibford 1918-21

MARION BOWLES died April 29th aged 75.

JOHN CLARK Sibford 1916-19 Father of Wendy Dhiel and Diana Burgess

MIRIAM GUEST The much loved former Matron of Holmby House who gave so much of herself to the Sibford community.

BESSIE SECRET (nee **CROKER**) died June, 1985.

JAYNE SEYMOUR (NEE **SABIN**) Who died in 1982 having lived in the West Indies for many years. She was one of S.O.S.A.'s 'giants' from the past, having held many offices including the Presidency 1933-34. She was an Honorary Life Member.

EDITH LAMB REMEMBERED:

The sound of Mrs Lamb's voice could recall for me the village streets, the beech trees, the thatched cottages, the wild flowers, the rounded hills, the lanes and field paths and the streams of my childhood. It brought back too the lovable and very kind woman who never got her ironing finished. She loved reading and she read while the flat irons were heating on the hob. Then she had to read because the irons were too hot and had to cool and she continued to read because, of course, they had to be reheated.

Kenneth Graham, the author of *The Wind In The Willows*, spoke about the herb of "self heal" in his pocket.

It seems to me now, looking back to the days when I went across from the boarding school at Sibford to have tea in the parlour of Orchard Cottage, that Mrs Lamb possessed, throughout her life, the quality of being able to discard the worthless and to cherish the good.

The deep and lasting love which existed between Mrs Lamb and her children and her own particular herb of self heal, which she shared with all who knew her, were her daily sustenance as she progressed to a very great and noble age.

ELIZABETH JOLLEY (nee MONICA KNIGHT) 1934-40

Edith Lamb also produced a booklet of poems entitled 'VIGNETTE OF ENGLISH VERSE'. We have selected one on Elizabeth's recommendation

SPRING ON THE ICKNIELD WAY

As if a February gale
Had piled the drifting snow,
The hedgerows wear a bridal veil
Where fragrant hawthorns blow,
The tall crab-apple lures the bees,
There's blossom on the spindle trees.

Along the grassy track now gleam
Sun dandelions bright,
Star stitchworts and moon-daisies dream
Hour-long in sheer delight,
And bluebells sway and cowslips nod
Where once the Roman warriors trod.

The Icknield Way's the robin's way:
He warns the willow wren,
The chiffchaff and the tit, lest they
A rifled nest find when
That gipsy bird the cuckoo flies,
And, singing, on her neighbours spies.





REUNION ROUNDUP!

On the Photo standing from left to right.

Frank Rollett, Nick Bennett, Margaret Fairnington, William Frazer, Clare Rivers, Eddie Li, Michelle Wright, David Laity, James McIntosh, Mike VanBlankenstein, Diana Lloyd, Marion King, Robert Rose, Chris Wood, Margaret Cox, Guy Kingham, Betty Thelton, Rowena Pugmire, Nancy Pugmire, John Thelton, Sarah Caress, Mark Mercer, Rosalind Pugmire, Vera Rollett, Harold Pugmire, Vera Brown, Reg Brown, David Stiles, Mavis Stiles, John Hughes, Lilian Ward, Margery Wells, Jack Simpson, Andy Finch, Clare Tyrrell, Philip Beckerlegge, Grace Beckerlegge, Pat Grimes, Chris Grimes, Norman Coxon, Mathew Tarring, Paul Johnson, David Smith, Mike Rice, Russell Steed, Jenny McIntosh, Ian Weatherhead, Anne Muir, Amanda Quinton, Letty Quinton, Janet Sewell, Philip Brown, Hedley Quinton, Barbara Quinton, Joe Sewell, Jackie Quinton, Loraine Brown, Ray Bond, Ann Bond, Kay Bohm, John Lloyd, Don Ryan, Jeanne Little, Alan Little, Olive Dalley, Monica Simpson, Harold Rose, Allan Kidney, Barbara Abercrombie, Cecily Blunt, Alison Blunt, Elizabeth Cordiner, Robert Hockley, Mary Mascaro,

seated:- left to right - Vic Butler, Joyce Butler, Elsie Mitchell, Dorothy Dodsworth, Martin Dodsworth, Wendy Bartholomew, Mike Finch, Jim Thelton, Jess Saunderson, Margaret Saunderson, David Saunderson, Leslie Harrison, Philip Manasseh, Janet Manasseh, Jeanne Southam, Jim Graham, Maureen Graham, Ruth Frampton, Paul Frampton, Nick Briggs, Irene Coxon-Smith, Jimmy Darling, Christine Weatherhead,

seated on ground:- Robert Buxton, Peter Goulding, Lucy Cockram, and amongst the children seated on the ground:- Roland Bohm, David Bohm, Harriot Frampton, Charles Frampton, Michael Grimes, Nicola Grimes, Katherine Kidney, Caroline Kidney, Hywell Lloyd, Owen Lloyd, Naomi Cordiner, Martin Cordiner, Trenham Weatherhead, Mary Weatherhead, Richard Weatherhead, Caroline Caress.

Others seen at the reunion:- Derek and Shirley Chowne, Ken and Elizabeth Francis, Kenneth and Robin Greaves, Ray and Margot Guillery, Wendy Holden, Meriel Hunt, Alan and May Jarvis, John and Edith Miller, Ann and Frank Stevenson, Angela Bovill, Bjorg Thomas, Lisa Taylor, Andrew Chowne, Andy and Gill Newbold, Frank Cookson, Bernard Blunsom, Doreen Carman, Marjorie Coxon, Arthur and Margaret Dring, Marjorie Fielding, Arthur and Pam Harrison, May Hockley, Alfred and Sue Holland, Esther Jackson, John and Birdie Long, Kate Long, Tony and Pam Manasseh, Timothy and Andrew Manasseh, Barrie and Sheila Naylor, John and Jean Osborne, Jim and Joan Shields, Constance Phillips, Hugh, Andrea, and Carol Wallis, Bill and Doris White, Pat and Terry Clark, Brian Hooper, Wendy Van Blankenstein.

