



The Shastonian

THE SHAFTESBURY

Grammar School Magazine

1983

B. S. BATES : STAFF 1951-1976

At the end of the week when this magazine was sent to the printers the sad news arrived of the death of Mr. B. S. Bates, after a mercifully short illness, on Sunday, 24th April.

'George', as he became affectionately known to everyone connected with Shaftesbury Grammar School, was born in Somerset and educated at Taunton School and Bristol University, where he studied Classics, captained the Rugby XV and was President of the Student Union. His first teaching post was at Tynemouth School and there he made friendships that lasted his life-time. While in the north, before the war, he played first class club rugby for Percy Park and he was selected for the Northumberland County side.

In 1951, Mr. R. B. Minchin appointed 'George' to teach Latin here at the Grammar School and to be senior resident master in the boarding house. Latin is a difficult subject to teach and keep boys' interest sustained but 'George' used skill, good humour and enthusiasm in the class room to impart his love of words and their meanings as well as Latin grammar to his pupils. His contributions to School life outside the classroom, to rugby, to cricket and to various clubs are recognized elsewhere in this magazine and will be remembered gratefully by numerous Old Boys. For twenty-five years he faithfully served three headmasters, influenced beneficially several generations of boys and worked in harmony with the members of the staff, both teaching and domestic, who all valued his friendship.

The funeral service in Taunton was attended by his family, his many friends and former colleagues, including the Commanding Officer of the Anti-Tank Battery, Royal Artillery, in which 'George' served during the war, taking part in all the campaigns from Normandy to Holland, where he was wounded. Mention was made, in the moving tribute to him, of his loyalty and courage and of the great quality he possessed for knowing the men, their families, their hopes, their fears, better than any other officer in the Battery.

'George' Bates was a man of the highest integrity. Duty and sincerity were the foundations of his life and character, but his personality was suffused with a wonderful sense of humour and he had an infinite capacity for friendship. He was a fine schoolmaster, who will be remembered with affection by his former colleagues and by a large number of Old Boys. We all mourn his passing and extend to his family our deep sympathy.

F.C.H.

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F.C.H.

THE SHASTONIAN, 1981/83

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CONTENTS

Headmaster's Notes	2	Societies and Activities	41
Staff Notes	6	Rugby	46
Head Boy's Notes	7	Squash	51
Brian Crowther	8	Table Tennis	52
Mrs. D. Daltry	9	Soccer	53
Salvete, etc.	10	Cross-country	55
G.C.E. Results	13	Cricket	56
Prize Givings	15	Tennis	59
Science at S.G.S.	18	Athletics	59
Chapel	20	Swimming	60
Parents' Association	23	Old Boys and Staff Look Back	61
Music	25	Falklands	77
Drama	26	Old Shastonian Club	87
Trips, Visits, etc.	31		

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DO NOT FORGET - IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS, PLEASE LET THE HON. SECRETARY KNOW

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EDITORIAL

"The Shastonian" has never been a very grand school magazine. It has flirted with literary contributions and art work when funds have permitted; but its limited purpose has been to give a brief account of the School's affairs during the previous twelve months or so, in the words of staff, Old Boys and pupils.

If anyone will value "The Shastonian", it will be because of its record of the past. Reading previous issues is one way to be reminded of people and events that have slipped out of one's memory. For that reason I hope that our collection of bound volumes of "The Shastonian", brought up to date, will find a place in the new Shaftesbury School Library.

This final edition records as much as possible of the last two years of Shaftesbury Grammar School's existence. Also, it tries through the jottings of staff and Old Boys, ancient and more recent, to give some flavour of what S.G.S. has meant to so many people.

Even if nostalgia is not to your taste, remember Confucius: "Study the past, if you would divine the future".

P.J.R.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

(During Autumn 1982/Spring 1983, Mr. Hopton has been Headmaster while Mr. de Groot has been involved with the re-organisation programme)

This academic year 1982-1983 is a year of "last events". The last rugby season for Shaftesbury Grammar School; the last joint carol service with the High School; the last cross country race; the last soccer and cricket seasons; the last issue of The Shastonian; the last summer examinations; the last reports - and then, on 22nd July 1983, the last breaking-up service in the School Chapel.

There will be other rugby, soccer and cricket seasons, other examinations and reports, other breaking-up services, but not for Shaftesbury Grammar School. An era is coming to an end.

To live in such a period of "last events" stirs the memories of all that great company of "Shastonians" - staff, former staff, boys, Old Boys. Mr. L. J. Cole's and Mr. G. Scalbert's memories go back to 1927 and 1928, when these two former members of staff were first appointed. In those days Dr. Tovey was Headmaster and cricket was king, as it continued to be in the Headmastership of Bob Minchin. What memories Len Cole and Geoff Scalbert have, along with several generations of Old Boys, of fixtures at home and away, of cricket tours by a staff and boys XI during the summer holidays; memories of the day Bob Minchin made a double century on the School Field; the centuries scored by Chris Janes, Robert Barnes, Jose Romanillos, Philip Calcott; and the day Mike Doggrell took 4 wickets in 4 balls; and, more recently, the day Justin Macassey closed the Old Boys' innings with a hat trick.

George Bates and I arrived together in Shaftesbury in September 1951 and it was George who revived Rugby in the School. The first pitches were on a field to the right of the Salisbury Road beyond the Half Moon Inn. Bunny Bayliss brought down from Ashmore, on top of his Austin 7 car, young fir trees cut out of the woods and these were our first rugby posts. The School has produced a Cambridge "blue", Tony Rodgers, who also represented England as an under-23 International, but it has also produced many players over the years who have represented the County and the South of England, besides countless numbers of club players who have all enjoyed their rugby and who are all aware of the debt of gratitude they owe to the efforts of the staff who taught them the game. George Bates and Brian Brooks stand pre-eminent in the list, but in addition Peter Davey, David Payne, Mike Webber, Peter Nicolson, Phil Jacques, Peter Fay, Andrew Nunn, William Ridding, Clive Gregory. Some of these members of staff and former members of staff have served the game of Rugby in Shaftesbury Grammar School for more than twenty years, some only for a few years, but all gave their time and energy to pass on their skills.

Soccer has its memories too for Old Boys and for the staff who organised the Club games, refereed the fixtures and coached many boys to win places in County XI's. Len Cole, Tony Williams and, for the last 20 years, Mike Webber are the names to be remembered in the history of soccer at the Grammar School.

Athletics as a sport has developed greatly since 1960 through the efforts of Brian Brooks and, latterly, of Peter Fay. There have been memorable Sports Days in brilliant sunshine and others on cold, showery days, but the Sports Day itself is merely the tip of the iceberg of athletic activity in the Summer Term. Brian Brooks began and Peter Fay has continued the practice of giving every boy in the School the opportunity of competing in heats and winning awards given by the A.A.A. for achievements in various events. So the actual Sports Day is really the culmination of a long season of heats and training.

For a few the dedication to athletics has resulted in high achievements. R.C.B. Robinson won a "half blue" at Cambridge; Karl Lawton became an international long distance walker; several boys have become Dorset School's champions in their events and a few have won their way to the All-England Championships - for example, David Marsh, Max Robertson and Stephen Wood, and Gregory Shaw, who has run in the All England Cross Country Championships.

It has for long been the aim of the sports staff to ensure that every boy in the School learns how to swim and many Old Boys will recall the icy waters of the Shaftesbury Swimming Bath when it had been freshly filled or, alternatively, the tepid, green waters when it was overdue for refilling. But in recent years swimming has been transferred to the Gillingham pool or to another privately owned, but heated, bath in Shaftesbury. Then over and above this many boys have been coached further to take the A.S.A. Personal Survival awards and the Royal Life Saving Society Bronze Medallion.

There will be many memories too of School dramatic productions and what a variety there has been! Geoff Scalbert for many years produced

farces and comedies to be followed as a producer by Norman Wescott, an Old Boy, until Brian Brooks began his long term as producer of a different sort of play : The Government Inspector, Man for all Seasons, The Roses of Eyam, London Assurance, The Captain of Kopenick and Wild Oats.

And then there were the three phases of Gilbert and Sullivan productions, which brought so much pleasure : the first with Gordon Hartless, music master in the 1950's, putting on The Pirates of Penzance, The Gondoliers and The Mikado; followed in the 1960's by George Sutton with The Pirates of Penzance, Nick Hancock and Brian Brooks with H.M.S. Pinafore; and then Roger Wickson and Alan Gardner with The Mikado and Iolanthe in the 1970's. One feature of these productions should be noted. Until 1969 School plays and operas were always cast entirely by boys but for H.M.S. Pinafore the High School provided girls for the leading roles although the chorus of cousins and aunts still consisted of junior boys. This co-operation with the High School has been extended in drama and music and widened yet again to include Christy's School as well, because Roger Wickson's Gilbert and Sullivan productions involved the staffs and pupils of all three secondary schools in Shaftesbury.

The Cadet Corps was a very important part of Grammar School life from 1915 until it was "axed" by the Government in 1964. In pre-war days the Grammar School Corps won the King's Shield for miniature shooting in 1938 and then in 1946 and 1948 won the Watts Bowl at Bisley for full-bore shooting in open competition with all cadet forces in the country. Generations of Old Boys will remember General Inspections on the School Field and have memories of Cadet Force summer camps and the Band. Who was it in the 1950's who composed a jazzy bugle call rag for the Corps to march to and so livened up a Mayor's Sunday parade in Shaftesbury? and is it true that the mace was once dropped in the High Street by an ambitious Drum Major? Old Boys will be conscious of the years of service to the Corps by Major W. Ramshaw until 1939 and Colonel L.P.V. Veale until 1964, with the assistance of Graham Johnstone, Graham Hough and Mike Webber during the last ten years of the Corps' existence.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme was introduced into the School in part to fill the gap left by the ending of the Corps. Mike Webber worked tirelessly for the Scheme within the School and within North Dorset as the Area Secretary.

Games, drama, the Corps and the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme amount to the principal features of social life outside the class room but there have always been other activities which have flourished : table tennis, squash, angling, tennis; at one time there was a Young Farmers' Club; a Debating Society, which has been transformed into a VI Form Discussion Group; a Modelling Club, a War Games Club - lately revived; a Bridge Club, a Chess Club and in the last ten years there

have been skiing holidays and exchange visits to Brionne. There have been a Subbuteo Club, a Natural History Club, a Make-up Club; there was George Bates's Junior Debating Society which met regularly on Friday evenings and his Gardening Club; the Film Club, the Railway Society, various School 'pop' groups; the Stamp Club, the Aquarium Club, Judo, Darts, Road Safety Competitions, Rotary Public Speaking Competitions.

Old Boys will have happy memories of all these as well as memories of footpath clearing and the restoration of St. John's Churchyard under the leadership of Mr. Simmonds, badger watching with Mr. Rolfe and angling holidays with him in Ireland and at Throop, singing Evensong in Salisbury and Exeter Cathedrals, visits to London and more than one hundred theatre visits in the last twenty years.

However, it is as an academic institution that the Grammar School will also be judged and remembered. It would be a satisfying, and I think, probably a flattering exercise to go through the records of performances in public examinations in order to provide statistics of achievement in both A. and O. level since 1951, when the present G.C.E. examination system was introduced, but time is too short for such a long piece of research. Yet a merely cursory comparison shows a great increase in the number of boys in the VIth Form, and of course successes at A. level do rest upon worthwhile successes at O. level. In 1953 six boys took A. level examinations, in 1955, ten; in 1959, fifteen; in 1964, seventeen; in 1972, thirty; in 1976, twenty one; in 1982, thirty one.

At this juncture I should like to pay tribute to the unfailing help and co-operation of the High School, because for many years now A. level teaching has been shared between the staffs of the two schools. The VIth Formers have had the disadvantage of doing most of the walking between the schools for lessons (often, it seems, in wet weather), but the over-all advantages have proved beneficial to everyone concerned.

The number of VIth Form boys going on to Universities and Polytechnics has increased in proportion with the number of A level candidates and it includes a very respectable list of Oxford and Cambridge entrants and, indeed, award winners.

But it would be a mistake to judge the success of a School solely on the number of university entrances. Many successful A. level candidates prefer to enter the Army, the R.A.F., the R.N., or one of the professions, rather than go straight from school to Higher Education. And we have had hundreds of Old Boys who left straightaway after taking O levels and who have gone on to make successful careers in commerce, engineering, farming, banking, insurance, the police force, the merchant navy, or who have in fact started their own businesses.

Each boy has made his contribution, large or small, to the life of the School and all are remembered as members of the great company of Shastonians; for the Headmasters and staff everybody counted individually as in a family. This is my abiding impression of

Shaftesbury Grammar School. The family spirit explains in part the loyalty and affection of our Old Boys for the School and the success of their Club with its membership of over 900.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new"; that is the condition of human existence. The original Blue Coat School of William Lush's foundation in 1718 was re-moulded into the Grammar School, in new buildings, on a new site. Now the Grammar School is to be part of a reorganisation which will create Shaftesbury School. In time this new school will establish its own patterns of excellence and its own traditions. It will engender loyalty and affection among former pupils to match that existing for the old Grammar School.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

F.C.H.

STAFF NOTES

The end of the year will bring many changes, welcome and unwelcome, and these notes are inevitably flavoured by that prospect.

Mr. John Stateczny - for several weeks known as "Mr. Man" - has replaced Mrs. Dyson, teaching History and English. Not only has he been a tower of strength in the boarding house, sadly understaffed after Mr. Protheroe escaped into "civvy street"; he has also acted as tutor and Director of Studies for three Christy's girls who stayed on there for a sixth year and who have been taught partly here, partly at Christy's and partly at the High School. We hope the experience will have benefited them and helped Mr. Stateczny to a rewarding post after his year here.

Meanwhile, the rest of us await the future with a mixture of emotions. We do our best to make sure that those who are our pupils are now as stretched and challenged academically as they have always been. At the same time we are preparing for the tasks awaiting us in a few months' time : courses demand our attention and old ideas must give way to new.

Neither Mr. Protheroe nor M. Renaudo will be with us in the Upper School, though the latter will not be far away, in charge of French at the new Middle School. Both have made important contributions to Shaftesbury Grammar School, Mr. Protheroe in the Chapel and boarding house and M. Renaudo in the teaching of his own language and the large part he has played in School journeys abroad.

Three other very familiar faces will certainly be absent from the new style staff conferences in the Upper School : Brian Brooks', "Doc" Strawbridge's and Frank Hopton's.

Sadly missed will be the drive and commitment of Brian Brooks, a man generous beyond measure with his help and energy. Generations of actors, rugby players and mathematicians will remember him, and his colleagues will miss his unselfish enthusiasm. "Doc" Strawbridge's departure will rob the School of a unique character. A man of impressive academic qualification, he has worn his learning lightly. Not only has he inspired the admiration and gratitude of many budding physicists. He has affected us all by his Dorset wisdom; his outbursts against folly, inefficiency and hypocrisy in politics and education; his devotion to the job he came to relatively late in life; his wholehearted enjoyment of a good joke. May he lead the laughter in many a School Play audience for many years to come!

Lastly, Frank Hopton. After twenty years of his company I cannot imagine the School without him, but it is an idea we all will have to get used to. Frank has done much, much more than teach History, though that he has done supremely well. Much of the burden of running the School during Mr. Crowther's illness fell upon Frank's shoulders; he was very much the mentor during Mr. Wickson's years here; and this year he has acted as Headmaster while Mr. de Groot has been so fully involved in the establishment of the new school. I suspect that he would not have been unhappy to have taught History in his unique way until the end of his career, but he has risen to all the new challenges of his senior posts in a way that perhaps no-one else could have done. His conscientiousness, tolerance, good humour, modesty and wisdom have been an inspiration to us all. Pupils and ex-pupils always talk of him with admiration and affection, remembering his love of learning and the anecdotal lessons which showed him to be no narrow-minded pedant. His colleagues know him to have been a professional in the best sense of the word - and a good friend to us all.

P.J.R.

HEAD BOY'S NOTES

This year has been an interesting one for me as Head of School. It has been a difficult period as we move towards re-organisation. The change has been pending for some years; now it has finally arrived. There has been a conscious effort by all concerned to make this last year as a grammar school a memorable one.

The beginning of the year was notable for the popular decision to make Mr. Hopton Acting Headmaster for at least two terms. We all owe a great debt to him.

So far there have been no catastrophes, though the tree falling on the third form room came close to being one. The prefects have worked well to maintain the often unnoticed efficiency of the School - other sixth formers, too, have contributed by helping with Chapel readings and other duties.

The Old Boys' Annual Dinner was very well attended this year and we were not disappointed by either the Grosvenor's hospitality or the speeches; Mr. Cordery, Mr. Bates and Mr. Hopton all entertained us with their reminiscences and seemed optimistic about the future.

My career at the Grammar School has been both varied and enjoyable. At first the days plodded by; now suddenly A-Levels are upon me.

This year marks the end of one era and the start of another. It will be a valuable experience for those who can compare the two. But whatever the situation we find ourselves in, "Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."

J. Cox

BRIAN CROWTHER : HEADMASTER 1958 - 1977

The sad news arrived in the last week of the summer term of the death of Brian Crowther. He had been Headmaster for not quite twenty years, during which time his foresight brought about many changes in the School to improve every aspect of life here: two new Chemistry laboratories, one for A. level teaching, and a Chemistry preparation room were built; the old Fives Courts were converted into Squash Courts; a new Library was created out of the old one; the former St. Rumbold's Church was acquired to become the School Chapel; the former Church Hall was converted into a Biology Laboratory; five day rooms were established for boarders and some studies for senior boys; a new toilet block was built to replace the 19th Century sanitary arrangements which were previously in use. He founded the Parents' Association, and he always maintained the happiest of relations with the Old Boys' Club.

Brian Crowther was a Headmaster who aimed at high academic standards and during his headmastership the size of the VIth Form and the number of university and college entrances increased dramatically. He was a Headmaster of rare sympathy, always actively concerned for his boys and his staff. In times of personal difficulty, such as bereavement or family illness, both he and Mrs. Crowther were a source of strength and practical help, for which many of us have been grateful, and he was a man of great courage, who resolutely undertook his duties during the continuing ill health he endured in his last few years before retirement.

A memorial service was held in the School Chapel on Sunday 26th September, attended by a congregation of over 130, made up of governors, staff, domestic staff, Old Boys, parents and former parents.

A most graceful and sincere tribute by Canon R. G. Chaffey Moore expressed for us all our sense of loss. The great company of Shastonians everywhere unite in extending condolences to Mrs. Crowther.

F.C.H.

MRS. D. DALTRY

Mrs. Doreen Daltry took up her duties as School Secretary in September 1956, but now, Mrs. "D", or "D" as she is affectionately known to so many, will be retiring in July 1983 after twenty-seven years of devoted service to the Grammar School.

But Mrs. Daltry did not just serve an institution; she helped people. Over the years she helped four Headmasters, all the staff, hundreds of boys, the governors during the time she was their secretary, and the parents - and she helped us all, not just occasionally but day in, day out, always calm, always friendly, always willing. Nothing has ever been too much trouble for "D". She has never said "No", to any requests for her help, even when the requests were made at moments inconvenient to herself. If Mrs. "D" was interrupted by the phone or by a knock at the door when she was adding a column of figures, she never showed impatience, let alone annoyance. She dealt with the request and then returned to her accounts.

For Mrs. Daltry has been in effect far more than a School Secretary: she has been the bursar, dealing with the financial side of School life, as well as being the typist and the administrative assistant who dealt with the County and the G.C.E. entries.

Mrs. Daltry will be greatly missed and I venture to predict that in future it will take two people, if not three, to perform the work she has done so admirably for so many years. I know she is taking with her into retirement many happy memories of life at Shaftesbury Grammar School - along with the gratitude of staff, boys, parents and governors and our combined good wishes for her future happiness.

F.C.H.

SALVETE ET VALETE

AUTUMN TERM, 1981

Prefects: J.M. Brett (Head of School); M. Sutton (Head Boarder);
B. Davison, A. Dowell, D. Hiscock, R. Juett, N. Pragnell,
P. Riley, A. Selwood, D. Silvey.

Salvete

<u>Corinthians</u>	<u>Romans</u>	<u>Spartans</u>	<u>Trojans</u>
J. Beale	G. Burton	R. Jussa	S. Higson
G. Hunt	R. Pitman	J. Jussa	M. Bacon
M. Baronne	J. Blamey	I. Lane	I. Axton
P. Brine	P. Chapman	D. Maber	J. Baron
P. Cadmore	R. Eaglestone	J. Moore	D. Brock
J. Gosling	I. Girling	E. Shute	A. Pocock
G. Pitman	C. Goodman	M. Sturgess	A. Pyrke
T. Sawtell	T. Whitfield	C. Wareham	S. Randall
		S. Brown	D. Westley

House Captains

J. Cash	N. Pragnell	L. Symons	M. Sutton
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SUMMER TERM, 1982

Valete

J. Barrett	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1974. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
J. M. Brett	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1979. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Head of School.
J. D. Cash	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Corinthians' House Captain. House Colours. Rugby 1980, 1981. Football-1980, 1981, 1982. Captain. Cricket 1981, 1982.
M. Cross	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
T. R. Cummins	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1980. A. Level 1982.
A.R.Cunningham	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. House Colours. Rugby 1981.
B. G. Davison	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. House Colours. Prefect.
A. Dowell	U.VI Science	Entered Summer Term 1977. O. Level. A. Level 1982. Prefect.
J. S. Elsworth	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
L. J. Fanner	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
D. A. Fell	U.VI Science	Entered Spring Term 1978. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Rugby 1980, 1981.
A. J. Fox	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
R. Fressanges	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
D. Hiscock	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. House Colours. Prefect. Rugby 1981.

R. A. Juett	U.VI Science	Entered Spring Term 1978. O Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Prefect.
P. M. Kitching	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
C. J. Laing	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Rugby 1980, 1981: Captain 1981. Football 1980, 1981, 1982.
R. Letts	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
W. M. Lundqvist	U.VI Science	Entered Spring Term 1977. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Rugby 1981. Football 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982. Cricket 1982.
D. J. Marsh	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Rugby 1980, 1981. Football 1980, 1981, 1982. Cricket 1981. North Dorset All-England Athlete..
D. P. Marshall	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
S. A. Maclaren	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
J. Perry	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. House Colours. Rugby 1981. Football 1982.
N.D. Pragnell	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Romans' House Captain. House Colours. Prefect. Rugby 1980, 1981. 1982.
P. Riley	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Prefect.
M.W. Robinson	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
G. Sage	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982.
A. Selwood	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Prefect. Rugby 1981.
D. Silvey	U.VI Science	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Prefect.
M.A. Sutton	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1976. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Head Boarder. Trojans' House Captain. House Colours. Rugby 1981. Football 1981, 1982, Cricket 1982. Tennis.
L. Symons	U.VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1975. O. Level 1980. A. Level 1982. Spartans' House Captain. House Colours. Rugby 1979, 1980, 1981. Football 1981.
W. L. Gay	Lr. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1978. O. Level 1981.
M. S. Greenhall	Lr. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1976. O. Level 1981.
S. Humberstone	Lr. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1976. O. Level 1981.
A. J. Squire	Lr. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1976. O. Level 1981.
R. Avery	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1978. O. Level 1982.
R. M. Axton	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
S. T. Bradley	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
M. A. Brine	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
P. D. Clarke	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
A. S. Jones	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
M. D. Kelson	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
A. Lanham	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
L. Romanillos	VA	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982. Football 1982. Cricket 1980, 1981, 1982. Dorset Cricket.

M. G. Drake	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
M. G. Duckworth	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
K.D.Eaglestone	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1978. O. Level 1982.
K. D. Goodman	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
P. Harding	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1979. O. Level 1982.
A. J. Hunt	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
M. Ritchie	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1978. O. Level 1982.
K. Symons	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
R. Thompson	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1980. O. Level 1982.
K. Wall.	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1979. O. Level 1982. Cricket 1982.
D. Walker	VB	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982. Rugby 1981. Football 1982. Cricket 1982. North Dorset Rugby.
R. Pitman	IIIA	Entered Autumn Term 1981.
I. M. Morris	IIA	Entered Autumn Term 1982
H. J. Harley	IIB	Entered Autumn Term 1980.
J. Blamey	I	Entered Autumn Term 1981.
D. Maber	I	Entered Autumn Term 1981.

AUTUMN TERM, 1982

Prefects: J.R.D. Cox (Head of School); S.J. Lancaster (Senior Boarder);
A.J. Ellen, P.E. Johnson, J.D. Lipscombe, D.J. Thrussell, W.J.D. Woodrow.

Salvete

<u>Corinthians</u>	<u>Romans</u>	<u>Spartans</u>	<u>Trojans</u>
J. McGowan	A. Gray	N. Jacobs	J. Thompson
M. Riley	G. Smart	J. Brice	I. Brown
J. Veysey	M. Smart	J. Savory	C. Palmer
J. Weeks	T. Morgan	A. Brown	R. Mullins
C. Hewitson	M. Wareham	J. Birch	D. Kosa
N. Crane	J. Flateau	M. Miller	A. Brock
R. Gwillim	R. Chillcott	K. Jacobs	T. Phillips
D. Dunn	A. Clapson	D. Worn	L. Goldsmith
M. Keenan	O. Ward	N. Young	R. Fookes
C. Manderson	M. Brunton	R. Brooks	N. Geddes
	D. Findlay Wilson		
	W. Crook.		

House Captains

R. Muddimer.	J. Lipscombe	P. Johnson	R. Larcombe
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Valete

J. R. Calcott	L. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982. Head Librarian. Rugby 1981. Football 1982. Cricket 1981, 1982. North Dorset Rugby.
M. A. Cooper	L. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
K. Fogg	L. VI Arts	Entered Summer Term 1979. O. Level 1982. Cricket 1982.
P. Steele	L. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1978. O. Level 1982.
S. C. Thomas	L. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1978. O. Level 1982.
R. M. Williams	L. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982.
J. A. Wrench	L. VI Arts	Entered Autumn Term 1977. O. Level 1982. Cricket 1982.

SPRING TERM, 1983

Salvete

S. Murphy, S. Flanagan.

G. C. E. RESULTS

NOVEMBER 1981

ORDINARY LEVEL (Grade A, B or C)

The following boys added subjects to Certificates already gained:
G.R.N.Cooper: f. W.L.Gay: m; p; b. M.S. Greenhall: h. S. J. Humberstone: el; h. S. J. Lancaster: g. J. D. Lipscombe: p. A. Squire: el; m.

The following passed in Mathematics: M.H. Antell; R.M.Axton; S.T. Bradley; M.A.Brine; P.D. Clarke; M.A. Cole; T.A. Cowley; C.C. Davidson; J.M.Debnam; R.M. Dicks; M.P.Dobbs; J.E. Dobson; R.L. Fawn; A.S.Jones; M.D. Kelson; A.G. Lanham; A.R.F. MacDonald; G.T. Needham-Clark; J.A. Pickard; L.M. Romanillos; C.B. Saynor; G. N.Shaw; I.N.D. Spence; R.M. Williams.

The following passed in Human Biology: M.H.Antell; R.M. Axton; M.A.Cole; T.A. Cowley; C.C. Davidson; R.M. Dicks; J.E. Dobson; R.L. Fawn; J.P. Gonoude; K.D. Goodman; A.S. Jones; M.D. Kelson; A.G. Lanham; A.R.F. MacDonald; G.T. Needham-Clarke; J.A. Pickard; L.M. Romanillos; C.B. Saynor; G.N.Shaw; P.J. Steele; K.J. Thomas.

JUNE 1982

ADVANCED LEVEL (small letters indicate O. Level-passes)

J. Barrett: M; p. J.M. Brett: M; FM; P. J.D. Cash: E; H; M. M. Cross: E; ES; H; HS; F. T.R. Cunningham: M; P; C. B.G. Davison: h; G; A. A. Dowell: C; B; BS. J.S. Elsworth: H; G; M. L.J. Fanner: g. D.A. Fell: g; B. A.J. Fox: E; G; B; mus. R.G. Fressanges: E; L; M. D.R. Hiscock: P; C; B. R.A. Juett: M; P; C. P.M. Kitching: H; G; F. C.J. Laing: g. R.C. Letts: E; H; G. W.L. Lundqvist: M. S.A. MacLaren: E; G; b. D.J. Marsh: p; C. D.P. Marshall: g; M; FM. J.D. Perry: C; B. N.D. Pragnell: H; G. P.C. Riley: e; H; F. M.W. Robinson: M; FM; P. G.S. Sage: g; M. J.A. Selwood: G; M; P. D.B. Silvey: M; FM; P; C. M.A. Sutton: h; G. L. Symons: e; g.

AO LEVEL (Grade A, B or C)

P.R. Collis: adm; adc. G.R.N. Cooper: adm. A.J. Ellen: fes. M.S. Greenhall: fes. R.H. Jussa: fes. J.R., Lane: adm. R.J. Larcombe: adm. S.J. Marks: adm. M.P. Stevens: adm. P. Virgo: adm. M.J. White: adm. W.J.D. Woodrow: adm; fes.

ORDINARY LEVEL (Grade A, B or C)

M.H.Antell: el; h; g; p; c; b. R.J.Avery: el; el; epa; m; hb. R.M.Axton: el; el; g; f; p. S.T. Bradley: el; el; g; f; p; c. M.A. Brine: el; hb. D.M. Burd: el; a. D.L. Burton: el; hb. J.R. Calcott: el; el; g; a. P.D. Clark: el; el; h; g; f; p; c; b. M.A. Cole: el; el; h; g; f; p; b. M.A. Cooper: el; el. T.A. Cowley: el; g; p; c; b. C.C. Davidson: el; el; h; g; f; p; c; b. J.M. Debnam: el; el; h; g; f; p; b. R.M. Dicks: el; el; h; g; f; gn; p; b. M.P. Dobbs: el; el; h; g; epa; p; b. J.E. Dodson: el; el; b. M.G. Drake: el; el; m; hb. M.G. Duckworth: el; f. K.D. Eaglestone: el; el; m. R.L. Fawn: el; el; h; g; f; p; c; b. P.J. Field: el; m; mus. K.M. Fogg: el; el; epa. J.P. Gonoude: el; el; g; epa; m; b. K.D. Goodman: el; el; g. P.R. Harding: el; el; h; g; epa. A.J. Hunt: el; el. A.S. Jones: el; el; h; g; epa; p; c. R.S.L. Jones: el; el; h; g; p; c; b. M.D. Kelson: el; el; h; g; p; c; b. A.G. Lanham: el; el; h; g; epa. A.R.F. MacDonald: el; el; h; g; p; c; b. G.R. Needham-Clark: el; el; g; f; c; b. J.A. Pickard: el; el; h; g; e; f; gn; b.

M.S. Ritchie: el; elit. L.M. Romanillos: el; elit; h; g; f.
 C.B. Saynor: el; elit; h; g; epa; e; f; b. G.N. Shaw: el; elit; h; g;
 f; p; c; b. I.N. de A. Spence: el; elit; h; g; epa; f; p; b.
 P.J. Steele: el; m; b. K.J. Thomas: el; elit; g; p; c; b.
 R.J. Thompson: el; elit. D. Walker: el; elit; epa. K.A. Wall: elit.
 J.A. Wrench: elit; h. J.C. Leach: a.

NOVEMBER 1982

ORDINARY LEVEL (Grade A, B or C)

The following boys added subjects to Certificates already gained:
 D.M. Burd: m. R.J. Calcott: epa; m. M.A. Cooper: h; m; p. R.L. Fawn:
 rs. P.J. Field: elit; h. J. Pickard: rs. C.B. Saynor: rs. G.N. Shaw:
 rs. R.M. Williams: elit; h; epa. J.A. Wrench: el; epa; m.

The following passed in Mathematics: P.A. Alford; P.J. Angell;
 N. Bidgood; W.E. Blamey; M.D. Briggs; G.P. Burton; R.M. Fell;
 C.A. Findlay-Wilson; M. Foster; E. Harris; Q.D. Hill; J.H. Jussa;
 W.M. Laing; J.C. Leach; D.M. O'Neal; I. Palmer; J.M. Perry;
 A.B. Plumbe; A.R. Miller.

The following passed in Human Biology: G.P. Burton; R.M. Fell;
 C.A. Findlay-Wilson; M. Foster; N.J. Greenhall; E.J. Harriss;
 P.E. Henstridge; Q.W. Hill; S.L. Jeffery; R. Kerley; I. Krysztofiak;
 W.M. Laing; J.C. Leach; D.M. O'Neal; I. Palmer; J.M. Perry;
 A.B. Plumbe; O.P. Spencer.

ADVANCED LEVEL (small letters indicate O. Level passes)

J. S. Elsworth: G; M. D. A. Fell: G. C. J. Laing: h; G. R. C. Letts:
 H; G. S. A. McLaren: G; B.

KEY: A. Level subjects

AM Applied Maths; B Biology; C Chemistry; E English;
 F French; G Geography; H History; I Latin; M Maths;
 PM Pure Maths; P Physics; S Special paper in indicated
 subject.

AO. and O. Level subjects

adc Additional Chemistry; adm Additional Maths; a Art;
 b Biology; c Chemistry; el English Language; elit English
 Literature; epa Economic and Public Affairs; f French; fes
 Further English Studies; ffs Further French Studies;
 g Geography; gmd Geometrical and Mechanical Drawing; gn German;
 gp General Paper; h History; hb Human Biology; l Latin;
 m Mathematics; mus Music; p Physics; rs Religious Studies.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ENTRANCES

J. Brett	Kent University	Maths & Computing
J. Cash	Plymouth Polytechnic	Psychology
T. Cumming	Middlesex Polytechnic	English
A. Cunningham	Lancaster University	Physics
B. Davison	Southampton College of Higher Educ.	Boatyard Management
A. Dowell	Bangor University	Forestry
A. Fox	University College, London	Geography
D. Hiscock	Liverpool Polytechnic	Appl. Biochemistry
N. Juett	Kent University	Maths & Computing
D. Marsh	Bournemouth College of Art	Photography

J. Perry	Royal Agricultural Coll. Cirencester	
N. Pragnell	King Alfred's College, Winchester	Education
P. Riley	Ealing Polytechnic	European Studies
M. Robinson	University College, London	Architecture
A. Selwood	Practical year in Mining then Royal Imperial College, London	Mining
D. Silvey	Practical year in Industry then Queen Mary College, London	Mech. Engineering

SPEECH AND DRAMA EXAMINATION

1982

Pass: S. Hussey; J. Moore; A. Pocock;
C. Goodman; P. Chapman; G. Hunt.

Merit: D. Burd; M. Sutton; M. Baronne;
D. Maber; D. O'Neal.

Distinction: I. Girling; R. Jones.

PRIZE GIVINGS

There are two prize givings to be reported in this last edition of "The Shastonian": those of 25th September 1981 and the 13th October 1982.

At the first, presided over as usual by the Chairman of Governors, Mr. H.F.W. Holmes, TD., MA., Mr. Wickson's successor as Headmaster, Mr. R. de Groot, outlined his hopes for the new Upper School. His aim was to be at the head of a happy school, one in which each individual had the opportunity and encouragement to fulfil his potential in study and activity. He hoped there would be hard work in a relaxed environment where staff and pupils could develop mutual respect and where parents too would be part of a developing relationship. Young people should leave school with academic success and a number of other intangible things - like knowing their own strengths and weaknesses, an ability to listen to others' points of view, and a sense of the importance of the community. The new school would have good foundations in the three existing secondary schools.

The prizes, detailed below, were presented by Mr. Colin Howes, who stressed in his speech how important it was in life to seize opportunities.

For the second prize giving, Mrs. Baxter took the Chair so that Mr. Holmes could become the chief guest. Mr. Hopton, acting as Headmaster for this year while Mr. de Groot was so fully involved with the problems of re-organisation, gave a full report of the past year's activities, outlining academic and games successes and the wider, extra-curricular life of the School. He welcomed Mr. Stateczny, who had been appointed to teach English and History. Sadly, the year had been marred by news of the death of Mr. Crowther and Mr. Hopton reported on the memorial service held in the School Chapel.

Mr. Hopton went on to describe the sporting year, with team and individual achievements well up to usual standards. Cricket had been handicapped because of the lack of a square, but tennis and athletics had flourished. Out-of-school activities during the year had included ski-ing holidays, trips to London and visits to Brionne and Grandcamp. The School owed a great deal to its very active Parents Association, which had raised £2,318 since September 1981 and which helped the boys in a number of ways.

Academic results had been very satisfactory with thirty-one boys obtaining sixty-six passes at A Level and forty-eight boys averaging very nearly six passes at grade C or better at O. Level. Thirty-eight out of fifty-six leavers went on to Further or Higher Education. Only five of the remainder had not found permanent employment.

Five Old Boys had obtained First Class Honours during the last two years, two others had flown helicopters in the Falklands in 1982 and others had been involved in transport operations.

Mr. Hopton concluded by saying that although 1982/83 would be a year of last events, all were determined to make it a successful, even a triumphal one.

After presenting the prizes, Mr. Holmes explained that he had known and been associated with the School for fifty years. He felt that education should give young people an opportunity to come to terms with their own capabilities. They should learn at school how to make rational, unprejudiced judgements, how to avoid being swayed by political pressure and mob hysteria. Mr. Crowther had seen that as an important objective. Good teachers needed enthusiasm, leadership and a willingness to adapt. If teachers and the pupils' parents worked in harmony, all should be well. Individuals and country needed that sense of unity and unselfishness, as the Falklands episode had shown.

After a vote of thanks had been proposed by the Head Boy, James Cox, the proceedings ended.

P.J.R.

PRIZE WINNERS

FORM PRIZES, 1980-81

I	M. T. G. Birch, R. Cradock
IIB	J. M. Murphy, M. J. Whittingham
IIA	G. E. Shreeves, G. Cradock
IIIB	N. Greenhall, R. Kerley, G. M. Snook
IIIA	W. Blamey, J. Leach, D. O'Neal
IVB	A. MacDonald, M. G. Drake, P. Harding
IVA	J. A. Pickard, G. Shaw, R. L. Fawn
VB	P. E. Johnson, D. J. Thrussell
VA	J. R. Lane
VI Arts	C. Squire
VII Science	B. Denchfield

SPECIAL PRIZES, 1980-81

Headmaster's Prize	D. Winckle
Divinity Prize	J. Cox
O.S. Mathematics Prize	B. Denchfield
O.S. History Prize	D. Clews
O.S. Science Prize	F. Hopkins
Macklin English Prize	Not awarded
Nicolson Engineering	M. A. Rutter
P.A. Languages Prize	Not awarded
Minchin Geography Prize	M. Lanham
P.A. Fifth Form Arts Prize	A. Ellen, J. Cox, M. White
Kathleen Steadman Fifth Form Science Prize	P. King, P. Collis, W. D. Woodrow
Music Prize	A. Fox
Art Prize	P. Johnson
University Prize	M. Armstrong, I. Lishman

FORM PRIZES, 1981-82

IA	G. Wareham, T. Whitfeld
IIB	R. Leonard
IIA	M. Birch, G. Westgate
IIIB	T. Flatau, J. Burton
IIIA	G. Shreeves, G. Cradock
IVB	G. Snook, N. Greenhall
IVA	J. Leach, W. Blamey
VB	A. MacDonald
VA	C. Davidson, P. Clark
VI Arts	P. Kitching
VI Science	R. Juett, A. Selwood

SPECIAL PRIZES, 1981-82

Headmaster's Prize	J. Brett
Divinity Prize	Not awarded
O.S. Maths Prize	D. Marshall
O.S. History Prize	M. Cross
O.S. Science Prize	M. Robinson
Macklin English Prize	T. Cumming
Nicholson Engineering Prize	D. Silvey
P.A. Languages Prize	M. Cross
Minchin Geography Prize	A. Fox
University Prize	A. Dowell
Art Prize	T. Cumming
Music Prize	A. Fox
P.A. Vth Form Arts Prize	C. Saynor, J. Pickard
Kathleen Steadman Vth Form Science Prize	G. Shaw, R. Fawn

CUPS AND SHIELD

	1980-81	1981-82
Ramshaw Rugby Cup	C. Griffiths	C. Laing
Overington Cup, Inter-House Rugby	Romans	Trojans
Watmough Cup, Inter-House Soccer	Spartans	Trojans
Roussell Soccer Cup	C. Griffiths	J. Cash
Drew Cross-Country Cup	J. Perry	G. Shaw
Crowther Cup, Inter-House Cross-Country	Spartans	Spartans
Spry Cup, Inter-House Squash	Trojans	Trojans
Scalbert Cup, Junior Squash	N. Greenhall	Not awarded
Dennis Tennis Cup	S. Griffiths	S. Griffiths
Rodgers Cup, Inter-House Tennis	Corinthian/Trojans	Corinthian/Trojans
Minchin Cup, Inter-House Cricket	Corinthians	Trojans
Johnson Batting Cup	S.P. Wagstaff	A. Ellen
Genge Fielding Cup	S.P. Wagstaff	J. Calcott
Windebank Bowling Cup	L. Romanillos	L. Romanillos
Daniel Cup, Under-14 Cricket	Not awarded	T. Richardson
Hallett Cup, Inter-House Swimming	Spartans	Roman
Veale Cup, Inter-House Athletics Std.	Spartans	Corinthians
Davis Cup, 1500m	J. Perry	G. Shaw
Junior Champion Athlete	C. Greenhall	C. Greenhall
Intermediate Champion Athlete	D. Burd	D. O'Neal
Senior Champion Athlete	S. Wood	G. Shaw
Cole Cup, Inter-House Athletics	Spartans/Trojans	Spartans
Sportsman's Cup	C.A. Griffiths	M. Sutton
Johnstone Cup, outstanding sporting achievement	D. Marsh	D. Marsh
Cassidy Cup, Chess	S. Pitkin	D.P. Marshall
Tovey Inter-House Shield	Spartans	Spartans

SOME HISTORICAL NOTES ON SCIENCE AT SHAFTESBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

To use Mr. Hopton's phrase, my "slot" at Shaftesbury is 1965 to 1983, and, not having time to research the previous history properly, I can only attempt to give an outline of earlier days. The present Junior Chemistry Laboratory occupies the site of a much older building, pre-1920's, which served as a form room at its western end and a science laboratory east of the present doorway. Those days are time out of mind for the present Staff, but not for older Old Boys. In 1936 it was decided to build the present Physics Laboratory, and an old photograph shows its original glazed double doors with the rather jazzy cross-bars typical of the era.

Mr. Williams ruled the Physics from 1950, aided by Messrs. B. Evans, K. Reynolds, and D. Payne successively, before the arrival of Mr. Hough in 1958. From some dim past date, Mr. Yelling used to come up from Gillingham Grammar School to teach our Chemistry, until 1960, when the present Chemistry Labs received their form. The Junior Lab. was created from the old laboratory and form room, and, at the same time, the preparation rooms and Sixth Form Lab. were added, modifying the western end of the Physics Lab. and covering the site of a Headmaster's garage that had nestled against the churchyard wall.

The present Chemistry Labs were designed by an inspector and equipped by Mr. Vowles, our first resident Chemist. The tip-up seats at the western end were a good idea, but suffered in the detailed design and execution, being too low and mechanically unsound. Otherwise, you would have to look a long way to find better equipped Chemistry laboratories, especially the Sixth Form Lab., and the excellent preparation room. The arrangement of the adjoining very adequate preparation rooms for Physics and Chemistry could hardly be bettered. The flammable and fuming chemicals store intruded into what was otherwise a block of external W.C.'s, and is not very good by today's standards; when, recently, the W.C.'s became redundant there was an opportunity for extension and improvement of the store, but money has not been available for improvement of "existing plant."

Mr. Nicolson replaced Mr. Vowles in 1963, and Mr. Veale continued beyond retirement to teach junior Biology and some junior Physical Science. In 1964 Mr. Williams died, and Mr. Hough carried on with help from a succession of temporary part-time teachers until I returned to my native county the following year to take over the Physics, full time, since I was quite useless at games. Woodwork had ceased to be taught the year before so the Physics preparation room inherited a useful woodwork bench.

In 1959 Mr. Nicolson moved to Kent, and Mrs. Strawbridge took over the Chemistry. Women's Lib. loomed less large in those days, but I think Mr. Crowther may have been influenced partly in his deliberations by the attendance of High School girls at our fourth and fifth year Physics and Chemistry lessons. From before my time Physics and Chemistry, separately or combined, had been compulsory to O-Level, the

separate subject classes coping with girls opting for the subjects beyond their third year. Doc and Ma Doc continued this system. The record number for girls was fourteen for Chemistry, but Physics only attracted eight or nine. I think their presence encouraged good behaviour and better work, though this retrospective impression may be more due to a general decline in what is now called "motivation".

In the winter of 1969 - 70 the School acquired Cann Church and Church Hall. The use of the Church was restricted but obviously the Church Hall presented several possibilities including that of expanding the Biology to O. Level courses independently of the High School. We were less involved with the Local Education Authority in those days so it was a relatively simple matter to provide the very basic facilities and services to make Biology teaching possible in the old Church Hall. Mr. Veale gave up his part-time services and Mr. Smith came to set up the Biology courses and to help with some junior Physical Science. At this stage Biology was an option after the third year. Mr. Crowther very properly and honourably turned down my wicked suggestion that we might ultimately take over the A. Level Biology from the High School; we then had certain exchange and demarcation arrangements that were to be honoured.

Seeing no prospects for teaching A. Level Biology, Mr. Smith left in 1972 for Blandford, and was replaced by Mr. Jacques, who improved the facilities in his Church Hall Biology Lab., including some rather more effective heating.

At the High School, Mrs. Webb replaced Miss Woods as Headmistress in 1974, and decided to run her own O. Level Chemistry and Physics the following year, so 1975-76 saw the last of our fifth year girls, until they came down more recently for Music.

In the next few years changes were rapid. Mr. Bates retired, the High School took his Latin and Mr. Fay came as a P.E. specialist to help out in Science, since O. Level Biology courses were now under way and Mr. Jacques had to spend some time on games. Mr. Crowther retired, Mr. Wickson came, Mr. Jacques took on the A. Level Biology for both schools while Mrs. Easterbrooke was on a year's secondment. In 1978 Chemistry and Physics had to become options at the fourth year because Doc and Ma Doc were having to cope increasingly with all the split junior forms. However, an extra period in both subjects was then allocated to the third year and Biology became compulsory to O. Level. One change did not occur, in what has held for twenty years or more: all the A. Level Physics and Chemistry for both schools continued to be taught in our laboratories by two Grammar School staff.

In July 1981 we said goodbye to Mr. Brookes, who had been our laboratory technician since Mr. Vowles set up the Chemistry Lab. We shared him with the High School until the conversion of Church Hall to the status of a fourth laboratory had entitled us to his full time. He saw a lot from his lair in his Prep. Room, from which, on his last day, he was persuaded to emerge to face appreciative cheers from an overcrowded Physics Lab. After a hectic term of "managing somehow", we welcomed Mrs. Jane Wood as our technician, and I hope she will remain.

Meanwhile, the cloud of Reorganisation began to grow larger than a man's hand. Architects produced plans. The true meaning of 'consultation' was explained by the officers of the Local Authority. There would be six general purpose laboratories, one not equipped, but existing labs would probably be needed. Since two of them were, in fact, purpose-built Chemistry laboratories, they would best be employed for something else, especially since none of the new labs would be specifically designed for that subject!

With the departure of Mr. Wickson in 1981 we welcomed Mr. de Groot as Head Designate of the new - sorry, reorganised - School. He has indicated that he wishes Science to continue to be strong in the new circumstances. The L.E.A. have produced the building into which he must fit his structure, concrete and abstract.

As for me, I have lived my life in laboratories; twenty years on various research and twenty-one years teaching full Physics in close association with Chemistry teachers, and one chemist in particular! I would therefore like to put it on record that I have had no hand in the siting, design or equipment of the new laboratories, so what is good about them is not to my credit, but ascribe not unto me the bollards!

Have I any particular memories? Some happy journeys with Sixth Formers to London in my Workobus... "What are you doing, Eggy Hall, over there by the "north-east sink?" - "Filling my lemon, sir"... Regrets over some uncontrollable rages more recently.... And, of course, the rarer moments of sheer intellectual joy when a class is wholly with you, or when some boy leaps three steps beyond you in thought to embrace a new concept.

I have accepted early retirement (only two years). Ma Doc has accepted a job in the new School. It would be improper here for me to give the intentions of other Science staff. At the time of writing I understand that an advertisement is appearing for a Head of Science. It will be a daunting job. The organisation of effective teaching of three traditional major disciplines ("combined" or what-have-you) to all abilities would be difficult enough without external directives as to the methods that must be employed.

D.J.S.

CHAPEL REPORT

"Here we have no abiding city" might well be the text for this last report, which is at the end of an era for the School, if not - it is to be hoped - for the Chapel.

It struck me as singularly appropriate, and indeed highly symbolic, that this last academic year should have opened with that most moving and well attended Memorial Service, held - in the words spoken by our Chairman - "in affectionate remembrance of the quiet devotion, and long and faithful service to the cause of education" and in thanksgiving "to God for the life and example of Brian Crowther". It was particularly fitting, too, that this service, lovingly planned by his widow, should

have taken place in our Chapel, to which he was so devoted, for it was in 1971, during his headmastership, and through his bold vision and inspired conviction, that the then redundant parish church of St. Rumbold, Cann, was acquired by the Governors and refurbished for the School's use. The reredos crucifix was presented in memory of Dr. Tovey, and the altar candle-holders were given to commemorate Mr. Minchin, at this time, to grace the sanctuary.

During the decade or so since, this asset, precious in any school but particularly rare in one that has subsequently become state maintained, has been the focus of our spiritual life, as morning prayers are held here before the working day begins - with a corporate celebration of Holy Communion on a 'red-letter day' once a term. It has witnessed as a visible reminder of the ideal, caring, Christian community that we have striven, however falteringly, to realise - especially in the world of the Boarding House. Here, on most Sundays during term (apart from those occasions when we have joined with the parish, at St. Peter's and more recently at St. James'), our boarders together with girls from Barton Hill, who have joined us with greater frequency during the past two years, have been presented with the opportunity of experiencing and participating in the worship of God, and of hearing and responding to the challenge of the Christian faith, within the context of a variety of service 'patterns'.

Visiting preachers during the four terms (to the end of 1982) have been:- Mr. John Worth (Head of R.S. at Q.E. School, Wimborne); the Revd. J. Lever (Rector of Wilton); the Revd. J. Morris, O.B.E., (Hon. Priest-in-charge of Melbury Abbas); Capt D. Wight (of the Church Army, based at Blandford); the Revd. N. Outlaw (a Baptist, and local representative of the Leprosy Mission); Mr. Peter Pike (an ordinand from Salisbury Theological College); Mr. David Webb (a Reader); the Very Revd. Connop Price (former Provost of Chelmsford Cathedral); the Revd. R. Luther (Vicar of Radipole); and on successive Remembrance Sundays, the Revd. Canon T. R. Milford (who served in Mesopotamia in the Great War, and was subsequently Master of the Temple, and a founder of Oxfam during the last war) in 1981, and the Very Revd. R. W. Pope O.B.E. (a former naval chaplain, and recently-retired Dean of Gibraltar) in 1982. Our very real thanks are due to these speakers - and I personally hope and pray that their words may have sown some seeds in some minds.

Variety is our aim! For example, 1983 began with a service of song and drama on the Epiphany theme, led by my much-missed predecessor, William Ridding, who paid us a formal, 'farewell' visit, complete with his guitar. He completes his training for the ministry in June, when he becomes a Deacon, and embarks on his first curacy at Verwood. The summer term ends with the customary Old Boys' service, which on this significant occasion will be a Sung Eucharist, in thanksgiving for all that the Grammar School has been, meant, and done for generations of pupils. Our celebrant and preacher will be the first in the line of four Lay Chaplains who have served here, Trevor Jones - now a priest and currently Warden of the Hereford Diocesan Education Centre in Ludlow. In between, we shall continue to 'ring the changes', and in particular we

are fortunate to have secured visits by the Sacred Dance Group ACTS, (based at Blandford but internationally famous), and a Brother from Hilfield Friary - where a small group from S.G.,S. attended the Stigmata Festival in September last, a great occasion in the life of the Anglican Franciscans. This is the Society whose Minister-General is an Old Shastonian, Brother Geoffrey.

While thinking about Old Boys, we are very grateful to those who have contributed to Chapel funds during the past two years. This money was 'earmarked' for the purchase of congregational copies of our 'little red books', the now familiar A.S.B. Rite A., used at our School Communion. We maintain the Book of Common Prayer at the 8.15 a.m. celebration, which is still well supported and appreciated by older parishioners.

Our expenses are few - apart from altar supplies, and materials for two new stoles, made by Mrs. N. Medley, a parishioner and talented ecclesiastical embroideress, so most of our Collection monies can be donated to outside charities. During the period under review, well over £500 has been channelled through the Chapel in this way, including a number of donations for Polish Relief (during the year of martial law). The rest was distributed between the Ex-Services Mental Welfare Society; R.S.P.C.A.; Oxfam (relief work in El Salvador and Lebanon); North Shaftesbury Community Project; St. John's Hospice for the terminally ill, Wirral; Leprosy Mission; World Wildlife Fund; Christian Aid; Church Army; Save the Children; Kidney Research (£100 in memory of Brian Crowther); Diabetic Association; R.N.L.I; Help the Aged; and others subsequently. Our thanks are really due to the 8.15 congregation for making such giving possible.

Again, as in previous years, a representative group took part in the Wessex sponsored walk on behalf of Help the Aged, raising some £70. In 1982, we were greeted on arrival at Salisbury by H.R.H. Princess Anne, the President of the Fund.

On a personal note: I have learnt much from the diverse experiences that the work of lay chaplain has afforded, ranging from caretaking to conducting worship. In particular, I have thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of working with different groups of young actors and actresses, in preparing and presenting dramatic items that have formed the highlight of many services. Their co-operation and good humour were appreciated; their names are too numerous to record. I have also greatly valued the active involvement in our services of my S.H.S. colleague and fellow Reader, Richard Morgan, whose preaching skill has been used to full effect; ours has developed into a kind of "team ministry". Kenneth Steerment was a loyal and enthusiastic sacristan and server for two years; my thanks go to him, as to all those who have acted as sidesmen and servers, and the many who have stood up to be counted as readers of lessons, however half-heartedly. It has been good experience for all of us!

My greatest responsibility, however, has been to prepare candidates for Confirmation, and it was a privilege and a real source of

satisfaction - in fact of happiness - to be able to present 'the following to our new Bishop of Salisbury, The Revd. John Austin Baker, at the Team Parish Confirmation, at St. Peter's on Ascension Day (1982): Jonathan Brett; Kenneth Steerment; Jonathan Westley; Gregory Hunt and Paul Cadmore; and later, in October at Wimborne Minster, Richard Pitman. May they, and all those who have been prepared and presented by the lay chaplains during the past decade "continue yours (O Lord) forever, and daily increase in your Holy Spirit more and more, until they come to your everlasting kingdom" - in the words of the prayer with which the service ends.

What of the future for the Chapel? It now seems more hopeful. The Education Department has assured the Governors that the County will accept "responsibility for its maintenance until at least 1985", and it is the declared intention of the Governors to endeavour to ensure its continuance beyond that date, possibly with the assistance from charitable trusts. The Bell Fund, established by Mr. Crowther, still untouched and safely invested, might provide the basis of a small endowment for upkeep. The new Shaftesbury School is a Church of England voluntary-controlled foundation; it is to be committed to 'community education'; and the School Chapel of St. Rumbold, Cann, would seem to be integral to the realisation of both.

M.P.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

What is the Parents' Association? A small group of parents who get together regularly and rack their brains to find ways of raising money to provide the things needed by boys and the School which cannot be paid for from county funds.

I have traced the steps of the P.A. back to October 20th 1964, when, the minutes state, the then Hon. Secretary was told to purchase a book in which to record minutes of meetings. Unfortunately, over the page we find that at the next meeting the good lady left the book at home and so was unable to report on the previous meeting. In those days there was £25.0s. 5d. in the kitty!

Since then the P.A. has given help to boys in many ways: in printing stationery, including the School calendar each term; in providing equipment for the biology laboratory, including a microscope; seats for the games field; sports kit; tennis court nets; equipment for the angling club; a flute; the Encyclopaedia Britannica; and providing aid for boys to go on school tours, university interviews, trips abroad, etc.

The long-term project for the past five years has been to provide a games field pavilion. This is an extremely expensive objective but, although we have had several set backs, we still hope to achieve this goal! A competition was held for the best logo and this is used on all fund raising material for the pavilion. In the year ended July 1982 there were many fund raising events, including a sponsored swim, which made £210.40, Jumble Sales which made £78, £60 and £55. We tried Discos

but as these were not very rewarding financially (because not well attended), I'm afraid we had to discontinue them. There was a Car Boot Sale - £212 profit, and a Sponsored Walk in which you raised £1,000.99! This was organised by the staff and supported by the P.A. The final event was the Garden Party, which was a great success. Mr. Lipscombe has always provided wonderful posters for us and we have always enjoyed the unfailing support of the School staff (including kitchen staff). Our sincere thanks to them all!

We were beneficiaries of this year's Carnival; the Committee donated £150 towards the pavilion. The Old Boys generously gave £95 recently. Our thanks to them.

We have a full programme of fund-raising events for 1983 and we look forward to the friendly comradeship these events bring about.

The Parents' Association will always be in the background of events, serving coffee and refreshments as it has always done in the past. When the new era starts in September there will be surely be a new Parents' Association giving support to the new school and its needs, but whoever the Parent or Staff members may be, you can rest assured that your needs and well being will be their prime concern. Best wishes to you all.

Joan Short
Hon. Secretary.

A Look Back

There is a fairly common opinion expressed that committees are made up of persons who like to sit down and talk and never really do anything.

If I held such views they were quickly dispelled during a spell of vertigo which hit me at the top of a scaffolding tower while helping to repaint the ceiling of the School hall.

Parent Association Committees are an exception to the general opinion and the Shaftesbury Grammar School Committee more exceptional than most. Twelve parents are elected or re-elected annually and meet monthly in order to promote understanding with the staff and raise money for the benefit of the School and the pupils.

During the years 1977 to 1981 a great deal was achieved. The School Hall was completely redecorated in the spring of 1978. Perhaps "completely" is the wrong word, since one of the doors on the School shop wardrobe is still pink. I cannot remember whether it was left through lack of paint or artistic licence! Perhaps one day the omission will be remedied. Three dinner dances were held in the spring of 1978, 1979 and 1980 respectively and were well attended, mainly by Shastonian

business people who have the interest of the School at heart. Regrettably the difficulty experienced in selling tickets to parents and the very hard work and time required to organise the food and drink forced the decision not to continue the dances for the time being. A pity, because we had just reached a compromise over volume with the group who provided the music!

When money raised is the main objective there can be no more rewarding task than running a jumble sale. It is usual to hold one each term and it has never ceased to amaze me where all the jumble comes from. Mind you, after the sixth sale some articles seemed familiar! Bartering with the regular customers induced a feeling of good humour and the highlight of each was the invasion by the boys at breaktime, hats and waistcoats being very popular.

Two whist drives were run, which gave enjoyment and gained publicity but were not a financial success. The habit of players not arriving until five minutes before the start did not endear the idea to the committee.

During the whole period, the biggest and most successful event was the centenary sponsored walk, covering some twenty miles and taking in Win Green, Ebbesbourne Wake, the Ox Drove and back to Win Green. It was a glorious day and this coupled with the superb organisation ensured that everyone enjoyed themselves, and as an added bonus over £1,000 was raised for the P.A. funds.

In July 1980 a summer Fete combined with a timed sponsored walk round the school playing field proved an extremely successful community effort with staff, pupils and parents all joining together to run games and stalls and generally participate in the fun. Who of those who watched will ever forget the Punch and Judy Show?

Over four years the P.A. helped with the purchase of musical instruments, football shirts, encyclopaedias, trophies, prizes for speech days, a video recorder and many other items. It also started the Pavilion Fund, which is growing rapidly thanks to later committees.

In addition, I believe that we aided the School by participation and assistance when asked and created a spirit of partnership and co-operation with the staff which, hopefully, helped in the high standard of education our children have been given.

Clive Fawn

MUSIC NOTES

Writing about events which, in some cases, happened over twelve months ago, tends to strain the memory beyond its usual limitations. Christmas 1981, however, saw the inevitable Carol Concerts with a joint choir leading the High School/Grammar School Carol Service at the United Reformed Church. There was also another "continuity" concert at Christy's School for the upper primary/lower secondary age groups in Shaftesbury which suffered at the hands of bad weather and alternative

attractions at Twickenham. In the School Chapel, the Choral Society sang Part I and "Hallelujah" Chorus of Handel's "Messiah", in which soloists and chorus overcame some rather ragged orchestral playing.

In January 1982 a new venture was started, a Saturday morning music school for instrumentalists of all ages in the Shaftesbury and Gillingham area. This has provided an opportunity for youngsters to come together to make music irrespective of age or ability. As well as two end-of-term concerts the group also had the unusual, not to say alarming, experience of playing in a torrential downpour during last summer's Byzant Celebrations in Shaftesbury. From the Saturday morning group a senior orchestra of about twenty-five players has given concerts at Meré and Stourton Caundle and in May 1982 it provided the second half of a concert at the School Chapel which opened with the Choral Society giving a spirited performance of "Captain Noah and His Floating Zoo".

This Christmas saw the last of the Joint High School/Grammar School Carol services, again with the singing ably led by a joint schools choir whose solo items included the moving carol "Thou must leave Thy lowly dwelling" from Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ". Since October, rehearsals have been under way for the forthcoming joint schools production, "The Card", a modern musical based on an Arnold Bennett novel, to be staged at Shaftesbury Arts Theatre in March.

Most recently, many people will no doubt have seen an appearance by four Grammar School boys on B.B.C. T.V. South West's programme, "The Music Quiz". John Pickard, Theo Flatau, Alex Clapson and Rashid Jussa were one of eight teams to be successful in auditions for the programme out of an original eighteen schools from all over the South West and the Channel Islands. Although they were beaten by a school from Jersey, the boys did exceptionally well against a team who were much older and whose school has more pupils in the 6th Form than we have in the entire school!

Finally, this is likely to be the last article written concerning music in the Grammar School. However, you will notice that many of the musical events mentioned have been joint activities involving Grammar School, High School and Christy's pupils and staff, and sometimes crossing the primary/secondary divide. In this way, music has looked forward to reorganisation and it is to be hoped that whoever has responsibility for music in the new school can build upon the foundations already laid.

A.D.G.

THE UPPER SIXTH'S "WINTER'S TALE"

"There's many a true word said in jest", goes the old adage and when the idea of putting on our own production of "The Winter's Tale" sprang up during the course of a Lower Sixth English lesson, we all laughed and said, "Yes, that's a great ideal!" It is amazing how much trouble your mouth can get you into and this was no exception. However, at this juncture we had no idea of what it would be like to be subjected

to Alistair Ellen's incessant, and very tedious, outbursts whenever he did anything for which he knew he would be criticised, or the pressure of coming up to the expectations of our own modest messiah, Mr. Rolfe.

By the time we had had to postpone our initial date, there was a general air of discontent; however, a session of spiritual guidance from Mr. Rolfe somehow persuaded us into continuing. The local 'hellraisers' had not been inactive, while we were struggling through the text - and interruptions from Alistair. Already the love scene between the stunning Perdita, played with charm by Rosamund Shreeves, and Florizel was being billed as the greatest romantic conquest of the past three thousand years. The very large part of Alistair was also well commented on, while the prospect of seeing some of the girls wearing tights was a point of considerable expectation. It was at about this time that Grainne Murphy was persuaded to join the company as a servant, since we could not really get anyone to double up, or even tréble up.

Suddenly, or so it seemed to us, it was nearly time for the dress rehearsals. Last minute details such as the lighting, which was well handled by the 'illuminating' Ralph Larcombe and his understudy 'whizzkid' Keith Thomas, were attended to, and incidental music, sound effects and Elizabethan dance music were hastily recorded with the help of some 'off duty' lower sixth formers and a bewildered trumpet-playing Hewitson. Guesting on one of the tracks were the 'godlike' basso tones of the renowned Mr. Rolfe, putting his practice of bass line singing in the chapel to good use.

On Thursday, the night of the dress rehearsal, a smiling Mr. Rolfe casually told us that it would be held in front of a crowd of fourth and fifth formers. This fact did not particularly help our morale, especially that of the girls, but by now we were deaf to the calls of self-preservation. This was also the first 'public' airing of the costumes and props of our resident fashion designer, Sarah Miles, who had done an amazing job; our prop manager, Sharon Curtis, who also valiantly took the job of prompter; and our artistic director, Rachel Jackson. It was also the debut of the amazing wooden Hermione statue holder; designed and constructed by David Thrussell, later notorious for his violent outbursts against his son Florizel, easily worse than interrogation by even Mr. Webber. Into this rickety object the fearless Emma Lawson had to step. Several times in rehearsals disaster nearly befell both her and the object, which would not have done, since Emma's highly emotive Hermione would have been very badly missed.

Finally the night itself. By now everybody knew their parts virtually inside out. Loz Fiander was now not Lóz Fiander but Autolycus, the sort of confidence trickster who in this day and age would make his living selling clocks and other antiques - like Big Ben, the Mona Lisa and Buckingham Palace. Alison Knight was transformed from a quietly spoken English student into a robust shepherd's son, known in the text as 'Clown'. A sudden flurry of last minute preparations and then the curtain was up, although not literally, since our budget would not quite stretch enough to afford one.

All was running smoothly, the audience was receptive and the flash of photographs being taken intermittently destroyed the dark above the audience, like fireworks on a cold winter's night, until - disaster struck. The notorious Clouseau in the sound effects department, Mr. Jahid Jussa, had a major cerebral haemorrhage and decided to ignore his cue and play a hunting horn sound effect when he wanted to. The result was that a very rustic Debra Allcock, a notable character actor in the cast, was left standing on stage, her hand cupped around her ear in the very same way that a shepherd does not. Incredibly, apart from a much older Debra Allcock slipping on her walking stick twice, owing to her fear of the ranting David Thrusell, otherwise known as Polixenes, there were no other mistakes! We reached the end of our greatly abridged version of Shakespeare's play, and received tumultuous applause from Mr. Rolfe and ordinary applause from the rest of the audience plus a few cheers for the local favourite, Debbie Wigley, who graced the stage with her presence, though disguised as a man.

Everybody worked well together as a team, and teamwork was really what this production was all about. A special thank-you is deserved by Mr. Rolfe for keeping the team spirit going and motivating us, and especially for inspiring Alistair, which was no mean feat, to greater things.

I only hope that our success encourages this year's Lower Sixth to a similar venture. Take it from us: it was well worth it.

R. Jussa

THEATRE TRIPS

Back in November 1981, the annual pilgrimage to Stratford took place, and forty Grammar School and High School sixth formers and staff saw a highly entertaining production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", full of magical effects.

In 1982, the fifth forms were treated to a competent but unmemorable performance of "Macbeth" at Poole's Towngate Theatre, part of the fine arts complex there. In fact it was so unremarkable that I cannot remember anything about it except for the temporary absconding at the interval of two of our less reliable pupils. This year's Fifth Form, accompanied by three brave girls from Christy's, saw a workshop treatment of this play at Salisbury; the company acted out different interpretations of key scenes and gave us some food for thought.

Upper and Lower Sixth, High School and Grammar School, visited the Playhouse to see the Schofield film of "King Lear" - all furs and snow, very primitive and slightly confusing unless you knew the play well - and an interesting collage of Hardy's poetry, recited, acted out and sung in the small Salberg studio. A number of sixth formers enjoyed themselves in costume at Montacute House, on a joint History/English day out.

At Salisbury again, large parties of boys - from all forms in the

School - have enjoyed excellent productions of "Flare Path", a Terence Rattigan war-time play; "The Cat and the Canary", the famous comedy-thriller; and "A Christmas Carol", at which a second former nearly choked himself on an acid drop. A slightly older, mixed party enjoyed Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman", tear- and thought-provoking.

I shall draw a veil over the production of "Pass the Butler" that we saw at the end of a long day in London with the combined sixth forms. London audiences - that one, anyway - seem to find gratuitous obscenities highly amusing. It's sometimes good to be a country bumpkin. Our other London experience, "The Winter's Tale" by the R.S.C. at the Barbican, is described in more detail elsewhere. Suffice it to say, the day and the performance pleased us immensely.

By the time you read this, we shall - if all goes according to plan - have seen "Richard III" and "The Ghost Train" at Salisbury, and no fewer than four plays in the West End on the Sixth Form London Trip: "Pirates of Penzance", "Another Country", "Noises Off" and "Children of a Lesser God".

Over the past twenty years, we have travelled several thousand miles to watch plays. We have seen some of the greatest actors in the country and some memorable performances. None of this could have happened without the co-operation of colleagues and the cheerful good behaviour of innumerable young people. I hope they have all enjoyed the experience as much as I have.

P.J.R.

A TRIP TO THE BARBICAN OR INNOCENTS IN LONDON

1963 it was when I came to S.G.S. At, say, nine a year that makes something over a hundred and fifty theatre trips I've organised. I wonder why I go on doing it. I suppose it goes with the job, like bacon with egg and Morecambe with Wise... and I agree that it makes a change from routine teaching. But I hate coach journeys - nine times out of ten, anyway; and there's all that necessary hassle: sending for the tickets, booking and confirming the coach, liaison with the boarding houses, insurance through the County, the last-minute substitutes, the slightly reproachful looks of colleagues who have lost their free periods, collecting the money... Is it all worth it, I wonder.

Oh well, sink back in the seat, enjoy the bright warm sunshine and the ever-changing undulating greenness of passing Wiltshire. The murmur of voices is surprisingly soothing; the inevitable pop music is muted, even melodic. That's an example of immunity through long exposure, I suppose - but then Keith Thomas's taste mercifully does not seem to be Heavy Rock.

Coffee and conversation at Fleet Services - we were under-charged there for a change, I think - and then it's back into the coach, back to

the long smooth rhythm of the motorway. My brain dulls. Through the grimy glass, the cars flicking past in the fast lane seem like distant comets trailing tails of invisible and unsmellable exhaust fumes...

Reality returns with the customary crawl through Knightsbridge. Suddenly that London bizarreness and excitement have us by the throat. The girl with the green hair, the man with the billiard ball for a head, pass and repass us as we inch from traffic light to traffic light. A sinister black man scowls at the grinning coach windows. Suicidally-weaving motor cyclists, muffled like freezing aliens, leave us contemptuously behind. Harrods looms. We seem to go round in tighter and tighter circles, helpless in a whirlpool of automated traffic.

Then...the Barbican at last. Through the imposing portals we flow into a promised land of light and sound. But Time has us by the hand. Lunch is rapid and impressions piecemeal: towering ceilings, the strong verticals and horizontals of modern architecture, lush static-inducing carpets, a very cramped toilet (this cannot be the one that A.J. recommended!), a surprisingly narrow corridor with doors to my right, and beyond them - the theatre itself.

So lofty is the auditorium that I can scarcely see its limits. Tier after tier of seats - generous, comfortable, leg-stretching seats, filled with eager, excited people buzzing with hushed conversation - soar into the distance, arcs of attention, focussed upon the wide, deep stage before us. Suddenly for me everything falls into place; the magic that has been on the very edge of my consciousness all day floods over everything. Bright young faces are all around me. The stage is set in more ways than one.

Beyond the sudden darkness, Sicilia and Bohemia spring into clear existence. It is as if I am irresistibly drawn out of myself into another dimension, where the jealousy of Leontes and the agony of Hermione pre-empt all other thoughts, all other emotions. I shiver at the cold glitter of the unhappy court, and then, back in the healing warmth that Time ushers in, the comic relief of Autolycus releases a surge of laughter. Rustic energy and sweet love-making intoxicate us. The darkness vibrates with the shared experience; actors and audience are linked inextricably in the creation of a fulfilling make-believe, an all-absorbing fictional reality. At last, yet far too soon, Hermione's statue is revealed; the familiar miracle charms us and the lovers are re-united. Now the thunder of applause, built up and held back for three hours, can break loose. It is like a torrent surging and leaping tumultuously through a breached dam, the release of a multiple tidal wave of emotion. Arms ache with the passion.

Outside, afterwards, on the cold, brisk walk over the flood-lit water-garden, past the stone magnificence of St Paul's and on to the National Gallery, back in the real, sharp-edged world of the hard London pavements and rush hour haste, I listen to the chatter around me. The warm excitement I sense in it gives me the answers to my early morning doubts. Perhaps the sower does not always scatter seed on stony ground; perhaps the middle-aged still have something to give to the young - in return for what the young unwittingly give the middle-aged.

P.J.R.

FIFTH FORM TRIP TO LONDON

'Apathy!' exclaimed our form master. Those who had been semi-conscious replied 'Yer wot?' in typical Dorset dialect; while the majority, disturbed from a pleasant repose, thought that it was rather a long word for Mr. Jacques and definitely an unpleasant one to be woken up by. 'You're all apathetic!' he repeated, which was just too much. Yet this was only the beginning, for SA, once stirred, were exceedingly difficult to stop. To prove their eagerness, within five minutes a trip to London was organised. There were several reasons for visiting London: it was a good day off; it was our capital; we did not have to go to the theatre; and who wanted to go to Bournemouth anyway?

So Mr. Jacques quickly organised everything with his usual efficiency, completely ignoring the places which we wanted to visit. Then Mr. Rolfe found out and consequently 5B invited themselves along.

The morning of Thursday 1st July dawned dull and ominous. We waited lugubriously at School, in the rain. Then the coach arrived and we bundled in. The journey was uneventful and was, in fact, un peu ennuyant, unless you actually liked heavy metal 'music'.

We arrived at half past eleven outside the Natural History Museum and then proceeded to lose ourselves among the animal, mineral, vegetable and 'Entry Prohibited' sections. Eventually we blundered into the Science Museum and discovered a multifarious assortment of steam locomotive, aircraft and satellites.

Finally it was time to leave. After having given away our lunches, most of us travelled to Bond Street by Tube while some of the boarders, even more enthusiastic than the rest, ran there. The fact that they beat us does not say much for London Transport. At Bond Street the party split up and explored the shops - mainly the ones selling records.

The group met up again at the statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus and then split up again in search of food, preferably cheap and edible.

As a finale to our day we toured the sights of London, like typical tourists, trying to catch unsuspecting pigeons. We travelled through Hyde Park, past Buckingham Palace, round the statue of our hero, George Canning, alongside the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, and across Downing Street. Finally we descended on some poor unfortunate member of the Household Cavalry on duty outside their barracks. But he would not laugh, however hard we tried to make him. At around five o'clock, after traversing Trafalgar Square, watching out for the pigeons, everyone got on the coach safely and as we left London we reflected on the day (or some of us did) and the new discoveries it had brought.

The trip was significant in that it brought together most of the members of the fifth form for a last 'reunion' before they went their separate ways, and the journey home strengthened those schoolboy ties. To some, 'Helman's Mayonnaise' was especially memorable while others amused themselves by waving, in their own peculiar fashion, out of the rear windows of the coach.

So all in all it was a most enjoyable trip and well worth jeopardising the form's association with the word 'apathetic'. Mr. Jacques must be thanked for arranging the day and Mr. Rolfe - if only for persuading me to write this account.

G. Shaw

THE CRUISE

The B.I. Educational Cruise that took place between the 3rd and the 17th November 1981 was the first and last in which S.G.S. participated. The party, which consisted of P. Riley, K. Thomas, A. Jones, P. Harding, C. Saynor, R. Fell, R. Wilson, G. Munday, P. Angell, A. Miller, C. Findlay-Wilson, S. Stickley, S. Hussey, R. Kerley, J. Webb and J. Pickard had M. Renaudo as its leader, which gave the fortnight a distinctly Continental flavour.

We left S.G.S. at 12.30 on Monday/Tuesday night and, having picked up the S.H.S. party, set off, via Fleet, to Gatwick. We arrived at the airport and had to wait three hours till we could board the plane that flew us to Split, a small port in Yugoslavia. On arrival, a convoy of coaches ferried us to the town, where we had our first sight of SS UGANDA. We were ushered aboard and found, to our pleasant surprise, that our dormitories were the most central and convenient on the boat. Our suitcases had not yet arrived (though we had our 'overnight bags' with us), so we inspected the dormitories and met the Christy's boys who were sharing one of them with us - J. Weedon, S. Gasson, A. Chisholm, L. Stacey, S. O'Brien, J. Brown, S. Cuff, D. John and G. Judd. Then we set off into the sunny town, and spent an enjoyable afternoon bargaining with the market traders, visiting the cafes, and surveying the Roman architecture.

As the sun set, we returned to the boat and waited for our luggage to arrive. Then we sampled our first delights of the extraordinary canteen cuisine. Printable words cannot describe the feelings of most of our party.

The next morning, when the effects of the previous evening's disco had not yet worn off, we revisited the town, which made a good impression on most of us, I think, and then at 2 p.m. after lunch, we set sail, with our souvenirs safely stowed away on our locker shelves.

We arrived at a small Peloponnesian port called Gythion on Friday morning. From there we were driven in coaches to the Byzantine splendour of Mystras, now a ghost-town. A Greek female (our guide) pointed out the most interesting features of the site. Back in Gythion we bought postcards and worry-beads before the launches took us back to UGANDA. That was the day we had our first P&O packed lunches.

On the days when we were not ashore we had 'lessons', lectures and films about the Mediterranean and our ports of call. We had P.E. and swimming time set aside, and a disco/dance every night.

We sailed on to Egypt - which for many was to be the climax of the cruise. After docking at Alexandria, we set out on P&O's largest day excursion, code-named 'The Cairo Marathon'. Thirty coaches carried 1200 students and cabin passengers on a tour of over twelve hours, covering more than 300 miles. Our coach hurtled down the Nile Delta road at 60 m.p.h. At about noon we reached Cairo, a city larger than London, that is unanimously described as 'teeming'. We spent an hour in the famous Egyptian Museum, where we saw Tutankhamun's treasures. Then we drove on to some gardens at Memphis. Then we visited Saggara, the site of the world's oldest pyramid, the Great Step Pyramid. Having marvelled at the sight, we went down into some underground tombs.

Back on the surface, we could see our next destination, the Pyramids of El Gizeh, in the distance. It took us about three-quarters of an hour to get there - but it was certainly worth waiting for. The massive ancient monuments squatted almost incongruously, a few yards off a road into Cairo, on a hill overlooking that city. It was difficult to believe that we were actually there. We walked down the slope from the Pyramids towards the Sphinx, which sits at the bottom of the hill. We all took lots of photos and bought souvenirs and postcards. Just after sunset we reboarded the coaches and headed back to Alex on the desert road.

We sailed on through that night and the next day until we reached the Aegean Greek island of Kalimnos - best known for its sponge fisherman. There were no excursions so we spent our time in the town, visiting the cafes and buying souvenirs, including of course, sponges. The weather was delightful and we spent a pleasant afternoon on the island.

On the following morning we docked at Izmir, Turkey's third largest city, and most important western port. We were driven, in the inevitable coaches, through the foggy city and out to the ancient city of Ephesus, five times rebuilt. Here we stood in the Great Theatre, where St. Paul spoke, and many other ruins of Greek architecture. Then we were driven to the site of another city of Ephesus, a few miles away. Here we saw the tomb where St. John is buried. Then we went to the house where Mary lived after the crucifixion. The buildings at Ephesus were all stunningly large and magnificent. Back at the port building in Izmir we all bought onyx-ware and Turkish Delight.

Another day at sea brought us to another Greek port - Itea, a small mainland town that served as a docking place to give us access to Delphi, home of the famous Oracle of Apollo. We spent the morning in the shops and cafes of Itea and then the coaches took us through a huge olive grove to the ancient Greek site. We had plenty of time to marvel at the theatre, the stadium and the Round Building - all impressive and very large. We walked back into the town to buy souvenirs, after visiting the Delphi museum, and then boarded the coaches, bound for Itea again.

About this time, an inter-party quiz was held on board UGANDA. We entered a team consisting of Christopher Saynor, Christopher Findlay-Wilson, Julian Webb, and John Pickard. We easily won the first round,

and scraped through to win the final of the General Knowledge competition too. Our School had some success with projects as well; Paul Angell won a prize for his.

We spent the weekend at sea and reached Venice on Monday morning. The city was bright but frosty. We visited St. Mark's Basilica, the Campanile, the Doge's Palace, Rialto and the famous canals. It is certainly a very beautiful place, with many interesting buildings. Some of us walked across the famous Bridge of Sighs after a tour of the Doge's Palace - and most of us bought some Venetian glass.

We returned to the ship for tea and then we finally disembarked. We reached 'Marco Polo' Airport soon, and waited for an hour until we could board the Laker Skytrain which brought us, exhausted, back to England, where we continued the long, cold journey home in coaches.

J. Pickard

BRIONNE VISIT 1982

We left Christy's School punctually on Friday 25th October at 8.30 a.m. on our way to Southampton. We were going to keep up the tradition of the three Shaftesbury schools visiting Brionne, Shaftesbury's twin town.

After a seven-hour crossing of the Channel, we had to wait over an hour at Le Havre before the coach came to take us to Brionne. We arrived at Brionne very tired, and after being introduced to our families, we all went to our respective houses. That night, we settled in, and the next morning went with our correspondents to school. Some of us went on to explore the town, which we found was not much different from Shaftesbury. In the afternoon, most of us were taken out to places near to Brionne, like Lisieux, or Honfleur.

The same happened on Sunday, when I went to a hypermarket in the morning, and to Honfleur in the afternoon. On Monday and Tuesday, there were two groups which alternated over the two days. Group A went to school on Monday and to Rouen on Tuesday, whilst on Monday group B went to Honfleur and to school on Tuesday.

Honfleur is a quaint town, and its main attraction is the little fishing harbour, but as well as that there is a church made completely out of wood.

At Rouen, probably most renowned as the place where Joan of Arc was burned, there is a breathtaking cast-iron spire on the top of the Cathedral. There is a very important dockyard at Rouen, where many of France's imports are unloaded.

On the Wednesday, as French students do not go to school, we had the day free to visit places and look around the town. It was soon Thursday, and we were now to make our return journey home. The crossing home seemed to pass more quickly than it had on the way, and although we were all slightly sad that we had to leave, we were all glad to be home again.

T. Flatau

THE SECOND FORM VISIT TO GRANDCAMP, NORMANDY

After getting up at 6 a.m. on Monday 5th July 1982 and having had a hurried breakfast, I arrived at S.G.S. and we set off in the coach at 6.45. It was a joint visit to Normandy, France, by the second forms of S.G.S. and the High School. It was a bright and sunny morning when we arrived at Weymouth, and after an hour's wait, we started the four-hour crossing to Cherbourg in the Sealink ferry AILSA PRINCESS. The crossing was smooth and very interesting.

From Cherbourg we drove down to Grandcamp, in the department of Calvados. On the way we stopped at Ste. Marie du Mont, where there is a small landing museum in an old German bunker in the dunes. The centre where we were staying was directly opposite a large beach and the sea was great for swimming. Just down the road was a beautiful little French harbour. The meals at the centre were very good, a mixture of French and English food.

Over the week we went to many places in Normandy. On Tuesday we explored Grandcamp and bought our own lunch at the little Market. On the other days the centre provided filling packed lunches. In the afternoon we went to the large town of Caen. Here we looked round the castle and swam in the large Olympic sized swimming pool.

On Wednesday we went to see the Bayeux tapestry and we also went to Arromanches, where, in the Normandy landings in W.W.2, the British made a portable harbour which had been pulled across from England. Later we went to a large American War cemetery. The rows upon rows of white crosses made you realise how many men died in the landings. On the way back some of us were dropped off about three miles from Grandcamp and we walked back along the coast.

The climax of the visit was on Thursday, when we spent all day visiting Mont St. Michel. That day was very hot. On the way there we visited a small town, where we saw bells being made in a small factory. That evening we had a disco, and a night swim in the sea, which was great fun.

On Friday we had to go back. On the way back to Cherbourg we stopped at a little war museum on Utah Beach. All of that part of the Normandy coast had wide flat beaches, where the landings took place, and every beach we visited had old German bunkers hidden in the dunes.

At Cherbourg we went to a hypermarket, which is an enormous supermarket which sells nearly everything under the sun. The return crossing was a little rougher and we arrived back at about 9 p.m.

We had been very lucky with the weather; it was hot and sunny every day apart from Friday, when there was a thunderstorm. It was a very worthwhile visit as it widened our knowledge of all aspects of France.

M. Birch

VA HISTORY TRIP TO BLENHEIM PALACE

We had intended to leave Shaftesbury at 8.30 but one member of the group failed to appear and after waiting for ten minutes it was decided to leave without him.

On our way to Blenheim we observed a number of interesting sights: Stonehenge; Thruxton Motor Circuit; Harwell Laboratory; R.A.F. Abingdon and Didcot Power Station. As we skirted around Oxford on the ring-road we had our first glimpse of the City of Spires. We drove on to Woodstock and through the impressive gates to the Palace, which preceded quite a breathtaking vista.

A considerable amount of time had been spent on preparation for this trip in the classroom but the sight of the Palace was beyond our wildest expectations. Built in 1705 as a national gift to John Churchill, 1st Duke of Marlborough, for his victory at the Battle of Blenheim in 1704 during the War of Spanish Succession, it was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh and is regarded as the finest example of truly Baroque architecture in Great Britain. The gardens were skilfully organised by Queen Anne's gardener, Henry Wise, but in the mid-18th Century they were redesigned by Capability Brown.

We were met at the main door by the education officer, who also had the appearance of an exhibit, and then taken on a very extensive viewing of the Palace. He was very good at supplying the meat for the bones of facts we had learnt in the form room - real 'living' history. He later took us to one of his education rooms (formerly a stable) and showed us a number of original battle plans which Marlborough had used in his campaigns.

After viewing the Palace we retired to the mini-bus, where we consumed our packed lunches, after which we drove to Oxford. Mr. Gregory showed us the British Leyland (Cowley) Plant and the athletics track on which Roger Bannister made his famous run in 1954. After parking, we all agreed to stay as a group, for a while, as it was felt that there were some sights we ought to see collectively. With Mr. Gregory at the head of the crocodile (he did not insist that we held hands) we saw Blackwell's bookshop; the Martyr's Memorial; the Radcliffe Camera; the Bodleian Library; St. Mary's Church in the High; the History Faculty Library; the Examination Schools; and a number of the colleges.

After dispersing and having some free time we met at the mini-bus and began our return journey - with everyone agreeing that it had been a very educational and interesting day. For once we did not agree with Ford when he said 'History is bunk' - learning and enjoyment can be synonymous after all.

CERVINIA - THE HARD WAY

We left S.G.S. at 9.00 am. on Monday 27th December, all very jubilant and expectant. Upon arriving at Gatwick Airport there was a mad rush for those forgotten ski-pass photos. After collecting the

final members of our party, we slotted our luggage into the airport's internal workings and boarded the plane for Italy.

When we arrived at Turin Airport we saw the familiar Italian security guards with their obligatory 'cannons' strapped to their hips. Our suitcases were disgorged from the baggage retrieval and soon we had boarded our coach. On the coach the Shaftesbury skiers commanded most of the two rear seats and Guildford High School for Girls commanded the remaining fifteen - we were slightly overwhelmed. Unfortunately for him, John Gonoude had to sit next to one of their teachers.

Towards the end of the journey we were negotiating hairpins with dangerous drops. It was not, however, as precipitous as some journeys. Very soon we arrived at the Hotel Hora and unpacked, received our lift passes and were given general rules and orders. More importantly we were allotted our separate groups, the advanced group with Mr. Jacques: Will Blamey, Jon Dodson, Russ Fawn and Sam Garlick; and the intermediate group with Mrs. Jacques: Jill Symes, Tim Cowley, John Gonoude, Andrew "Fred" MacDonald, Ian Spence and Matthew Dobbs.

On the first skiing morning we were (in my room anyway!) all up at 7.00 a.m., ready for breakfast. After our one roll and cup of tea/coffee/chocolate we jumbled excitedly down to the ski room to collect our skis and sticks ready to hit the slopes - all except "Fred" MacDonald who, as far as the Hotel's skiing management was aware, was non-existent. By 9.00 we were on the slopes. We all moved as if we had just downed four or five excessively large trebles - each of a different spirit! Soon we shaped up. The slopes themselves were split into two main halves: Cervinia to Plan Maison, the main areas for the intermediate skiers; and Plan Maison to Plateau Rosa - the top, a special treat for the advanced skiers, although some of the intermediate skiers obviously managed to get lost! In these two areas there were numerous drag-lifts and chair-lifts and at least fifty-three weeks' enjoyable skiing.

At 10.45 the advanced group was ready for their lesson. It is a pity their instructor was not! It was something that we were to become used to. Over the course of the week our lessons grew progressively better - we were actually taught. To give Halby, our instructor, his due, it is only fair to say that when he did teach us he was superlative.

Lunch at 1.30 p.m. was very eatable. For the advanced group it was usually a rushed affair because our lessons infringed on the time available for lunch.

After the advanced group's free skiing and the intermediate group's lesson most of us washed or showered for dinner at 7.00 p.m. which, like all of our meals, was very acceptable. To wash dinner down we all visited the various 'houses' in the town and did down four or five excessively large trebles! We were back in our rooms by 2.00 a.m.

The highpoint of the week for a lot of people was a day's skiing to Zermatt, one of Switzerland's most picturesque resorts. A group of ten die-hards set off on the morning of the 31st and Chester, a friend of

Halby's, led the way. The first part of the journey was from Cervinia to Plateau Rosa by cablecar. From there to Zermatt was all downhill, although the pistes were quite treacherous in parts. Sam Garlick decided that skiing on her feet was too difficult and so tried to go down on her head. She was, however, brave enough to continue the journey after her quite severe fall. At Zermatt, the intrepid explorers had an enjoyable meal in a pleasant restaurant. The journey back to Plateau Rosa was effected by gondola and an exciting one and a quarter hour ski back to Cervinia completed the day. They returned tired but satisfied after twenty miles' glorious skiing. A general consensus of opinion showed that the Matterhorn looked more impressive on the Swiss side than on the Italian.

For the Shaftesbury members of the advanced group a trip down the Ventina run topped all others. This was glacier skiing at its best - steep, slippery and fast. Only the advanced group was allowed the privilege of experiencing its endless pleasures. Out of the five in the group at least three of us learnt important lessons. Mr. Jacques learnt not to snow-plough through mogul fields at high speeds; I learnt not to follow Mr. Jacques too precisely; and Russell Fawn learnt not to follow me because he ended with a real 'pearler'.

There was only one word to describe the intermediate skiing instructor, Neil - nutter!! The people in his group had to become proficient at skiing in 0:00 seconds to be able to survive the week. His routes were 'original', his speed, well! If you could ski 'reasonably' then he was good because he knew the pistes but he was not a great success as a teacher. The only two English words he knew were "fast" and "faster".

On Sunday, our last day's skiing, we experienced our only day of cloudy weather. With our goggles on or off the piste ahead of us appeared as flat as a plane mirror. Many of us went through rapid changes of attitude, mainly from vertical to horizontal.

On New Year's Eve, Friday, Mr. Jacques stood us all (12!) a round of drinks to see us into 1983. All-in-all we celebrated three 'New Years', English, Italian and Turkish, but we only sang "Auld Lang Syne" on the British one.

All the entertainments laid on by the school, by the Hotel and the Schools Abroad Committee seemed to end in disaster for the members of S.G.S. The only event that really went in our favour was the presentation of awards. At this point William Blamey deserves a special mention because he was the only person out of the 97 people receiving awards to win a coveted Italian gold, the rest of us receiving silver. Three cheers for Shaftesbury!

The most worrying night for me was that of my escapade with the Hotel's pet. It was a small St. Bernard 'Shetland Pony' dog. Expecting no more than a hot chocolate with some friends I was taken by surprise when the animal leapt forward to make friends with my ankle. Blow Barbara Woodhouse, I ran! Quarter of an hour later I emerged quivering

from behind my chair when the barwoman had restrained the dog with a choke collar, and removed it from the lounge by means of a block and tackle.

We left the Hotel at 2.00 p.m. on Monday and William Blamey and myself rode to the airport with Guildford High School girls. The flight from Turin was very turbulent but we were soon on the tarmac of Gatwick Airport, to be welcomed by the Great British rainclouds. We arrived in Shaftesbury at approximately midnight, all very homesick for Cervinia.

A truly remarkable holiday for those that went on it and we all say a big "thank you" to Mr. Jacques, who played a major part in making it so enjoyable.

J. DODSON

SKIING AT COLLE DI TENDA

The group of twenty-six departed in high spirits, despite the rain, at about 9 a.m. on a Thursday. The tedious coach journeys, we hoped, would be compensated for by the excellent holiday. News of a delayed flight further disheartened us but surprisingly the time passed quickly. The flight was interesting ... ears popped; people looked sick; there was some turbulence - and much cramp. The customs officers at Turin did not greet us with too much enthusiasm; they were equipped with guns and truncheons as though they were expecting a bunch of convicts. We were driven to the Fissore Hotel in a typical foreign coach, dirty, cramped and vandalised.

Arriving at the Fissore, hungry, thirsty and tired, we received our supper - soup and greasy fish and chips, which was not exactly to our liking after the journey. The dormitories were quite respectable and we slept four to a room. At 12 p.m. Italian time we were issued with boots, sticks and skis.

The following day was not the best day to look back on for some beginners. After an indigestible, dry roll for breakfast, we had the horrendous task of carrying our equipment to the slopes and then the exciting challenge of skiing itself - an unforgettable experience. Certain people, whilst listening to the instructor, began to wander off, but not intentionally, unable to prevent a speedy descent down the slope resulting in bruised and injured limbs and a great deal of laughter.

The second skiing day held a lot of adventure, mostly for the beginners, as it was their first unsteady ride up the drag lift. Meanwhile, P.D.J. and C.A.G. were going about their own business on the harder slopes, making us look like invalids. The disco that night was thoroughly enjoyable and the two later in the week were much the same. On the Sunday evening we were occupied at a pizza parlour, which turned out to provide the best food of the holiday!

The following day some people were taken to Monte Carlo, which turned out to be a disappointing trip. The hot weather made the long coach journey uncomfortable and many of the shops were closed.

There was also an "It's a Knockout" night. This consisted of fun and games, with inter-school competitions. S.G.S. came third out of five.

The night before we left, all were presented with their ski awards, which were of quite a good standard.

The holiday on the whole was good. The skiing was excellent and the instructors could not have been more friendly. The weather was adequately hot and descending a mountain on crisp snow inhaling lungfuls of lovely fresh air was an exhilarating experience. Many people took home a suntan and accounts of the holiday and, even now, the skiers reminisce about it.

N. GREENHALL

SIXTH FORM LONDON TRIP, 1982

The coach journey from Shaftesbury to London for the educational trip around the Capital began at 7.30 a.m. on Wednesday 31st March. The choice of places to visit was wide and we had all sorted out our activities beforehand.

The group that I was a member of was headed by Mr. Brooks and our plan for the day was a visit to the Barbican, followed by a pastoral pilgrimage to St. Paul's, on to Regency, and finally a visit to the B.B.C. studios at White City.

The Barbican was magnificent and its modern design was a pleasure to look at. The interior housed a colourful variety of modern art which hung from the roof and walls with the centre-piece being like a stainless steel chandelier of immense size and stature. We had our packed lunch here and then progressed to St. Paul's Cathedral.

From St. Paul's we travelled to Regency and saw the oldest shop in London, 'The Old Curiosity Shop'. The shop was packed with souvenirs which seemed to make the shop bulge. On further inspection, however, it became clear that the building was leaning forward and that this had distorted the front door and the floor to such a degree that the walls seemed convex.

Next on our agenda were the T.V. Studios at White City. We arrived at White City at 5.00 p.m. and were met by Eric Walmsley, a Producer and Old Boy. He took us around the studios, the prop departments and showed us the production team for "Top of the Pops". The high point of our B.B.C. tour was when we saw "Top of the Pops" being rehearsed for recording. John Peel was the D.J. with "Bardot", "Ultravox", "Status Quo" and many other groups performing. We also saw Billy Connolly cooking in rehearsal for Michael Parkinson's last show, along with studio filming of a Shakespeare play. We were too early to see "Tomorrow's World" being rehearsed but we got a look at the studio and scenery.

Eric Walmsley gave us a good insight into T.V. production from costume to camera technology and to Government-subsidized meals, which were cheap and good. Our thanks must therefore go to Mr. Eric Walmsley for such an enjoyable afternoon.

B. DAVISON

EDITOR'S NOTE: Other small groups of sixth Formers, each with a member of staff, went to the Houses of Parliament, the Tate Gallery, Natural History and Science Museums - not to mention Harrods, Oxford St., and Carnaby St. In the evening we all met up for a performance of "Pass the Butler", commented on elsewhere.

THE LIBRARY

Towards the end of the last school year, a band of keen third-years joined the "full-time" staff, after a trial period of several months, as nominal assistants to the more experienced fifth and sixth years. Now there is an adequate number of librarians who strive, in and out of school time, to keep the library tidy and efficient. They do a good job, but the success and usefulness of the library depends on the co-operation and attitude of each member of the School.

S.G.S. is very fortunate to have such an extensive and available library, and now that there are only two terms left for the library, as for the rest of the School, we are determined to maintain the efficient standards and tidy effectiveness that have been attained in the past.

Of course, we look forward to adding another page to the history of our library as we move out to the new building and a new future.

The Librarians now are: R. Jones, C. Saynor, J. Pickard, M. Lyon, M. Pook, M. Wittingham, S. Mitchell, T. Flatau, J. Burton.

J. PICKARD

Once upon a time.....

....in 1964, the Library moved into its present premises - or, rather back into the original room, re-designed and re-furnished. When I came here, in 1963, the Library was a dull brown room boasting a few glass-fronted bookcases. Dirty textbooks were stored aloft, where the present gallery is, and were reached by means of a rickety ladder. A partition could be moved into place to turn the area into two classrooms. This dividable room was the territory of the formidable sixth form, and a little sliding pane in the end window by the existing magazine rack enabled prefects to communicate stentoriously with outside offenders.

Upon three young men in particular - Jim Farrand, 'Tub' Marshall and 'Dil' Lewis - fell the responsibility of first of all removing all the books from the 'old' library to the Nissen hut 'Range' for storage; and then returning them after the renovation, cataloguing, classifying and - where necessary - covering and numbering them.

The County allowed us a relatively generous special grant for new books for three years and Old Boys and friends contributed too. Numbers quickly built up from the 2000 or so initial volumes to more than 5000, when lack of space became a problem. We had another island bookcase made, to raise the room's capacity to the present 6000 books.

None of this would have been possible without the help of many enthusiastic boy librarians. There are several who come to mind apart from the three pioneers mentioned above: particularly "Dicky" Dyke, Jan Larcombe and George Bingham.

We cannot claim never to have closed, but for seven days a week, twelve or more hours a day, the Library has been available for boys to read in, study in or just borrow books from. Every term the stock has been meticulously checked by Librarians and volunteers; twice a year County Library books have been chosen and temporarily added to our stock.

Like the School, perhaps, the Library is ready for re-organisation and new premises. The room awaiting us in the Upper School is generous in size, with superb views towards Cranborne Chase and the Blackmore Vale. A carpeted floor, new furniture, many new books, a new teacher-librarian, with part-time ancillary help, should ensure a fine start to a new chapter. We look forward to it.

P.J.R.

YOUTH SPEAKS, 1982 and 1983

The team entered for this annual competition in 1982 consisted of Alistair Ellen as Chairman, Alexander Selwood as the principal Speaker and Richard Muddimer as the Proposer of the Vote of Thanks. They made an impressive team and Alexander Selwood's speech on the subject of a Skiing Holiday contained some light hearted touches which were well appreciated by the audience. Our team was placed third by the judges. The team from Christy's came a well deserved first, followed by a team from Croft House.

In the 1983 Competition, Russell Fawn, Chairman; John Pickard, principal Speaker; and Gregory Shaw as the Proposer of the Vote of Thanks represented the Grammar School. John Pickard spoke on the subject of "Playground Memories" and aroused both amusement and nostalgia among older members of the audience about those half-forgotten Primary School days: the April Fool's Day jokes, the insulting epithets describing school dinners and the parodies of well known carols. This team was placed first in the local, Shaftesbury round of the competition and went forward to Poole for the next stage.

F.C.H.

ANGLING CLUB

Enthusiasm for classroom meetings has been at a low level for the past eighteen months or so; but we have been slightly more active outdoors.

The pond at Breach Common provided good sport in 1981 but rather more variable results in the summer of 1982. Although the pond was in good condition, thanks to the Parents' Association provision of aquatic herbicide, the small fish seemed to be fewer than previously. We drained the pond, with an ingenious system of syphons and the help of a very muddy Roy Kerley and Jason Perry, in late August and came to the conclusion that the carp, between two and four pounds, had become too dominant. The pond is now full again and re-stocking with tench will take place before the season begins in June.

We have had two outings to Donhead Ponds, the first to fish and the second to help with the draining made necessary by a collapsing dam wall. There were a few fish, mostly tench, caught on the first occasion and plenty seen and handled on the second. Add plenty of mud and a massive bonfire, fine weather and a picnic, and we had all the necessary ingredients for a successful day, enjoyed by seven second formers.

The Angling Club has been a regular feature of School life for about fifteen years. We have fished a good many local waters and have twice ventured abroad, to fish the mighty bream-filled Shannon. More recently we have enjoyed pursuing the barbel at Throop on the lower Stour. Already boys from Christy's School regularly fish in the "School Pond" and I am sure that our move into the new School will see a bigger, more active club.

P.J.R.

SIXTH FORM DISCUSSION GROUP

1981 - 1982: With the start of a new school year the Thursday afternoon ritual of descending upon the High School Sixth Form Common Room for a weekly debate on widely diverse subjects began again after the long summer break.

Sceptical organizers were pleasantly surprised by the overwhelming support shown from the very first session and this was maintained throughout the year, with only four Thursdays missed - and these only in the dreaded examination weeks of June.

As usual, just about everything was argued about and, as usual, nothing was ever solved: the Falklands crisis continued, Russia and U.S.A. are still battling out the ever-accelerating arms race, and there remain many diverse religions over all the world.

Mr. Morgan characteristically proved his view to be right, whatever

the issue. Indeed he has this verbal manipulation developed to such a fine art that even we end up agreeing with him. Mr. Rolfe, the other regular staff attendee, remained his usual calm and collected self - most of the time -, preaching Shakespeare and slandering television. He developed an interesting technique of attempting to silence the rather talkative Mr. Morgan, as a result of which the latter ate three-quarters of a pack of extra-strong mints every Thursday.

We had two guest speakers during the year: Mr. Stanley Mansbridge, who recounted his American experiences and read us a poem; and Mr. Tim Gorringer, a Marxist friend of Mr. Morgan, who talked about his work in the Third World and inspired a lively discussion.

The year ended with a small party in the G.S. Library, when, for once, discussion was secondary to eating and drinking.

Thanks to all who attended and particularly to Lucinda Cox and Heather Leach for providing refreshments unfailingly every week. I hope that re-organisation will see this society go from strength to strength; it provides a very valuable form of enjoyment.

A. SELWOOD

1982 - 1983: After an enthusiastic start to the academic year, support for the Discussion Group has dwindled to a faithful few at the time of writing. This has happened before - and no doubt we shall rise again from the ashes, a phoenix re-born. It is too valuable and enjoyable an activity to be allowed to fade away.

P.J.R.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL ROCK

As well as a flock of academics at this school, there is a rock group! Originally formed in September of last year, the first name was "Tungus Event", an obscure name proposed by one of the original members, S. Marks, who has since turned 'trendy'. The line-up was Rashid Jussa - Guitar, S. Marks - Guitar and Vocals, Mark 'Dougal' Stevens - Bass, and Andy Thorn - Drums. The group was formed to play at a Vith form social and our first practice together was while we were setting everything up on the day itself! That half-hour was nerve wracking, but we were not booed off stage so we must have been at least tolerable!

Soon, however, our vocalist/guitar hero left us and so a new singer had to be found. However, in the end, we got Julian 'Dill' Lipscombe, so adding the only sex appeal to our group. The next venue was to be the Arts Centre on the 18th of February and so the rejuvenated line-up, of Rashid Jussa - axe hero, Julian Lipscombe - tortured screaming, Mark Stevens - the low rumbling noise, and Andy Thorn - nerve-wrenching drum thrashing, practised, almost vigorously, towards this date.

Then DISASTER. Our backer, Trevor of the Boys' Club, let us down and so we had to cancel the 'gig'. On top of this dismaying blow came the devastating news that Andy had sold his drum kit. Disappointed, but undaunted, the terrible trio soldiered onwards, bearing with pride the

name 'JEDAI'. We had renamed ourselves as soon as S. Marks left the group.

At the moment, we are facing a period of relative inactivity, since we are all facing "A" Levels in June. However, in the summer we hope to do many more concerts and will continue working on songs from the pen of the infamous guitarist, whose constant song writing is a source of dismay, especially to 'Dill', who has to learn all the words.

So, until the summer, remember our name and even then don't forget it. You never know, you may have known someone famous!!

R. Jussa

CHESS CLUB

We enjoyed a mixed season in Chess in 1982. Against other schools, we fielded a young team which shows promise for the future. We played four matches of which we won two and lost two.

S.G.S. v Port Regis	lost 4-20
Christy's v S.G.S.	won 12-11
S.G.S. v Blandford	lost 6-18
Port Regis v S.G.S.	won 15-10

We also had our own knockout tournament in which twenty-two people took part and in the end D. Marshall beat S. Pitkin in the final. It was a worthwhile tournament to show off our skills.

During the year, there was also a chess congress which was held at Port Regis. Several schools from around the area took part and there were three sections: the under 12's, the under 14's, and an open section. In the under 14's G. Hunt came fourth and in the open section, which we had won for the last three years, P. Field lost in a play-off to decide the winner.

This year we played Port Regis but we lost again. We then played in a tournament against six other schools in which we came fourth. Although we have not had great success in terms of results I think everybody who plays in these matches enjoys them immensely.

P. Field

RUGBY

1981

First XV

The following played regularly for the XV: C. Laing (Captain), N. Pragnell (Vice-Captain), L. Symons, D. Fell, D. Marsh, W. Lundqvist, M. Sutton, R. Larcombe, A. Cunningham, S. Hussey, D. Walker, J. Cash, J. Perry, D. Hiscock, A. Ellen, S. Lancaster.

The following also played: A. Selwood, B. Davison, J. Cox, P. Johnson.

Results

v.	Blandford Upper	Won	61-4
v.	Bournemouth	Cancelled	
v.	Sherborne	Won	18-6
v.	Clayesmore	Won	9-6
v.	Wells Cathedral School	Lost	4-29
v.	Foster's	Won	18-3
v.	Milton Abbey	Won	17-14
v.	Old Boys XV	Won	15-11
v.	Bournemouth	Lost	10-20
v.	Foster's	Drawn	6-6

Colours were awarded to C. Laing, N. Pragnell, L. Symons, D. Fell, D. Marsh, W. Lundqvist, J. Perry.

Old Boys representing their Club against the School were: C. Griffiths, A. Roberts, I. Johnstone, C. Kirby-Williams, M. Walby, M. Johnstone, L. Vaughan, M. Allen, N. Basford, R. Cullen, N. Burd, M. Waterson, S. Milton, S. Wagstaff, M. Locke.

We lost our trial match against the men of North Dorset R.F.C. with a very inexperienced side but there was certainly potential for a promising season, as was shown by our convincing win over Blandford Upper School (61-4).

Like last year, the team was blessed with a strong 3/4 line with excellent individual talent being displayed. Even though the pack was small and inexperienced our opposition found it very hard to push us off the ball. As the season progressed the XV began to play as a team. However, yet again we fell victim to Wells Cathedral (4-29) and Bournemouth (10-20) but these were the only two defeats of the season, with the last match against our old rivals, Foster's, resulting in a penalty draw (6-6).

It was good to see the Old Boys field a strong 1st XV. However they were not quite up to our standards and we beat them (15-11) in an enjoyable game.

It cannot be denied that this was the most successful 1st XV for seven years.

The following : C. Laing, L. Symons, D. Fell, J. Perry, W. Lundqvist, D. Hiscock, S. Hussey and D. Walker, represented North Dorset teams throughout the season, culminating in victory in a 7-a-side area plate competition.

C. LAING

Second XV

Results

v.	Clayesmore	Won	19-3
v.	Wells Cathedral School	Lost	48-3
v.	Foster's	Won	22-12
v.	Milton Abbey	Lost	30-0
v.	Old Boys	Won	28-19
v.	Foster's	Lost	47-11

The following played regularly: J. Calcott, R. Jussa, L. Romanillos, G. Sage, M. Greenhall, S. Lancaster, W. Gay, J. Cox, P. Harding, D. Woodrow, M. Robinson, B. Davison, T. Cowley and M. Lanham.

The following also played: J. Lane, D. Thrussell, R. Muddimer, M. Ritchie, K. Symons, J. Gonoude, P. Field, S. Griffiths, K. Thomas, S. Thomas, J. Cash, G. Cooper, S. Humberstone.

An "A" XV beat Gillingham School 25-21. The following played: J. Calcott, M. Sutton, P. Johnson, L. Romanillos, D. Walker, J. Cash, S. Lancaster, T. Cowley, W. Gay, M. Robinson, J. Cox, B. Davison, S. Humberstone, A. Ellen, R. Larcombe, D. Hiscock.

Under-15 XV

Results

v.	Blandford Upper	Won	47-6
v.	Bournemouth	Cancelled	
v.	Sherborne	Won	12-4
v.	Clayesmore	Won	21-0
v.	Wells Cathedral School	Lost	4-10
v.	Milton Abbey	Lost	16-18
v.	Bournemouth	Lost	28-29
v.	Gillingham	Won	32-8
v.	Foster's	Lost	20-18

The following played regularly: I. Krysztofiak (Captain), P. Seidl (Vice-Captain), J. Leach, W. Blamey, R. Kerley, A. Plumbe, O. Spencer, S. Jeffery, M. Briggs, J. Perry, R. Fell, N. Greenhall, S. Higson, D. O'Neal, I. Spence, G. Munday.

The following also played: R. Hammonds, D. Porteous, N. Hunt, M. Laing, M. Foster, M. Bacon, I. Osborne, P. Leighton, B. Gray.

House Matches

Combined Senior and Junior Results Table

	P	W	L	D	Pts.
Spartans	6	6	0	0	12
Trojans	6	3	3	0	6
Corinthians	6	2	4	0	4
Romans	6	1	5	0	2

First XV

This year's rugby XV was relatively young, containing five 5th formers, and looked as though it would be handicapped by its lack of size. In our "trial" game against North Dorset R.F.C. 2nd XV our scrum proved itself to be a base of support and the main reason for the defeat was a lack of tackling in the line. The defeat did not dampen the team spirit and the next two games, against Blandford and Bournemouth, we won convincingly.

At Sherborne we suffered our first defeat by another school, our excuse being that it was an exeat, and the previous night certain members of the XV had attended a party. Their play the next day was therefore not altogether convincing.

The real trauma of the season arose when the coach was forced to leave for Clayesmore without our outstanding No. 8, I. Krysztofiak. During the journey several plans were put forward to try and cope with the problem but fortunately five minutes before kick-off he arrived on a borrowed bicycle, a tribute to his dedication to rugby. We went on to win the game with some very aggressive scrum play.

Wells Cathedral caught us revelling in the previous week's victory and reminded us of the importance of wingers and overlapping when on the attack.

The home match against Foster's proved the theory that the Grammar School only play good rugby in the second half of a match. From being 9-0 down at half-time we managed to snatch a 13-13 draw with a lucky drop-kick from S. Lancaster.

Perhaps the biggest disappointment of the season was the defeat by Milton Abbey. It was one of the matches we could have, and should have, won. However, we lacked cohesion and a few break-away tries enabled Abbey to win the initiative.

The Old Boys defeated the 1st XV in a good hard match. Their team was lead by A. Whitley and included some excellent forwards, for example M. Allen, M. Walby and T. Prideaux, all of whom still play club rugby.

The return match against Bournemouth resulted in another victory for the Grammar School and hence we had completed the "double" over them, the most notable achievement of the season.

The final match of 1st XV Rugby at S.G.S., unfortunately ended in defeat at the hands of Foster's. The game was not very entertaining because of the excessive kicking by the opposition's fly-half, who took advantage of Foster's sloping pitch.

In general the season was a successful one. Our pack was led by R. Larcombe and the line had shown glimpses of what it was capable of. A. Ellen's kicking was on the whole good, and J. Calcott played some brilliant attacking rugby from his position as full-back. Seven Colours were awarded, showing the high quality of rugby in the School.

The players were: S. Lancaster (Capt.), R. Larcombe (V. Capt.), J. Cox, G. Needham-Clark, T. Cowley, S. Jeffery, J. Perry. I. Krysztofiak, A.J. Ellen, P. Johnson, D. O'Neal, R. Jussa, M. Cole, J. Calcott, S. Hussey, G. Cooper, M. Briggs.

Colours were awarded to: S. Lancaster, R. Larcombe, J. Cox, G. Needham-Clark, T. Cowley, I. Krysztofiak and J. Calcott.

Results

v.	North Dorset R.F.C.	A	Lost	6-44
v.	Blandford Upper	A	Won	38-4
v.	Bournemouth	A	Won	22-10
v.	Sherborne	A	Lost	4-30
v.	Clayesmore	A	Won	17-0
v.	Wells Cathedral	H	Lost	9-23
v.	Foster's	H	Drew	13-13
v.	Milton Abbey	H	Lost	6-16
v.	Old Boys	H	Lost	3-14
v.	Bournemouth	H	Won	20-14
v.	Foster's	A	Lost	4-14

The following Old Boys played against the School:

1st XV A. Whitley (Capt.), M. Summers, D. Fell, M. Walby, L. Symons, P. Houghton, R. Cullen, D. Walker, M. Allen, W. Walworth, D. Locke, T. Prideaux, J. Perry, J. Macassey, D. Field.

2nd XV B. Smith (Capt.), D. Harrison, G. Silk, M. Bigwood, J. Cash, C. Rogerson, S. Trevis, N. Basford, S. Humberstone, W. Gay, R. Locke, D. J. Marsh, P. Shrubsole, M. Locke, R. Sargent

S. Lancaster

Second XV

Results

v.	Wells	A	Lost	0-40
v.	Foster's	H	Lost	4-24
v.	Milton Abbey	H	Won	8-4
v.	Foster's	A	Lost	0-23
v.	Old Boys	H	Lost	3-8

The following played regularly: S. Griffiths (Capt.), D. Woodrow, P. Seidl, S. Thomas, K. Thomas, I. Spence, J. Lane, J. Dodson, N. Greenhall, R. Kerley, W. Blamey, S. Hussey, G. Burton, G. Cooper, A. MacDonald, M. Briggs.

Third XV

Mr. Dennis Silk, a former "blue" and England Test cricketer and now Headmaster of Radley College, pronounced recently that the true measure of the state of games in a school was not the quality of the 1st XV, but of its 3rd XV.

The 1982 XV was not as strong, perhaps, as past teams, for it had fewer Upper V with "heavies" than usual, but it lacked nothing in spirit or enthusiasm: the dynamism of Nick Greenhall at scrum-half and the outspoken determination of Gerry Burton, No. 8 and pack leader, ensured this. It was an unusually young XV; ten or eleven of the team were fifth formers.

As always, the policy of the 1982 XV was to get the ball to the three-quarters and then run it ... much to the delight of wing 3/4's who were often embarrassed with so much possession. Greenhall and I. Palmer

developed a good understanding at half-back and N. Hunt and R. Fell had plenty of opportunity to use their speed and power and change of pace in the centre. Very little was likely to stop Collis on the wing, or Osborne.

But so much depends on the forwards. We were not too optimistic about the 1982 pack but in fact it proved far better than we dared hope. A. Miller and J. Leach as props gave crunching support to the incisive hooking of Blamey and proved tireless workers in the loose play. O. Spencer, P. Virgo and J. Lipscombe shared the 2nd row and principal line-out positions. The back row of M. Foster, G. Burton and M. Antell worked tremendously hard and the emergence of Antell as such a quick and aggressive wing forward was something of a revelation.

The highlight of the season was the two matches with Milton Abbey. The first encounter, away, which we lost by 6-0, had proved so hard-fought and enjoyable a match that a return was arranged. Although their team was somewhat weakened by 'flu and calls to provide replacements for their 2nd XV at Clayesmore, Milton Abbey forced us to play our very best to win 25-4.

It is difficult to get fixtures for our 3rd XV as few schools outside the independent school circuit seem able to raise that number of senior rugby teams. Indeed, it is sad to report that Clayesmore, who with us "invented" 3rd XV Rugby some eight or nine years ago, were unable to muster a XV this season. Yet 3rd XV rugby can be so rewarding both for the players, many of whom are putting on a School-team jersey for the first time, and for the schoolmasters who coach and run the teams. There's enormous enthusiasm, a willingness to learn, and an intense loyalty to the team.

The 3rd XV at S.G.S. is now something of an institution, and over the last five or six years would not in any way have disappointed Mr. Silk.

M.J.W.

Under-15 XI

We have become used to a hard-core of rugby enthusiasts in the 4th Form from which we draw our Colts' XV - the Blamey/Burton/Greenhall/Jussa/Krysztofiak/Leach/Miller/Perry/Seidl crew of 1981, for instance. There was none about in 1982. The larger, heavier boys one relies on to form the nucleus of a pack were not much interested in the rough and tumble of rugby football, and the 1982 Colts XV thus started with a disadvantage: winning possession of the ball was likely to be fortuitous except against the weaker opposition.

Laing, Pitkin, and Dodson could always be relied on to work very hard in the loose play but, although a number of players were tried out, the pack as a whole seldom really worked as a unit in set pieces, nor was it aggressive enough in snapping-up the loose ball and making it safe.

Such an uncertain service from the forwards gave scant encouragement to Richardson and Angell at scrum-half and outside-half: their work was often rushed and usually the three-quarters' running was done under pressure. This was a pity, for Higson and Greenhall in the centre were capable of incisive and powerful running and had we been able to feed them, our wing three-quarters, Smith and Powell, were potentially very quick.

In defence, our backs left much to be desired: occasionally Higson and Greenhall could be relied upon to put their men down but the tackling elsewhere was none too resolute.

In the opening match we defeated a Clayesmore XV that had been back at school only a few days and were unprepared; we were well beaten in the return match later in the term. Yet we did manage to put our game together in one memorable encounter: having lost too heavily and too easily to Bournemouth early in the term, we outplayed them in the return match. Having demonstrated that we could turn on a performance, we relapsed in the following matches!

Teams were drawn from the following:- S. Higson (Captain), M. Laing (V.Captain), A. Plumbe, M. Foster, D. Porteous, A. Pitkin, D. Dodson, C. Greenhall, T. Richardson, P. Angell, P. Smith, C. Powell, K. Crane, M. Street, M. Young, S. Brown, R. Gwillim, R. Fookes, A. Dawson, M. Bacon, T. Pike, G. Cradock, P. Hancock, D. Bonfield.

Results

v.	Clayesmore	Away	Won
v.	Blandford Upper	Away	Lost
v.	Bournemouth	Away	Lost
v.	Wells Cathedral	Home	Lost
v.	Milton Abbey	Away	Lost
v.	Bournemouth	Home	Won
v.	Clayesmore	Away	Lost
v.	Sherborne	Away	Drew

SQUASH, 1982

This season we achieved much success, if not in results then in the increased enthusiasm, which is of equal importance. Although we lost two vital players from the team, Craig Griffiths and Lee Vaughan, Jonathan Perry and Jonathan Cash replaced them. The pair suddenly decided to play squash more seriously and thus at a much higher level.

On Friday nights we got together to play one another, which not only kept us reasonably in shape but also allowed us to play people with different styles and abilities and not necessarily in the squash team. On occasions Mr. Simmonds, Mr. Gregory and Mr. Rolfe would also play, which probably did them the world of good as it was in contrast to the comparatively unenergetic occupation of teaching!

Unfortunately, we were unable to beat Warminster School in their full-sized courts. However, we settled down much quicker when playing Milton Abbey and discovered Mark Greenhall playing some tremendous squash with tenacity and cool-headedness, unlike his opponent, who succumbed to Mark's persistence in the fifth set. We won the challenge 3-2.

The well-established tradition of a very select team from Pyt House

challenging our finest players was continued this year. However, part of the tradition was broken because this year the wrong team won and we found ourselves not only with the final defeat of the year but also very low morale. But then there is always next year.

None of the fixtures would have been possible had it not been for Mr. Simmonds' help and we are all grateful for his involvement in the sport. On the whole, this season can be described as a successful one and if the enthusiasm is the same next term then there is no reason why the School should not have a strong team since there are a number of promising seniors on the way. Stephen Griffiths has been appointed Squash Captain.

The 1st VI: Martin Sutton, Stephen Griffiths, Jonathan Cash, Jonathan Perry, Wain Lundqvist, Mark Greenhall.

M. A. Sutton

TABLE TENNIS, 1982-3

This season, Shaftesbury Grammar School fielded three teams, the "B" and "C" teams 'surviving' in the third division, and the "A" team proving more competitive in their second successive year on the first division, of the Shaftesbury and District Table Tennis League.

Paul Field, Julian Webb, Simon Higson and Robin Williams (now left), make up the "C" team, which in fact has become more successful than the "B" team, of Philip Seidl, Ian Krysztofiak, Simon Hussey and the younger third former, Christopher Greenhall.

The "A" team is headed by Mr. Peter Rolfe, who, with Nicholas Greenhall, enjoyed a season of almost unbeatable consistency. Stephen Griffiths had a slow start to the season, but began to win far more games in the second half.

Despite the pressure from schoolwork and exams, all the players have been very keen and willing to play an arduous fixture test. As the season progressed, an increasingly competitive attitude has shown itself, but in no way has this affected our sportsmanship and enjoyment.

The sport also gives us a chance to meet new people, each evening ending up with a social 'chat' over coffee and biscuits. Conflicting views on the night's performances are usually the theme of discussion.

A better knowledge of the surrounding area is gained through away matches. In fact, this is not shared by the "B" and "C" teams, as they have no method of transport. The "A" team, with the transport from Mr. Rolfe, visit a wide range of venues, including a desolate factory's dining room, many noisy village halls, a boys' club, barns and garages. In fact in the second division, we once played a fixture in a room connected to a pub.

As with any sport, there is always the occasional freak result. For example, our "C" team lost 10-0 to the Ashmore "C" team, away, but previously, at home, we had lost a close-run game only 6-4. The "A" team, too, had a shock result, managing to draw with Iwerne Minster, by far the best team in the League, with Nicholas Greenhall winning all three games, and partnering Mr. Rolfe in the winning doubles.

In general, it is fair to say that sports facilities at the School are poor; this is not true with table tennis. The Old Shastonians' sizeable investment in a new table has paid off by increasing interest and enthusiasm, which, channelled by Mr. Rolfe's contribution in both leadership and coaching, has caused the sport to flourish.

S. GRIFFITHS

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
1982 and 1983

First XI

We were looking for another excellent season. Seven of the highly successful 1981 side were back at School. Perhaps we could better the 1981 record?

It was a wretched start to the season. Snow and ice caused almost no practice and the cancellation of two matches. Muddimer and Laing - he fell down an uncharted manhole on the Hawksdene playing field! - were missing through injury. We lost the opening games 1-0 to Bishop Wordsworth's and 2-6 to a very lively but young Frome College XI. A fortnight's lull, and the XI began to perform as we'd hoped. A potentially very strong Old Boys XI was put down 5-1. Too confident, perhaps, we faced a 'weak' Foster's XI (is there such a thing?) and struggled to hold them 2-2, but thereafter a string of wins followed: Downside 6-4, Blandford Upper 3-2, Bournemouth 3-0 (a fine team performance this), Warminster 2-1.

The heart of the side was the midfield, who produced a proper blend of resolute ball-winning - how well Simon Lancaster and Mark Greenhall did this - and creative play and finishing. Cash and Stephen Griffiths (especially) had excellent seasons.

Our twin strikers, Chris Laing and David Marsh, were seasoned campaigners. They worked hard and skilfully and were the chief goalscorers.

The defence was pretty dependable, and so it should have been. James Calcott was the only 'newcomer' and he quickly settled into the right-back position. Pragnell, Lundqvist and Sutton were as good as before, but it was noticeable that the defence looked really tight only when Muddimer was there at centre-defender.

The XI was a stable combination on the whole, and seldom had to call on reserves: D. Walker, A.J. Ellen, L. Romanillos, Jon Perry played on occasions and made their contribution to a successful season.

What of the 1983 XI? Simon Lancaster has had the unenviable task of leading a very young and inexperienced side rather lacking in physique. Several players from the 1982 XI whom he could have expected to be in his XI proved unavailable: Mark Greenhall and James Calcott had left school; Stephen Griffiths was 'out' with recurrent back trouble. It was a severe blow to the XI - and to the boy himself - that Richard Muddimer broke down early in the opening match with a recurrence of the knee injury that had dogged him since the 4th Form, and he did not play again. There was no adequate replacement for him at centre-defender; Ellen perforce had to move from centre-forward to fill the gap but he was not really temperamentally cut out for the position.

The XI never got its game together. The defence lacked discipline and cover, though Dodson emerged as a determined and energetic fullback. The midfield players generally worked very hard - none more so than Lancaster and the youthful Neil Hunt - and we just occasionally saw glimpses of the natural ability of Nick Greenhall though his intuitive play seldom evoked much response. But it was at the front where the XI was especially lacking. The urge to accelerate the game in the opposing penalty area and compete with each other to score was just not there.

For all that, the XI's morale has not suffered too apparently. Disappointed they are, no doubt; even after a 'disastrous' 11-2 loss to Bishop Wordsworth's, however, they competed with Frome College and Hardy's School and contributed to two enjoyable matches.

Boys who played for the XI are:

S. Lancaster, P. Seidl, J. Dodson, A. Ellen, D. O'Neal, B. Woodrow, R. Jussa, N. Greenhall, N. Hunt, J. Perry, P. Johnson, J. Lane, M. Cole, I. Spence, R. Muddimer.

Second XI, 1982

Results

v.	Sexey's	cancelled	
v.	Bishop Wordsworth's	drawn	4-4
v.	Frome College	drawn	1-1
v.	Old Boys	won	13-2
v.	Foster's	lost	2-6
v.	Salisbury Theological College	won	3-2
v.	Sherborne	lost	0-3
v.	Blandford Upper	won	8-0
v.	Salisbury Theological College	cancelled	
v.	Gillingham	won	3-0
v.	Foster's	won	3-0

The following played regularly: B. Davison (captain), B. Walker, K. Fogg, J. Lane, L. Symons, K. Thomas, M. Duckworth, M. Cole, B. O'Neal, D. Thrussell, L. Romanillos.

The following also played: J. Cox, J. Calcott, S. Thomas, R. Jussa, J. Perry, P. Johnson, S. Griffiths, A. Ellen.

Third XI, 1982

Results

v.	Foster's	drawn	1-1
v.	Sherborne	lost	4-6
v.	Foster's	won	2-0
v.	Sherborne	lost	0-2

The following played: J. Elsworth (captain), R. Juett, A. Hunt, P. Field, A. Dowell, P. Riley, S. McLaren, S. Humberstone, M. Cross, P. Kitching, P. Harding, J. Debnam, J. Lipscombe, J. Dodson.

Under-15 XI, 1982

Results

v.	Sexey's	cancelled	
v.	Dunworth	won	10-0
v.	Blandford Upper	lost	0-1
v.	Warminster	won	4-2
v.	Foster's	drawn	2-2

The following played: D. O'Neal (captain), N. Greenhall (vice-captain), P. Seidl, S. Jeffery, E. Krysztofiak, J. Leach, J. Perry, S. Higson, N. Hunt, O. Spencer, S. Stickley, P. Angell, G. Munday, I. Spence, J. Jussa, B. Gray.

Under-14 XI, 1982

Results

v.	Frome College	drawn	4-4
v.	St. Lawrence School	cancelled	
v.	Downside	won	12-0
v.	Christy's	won	5-2

v.	Bournemouth	lost	1-2
v.	Blandford	lost	0-5
v.	Gillingham	drawn	5-5
v.	Dunworth	won	4-2

The following played regularly: P. Angell, G. Cradock, M. Foster, Morris, N. Burson, S. Mitchell, S. Higson, T. Richardson, C. Greenhall, K. Crane.

The following also played: A. Johnson, M. Young, C. Doyle, M. Bacon, M. Laing, A. Dawson, P. Smith.

Under-13 XI, 1982

Results

v.	Dunworth	won	7-0
v.	Warminster	won	5-0

The following played: C. Doyle, P. Ward, C. Cryer, Morris, R. Whitfield, G. Hunt, R. Marshall, G. Eaglestone, C. Tappenden, A. Nuttall, A. Cross, T. Sawtell, C. Greenhall, D. Brock.

CROSS-COUNTRY, 1982

This year's Cross-Country was, yet again, hit very hard by the weather, allowing very few matches to be completed and also supplying a good excuse for the reluctant trainers. The North Dorset Championship, which was very early in our season, provided a very testing course, and against strong opposition both Greg Shaw and Jason Perry finished in the first ten (Greg Shaw 1st) and were selected for the County Championships. Tom Richardson also ran very well in the Junior event.

Late in the season we had a very enjoyable and successful match against Claysmore in which the U.16 team performed exceptionally well to take seven out of the first ten places, including first, second and third. Outstanding for the U.14 team were T. Richardson and Simon Higson.

The Inter-House Cross-Country was held on a glorious summer-like day; the pleasant weather and firm ground produced some excellent performances in very close races. New records were set by Greg Shaw in the Senior event and Richard Weller in the Junior and overall the results were as follows:

1st	Spartans	588
2nd	(Romans)	599
	(Corinthians)	
4th	Trojans	726

Individual Results

<u>Senior</u>	1	G. Shaw	(R)
	2	J. Perry	(S)
	3	J. Dodson	(R)

<u>Intermediate</u>	1	J. Perry	(S)
	2	B. Gray	(R)
	3	S. Jeffery	(S)

<u>Junior</u>	1 R. Weller	(S)
	2 M. Pitman	(C)
	3 A. Dearden	(S)

Throughout the season Greg Shaw had been representing Dorset in various matches and at the end of the season was selected to run in the All-England Championships at Sheffield. Competing in a field which included many internationals and certainly the cream of England's Cross Country runners Greg was placed 187th, which is a very fine result.

Perhaps the most pleasing aspect of this Cross-Country season was the keenness and enthusiasm with which our juniors competed. I am sure this augurs well for the future.

Boys who represented the School at Cross-Country in 1982 were: D. Burton, S. Thomas, N. Hunt, N. Burson, M. Telford, K. Crane, M. Pitman, J. Gosling, M. Baronne, G. Pitman, A. Jones, J. Dodson, G. Shaw, B. Gray, M. Whittingham, S. Mitchell, N. Cook, C. Goodman, P. Chapman, R. Eaglestone, K. Fogg, D. Walker, P. Harding, S. Jeffery, I. Krystofiak, D. O'Neal, J. Perry, A. Dearden, M. Birch, R. Weller, R. Larcombe, L. Romanillos, R. Wilson, S. Higson, T. Pike, M. Bacon, T. Richardson, and P. Smith.

CRICKET, 1982

First XI :

This year we had a fairly young team containing only one Upper Sixth former and many Fifth formers. Despite this there was a lot of talent in the team and great things were expected of the "young bloods", especially Liam Romanillos and James Calcott.

We started the season by holding a better prepared Foster's side to a draw, but were then beaten by the old men of Shaftesbury C.C., largely due to a fine half-century from Club Captain, Graham Glaze. Our first victory was at Warminster, on a pitch of doubtful quality which bore a passing resemblance to a ploughed field. However, our bowlers took better advantage of the pitch, on which the ball often bounced disconcertingly. Despite some fine swing bowling by D. Thrussell a batting collapse caused our defeat at Milton Abbey, surely one of the most picturesque grounds in the area.

We faced a side containing five Dorset players at Poole Grammar School, always our most difficult fixture; yet despite this and their decision to bat after tea, victory, the first in many years, was on the cards until Ellen gave away his wicket on reaching his fifty. The match against Clayesmore was unfortunately washed out when we seemed on the way to a good score. The annual fixture against touring side Burnley G.S. was a close run thing due to some fine hitting from Romanillos and Calcott, who fell just short of a half century.

The Old Boys seemed quietly confident sitting on their total of 119 but saw it demolished for the loss of only one wicket, that of Calcott for 21; Ellen and Thrussell polished the rest off, scoring 72 not out and 23 not out respectively. Thus we finished with a respectable record: won two, lost two, drawn three.

Unfortunately, many of the team have since left the School, notably Liam Romanillos, our best bowler; James Calcott, one half of our successful opening partnership; and Kevin Fogg, a promising off-spin bowler. I am relying on this year's crop of Fifth formers to fill the gaps.

S. Griffiths, D. Thrusell, L. Romanillos and J. Calcott were awarded 1st XI caps and A. J. Ellen was awarded his 1st XI Blazer.

The following represented the team regularly: A. J. Ellen (Capt.), S. Griffiths (V.Capt.), J. Cash, D. Thrusell, S. Woodrow, R. Muddimer, J. Cox, L. Romanillos, J. Calcott, K. Fogg. The following also played: S. Lancaster, D. Walker, J. Wrench, W. Lundqvist, K. Thomas, N. Greenhall, P. Seidl.

Results

v.	Foster's School, Sherborne	Match Drawn
	Foster's 145 for 9 dec.	(S. Griffith 5-28)
	S.G.S. 75 for 4	(A. Ellen 28, D. Woodrow 19 n.o.)
v.	Shaftesbury C.C.	Lost by 52 runs
	S.C.C. 145 for 9 dec..	
	S.G.S. 93	(J. Cox 25 n.o., D. Thrusell 17)
v.	Warminster School	Won by 4 wkts.
	Warminster 55	(A. Ellen 5-13, L. Romanillos 4-13)
	S.G.S. 56 for 6	(D. Thrusell 11 n.o.)
v.	Milton Abbey	Lost by 61 runs
	Milton Abbey 112	(D. Thrusell 5-13)
	S.G.S. 51	(A. Ellen 11)
v.	Poole Grammar	Match Drawn
	Poole 146 for 8 dec	(A. Ellen 4-47)
	S.G.S. 82 for 6	(A. Ellen 51)
v.	Clayesmore	Match Abandoned - Rain
	S.G.S. 70 for 4	(A. Ellen 29, D. Thrusell 14)
v.	Burnley Grammar	Match Drawn
	Burnley 156 for 6 dec.	
	S.G.S. 139 for 2	(J. Calcott 47, L. Romanillos 38 n.o.)
v.	Old Boys	Won by 9 wkts
	Old Boys 119 for 8 dec.	
	S.G.S. 120 for 1	(A. Ellen 72 n.o., D. Thrusell 23 n.o., J. Calcott 21)

A. J. Ellen

Under-15 XI

Led by N. Greenhall, assisted by P. Seidl, this was a reasonably successful side, despite the lack of any really outstanding players. Team spirit was good and enthusiasm remained high throughout the season although our own rather limited practice facilities made things rather difficult. The artificial wicket provided a true surface for batting, though it was rather faster than most pitches we played on, as Clayesmore found to their cost in the first match of the season. The lack of nets meant, though, that no intensive coaching and practice could take place.

Several players showed promise. N. Greenhall was probably the most talented batsman, with good temperament and an increasing range of strokes. P. Seidl revealed the strokes but was always likely to give away his wicket. As he lost confidence, his effectiveness as batsman and bowler declined. With self-control, though, he could still make a useful cricketer. O. Spencer batted with considerable concentration and correctness, whilst T. Richardson - perhaps the youngest member of the side - showed great promise, with the bat and in the field.

As for the bowling, Greenhall was the most consistent, and as he gets bigger and stronger should make a good seam bowler. N. Hunt, too, showed promise, as did D. O'Neal, under-used until the last match.

Results

v.	Foster's School 57 (P. Seidl 20) Foster's 58-4	lost by 6 wickets
v.	Clayesmore (20 overs) Clayesmore 36-7 School 37-2 (P. Seidl 21 n.o.)	won by 8 wickets
v.	Frome College School 81 (N. Greenhall 25) Frome 82-7	lost by 3 wickets
v.	Warminster School 93 (N. Greenhall 25) Warminster 51 (N. Greenhall 4-11)	won by 42 runs
v.	Milton Abbey School 17 Milton Abbey 20-0	lost by 10 wickets
v.	Poole Poole 179-8 School 47	lost by 132 runs
v.	Clayesmore Clayesmore 49 (O'Neal 4-6) School 51-3 (Perry 17)	won by 7 wickets

The following played regularly: N. Greenhall (Captain), P. Seidl (Vice-Captain), A. Miller, O. Spencer, I. Krysztofiak, J. Perry, I. Osborne, R. Fell, T. Richardson, R. Kerley, J. Leach, D. O'Neal, N. Hunt. C. Greenhall and P. Angell played in one match.

P.J.R.

House Cricket Combined Senior and Junior Results Table

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Trojans	5	4(5)	1	0	10
Corinthians	5	3(4)	2	0	8
Romans	5	1(2)	4	0	4
Spartans	3	1	2	0	2

TENNIS, 1982

This year the tennis team achieved continued success all round and this was due to the enthusiasm of all the players. It was possible to arrange many matches which did not coincide with the cricket fixtures. This proved to be healthy for both sports.

This season has seen not only new players, especially in the juniors, but also much improved ones such as Michael Cole, Nicholas Greenhall and Simon Lancaster. Indeed, it was also good to see the junior team playing with newly acquired skill and aggression.

The team players and semi-enthusiasts continued to use the worst grass courts in North Dorset. However, by kind permission of Dr. Tapper, his tennis court was also made available to us. The two town courts were also used, which eased the pressure when half the School was on games.

Mr. Webber arranged several matches for the School tennis teams. Unfortunately all our fixtures were played away from School but this I am sure did not affect the results of the various challenges.

The Dennis Tennis Final was won by Stephen Griffiths by a 6-4, 6-2 victory over Nicholas Greenhall. Both competitors played the match with skill and subtlety. Naturally both Stephen and Nicholas were slightly nervous and thus over-cautions but the match was nevertheless a climax to an enjoyable competition.

In the new Junior version of the Dennis Cup Christopher Greenhall defeated Simon Higson in the Final. There is considerable enthusiasm for Tennis in the junior school. Twenty-three boys took advantage of the Prudential-sponsored L.T.A. coaching courses in the Easter holidays and early summer term.

The School has also been entered for various competition: the Dorset Doubles Championships, the South West of England Championships, and the National U. 19 Championship. Stephen and I were fourth in Dorset and the competition was an ideal experience for the two major events.

Results

Clayesmore	won
Foster's	won
Foster's	won
Sexey's, Bruton	won
Blandford Upper	won
Sherborne II	lost
Bournemouth School	lost
Sexey's, Bruton	lost
Milton Abbey	lost
Canford II	drawn

M. Sutton.

ATHLETICS, 1982

Again the athletics season was a very productive one, with outstanding performances by all, with twelve athletes representing North Dorset and the 4th year team losing only two matches.

The season started on the 29th April with a second and fourth year team competing against Christy's. The fourth year athletes, who performed well all season, showed that the long break had not affected their fitness. The second year lost by a small margin of seven points.

A week later the third and first years had a match against Christy's. The third years won easily but again the younger team was beaten. As a result of this match, Simon Higson, Tim Pike and Daniel Porteous assured their places in the fourth year team, which was now complete. Their excellent season could really start to flow.

On 10th May we teamed up with Christy's, with both teams sailing to victory against Gillingham and St. Aldhelm's.

North Dorset Championships this year took place at Sherborne on 22nd May. Again performances were very good with the under-13 team winning and the under-17 team coming third. From here twelve athletes went on to represent North Dorset in the Dorset Athletic Championships at Weymouth on 12th June. D. Burd and S. Jeffery came first in the Discus and High Jump respectively.

The next major competition was the G.R.E. cup. Here two teams were entered and the 4th year team won by a margin of 14 points with wins from S. Jeffery, D. O'Neal, M. Briggs and I. Krysztofiak. This was the first time that Shaftesbury has won this competition and the whole team were very pleased and optimistic about their chances in the Regional Finals on 7th July. Here the team performed outstandingly well, coming second by only one point to Tamar School, Devon.

The 20th May saw a match between us, Clayesmore and Winchester. Here both the open and fourth year teams won by immense margins.

The Dorset A.A.A. Championships were held on 15th May. Gosling performed exceptionally well here and was awarded a trophy for first place in the 800 metres. Because of lack of facilities there was no Sports Day as such and House Athletics were held over the 29th and 30th July, with Spartans winning.

So far there is one athlete that has not been mentioned at all and I feel that he should be given a few words exclusively. Of course this is David Marsh, who throughout his School career has performed fantastically in the Javelin, going to the National finals for the fourth year in succession.

Some very pleasing news is that athletics has now been recognised as a major sport in Shaftesbury Grammar School and School colours are now to be awarded. Of course, Dave Marsh was the first to be awarded them.

The 1982 athletics season was one of the most successful for the School. We surprised ourselves, and others, and I was proud to captain the fourth year team and congratulate all those who have contributed. One last word must be put in for Mr. Fay, who has put in so much work. We thank him for all his dedication and support.

M. Briggs

SWIMMING

The swimming sports were held in Gillingham Baths on Tuesday 6th July 1982. Three records were broken: two by Simon Jeffery - in the Senior Crawl (2 lengths), 28.1 seconds, and in the Senior Free Style (4 lengths), 66.4 seconds; and the third record was in the 1 length Second Strings' Race in which Daniel Porteous reduced the time by nearly 2 seconds - 16.5 down to 14.6 seconds.

The House Competition was a closely fought contest. Romans came first with 41 points, to win the Hallett Cup; Spartans were runners-up with 37 points; Corinthians, third with 35 points; and Trojans, fourth with 33 points.

OLD BOYS AND STAFF LOOK BACK

What follows is a miscellany of memories, an attempt to catch the flavour of life at S.G.S. in the past.

1898-1900 (W.F. Rutter)

I attended the Shaftesbury Grammar School for about two years from age 11 to 13. The school comprised mostly day boys but the Headmaster had a few boarders. There was one large classroom where the whole school could assemble and which was used as two classrooms; and one other classroom. Later Physics and Chemistry classrooms were added.

1908-1911 (A.L. Filley)

In 1908 the School consisted of the original building, viz. one large school room, one small classroom connected with the Headmaster's residence, and dormitories. In addition there was a chemical laboratory, a changing room and usual offices. The Headmaster was Doctor C.H. Tovey, who had recently taken up this position. The complement of the School at that time was something like eighty boys only. The other masters were Messrs. Ramshaw, Watmough and Rich. There was also a Colour Sergeant, who took us for physical drill.

In 1910/11 the School won the Dorset Inter-School Sports Shield. I was a member of the team in 1911, but had no personal success.

We acquired an additional field to the existing playing field in 1910; the field abutted the original one on the Cann side.

There was a very hard winter in 1910. During this period Wincombe Pond was frozen over for several weeks and much skating took place. We used to stay at School until 1.00 p.m. during this period, have dinner, and go off with Doctor Tovey, skating. The ice got to a maximum thickness of 10 1/4". Mr. Bealing, whose son was at School, fell into the pond through broken ice, but survived.

In the Autumn Term of 1911 I took an examination for entering the Royal Navy as a Boy Artificer, and having passed I left to join the Royal Navy at the end of the year. I served in the Navy until 30th April, 1948, when I retired as a Lieutenant (E).

1907-1932 (C.H. Tovey - Headmaster - by his son, G.E. Tovey)

After leaving Wellingborough School, C.H.T. moved south, and, finally applied for and got the Headmastership of S.G.S. Why did he choose Shaftesbury? For two reasons, I think. Firstly because of its healthy situation and, secondly, because there was room for expansion. During his early years the playing field was enlarged, as numbers were increasing rapidly. During the First World War he took boys, during the holidays, to Drewsteignton, on Dartmoor, to help on farms - a splendid change from teaching senior English!

After the war, the Memorial Hall was built to commemorate the fallen and I remember my mother demanding that a sick-bay be built over one end of the hall. Numbers had increased considerably - both day and boarding. I believe I am right in saying that in 1932, when father and mother retired, there were 118 boarders and 118 day boys - the Grosvenor Bus had to work for its living on trips to and from Semley Station, with vocal encouragement from the top deck!

C.H.T. was a fine soccer player in his younger days - he played for the Corinthians in the F.A. Cup against Preston North End - and was also a useful cricketer. Thinking of cricket, in addition to school matches, the visit of W.G. Tovey's XI each year and O.S. tours were popular affairs, continued by his successor, Bob Minchin.

From 1932-47 C.H.T. was secretary of the O.S. Club and was still keenly interested in all that occurred at the School.

A school, however, is only as good as its staff and father and mother were very well supported in every department. They had a fine teaching staff, and an efficient and loyal gardening, domestic and kitchen staff. With this support no school should fail.

1915-1918 (W.K. Sankey)

I am now 82 and therefore one of the oldest "Old Boys" around, but memories of S.G.S. and the years I spent there have never faded.

Having been at Salisbury Cathedral School from 1910 to 1915, a school which played annual cricket matches against S.G.S., I think that the two Headmasters, the Revd. A.G. Robertson of Salisbury and Dr. C.H. Tovey of S.G.S., were responsible for a decision which, in retrospect, ensured a period of my life which I shall ever cherish, encompassing as it did the happiest memories of school life and friendships which have endured all through the years. Amongst these were several other Cathedral School friends: V.C. Prince, sadly killed in the First World War; his brother, Bertie Prince; D.T. Sutton, later President of the Old Shastonian Club; M.S. Fatt; Charlie Pearce; Geoffrey Rowlings, later to become a very distinguished Captain in the Royal Navy and decorated for his war service with D.S.O. and bar, and D.S.C. Other school friends most happily recalled were Jack and Hugh Bathurst Brown; "Chinky" Toomer; "Pat" Baxter; "Bunny" Innsunt; John Fuller, later to achieve a very distinguished career in the Royal Marines; the Tucker boys; and one of my closest friends still, R.N. Tayler. Here special mention should be made of R.B. Minchin, not a contemporary of mine but later to become a very warm friend. As "Old Boy", Assistant Master and eventually Headmaster when Dr. Tovey retired, he was a truly dedicated Old Shastonian and did so much for the School when it had to change its status during his Headmastership.

In my time, despite the War, which meant food rationing, we were very well fed, thanks to Doctor and Mrs. Tovey, of ever-blessed memory, and the staff, who were very watchful over our health and happiness.

Thus one recalls a period of youth when in that incomparable setting, 600 feet up, looking down on the Vale of Blackmore, one was greatly privileged to have been there.

I wish the new School every blessing in the future. May it, as its title suggests, enjoy the same "comprehension" as we were lucky enough to experience in our day.

1922 - 1928 (C. G. F. Hazell)

On a cold September morning my father and I headed towards Shaftesbury, but on arrival the chill disappeared, as we entered the study of Dr. Tovey, whose warm personality made us welcome. Suddenly I realised that boarding school was going to be alright.

At the first Geography lesson I met the round, warm face of Mr. Minchin and there are other memories too as the terms and the years progressed: the peculiar smells in the Lab. of concoctions suggested by Mr. Ramshaw; of the Maths. lessons; of the History; of the 'dovetailing' in Mr. Watmough's Woodworking class; and, amongst the hard work, the pleasure of the sports field. I remember playing for the Masters' Eleven and making four catches on the boundary from Dr. Tovey's leg breaks and yet dropping a sitter at short leg from Mr. Minchin's bowling. I recall the soccer season and the arrival of Mr. Veale, who brought a professionalism into our senior side that had previously been lacking. There was pain, too: especially the water on the knee and the torn hamstring, which needed the attention of that warm and charming lady, Mrs. Tovey, who administered the cures.

Then there was the O.T.C. I shall remember the Remembrance Day Parade and the command by Captain Ramshaw of 'Right Turn... Quick March' as we left the School playground and followed the band, left wheeling to Holy Trinity Church.

I appreciate now the comradeship of the masters such as Mr. Cole, who had a wonderful awareness of the feelings of each and every boy - what a pal he was! - and one had many friends whether they be prefects, head boys, the clever ones or the not-so-clever ones. It all made up a cross section of comradeship that was comforting and will never be forgotten.

"School days are the happiest days of your life" - maybe not quite, but I saw my days as enjoyable and rewarding and thus I cherish happy memories of a wonderful period of six years.

1927 - 32 (T.A. Cordery)

I obviously entered School when entry was by fee paying or scholarship. I was amongst the latter and I suppose I must have had a glimmer of academic ability - which did not brighten! However, there are other things to be acquired when at school, and I must be greatly thankful for at least one item taught in those far-off days - never walk in front of the sight screen!

The possible substitution for the abbreviation S.G.S. by a shorter S.S. perhaps represents the end of an era in the modern history of Shaftesbury. Putting aside the unfortunate associations which the latter set of initials inevitably suggests to some of us, we can only hope that the omission of Grammar is not a reflection of modern educational practice, and that its disappearance will be manifest only in word (or lack thereof) rather than deed.

Today's world struggles to reconcile the demands of rapid communication with the preservation of the world's richest language. Even revered institutions such as the B.B.C. and The Times, once the guardians of impeccable standards, now seem to be vulnerable to sly flanking movements, aimed in dastardly fashion to split every infinitive. The philistines of commercial radio and TV systematically demolish articulate speech as a basic broadcasting criterion; while computerised typesetting too often produces examples of bizarre phraseology which defy comprehension. The need to stand firm against the forces of semantic evil is therefore constantly with us.

Old Weeb is probably turning in his grave every night. Mr. F. Watmough (as we called him to his face) was one of the Old School. During the early 1930s we suffered from, or delighted in - in roughly equal proportions - his attempts to ram the basics of English Grammar into our skulls. His methods, possibly regarded as old-fashioned by modern educationalists, were mightily effective. He used to line up adverbs, adjectives, and relative pronouns in regimental rows, and part of our learning was by rote, a method currently much despised. Yet, by some subtle chemistry, we gained an indelible respect for the subject.

His discipline reflected his rigid determination to teach us to love our language, and to show our respect for it by correct usage. Seldom resorting, as I recall, to corporal punishment (not even the equivalent of Scallie's celebrated slipper), his favourite penalty was a liberal dispensation of "lines." "Take three, I think" he would decree amiably, referring to the imposition of writing three pages of impeccable script, from a selected approved work, in the offender's spare time. Mild protest was met by an equally amiable "Six, perhaps?" with a raised eyebrow implying that further demur would increase this to twelve.

Yet, traditionalist though he was, Old Weeb was conscious of the need for occasional innovation. Always prepared to discuss the use of a particular word, or the context and correct positioning of a phrase or clause, he would even accept an Americanism, if he thought the word to be sensible. He was not so rigid in his old-fashioned outlook that he automatically deplored "the use of certain words which have been usurped by a foreign power" - as one of my superiors in later life would express it.

As we progressed to the Lower Fifth (or was it 4c - the class designation was somewhat bewildering) Buff took over from Weeb. Len

Cole built on the foundations, endeavouring to acquaint us with the delights of the Golden Treasury, the charm of the Essays of Elia, and the grandeur of Shakespeare. He coaxed, cajoled, and corrected with eternal patience. He introduced us to the "mysteries" of Figures of Speech, and we began to take pride in employing them to his satisfaction, and - so it transpired - to ours.

Entrusted to such men as these, English Grammar was in good hands. Because of them, Shaftesbury Grammar School was an institution which became a source of pride, not only to Shastonian townfolk, but throughout the North Dorset and South-west Wilshire hinterland.

To be invited to attend S.G.S. invoked feelings of awe, apprehension, and the will to succeed. The very word "Grammar" had an imperious ring, commanding respect and loyalty, and I fervently hope that its removal will not be interpreted as an invitation to take liberties with it. May future generations of The Shaftesbury School continue to watch their grammar and in so doing help to preserve that great national heritage, the English language.

1927-1963 (L.J. "Buff" Cole)

When I gaze through my study window, I see scores of red tiles where once there was the green sward of Shaftesbury Grammar School's playing fields. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

This quotation carries my thoughts back to 1907 when Doctor Tovey became Headmaster. The numbers at the School were around thirty. He was offered the opportunity of creating a boarding school which would be entirely his own business. He accepted the challenge and, helped by a remarkable wife, there were around 167 boys, the higher percentage of whom were boarders, by 1927.

By that time, Doctor had enlarged the playing area, built the Hall, Pavilion, Changing Rooms and a Fives Court. There were boarders at Vale View and at the home of Mr. Ramshaw.

He ruled the School on Public School lines and was a strong supporter of mens sana in corpore sano. The School had become an integral part of Shaftesbury. It had brought good business to the shops. Masters were giving strength to the town's football and cricket clubs. He was Chairman of the Drama Club. Masters took part in fortnightly play readings and productions. So much had he done for the town that he became the second Freeman of the borough on his retirement and also merited a column in a "London Daily".

The School teaching curriculum was based on the Cambridge School Examinations, Preliminary, Junior and Senior. I was appointed as an additional master for, on the advice of the Divisional Inspector, in future the examinations were to be Senior and Higher Certificates and Latin would be needed in the Sixth Form. Previously, it had been taught by the French Master. This change in curriculum opened wider opportunities for entrance to the professions and universities.

When Dr. Tovey retired in 1932, his brother-in-law, R.B. Minchin, became Headmaster. He had been a pupil and master, except for the 1st World War, during the whole of Dr. Tovey's reign, and was imbued by the same principles. His first wife had died very young and his sister Margaret took over Mrs. Tovey's duties. A few years later he re-married and Vivienne Minchin had to learn quickly what was required of her as the wife of the Headmaster of S.G.S.

The Library at that time consisted of book shelves in the Lower Sixth form room. Most of the books were for leisure reading. There were very few reference books. The only possible way of improvement was to turn the Reading Room, as it was called, into two Sixth Form Rooms and use the gallery that surrounded them for reading. Daily newspapers and magazines such as "Country Life" were provided.

A major improvement that Mr. Minchin fought for was the Physics Laboratory. The boys did a tremendous amount of work in clearing the site.

After the war the Butler Act of '44 opened the gates to University to boys whose parents could not afford to send them there. "The Eleven Plus" had the effect of increasing the number of day boys and decreasing the number of boarders.

May I add a little anecdote. The French Master immediately preceding Mr. Scalbert was Jimmy Kennedy, the well known Irish song writer, best known for his "Isle of Capri", "Red Sails in the Sunset", "Roll out the Barrel". He intended to write a School song for us but never got beyond:

"We are Shastonians,
Steadfast and true,
We're not Etonians,
Still, we will do."

Mr. Minchin wasn't really amused; we were better than "just doing".

I have been a spectator now for nearly twenty years but I know that the best strands of the past at S.G.S. still exist.

1934-42 (A.J. Sharman)

In the late thirties, oblivious to the clouds of war gathering over central Europe, came the start of a summer term. Seven a.m. prep in the hall, a quick breakfast and out onto the huge roller. Everyone was on it, shuffling along in an untidy square, compelled to contribute his ounce or so of push. Up rose Bob Minchin's study window, and out came a face gradually turning darker shades of red. "What are you boys doing? - what?" the voice thundered. "That's no way to roll a cricket square - what?" The boys were rescued from further verbal assault by the bell summoning all to assembly in the Hall prior to lessons. Cricket practice or weekly parades with the Cadet Corps followed during the lunch breaks. House matches in the evening and more prep of course. On

Saturday we received our weekly pocket money, usually one shilling, and blew it all during one hour's remission in the Town. During the afternoons we either played or watched cricket.

On Sundays we went in crocodile formation to Holy Trinity, where during the service we ogled the High School girls across the aisle. In the afternoons we 'enjoyed' a marathon walk supervised by the duty master. Then came evening service in the Hall, followed by supper. Afterwards Bob would often appear on the field armed with a bat and ball to give catching practice to anyone within range. If a catch was dropped Bob would screw up his face and wince. "Come on now, boy," he bellowed to the unfortunate little "grott" as much as a hundred yards away. "I know your sort, boy. You'll never be any good - namby pamby, wishey washey - what? - what?"

During very full and busy days, characters were shaped and values based on Christian ethics were acquired. Friendships that were to last a lifetime were made and cemented. But to relate to the School without coupling the name of Bob Minchin is unthinkable. He was the School, and beneath that bluff exterior beat a heart of gold that launched many a diffident, awkward little boy into society where some achieved distinction in their chosen career. It was said after the 1939-45 conflict that the war was won in part on the playing fields of Shaftesbury Grammar School. Who would dispute that the freedom we now enjoy is due, at least in part, to headmasters like Bob Minchin and schools like ours?

1941-1944 (Dr. B. Hawley)

I look back with pleasure to my time at S.G.S.

The discipline was firm but just - you always knew where you stood. There was plenty of sport, and the Cadet Corps run by L.P.V.V. was important, though I'm still deaf from all that small bore shooting.

My most outstanding memory is undoubtedly bath day - especially in winter. We would usually be practising football or rugby and be pretty dirty when called. So, we went up to the bath, took off the footie gear, had a bath in five inches of water (to conserve energy because of the war), and then put on our dirty football gear again and went back to practice. After practice, we washed knees, face and hands in cold water. We had two baths per week.

Because of the war and my mother dying, I spent quite a bit of my holidays at School; usually my father and I spent Christmas there with the Minchin family. I well remember Bob carving the turkey for Christmas dinner. Actually the kitchen could cook rather well, though there was little evidence of it during term with our spartan rations.

After I left School at Christmas, 1945, my laundry number, 67, was taken by Shaun Gibb, who now lives about two miles from me in Sydney.

Shaun, David (Sid) Johnson and I have taken over managing the O.S.

Dinners, which we are having annually in Sydney. In 1982 we had 14 to dinner at the North Sydney Travelodge Motel managed by David. The 1983 Dinner is to be at the same venue on the Saturday between the Fifth England v Australia Test and the One-Day Night game at Sydney Cricket Ground. Mark Stead and Ally Jones are expected. Steve Newman from N.Z. is coming over.

The War Years (M.J. Cole)

The gas mask bumped against my back as with the jerky walk of an eight year old I went towards the main door. An object of some curiosity, I had a nickname before I arrived, "Young Buff", because "Old Buff", English and Latin Master, Cricket, Soccer and Rugby Coach, had already been fourteen years on the staff. To a youngster going into the first form, the fifth formers looked huge and the Prefects, giants. There was much School lore to learn, particularly about changing for games, and who could have the drop of hot water heated in an enamel bowl on the coke stove of the day boys' changing room - it certainly wasn't for first years and so your knees stayed dirty.

In wartime we wore whatever handed-down football boots nearly fitted and hobbled around the pitch with blisters. The footballs gaped at the seams to show the patched bladders, in the same way as the batting pads showed their stuffing. The day boys' cycles creaked and groaned and bore witness to the attentions of the celebrated Mr. Creke, with odd mudguards, which had once seen use on a pram. The day's lessons could be interrupted by the air raid siren, when we would move swiftly to the shelters, or to the subterranean depths of Nellie's ironing room, or run across the field to jump into the trenches along the side of Hawkesdene Lane. After a while, however, we grew blasé and stayed on in the classroom. "We'll move if we hear the planes' engines". But we rarely did, for after the one bomb on Grosvenor Road in 1940, Shaftesbury was never bombed again.

The boarders meanwhile swore that they lived on a diet of Miller's pies, bread and sliced cold meat - in later days christened 'Belsen'. With so many staff in the forces we even had mistresses to teach us and so Mr. Scalbert met and married Miss Simmonds!

It all seems unreal now, but for many the School Army Cadet Force was a very significant training for future action in the world at large. Boys left, to reappear within months in uniform with badges of rank on their arm or shoulder, or, on fortunately rare occasions, disappeared, to have their name read out in Assembly - posted missing.

So the joy and relief were sincerely felt in May 1945 when V.E. day brought us all a holiday. We had watched the planes thunder overhead and seen the tanks and half-tracks rumbling down the road and been gleefully showered with sticks of gum by the G.I.'s. Now it was over and a new world opened.

At the age of twelve I saw the first firework and tasted the first banana that I could remember, but far more important to me at the time was the position of left half in the under Fourteen XI to play Foster's School.

1942-1945 (J.A. Franks)

In London, daytime meant dodging between air raid 'alerts' and 'all clears' to get to school and at night there was no rest. Continual ack-ack fire, punctuated by alarm bells of fire engines and ambulances, competed with the thud of bombs.

In Shaftesbury it was peaceful enough, although I did not then appreciate jogging round the Upper and Lower Triangles or rolling the Cricket Square with the heavy hand roller. Food rationing produced adequate but dull meals and once a strike was organised. Bob responded with sound and fury, but I suspect a snort and a chuckle followed as all was settled with a definite improvement in gastronomic variety - pilchards.

The town had a veneer of calm, but all around intense activity, training and manoeuvres were taking place. We all joined the Cadet Corps and learnt to shoot so well that one year we were third and then won the King's Shield. We had night operations against the Home Guard, taking unfair advantage with a thunderflash ambush the moment the exercise started. Major Veale did not know whether to punish or congratulate us. We marched with Boer War carbines and long Lee Enfields at the slope through the town in parades led by our band. We watched in awe as the gliders were towed over us on D. Day. Again there were sad days in Assembly: once the service was taken from the Old Testament in honour of a Jewish boy killed in a tank battle.

At athletics there were some record achievements, including one still unbeaten, that of Duncan Vaughan, who later carried the Olympic Torch in 1948 and died a tragic early death from polio. He is remembered by the Eternal Light which hangs in the School vestibule. Duncan also promoted Monolulu Ltd., a company with a capital of 25 one shilling shares, to finance him as School bookie. A cockney day boy evacuated from London acted as runner, laying off bets with a local Turf Accountant - his name is omitted to protect him from the wrath of Zooks and Buff!

Summer Term 1945 brought peace and matriculation. I left what I thought was a part of England that would go on for ever for future generations. Still, the changes come. How sad the pitch we rolled is now beneath the new buildings.

1947-1953 (Air Cdre. E.H. Macey)

If it is accepted that the archetypal Shastonian of the late '40s was a confident, athletic Dorset boarder, then the immature, physically-inactive Wiltshire day-boy who contributed disproportionately to Bob Minchin's apoplexy (and to the wear and tear of the arm of his study sofa) must have seemed a glaring misfit. And had "Clippie" been asked to assess my further military prospects, using my C.C.F. record as a guide (Cert 'A' failed, reduced to the ranks for over-indulgence at camp and eventual 'de-mob' as a Lance Corporal after five years' service), I suspect that he would have recommended a career in knitting!

But, despite such waywardness, I had not remained immune from the pervasive spur of competition which, together with a measure of academic achievement and an enormous boost to my self-confidence provided by a variety of choral and musical 'exposures', was to stand me in such good stead in later life. Now it is increasingly fashionable to decry selection and elitism in education, but the fact remains that most of us live in a highly competitive world in which the best-prepared come out on top. In this regard, the Services are no exception, with the Royal Air Force being perhaps the most unabashed meritocracy. Frank Hopton would surely have gone to the top had he stayed 'in', whilst several of my contemporaries at School, who benefited equally from the superior learning opportunities and character training 'on offer' at S.G.S., are snapping at my heels on the promotion ladder.

And so I have cause to be eternally grateful to the 'system' for which, it might have appeared, I had little respect at the time but which has sustained me for the past thirty years. Another lasting impression is of the tolerance, perseverance and wisdom of the teaching faculty, some of whom, happily, will be able to read this belated note of appreciation. But it is a matter of supreme satisfaction that, some twenty-three years after my own admission, the School should have opened its doors to my son, Julian, who went on to become Head Boy. He has begun to repay his debt of gratitude by serving on the Old Shastonian Committee. I shall hope yet to repay mine.

1954-1958 (J.A. Brett: Headmaster)

My wife and family and I look back on those years as among the happiest in our lives. 1954 was the year of the green light - the time to go ahead again after those restrictive and frustrating war years, followed by the uncertainty of Mr. Minchin's long, exacting but successful struggle for Voluntary Aided Status. And what a wonderful Tovey/Minchin tradition and O.S. family spirit we had inherited to tackle the job: L.P.V.V., L.J.C., G.S., B.S.B., F.C.H., M.D., to mention but a few 'magic' initials. Who will ever forget the likes of John and Austin, Arthur and 'Quickie'? We even enjoyed a happy, if sometimes mischievous, relationship with County Hall, where Director Haynes and Deputy Bradshaw were real educationists (though I did once receive an official document reminding me that for accounting purposes 'dustbins are teaching material, not cleaning material!'), and our good friends, and respected what independence we retained. The Diocesan Director of Education was, too, a tower of strength.

Above all, the boys - with an invaluable nucleus of of boarders - co-operated magnificently and blew new life into every side of School life! We gave them every encouragement: a new Prefect's blazer-badges and tie; extended extra-mural society activities, special visits and lectures; two new classrooms, new changing rooms, the centralisation of our out-house boarders in the headmaster's newly acquired home in 'Cann Rectory'; and so on. It was only a start-off, but in 1957 these boys produced five County Major Scholars, one Cranwell cadet and two to Sandhurst, apart from further successes in the Music Festival and on the sports fields - something substantial and encouraging to build on.

Only the lure of my own old school and the knowledge that I was not the man to 'head' a possible large comprehensive in the future deterred us from staying in Shaftesbury for ever!

Summer, 1957 (F.C. Hopton)

In the summer term of 1957, when Mr. Brett was H.M., occurred the most extraordinary event that I remember from all my years at Shaftesbury G.S. The boarders were converted - they were "born again", to use a standard evangelical term.

It was a wonderful evening in June, very warm and sunny, towards the end of the month because School exams were all finished and G.C.E. was over except for perhaps one or two A. Level papers. I arrived to take evening duty and learned that the Hall was to be used to show a film and hold an evangelical meeting. Mr. Brett had given permission for a local group of evangelists to show a commercial film produced by Billy Graham, the great American evangelist, who had held successful revival meetings attended by tens of thousands in Wembley Stadium in the late 1940's and early 1950's. The film and the meeting were well advertised in the town but the understanding with Mr. Brett was that if there were any spare seats then boarders would be welcome to attend. I announced this at supper.

By 7.25 the Hall was blacked out - in those days the black out consisted of thick black paper on wooden frames close fitting to the windows -, the cinematograph was ready, the screen was erected and there were present two or three organisers, two or three other evangelicals plus the Baptist padre from the American base at Guy's Marsh. So the boarders were invited to fill up the empty seats and all did so except one or two Roman Catholics and one or two VI Formers who still had an A. Level examination to prepare for.

I went off to mark examination papers, very content to have an uninterrupted two hours while the boarders watched the film.

At about 9.15 I thought I had better think about getting them out of the Hall and upstairs for the routine of getting to bed and "lights out". In those days "lights out" was at 9.30 for everyone from VI Form down to Ia.

I slipped into the back of the Hall and the VI Form boys were streaming down from the gallery and going into the Hall. R.A. Jones - "little Ally" - brushed past me, unseeing and unhearing when I asked, "Where are you going, R.A.?" I looked into the Hall. It was very dim, very hot. There was a subdued humming and restrained rhythmic clapping from the evangelicals and the American Baptist padre was rhythmically slapping his Bible with its soft, floppy leather covers as he urged the audience "to get up out of your seats" and "to come forward and make your decision to be born again". Fifty or sixty boarders were all doing just that. They were all moving down the Hall in subdued - awestruck - orderly files, mounting the stage and disappearing through the door that leads to what was the old 5b room but is now the 5th year Common Room.

I found one VI Former left in the gallery and asked what was going on and why had he not gone forward. He said the pressure to do so had been intense but he looked out of one of the small windows in the gallery not blacked out and seeing the outside world he was able to break the spell.

What was to be done? I went to find the H.M. He was out. George Bates was out. So it was up to me. I remember crouching down on the grass outside the room below the level of the window cill to listen to what was going on through the wide open windows. The boarders were in groups, each group being earnestly talked to by one of the organisers, and all being given leaflets and booklets to reinforce their 'decision' and 'conversion'.

Eventually I spoke to the Chief Organizer and explained about 'lights out' and got everyone to bed - very peaceably I must say on that evening. There was a kind of calm over the boarding house.

Of course, the mass conversion did not last. 'Backsliding' is the never-ending problem for evangelical conversions of this sort, made under extreme emotional pressure. There were one or two small groups of boys meeting for prayer in odd corners of the School premises during the following few days but gentle nudges from staff quickly diverted them back to more usual out of school summer term activities like cricket, swimming, athletics.

There is a sequel, however, to the story. For years the whole episode was buried in my memory, but in the 1970's I did begin to recount the story to VI Form History groups when dealing with the Reformation, so the memory and the story had been revived by 1976 or 1977. In those years, when first Mr. Bates and then Mr. Crowther retired, there were extra large attendances at the Old Boys' Day in the summer term. One particular Old Boy came back for the first time for twenty years. He had been present on the evening of the conversion of boarders and so I recalled to him that far-off episode in terms of amusement. He replied simply, "It was the most important evening of my life." I tell this sequel to VI Form History groups as well. There is some sort of lesson there, I think, about how individuals react very differently to the same events; and how we ought not to make hasty judgements.

1964 - 1971 (M. Summers)

My first impression of the School was of its daunting size - but then the greatest number of children I'd ever seen together before was 15, at my old school at Port Howard, West Falkland Is. I'd never seen a running track, never worn football boots, and hadn't heard of Latin (and often wished I never had!). But the howling gale on top of Melbury Hill on our first Sunday walk seemed perfectly natural.

England was something of a culture shock for a farm boy from the Falkland Islands, but Dorset was the natural choice for nearly all those of us who came to school here. Myself and Gerard Robson attended the Grammar School, four girls have been to the High-School, and others to Clayesmore, Beaminster and Hardy's. We all remember rural Dorset with fondness.

To the pupils, I think, it is the staff who give the School its character, and around whom the best stories turn. We had Brooks the Actor, who became less stern as you outgrew him; Frank Hopton, who taught the excitement of knowledge; the eccentric music teachers, 'Bonzo' and 'Skippy'; kindly 'Doc' giving away redundant three-penny pieces from the dinner money as we left; Hough and Webber of the fearsome bad moods; lordly Peter Rolfe; and the fatherly majesty of George Bates. And Brian Crowther who, one morning after assembly, held up a fine Parker pen to be claimed.

"It's mine, sir," said "Butch" Robson.

"Then kindly explain, laddie, why I found it in my strawberry patch."

Enough said!

1969 - 1976 (C. G. Howlett)

The boys were filing into the Chapel for morning assembly. On this particular morning there seemed to be less jostling for seating positions than was normal, and the Prefects had little trouble in keeping the level of noise down. Of course there was some chatter, but it was uncommonly subdued. We all knew trouble was in the air; news travels fast amongst schoolboys. All were keeping their 'heads low', with the imminent arrival of the teaching staff.

The staff would gather together in the vestry at the front, to one side of the Chapel, coming in behind the Headmaster, to take their places in the old choir stalls, so starting the assembly proceedings. Many eyes watched the vestry door. It opened, and the Headmaster, the late Mr. Crowther, swept in, his black gown flowing around him as he emerged at a swifter gait than was usual. He stood in his place scowling at us (we now also standing), a sure sign of his displeasure.

Most of the staff were present that morning, as was usual when trouble was afoot. Looking back, there is little doubt that this was all part of an arranged effect, but as a schoolboy there is little doubt that such a show of force was impressive, and its purpose some way achieved.

The staff all had their best "we are not amused" faces on, some more obvious than others. Mr. Hopton, next to the Headmaster, would frown. Mr. Bates, whose already upright stature seemed to increase

considerably on such occasions, would pout his lips in a characteristic way, and clasping his hands together in front of him he would look sternly down at us all. Mr. Webber was worst of all; we had all experienced his wrath as individuals from time to time, and it could be most disconcerting. He wore such thick spectacles that you could not see where his eyes were looking; the lenses seemed to glaze over all the more at such times. To add to this, he would tremble ever so slightly from top to toe, the amount of tremble depending on the seriousness of the offence. I seem to remember Mr. Hough as another trembler when things got really bad, but normally a rise in colour was a good warning to tread carefully. Mr. Rolfe would always appear the same whatever, but as this was always the case you had to be cautious, as you could never be sure. Sometimes I could swear Doc Strawbridge was trying to hold back a laugh at the whole charade.

A badly aimed flick of a fountain pen, by one boy, to another, during a music lesson the previous day, in the Chapel, was the cause of the trouble on this occasion. The building had been completely re-decorated only a few weeks beforehand, but now, behind the Headmaster was a large splash of blue ink right down the wall. To this he now turned, pointing an accusing finger. He chose his words carefully. The culprit was known and would be dealt with, but let there be a warning to us all, that any future such incident would result in punishment of much increased severity.

That was that. As he turned back, in quite a different voice he announced the morning hymn. The atmosphere eased. Soon there was hearty singing; another incident over, another day ahead.

1977-81 (A. R. D. Wickson : Headmaster)

Although my period at Shaftesbury Grammar School was brief, my wife and I found our four years extremely rewarding. I believe strongly in the value of selective education, for all its obvious imperfections. I was delighted to be at a school where boarding was flourishing and its Chapel meant a great deal to me. The great strength of a school of this size is that it was possible for the Headmaster to know everyone very well. I was particularly impressed by the dedication to the School shown by all concerned with it.

Although it quickly became clear to me that the L.E.A. intended to reorganise the School as soon as possible, I saw it as my job to continue to run it as a traditional grammar school. My great hope was that it would be possible for the School to retain its Voluntary Aided status even after reorganisation. The enormous promise of support for this scheme was a great tribute to the School's reputation, but, alas, the Diocese could not guarantee its financial support and unhappily the scheme had inevitably to be abandoned.

My other aim was to try to bring the three secondary schools closer together through our combined musical activities and Gilbert and

Sullivan productions. These seemed to achieve a spirit of happiness and co-operation and I hope they may have made some contribution to easing the problems of reorganisation.

My family and I are very grateful for our time at Shaftesbury and I hope that the qualities we found in the School will continue to be found in the School of the future. I wish success and happiness to all who will in any way be involved in creating the new set-up.

1951-1976 (B.S. "George" Bates)

I could sit here and (were there no distractions) could tell a long story but will confine myself to a few memories.

I recall... the high standard of School soccer in the early 50's, with the long passes, especially in matches against London banks; the glorious position of the School, with its wonderful views of Melbury and Bulbarrow; Arthur, the kindest chef ever, for whom nothing was too much trouble; Austin, Mrs. Wills, Nelly with her piles of washing, and dear old Quickie, who tended me like a lady's maid; School lunches - David Johnson, a one-time prospective Liberal candidate for Eastleigh, advising me ("Go on Sir!") to grab the "extras" coming through the hatch before Mrs. Minchin could claim them in her status as Headmaster's wife; "Nobby" Caines allotting the vegetables at table, with only six peas left for himself and me, saying, "Are you fussy about peas, Sir?"

I remember ... the Rug and Friday Clubs with a dozen juniors in my study and Mike Summers from the Falkland Island sitting by the huge log fire, smiling at me. "What's the matter with you?" "I've never sat by a log-fire before, Sir! We don't have any trees in the Falklands - only galvanize."

There were hundreds of happy hours on the Rugby field after I conspired successfully with John Brett to change the School to a Rugby school. There was the pleasure of seeing the School's results in the Sunday papers and Monday's Telegraph and the thrill of beating Hardye's School at Dorchester and guiltily allowing Mr. Middlemas to take us all into the King's Arms out of hours for a celebratory beer.

I enjoyed taking coach loads of perfectly behaved boys to Twickenham, Gloucester (for the South African match), Bournemouth (for the Kiwi match), Taunton, Salisbury and Bridgwater for County matches; and relished the satisfaction and pleasure of helping to produce our best Rugby footballer, Tony Rodgers, and seeing him play for the England "under 23" XV at Twickenham and for Cambridge against the men of Fiji at Cambridge, and in the University matches.

I do not forget the wizardry of Derek Brown and "Biff" Byford, changing direction on the field, or the anxiety on rare occasions of injuries, particularly of Colenso "putting out" his knee at Poole in the first few minutes of a tough match and calling out in distress, "Do

something, Sir!". My gratitude went to staff for ready and unquestioning help in games (particularly perhaps to 'Griff' the woodwork master, "Bunny" Bayliss, David Payne, Pete Nicholson, Brian Brooks and Mike Webber).

Then there were countless happy hours on the cricket field with my under 15-XI's or umpiring 1st XI's, remembering particularly the sunny disposition of Christopher Janes, Doug Simpson, John Young, Jose Romanillos and Mike Waterson. I arranged happy games for staff and friends at Bishopstone and Ashmore particularly. How many of us can remember "Bunny" Bayliss, who could throw a cricket ball 120 yards? In one match "Bunny" from the boundary hurled the ball straight at Bob at the bowler's end. Bob, putting out a timorous hand, cried out, "Steady, Bayliss!".

I received a lovely card from Mrs. Crowther, when I was in hospital for the first half of my last term, saying, "Come back soon! Your young cricketers and gardeners want you". Oh yes! we had a gardeners' club with several plots and prizes for the best. Stephenson and Howlett were the Percy Throwers of our Club. Sixteen window-boxes, too, graced the front of the School, with sweet-smelling stocks and other flowers, and my study box, lit in the evening by glow-worms from my Exmoor home, in two successive years was the home of father and mother wagtail, producing six birds in one year and two in the next, a fascinating sight which I regret never having had filmed by an expert such as Eric Ashby, whom I persuaded once to visit us with his lovely pictures. Visits too we enjoyed to the Southern Counties Show at Newbury, and in later years to the Bath and West at Taunton, and many regularly at Shepton Mallet.

I recall with admiration the military enthusiasm of 'Joe' Veale (I overheard an Old Boy once saying "he's made himself up into a colonel!"), with his smart cadets and splendid band so impressive on special occasions, with matron looking on anxiously, especially on inspection day, in case a soldier on parade fainted.

Matrons, and Assistant Matrons, we had a-plenty. There was "Nausicaa" sunning herself on the roof in broad hat and brief costume. Barbara Stowe was outstanding and upstanding - most boys were suffering from S.P.I. (self-pityitis)! Now, sadly, she has passed from us.

It was a pleasure to receive every year from my form III a book signed by every boy - a valued and treasured possession.

It was sad to see Brian Crowther for years bravely struggling to keep going, especially as he walked up to his place in chapel.

It was a pleasure to take the boarders' evening service on many occasions, to take boys to the Shaftesbury theatre, to Chelsea Flower Show, and to take boys and parents to plays and operettas at Salisbury; to act as treasurer for the School play or Gilbert and

Sullivan and "fiddle" the booking so that patrons with physical disabilities or "fads" could sit in suitable positions. I remember, with gratitude, the many years when Bertie Brickell of Gillingham printed all our posters, hand-bills and tickets entirely free.

Mike Webber was always loyal and efficient in the boarding house, but I feel that my greatest debt is to Frank and Betty Hopton, to Mrs. Daltry, the most kind, selfless and understanding secretary ever, and to the many wives and parents who gave me wonderful hospitality.

My sincere thanks, too, to two members of the 'grey-haired' club: Len Cole, the Nestor of the staff room, always ready to cope with and advise on any 'situation' (*sic*) who passed to me in 1951 some ready-made Rugger players such as Idris Kirby, Andy Newman, Tony Allum and the speedy and elusive Watkins; and to Geoff Scalbert, a fine schoolmaster and friend. Dear old 'Doc' Strawbridge and his charming wife gave me their eldest son to work hard in my study with the bright-eyed Mary Cole at Aristophanes and Thucydides for their Greek A. Levels. Now to the Crowther memorial service, where I thought not only of Brian but also of Tony Williams, whom I had visited at his home in bed in Salisbury the night before he died - a tragic loss to the School.

So to the 1982 Old Boys' dinner at the Grosvenor, so skilfully organized by Tom Cordery, at which as one of four or five guests of honour I had to make a speech in the presence of erstwhile 'under 15' cricketers such as Finding and young Hopkins, who had taken part in the Falklands War.

S.G.S. was a happy family school that can never be the same.

Tempora mutantur et nos cum illis.

OLD SHASTONIANS IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

We are very proud to include two accounts from Old Boys of their involvement in the Falklands episode. One is printed here in full; the second slightly shortened, because of lack of space.

First, from Second Officer W. M. Walworth, R.F.A.:

"I was studying at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich when the episode started and I was then appointed to one of the ships taken up from trade, to be in charge of the embarked Naval party of 25 who were to assist the ship in its new role.

"The ship was the M.V. *Saxonia*, a Cunarder cargo ship and usually employed as a banana boat. We converted her to make her capable of replenishing ships of my own organisation, the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Service, at sea and underway, and loaded her with stores for the Fleet

at Portsmouth in five very hectic days. My major task was to assist the Master in preparing his ship to discharge her cargo and operate in a war environment. This proved both interesting and amusing, the transition from banana boat to Fleet store support ship being accomplished in very short time. We discharged at sea part of the cargo to R.F.A.'s in the South Atlantic, an evolution that caused a few fluttering hearts, particularly the Captain's. He had spent his sea career avoiding ships and now had to have another ship 100 feet away from him at 12 knots.

"We ended up in South Georgia for three weeks where we were blown around anchorages and hid in icebergs and discharged the bulk of our cargo to R.F.A.'s. We sailed for home and I left with my party from Ascension expecting to rejoin the ship after a few days' leave. That did not happen and I was appointed to our headquarters in London to do a spell as a Staff Officer.

"I was aboard H.M.S. Endurance several times but I discovered too late that one of her officers was a Shastonian, and that several of us were down there."

Secondly, from S.Lt. J. Hopkins R.N., Lynx pilot, H.M.S. Argonaut Flight:

"My part in the Falklands operation began some two weeks after the main carrier group had left at the beginning of April ...

"Our ship, a Leander class frigate, was at Portland in the first few days of a 'work up'. We learnt on a Wednesday afternoon we were to go South and had three days to install equipment in the Lynx and pack, discarding everything but essentials and taking on an enormous amount of ammunition. My observer used these three days to re-arrange his wedding from May - mainly so that he could claim separation allowance ...

"We flew onto the ship just off Plymouth on a calm and pleasant Monday afternoon. We sailed in company with the ill-fated H.M.S. Ardent and a few R.F.A.'s, and immediately started the task of 'HDS' around the group, which we were to repeat many times in the future. HDS is the movement of equipment, humans, S.A.S./S.B.S., etc. around the fleet by helicopter...

"On arrival at Ascension Island we met up with the main assault force, who were busy exercising on the volcanic outcrops. Ascension seemed to be assaulted at least three times a day and seemed about to sink with the number of aircraft and stores now sitting upon it... It was at the end of our stay in Ascension that the news came through of Sheffield being hit, and of the death of one of my good friends in the 'stovey' (Sea Harrier) world, Nic Taylor ... The death of somebody I knew and the loss of the Sheffield made the fight to come look inevitable. This feeling was evident on the whole ship, amongst the shock, and the attitude turned to let's go and get it over and done with; they really deserve it now!

"Our run down to the Total Exclusion Zone was relatively uneventful as regards real action. We ran into heavy weather for the first time,

at about 20° - 30° South. Deck landings took on a different meaning. It was a case of hover alongside, leap on when the deck pitched and rolled through level and engage the deck lock before being thrown off. One night was particularly rough and it rather stretched the imagination to believe how far the ship could roll before it went completely over. I could not take the noise and buffeting forward so I tried to sleep beside the Lynx in the hangar aft but it kept leaning over on top of me, restrained by chain lashings on the far side, though I thought they might break at any moment.

"There was a continual threat of submarine action, which began to build the tension. Canberra, Fearless and Atlantic Conveyor were ideal targets, to mention but a few of the by now large fleet, though there were few escorts, Ardent and ourselves leading much of the time... We closed up to action stations a few times for possible approaching reconnaissance aircraft, with the intention of opening fire with the obsolete and short range weapons we had, should they have come close enough. All these turned out to be false warnings. As we reached the Total Exclusion Zone the weather calmed again, giving the troops a respite before the assault...

"On the morning of the commencement of the run in from the Total Exclusion Zone boundary to the Falklands the weather had again become appalling. This time, however, we were glad to see it, as low cloud, rain and poor visibility would keep the Argentine Air Force off us as they did not have the capability to fly in bad weather. The presence of the carriers and their escort, which had by now rendezvoused, did something to alleviate the tension, particularly the presence of the Sea Wolf missile system on Broadsword and Brilliant, which had already proved itself on three Skyhawks. We were at action stations all the day and up early the next morning as the first waves of the assault went ashore. We were last in the line of ships proceeding into the north Falkland Sound, all the assault ships entering San Carlos Water. We could see the sky had cleared and that it would be a bright blue, sunny day as we escorted the logistic ships (Sir Galahad, etc) into the Sound. We saw odd tracer flying across the shore near Fanning Head but otherwise all was quiet. It would have been much noisier around Port San Carlos at the time! We passed close to the looming black bulk of Fanning Head at the entrance to the Sound eagerly watching the now brightening sky line for any sign of the Argentinian garrison known to have been on it. By daylight we had taken up patrol position just off Fanning Head. Antrim was breaking the silence by shelling the Head over the top of our ship. The raucous noise gave us a great deal of encouragement that this was not to be a happy day for the Argentinians either. This fire was in support of the SAS who were in the process of completing the destruction of the Fanning Head garrison...

"At about 12.30 a suspect radar blip was detected and as the captain was worried about Exocets being launched into the Sound, I was 'actioned' in the Lynx complete with Exocet decoy (a piece of scrap iron bolted to the side of the aircraft at the last moment). I was rather worried about the flight characteristics of the decoy as its aerodynamics were literally worse than a brick and liable to rip off at

any time. (It had been built the day before by the shipwright.) I flew as fast as I dared to my position above and near the ship, looking as I have never looked before for the incoming missile or aircraft. I must have resembled one of those nodding animals you find on the rear window shelf of cars. I heard on the radio, two marine pilots talking (more correctly shouting) to each other about a Pucara approaching them and of some Argentinians running up the white flag on a pole outside a large house, presumably in the San Carlos area. As the Exocet would have passed by this time had it really been fired, I switched my attention to the direction of the Pucara as hovering helicopters make good targets. I was still looking in that direction when I heard some warning of an uncertain nature from the ship. At the same time my P.O. aircrewman gunner in the back drew my attention to a small Aeromachi 326 jet skimming the water below with smoke trailing from his guns and rocket trails ahead of him. We learnt on return to the ship that this aircraft had suddenly appeared over the hill to the North, seen Argonaut, come down to sea level, machine-gunned the upper deck and fired rockets across the flight deck at the rear. Had they passed a few yards further forward they would have struck. However, he did cause casualties on the upper deck and virtually not a shot was fired back. Thus Argonaut suffered the first attack and casualties. At the time that I saw him I carried out the standard evasive action, i.e. to go and hide behind the biggest piece of rock possible. A helicopter has no defence against such jets apart from hiding or out-turning him. I soon found a convenient small valley opening only to the North, throwing away all caution about speed (better to be killed by scrap iron passing through the tail rotor than give an Argentinian the satisfaction). Once I was settled in my valley I heard reports of four Skyhawks (A4s) attacking the ships further down the Sound with no effect. Eventually after ten minutes of calm I was ordered back to the ship which I did at maximum possible speed. As I left the valley I could see the reassuring sight of Canberra and the assault ships unloading in San Carlos. I shut down the aircraft and leapt into the hangar as fast as possible as I believed that being strapped into a helicopter which is locked to the deck is no place to be with air raids around.

"Air raid warning was relaxed to yellow but went to red again about fifteen minutes later. I was again actioned in the Lynx, reducing the normal time to airborne from five to one minutes (no checks - Hopkins incoming raid start procedure Mk 1). I took off and accelerated away up the side of the ship, but in the shallow climb I could not make the radio work so I turned 180° and flew at about masthead height and at 80 knots down the side of the ship. As I passed the flight deck again, I saw a Mirage coming in directly for me the other side of the ship (from the West), very low. I could see his canon shells kicking up the water and as he closed the ship two 1000lb bombs left his rails, making an enormous splash as they hit the water aft of the ship (but probably did not explode). He pulled up still firing and passed just behind me, close enough for me to be able to tell you the exact hue of his sun tan visible between his mask and helmet. Miraculously I was not hit, as I had been accelerating madly with the collective pitch lever under my arm pit (I probably nearly bent it). The pilot did not impress me by not being able to hit the ship travelling at about 28 knots. He may not have been able to make up his mind whether to go for the ship or the helicopter and consequently passed between the two...

"We then entered another period of calm until about 1730 when another multiple raid developed...

"We received the devoted attention of six Skyhawks in three waves at one stage. In the hangar we could hear the machine gun and Bofors fire reach a crescendo as the aircraft came near, which built the fear to an almost unbearable level. On about the last wave, we heard a Sea Cat go whoosh as the crescendo rose, this being an unusual event that day to get a missile away. A few seconds later the ship shook violently twice as two 1000lb bombs hit. One landed not fifteen feet from where I and the rest of the flight were busy digging holes in the deck. It destroyed one boiler, seriously damaged another and started hydraulic fires. Neither bomb went off. The forward bomb hit below the water line and entered a Sea Cat magazine, passing through the main diesel tanks. This caused our first deaths. The ship lost all power, fire alarms sounded and a vast pall of steam and smoke hung over the ship. The ship was out of control, heading towards the rocks, though it was saved by the engines running out of steam and lubrication shutting themselves down and a few brave hands running on to the focsle and dropping an anchor. We were of course preoccupied with our predicament but our attention was drawn to HMS Ardent further down the Sound, which we could see occasionally through our smoke, on fire with her stern blown away and sinking. My P.O. aircrewman then appeared round the corner of the hangar. "Do you suffer from constipation?" he said. "Try Mirage 5". HMS Plymouth drew bravely out of San Carlos Water and positioned herself alongside and up-threat of us while an equally brave Wasp pilot, Lt. Keith Mills of HMS Yarmouth, landed on the small patch of our flight deck available, again and again amongst the smoke to take casualties off one at a time. Two more A4s closed for the kill but broke off at the sight of Plymouth's 4.5 inch muzzle flashes.

"So ended May 21st, with one out of the five ships in the Sound remaining in fighting form - HMS Broadsword, though with slight canon damage. Brilliant had to retire to sea for repairs to her damaged systems; Antrim I have described; Ardent was sinking and we were seriously damaged structurally with no power - a dead ship. Not one landing ship in San Carlos was hit. Plymouth took us in tow and I remember spending all night lying on the hangar floor, lit with a vague glow from the burning Ardent and a bright moon as compared to the total darkness in the rest of the ship. The Falklands landscape was lit dimly by the moon and looked peaceful in this uniform, silvery colour. This was enhanced by the total silence after the preceding day and the absence of the normal noise of a ship, apart from the distant hum of Plymouth's engines. It was as quiet as a punt on the river Cam with the gentle swish of water beside us. I listened to some sketchy news on the BBC World Service and spent most of the night watching the burning mass of Ardent erupt every minute as a 4.5 shell exploded. At about two a.m. there was an almighty explosion which lit up the entire landscape around which I believe was probably Ardent's Exocet going off.

"The next morning we crossed to Plymouth for a quick snatched breakfast, being the first reasonable meal we had had for over a day. Then back onto the ship as daylight broke on a cloudy day and Plymouth

broke away. We were told we were in a safe anchorage but we could see we were in fact entirely on our own in the wide section at the north of San Carlos water. Our fires had of course been extinguished, but we had only one generator providing power which kept on tripping due to contaminated fuel (therefore Sea Cat worked intermittently). We had two live bombs on board, in the forward part of the ship, underwater. No air raids developed during the morning and early afternoon, probably due to the low cloud. The boiler room bomb was de-fused during the early afternoon by the Staff Sergeant to be killed on Antelope a day later. We then managed to muster four landing craft to tow us into the narrow part of San Carlos with all the other landing ships remaining (many of the civilian ships had left overnight). Shortly after we anchored again, four A4s appeared to make a pathetic raid, dropping their bombs in the middle of the open piece of water (where we were half an hour before). The only other action of the day came when our anchor started dragging and we started drifting onto Sir Galahad, at the time stacked full of ammunition, all the time not having any propulsion to solve the situation. Sir Galahad eventually realised and moved herself. The Marines would come alongside in landing craft and throw us small packets of biscuits etc. as they seemed to appreciate the ship's taking the fire off them the previous day. After dark we went below to see what food there was and had a quick goof at the boiler room bomb about six feet below a hatch. After the recent action standing six feet from an unexploded bomb seemed very safe to me.

"Sunday 23rd dawned bright and clear after another night in the hangar (my cabin was uninhabitable due to bomb damage). This Sunday was ironically Argentine Air Force day, or at least it was for the 75% remaining. The Lynx was tasked to search the Sound for enemy shipping and for this reason my scrap iron was removed and two Sea Skua strapped on. This made me feel happier with the Lynx back to its fast manoeuvrable self and with a big punch capable of taking some revenge for Friday. By this time the Rapier sights were set up and we had to be careful not to appear round pieces of rock too quickly. We flew off down the sound, fast and at extreme low level, which I found easy under the circumstances. My head again moved in a blur as raiding aircraft could appear in the Sound at any moment. Eventually after passing south of Swan Island past the heavily enemy manned areas of Goose Green and Port Howard we saw a large freighter but were not able to engage it due to a system malfunction. We hovered among the small flat top islands with wheels just above the water while we thought about the problem. We noticed a British parachute and dinghy washed up against the shore of one of these fifteen foot high islands, which we reported and later turned out to be that of the downed Flt. Lt. Glover, who was captured and taken to the mainland. A helicopter-borne SAS patrol searched the island that night but of course to no avail. We noted the position of the freighter for another aircraft, though it turned out after that it had already been strafed by Harriers and abandoned. Returning to San Carlos, we passed a small, eerie mast poking through the water - the last visible sign of Ardent. Later we visited Broadsword to try to repair our system, our first contact with another ship for some time and with many stories to tell.

"We received one very early warning of a multiple raid from Coventry and waited trembling for them to appear. However, for the first time they did not come for us but went for Coventry with well publicised results. All felt appreciative of Coventry's efforts later that evening as the wounded were brought ashore and she sank. The Atlantic Conveyor was also hit by Exocet, of course. That night as the rescue of Coventry's crew continued our ship had to be evacuated while divers cleared an area around our forward bomb, which was wedged between two live Sea Cats, a bent box of Bofors ammunition and submersed in diesel fuel. The Lynx was to be used for night insertions but this operation was cancelled and with failing light we could do no more than act as a communications link for the rescue area as we had no night hover capability. That night we were to go to a forward operating base of 846 Commando Squadron in the hills to the east of San Carlos. The only bedding we managed to obtain were two blankets, which we threw in the aircraft together with trusty light machine guns and double magazines. We landed in a precarious niche ashore, seriously upsetting two ducks, to be met by a chatty young marine. We were taken to their tent for a brew up. Inside, full of ten groundcrew and marines, stores and kit, it was very warm and comfortable. We were told that there was not enough room for us to sleep there but that we could go to another tent on our own near the top of the hill. We trudged up to this tent to find it was just that, no equipment, no groundsheet, no nothing, except for some fern-reminiscent plants as beds. We were given the password for the night and told that, as no advance had really been made in this direction, the enemy could be just over the top of the hill! We could see the occasional, reassuring flash amongst the rocks on the skyline as marines lit cigarettes. We remained in our goon bags of course, being our warmest item of clothing, and lay down for the night, having had half a Yorkie bar each for supper - proper meals were still not available on the ship, though I had bought several bars of chocolate on the journey south as survival rations. Machine guns were placed ready beside us, my observer insisting on actually clipping in a magazine, leaving it just on safety catch pointing in my direction. I hoped he did not get restless in his sleep. The night passed peacefully enough however except I didn't get much sleep through cold made worse by the lack of food. The Falklands climate was no colder than the Shetlands, where I worked for two years on North Sea helicopters prior to joining the RN, but it did seem to get strangely damp. On the following morning, bright and clear as usual, I inspected myself for bullet holes, packed my blankets and set off downhill for the aircraft. Some missile debris and damage was evident on the hillsides, proving the story told by the marines that they were in as much danger from friendly anti-aircraft fire as from enemy aircraft. The landscape resembled the Shetlands, barren, dark green hills with large rock outcrops towards the summits. It would look picturesque combined with the seascapes in different circumstances...

"The day after, we went to air raid warning red early after first light. It was very apparent by this time that in fact the worst raids were those of which one had a long warning. If ten minutes' warning was received, you had that time for your fears to build. Would one come for

your ship? Would he fire when he was pointing at you? We had already seen the devastating effect of cannon shells splintering, going through almost any metal structure, making it really futile trying to take cover. Would your ship be hit by a bomb, would it land near you and would it go off? What was it like to be injured by shrapnel, how much would it hurt? We had all seen the mess it makes of people. What would it be like returning home blind or lame? At least if a raid appeared without warning it was a matter of forty-five seconds till the aircraft were past, so you had little time to worry and if you were still in one piece, that was that. The terror produced by an approaching raid was horrific and I do not know that any of us could put it into words. Reading some second world war books I do not think anybody else has ever managed to, either. Trying to describe it each time there was action would soon become repetitious and the book would lose its interest.

"However, that morning we were expecting a raid and were directing fighters on our radar. Forward in the ship, welding was taking place to produce a hole through the decks so that the undetonated bomb could be raised from the magazine. Aided by the diesel fuel scattered everywhere a raging fire was started by the heat of the welding. The smoke billowed out, obscuring our gunners from expected incoming aircraft and causing the operations room to be evacuated. One of my Sea Harrier friends I spoke to later, said he was being vectored to an intercept position with a stream of directions when the controller announced that he could no longer see his plot due to smoke and was evacuating. The pilot assumed the enemy must have already got through, throwing great confusion on the situation. More fire-fighting apparatus was airlifted from ships in San Carlos and a common television picture has become Argonaut burning whilst supplies are underslung to the flight deck by Sea Kings. No air raid thankfully developed and the fire was eventually extinguished after it had burnt out the front of the ship. There were several other air raid warnings that day. On many occasions the Lynx was launched to the north of the island to attempt to gain information by electronic surveillance. This was nerve racking, being on your own out to sea without protection, transits to and fro involving passing Argentinian observation posts and troop positions. Probably the best warning of raids we were likely to give was that we had just been shot at/down by twelve Mirages heading in the fleet's direction...

"That Thursday was bomb-removal night, which again required evacuation of the ship. The Lynx was told to go to HMS Arrow for the night, also in San Carlos water. My observer and I looked forward to this a great deal for it promised proper beds and a good meal for the first time in a week. We landed on HMS Arrow as darkness fell, stowed our aircraft and rushed to the wardroom for our meal, a quick chat with their aircrew and then bed. 'What do you want a bed for?' they said. 'To sleep on', was the obvious reply. (Little humour at this stage; the reply would at many other times have involved women.) 'Didn't they tell you we are going to shell Goose Green tonight?' So we just settled for a good meal as Arrow slipped quietly down the Sound to abeam the target. Later that night a call for fire was received from the spotter ashore and, with 'reassuring' warnings from the captain about Pucaras and return fire from shore, we opened fire with a mixture of star shell and

high explosive. At first the target area was black and still but as soon as the first shells hit, small torchlights could be seen rushing in various directions. Wherever this group went, our mad Irish spotter with 2 Para moved the fire. Eventually the area seemed to become an inferno, with perpetual daylight from star shells and explosions everywhere. This continued for seven hours or more. The Argentinians certainly got no sleep for when we finished as daylight neared the paratroopers pushed on.

"Daylight saw us back in San Carlos and on board our own ship. During the night a line had been rigged to the bomb and led down to the back of the ship. A sharp tug, fingers in ears, was then given and the bomb raised through the cut holes and over the side. Thus the ship was bomb-free for the first time in a week and repairs were under way to get her to a major repair area out to sea. There were no air raids this day though a Mirage and Skyhawk passed northwards up the Sound, probably not daring to enter San Carlos. However, they flew too close to the Rapiers, the Skyhawk meeting a sudden end. It was announced at the time that the A.A.F. was buying a glass-bottomed boat to enable it to keep a better eye on its aircraft. That Friday, Saturday and Sunday passed without air raids. The A.A.F. seemed virtually beaten; they just could not accept those losses.

"On Sunday the repairs were considered fit for sea, all water now having been pumped out with the aid of patches on the holes in the hull. We made to sea early in the morning on our one remaining but damaged boiler, passing Uganda close in at the northern end of the Sound lit up like the proverbial Christmas Tree, the first lights we had seen for some time and reminding us of civilisation. After fuelling and a close passage to Stanley early in the day, we made our way to the Stena Seaspread (the major repair ship) for attention. On the way our patches leaked very quickly and the front went under water again. With the following sea, the water was not given sufficient movement to break the next bulkhead, though if it had we would have sunk. We made our way out with the supply ships and their escort, who had been in close overnight re-supplying the troops. At one point a signal error caused us to alter course back to Bomb Alley, a course which took us into a head-sea and therefore a highly dangerous situation with the bulkhead. During this time also, two Etendards fired Exocets at the fleet from the south, neither of which hit anything. I think one was shot down. This raid was followed up by three Skyhawks attacking HMS Avenger, none of whom managed to score a hit, though one Skyhawk managed to blow himself to bits when his bomb exploded on the sea below him.

"We reached Stena Seaspread eventually after reversing course again. It was slightly ironic for me to see this ship again in the South Atlantic, having flown to it many times in Pumas on the North Sea in my previous job with Bristow Helicopters. We had to wait a few days, with the risk of further raids (though reduced at this range), until the sea was calm enough for the divers to work. With great difficulty they managed to get a large splinter box over the large hole forward. Other

holes were patched and filled with concrete for the journey home. Eventually the job was complete, after the Lynx had ferried many tons of equipment to and from the ships, including a visit to the ill-fated Glamorgan. We then rejoined the task force and again lifted many tons of equipment with the Lynx to other ships. This was spare equipment which we would not need on the way home. The long journey to the Ascension Islands was commenced. During this time the Bluff Cove raid on Sir Galahad had taken place and our old friend HMS Plymouth had been badly damaged returning to San Carlos after an NGS mission. Shortly afterwards, Stanley fell and the battle was over.

"After playing hide and seek with a reconnaissance aircraft, we reached Ascension. We were rather apprehensive about submarine action on the way north as we had no way of deterring them or defending ourselves; due to our poorly condition. We stayed in Ascension for a relaxing day and again had fun feeding the breed of Piranha that lies in those waters, with pencils, nails, ropes and anything else we could lay our hands on - they were not fussy. (Where did Leading Seaman Dirt go?)

"We arrived in Plymouth at the end of June. The ship received a tumultuous welcome, though the flight did not experience it as we always take the aircraft to its home air station before entering harbour. We had covered almost 24,000 miles during our voyage, been struck by two bombs, fired numerous Sea Cats and I believe about 28,000 rounds of GPMG 7.62mm ammunition.

"All were relieved to get back. England seemed much more pleasant than it had ever been before we went south. All were much older, bolder and wiser, carrying sad memories of those we had left behind, the faces that were real a few months before and of the suffering we had witnessed. Many had never seen the people they were sent to free, they didn't know their character, colour or how they lived, not that it made any difference to the way they fought. Perhaps the fact I knew the type of people through contact at Shaftesbury helped my conviction (lucky you didn't flog me more than twice, Mike Summers, or my opinion might have been different!). Anyway, I am now waiting to go to another ship but I would not object at all (to put it mildly) if a Harrier conversion interfered. I certainly have no wish to go through the Falklands experience again and hope that the previous neglect of the Navy; its weapons and aircraft will be reversed to allow that to be so."

THE OLD SHASTONIAN CLUB

"The gentlemen educated at Shaston School, in order to renew old friendships, are desired to dine together at the George Inn, in Shaston, on Monday, 5th July next."

- from the Western Gazette, 2nd July 1742.

The 1981-82 Programme

3rd October 1981 - Committee Meeting.

The second committee meeting of the year was held at the School, with the President, I. KIRBY (1955), in the Chair, and as last year, with only a 50% attendance. A.R.D. WICKSON, Headmaster from 1977 until 1981, and F.C. HOPTON, who joined the Staff in 1951, were both unanimously elected Hon. Life Members of the Club.

7th November 1981 - Rugby v. the School.

Numbers were better than last year and we fielded two fifteens, only to succumb in both games: 11-15 to the 1st XV, and 19-28 to the 2nd XV.

The 58th Annual General Meeting.

Following the custom of recent years, the meeting was held in the Chevy Chase Lounge at the Grosvenor Hotel, with thirty members present. The chair was taken by D.J. MULLINS (1959), the immediate past President, as the President, I. KIRBY, had been delayed - but he arrived to take control of the meeting soon after the commencement. The Hon. Treasurer reported the accounts had been prepared by a firm of accountants and were in much better shape than the past two years. The Hon. Secretary welcomed the new Headmaster, R. F. de GROOT, and hoped the Club would give him every support, as we had done with previous heads. The intake of new members continued at a satisfactory level.

Elected as Officers and Committee for the coming year were:-

President:-	R. BENNETT (1950)
Vice President:-	T. A. CORDERY (1932)
Hon. Secretary/Hon. Treasurer:-	T. A. CORDERY
Asst. Hon. Secretary:-	M. WATERSON (1981)
Hon. Treasurer (Travel Scholarship):-	A. R. CORBETT (1963)
Hon. Auditor:-	P. G. ROSS (1949)

Committee:- Group B (to hold office for 3 years): P. BOMPAS (1966), N. BURD (1977), E. R. WALMSLEY (1958), D. J. MULLINS (1959), C. G. HOWLETT (1976). It was agreed P. G. ROSS (1949) would act as a committee member for the period whilst T. COATS was away in New Zealand.

In the financial year two awards had been made to Travel Scholarship applicants: for the previous year, G. BINGHAM (1978) spent

the academic year at Amsterdam University, whilst for this year, N. KIRBY (1978) went to Kenya, teaching. This fund is in a very healthy state, and thanks are due to all those members who have contributed to it.

J. W. SIMPSON (1939) reported on the Golf Tournament held at the Basingstoke Golf Club in May. L. TEMPLEMAN (1937) is the Captain for the year.

The President then gave his report and he stressed the need for members to attend functions and sporting events promoted by the Club, especially in the next few years.

The 53rd Annual Dinner - The Grosvenor Hotel.

Once-again numbers for the dinner were in the sixties, with our new President, R. BENNETT, in the Chair. An excellent meal was enjoyed by all, and then the Toast 'To the School' was made by the President. The Headmaster, R. F. de GROOT, responded.

6th February 1982 - Soccer v. the School. Committee Meeting.

We again fielded sides against the School - for results see School soccer notes. At the same time the committee meeting was being held with a 60% turnout.

20th March 1982 - Spring Dinner at the "Red Lion" Hotel, Salisbury.

We visited the "Red Lion" for the second year running and, using a smaller room than the previous year, found things more intimate. With the President taking the Chair, we were pleased to have Mr. and Mrs. Brian Crowther with us. Numbers, including ladies, were in the mid-forties.

May 1982 - Golf Society Meeting at Basingstoke G.C.

The last tournament on this course was held in mid-May. Attendance about normal. We must extend a deep vote of thanks for John Simpson's long stint as Hon. Secretary of the Golf Society. This was his last year as organiser, and he has carried this burden since we resurrected the tournament after a lapse after the last war. His place will be taken by Idris Kirby, and future tournaments will be held nearer to home, perhaps in the Salisbury area.

3rd/4th July 1982 - Cricket, Squash, and Tennis v. the School. Church service.

In the absence of a decent wicket at School, the cricket was played on the Town Ground in Coppice Street. We managed to raise 119 for 9 wickets, thanks to a 69 from B. M. SMITH and 22 from P. CALCOTT, but the School found no difficulty in reaching the total for the loss of one wicket.

Squash and tennis were played against the School over the two days, with varying results. There was a somewhat better attendance of members, including several members who only a few weeks earlier had been

actively engaged in the Falkland Islands. Quite a contrast for them.

5th July 1982 - B. CROWTHER, M.A. (Oxon)

It was with deep regret we heard of the death of our former Headmaster, so suddenly, and so soon after his retirement. It is difficult to put into words his worth and value to the School and to the Old Boys Association. After only four years at School he was to experience the commencement of a period of some fifteen years when the future of education in Shaftesbury was in the melting pot. It has been twenty years before the changes being envisaged have come to fruition. In those years he saw the change as being imminent, and then receding through economic strictures. During this time the schools in Shaftesbury were deprived of many things because of the coming (!) change. For many of his later years he suffered from ill health, and it is a tribute to his strength of character and courage that he carried on so long. Boys who passed through his hands from 1958 to 1977 will not forget him, and he will be remembered with affection by many Old Shastonians who had the privilege to meet him.

The funeral of Brian Crowther took place at Thames Ditton, at the church where he had been married. Many Old Boys as well as Staff and present pupils were able to attend.

September 1982 - Committee Meeting

At a well attended meeting, the committee agreed to granting Hon. Life Membership to G. J. HOUGH, M. J. WEBBER, B. G. BROOKS, P. J. ROLFE and Dr. D. J. STRAWBRIDGE - members of the Staff who, by July 1983, will have completed between 18 and 25 years at the School. It was greeted with unanimous approval. It looked as though a new Hon. Secretary would be found in time for the A.G.M. and a new Hon. Treasurer by 1983.

13th November 1982 - Rugby v. the School

We were able to field two fifteens this year. For details see School rugby notes.

The 59th Annual General Meeting

After tea members repaired to the Chevy Chase Lounge at the Grosvenor Hotel for the A.G.M., presided over by the President, R. BENNETT (1950). A larger number than usual attended this meeting. The reports from the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer were received and adopted.

The election of Officers and Committee followed and resulted as follows:

President: T.A. CORDERY (1932)
Hon. Treasurer: T.A. CORDERY
Hon. Secretary: R.M. CONIBEAR (1954)
Vice President: B.M. SMITH (1969)

Hon. Treasurer (Travel Scholarship): A.R. CORBETT (1963)
12 The Square, Vicarage Farm Road, Peterborough, Cambs. PE1 5TS
Telephone: 0733 67622/3 Day
0733 266815 Home

Asst. Hon. Secretary: M.A. WATERSON (1980)
Hon. Auditors: Lanham and Francis, High Street, Shaftesbury.
Committee: Group C (to retire A.G.M. 1985): S.T. BURD (1974),
M.J. COLE (1950), I. KIRBY (1955), J.S. MACEY (1977),
G.N. SILK (1972)

A vacancy in Group A caused by B.M. SMITH becoming Vice President was filled by G.C.J. APPS (1972).

A report was given on the Salisbury dinner and the Golf Society tournament. The existence of the Travel Scholarship was stressed and it was hoped younger members would take advantage of the scheme. There was discussion about the future of the Club after the new complex came into being. It was generally felt the Club should continue, although some form of amalgamation would be made with the Old Girls and former pupils of Christy's School. The new Hon. Secretary would be pursuing this point between now and July 1983.

A presentation of a pewter tankard was made by committee members to the retiring Hon. Secretary, T.A. CORDERY, who had served in that capacity since 1965.

Provisional date for the 60th Annual General Meeting and the 55th Annual Dinner was fixed as 12th November 1983.

The 54th Annual Dinner - Grosvenor Hotel

With the prospect of this being the last dinner for purely Old Grammarians we were reasonably assured of a large turnout and in fact some 130 members sat down to an excellent meal. This has been bettered only by the first dinner after the '39-'45 war and was slightly ahead of the Jubilee dinner in 1969. The President, T.A. CORDERY (1932), was in the Chair in a room packed to capacity.

In his address, he stressed how short a time was spent at school by members, and the linking chain had been the masters over the years: Ramshaw and Watmough from the early 1900's to the 1930's, Messrs. Veale, Cole and Scalbert from the 1920's to the 1960's and 1970's, and latterly the Headmaster, F.C. HOPTON, and B.S. BATES from the early 1950's until 1976 and the present day; not forgetting the Headmasters - Dr. C.H. TOVEY and R.B. MINCHIN, the founders of the Club, J.A. BRETT, B. CROWTHER and A.R.D. WICKSON. He paid tribute to Brian Crowther, who had so tragically died in July, but at least we had Roger Wickson present. The Headmaster, F.C. HOPTON, responded and carried on the theme, asking for memories from members for inclusion in the bumper final magazine to be published in mid-1983. B.S. BATES proposed the toast to the Club, with a speech littered with many anecdotes from his time at School. D.I. ROSS (1947) replied for the Club. M.C.W. JOHNSON (1925), a former President, proposed the toast to absent friends.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening was had by members, who covered the years at School from 1912 to 1982 and it was the best year for attendance by younger members, especially of the last five years. Guests for the evening included the Headmaster, B.S. BATES, L.J. COLE, G. SCALBERT, together with the five masters who had been made Hon. Life Members of the Club, G. HOUGH, M.J. WEBBER, B.G. BROOKS, P.J. ROLFE and Dr. D.J. STRAWBRIDGE, plus the Head of the School, J. COX, and the Senior Boarder prefect, S. LANCASTER.

5th February 1983 - Soccer v The School Committee Meetings

We fielded only one XI against the School and a hard fought match resulted in a 5-5 draw.

The committee meeting was held with a good attendance. The new Hon. Secretary was able to produce a computerised list of all members. As Hon. Secretary for the past eighteen years I must confess this was most welcome and emphasises the fact I should have been replaced some time ago. R.M. CONIBEAR also gave his plans for the meetings of sub-committees of the Old Girls, Christy's former pupils and this Club. It was intimated that P.G. ROSS (1949) would be prepared to take over the Hon. Treasurer's post in July. It was felt that a committee meeting might be necessary before the normal September one. The President, Hon. Secretary and Vice President would make up a sub-committee to meet the other bodies in the formation of an enlarged Former Pupils Club.

The Jubilee Travel Scholarship Trust Fund

The award was not made in 1981/2 as the member applying wished to go to the Argentine!

Attention is drawn to all members of the existence of this scholarship. It is open to all Sixth Formers leaving, as well as those who leave in the Fifth, through to Old Boys of 24-25 years of age, who wish to travel abroad in order to further their educational pursuits. Application must be made to the Headmaster, which he presents to the Trustees. Such applications must be as detailed as possible. Upon return to this country, awardees must make a comprehensive report, containing a written section, and supported by newspaper cuttings, photographs, maps etc., relevant to the journey made - all of which to be forwarded to the Headmaster as soon as possible after return.

Reports of previous Old Boys who have been abroad are available for study on application to the Headmaster.

The appeals made for the School Library, the School Chapel, the Travel Scholarship, the Prize Giving Fund

Both the Headmaster, F.C. HOPTON, and the Headmaster designate, R.F. de GROOT, have expressed sincere thanks to those members who, over the past year and a half, have contributed to the funds. Under the present recession and subsequent cuts, these gifts are most welcome.

OLD SHASTONIAN CLUB NEWS

A.D. REINECKE (1976) has gained his BSc. (1st Class Hons) in engineering and is with Perkins of Peterborough. Capt. A.J. TREVIS (1972) is in Northern Ireland - South Armagh - for his third tour of duty in the province. T. COATS (1976) has been visiting New Zealand over the past year. M.S. WALBY (1977) also had a spell in New Zealand last year. G. ROBSON (1969) was seen on a T.V. programme about the Falkland Islands - this was pre-South Atlantic campaign. He was in Port Stanley throughout the campaign and we have since heard from him. N.M. HUMPHRIES (1953), incidentally, is also in the South Atlantic, also teaching, at Tristan da Cunha. It was on this island that Dr. K. FAWCETT (1936) was the one time M.O.

E.R. WALMSLEY (1958) has also been seen on T.V. by name, as the designer of 'Blake's Seven' and some episodes of 'Bergerac'. P. RUSSILL (1972), organist at the Oratory, acted in that capacity at Wembley Stadium upon the occasion of the Pope's visit. J.D. ALBARRAN (1976) is at Portsmouth Hospital, where he is now fully trained for renal nursing. D.R. STEPHENSON (1965) is with the National Coal Board in Swansea. G. BINGHAM (1978) has returned from his one year at Amsterdam University, and is back at Hull University. P.C. WOODLEY (1960) is now Assistant Manager at the Midland Bank, Weymouth. R.J. HALL (1970) has been out of the country for some time, firstly in Australia and then in Jakarta, Indonesia.

W.R. GROVE (1927), who emigrated to Australia in 1927, paid his first visit to the U.K. in July, since his leaving. He lived next door but one to the President and a nostalgic evening was spent together - 55 years' absence is rather a long time. E.J. BATEMAN (1930) is now living in Worthing, and paid a visit to Shaftesbury in 1982. G.C.J. APPS (1972) has been promoted to Sergeant in the Hampshire Constabulary. Lt. Col. C.R. DICKINSON, C.M.G. (1923), a former Postmaster General in Rhodesia, left that country in 1979 and has now settled in Florida. We had not realised he was such an authority on orchids, as he has judged at the last three world conferences, held in Frankfurt, Bangkok and Durban. The next one will, fortunately, be held in Miami. His brother, also C.R. DICKINSON (1924), who worked for the World Bank, has also retired and is living on Sanbal Island, off the Florida coast.

We have had news of W.H. WOODWARD (1960), who is with the Army in Germany. Congratulations to Capt. S.D. MAWDSLEY (1972) on his marriage in August, attended by Mrs. Crowther, M. GOODCHILD, S. LILLEY and M. SEARLE (all 1972). He has also passed his Staff College exam. The President had a long telephone conversation with A.L. FILLEY (1911), who at 86 is one of our oldest members. He is, unfortunately, a registered blind person, but otherwise, according to him - 'very active, without an ache or pain'. A reunion on a NATO exercise in Las Vegas, when Air Cdre. E.H. MACEY (1953), Wing Commander E.R. COX (1957) and Sdn. Ldr. G.P. YOUNG (1957) met together.

A.J. MILLER (1955) is now with Wessex Taverns (part of the Chef & Brewer Ltd., Grand Metropolitan Hotels Ltd.) Sdn. Ldr. K.C.B. FIELD (1939) retired from the force in November. He missed the dinner and was in fact en route for Melbourne for a reunion dinner with his old war time squadron. Welcome visit from Capt. A. WHITLEY, R.E. (1971) - on a

time squadron. Welcome visit from Capt. A. WHITLEY, R.E. (1971) - on a course at Warminster prior to joining the Commandos. M.S. JOHNSTONE (1974) is with the Shell Co. in Holland. S.J. HASSETT (1957) is now treasurer with the Torbay District Council. Dr. N.R. DORNING (1956) is in private dental practice in north New South Wales, just south of the Queensland border. The Rev. I.H.S. STRATTON (1945) spent a holiday in Canada, staying with F. CLIFF (1945), and was able to speak on the phone to H.R. JOWETT (1944).

I.R. INGREY-COUNTER (1963) is with the Public Health Laboratory Service at Porton Down. R.N. MILLER (1949) has now relinquished his position of M.F.H. with the Portman Hunt. J.B.M. EVANS (1957) is still engaged in the cotton textile industry, based in the Liverpool office of a Swiss company, which keeps him out of the country for two thirds of the year. F. CLIFF (1945) is now on a two-year assignment as site manager of Cat Arm Hydro project in Newfoundland. Capt. A.J. TREVIS (1973) keeps moving - he has left Ulster, and missed the dinner as he was in Kenya. R.C. SMITH (1921) visited Shaftesbury in late 1982.

Falkland Islands

As already mentioned, G. ROBSON (1969) was in the islands throughout the campaign. J.F. HOPKINS (1973) was a member of the Task Force and was a helicopter pilot ferrying supplies from ship to shore in San Carlos Bay. T.S. FINDING (1974) was on H.M.S. Endurance and was with the fleet around South Georgia and the Falkland Islands. W.M. WALWORTH (1967) was also in the South Atlantic, with the R.F.A. M.R. PEPPER (1972) was also piloting helicopters during the campaign. R.T. MILTON (1976) left in August for the Falklands, attached to an R.A. Regiment. S.H. BRALEY (1975) returned from the Falklands in mid January, where he saw service with the R.A.F., servicing Chinook helicopters. G.P. YOUNG (1957) flew a Hercules to and from the Falklands.

T.S. FINDING received a C. in C.'s Commendation for his part in the campaign.

We offer congratulations to members who have tied the knot:-

C.S. BYFORD (1966); Capt. S.D. MAWDSLEY (1972); S. WAGSTAFF (1981).

It is with deep regret we report the names of members who have passed away in the past eighteen months.

R.J. ARKELL	(1925-30)	B.D. AYLWIN	(1926-32)
P.G.H. BARTER	(1916-23)	R.K. BRETT	(1923-26)
F.L. BRIDLE	(1931-36)	A.P. BATHURST-BROWN	(1926-33)
N. BROWN	(1977-81)	S.T.J. BURR	(1924-30)
Lt.Col. R.A. BRENNON	(1929-30)	A.T. DOGGRELL	(1919-20)
F.S. FISHLOCK	(1916-18)	F. HODDINOTT	(1920-24)
F.J. HUNT	(1924-29)	J.R. LAWRENCE	(1928-35)
R. LIGHT	(1923-29)	A.J. MARTIN	(1936-41)
F.E. PICKFORD	(1908-11)	F.R.G.S. SPINNEY	(1934-39)
A.D. SUMMERS	(1923-26)	E.G. TAYLOR	(1914-19)
A.F. TINKLER	(1922-23)	K.H. TUCKER	(1918-24)
J.B. WALKER	(1911-14)	R.J. WALKER	(1911-14)
F.G.B. YOUNG	(1925-30)	V.J. ADAMS	(1924-28)

To all their families we extend our deepest sympathy.

Hon. Life-Members

F.C. HOPTON D.F.C.	9 Haines Lane, Shaftesbury
G.J. HOUGH	14 Butts Mead, Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury
M.J. WEBBER	Heathfields Way, Littledown, Shaftesbury
B.G. BROOKS	35 Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury
P.J. ROLFE	12 Butts Mead, Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury
Dr. D.J. STRAWBRIDGE	'Longthorns', Hawkcombe Lane, Compton Abbas, Shaftesbury
D.J. MARSH	(1974-81): Lower Breach Farm, West Orchard, Shaftesbury
N.J. BASFORD	(1978-81): 8 Lincoln Road, Metheringham, Lincs. LN4 3EF
B.H. DENCHFIELD	(1975-81): 1 Westminster Close, Littledown, Shaftesbury
M.D. ALLEN	(1974-81): Westfield House, Punchknole, Dorchester, Dorset
C.I. NORMAN	(1974-81): 'Larks Rise', Bessells, Shroton, Blandford Forum, Dorset
D.J. WINCKLE	(1975-81): 'Trunnions', Alvediston, Salisbury, Wilts
M.A. BLACKHAM	(1974-81): 37 Warminster Road, Westbury, Wilts
A. HARRIS	(1974-81): 6 Terra Nova, Kirland, Quebec H9J 1M7, Canada
M. RUTTER	(1977-81): Edge House, Preston Hill, Iwerne Minster, Blandford Forum, Dorset
I.J. LISHMAN	(1974-81): Old School House, School Road, Gillingham, Dorset SP8 4QA
D.P. CLEWS	(1974-81): 18 Maple Way, Gillingham, Dorset
L.F. VAUGHAN	(1974-81): 3 The Knapp, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury
N.C. JOPSON	(1964-70): 15 Avenue Road, Weymouth, Dorset
A. RUTTER	(1974-81): 'Cottage Green', St. James, Shaftesbury
F.J. HOPKINS	(1974-81): Burnside, Duck Lane, Barford St. Martin, Salisbury, Wilts
C.T. SQUIRE	(1977-81): 3 Great Lane, Shaftesbury
K.N. EDWARDS	(1967-72): 10 Whitewood Cottage, Tatsfield, Westerham, Kent TN16 2BA
R.M. AXTON	(1977-82): Yeatmans Close, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury
M. KELSON	(1977-82): 3 Rufford Drive, Bingham, Notts NG13 8RH
M. LANHAM	(1977-82): 31 Dundas Road, Canford Heath, Poole, Dorset
R. WILLIAMS	(1977-82): 'Waunwen', Maendy, Cowbridge, Glamorgan, Wales
A.S. JONES	(1977-82): Potterne Farm, Three Legged Cross, Wimborne, Dorset
M. BRINE	(1977-82): 19 Glyn Place, East Melbury, Shaftesbury
K. SYMONS	(1977-82): 203 Greenbank Road, Darlington, Co Durham
M.A. SUTTON	(1976-82): 13 Albany Terrace, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire
D.B. SILVEY	(1975-82): 29 St. James Street, Shaftesbury
P. RILEY	(1977-82): 76 Oakleigh Road North, Whetstone, London N20 9EL
J.M. BRETT	(1979-82): Scotts Farmhouse, East Orchard, Shaftesbury
C.J. LAING	(1975-82): Long Close, Child Okeford, Blandford Forum, Dorset
L.A. TEMPLEMAN	(1932-37): 13 Beatty Road, Bournemouth, Dorset
J.D. PERRY	(1975-82): Black Venn Farm, East Stour, Gillingham, Dorset
L. SYMONS	(1975-82): 203 Cunningham Road, Darlington, Co Durham
A.R. CUNNINGHAM	(1975-82): Myrtle Farm, Guys Marsh, Shaftesbury
L.J. FANNER	(1975-82): 3 Chantry Road, Wilton, Salisbury, Wilts
D. WALKER	(1977-82): 41 Monmouth Road, Buverton, Llantwit Major, South Glamorgan, Wales CF6 9GS
J.A. SELWOOD	(1975-82): 5 Westminster Close, Shaftesbury, Dorset
W.M. WALWORTH	(1962-67): June Cottage, Mere, Warminster, Wilts