

KING'S SCHOOL, SHERBORNE PARK.
EASTER – 1954.

ANNIVERSARY:

My original intention was to write another light-hearted article on lines similar to those you have read on this page before; instead, I am going to write a serious one. I promise I will not do it again. ... I have suddenly realised this is an excellent time for us all to look back on the way we have come for, at the end of this term, King's School will complete its seventh year at Sherborne.

Even after seven years we still have with us a few of the boys who moved, with the School, from Weston-super-Mare – notable your School Captain A. R. Hawkes, whose brilliant academic achievement is detailed on another page; and R. Davis who, as brilliantly on the Cricket-field, after playing for the County Public Schools XI last summer, has earned a trial for the County Team during the coming holidays. Both are only just seventeen years of age; we hope they will go far.

And you still have --- us!! Though we are, perhaps, showing signs of wear and tear at last – and with reason after fourteen years of running this School – because:

IN 1944 – when I was having a long convalescence on the Cotswolds after an operation, we first discovered Sherborne House, looked round it, felt it was the “dream-place” for our School, and began to hope we might move there when the War ended. And. . .

IN 1946 -- the War being over, we came again several times, made much more careful inspection of the House and Grounds, began arrangements with the Lord Sherborne of those days, and started making the first plans. I remember the incredible state of neglect everywhere; the acres of Gardens were so high in weeds that if I had taken one step off any path I should have been completely hidden! But our dream had to come true and, knowing that only the hardest of work can bring true the best of dreams, . . .

IN 1947-- we began the great task on this House that had become no more than walls and a roof (and that a very leaky one!), dirty beyond description, -- It took three women, who still work for us, three months, using thousands of buckets of water, to get the floors alone clean. They told us that they found the place so big and strange, and they so easily became lost, that they laid stones along corridors so that they knew how to come and go. It must have been terribly lonely for them, and probably rather frightening, in the dark winter months.

2.

It was cold, too. The first three months of 1947 was the time of the Great Cold. In early January, when the first heavy snow fell, Sherborne was completely cut off from the outside world for several days. Exciting? – but have you thought of your tummies, and fuel under such circumstances? The snow that was shovelled off the roof was still four feet deep in the Middle Courtyard in June!

Before any work could be begun, every room in the House had to be carefully examined and a list made of every detail – down to the door-knob. — You see why I have to make a ‘fuss’ over the little things, now. Plans had to be made, scores of them, and we spent months constantly thinking and scheming and shaping our “dream” on paper. Then, at last, early in 1947, the builders came in and began to pull down walls and build up others, and on their heels were the joiners, the plumbers, the water engineers, the electricians and the decorators, - a whole army of people busy every hour of the day.

The weeks passed, the months passed; constantly, in the bitter weather, we made the journey backwards and forwards from Weston to Sherborne to examine the progress of the work, to make more plans, to organise everything in more and more detail for the time when the Great Removal was to take place. For we had determined to move the whole School during the Easter Holidays without the waste of any term-time.

You should have seen the Great Hall before that Easter. It was crammed to the ceiling with furniture of all kinds with only narrow pathways to move between; and that was only with furniture we could move before the proper removal began.

Thanks to the help of the boys of those days, everything worked exactly to plan. At Kingsholme we had more than 150 Day-boys; volunteers, in groups under Day-boy Prefects, worked with me helping the removers to dismantle everything and then load the vans. Mrs. Mosey, with the Boarder-Prefects, lived in Sherborne House and received each load as it arrived.

We were blessed in the weather. During all the four weeks of April that composed the “Holiday” there was not one drop of rain. It was a strange sort of life; - at Weston I started with a full house and school which became more and more empty and miserable until my only furniture was packing-cases; at Sherborne Mrs. Mosey started with a house that was empty and miserable but which increasingly became a hive of activity. Every piece of furniture was carefully marked. When each van arrived each item was taken to its place so that, at the end of every day, everything was straight and tidy and ready for the next day’s loads.

Twenty-eight of the largest-sized vans, and a ten ton lorry and trailer, loaded full of furniture at Weston, travelled to

Sherborne – a distance of 80 miles – and were unloaded during those few weeks. By the end of April all was finished. And, on the day the last load was safely in, it began to pour with rain!

On 6th May, 1947 the boys of Kingsholme School, Weston-super-Mare, came back to King's School, Sherborne Park.

Meanwhile the builders, the plumbers, the joiners, the electricians and the painters (I never saw Uncle Tom Cobley) were all hard at work – and they remained hard at work, month after month, term-time and holidays, for almost three years! And so did we. . . . But the School went on; Teams won their matches, boys passed their examinations we all settled down from that first day and gave a good account of ourselves.

I look back and wonder how we overcame all the dreadful difficulties of those early years. Whether we needed a box of screws or a steel girder, a dozen chairs or a set of text-books, one might as well have asked for the face of Big Ben. Our first winter here was very cold and there was no central-heating, but we all managed cheerfully with fires in every room – when we could be fuel! The water-pipes were so old and rotten that we had more than fifty bursts, so we took out all the plumbing and started from the beginning; we put in more than two miles of new piping. You see the War was only just over, everything in confusion and everything terribly scarce: - even to get the materials for the central-heating we had to buy a building from the Government, take it to pieces and then re-assemble all the piping here.

Electric cable and wire came in by the mile and was laid down patiently foot by foot; paint and distemper came in by the ton and was put on carefully brushful by brushful. But every week or two we had the excitement of seeing another room finished and spick and span. And, apart from their interest, the boys of those days were much more careful than you are; they saw the huge labour that was going on around them, they watched the drabness disappear and the Old House become fresh and purposeful and beautiful again; they shared in its re-birth.

They shared, very greatly, in the building of the Swimming Pool as you know from the film I took of that great task. As if all that was going on in the House was not enough they moved 7,500 bricks from the back-yard to the site and prepared them to build the walls; they handled ton after ton of cement to make its base and to put behind its walls; they shovelled and carted and levelled scores of tons of earth. They laboured over the Playing-field removing thousands of tall docks and weeds, tons of stones. – They were as happy as boys could be because they were creating something they knew was good. They worked like heroes. Did you know that only nine weeks after the first excavation was made on the Swimming Pool we were able to swim in it? – That was an achievement!

4.

The Great Lawn was like everything else and its story is amusing. The grass was so tall and thick that no machine could cut it – so we put a fence around it and let 200 sheep eat it or trample it down then, when it was flat, we raked all the dead grass away and went on cutting and rolling it to make it as you know it today.

The Gardens were just the same. The acres of weeds were so thick and so deeply-rooted that every inch of ground had to be dug – by hand – several times to bring back the soil to proper fertility. Yet before little more than a year had passed we had produced all the vegetables we ate, thousands of lettuces for sale, tons of fruit, and scores of thousands of flowers for the House and, of course, for the Markets.

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All this in seven years. A short time; but time is measured by how it is used and in no other way.

It is a record for each of you to ponder. It is a record for each of you to admire because most of those who have been here before you have given of their best. You have eyes, you can see it for yourselves. They have given, and have passed on their way, leaving something good behind them. It was their School, now it is your School. You can do the same.

A school is not made out of walls and roofs, and pipes and paint, and cement and steel; it is made out of dreams, out of determination and courage, out of honest hard work that you continue to do long after you feel so weary you would give any-thing to stop and rest; it is made out of human-beings and their qualities (for each of you has something good to give); most of all it is made out of self-sacrifice, as all good things are made. It is, for you – a boy, what you can make of life itself when you are a man.

Those who have passed this way have done well; see that you do no less.

J.H.M. – K.M.

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BLACK MAGIC
by the 'Man in the Cloak'

In the small room a mysterious rite was being performed. The victim's screams redoubled in his agonies. Close above his head, a white mixture simmered over a flame, giving off a sickly odour. Cupboards, containing curiously shaped bottles, vials and bowls, stood around the walls. A hideous contraption was placed there, like a small gallows. What

horrors it had seen I durst not tell. I heard the gurgle of water, probably coming from some hidden well into which the bodies of victims were cast, to be seen no more by human eye. A fitful light threw gloomy shadows on the gaunt furniture and there, in the foreground, lay someone screaming, his leg bare. A mysterious figure in green was bending over him holding a small, thin object that glittered metallically. Then the cries ceased and the torturer rose to sign the death warrant. I moved forward to see what she wrote, and read:

“Mr. Maw, please excuse ----- from P.T. He has had a splinter in his foot.

Y.Piatt”

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“JULIUS CAESAR”

The authors, A.Hawkes and A.Shelley, deserve much commendation for their version of this great classical tragedy which was certainly neither classic nor tragic. In a series of pantomimical tableaux we followed the rise and fall of Imperious Glynne, who rose again from the depths of his funereal box, up-stage left. Hawkes as Anthony gave a stirring rendering of the hero, who appealed to the hearts of the audience if not to the ears. Shelley, as Brutus, grave and demure, Cayton as Casca, solidly (very) behind him, and Forti as Cassius, hungry but not, this last, leaning too much on the prompter – were exceptionally good in their more cryptic dialogue. Shakespeare, as Mifflin, disclaimed with pale vehemence any relation between this play and his – and said, like Macbeth, he had no hand in the matter. The ghost – was ever a ghost more ghastly – squeaked and gibbered in sheets as all good ghosts should. There was nothing to this part, but it was played with spirit by Huchet. The crowd, both Stephens and Bathurst, spurred on, no doubt, by rash promises of free sago from Brutus, roared in unison, whilst the stout matrons of Rome, played with due decorum by Read and Matthews, gave vent to much indignant chatter. Admittedly they appeared to have been imported from North Britain – Woed unto them; or perhaps the wrong location had been Pict. Threadgold presented the prologue, which though clearly understood, was really Much Ado about Nothing.

Seriously the players are to be congratulated on presenting a true burlesque and on the verve with which they threw themselves into their parts. The costumes were excellently made and lent much local(?) colour to the scenes.

H.C.B-J.

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Irritated member of Staff on putting the same chair back in its place day after day:

“Toujours la meme chaise!”

The chief defect of Mr. Syme
Was an undoubted nose for schoolboy crime.
When Smithkins I – that silly mug
In haste forgot the sink to plug,
Or raised the roof when going to bed,
To the great annoyance of the Head,
Or breached the Rules in any way,
(Which happened many times a day!)
Old “Sleuther” Syme was sure to know
And nab him in – er – ‘flagrante delicto.’
So,
‘Tis passing strange that Form One Pew
Should bring him to his Waterloo.
When Christmas came, this naïve lad,
Without consulting Mum or Dad
Wrote to the firm of Messrs. Wise
For a Sorcerer’s Outfit (junior size)
Full of rare charms and Eastern spells,
A most unholy box of smells!

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So now, when Mr. Syme appears,
His mortar-board is perched on ears
Which in the opinion of his class
Are much more suited to an ass;
And coyly from beneath his gown
peeps forth a tail of donkey brown.

Little John.

HOCKEY

Of last term's unmentioned matches two were won and one was lost.

The Cirencester Grammar School match was won easily 15-0. The next, against Moreton-in-the-Marsh R.A.F., was won by our opponents 5-0. Bunting played especially well at Right Half. The final match of the term, against St. Paul's College at Cheltenham, we won 3-1.

This term we have lost Marshall, last term's Captain, and Right Wing Bathurst. We were sorry to lose Mahin at the beginning of this term as well. Trimby has taken Marshall's position at Right Back, Simpson, Bathurst's position and Forti, Mahin's position and are settling down well.

We could not play the first two fixtures this term because of bad weather. We played our first match against King's School, Gloucester. Our team won a good match 4-0. The next match, against Cirencester Grammar School, was easily won 12-8; and Shipton Oliffe (4-2) and Bourton Vale (4-0) have followed them to defeat. There are still two matches this term and a tournament at Shipton Oliffe during the holidays. Good luck to the team.

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SOCCER

Out of the four remaining matches not reported in last term's magazine, two were won, one drawn and one lost.

Tetbury G.S. beat us 3-4 after we were leading 3-1 at half-time, which, I hope, has taught us not to slacken off until the final whistle. We then drew with Cirencester G.S. 1-1 in a very even contest. An 'A' XI match was played against Witney A.T.C. and we won comfortably after a scrappy game. The Under 16 ½ XI won the last match of the term 4-0 against the Friends School, Sibford, Bathurst scoring 3.

This term, due to bad weather, only two matches have so far been played. One against Chipping Campden G.S. was won 9-2 in muddy conditions and the other was drawn 3-3 against Cirencester G.S. after a very exciting and hard match. Losing 0-3 in the first half, we fought back to score 3 goals and draw level.

A tremendous improvement is to be seen in Falciola's play this term and Davis has played with some success at centre forward. Threadgold now plays right back in place of Wahed, who left last term, and Simpson has taken the vacant position at inside right; both are settling down very well. If the team continues to play as well in the few remaining matches as it did at the beginning of the term, I am sure we shall be most successful.

8.

To settle a long dispute, the English boys played those from abroad on a surprise half-day, and won a very thrilling match 2-1. Goals were scored by Neophyton (born in England) and Davis (by a penalty) for "England"; Macrides replied on behalf of our "Visitors".

M.DELANEY.

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CROSS COUNTRY

The annual Inter-House Cross Country was held with enthusiasm on 9th March. It is a hard course – steep Cotswold hills to climb, wet and heavy.

Junior: Jones, Dickinson and Haymes soon pulled away from the rest of the field to run together over the whole course. Jones led throughout by about five yards, winning finally by about fifteen, and Haymes snatched an inches victory over Dickinson. Sainsbury 1 was a good 4th.

Intermediate: Gadd won handsomely, and obviously, from the start. Morley held 2nd place till he missed a turning, and Benger eventually finished 2nd, followed home by Stead finishing strongly. Among new boys Arias ran well to finish 7th.

Senior: Allen 1, Bunting, Huchet, Falciola, Pearson and Macrides contested the lead closely for much of the race, Macrides finally pulling away to win easily by fifty yards from Allen, the dark horse of the race, with Pearson 3rd. Pfingstl ran with a large thorn in his foot and did excellently to come 13th, and Bunting who only just made the senior classification finished a good 6th.

The overall House results were:

	Eddington-Ross	Grenfell-Lister
Junior	121	90
Intermediate	340	265
Senior	703	718

Mourtouvanis broke a fence, Mr. Mosey took a film, and all competitors enjoyed the weir.

A.M.

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"They have to go round the copse"

"They can't, there's only one policeman in Sherborne".

"Ah, it is what one might call a 'tour de force'".

Overheard during the cross country.

FOR THE RECORD

An outstanding achievement.

A. R. HAWKES: School Captain and intellectual, merited his truly magnificent G.C.E. result in the July examinations last year. His average marks in the seven subjects he took at Ordinary Level were 50% higher than the "pass" mark. He also took English and History at Advanced Level (equivalent to the old Higher School Certificate and normally a two-year course after a boy has passed Ordinary Level G.C.E.), and was successful in both.

He did all this at the age of 16 ½.

He is trying for a Scholarship in the July examination this year and we wish him every success.

Congratulations to:

R. DAVIS : on his achievement, and promise, in 1st Class Cricket.

JONES :
GADD : on their fine Cross-Country running.
MACRIDES :

DELANEY : on becoming Captain of Hockey as well as of Football and Cricket.

JUDD : artist – on having his second cover-design accepted for this publication.

GRENFELL-LISTER HOUSE "BRAINS TRUST": on snatching a 3 point victory in an Inter-House General Knowledge "Quiz".

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WINTER

In the sky dances playful the white flake;
After the long jaunt, lays itself on the soil exhausted.
It gives to everything another shape.
Nobody speaks of it with hatred.

On the country the silence is high;
The last blackbird flying through the nipping air,
Startles with gloomy countenance the coming night.
On the hill, the pinewood bows, under the wind-thrashing head.

In the village streets resound the paces of the last passer-by.
The housewife appears chilly on her doorstep
And after having looked sadly in the bitumen-black sky,
Shuts the door on the night with a creaking of iron.

D.FALCIOLA – VB.

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE

Some of the best architecture on earth is to be found in the most unlikely places, as, for example, the Byzantine architecture in Constantinople (the old name for Istanbul), which was captured by the Byzantines in the 5th century where they built many famous structures and that most famous of all, the Church of St. Sophia which has now been turned into a Moslem mosque.

Saint Sophia is in the centre of four high towers which rivet earth to heaven. St. Sophia is an octagonal building and is based on the basilica of the Roman Temples, but influenced by oriental forms. It has a very large central dome above several small ones. St. Sophia is supported by arches rather than pillars. It has brilliantly coloured mosaics and inlay-veined marble columns with rich intricate pillars supporting vaults and arches, and with all this it has no exterior decoration. The building itself is so beautiful that it cannot be forgotten once seen. The view of the Bosphorus from the Byzantine walls and St. Sophia makes a visit really worthwhile.

E.J.ESKENAZI – IVA.

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SUMMER

The wind doth blow from East to North;
Where people ride upon a horse.
But never fear and never care
The birds are singing in the air.

The brook meanders up and down
Where people often go to town.
This shopkeepers are there we're told
And some are young and some are old.

The nights are short and days are long
The summer air is filled with song.
The sunset on the hill you see
Is always there for you and me.

H.READ – IVB.

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The idea of them (Masters) is to make you appreciate your parents more.

HAWKEY – IVA.

If you were given Chippendale what would you have?

Cheese!

GADD – IVA

I can get up at 6 if I want to and not mind at all, or I can get up at 8 and not mind at all.
But I cannot get up between these times.

From "On getting up" MOORE 2 - IVA